

The

10¢

Woman Today

SEPTEMBER, 1937

**SPECIAL
ISSUE
ON HOME
PROBLEMS**



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Who They Are . . .

ROSE NELSON is a member of our Advisory Board and is head of the Progressive Women's Councils.

ELEANOR FOWLER is now on our Board of Contributing Editors, and is Labor Secretary in the Women's International League for Peace and Freedom.

LILLIAN GILLILAND is a very keen and active young woman in Washington. She hopes to see a Farmer-Labor Party organized.


DR. CAROLINE WHITNEY is Chairman of the Consumers Protective Committee in New York. Next month we will run the farmers' point of view, by John Dillon, editor of the Rural New Yorker.

BYRON RABBIT is an official of the Commercial Artists and Designers Union.

ELIZABETH JOHNSTONE has just finished her pamphlet "Women in Steel." She is a great auxiliary organizer and leader.

WE REGRET EXCEEDINGLY our abbreviated appearance. This twelve-page issue is exceptional, we hope. It is made absolutely obligatory by a financial crisis which hit our office hard.

Unions and other organizations can make this unnecessary in the future by contributing now. Bundle orders for your women members will help educate them to the tasks of unionism and help you keep up your good work.

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MILK

On Your Doorstep

By Dr. Caroline Whitney, Chairman Milk Consumers Protective Committee

The story behind the price you pay for the
most important item on your menu

WHAT DID YOU PAY for that bottle of milk on your doorstep this morning?

Thirteen cents? Well, it was good milk, carefully tested and approved by the city health department. The driver who brings it is such a nice young man, too. And of course the farmers. . . .

The farmer, Mrs. Housewife, who produced your thirteen-cent bottle of milk, received a fraction more than two cents for it—if you live in New York City which is the largest milk market in the United States.

This price paid to the farmers wasn't enough, of course, to pay him what it actually cost to produce the quart of milk, but dairy farmers have for a long time been accustomed to receiving less than production prices for their product.

It is worth while for consumers, who pay the nation's milk bills, to give some thought to the dairy farmers' problems, for it is obvious that consumers and producers alike are caught in the same vicious net.

Dairy farmers of New York State, who are receiving from one to four cents a quart for milk sold in cities at thirteen cents, have been struggling against powerful distributors for several years. Last August the farmers became so insistent in their demands that consumers awoke to realize that the high prices they were paying were not resulting in substantially higher prices at the farm.

Where—subtracting two cents from thirteen—do the other eleven cents go? Where have they been going?

A brief examination of the facts shows that in New York State the early years of the depression were accompanied by retail price reductions of 38 per cent on milk. There was at this time a reduction of 62 per cent in the farm price—and 17 per cent in the dealers' margin! By the early months of 1933, farmers were getting almost nothing for their milk. Terrified by strike threats, the Legislature passed an emergency milk control law which became effective April 10, 1933.

The New York milk control law, subsequently copied in twenty states, allowed a Milk Control Board (later a Division of Milk Control) to fix minimum prices for milk at the farm. The law also gave the board power to fix consumer prices. During the four years of milk control, the power of the state to fix prices to farmers was greatly curtailed by the courts. Price-fixing to consumers, however, was upheld by the United States Supreme Court and was consistently enforced.

Milk control, therefore, became a racket for the protection of profits for big middlemen. Failure to enforce the law was

the rule all along the line, except in the case of sales to consumers.

Due to the utter impossibility of enforcing this law, all interests agreed this year that milk control should be abandoned. Even the large dealers, fearing their ability to control the milk control authorities had been weakened by widespread public opposition, joined the others.

No sooner had milk control come to an end, than a new measure was introduced in the State Legislature to reinstate price-fixing. This measure, the Rogers-Allen bill, paraded as an effort to help producers. It was openly backed by the Dairymen's League, an association of producers which combines this function with that of distribution.

When consumer organizations, under the leadership of the Milk Consumers Protective Committee, brought out the true nature of the measure, legislators who previously had been inclined to let it pass, began to oppose it. In the final week of the legislative session, opposition to the bill became so intense that Governor Lehman asked for drastic amendments, eliminating all consumer price-fixing provisions.

The Rogers-Allen bill, as passed and signed by the Governor, allows producers and distributors to combine, without fear of prosecution under the Donnelly Anti-Trust law, to fix the price of milk to producers in each marketing area of the state. In the agencies authorized, existing producers' associations vote their members under contract, and distributors' voting strength is determined by the volume of milk sold.

The Dairymen's League and Sheffield Producers' Association thus control the farmers' votes, while the Borden and Sheffield companies which together sold 58 per cent of all fluid milk marketed in the New York metropolitan market in 1935, control the distributors' votes.

Since Dairymen's League and Sheffield Producers Association are really company unions, what will happen is that a group of distributors are to bargain with themselves on the price to be paid producers for their milk—a procedure which they have been following with some success for a number of years.

Inasmuch as distributors are in positions to force farmers to shoulder the burden of consumer prices declines, and they now have no legal protection, farm discontent may be expected to rise as soon as the distributors feel in a position to make their first move.

There was a milk strike in August, 1933. Unless farmers are offered more adequate protection than company-controlled cooperatives offer, a repetition is likely to take place.

PRICES

GO UP

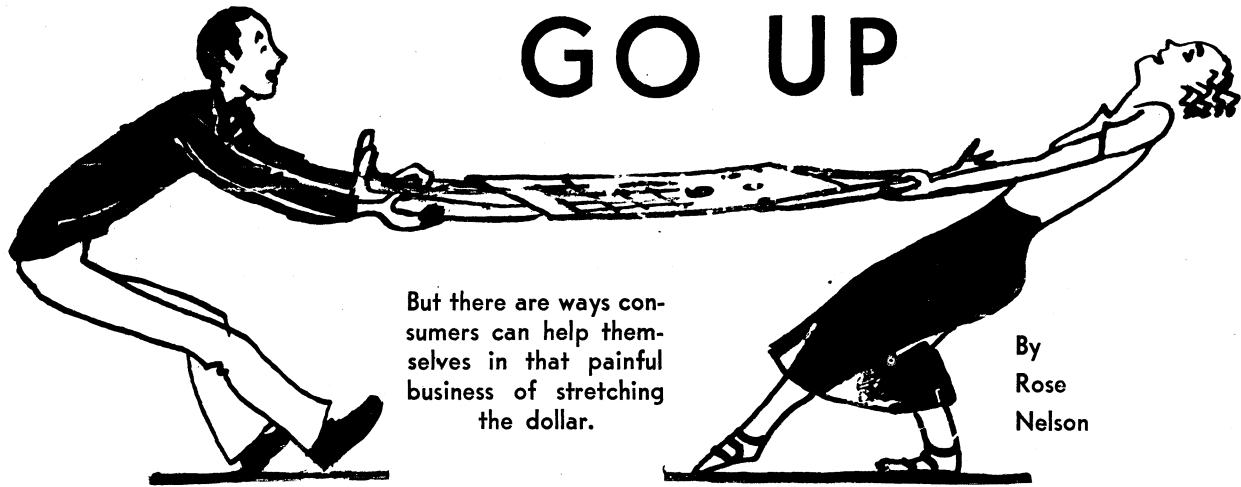
MY husband and I call it "put and take." It is a job we have to do frequently, and in spite of the rather facetious name we give the task, it is no joke. We mean, specifically, taking some money out of one place in the budget and putting it into another. We rob Peter the dentist and doctor to pay Paul the landlord or chain store.

