

THE  
**WORKING WOMAN**

MARCH

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THE WHITE SCARF  
BY  
GRACE LUMPKIN  
LETTERS FROM  
WOMEN WORKERS



ANSWER THE CALL FOR

INTERNATIONAL **W**OMENS **D**

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Com. Unit of the U.S.A. Not a Woman's Day

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# THE WORKING WOMAN

## CHANGES TO A MAGAZINE

"THE WORKING WOMAN" greets this International Women's—March 8th—which is observed by the women all over the world,—as a magazine. In its present form it is better able to reach the broad masses of working women.

During the past four years of crisis, the women have been driven harder by the cries of their children for bread, by the responsibilities of dependents, by the worries of making the small pay checks stretch to cover all the needs of the family, to find a way out.

It is our task as a Communist magazine to reach the women masses, to act as a collective agitator and organizer, to win the women for struggles and for the final overthrowing of capitalism and the establishment of a workers and farmers government.

We should battle down the poison of the feminists whose "equal rights" means the equal right for women to work all night, long hours, child labor, for low wages. They blur the class issues and bring forward the sex issue. They encourage the bosses' stand that the workers should fight each other as Negro against white, foreign against native-born, men against women.

We should take up the cudgels against the pacifists who, while they talk against war have not lifted a little finger while U. S. Marines kill South American workers, or while U. S. gunboats and sailors sail Chinese waters bombing and killing Chinese Red Soldiers, and destroying entire cities. Neither have they demanded that the billions appropriated for war be turned over to the unemployed.

We should combat the influence of the Y.M.C.A. and Girl Scout Movement, whose task set by the bosses is to keep the working women safe for capitalism. Or the reformers of capitalism, the Socialist Party leaders who want to make small changes in capitalism so it will be acceptable to the workers and working women.

Thousands of women buy "The Women's Home Companion," "True Story," and other such capitalist controlled magazines. There are women's pages in the capitalist bought press. All of these appeal to the

women on the basis of petty clothes, cooking, recipes, care of skin, cosmetics, etc.; all of the points which shove women into the position of making her feel that she has only certain interests in life, that her main tasks are that of a home maker. That her chief desire should be to get a rich man and be a parasite, and that she should ape the rich and forget her class interests.

But we know that thousands upon thousands of women are in industry to stay. Their wages are small. Organization and struggle alongside the men for better conditions is the only solution for the workers—both men and women.

The very life of the housewife and her children, what she will eat and how she will live, depends upon the wages and conditions of her husband. It is therefore to her interest to be organized with him, helping in the common struggle.

The question of the 16 million unemployed workers, their struggles with the home relief bureaus, charity organizations and the fight for unemployment insurance, is the fight of both men and women workers.

Our magazine should unite all working women for the common struggle against capitalism. It should be the mouthpiece of the women to which they write their problems, ask for guidance and help. The workers correspondence should reflect the struggles of the working women, the conditions in the factories, mines, mills, farms, and tenements.

We call upon you—our readers—to write for "The Working Woman," to regard it as your paper, to send us your suggestions as to how to make this the kind of a magazine working women will look forward to receiving and reading. We ask you to let us know what special features would appeal to you.

The growth and improvement of our magazine depends upon your response, and the growth of the organized working class movement among the women masses.

—Editorial Committee

### WE NEED YOUR HELP

Come to our meeting on March 25, at 3 P. M., and tell us what you think of your magazine: how we can improve it. 50 E. 13th St. 2nd fl.

# THE WORKING WOMAN

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## NOTES OF THE MONTH

### INTERNATIONAL WOMEN'S DAY

March 8th, International Women's Day is the historic day of struggle against the double exploitation of women under capitalism. On this day, both men and women come out on the streets and gather in demonstration for the specific demands of women.

The capitalists are placing the burdens of the fourth year of the economic crisis on the backs of the workers. It is especially the women who suffer. Their wages have been reduced to starvation level. Ten cents an hour in auto factories in Detroit. Two cents and three cents an hour in sweat shops in Connecticut and New York. Hours and speed-up have increased. 70 and more hours a week is the lot of the women in the factories. Such meagre labor legislation for women as has been won through decades of struggle are being wiped out. Governor Ely of Massachusetts leads the onslaught against the women textile workers. Unemployed women are compelled to do forced labor by the city agencies. Pregnant and sick women are at the mercy of miserable charity institutions, which are insufficient for their needs.

### WOMEN ANSWER THE ATTACKS

Child mortality has never been so high. Children die by the tens of thousands for the lack of food. Prostitution is increasing at unprecedented rates. The Negro women suffer even more than the white.

Under the leadership of the Communist Party, the Unemployed Councils, the Trade Union Unity League, hundreds of thousands of women have fought for immediate relief, unemployment insurance, the attacks of the police and the government. The women have put up a most heroic fight on the National Hunger March to Washington, in the strike in Detroit, South River and in the farm struggles. They demonstrated against deportations, against imperialist war, and for the defense of the Soviet Union.

### JOIN THE DEMONSTRATIONS

Negro and white women workers. Join with the other class conscious workers in tremendous demonstrations against the government of hunger and war on March 4th, National Unemployment Day and March 8th, International Women's Day.

Fight for higher wages, shorter hours, for unemployment insurance.

Join the Party of your class, the Party that fights to improve the conditions of the workers, the Communist Party of the U. S. A.

### WAR IS ON

Sixteen years after the World War, we are now closer to another war than we ever have been. Recall the horrors of the World War of 1914-18—the thirteen million dead soldiers, the five million widows, the twenty million cripples, the nine million war orphans.

War is already on in China. Japanese imperialism at the present time is waging a robber war against the Chinese people. Thousands of working class men, women and children are being murdered. Manchuria has been

seized and a puppet government, under Japanese control has been set up. At this moment Japanese troops are massing to take Jehol.

The attitude of the League of Nations to the wars in the Far East shows clearly its role as a screen behind which imperialist maneuvers are carried on.

France and England, while pushing forward their European vassals, the small nations, to speak against the murderous war in China, and in this way attempting to save the face of the League of Nations, are at the same time directly supporting the Japanese war for the division of China into spheres of influence.

United States imperialism challenged in its robber aims in China, openly threatens its rivals. War preparations and war maneuvers are being speeded up.

### BOSSES HATE THE SOVIET UNION

White guard troops are massing in Manchuria for an attack on the Soviet Union. The imperialist powers, especially the U. S. imperialists, hate the Soviet Union because it has shown the workers how to do away with misery and exploitation. It has proven the superiority of a country ruled by workers, has successfully fulfilled the first Five-Year Plan in 4 years, wiped out unemployment, and improved the conditions of the workers.

Negro and white working women. The coming war will drive your sons husbands, and brothers into the trenches. They will become cannon fodder for American imperialism. You working class women will be sent into the factories to produce ammunition, bombs, and poison gas, to be used for killing your fellow workers.

The numerous peace pacts, international conferences, etc., don't prevent the imperialist from continuing arming to the teeth. Today the United States government is building armies, navies, and airplanes at break-neck speed. Poison gas and death dealing chemicals to destroy whole peoples fill the ammunition plants. The United States government, which claims to be so economical that it cannot grant federal unemployment insurance to the workers, can and does spend three and half billion dollars a year for war preparations.

This same government is preparing to put into military training camps, the 200,000 homeless youths who have been driven from workingclass homes by hunger.

### GUARD AGAINST BETRAYERS

Working class women—the Socialists and pacifists have promised you a better life under capitalism. Remember how in 1914 they endorsed the robber war against the workers, how they mobilized the working class women to work for the war in the interests of the capitalists, under the slogan of a war to end all wars. Don't be fooled by the pacifists and socialists. The only way to defeat the war plans of the United States government is through a determined fight against war and the war makers.

Stand together on International Women's Day. Demonstrate your international solidarity with the workers of the world. Organize to fight imperialist wars against the Chinese people and for the defense of the Chinese people and the Soviet Union.

