

THE WORKING WOMAN

JUN 24 1933

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I SAW IT MYSELF

by Henri Barbusse

PREPARE FOR
THE FUTURE

by Mother Bloor

LETTERS FROM
WORKERS



U. S. Government Prepares Women for War

The STRUGGLE AGAINST WAR

(turn to page 2)

Serial
USA

THE WORKING WOMAN

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TURN THE GUNS AGAINST WAR

Negro and White Working Women!

It's full speed ahead on the war program! The World Economic Congress for Monetary Reform now being held in London, cannot solve the terrific crisis now gripping the capitalist world. The capitalist statesmen themselves have no faith in the congress. In all countries they are concentrating on the problems of increasing their own armaments and trying to keep down the armament program of other countries.

U. S. Prepares for War

In the United States \$238,000,000 has been set aside for building war ships, 32 of them immediately. Roosevelt and his politicians who run this country in the interests of the Wall Street do not believe that the London Conference will solve the crisis. They look toward war as the way out! Otherwise, why should they be in such a hurry to get these battleships started?

Fight for Unemployment Insurance

The workers and especially the working-class women must raise a mighty protest against this war program. We must demand federal unemployment insurance, all war funds for relief of the 17 million unemployed workers and their families, for education for our children, and in building decent homes for the workers. This is what the workers need to relieve their misery—they do not need the building of war-ships and the buying of ammunition to kill workers.

Make your protest against the war heard!

Support the American Congress Against War!

Soviet Union Stands for Peace

The Soviet Union where there is no unemployment, where the government is run in the interests of the workers, is the only country that stands for peace.

The entire capitalist world hates the Soviet Union for they have shown the way how to do away with exploitation by the bosses. The Soviet Union is a fine example for the workers of the world to follow.

Try to Provoke Soviet Union into War

The imperialist powers have time and again, thru open and secret acts of provocation, tried to draw the Soviet Union into war. For example, the seizure of the Chinese-Eastern Railroad, the numerous sabotage of industry thru foreign interest in the Soviet Union has proven to the workers of the world that the Soviet Union is against war. The workers of the world must defend the Soviet Union against a war of intervention.

Women, Fight Against War!

Working-class women! Are you going to let the war-mongers drag us into another world slaughter? Shall we sit quietly by while our husbands and sons go marching to the front? No! A million times "No!" Our voices must ring out in working class solidarity against this imperialist war program! We must let these murdering boss classes know that we are against a war for their profits, that we will defend the Soviet Union, and that when war comes the working class will rise up and turn its guns against its real enemy, this decaying capitalism that makes for war.

PREPARE FOR THE FUTURE

by Ella Reeve Bloor

Ella Reeve Bloor, "Mother" Bloor, who writes this article, is celebrating her 71st birthday on July 8, 1933. After 40 years as an active organizer in the workers' movement, among textile workers, miners and now among farm workers, she is still "going strong."

The "Working Woman" extends heartiest congratulations to Mother Bloor on her birthday and hopes she will continue in the splendid work she is doing for many years to come.—Ed. note.

How shall the women of the western world follow the example of our Russian comrades, who have overthrown capitalism? First, we must read more about the workers and farmers' land, and get the inspiration that must come to us, after every story of the new life that has come to the workers there, free from fear of sickness, unemployment or old age. Then we must take the message to our friends and neighbors. We, too, must carry the torch, Organization, not on paper but by daily human contact.

Working Woman Unlocks Doors

Our magazine *The Working Woman* helps to break the ice of ignorance. With *The Working Woman* in our hands we can unlock the doors of many homes, homes of farmers, as well as workers.

We had an experience only last week which proved this. We took two copies, April and May numbers, to the wife of an isolated farmer, living quite a distance from town. She was deeply interested in the stories of the problems of the working women; she drove with me to a meeting of unemployed workers and farmers in Fort Dodge and was deeply stirred by the alert, intelligent wives and daughters of the unemployed. She promised before I

left to do two important things, which she can do well. First, to write to the *Working Woman* about the condition of the farm women; second, to teach a Study Circle of Farm Youth, using the outlines of lessons prepared by the Educational Department of the "Farmers National Committee for Action," at Washington.

Must Work Hard and Fast Now

House to house, farm to farm work can be done, in an organized way, by every woman. We must work hard and fast now; as the crisis deepens, as the bubbles of "inflation" burst, as the "New Deal" of Roosevelt proves to be a rotten dirty deal. The workers are awakening, and behind all the plots of the capitalists and their tools, loom the black clouds of war.

At the World Anti-War Congress held in Amsterdam last winter many women were elected on the Committee from each country, and in America we shall soon have a great Anti-War Conference called by the American Anti-War Committee elected at Amsterdam.