It doesn't take much effort to imagine the scene—the two of us with pencil and paper, making brave little jokes and hushing each other every once in a while so that the kids won't hear and be worried. It happens in thousands of homes every day, with Mary puzzling a little bitterly and asking John why—oh, *why!* do prices have to go up. John knows some of the answers. I wonder if he knows a very amazing one that my husband brought home to me the other night. He found it in a magazine called *Tide*, which is not sold on every newsstand and which is published primarily for the advertising profession. That means that it can be pretty outspoken, but plain folks like us aren't likely to see it.

Anyway, this is the story we read in *Tide*. It seems that the big-shot retail-store men are worried. The "worst bugaboo a retailer can see under his bed is consumer resistance to prices," reports the magazine. Then the article goes on to tell how the vice-president of Gimbel's huge department store in New York made a speech to the U. S. Chamber of Commerce, voicing his opinion that you can only push up prices so high. The buying public will revolt if you don't watch out! *Tide* adds ominously, "Buyers are organizing."

THE facts are these: The cost of living rose 22.6 per cent between April 1933 and March 1937. The cost of food rose 42.8 per cent in the same period, according to the figures of the National Industrial Conference Board and the Bureau of Labor Statistics. That is, food that cost the average family \$16.99 in 1933 now costs \$25. Rents, we discovered, rose 11.2 per cent in 1936 alone.

I let that soak in, remembering how we had had just *one* restoration of a 10 per cent pay cut in that time. And so it went on. The rest of what I have to say is the result of discussions and discoveries about the whole burning question of the Cost of Living. Don't for instance, let yourself be fooled when you are told that prices have to go up when wages go up. Somewhat, of



But there are ways consumers can help themselves in that painful business of stretching the dollar.

By
Rose
Nelson

course. But they never, never go up in the fabulous proportion you are asked to believe. When the rise in living costs is balanced against the rise in wages, the same Industrial Conference Board figures show, less than \$1.50 a month has been added to the average person's living standard.

It all comes down to this: prices are up and are going up as long as the consumer will stand for it. An increase in your wages may make things *seem* better. Take out your pencil and see for yourself what mounting prices do to your real income.

THOSE great impersonal forces of commerce and trade which *Tide* reported are very clever and sensitive. The individuals, being competitive business men, will take as much in profits as we will stand for. They will take less—and not suffer either—if we make the right kind of noise. If you doubt me, listen to the following stories:

Take the meat strikes of 1935. Starting in New York, the movement against high meat prices spread to Detroit, Chicago, St. Louis, Kansas City, Los Angeles and a lot of other cities. And it checked—really stopped—the further rise of prices at that time.

After that, the consumer movement grew. Last March, the first national conference of some 53 organizations was held in New York. Settlement houses, consumer groups, women's organizations, trade unions and cooperatives participated. The conference resulted in the Consumers' National Federation, and will serve as a clearing house between various consumer organizations.

The Trade Union Auxiliaries are doing their share in the fight against high prices and rents. Through the efforts of the women's auxiliaries of the steel lodges in Gary, Indiana, a Consumers and Tenants League was organized. This League has carried through successful strikes against recent rent increases. In San Francisco, the Women's Auxiliary of the International Longshoremen's Association has started action against the increase in the price of milk. In Pontiac, Michigan, the Automobile Union

has launched a movement against high rents. This is the first time that a union itself has assumed leadership for better housing and against high rents.

In Philadelphia and Detroit movements have been started against high rents.

In New York City some 35 organizations formed the Milk Consumers Protective Committee. This committee was influential in forcing the Borden and Sheffield Milk Companies to withdraw the one cent per quart price increase imposed on consumers last September. Its lively members established contact with farm groups and were influential at hearings in favor of farm and consumer groups. At present this committee is engaged in combatting another increase of one cent per quart imposed by the milk trust, and consumers are backing the committee up.

The United Conference Against The High Cost of Living of Chicago, backed by the Central Trades and Labor Council and about one hundred and fifty other organizations, is fighting against the sales tax, proposing a state income tax that will replace it. The same committee has succeeded in preventing the utility companies of Chicago from placing a sales tax on its bills.

The Women's Trade Union League was supported by many women's organizations and consumers' groups at their recent conference held in Boston. Their main activity, as planned, will be to combat the proposed increase of one cent in the price of milk. This conference went on record for a broad conference to be held in the fall, to propose and endorse adequate legislation in regard to food and drug regulation and control of monopolies.

Housewives are on the march. They are learning the valuable lesson of organization. And as John L. Lewis said in his telegram to the Consumers National Federation Conference: "The interests of labor and of consumers are identical. Most consumers are eligible to belong to labor unions."

They are learning that "put and take" wastes a lot of valuable time.

As We Go To Press

"EQUAL" RIGHTS AMENDMENT

FOR THE LAST FIFTEEN YEARS, the Woman's Party has been working for favorable action by Congress on the Equal Rights Amendment to the United States Constitution.

On June 17 and 23 respectively, subcommittees of the House and Senate Judiciary Committees favorably reported the Amendment.

There are many prominent advocates for equal rights for women who are opposed to the Amendment. Many large women's organizations do not support it. The Women's Trade Union League as well as a majority of the trade unions are opposed to it.

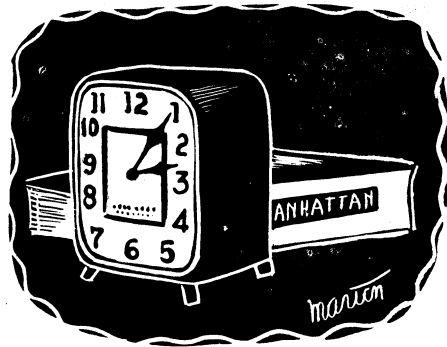
Members of the House and Senate Committees have received protests against the Amendment from trade unions and from women active in social and civic life.