# WOMEN FIGHT FOR BREAD

on

## INTERNATIONAL WOMEN'S DAY

By Charlotte Todes

"What are the chances for a job here, d'you know"? Anna had just joined a long line which had been waiting since morning for a waitress' job advertised in the newspapers.

"It doesn't look so good."

The dark-haired girl just ahead of her turned back to answer: "It's no cinch gettin' a job these days. Look at this crowd, all after one job."

"There were girls hardly old enough to work; there were older women. They looked anxious, care-worn."

"Gee, sometimes I think if this keeps up I'll do something desperate," the dark-haired girl continued, "I've been looking for work so long."

Anna shrugged her shoulders: "Look at me, desperate did you say? Haven't had a job for nearly a year and two kids to support. My poor old mother, she's a scrub woman over there in Jersey City. She supports them, and I live on her too. I was an expert salad makers at Childs'. Worked for seven years and thought I'd never lose my job. Now I've been out of work nine months."

The line was moving forward. A few more girls had entered since Anna spoke. "Yes, I was foolish enough to think Childs' couldn't do without me. When hard times came, the manager said, we have to fire some girls, we'll get rid of the married ones first, but we'll keep you. Then I did my own job and the job of another girl who was fired. It was hard workin' at lightin' speed. And then they started cuttin' down our pay. We worked harder. One day I fainted. The manager sent me home in a taxi. I was sick . . . for three weeks. . . . a nervous breakdown the doctor said. I knew I was working too hard but when I got better I went back to get my old job. My kids had to eat and it is not easy to get a job. Well what do you think they told me. They had hired a man to take my place. He could work harder and they paid him less wages."

The dark-haired girl was silent. A tall pale faced woman just back of Anna burst out: "Maybe the Reds are right. I saw it with my own eyes. They are telling us to organize and fight. Well a neighbor in my house was being put out on the street. They wanted to take the kids away and put them in an institution. A bunch of unemployed men and women, maybe 50 came along and put the furniture right back again. The next day they took the woman and her kids down to the relief bureau and made it give her some money. Then they came and told us that if we organize and fight we wont starve. I think they're right." She dug into her pockets for something.



The girls stared. Anna spoke up quickly: "Yes I have gone to meetings of the Communist Party, the Unemployed Councils in my neighborhood—yes I think they are right, too. There's no use lookin' at it her way, "she was pointing to the dark-haired girl who was brooding." "That'll never never get us anywhere. We have to feed our kids. We want work. If they dont give us work, they should give us to live on, food and rent and shoes."

The girls were listening. One asked eagerly, "Who do you mean 'they' "?

"I mean the big fellows that have loads of money, the Childs' owners and the millionaires."

The tall pale faced woman had finally succeeded in pulling a few papers out of her pocket. "Here's the story—I have a few more of these in my pocket. They tell that the women have got to organize with the men, women in the shops and factories as well as the jobless. The stronger we are, the more women we have the harder we fight for what we need, the more certain we are to get relief, to get shelter, to get food for our kids and to stop wage cutting. Here, this tells about International Women's Day. It is the day when the women all over the world gather in demonstrations to tell the bosses that they are going to fight harder than ever for their right to live. This is the day when the working women of England, France, of China, India, of the whole world protest against the system which makes us slave at low wages and then throws us out to hunger; a system which brings on this crisis which is causing such sffering to our families and to our chil-

(Turn to page eight)

# THE WHITE SCARF

By GRACE LUMPKIN

I have been out of a job for six months. As you know I am a very good stenographer, and for four years that I have been working I have received a good salary, at least good for a girl in my position—beginning at eighteen dollars, I became a secretary at thirty dollars a week. Then I was fired and they took on someone in my place—a girl at eighteen dollars a week.

Just before I was fired I bought myself a very pretty piece of wearing apparel. It was a white scarf of heavy silk and it was made to be tied under the chin. It looked well with my dark blue suit and improved my appearance when I went looking for a job, that is until the suit got wrinkled after I had slept in it for several nights. Of course the scarf is in the pawn shop now, along with everything else except the suit. But I had such a terrible dream about it.

That morning before I had the terrible dream I had picked up a newspaper in the park. Because there was nothing else to do I read every page. On one page there was printed a society column. I read down the list.

Mrs. So-and-So has gone to her summer home at Southampton. Mrs. So-and-So is giving a ball for her daughter at Newport. The cost of this ball will be \$20,000.00.

This is a picture of Miss So-and-So with her Mother's famous diamonds.

The news was very interesting. The sun was shining. I had not eaten. I realized that some people had enough, and more than enough, and they had never done a stitch of work to get it.

I had so little. For a week before that day, I had slept in a municipal lodging house, and before that in the Salvation Army headquarters for two nights. During the week I had slept in the same room with many other girls who were out of jobs. Several of them had tuberculosis. I suppose many of the others were diseased in different ways. When a persons body has had little nourishment in the way of food, it begins to nourish all sorts of diseases. Anyway whatever any of the others had they were the kind of diseases that can be hidden. But a person with consumption sleeping, or trying to sleep in a drafty damp room can't keep his disease quiet. She coughs. And sometimes it is very terrible to hear that cough. Well, it is terrible always.

The night when I had the dream, I slept on a cot next to a girl with that disease. We talked together,



Ryan Walker

for I had seen her before at other places and we had a sort of nodding lodging house acquaintanceship. She was a stenographer out of work a whole year. Once she had worked in the claim department of one of the big stores. They had fired her along with forty others. For some time she had lived in the back of a tailor's shop in a cellar and cleaned the shop for him to pay for her "room". Now he had failed and she had no place to go.

That night after most everyone was asleep she began coughing. I saw that she put her hands to her face and when she took them away there was blood in them. It was that night I had the dream. In the dream I was admiring myself in a mirror, for I had just put on my new white collar scarf—the one I was telling about. I remember in the dream thinking how fine I looked. Then the atmosphere became dark and dismal, as it does when you read a ghost story and the ghost is about to appear. And suddenly the white scarf began to tighten around my throat. I couldn't see my reflection in the mirror any longer. I just felt the scarf tighten. I struggled with it in the greenish darkness, struggled to keep from choking. A ray of the green light shone down on me and I saw that there were some hands pulling at the ends of the scarf, tightening it on my throat. They were delicate hands with rings on them. The diamonds in the rings flashed in the green light. On one of the wrists was a very beautiful bracelet made entirely of diamonds.

I woke up screaming—"They're choking me." But of course I was not choking. Yet this was the queer thing. Through some kind of sympathy, or because I had been thinking so hard about her when I went to sleep, I must have dreamed of choking because of the girl next to me. For when I woke up she was laying there next to me. And she was choking, gasping for breath. And blood was coming from her mouth.

I called the matron. But there was nothing to do. Before seven o'clock that morning my lodging house acquaintance was dead.

NOTE: This story is based on facts. The news item from which it was taken appeared in a New York newspaper.

Woman's Voice must be heard. Women speak on pages 14 to 18 Write about your shop and neighborhood. Become a Workers Correspondent.

# OUT OF THEIR MOUTHS

The following are facts of Child Misery and unemployment presented at the Hearing before a Sub Committee of the Committee on Manufacturers, United States Senate, on S5125, which took place on January 3 to 17, 1933. The proceedings are issued in book form by the Government Printing Office.

## HERBERT BENJAMIN, NATIONAL ORGANIZER OF THE UNEMPLOYMENT COUNCIL REPORTS:

The New York Evening Journal wrote about Mario Polce an 11 year old boy who supports a family of 7 on \$2 a week. He sleeps every night in a BMT subway station. He was found dressed in rags, his small weary figure hunched in a corner of a magazine stand. A pile of yesterday's newspapers were his pillows, and the rumble of the express train his lullaby.

His father is an unemployed plasterer who hasn't worked in a long time. He can't get work. He works to help his mom. His brother Victor age 7 also helps the family by shining shoes.

Mario gets up at 6 a.m., works until 8, goes to school, then takes a nap for two hours, then works again until midnight. Sometimes he misses school in order to try to make a little more money.



Dallas, Texas—Neither Mexicans nor Negroes are now given any help whatsoever.