Women Organize Against War

The working women must be a militant force in the organization of this conference, and must raise their voices in the deliberations of the convention. When the great forces of women are released in the conflict of organized capital against workers and farmers, America will realize that working women are not pacifists. They will no longer sit patiently in the dark, furnished rooms, misnamed homes. They will no longer march with bowed heads to the soup kitchens, or Welfare Boards. No longer will they cheer their well beloved sons to fight other workers for the benefit of idle "cap-



MOTHER (Ella Reeve) BLOOR addressing a large gathering at a demonstration.

tains of industry" who openly in peace time rob the women and children, and in war time murder the husbands and fathers and create thousands of helpless widows and orphans.

Will Fight for a Happy Future

No; the working women through their own suffering, their own struggles have learned to fight, and together we shall fight all imperialist wars, all starvation and unemployment, and together we shall do our part to build a new society, with happy motherhood, and healthy, happy childhood as the cornerstone.

In a speech prepared for the Amsterdam Congress, M. Gorki said: I sincerely hope that the proletariat will soon realize that all capitalist wars are wars against the workers, against the toiling masses, against culture; and in understanding this, they will use all of their energy, all their power, for the organization of the last and decisive struggle against the class enemy, who is destroying culture created by centuries of physical and intellectual toil."

WE CALL YOU TO A CONGRESS AGAINST WAR

"We now have before us . . . the most brutal reaction . . . which is violently dragging Europe back to the state of affairs of 1913."
HENRI BARBUSSE.

TO ALL OPPONENTS OF WAR!

War, never far distant in this mad dog-eat-dog society of ours, is terrifyingly close these days. In China the slaughter of men, women and children, combatants and non-combatants, continues from day to day. In South America two wars continue with unabated intensity. In Europe, the counter-revolution in Germany has produced hostile alliances which are busy arming for another World War. Even in this country people are talking of war as a means of restoring prosperity—without realizing that war under present conditions would mean the suicide of our whole civilization.

We have been depending on statesmen and diplomats to preserve the peace of the world. We can do so no longer. The time has come when we must act ourselves—or face our defeat.

We must prepare for action—and we must wage our fight side by side. We are scattered; we must form one mighty force. We must come together, discover our essential unities, and go forward to united action against this common danger.

To accomplish this, we urge the immediate calling of a Congress in the United States to wield a united weapon of action. This call must go to all who work for peace; all individuals and organizations must cooperate in building a union against the war forces and war actions facing us today. Let all opponents of war come together against this common horror; the interests of all demand that this union against war be formed.

Join together in a mighty Congress against war in New York City, September 2nd, 3rd and 4th, 1933.

The time is short! Let us act!

SHERWOOD ANDERSON THEODORE DREISER, UPTON SINCLAIR.

All organizations and individuals who wish to cooperate in preparations for this Congress should immediately communicate with the AMERICAN COMMITTEE FOR THE STRUGGLE AGAINST WAR, 104 Fifth Ave., New York.

Negro and white working and farm women! Mobilize the women in your factories, neighborhoods and farms for struggle against imperialist war. Hold mass meetings, elect delegates.

THE WORKING WOMAN

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PREPARING WOMEN FOR WAR



CARRIE CHAPMAN CATT

MRS. Roosevelt, wife of the President, and Miss Frances Perkins, new Secretary of Labor, have a pretty little scheme for "solving" unemployment among women workers. They are herding them into labor camps, similar to the men's camps, to get a good dose of capitalist propaganda, "patrotism," discipline and training.

Thus they hope to forestall the organizing of these women by the Unemployed Councils. They hope to prevent strikes and the spread of any revolutionary feeling or action on the part of women workers.

To be sure, they have only been able to capture 17 jobless girl workers up to the present date. Seventeen out of about three and a half million unemployed women. Not so many. But they are "treated well," according to the capitalist press dispatches which give pictures of the girls at Bear Mountain going in bathing, washing dishes and peeling potatoes. "Camp duties" are minimized in these press stories and the recreation hours are played up. The object is to make these girls the "envy of their less fortunate sisters."

It costs the Federal government only \$5 a week for each of these girls who must perform all the "regular camp chores" not only for themselves but also for the counselors or officers. In other words, they are doing domestic service work for nothing at all. For their food and housing, the government pay only 71 cents a day for each.

by
GRACE

HUTCHINS CHILDREN ARE not exempt from gas attacks in present day imperialist wars. Photo shows London kiddies getting lessons in the use of gas masks from an army brigade. (F. P. Pictures.)