The main reason why so many staunch workers for equal rights for women oppose the Amendment is because it would endanger laws safeguarding working conditions for women in industry. The continuance and extension of such federal and state laws are necessary to give women a more equal opportunity in earning their livelihood. Economic hardships for women have increased and therefore these safeguarding laws for women become even more essential.

Supporters of the Equal Rights Amendment admit that it might do away with these safeguarding laws. In fact, the sponsors of the Amendment, are opposed to special legislation for women, in spite of the fact that in many states where such laws exist, they have proven their beneficial effect upon the conditions of women.

"Equality" by constitutional amendment only, is abstract "equality." It might sweep away present laws safeguarding women who work and leave nothing else in their place. It would mean leaving to the definition of courts, whether laws safeguarding the jobs of working mothers are constitutional; whether laws supporting free vocational training for young women workers so they may increase their wages, laws for equal rights for Negro women, laws protecting the health of working women, are legal.

RECENTLY, THOUSANDS of women in the auto industry have increased their wages and slackened speed-up through trade union activity. The unprecedented activity of women together with men in trade unions will improve living standards for great numbers of women. Special laws to help keep these gains are needed. One of



such laws is to help young working mothers with adequate maternity hospitals and cheap day nurseries close to the place of employment. These are laws that help women in their striving towards economic independence, which is a fundamental condition for equal rights.

The Women's Charter embodies this principle. In a number of cities, women in trade unions and large women's organizations are preparing to call local conferences around the Women's Charter to discuss what state and federal laws are needed to fit into the needs of women. State legislative programs will be discussed.

The "Equal Rights" Amendment would undoubtedly receive support by trade unions if it were reworded or amended to insure that freedom of action in getting special laws for women would not be limited; that the constitutionality of such laws would not be affected by passage of the constitutional amendment.

All progressives are for the principle of equal rights for women. Undoubtedly, it was this principle of equal rights that was uppermost in the minds of most of the delegates who voted for the "Equal Rights" Amendment at the recent convention of the Business and Professional Women's Federation.

TRANSITION PASSED

The wind blows fresh
Upon a world reborn,
For I am free
From doubts that staggered me,
Vacillating fears
That hung like clouds for years
Above my chosen path
Have fled,
And in their stead
A rainbow shines,
And I will help to bring its light
To factories and mines,
Where in their dungeons men like me,
With minds still groping helplessly,
Await the coming of the dawn.
O, Sages who have seen the light,
Break your burning chains;
Transform your wisdom into might;
Consolidate your gains.

—Lillian Gilliland.

THE WOMAN TODAY commends the holding of local conferences around the Women's Charter as the first really significant step to unify the women's movement for equal rights. These conferences are worthy of support on the part of all trade unions and all women's organizations. The Women's Charter Group has done excellent work in the fight for equal rights.

THE SCOTTSBORO CASE

FOUR OF THE five Scottsboro Boys are free". On July 25th these glad tidings were flashed through the entire world, carrying joy and happiness to the heart of millions. Strong men broke down and wept like babies; women sobbed silently and hysterically—overcome in exultation.

Women today join with these millions in rejoicing in the release of these four innocent Negro boys. This is a magnificent victory for the Negro people over the corrupt and prejudiced courts of the South; a magnificent victory for the millions of white and Negro men and women whose united efforts brought about the release of these young boys—tragic symbols of their oppressed and persecuted race.

This great victory, however, is not complete. Five of these unfortunate victims of the world's most atrocious frame-up are still incarcerated in the torture chambers of Alabama's jails. In releasing four of these boys the state of Alabama has admitted that they are completely innocent of the charges for which they have given the best and most tender years of their youth; the State of Alabama has admitted that for over six years it has wrongfully and willfully held these boys behind prison bars; now in the shadow of the electric chair for a crime which they did not commit.

The state prosecutor brazenly admitted that from the beginning these four boys should have been freed. All nine, it must be remembered, were tried and convicted upon the blanket charges and testimony of Victoria Price. The testimony on the court's records prove, indisputably, that they are innocent. If four are innocent, by what logic, reason, or measure of justice can five be held guilty? Alabama has saved its face (such face as it has) but in what a fashion. The cruelty of it has no parallel.

Four are free, the remaining five MUST BE FREED. This partial victory thrills us with joy and happiness, it must also give us greater confidence and courage; renewed energy and zeal to carry on the fight for the freedom of the other five.

THE KITCHEN BRIGADE GOES TO TOWN

THE WORKERS ALLIANCE of America knows the importance of women. Like the auto workers and the steel workers, it has adopted the Women's Brigade idea. Seventy-five women, wives and mothers of unemployed and W.P.A. workers, arrived in Washington last May to tell Congress and Harry L. Hopkins about the needs of their people. The lesson of their visit, both to themselves and to those who saw them in action, was organization—both economic and political.

The women were leaders of the unemployed from all over the East, South and Middle West. They were in Washington a week, visiting Congressmen, sitting in the Gallery of the House, impressing on their representatives in the national capital the great and immediate need for increased relief.

At a mass meeting on May 21 they summed up their experiences. The day of the meeting they had heard the House adopt the President's plan—it calls for only \$1,500,000,000 as compared with the \$3,000,000,000 demanded as a minimum by the unemployed themselves in the Boileau Bill. The passage of the Administration bill is a terrible thing for these women. It means a cut of 500,000 in the W.P.A. rolls. It means greater suffering for those worst off, who are not affected by the returning "prosperity" the papers talk about. But the women were in a militant mood that night. They realized that the answer to cuts was organization and organized pressure. One after another they pledged themselves to go back and to organize as they had never organized before.

From New Jersey came the story of relief at the rate of three dollars a week for three and four people. "They talk about balancing the budget here in Washington," Mrs. Mary Maier said. "I'd like to see them balance mine." One of her Congressmen, she told us, had said that W.P.A. workers just didn't want to work, they just slept on their shovels. "Well I want to tell you, women, that the only difference between what the Congressman thinks we are and what he is, is that he has no shovel to sleep on."

From Illinois, Mrs. Pearl Yingst told us the story of Cairo—the arrest of Ed Parker, Workers Alliance organizer, when he led a sit-down strike for the payment of money promised the unemployed for seventy-two hours of almost uninterrupted work they had put in at the time of the flood. Once the emergency was over the town authorities announced that there was

THEY WILL NOT STARVE

By Eleanor Fowler

no money. In the meantime relief had been cut off because the men were "employed." The sit-down strike was broken up by the militia. The striking unemployed, mostly Negro, were unarmed, yet the militia found it necessary to fire. Four Negroes were killed. Ed Parker is charged with the murder of one of them. Total bail for those arrested—four besides Ed—was set at \$26,000.