Cleveland, Ohio—Jobless get 3c a meal. Menu of unemployed consists of: breakfast, oatmeal, one half can of milk, coffee for adults, canned milk for children; lunch, macaroni and cheese, bread and oleomargarine, one half can milk; supper, creamed potatoes, raw or baked onion, bread and oleo.

Milwaukee, Wisc.—(where there is a Socialist administration) Children are so ragged that they can not be sent to school. There is a compulsory education law but poverty has become so extensive that children are kept out of school because they do not have enough rags to cover them. Private agencies say they can no longer furnish clothing because of lack of funds.

## EDITH ABBOTT, DEAN OF SCHOOL OF SOCIAL SERVICE ADMINISTRATION, UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO REPORTS:

I am told of a man and wife and 3 children living with other relatives so that there are 19 people all living in 4 rooms.

There are 2, 3, and even 4 families living in one flat. In a single month there were 135 cases of flats where water was shut off by the health department.

Relief agencies pay very little rent. One woman said, "I do not know why I should inflict myself and children upon another landlord. No one wants to take us in, if they know what is the truth, that the rents will not be paid after the first month."

Another little boy whose mother had another eviction notice said: "We are just like gypsies, always moving all the time."

What are the conditions in the schools in Chicago? Here is what the principal of the Langland School writes: "Many of our children are anaemic thru lack of proper nourishment. In this neighborhood, there are homes where the father has not worked for three years. And in some of the homes we have families of 10 to 13, and no wage earner. Milk is a luxury in most of the homes where black coffee and bread is a large part of the diet."

The principal of Haines School writes: "We have 240 children in school who have been examined by a doctor and declared clear cases of malnutrition-anaemia."

These facts show the sufferings of the working class children. We must fight for the very lives of working class children. The UNEMPLOYED COUNCILS, WORKERS INTERNATIONAL RELIEF and YOUNG PIONEERS OF AMERICA, are the class struggle organizations which will give leadership to a campaign to expose the misery among working class children, and to organize the men, women and children to fight for milk, hot lunches, better lunches in those schools where lunches are given, shoes, clothes, medical attention.

All workers organizations, all sympathizers are called upon to participate.

The aim of the struggle against the misery of working class children is to activize every workers organization to organize pioneer troops of children connected with its organization.

Work should be begun in poor workers neighborhoods by calling the parents and children into action to struggle for the demands of the children. Naturally it has been decided to concentrate in Negro Harlem, New York, the Ford Delray area in Detroit and the packing-house area in Chicago.

# You're telling me!

By Dan Davis

## 5c A "DINNER"

We read in the New York Times of February 3 that "The five cent dinner to which Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt was treated last night by Governor and Mr. Pinchot at Harrisburg, Pa., aroused clubwomen here today." And that Mrs. Louis Lewis, president of the Women's Southern Industrial Education Association, one of the clubwomen, was aroused to the following extent:

"It costs \$35 a month to care for each dependent of the state in our institutions. Our rates seem extravagant when the Governor can entertain the next First Lady at a cost which would average \$17 a month."

And then we were "aroused" to realize that Pinchot's 5-cent dinner, fed to the "starving" First Lady between her usual meals of lobster, choice viands, etc., was just another of those little nation wide stunts to "convince" unemployed women and men that they can be as happy as Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt on a five cent bag of peanuts.

## WHAT PRICE HOUSEKEEPING?

If any housewife, while washing the day's dishes (if there's any food to dirty them), scrubbing the floor and tending the children at the same time, thinks the lot of a working woman is a hard one, let her read the following revelation of the same Mrs. Roosevelt, and hang her head in shame.

Upon her return to New York from Miami, a reporter asked the First Lady, "Are you going straight to your home to prepare it for the President-elect's return?"

Mrs. Roosevelt regarded him very sternly says the New York World-Telegram of Feb. 17.

"Sir," she replied, "nothing can be prepared in my home. My house is always in good order. I am first, a good housekeeper."

We wonder if Mrs. Roosevelt knows the difference between a housekeeper and one, like herself, who has never touched a dish rag in her life, but instead has a flotilla of servants to order around her home.

## FORCE MARRIAGE IN THE U. S. A.

"Will you marry me mister? I have a job and some worldly goods." No, dear reader, this is not a question reprinted from the days of Czarist Russia when a woman's dowry determined the husband she would get. But right here in the U. S. A., the "land of liberty" (for the bosses), the Kansas City Power and Light Company tells its young women employees to hurry up and ask this question of the first man they can grab if they wish to keep their jobs.

Last December 29 the company stated that as its "contribution" to the employment situation, "the company gives six months to permit turning engagements and friendships into June weddings. No married women will be employed thereafter. Any single woman employed

intending to marry and retain her employment must do so, on or before July 1, 1933. After July 1, 1933, any single woman employed, marrying will resign at once."

Such forced marriages can no longer take place in the new Russia, the Soviet Union. There women are really free to chose their mate. There is no unemployment problem. Men and women are on an equal plane. Women work as the men do, earn salaries as the men do, and can marry or stay single if they please, and there is no time limit.

## AND THEN BREAK UP THE FAMILY

"Unemployment distress has now reached the stage where the permanent break-up of hundreds of families is threatened, according to a report yesterday by Raymond W. Houston, assistant director of the Emergency Work and Relief Bureau to the Emergency Unemployment Relief Committee.

"The voluntary separation of a husband and a wife stricken by prolonged unemployment is a frequent occurrence," continued Mr. Houston. "The wife takes the children and moves in with friends while the husband moves into the most inexpensive single room he can find or, lacking that, into the home of a bachelor friend. In cases like this the coming of children accentuates the distress. It is not uncommon for an expectant mother to move from a broken home into a hospital for prenatal care," says the New York Times. Need we say any more?

## WHY WORK AND STARVE? ORGANIZE!

Speaking before the Senate Manufacturers Committee on February 2 at Washington, Stephen Raushenbush of Pennsylvania admitted that of 460,000 women employed in Pa., exclusive of teachers, 100,000 are getting starvation wages of \$2 to \$10 weekly. The wages paid are lower than the standard grant of \$4 weekly relief which reaches only a part of the destitute workers.

A little organization will make Mr. Raushenbush do a little more than just "admit", and the Senate Committee a little more than just listen to this misery amongst women workers.

## AT THE SAME TIME

Abercrombie and Fitch: 8 point Falcon (bottle) containing famed Parfum (perfume) B. The large size is \$25.



Black Starr and Frost-Gorham: Ladies Cigarette Case with enamel trimming in red, black, blue or green, \$40. Other cases \$100; gold cases, some enameled, others set with precious stones or semi-precious stones, \$80 to \$700.

## SMART BOY

Father: "Your School Report Is Disgraceful. You Will Not Be Promoted This Term."

Son: "But, Father, That Will Only Mean That I Shall Be a Year Later in Joining the Unemployed."

Despite his barage of bunk about what he would do for the "Forgotten Man" we're just a wonderin' whether Mr. Roosevelt ever heard of the Forgotten Woman?

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## WOMEN FIGHTERS

Ella Reeve Bloor, better known as Mother Bloor is one of the best-known women revolutionary fighters in the United States. In the July issue of our paper, on the occasion of her 70th birthday, THE WORKING WOMAN wrote in detail about Mother Bloor's heroic struggles.

Mother Bloor has been very active in many miners strikes, in Ludlow, Herrin, and in the formation of the National Miners Union in 1928, when she went as a delegate from Indiana.

In the last few years she has been helping to organize the farmers and their wives. Recently she was with the first picket line in connection with a farmers strike in Iowa. In describing the event she said, "I always thought I was going to die for the miners, but now I was sure that I would die for the farmers."