It's a nice, cheap charity, the President's wife thinks, as she flies across the continent in an airplane or the U. S. Navy or entertains at tea in an Alice blue gown, or motors to a cool summer resort like Campobello in her own automobile.

"Healthful employment and useful instruction, and wholesome surroundings, for needy young women," so runs Roosevelt-Perkins statement. Yes, a pretty charity. Employment in "kitchen-police," "K. P." as the soldiers call it. Instruction in loyalty to capitalists very useful—to the capitalists.

Meanwhile Mrs. Roosevelt's husband arranges contracts for the building of 32 new war vessels, averaging over seven million dollars a piece and totalling two hundred and thirty-eight million dollars. More than seven million dollars for a warship. 71 cents for a jobless girl. That is capitalism in its preparation for imperialist warfare.

Pacifists Supported World War

Women peace-talkers have been very active of late. Headed by Mrs. Carrie Chapman Catt, of the National Conference on the Cause and Cure of War, they are busy throwing a pacifist smoke screen over war preparations. Mrs. Catt herself is a rich woman and most of her organization are women of the leisure class, who supported the last imperialist war (1914-18) with all their resources of money and energy.

Organizations connected with Mrs. Catt's "conference" gave their support to the last war—such, for instance, as the Young Women's Christian Association and the National Women's Trade Union League, affiliated with the American Federation of Labor. They are "pacifists between wars," like men who are prohibitionists between drinks. The moment war breaks out, these middle-class groups become war organizations, mobilizing women workers into active support of imperialist war.

The U. S. War Department has made a special study of "woman power" in connection with war preparations. Major-General John J. Hines, speaking before the American Legion Auxiliary, another organization of middle-class women, explained some of the results of the war department's study. Things women can do in war are being studied by the general staff, he said, in order to show:

"How woman volunteers of the future may be used to the best advantage—in order to release men for heavier and more dangerous duties."

"Women will play a greater part in future wars," said Major-General Hanson E. Ely, in 1931. "Governments, including our own, have been studying the use of women in war. Woman power in many instances supplements and in other cases, supplants man power in war."