From Tampa, Florida, came the story of the Klu Klux Klan. Mrs. Harrison told that they are so bold now they hand out application cards on the street. But the Workers Alliance is forging ahead. Membership is growing at the rate of 100 a week under the leadership of Gene Poulnot, one of the three men who was flogged and tarred and feathered by the Klan with the help of the Tampa police a little over a year ago.

Stella Petroski told simply and movingly the story of the unemployed in a coal mining district of Pennsylvania; coal under their very homes and yet they had none to keep their children warm. Finally by a demonstration they won supplies of coal and learned the lesson of solidarity. As a mother, Mrs. Petroski told of her struggles to educate her children, to make good Americans of them; but how can they learn when they are hungry and ill-clad? Her daughter came home from school each day only to burst into tears because of the humiliation she felt at turned-over heels and torn dresses.

The wife of an artist from New York, Molly Malinow, told of the increasing understanding of the white collar and professional worker of the need of organization. Once they had regarded themselves as above it; but now they saw that they starved, too; that they had to struggle for relief, too; that they were workers whose interests were those of other workers. man was lost in the woods. He was hungry. As time went on and he failed to find his way home he got worried. He looked down at his little dog wagging its tail and he got an idea. He took out his knife and cut off the little dog's tail. The dog thought: "What kind of master is this to cut off my tail after all my faithful service?" The man built a fire and cooked the tail. After he ate it he gave the bone to the dog. Then the little dog said: "He isn't such a bad master after all." "That,"

said Mrs. Moody, "is how we used to feel; but we're learning better."

Mrs. Laura Smith who looked, as the girls said, like everybody's dream of a grandmother, spoke of conditions in West Virginia. The trip to Washington, her experiences with congressmen, her attendance at the House debates for the week of her stay, made her sure, she said, that the most important thing for the workers to do was to organize themselves, and then to get together with all other organized groups that shared their interests.

The two invited speakers, Boileau, Progressive of Minnesota and Bernard, Farmer-Laborite of Minnesota, reinforced the conclusions the women reached from their own experience. Both of them emphasized the need for organization—organization so that when they returned another year the power behind them would force Congress to meet their demands. And at the same time as economic organization, political organization, so that Congress would be composed in time of genuine representatives of the people, understanding the needs of the majority of Americans, not attempting to economize at the expense of human life while at the same time they authorize the expenditure of billions for destructive instruments of warfare.

WE WILL NOT STARVE

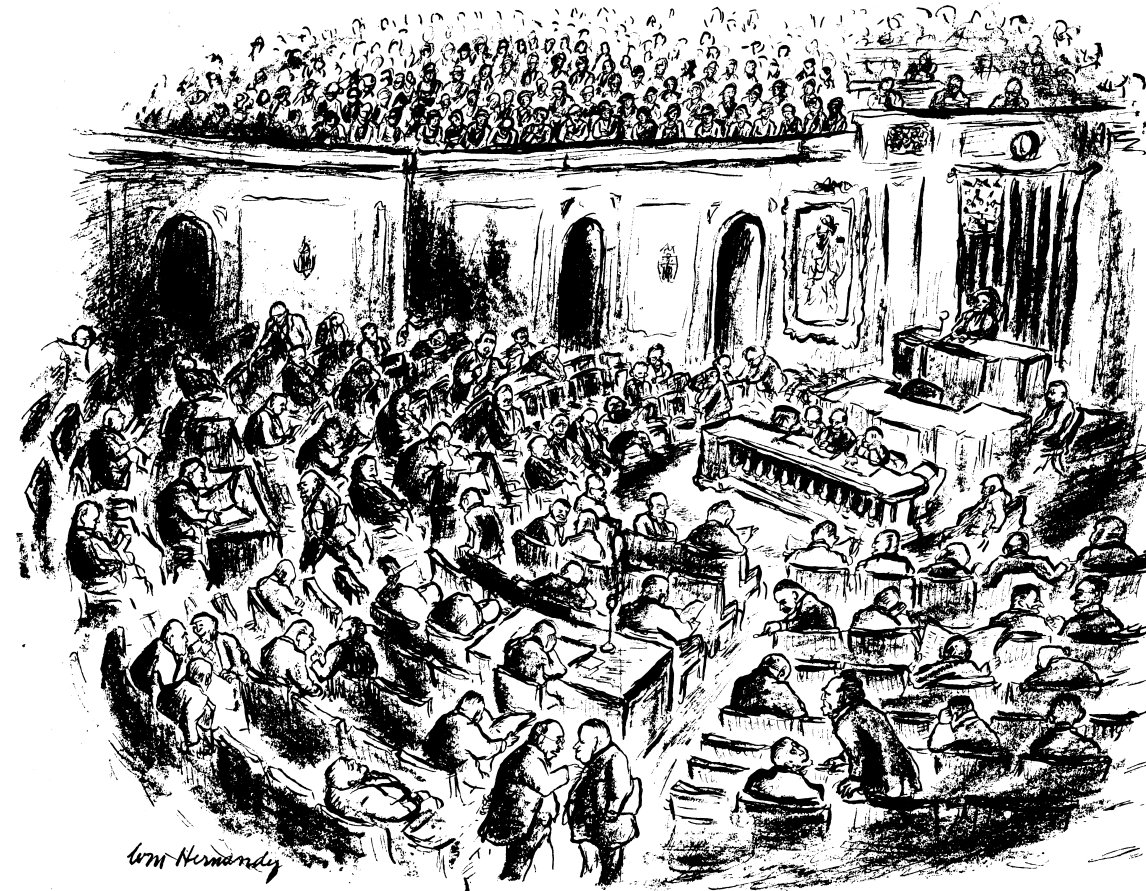
By Edith Hernandez

WE ATE our lunch on our first day in Washington at a small lunch counter in the Negro slum section, just outside the backyard of the Capitol. We had walked for two-and-a-half hours, from drug store to drug store, from cafeteria to cafeteria, hearing the same police phrase dinning in our ears: "Sorry, we don't serve Negroes! We don't serve Negroes! We don't serve Negroes! Sorry! Sorry! Sorry! We don't serve Negroes!"

The elevator boy in the House office building called us the "Kitchen Brigade." Yes, we had come from the kitchens—the empty kitchens of New York tenements, the empty kitchens of Pennsylvania, Florida, New Jersey and Virginia. We spoke for the women of all the other empty kitchens in the United States.

The gentlemen from Virginia, Congressman Woodrum, told us, "There is no reason why anyone in America should

The kitchen brigade getting a good look at Congress as seen by the writer's artist-husband, William Fernandez



go hungry." But we had seen our children cry because they were hungry.