Mother Bloor in describing her work in the farm regions vividly told of the way the farmers acted in a foreclosure. She said she has attended at least ten such sales. This one was held in the Sioux City Court House. "I felt as though I was with a lot of friends. All the farmers, young fellows, and back of them hundreds of Unemployed Council members. They stood there quietly, they were organized, to help them to defend their homes. Did they make any trouble? No. They stood solid, not a word. The treasurer would read off the sale, of such and such a farm. Not a bid. No, anybody who would bid would surely have a hard time. We stood there for an hour and a half while they read off 150 sales. The reader got through and he said, "Now I have accomplished my job according to law, but I haven't finished my job according to law, I haven't got a bid in the bunch. According to the law I will postpone this sale for thirty days." The farmers called out, "We will be all right."

The Unemployed Council circulated a little leaflet among the farmers inviting them to a free lunch at their headquarters. The farmers accepted the invitation.

Where did they get the money for the food. They didn't get money, they collected the food from the stores and the women cooked the food. They had a mighty good lunch. All sang the Farmers Nebraska song to the tune of Solidarity.

Then a comrade told them they wanted to put two more families on the relief list who were discriminated against because they were too radical. He wanted to know how many of those farmers would go down to help them demand this relief. Every farmer raised his hand, and some of them raised two hands. They went out of that room, down to the court house, and demanded that these families be put back on the relief list, that they should get help by 9:30 the next morning.

Mother Bloor was to speak the next night. One of the farmers remembered reading the notice. He got up and told the welfare worker, "If those people don't get their relief by 9:30 in the morning we will let everyone know at Mother Bloor's meeting tomorrow, and we will come back three times as strong."

Then Mother Bloor said the farmers wives heard about the lunch at the Unemployed Council headquarters and the action at the Welfare Office. They were very sympathetic and so they organized and invited the Unemployed Council to a banquet. They cooked a fine supper and served it at the Workers Center. This took place at Le Mars.

Mother Bloor is organizing solidarity between the farmers and the industrial workers. She says "the most important thing to think about when there is a farmers strike against taking stock, is to organize the truck drivers and the teamsters."

Mother Bloor in spite of her many years of active struggles in the labor movement is still one of our youngest fighters. She is a charter member of the Communist Party, and has been a member of its Central Committee for many years.

demand and fight for relief, for unemployment insurance, for putting an end to wage cuts, to protest mass dismissals and discrimination against married women, for the protection of our homes and our children."

The girls read the leaflets eagerly. Anna took one. She was getting close to the desk now. She noted the name and address of the hall. She clutched the hand of the tall woman—"I'll be there on International Women's Day . . . and I'll get her," pointing to the dark-haired girl, "and many more to come with me."

## JULIA MARTIN

A Story

By  
GRACE HUTCHINS

6 o'clock on a March morning. Dark. Cold.

Julia Martin stuffed the still buzzing alarm clock under her pillow so it wouldn't wake up her mother, got up and began to dress. She started the coffee on the gas stove and saw that it was all they had in the house. The man had come two days before to turn off the gas and only the \$1 borrowed from a neighbor had saved them the gas for another month.

"You can't keep on with this demonstration business, Julia." Her mother was up after all and stood looking at the end of bread Julia was cutting from the loaf. There was nothing else to eat in the house.

"You'll be blacklisted and then you'll never get a job at the mill again."

"We can't give up the fight, Ma. You don't understand. If we got an eviction order and the men came to put us out, wouldn't we be glad to have help? That's what the Unemployed Councils are doing—helping to put the furniture back when the landlord tries to throw a family out,—helping the family get more relief."

Julia choked a little over the bread and the hot coffee. This daily battle with her mother was almost the hardest part of her work with the Unemployed Councils.

"It's a bad business," her mother was saying. "For a young girl like you to be out on the street with all those cops trying to hit you. Now, when I was a girl—"

"I must go or I'll be late." Julia got up and hurried out into the cold morning air. She did not see her mother go to the window, look after her down the street and then turn to get her hat and coat, as if she too were coming out.

By the time Julia reached the office there was a thin line of workers, walking up and down outside the door, and she was soon at the head of the line, with another girl who was also on the committee. Several of the Unemployed Council leaders were in jail, and Julia felt the responsibility for the work that morning.

"Solidarity Forever." The song started softly but the singing grew louder as the workers' lines lengthened. They moved steadily toward the house where a worker's family was slated for eviction and other workers,—men, women, boys and girls,—joined the lines. They were singing together now and the chorus rang out vigorously: "For the Union makes us strong."

Furniture was already piled high on the sidewalk when they reached the house. Across the street a half dozen policemen watched them, while two others on motor cycles whirred noisily up and down the street.

Quickly the Council fell into action, seized pieces of furniture and began carrying them back into the house. The workers outnumbered the cops, ten to one, and



nothing could stop their determination to save a comrade from eviction. They swept up the stairs, while the policemen attacked other workers standing on the sidewalk.

Julia, standing beside the evicted worker and his children, suddenly saw her mother among some other men and women on the opposite side of the street. Never before had her mother come out when an eviction was taking place. She had stayed at home and worried about her daughter's getting arrested. For a moment Julia saw her there, and then she disappeared again behind the blue coats of the cops and the girl forgot she had seen her.

The workers were singing again now. "Arise, ye prisoners of starvation."—The chorus of the International rang out clearly and seemed to echo back from the walls of the houses.

Then it happened. The long wail of a siren sounded down the street, and a big police emergency wagon clanged up to the house. A shrill whistle blew and the cops on foot swung into action, made brave by the reinforcements.

Julia went down under a blow from a cop's club. Two others pulled her roughly to her feet and held her. A dozen workers around her were held fast by the blue-coats, and a patrol wagon was pulling up at the curb where they stood. Thrown into the patrol wagon, Julia looked back through the grating at the workers' gathering themselves together to form again in line.

And there was her mother! Standing among the others, she was waving to Julia and shouting something aloud.

"I'll work for the Unemployed Councils," Julia heard her mother shout. "I'll come out every morning . . ."

The patrol wagon started with a roar of the engine and a clanking of the bell. "Solidarity Forever." The workers had begun to sing again and Julia heard her mother's thin soprano high above the others: "For the Union makes us strong."

# WHY I WENT TO WORK IN A FACTORY

By Christine Klimuk (a Russian house-wife)

When I was a little girl I lived in a village. We were poor. My father worked in town as a loader. Up to the age of fifteen I was a farm laborer in the homestead of a rich peasant. It was a hard life, I had little freedom. I went to Moscow, worked as a servant, and subsequently went to work in a factory.

In 1921 I married. This meant a new life. I ceased working in the factory. My husband was employed in the same factory and earned good money. I stayed at home. At first this seemed interesting. Plenty to do in the home,



At first I worked at an ordinary machine, and subsequently was promoted and became a milling machine operator. I attended elementary classes with enthusiasm and passed. I was good at arithmetic, for one has to calculate, use decimals, to calculate the gear-wheels. I had the feeling of doing important work which produces results. And why not, for are not many railway carriages circulating now in which my mind and good sense have also a part. This is not like household work, when one is busy all day long without seeing results.

Moreover, there is more money to live on. My husband brings home 120 rubles a month and I 180. This means 300 rubles. We both have dinner in the works, a well cooked dinner for one ruble and ten kopeks. Today, for instance, I had vegetable soup with pork, rissoles with macaroni and rice pudding with butter. And there is enough money left for other things. One can live quite well: workers' food cards, a "closed" co-operative shop, sometimes orders for manufactured articles for the children and ourselves. But the main thing is that I feel I am mistress of myself.

I am doing social work—I am an insurance delegate. I have a great desire to join the Communist Party.



mind gets blunted and devoid of any clever thought! When my husband comes home he takes up the newspaper immediately. I wanted to attend elementary classes, but as my child was very young, I was afraid to leave him alone and neglect domestic affairs.

Then came the second child, and I was completely tied. I longed for mental development. If I only had more time, I would be able to learn much! And the thought came: "Why not give up the household drudgery and go to a factory, earn money myself, and not wait for my husband to give me some. As to the children, I can send them to the nursery school." But how could I stop this household machine that had been wound up? My husband was not in favor of this idea.