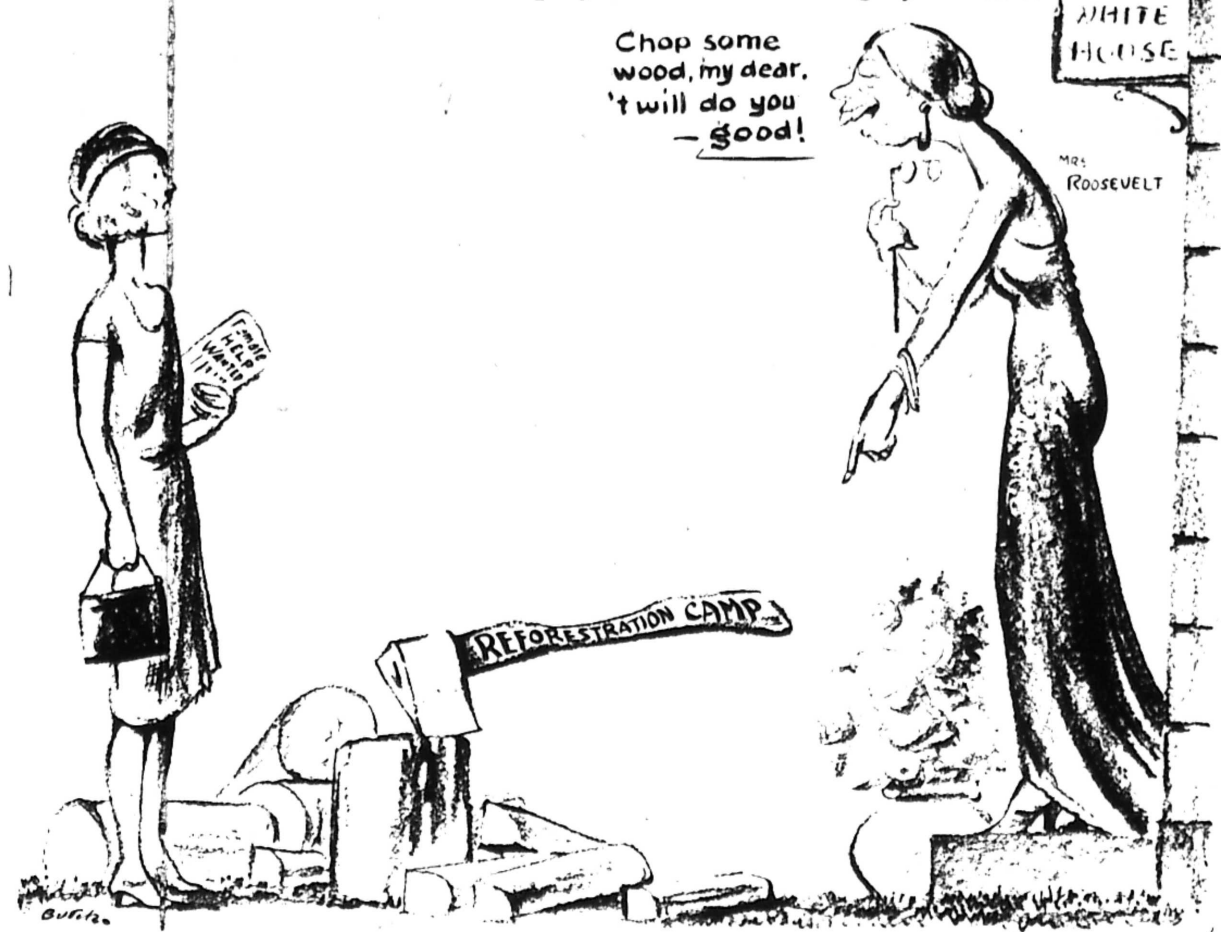
Join the Party of Your Class

Against these war plans of the capitalists and their government we must prepare ourselves for the time when under the leadership of the Communist Party the working class will arise and overthrow capitalism. Women workers, we must not let ourselves be fooled by the schemes of the open militarists or the secret militarists. Let us join in building the Communist Party, the only party that carries on the struggle against imperialist war and against the capitalist system. Join now, for there is no time to lose.



FRANCES PERKINS

Mrs. Roosevelt "Aids" the Unemployed Girl! Drawing by BURCK



MUNITION PLANTS PAY LOW WAGES

The conditions in the cap workers of the E. I. Du Pont De Nemours Co. in Prompton Lakes, N. J. are absolutely rotten. The women and young girls working in the plug and solder, sulphur and test lines, are paid from 25 to 30 cents an hour, and they have the fake bonus system, which is nothing but a rotten speed-up system, for if they work themselves to death, they have a chance to earn about twenty cents a day more, and if they make one mistake—then it is taken from them.

They have the stagger system there, in which the workers are laid off ten and fifteen at a time, and they are off for or three weeks. Then they are called back, they are using that system again and another bunch are laid off. They speed up the workers, for if they don't do as much work as the bosses think they should then they might only work one week after being laid off, and then they get "it" again.

Another thing that they use against the workers are the houses owned by the company and rented out to the employees of the company. Anyone living in these houses must take all the wage-cuts handed out to them, and if they fight against them, they are served notice to get out, and as the living quarters are scarce around that vicinity, they all think twice before fighting against the cut.

The only way that we can fight against these rotten conditions is to organize into a militant union. The T.U.U.L. is the only union whose policy is that the workers come first, and to hell with the bosses.

E. R.

VETERANS' WIVES, ORGANIZE!

In Palmyra, N. J., a totally disabled Navy veteran is living with a worker's family. His allowance has been cut off, because the veterans' Bureau of New Jersey said that it was not a "service connected" disability, even though the Philadelphia, Pa., board granted him this compensation. But the family doctor is willing to make a statement that he can trace the condition to his service.

Wife Sick—Children Uncared for

This worker's wife is sick, needs to go to the hospital very often for treatment, and they have five little children to take care of, on their small wages, besides this disabled veteran, who is now receiving no compensation. They hope that the march of the veterans in Washington will give this man back his compensation.

M. S.

Editor's note: It isn't only the veterans that must fight for relief. It is their wives and children as well who ought to join in the struggle. The veterans' wives should join the Women's Auxiliary of the Workers Ex-Service Men's League and back up the demands of the Veterans in Washington, D. C.

Support the U. S. Congress Against War!
in New York City, September 2nd, 3rd,
and 4th, 1933.

WE HELP THEM STRIKE

HOW THE United Women's Councils of New York
Supported the Strike of the Int'l Bakers Union

by Esther Schwager

The baker's wife is like most housewives of the working class, tied to the home by the many tiresome tasks of housekeeping, taking care of the children, and making both ends meet. During the years of the so-called prosperity this was not so difficult because the baker brought home union wages, and worked union hours, that is, eight hours a night.

But little by little, wages were cut, and hours were added, until the baker was working fourteen, sixteen, and even eighteen hours out of twenty-four.

Bakers Wives Join Men Folks

Knowing the intollerable conditions under which her husband was working, and being thrown out of even such means of earning a few dollars, the baker's wife promptly answered the call when she was asked to help in the strike, which began in May.