For many of us, babies are still merely "dream children" which we cannot afford to make realities. We now had come out of our kitchens. We came to tell our Congressmen and Senators of our needs. H.R. 5822, the Boileau Bill! That's what we came for!

Many of the gentlemen of Congress, when we called, were, according to their secretaries, "terribly tied up with work" or "had just gone for the day"—this at 10:30 A.M. The gentleman from Missouri, Mr. Short, smilingly sat by as his secretary assured us that "Mr. Short left for a committee meeting just a few moments ago." The same Mr. Short, on the House floor, vociferously cried, referring to the relief appropriations, "—certainly it should be reduced from \$1,500,000,000 to \$1,000,000,000. If I had my way, I would reduce it to a still smaller amount. . . . to deny further relief to those aliens in our country who have no right to be here!"

Many Congressmen we did see. They weren't happy to see us. To the constituents back home, in reply to requests for increased appropriations, they had sent cordially phrased promises. To the constituents who called, some like the gentleman from New York, Congressman Celler and Evans, shrieked, "Get out! Get out!" and refused to hear us further.

We visited another gentleman from and Hell's Kitchen—Hell's Kitchen through which runs notorious Tenth Avenue, pock-marked with condemned tenements, festering with poverty. "I shall vote for the President's proposal of \$1,500,000,000 and no more. That is sufficient," stated Mr. Boylan. "I've been here sixteen years. My people have faith in me. You can g'wan back home and tell 'em anything you want."

THE Boylans, the Woodrums, the Rayburns, the Eatons—we have seen these cogs of the political machine, and we have seen the machine work. Sitting in the gallery of the House of Representatives we saw the performance, and every afternoon we watched a half empty House carry on the business of legislating for a nation. We know the Congressional Record states that 380 members answered the roll on May 21 when the future of ten million people was being so lightly weighed. But who does not now know the simple trick of being marked present, and then walking out after the next name has been called? Three hundred and eighty Congressmen answered the roll

call, but we saw only 247 of the 435 stay for the session. The Congressional Record of May 20 also records the presence of a quorum, but we saw only 138. So it was the day before, and the day before, and the day before.

We saw them dozing serenely in their chairs. We saw them in the aisles of the House floor, chattering and gossiping, hour after hour. We saw Congressmen sit through entire sessions, reading their afternoon papers, oblivious of the proceedings about them. We saw them on the 21st leisurely absent themselves, to avoid casting a vote which would be reported home. We watched them vote, saw them as they rose hesitantly, look at the next fellow for a cue, bobbing up and down, bewildered and confused, until they spied the leaders of their party whip down in their chairs, and like a pack of cards did they too all go down.

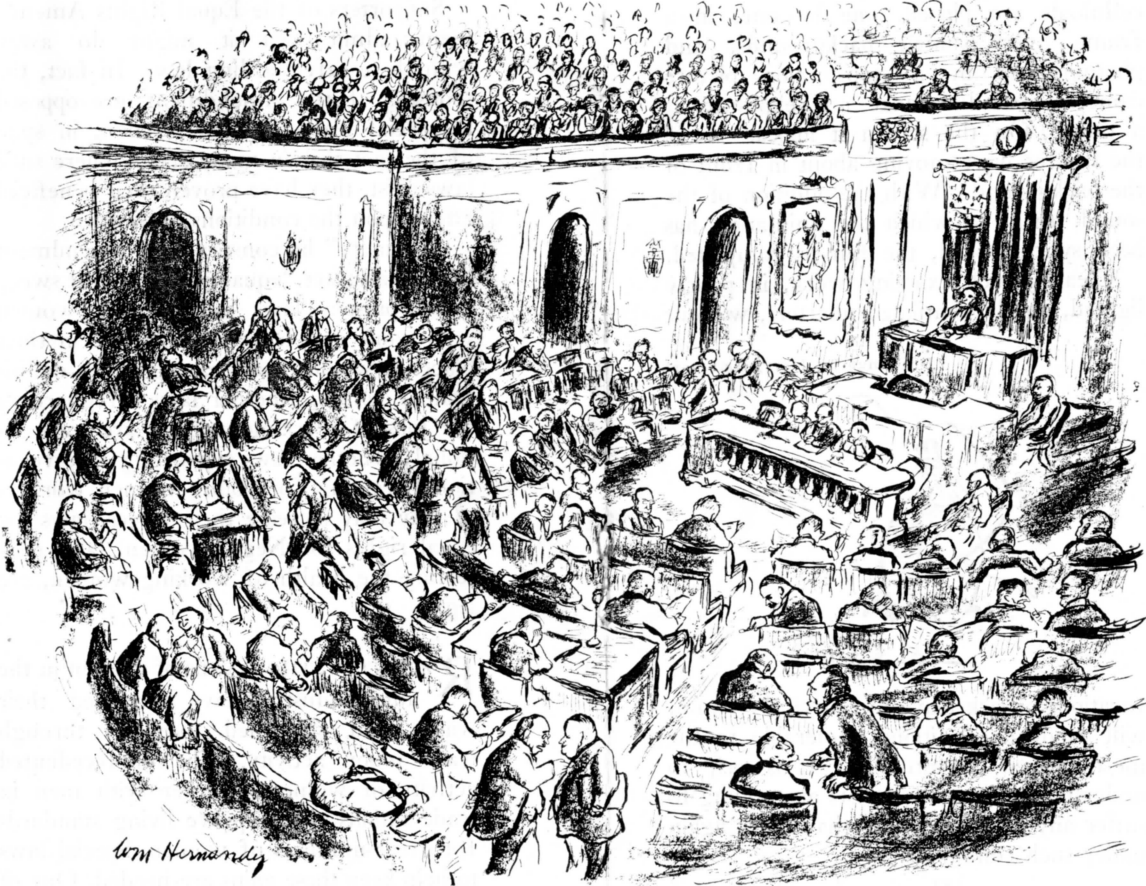
We have gone back to our kitchens, we women of the Brigade. We have gone home to clean house. Others will help us—our friends, our neighbors, the people of our communities. For together we shall set in order our House on Capitol Hill.

SCHWELLENBACH-ALLEN BILL

SINCE CONGRESS has adjourned without passing the Schwellenbach-Allen resolution, it has failed in its responsibility to the W.P.A. workers, the unemployed and workers in private industry.

The resolution provides that no W.P.A. workers shall be dismissed unless they have found suitable jobs in private industry at prevailing wage rates. Already, on the basis of surveys made in some cities, as high as 75 per cent of those laid off the W.P.A. rolls have had to seek direct relief because they could not find jobs.