So I remained a housewife for nine years. In 1930, somehow everything became clear and simple. The state was in need of labor power. Full of joy I went to work in the Brakes Works. I sent the children to the nursery school. On pay day my husband brought money home, and so did I. There was pride in my heart, and somehow I felt I was a free woman. I fetched the children from the nursery school, put them to bed and, without asking leave from my husband, for the first time went out on my personal business.



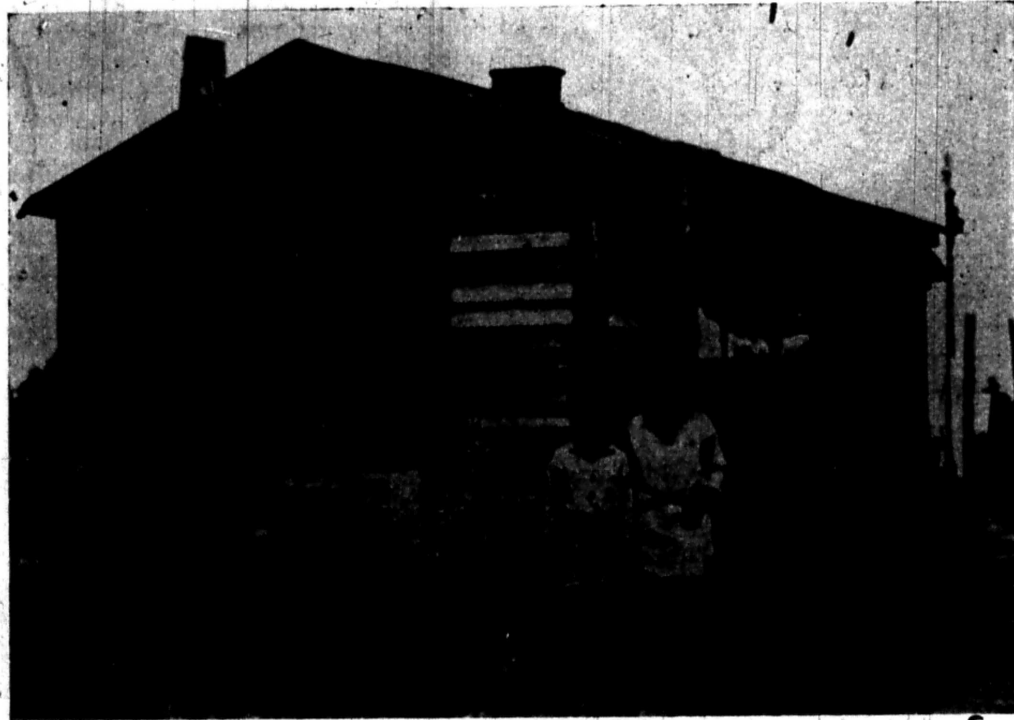
then shopping, preparing dinner, scrubbing floors. When the work was done, everything was shining! Then I would make myself tidy and sit down to wait for my husband. As soon as he came home I would get tea and supper ready for him, and he would say admiringly: "Christine, you are a marvel of a housewife."

Then came the child, I was busy from morning till night. But my husband on getting home used to say: "You are a loafer, you stay at home the whole day, while I earn the money."

To tell the truth, I do not like to depend on others. Since childhood I never was a burden to anyone. And now I felt again how trying it is to be just a housewife. The whole time is taken up with trifling matters, the



# A MOTHER



HOW NEGROES LIVE  
IN THE SOUTH

## 9 BOYS ARE IN KILBY PRISON, SCOTTSBORO, ALABAMA

Nine young Negro boys got on a freight train in the South, looking for work. The youngest was 13. Only one was over 21. Some unemployed white workers were already aboard. Trained from childhood to believe in the superiority of white over black skin, the whites tried to throw the colored boys out of the car and off the train. The whites however, were forced off. They went to the nearest town and demanded that the sheriff and the police help them. The sheriff telegraphed to the next town and had the train stopped. In the meantime those Negro workers who had the fight with the whites had jumped off the train.

A search of the long freight train revealed nine colored boys and two girls dressed in overalls. The sheriff recognized the girls as prostitutes and threatened them with an old, unserved, jail term if they did not agree to a charge of "rape". The boys were jailed. Nine innocent boys, their only crime being their black skins, were brought to trial in Scottsboro, Alabama on April 16, 1931.

In spite of the evidence of the boys' innocence, the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People advised these boys to "plead guilty" and be thankful for life imprisonment.

Held incommunicado, the trial a legal farce of the money-controlled courts, the boys were sentenced to die in the electric chair. The International Labor Defense has been fighting for these innocent 9 young lives ever since.

Mrs. Montgomery mother of one of the young victims wants to tell you the story of her life:

I am a woman and I no a lots about just what work mean for I have work every since I was twelve years old and now I am forty one and I can't see any good at all. It did me only runt my health when I worked I work hard and regular until it upsit all my nerves and now I ant able to work if I could get it to do. It has ben years

now since I worked any worthwy and I am just as fat as I was when I worked so hard course I gess I wood have ben working some place if I had not laid off for a few days to vissied the nine Scottsboro boys. See one of them are mine and because I wanted to go and see my sun the lady wood not have me when I got back. It seem to be a crime here in Georzea to fight for your child life when you no it is framed up for a crime it did not do. I gess by now everyone have hurd about the letter that Ruby Bate rote her friend telling hime that she lied on the poor children but that all rite no one can every pay me enuff to tell a lie like that on nothing.

I tell the world that I am a working woman and a un-happy one because I all ways worked and I could not have nothing that I wanted nice to eat or wear. I have oftime wondered how was it the one do work of some kind had nothing much. I worked all the year round just for what I eat and wore and that was fat back and surp and bread and to cotton dress and one pair of shoes. I never new what it was to rest until Sunday because when it rain I had to clean up new grounds, cut bries, they was allways something to do on a farm for a woman I no, and if you go to some of the landlord for Sunday cloth he wood tell you not take up to much if you do you wont clear nothing in the Fall and I desired I wood not take up no more than I could help, thinking I wood clear more, and when fall come it wood be the same thing, so I say to myself in 1930 that I will not farm anymore for anyone. The last landlord I work for I ask him for a 98 cents hat

# APPEALS TO YOU!

and he told me to see if I could make out until Fall because it might come a hail storm and destroy our crop and I wood not clear enuff to pay him up and that was in N. C., that is a farming country.

Rote By A Scottsboro Mother.

**Viola Montgomery**

Here is the condition of Clarence Norris' mother. He is one of the boys who are in Kilby Prison waiting for their re-trial on March 6, by the same Supreme Court of Ala. which has condemned them to die once before, and now, due to the langry protests of thousands of workers has been forced to re-try this case.

I am not working and ant got no job . . . I am down here in the country . . . I have fife children to suport and I have no help. All the help I have is down younder, in Kilby Prison. I have every thing to buy except my water is free and that is all I don't buy. I have to buy wood and my rest is three dollars a month . . .

Every week I write and tell the boys to keep up living because the ILD is still working for them I seen in the Daly Worker and they pospond the trile. We must get together and fight against the bosses and show them that we must keep on oriznising to be more stronger to let the bosses now that they can not stop uf form fighting for our wrights.

**Comrade Ida Norris**

The white landlords and bosses of the South will try their best to burn up these boys, but the workingclass of the world is aroused. When the trial comes up in March, the workers must and will stand with clenched fists between these black boys and their legal murderers. Mothers of the world! Save these innocent children!

The following is the response of Mrs. Emma Netrefa

## HITLER'S FASCIST PROGRAM FOR WOMEN

Under a fascist dictatorship in Germany, it is decreed that the task of each woman is to get a man, get married, raise a family, and tend to the cook pot.