The United Councils of Working Class Women organized in preparation for the present struggles. The original members are still the really active workers in the strike and appreciate the help that the other Councils and the Central Body have given the strike so far, and know that this assistance will continue right through to the finish.

Try to Break Militant Spirit of Women

The work done by the women is not appreciated by a small reactionary element which is known to be the enemy of the Union and organized labor. This element tries to minimize the importance the women play in the strike and in the labor movement as well.

Some of these misleaders have succeeded in influencing a good part of the rank and file membership in the same direction. Upon being asked why his wife does not participate actively in the strike one of these members will say that it is the husband's part to do the fighting, and that the wife must not meddle in such affairs.

PICKET DEMONSTRATION of Allentown, Pa. sweat shop strikers. Most of the workers are women working for as little as \$1.50 to \$3.00 a week. Their militant fight and support helped raise their pay and shorten working hours.



ESTHER SCHWAGER and Rose Rogers of the Bakers Women's Council No. 1 shown with their banner in May 1st demonstration.

More Women Help Fight

However, more women are joining in the work daily. Of course, the women in the Bakers Women's Council No. 1 are the most active workers—on the picket lines, on the side lines among the women in the stores and markets, and on the platform at open air meetings.

When women made their appearance at the beginning of this strike in picketing the bakery the bosses were very much upset. They called out the police and insisted that the women be arrested because their business was falling off.

Police Terror Used Against Women

I heard one policeman plead with a proprietress of a bakery, "But, Madam, I can't arrest her. There is no charge." Not satisfied with this answer she telephoned the police station for another policeman. Two others came. Now there were three husky policemen watching one little woman picketing the bakery.

The result was that the policemen attracted still more attention to the spot, a crowd gathered, and the strike was better advertised at the expense of the bosses and the police department. A few arrests have been made on false charges of assault, and the cases of these women are still in the courts. The women are all out on bail.

Learn Value of Organization

It is wonderful to see these women who were never connected with any organizational work, whether social or political, or economic, come out of the kitchen and throw themselves into the work of the strike with such zeal.

It is a long time since the last Pechter and Messing strike, about fifteen years, and the public has forgotten ten that women were on the picket lines then, and were the best fighters.

Bosses Loose Business

Today the fight is carried on with less damage to the scab bread, but more damage to the scab bosses. When groups of women in a neighborhood go to a grocer and command him not to deal with the scab bakeries, they must be heard because they are his customers, and he obeys because he knows he will lose business unless he does so.

This is the strength of organization; this group of women is invariably a group of Council women. Whether the grocer is sympathetic with the strike or not, the loss of money speaks very emphatically.

These women are now ready to fight any worker's fight when this one is settled. They will be on the alert in all struggles of the workers.

ESTHER SCHWAGER

REVOLUTIONARY GREETINGS FROM
UNITED COUNCIL No. 11
OF NEW YORK

You're telling me!

Drawings by
GROPPER

HOW TO SPEND \$100,000

Perhaps this has been one of the great problems in your life. We were worrying about it ourselves until we happened to find a copy of Fortune Magazine.

"Suppose you have \$100,000 which you saved from the crash," says Fortune. "What can you do with it? What would \$100,000 buy?"

Now what do you suppose it would buy—a mere \$100,000. We simply can't guess; and we bet you can't guess either, so we will give you Fortune's helpful advice.

For one thing you can become a collector of paintings. It seems you no longer need to be a millionaire; even with a mere \$100,000 you can buy one or two paintings in these bad times.

But maybe you have a lot of paintings and you would rather invest your \$100,000 some other way. Here is Fortune's suggested budget—which is certainly mighty helpful:

Personal effects:

Jewelry	\$ 25,000
Luggage	500
Wardrobe (male)	3,000
Wardrobe (female)	5,000
Lingerie	2,000
Furs	10,000

For the home:

Liquor	5,000
Silver	2,000
Organ	6,000
Paneling	10,000
Curtains, draperies	5,000
Rugs	6,200
Objects d'art	5,000
Bath	1,500
Linens	5,500

For the boudoir:

Dresser set	7,800
Perfumes	500

\$100,000



Speaking of budgets, perhaps you would like to have True Story's yearly budget for beauty.