We do not believe the federal budget should be balanced at the expense of the W.P.A. workers. We are for the spirit and principle of the Schwellenbach-Allen resolution. Powerful labor unions are for it, the United Mine Workers of America, The United Automobile Workers, the Workers Alliance and the Central Trades and Labor Council of New York City. Other organizations are for it, the U. S. Conference of Mayors, Labor's Non-Partisan League and the Citizens' Committees for Support of W.P.A.



Wm. Hermandy

POPEYE ON STRIKE

By Byron Rabbit

I'm Popeye the union man,
I'm Popeye the union man;
I fights to the finach
'Cause I wants me spinach,
I'm Popeye the union man.

"**B**LOW ME DOWN! Nobody's going to break me like that. Firsk, I eats me spinach, and then—" Zowie! Everybody knows what happens after Popeye eats his spinach. However, what everyone does not know is that in real life Popeye has been unable to buy much spinach on fifteen dollars a week, that he has been working under such deplorable conditions that his sense of sportsmanship has been strained to the breaking point. This is always the point at which he reaches for his spinach.

In this case one hundred men and women who draw Popeye have reached for the Commercial Artists and Designers Union. The artists of Fleischer Studios, producers of Popeye, Betty Boop, Color Classics, and Screen Songs, have chosen the union to represent them as their collective bargaining agent. The dismissal of fifteen of their members for union activity precipitated a strike on May 7. With the support of the public they will continue striking until the present wages of seventeen to twenty-four dollars a week are raised to a living standard.

The mere fact that these artists organized and have been on strike against Fleischer since May 7 is proof enough of the severe conditions under which they have been working.

It is a truism to state that of all white collar workers the artist is the greatest individualist. None of the Fleischer artists had ever participated in a strike before; few knew the meaning of trade unionism; all of them had been through an expensive



5,000 separate drawings go into a five-minute cartoon short



and highly technical art training. But for all that, these young, inexperienced men and women realized that they would have to organize if they were to avoid working for years without vacations or sick leave at below subsistence wages, if they were to avoid the personal degradation of a tyrannical supervision and a crushing speed-up system.

THE EXPLOITATION OF artists has been carried on for years with a considerable amount of skill, but few have ever



been quite so conscientiously thorough about it as Max Fleischer. He employs approximately two hundred people; of these 128 are directly concerned with art production, the rest being story writers, musicians, cameramen, clerks, etc. Before

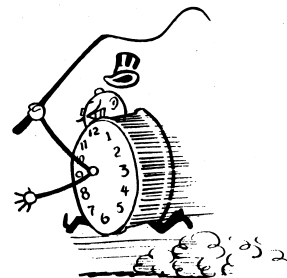
an applicant is hired, he must submit samples of high artistic merit, the reward of his previous training and experience being the opportunity to work at a salary less than that of many office boys in the studio.

Producing animated cartoons for motion picture audiences is a complicated and high skilled art. The problem of the animator is twofold: he must not only draw the cartoon figures in graduated, progressive positions of motion, but he must also keep in mind the speed of the film and the number of drawings necessary for the proper timing and smoothness. Timing may be roughly estimated by the knowledge that there are 24 exposures, or 1½ feet of film, per second. The number of drawings necessary for a five-minute short is about five thousand; the average reel runs from five to seven hundred feet of film. The important consideration in animation is increasing exaggeration and freedom of action about 50 per cent to have it appear natural and effective when enlarged on the screen.

Only the "extremes," or key positions of an action, are drawn by the animator. In a step the extremes would show the foot leaving the ground, at its highest point, and striking the ground again. The intermediate drawings are supplied by "inbetweens," the number of inbetweens being determined by the speed of the action. These drawings, which are drawn in pencil, are traced in ink on celluloid, the ink outline then being filled in with opaque colors on the reverse side. The finished celluloids are placed, one by one, in a frame over painted backgrounds, and photographed by a stop-motion picture camera, geared to take one exposure at a time. On the screen it appears as if the figures were moving about in front of the background. With the addition of the sound track, to which the animation has been synchronized, the film is completed.

Clearly, such exacting work, in poorly lighted, poorly ventilated quarters, without

Drawings by Harry Lampert



vacations or sick leave to relieve the strain, will produce conditions intolerable to the most rugged constitution. It is easy to understand why these artists are willing to suffer any hardship rather than work again under such conditions.

(Continued on next page)

THE CUSTOMER WAS RIGHT

Clerk: May I help you?

Women: Yes, please. I'd like some dish towels?

Clerk: This way, please. These are 3 for a quarter. And then we have others, some that are more expensive. How many would you like?

Woman: Before I have you wrap them for me, will you tell me if you're a Union Clerk?

Clerk: Why, why, no ma'm.

Woman: Can you get a Union Clerk to wait on me, please?

Clerk: I don't believe we have any such clerks.

Woman: Will you get the manager, then.

Clerk: Yes, ma'm. I'll call him.

Manag: What can I do for you, Madame?

Woman: I'd like to be waited on by a Union Clerk.

Manag: What's the matter with this clerk?

Woman: Nothing is the matter, except that she doesn't belong to the Union.

Manag: Our girls are free to choose for themselves whether or not they wish to join a Union!

Woman: And I'm free to call upon a Union Clerk to wait on me. Will you explain why one of the girls was fired, last week, simply because she came in wearing a Union button? She was fired that same afternoon. Was that an accident, Mr. Manager?

Manag: I'm sure you wouldn't like us to interfere in *your* affairs, madame, now would you?

Woman: Since the majority of the people who trade in this store and similar stores belong to a union, we feel that we're not

This skit is an example of how The Flint Women's Auxiliary helped in organizing the Department Store Workers. It is being used in organizing taxi-cab drivers, waitresses, laundries, and in other attempts to unionize.

The skit was given in Detroit, Women's Auxiliary night on the radio. Let's all try for a night for our auxiliaries over the radio. What a great opportunity to teach and educate the stay-at-homes. Get busy.

MA UNION

interfering at all, when we ask that you permit the clerks to join their union, and without intimidation, my good sir!

Manag: I'm sorry, but we have no Union clerk to wait on you. You may take the merchandise or leave it, as you see fit!

Woman: Of course I'll leave it, and many others will do likewise. We expect Union clerks to wait on us, at all places where we trade. Thank you. Good afternoon!

Manag: Miss Brown, do you think that this woman had real intentions of making a purchase?

Clerk: I believe so, Mr. Paul. This was the third woman who asked for a Union clerk today.

Manag: Did the others leave the merchandise, as well?

Clerk: Yes, sir.

Manag: Hmnn! They think they can do anything, do they?

Clerk: Is that all, sir?