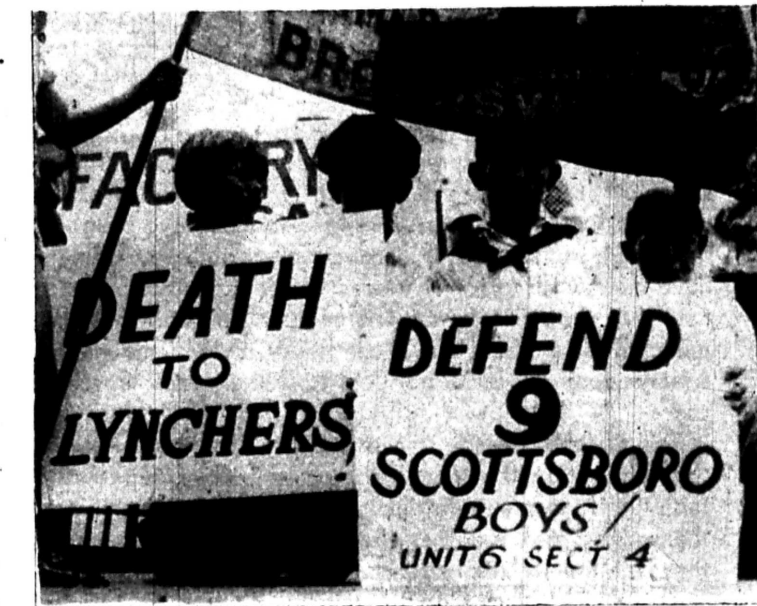
In order to guarantee the purity of the "Nordic" race, Hitler wants to divide the women into four "blood" classes. Those who are 100% Nordics (these the Fascists must marry), those of Slav descent (they will be quarantined), those of mixed parentage (these marriages must be childless—both parties are forcibly sterilized), the Jewish girls (they must remain old maids).

This may sound very foolish to us, but it is the fascist program of reaction against which the women in Germany are struggling today. The murder of Martha Kuentler on New Year's Day, by fascists who shot into a group of workers, and drove off shouting "Hail Hitler", is only one of many instances of women who have been killed and jailed by the bloody fascist gangs.

Only under a Workers and Farmers Government, as shown in the Soviet Union, can the woman really be a free citizen developing mentally and physically alongside the ma.

of New York City: "I read and read the appeal until I was crying and praying. I had a little boy once and he died. I know how I would feel if he was in that jail. I make four dollars washing clothes, but I gladly give three dollars to help the fight, so the poor boys get free and go home to their mothers."

The Working Woman wants to hear from its readers as to how they are helping to save the boys. Write! In the next issue more of the Scottsboro Mothers will speak from their hearts. Let the history of your efforts be recorded here so that THEY may know that WORKING CLASS MOTHERS ARE FIGHTING WITH THEM!



## WHAT IS YOUR OPINION?

We found this gem in the World Telegram of February 16th.

"MIGHT AS WELL BLAME THE WOMEN FOR IT ALL  
By Billy Smith.

What a mistake it was that we ever allowed our women to emancipate! That unfortunate event has thrown out of work huge numbers of truckdrivers, chauffeurs, mechanics, bricklayers, carpenters, masons, plasterers, paperhangers, plumbers, engineers, conductors, brakemen, ashmen, garbagemen, barbers, butlers, porters, valets, coal miners, watchmakers, shoemakers, printers, grocery clerks, butchers, oyster openers, ratcatchers, dogcatchers and scissors grinders, as well as the venders of check-writers, typewriters and washing machines!

Boys of all countries, unite against this outrage! You have not a thing to lose that I know of!"

We ask the women working in the factories and mills, the wives of the miners and the steel workers, and all other workers to send us their opinion. We will print the letters we receive, and also say what we think.





### DRIVING TO VICTORY

**We won our strike!** ...I'm so happy I'm just jumping for joy. Can't you picture us, workers, just plain men and women who work at machines, at the line of production hammering, screwing, bending, stretching, getting together and winning more pay and better conditions from such big guys as the Hudson Motor Car Company, the Briggs Company, and other auto magnets and financiers?

Things have been pretty awful for some time. Thousands of auto workers have been laid off. Those of us who still have a job were having a tougher and tougher time of it. In the Motor Products plant girls and women have been working for as low as 10 cents per hour. And now that the strike is won the company agreed that the minimum rate would be 30 cents per hour. This means a wage decrease of 30 per cent to 200 per cent in some cases.

Talk about solidarity in a strike. You should have seen the spirit when the men and women walked out of the factory. It sure was a sight. It made me feel that when the workers get together they can accomplish any task they set themselves.

You should have seen the women on the picket line. They sang and cheered and pepped everybody up. The men all say the women were amongst the most militant and enthusiastic strikers.

Women were elected on all the leading committees. They were very active in relief work. The wives of the men workers are joining the Women's Auxiliary of the Auto Workers Industrial Union.

In the Motor Products strike where there are more than 1500 workers, of whom about five hundred were women, most of them joined our union. In the Highland Park plants there were about ten thousand workers and about two thousand five hundred were women. Some of them have joined our union.

We found out who our enemies were in this strike. Frank X. Martel, who is Secretary of the State Federation of Labor, and the entire American Federation of Labor crowd were on the bosses side. So were the Socialist Party leaders, and the I. W. W. leaders. They don't like our union, but we workers know that the Auto Workers Industrial Union is the only union which is run by the workers in the interest of the workers.

Some of the demands which we won in the Hudson

Motor Car Strike are: increased wage rates of 10 to 20 per cent; increased bonus rate of 10 to 25 per cent.

And we are not stopping here. We are going to continue to build our Auto Workers Industrial Union, and strengthen the organization inside the factory. —K.

### WE GET PROMISES

We working women are sick and tired of the promised job that our husband is to get. How much longer can we live on promises, and see our poverty increase, and our children starve?

Just because the warehouses are bursting with unused food we go hungry. Our cities are full of empty houses and people sleep in parks. There is plenty to spare of all things needed for life for everybody.

What do they do for us in this rich America when we are hungry and have no job. We want work not shameful charity which prolongs starvation. When we apply to the charities they investigate our house. If the furniture is not broken down, if the light is on, if we have no dispossess we are not poor enough for charity.

Now the question before us is will we let our children starve? It is up to us women to demand healthy lunches for our children, shoes, clothes. The government gives a billion to the bankers, another billion for war preparations to protect the wealth of the rich.

There is another thing we have to bear in mind, unemployment is not a temporary problem. Millions of workers have been expelled from industry. These millions have been replaced by labor saving machinery, so where is the promised job for our husbands.

The job of the women is to fight with the men against wage cuts, come out with him in the front on the picket line, enlist in the unemployed council. **Mollie K.**



### WE WIN LOWER RENT

The cops shoved the workers along. "No meeting today. Move along." Just then Mrs. R. one of the rent strikers living on the second floor, got on her fire escape and began to tell the workers why they went on strike. Then Mrs. H. on the fourth floor opened her window and made a speech. The cops were as mad as bulls. The women had the best of them.

Where I live, on Franklin Avenue, Bronx, the tenants are all workers. We read the leaflets given out by the Unemployed Council which urged all the workers to organize a house committee and demand lower rents from the landlord. We did so. We told the landlord we would not pay any more rent until we had a 10% reduction, that we would not allow any unemployed worker to be thrown onto the street for not paying rent, and that we wanted our House Committee which was affiliated to the Unemployed Council recognized by him.

The landlord did not want to listen to us, so we went on strike. We decided no one would pay rent until he accepted our terms. We posted up signs in our windows about the strike. We picketed in front of the house with signs. We held outdoor meetings and got the sympathy of other workers in our neighborhood. In a short time the tenants in many other houses organized and went on strike.

The women played a very big part in the rent strikes. When the police went for the men, the women rushed to protect them. The United Council of Workingclass Housewives of which I am a member backed up our strike. They sent speakers, and helped us picket. While the men were busy looking for work the women were on the job.

During the last three months about 150 tenants—rent strikers—have been evicted. These families were cared for by the workers on the block who are organizing into a Block Committee. This showed the solidarity of the workers.

On Wednesday, February 15 we had a big mass demonstration in the Bronx. About 1500 picketed to prevent evictions. Many carried placards with our demands. After the march two indoor meetings were held, one in P. 54, the other at Bronx Workers Club.