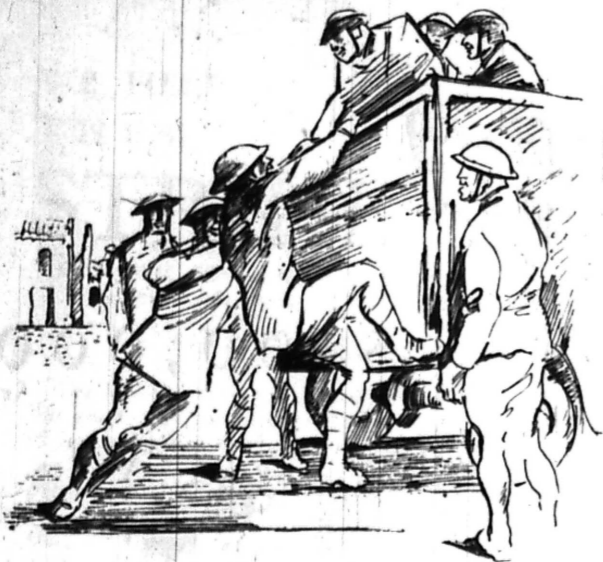
"Cleansing and Vanishing Cream	\$ 4.00
Facial Soap and Washing Grains	4.00
Skin Clearing Cream	2.00
Skin Toning Lotions	2.00
Powder	4.00
Rouge	2.00
Lipsticks	2.00
Iridescent Eye Shadow	1.00
Mascara	1.00
Foundation Cream	2.00
Cleansing Tissues	1.00
\$25.00	

"... Add another twenty-five dollars a year for haircuts, waves, hair shampoos and scalp treatments, and another ten dollars for hand lotion and manicure preparations, deodorants and depilatories, and your beauty budget is complete. If necessary, a girl should take money out of her dress allowance to keep up her beauty budget."

This total of \$60 is for the woman under thirty. If you are past thirty—my stars, you then "begin to be faced with special problems that require prompt attention." You simply can't show your face, unless your beauty budget is at least—oh, at the very least—\$100 per year.

Of course, if you have a little sense—and no hundred dollars—you will know that, according to the Consumers' Research, all these cleansing, vanishing, stimulating what not creams are worth about 5 and 10 cents the pound—and do not do a single thing that can't be done by yourself with soap and water and massage.





I SAW IT MYSELF

STORIES FROM HENRI BARBUSSE'S FAMOUS WAR NOVEL

Here the reader will only find what has actually happened. Invention plays no part in these stories; their substance, and even their form, I have from scenes that I have witnessed myself, or else gathered from trustworthy source. I have done little or no "romancing," to use a current expression. Sometimes, I have given the crude facts quite plainly; in other cases, I have discreetly covered over details in a thin veil of fiction. I have scarcely ever changed men's names into actor's names.

My hope is that these jottings, picked up here and there in our appalling present-day civilization, may accustom a few readers to the strangeness of truth, and open the eyes of a public opinion lulled by childish legends to the true picture of our Twentieth Century—a century that may be described as the Age of Gold, of Steel, or of the Jazz Band, but above all, as the Age of Blood. . . .

HENRY BARBUSSE

Drawings by QUIRT



VENGEANCE FROM ON HIGH

"So they mutinied, you say?"
"Yes. Several regiments. It was in the Soissons sector, in 1917."

"And for what reason?"

"They were disloyal to their country. They said they were fed up with the war, that when all was said and done it was really the doing of cabinet ministers, of the governments, and the rich; they said that the band of Franco-German profiteers had only to fight it out amongst themselves—and all that sort of revolutionary rubbish."

"What did they do?"
"They took their officers prisoners! That's what they did, sir."

"Did they knock them about?"
"No. But they shut them up in villages. Then they slit all the motor tires. They even posted machine-guns to defend themselves. But they never used them. At last, they were surrounded, then, disarmed. And then, two hundred and fifty were chosen out."

"Why two hundred and fifty?"
"Well, you see, to have chosen more would have made too many; and less would hardly have made enough. They took these two hundred and fifty, chosen by lot among the rest, and invited them up into some waiting motor lorries. Up they got, laughing a lively laugh. Then they were driven about all day."

"Driven about?"
"Yes, they were driven up and down and round about the neighboring country; the idea was that they should lose all notion of their whereabouts. At evening, we stopped."

"We? So you were with them?"
"Of course I was—not with the two hundred and fifty; I was one of the escort."

"There they waited and waited. Hours passed. An officer said: 'We'd better get hold of their names—they'll be needed later on.' Then another of the officers, who understood men just like a story writer, said, 'Let's have your names for a tot of rum to each man.' They gave their names, you bet; but they're still waiting for that tot of rum."

"When night fell they were led over flat land; every now and then, they had to step over a trench, full of men and bayonets. When we had no more trenches to cross, they were made to advance a bit further. 'Halt!' was the whispered order, and they were told to sit on the ground, all huddled up close together. 'Sit down,' were the words, 'close up tight, and mind you don't stir.' And then this order was passed from mouth to mouth, in low tones, 'Eyes front. Keep a sharp look out.'