Manag: Yes. . . . No, wait a minute! Do you think that it might be better for my business, if there were let's say, just a few of the clerks who joined the Union?

Clerk: Yes, sir, I do.

Manag: Well, let's see! Hmnn! Miss Brown, as a personal favor to me, no one

need know about it, would you mind joining the Union?

Clerk: Mind! Why Mr. Paul, I've been a member now for the past two months!

Manag: Then why didn't you tell me! Instead you stand there and permit a customer to walk out on us! Oh, you, imbecile!

Clerk: Because I was afraid that you would follow out your threat and fire me!

Manag: Fire you! That's all you girls think of. As if the whole world depended on it. But you never think of business, and what you can do to improve the sales!

Clerk: All right, Mr. Paul, you've asked for it. Don't blame it on me afterwards! (She calls to the girls who come up with, "What's the matter? What's up, tell us," etc.)

Clerk: Girls, come here! All of you. I have good news for you! Listen, the Union wins! Thanks to the Women's Auxiliary and their persistence in asking for Union clerks to wait on them. We can now wear our buttons and not be afraid of losing our jobs. Isn't it so, Mr. Paul?

Manag: Say, what's the meaning of all this? Do you mean to tell me that all of these girls belong to the *Union* and I didn't know anything about it?

Clerk: That's right, Mr. Paul! And those few who don't belong as yet, will be sure to join now!

Manag: To think that I just sent a report to the management, telling them that there is not a single girl in this store who belongs to the *Union*! What will they think of me now?

Clerk: Not a thing, Mr. Paul. Your next report will merely say: "Your clerks are 100 per cent organized and are ready to negotiate for a contract!"

POPEYE ON STRIKE

(Continued from page 8)

TO ME, THE MOST significant aspect of this strike is the part played by the women. Few people realize that, though men may assume the most prominent roles, the stamina for a long drawn-out battle comes from the daily cheerfulness and encouragement of the women; that no strike can last any length of time unless it is backed by the women behind the lines. In this case, where the woman have shared strike activities with the men, their courage has acted as a spur on the picket line and in the multitude of duties which attend a strike. Their most important function has

been in appealing to other organizations for aid. Girls who never made a speech in their lives have been addressing meetings, and through their sincerity and simplicity, have won over the support and financial aid of countless unions and groups.

Among the organizations supporting the strike are the League of Women Shoppers, which has sent letters of protest to 400 circuits, covering 8,000 theaters affecting 10,000,000 people a day, and has called a national boycott through its locals; Local 802 of the American Federation of Musicians, which has been supporting members of the music department who struck in sympathy; actors' and artists' unions throughout the nation, and hundreds of other unions. A committee composed of leading citizens headed by

Charles Hendley, president of the Teachers Union, has investigated and publicly endorsed the strike.

These organizations have found the strike more than justified. We cannot make a strong enough appeal for a public protest of the conditions which produced this strike. This can be accomplished by protesting the showing of Fleischer films to local theater managers, or by leaving the theater when a Fleischer picture is shown, after having demanded a refund of the admission price. It will be helping the men and women who are bravely fighting for the right to live and work like human beings, who are determined to continue their battle until it is won, whatever the cost may be.

No more Popeyes—
Until the strike is won.

THOU SHALT NOT KILL

Excerpts from the Diary of One Who Lived Through the Republic Steel Massacre of Memorial Day, 1937

By Elizabeth Johnstone

"**W**E WILL SHOW them in Chicago." Thus the workers were threatened a few days before the bloody Memorial Day of 1937 by the Chicago Police Department—in the Charter Jubilee Year, the 100th year of (in the Indian language) the spot of bad smells, the place of the wild leek. A worker, upon being told that the audiences in London movies, after viewing the Paramount film of the Chicago massacre, were sending protests on the murderous action of the Chicago police to Mayor Kelly and States Attorney Courtney, said, "This town has such a rotten name. Some day we will have to change it." * * *

Every one laughed at the young brother who had been in the army when he said: "They are using army tactics. The other day they pushed us around and beat us and arrested us for trying to picket. Yesterday they shot to scare us. Today they will shoot at us." * * *

On the second day, brave and energetic Lucille Kock carried the flag. Several days after she was still stunned. "They took the flag and broke the pole and when our union brother tried to rescue it from touching the ground, they cracked him on the head. And we were taught in school that no American citizen ever lets the flag touch the ground. Now I realize only union men have proper respect for the flag." * * *

On the third day of the Republic strike in South Chicago, Brother Harper dressed and shaved, singing and playing with his young son and promised his wife that as soon as he could go and see her brother at the strike kitchen, he would return. Thinking of a fuller and better life for his family, whistling jauntily, flower in his lapel, he shortly joined the other workers in front of the strike kitchen and listened to the speeches. Vendors were selling cones and candies. Women and children had dressed in their best. Memorial Day in America, a day for decking the graves of those who died fighting against

slavery. Every worker and his wife wore a flower that day—so it seemed, in that colorful crowd, more like a picnic than a strike meeting.

When the pickets set out, young Harper joined them—this gesture of solidarity before he went back to his wife—ten minutes more.

Fifteen minutes later he was being dragged into a patrol wagon, packed with wounded and dying fellow-workers, his eyes gouged out. He was taken to a jail instead of a hospital and held there for hours. When they later took him to the police hospital, the only treatment he got was a swab of iodine across his eyes. Finally, after days, when he was released through the efforts of the relief committee of the Steel Workers Organizing Committee and placed under private medical care, it was found that his eyes were infected and the infection would slowly creep up to his brain. Because of the extraordinary care he then received, Harper lost only one eye. He was only one of the one hundred wounded—ten killed—seven dying from wounds in the back.

When these workers testified before the LaFollette Committee in Washington, several senators, spectators, openly wept. The whole affair was so horrible. * * *

A week after the Massacre, a young man approached Mineola Ingersoll, the Calumet organizer of women's auxiliaries for the Steel Workers Organizing Committee: "Please do something for me. Half the time I can't remember my name."

Medical investigation disclosed he had a fractured skull. The Steel Workers Organizing Committee provided specialists. He is recovering. What about the workers who did not get treatment? * * *

There is a young man in South Chicago who cannot yet talk coherently—who has not yet succeeded in pulling himself together after the horrible experience of lying on the ground, shot in the back, unable to move to help a frail young woman prone on the ground, who was being belabored by two husky Chicago cops. * * *

One of the added horrors for our Women's Auxiliary members was doing first aid duty in the strike kitchen, tearing up aprons and dish towels for bandages for this utterly unexpected purpose, to dress the wounds of young men, steel workers, who by all American standards should be husky men, but who, children of the depression, bared almost emaciated bodies for first aid.