Twenty rent strikes have already been won. We not only won our demands from the landlord, but the organization of workers of different nationalities and those affiliated to various political parties.

We shall organize the working women who took part in the rent strikes, and other women in the neighborhood, to take part in the March 8th demonstration, and organize for further fights against starvation, evictions, high rents, and for a better living for the working class.

**F. Reish**

### THE BOSSES HATE THE GROWING UNITY AMONG WORKERS

The Well Fit Costume Co., a small shops of 22 workers, was organized in the recent strike of dressmakers. These workers were from various nationalities: Italian, French, Jewish, Spanish and English speaking Negroes. It seemed that unity and organization was almost impossible among them. The boss had favorites to whom he gave a larger portion of the work. This antagonized the workers against each other. These favorites were the ones who carried the news to the boss after the shop meetings which only one half of the shop attended. When they went over to talk prices, the boss would say, "Girls conditions are bad everywhere. This is a very bad lot. I promise to pay more on the next lot." So they kept on working on promises. When the finishers (two Italian workers) were waiting for work, the boss said, "Come over and help me to get the shipment out." They worked as finishers on a piece-work basis, and when they helped in the shipping for an hour or more, they did it for nothing. A Negro and Jewish presser were always fighting and threatening each other over the work.

#### MY FIRST APPROACH IN THE SHOP

The early part of December I was sent into the shop as a finisher. Keenly and impatiently I observed the above conditions. After a couple of weeks I began to talk to the finishers, pointed out to them that they were being exploited by the boss to lessen the work of the examiner who was being paid weekly, and that they should talk to the boss about prices for their work. Very soon they began to refuse doing him favors. They insisted that he tell them the prices before they finished out the lot and that the work be divided. He sus-

pected that I talked to them because the girls never talked to him like this before so he said to me, "I got along alright with these girls until you came here." I asked him if it was too late to send me away. He said, "I am not sending you away, but leave the girls alone. If you don't like conditions in my shop you know what you can do."

Despite the conditions I was determined to stay and show the boss some more working class unity.

### UNITY SPREADS

Next I began to talk to the chairlady, a Negro. She often remarked in the shop, "I am sick of wasting my time going over to ask for working cards. The boss gets angry when I stop the power at 5:30 making it bad for me. I hope they will elect someone else to do it." The boss heard and quickly answered, "the union does not know what they want, if they did they would have only one union that would be good for the bosses and good for the workers."

After work I pointed out to the chairlady that she was wrong in expressing her feelings of dissatisfaction with the union in the presence of the boss, because the boss likes to see the workers grow tired of struggling. The success of our union depends only on the struggles and sacrifices of the workers. The chairlady told me she did not know much about the union rules and did not think her remarks would reflect on the union.

Every day I explained a little more about the functions of the union to her. She started to take a different attitude in the shop. She spoke to the girls, urged them to come down to shop meetings until she succeeded in getting them down 100%. Our union organizer exerted all his energy at shop meetings pointing out to the workers the importance of paying dues, the need for unification of the workers in the shop, and the need for fighting for union conditions in the shop.

### WHAT UNITY ACCOMPLISHED

Within a period of 3 months these workers became a united front fighting the boss for prices. They gained increases. They paid up some union dues. They attended shop meetings 100%. They stopped the power at 5:30 p.m. They would tell the boss, "if you want us to work Saturdays call up the Union." Two French workers were elected delegates to a Daily Worker Conference.

The boss hated to see this growing unity. He would say, "I am the boss of this shop, no union is going to run it."

Grace

**EDITORIAL NOTE:** The two stories from needle workers tells the conditions in the needle industry in New York City. During January and February 75 shops have been on strike under the leadership of the Needle Trades Workers Industrial Union. As we go to press 50 of the strikes have been won.

### EXPERIENCE OF AN UNEMPLOYED NEGRO DRESSMAKER

It is now 8:30 in the morning. I started out looking for a job. As I approached a building I saw a sign which I hoped would say they had plenty of work, or in

other words enough work to keep me busy for a couple of days. But to my despair the boss tells me he has no work for a "colored girl". One of the workers backs him up by saying, "get out now there is no work here for you."



I went on my way until I saw another sign. The boss decided to take me but at a lower price and the highest standard of efficiency. He wanted both quality and quantity. I asked him what price he paid for making up a garment. "Sit down, make a few dresses and you will get just what the others are getting," he said. "No I answered, I must know." He tells me the price. I asked the worker next to me who is white, what price she gets for making up the same garment. She answers, "I do not know." I became very doubtful about the price. It is so small I am positive the white worker is receiving more.

Day after day I find the boss is paying the white workers more and not requiring such high standard of efficiency. I can't make enough for carfare and lunch. Before a garment leaves my hands it must have fine stitches and be a hundred per cent perfect in every way. The white workers give the boss the kind of work which equals the pay. This discrimination against me as a Negro and the fact that I cannot make a living, makes me so disgusted I leave the job.

Once more I start out to find a job. I get one. The boss has plenty of work and the dresses are of an easy style to make. The price paid for the garments is half way fair. "I pay everybody the same price says the boss, sit down and work and you will be treated just like the other girls." I feel I am secure and have a job for at least the next four or five days. I go down to lunch with the expectation of coming back up to work. When I returned I found that the white workers have hidden the work. They did not want me to work because it was an easy style which pays more and requires less energy.

These circumstances prove how necessary it is to have a Needle Trades Workers Industrial Union, to support and demand union conditions, to organize the open shops in order to bring about no DISCRIMINATION AGAINST NEGROES.

R. F.

Revolutionary Greetings on International Women's Day  
MARCH 8th 1933.

SCANDINAVIAN WORKING WOMEN OF CLEVELAND, OHIO.

### FUNERAL OF ESTELLE SMITH

On November 21 hundreds of white and Negro workers gathered together in the Harlem Workers Center to pay their last respects to Comrade Estelle Smith.

Who was Comrade Estelle Smith? A hard working Negro woman, a mother of two small children, with a third one to come. Her husband had been out of work for a long period of time. The family suffered, until they could stand it no longer. They joined the Unemployed Council and together with other workers, went to the Home Relief Bureau at 335 East 125 Street to demand relief.

After long weeks of waiting they finally got eleven cents per day for each member of the family. This small crumb of relief was a drop in the ocean for the Smith family. Estelle had to walk around the streets and pick up pieces of wood in order to make a fire. Then she



got sick and had to go to the hospital. After three days of agony she gave birth to a third child. In the hospital she did not receive sufficient attention and as a result caught a cold. She was very sick but nevertheless after a while she was sent home with her child. Naturally she soon became very ill. Her husband, not having the means of giving her the proper medical attention, put her in the Harlem Hospital. But alas it was too late. Estelle Smith, at the age of twenty-seven, due to undernourishment, had no resistance with which to ward off her illness. On November 18th she died.

This was the story told to the workers in the Harlem Center by the speakers over the coffin of Estelle Smith. The responsibility for her death lies at the door of the city authorities. The entire capitalist system which makes the Negro toilet suffer even more than the white workers, is responsible for the death of this young Negro mother.

As the coffin was carried away the workers followed. In solid ranks they marched, shouting slogans as they passed the H. R. B. and Fordham Hospital. They condemned the miserable relief given out to the workers and the rotten and inhuman attention given the workers in the hospitals.

Workers, white and black, must organize now more than ever before and demand an accounting for the life of this young Negro mother who is another victim of capitalism.

A. G.

### HUNGER MARCHERS WIN IN WASHINGTON

The impressions of the National Hunger Marchers are manifold. I will describe one, the struggle at Wilmington.

In order to show our strength to the Wilmington authorities, it was decided that we parade thru the streets, and also hold a few open air meetings. When we reached the outskirts of Wilmington, the police informed our leaders that the City Council would not permit us to march. Before the police finished arguing with our leaders, we were on the streets and marching. They could not help but say 'yes'.