"The object of these last instructions was to prevent their seeing that their escorts were leaving them, crawling away very cautiously, quietly returning in the direction whence they had come."

"Silence and solitude settled down on this heap of humanity; two hundred and fifty pairs of eyes stared out towards the tangled skein of flashes from the never-failing guns."

"In the rear, they weren't long getting busy. Just a word down the 'phone. Our batteries received the order to alter range and concentrate on a group masses at such and such a range near the front lines. And it wasn't hard to see; a rocket soared gracefully to indicate the exact position."

"Two hundred and fifty men in

the prime and vigour of life, that's not a thing to be sneezed at. But a few fiery streaks, like axe-strokes flashing downwards this way, a few dazzling shell-bursts cross-wise that way, a few down-hailings fit to smash in houseroofs, and then, to finish it off, the regular leaden stream of the machine-gun cleaning up the forgotten places—and the heap of men was transferred into a hash of flesh, bones and cloth—arms they had none."

"Trust the officers to think it all out. With a wealth of precaution, they hedged the whole business round with secrecy and we, who had had a hand in it, were all sworn to deathly silence. We swore to keep it dark and keep it we did, for as long as we had to: either you have a sense of honour, or else you've none."

This then was the deed—one only of a hundred such, for they will never all be known—coolly perpetrated by French officers."



TWO ACCOUNTS

HE was off to Morocco as a volunteer, by boat. And on that day, which happened to be the 1st October, 1925, many others went off with him too, and many more have gone since—attracted by the fine promises of official fishers of men, publicists and army procurers and lawyer-journalists employed in boosting up French civilization throughout the world, and in Morocco in particular.

This soldier boy, Oliver Bonnoron, was of no more importance than all the other soldiers boys that swarmed like ants on the transport. But as our eyes have singled him out from the rest, our sympathy is for him and we like him most of all.

Happy-Go-Lucky

And as he was young, straightforward, attractive and happy-go-lucky, we can take him for the type of soldier boy who goes off to the wars on his own because he hasn't

yet come to understand the meaning of life and death, or seen the power of the Father of Lies.

The army transport "Haiti," of the Transatlantic Line, had just left the shore of France, then, with a cargo of brand new human freight. But amongst the crowd there were one or two army specimens of the terrible old school; in particular, a sergeant of the 3rd Colonial Infantry. This sergeant was one of that breed of swine which our staff officers and civil servants have the modesty to describe by the words: "Smart N. C. O." He was a brute and a drunkard who always kept the tanks well filled. We all know that colonial infantry regiments are chiefly run by shaky-handed lunatics of this class.

Sergeant on Deck

The sergeant in question was walking up and down the deck of the ship, which we may call a cargo ship. The French coast was turning to grey, in the distance and the twilight—it was 8:30 p. m. Numbers of men had come up on deck to enjoy the sea air and watch the fading light, and the last scrap of the vision of France which was fainting away between sky and sea. Bonnoron had also come up from below, and with face to the wind, was gazing over the sea with that thoughtful look which overlays outward things with inward things and mingles them curiously.

The sergeant was staggering about from group to group. He was glaringly drunk; his cap was bashed down over one eye, his features were twisted up, and his eyes were watery. One after another, he

clutched hold of the men, questioned them, stared at them, growling like a mad dog. "Are you the feller?" The madman was looking for someone. He had had a quarrel that morning with a Martinique sergeant, and a few glasses had given birth to an idea fixed in that sclerotic brain; kill the Martinique fellow. When you've had a quarrel with someone, that's the only way out, eh? And he fumbled along after the black sergeant, staggering, persistent, pouring out threats, revolver in hand.

"Shot in the Stomach"

Things were dancing before his eyes; the madman thought he saw his abhorrent messmate. He straightened his arm and fired.

Oliver Bonnoron, shot in the stomach, fell back groaning:

"I'm done for. Poor mother." And those were the last words of our soldier boy. He immediately passed into the world of unconsciousness. Suffering alone lived on within him, and having thus spoken, he was already as good as dead, although his heart went on beating for one whole day.

The "Haiti" hove to. She was off the little port called Royan. The wireless instruments on board were summoning assistance, and a launch came out to take off that young bullet-pierced body, which life was leaving slowly, which would have groaned aloud if it had had the power. But all that was left to do was to die, and death took place in Royan Hospital, after thirty hours agony.

(Continued on page 14)

A NEGRO'S LIFE IN ALABAMA IS CHEAP

"Hang him! Hang him! That nigger killed my dog." This is the answer to the topic. A dog's life is of more value than a Negro's. A Negro is segregated, beaten and tortured and even murdered for no reason at all except that some boss want his land his horse, his wife, his daughter, or if he rises up and demands his salary.