"Nearly 23 per cent of our families cannot afford decent living quarters. Economic conditions condemn them to existence in slum dwelling places that are a blight to the city." — *Report on Chicago Incomes*, BUREAU OF LABOR STATISTICS FOR W.P.A.) * * *

Why are the women out with the men? It's an old American custom. (Continued on next page)

Photo by Pictures, Inc.



Photo by Pictures, Inc.



AFFIDAVITS

by

*Stella
Jean* *Mamie
Julia*

JULIA:

The Testimony of Four Brave Girls Who Distributed Leaflets at Ford's

I was trying to distribute leaflets at the Main Gate No. 4. As soon as I got off the street car I saw the union leaders, Frankenstein and Reuther being thrown down the steps from the bridge that goes across Miller Road into the factory. I went to help Brother Merriweather whom the Ford service men were kicking in the face while he lay on the ground. The service men pushed me away, kicked me and twisted my arm to take the leaflets away. Then they dragged me and pushed me into a street car. I got off the car a half block away and came back again. They dragged and pushed me into another car and I came to the West Side U.A.W. headquarters where I got first aid from the union doctor.

STELLA:

I was at the Main Gate. They tried to get my leaflets by force but I didn't let go of them, till I myself threw them over the fence onto the sidewalk across the street in front of the plant. Men rushed at me—Ford service men, I know, because when they ordered the street cars to stop and take us away they showed the conductor their service badges. I was brushed toward the street car but broke away and ran to help some of the brothers, including Brother Merriweather who was unable to get up. They hit me then and forced me toward the street car. When I was

still on the lower step facing them, one of them came over and kicked me in the stomach. The car went a half block. Then I got off and came back. I vomited near the fence. After this I was forced on the street car and went to the union office to get doctor's help.

JEAN:

I was at the Main Gate. I was pushed around. They grabbed one-half of my leaflets and the other half I threw over the fence. They pushed me on the street car tracks. Then I was forced into a street car going to town.

MAMIE:

I was in the general fight at the Main Gate and was pushed on a street car by the Ford thugs. I got off. Then I was pushed back on and rode a half block where I got off again and came back. Four men grabbed me and tried to tear away my leaflets but I yelled at them and held tight and they couldn't get them. Then they forced me with the rest back into a street car after kicking and hitting many of the girls in the back while they were bending down to help some of the brothers. The service men spit on some of the girls and made vulgar motions. They are nothing but the lowest sort of criminals and murderers.

We are going to fight on until the U.A.W. is organized 100 per cent and there is no more gangster Fordism but only Unionism and union conditions of work and union pay.

THOU SHALT NOT KILL

(Continued from page 10)

men? It's an old American custom. They know that together they can sooner improve their conditions. It was in 1830 at the Convention of the National Labor Union that a resolution was passed "to organize a society of females, auxiliary to our local, for our protection."

The men in steel are proud of their women's activities, especially in this strike. Every Sunday is Women's Day on the picket line at Republic, in Indiana Harbor, two days a week.

"Meet the Mrs." proudly say the strikers. "Run along to your meeting, hon. I'll take care of the kids, but see you plan a turkey dinner for us." A new kind of happiness, fighting together for a better life.

One striker said: "I'll be damned if my wife goes on the line." She appeared suddenly from the kitchen: "John, you go attend to your strike duties. Who is it takes care of the rent man, the electric man, the butcher, the grocer? This is only meeting the bosses socially and it's for you as well as for me." She went on the line and no Girdlers with all their millions can ever experience that exhilaration that comes from fight-

ing for a better life—the struggle to push humankind to the perfection it is able to attain.

* * *

The next issue of *Women in Steel* will carry a contribution from one of the leading union members and it ends thus:

Now ask of the men in the Union

"What use are the Women in Steel?"

But smile when you ask the question,

Offend not the reverence they feel.

With heads uncovered they will answer—

Stand erect with click of the heel—

"There never was a braver or better;

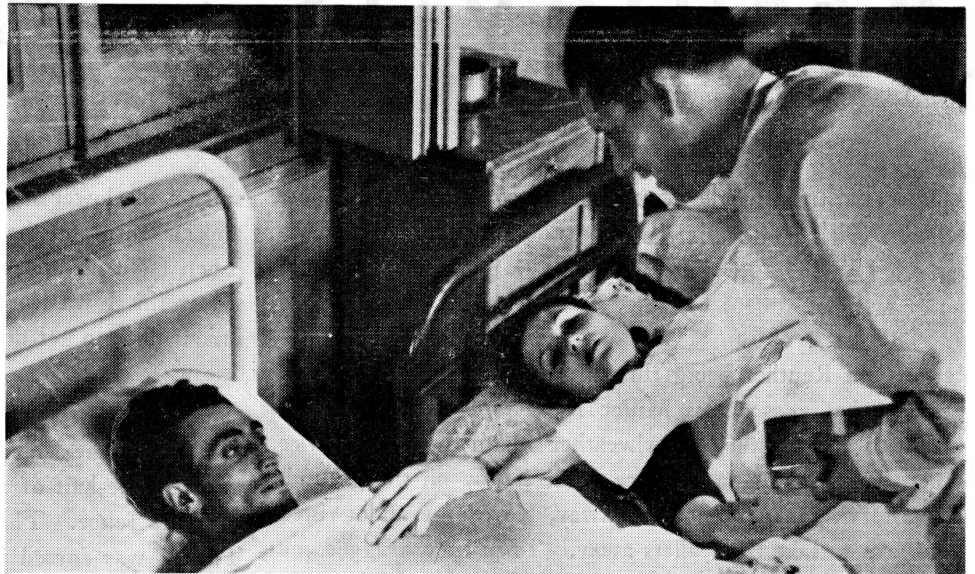
Thank God for the Women in Steel."

NEW LIFE courses into the weary veins of this Yankee volunteer in Spain.

A fascist bullet has put him "under wraps" for a time. But the brave Spanish girl at his side shows that she appreciates his sacrifice that her homeland may be free. For it is her blood that gives him new life.

New life, another life!—to continue the unending struggle in whose name this Yankee took the long road overseas. Black reaction will not pass *his* way!

Spain knows this; that is why she nurses his hurts. Won't you help him, too? He and his comrades need the small comforts—cigarettes, chocolate, books, magazines, soap—they left behind. Round up your contributions today. Send them with the coupon to the Friends of the Abraham Lincoln Brigade.



FRIENDS OF THE ABRAHAM LINCOLN BRIGADE
 Room 810, 125 West 45th Street, New York City. LO 3-6215
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LIFE
 for a Yankee
 in Spain!

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