Our comrades in Wilmington could not obtain a hall big enough to house the entire delegation. We were divided into three different places. The women delegates, together with some of the men stopped at the Polish Church at Chester and Adams Street. The place was warm and comfortable, and we were glad to rest our tired feet after walking a distance of thirty blocks. After our supper we sang revolutionary songs, we danced, and forgot all about the police. But the police evidently did not forget about us. They were organizing their forces, stationing them at strategic points around the hall, ready to attack at the first chance.

### THE POLICE ATTACK

When some of our comrades began to speak to the workers who were gathered around the hall, the police sprang forward ready to club and shoot. But . . . STOP! Our comrades were on the spot ready to defend our speakers and our right to speak. Six speakers attempted to speak but the fight did not end at that.

After they pushed us inside the hall, we locked ourselves in and blockaded the doors with chairs. Every time they succeeded in pushing the door open they got a chair on their heads. Then they began to break windows and threw gas-bombs into the hall. But even this did not confuse us. We immediately opened the windows and jumped outside, only to start the battle all over again. They called out all their forces. The older women like the younger fought fiercely. The Negro women showed that they could fight.



We were defending one another. We were fighting for one program, for one cause. The police in order to revenge themselves, arrested some of our leaders and a number of delegates. I guess that the police in Wilmington will not pick another fight with "weaker sex" such as our women delegates.

### DON'T FORGET MARCH 4TH

We must continue our struggle for the daily demands of the working women and their children, and for unemployment insurance. We must attract the native, as well as the Negro and foreign born women into our ranks. We must form a big section in the March 4th unemployed demonstrations.

Clara S. National Hunger Marcher

## "THINGS COULD BE WORSE" FOR HOOVER AND THE MILLIONAIRES

"Things could be worse," says Mr. Hoover, and he helps himself to roast chicken and listens to the pleasant tinkle of crushed ice in his ginger ale. The butler hands him heavy cream for his mocha. Life looks pretty rosy. It could be worse for Hoover.

"But our system is fundamentally sound," says Mr. Hoover. "Zizz, boom, crash went the banks. The big machinery, steel and electrical, came to a full stop in the depression. 16 million men and women without jobs, millions of half starved babies, but says Hoover, the Wall Street agent and watchdog, "Our system is fundamentally sound."

"Employment and a reasonable amount of security for the workers," says Mr. Roosevelt. In his Hyde Park mansion surrounded by private parks and gardens up the Hudson where the milk and honey flows for New York's wealthy families with the Goulds and Astors and Vanderbilts, Roosevelt can afford to wear the smile that doesn't come off.

Near by half a million women and girls are without jobs in New York City and millions more throughout the country. These are the mothers, wives and daughters



of workers. Two and three families are living together to save rent but they can't pay and thousands will be evicted in the next two months. Mothers and babies and cook stove will be on the streets.

They depend upon sweet charity. Hundreds and thousands of girls and women have already tasted this sweet charity. They have been insulted and kicked around. They have been told to feed canned milk, beans and potatoes, to their babies. Thousands have been turned away without any relief at all.

What then is left for the millions of jobless mothers and girls in the United States facing another winter of hunger and cold, evictions and weeping children?

There is only one way out for working class women. That way is to stand by the working class. That way is to build up the political party of the workers. That way is the way of the Communist Party.

The Communist Party puts up a battle for the working women. The Communist Party and the Councils of the Unemployed fight for food and clothes for the children of the unemployed, for immediate relief and unemployment insurance which would guarantee a living to every unemployed worker in the country.

Working women organize! Join with other workers in demonstration on March 4th and March 8th—International Women's Day. **Sadie Van Veen**

## THAT JOB AROUND THE CORNER

Being out of work—it means trudging from one agency to another. Sitting, waiting, hoping. You still have 15c even a dollar. And your dollar is gone. You realize that another day has passed. Another day's rent to pay. Another day's food to pay. Another tomorrow. And then . . .

Well, maybe tomorrow you'll get something. There's a silver lining to every cloud. And you also know that tomorrow there will be a hundred others with you waiting for that one little twelve dollar job that never comes.

These tomorrows have turned into many months and are growing beards. Gray beards. And who are you and why should it be you that is picked?

In desperation you cling to anything. Any sort of job will do now, but it's always around the corner holding hands with prosperity. Finally you go to the Emergency Work Bureau. Your case is marked urgent and you are given a job that depends upon the generosity of the people. Every time you are paid you're afraid it's the last. How can you hold on? How can you be sure? Back of it all the camera keeps grinding those hideous films of those hideous months. It goes on and on and the hurdy-gurdy plays its tune to a sleeping world.

**Editorial Note:** The world is not sleeping. The recent strike struggles (Detroit auto workers, Illinois miners, New York needle trades workers and rent strikes) and unemployed struggles from coast to coast, are helping to shake the already tottering capitalist system.

Additional thousands of workers should be involved in our struggles. The office worker in Grace Lumpkin's story, and the writer of the above are examples of those who are not yet connected with the growing power of the working class.

When they feel the organized might of the workers, see the gains which can be made, and together with other class conscious workers struggle for the final emancipation of the working class and the establishment of Workers and farmers Control, hope will take the place of despair.

Fay

## WHERE IS THE HAND

We the foreign born are always considered strangers regardless of whether we are here for years or whether we just landed.

During the last war a lackey of the boss class published a song urging, "Don't bite the hand that's feeding you." At that time the boss class was shoveling millions from the labor of the working class into their pockets, at the expense of the blood of the best sons of the working class.

Now there are sixteen million unemployed and the boss class has even taken the few dollars they had put away for a rainy day. No work, no food, not only for the foreign born, but for the ex-servicemen as well. They too are starving together with their families. Their bonus is due them. Do they get it? No! They got lead, tear gas, police clubs.

Workers, the capitalist class gives us nothing, they try to divide us. We native and foreign born can get something if we fight for it.

P. M. P.

## MOVIE REVIEWS

This film tells the story of the new life of the women in a new women's world, the Soviet Union.

Many women are brought into this story—the woman district organizer, the kulak's wife, the tractorist—which portrays the life in the village.

The woman organizer tries to establish a creche (a nursery) which is greatly needed. Many women who do not understand the new life and the freedom which is open to them, oppose the efforts of the woman organizer. Thru education and the pressing need of the creche where the mothers can leave their children while they work, the organizer succeeds in carrying thru this task.

The kulak's wife is a typical Russian peasant woman of pre-revolutionary days who looks upon her husband as "lord and master". At his command she goes among the women to preach dissatisfaction with the Workers and Peasants Government, and opposition to the creche. She gets a cold, wet reception. The other women douse her with buckets of water.

The woman who wants to be a mother, finds her place and true happiness under the Soviets. With the guidance of the woman organizer this motherly woman is placed in charge of the creche where she scolds and fondles like an anxious hen, the children of the village, while their own mothers are working at production.



The episode which shows the awakening of the new woman who desires to emancipate herself from household drudgery and help build the Soviets, is that of Masha. Her greatest desire is to learn about motors and run a tractor. She meets serious opposition from her husband and from the technical expert. But it is not made very clear that their opposition to Masha is because she is a woman.

Masha overcomes their opposition. She is the symbol of the successful struggle of women now being waged in the Soviet Union.

The photography in the film is perfect. Wheat field, forests, farms, faces of children are beautifully portrayed. **Lowe Celte**

### UNITED COUNCILS OF WORKING CLASS WOMEN 31

Sol Kakowsky  
M. Ribardo  
B. Kaisis  
Sam  
B. Trunlo  
Leon Buom  
Ch. Makowski  
M. Reno  
Esther Altman  
Sarah Himmelstein  
C. Brody  
Philip Schechter  
Dave Lima  
Sidney Schachter  
O. Shonster  
Adolph Cuther  
T. Rifkin  
F. Schriebrman  
T. Wise  
M. Mandel  
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S. Baumgarten  
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## FOR THE CHILDREN

Jack: I wonder why they say "Amen"  
not "Awoman."  
Jim: Because they sing hymns, not hers.

Reprint from THE NEW PIONEER  
February Issue.



See if you can find Lenin in this Picture.



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"The women were reborn in the revolution . . . it gave women the right to a name and to life."

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