I am an authority on these facts for I was born and raised in Alabama and I could tell you some things which would make your blood freeze in your veins from horror.

Fears Future—Migrates North

When I was 19, I married and my five children were born in Alabama, but as soon as possible I brought my children North because I had seen and knew too much of the suffering and hardships the Negro must endure in Alabama. I knew that if I remained there my boys would be subjected to the same treatment as other Negroes and men; and that treatment is terrible and unjust, for did they not murder my brother on a frame-up similar to the "Scottsboro Case?"

Brother Murdered on Frame-up

Yes! I said murder, and I will also say that they took his property which they wanted in the first place and for which he was framed up.

In 1918, my brother, Ausbury Blackwell bought farming land in Eddiewar County and he and his wife went there to live, but it seemed that others wanted that same land and after he refused to sell he was framed up.



Want Property—Find a Way

One early morning a man knocked at his door and told him that he was wanted and that he was to get ready. They took him and locked him up and said he had rapped a bosses' daughter. In order to frame up the Negro workers, they have the same old story of rape.

The only thing I can see about the whole thing is that we Negro workers must wake up to the fact that we will not stand for it any longer. The only way is to organize together with out frineds, the white workers and show the white bosses of this country that we are human and not dogs.

LOUISE THOMPSON
Pittsburgh, Pa.



EXTRA MONEY SCARCE

Frederick, South Dakota

Dear Friends:

Your letter of April 27 at hand. Yes, thanks, I received the magazine you sent me, but am not receiving the paper regularly. Hope to be able to subscribe soon; but the extra money is scarce.

You ask how we manage on the little we farm wives get—well, mostly we do without. We patch, mend and make over—that is, when we get something to make over. Now that warm weather is here we won't mind having so few clothes; but it is different in winter.

Burn Corn to Keep Warm

Last winter many farmers burned corn. Very few bought coal and then nearly all lignite—which is the cheapest coal we can get. It is from \$4.00 to \$5.00 per ton and soft coal is \$10.00 up with hard coal higher.

Very few farm children are able to attend movies and such things. There are country dances once in a while and that is about all the amusement around here. There will probably be baseball games and perhaps a few picnics this summer.

Hard Work Brings Nothing

The farmers are working as hard as usual putting in a crop. Up at 5:00 o'clock in the morning and to bed at 9:00 o'clock in the evening if everything goes well. Some arise earlier and busy most of the day; but it really is not the work we object to, it is not getting anything for it and also not having the machinery to work with. I really do not see how the farmer can go much longer without new machinery and there is very little new machinery being bought.

A second hand corn planter would cost about three hundred twenty-five bushels of barley. The farmers have more grain on hand than usual at this time of year; at that, most of the grain is in the hands of the speculators.

Farmers Wives Join Struggles

The farmers are organizing Holiday Associations and United Farmers Leagues to better their conditions. On May Day men and Women joined with the Unemployed Council of Aberdeen for a demonstration and about three hundred marched.

The teachers wages in this district were cut to \$45.00 per month. Three years ago they were getting \$105.00. Hoping this will be of some help, I am

Yours,
Mrs. EFFIE AVERY MOORE.

LAUNDRY WORKERS WIN STRIKE

The Guardian Laundry and Quick Service of Detroit is an inferno in which to work. Girls work 63 hours for \$3.25 per week. If a girl stops a half hour her pay is docked. The air is dense with the mixed odor of chemicals which are used for washing. There is no rest room or first aid where girls work under such inhuman speed-up.

A girl presser has to give out 800 pair of cuff of shirts, 400 collars each and 40 fronts and backs of shirts. They installed new devices and now one girl has to work on two machines at the time. A girl who worked on a "mangle" lost fifteen pounds in three months because of that terrific speed-up. When a girl burns her hands, iodine is used instead of ointment, with the result that some girls retain scars forever.

Fake Promises Don't Take

Harry Schwartz, the foreman, promises the girls candy if they reach his quota of work.

The *Working Woman* was brought to us girls in the shop quite often. We became readers of this magazine. The girls in the shop began to seriously consider what was to be done.

One day I met the girls and they told me they were considering a strike. Three girls were fired for their activities in the shop, the rest of the girls decided to walk out.

Strike for More Pay

The strike was declared. It lasted 24 hours. These are the demands granted: An increase of \$1.50 per week, two hours less work per day, girls fired must be reinstated. Schwartz must behave toward the girls, stop speeding them up, etc. A rest must be established. Lavatory must be clean and soap must be supplied.

One of the girls told me, "I am not so well and cannot work. My husband is a Ford factory worker, out of work for a long time. If I don't work my family will starve." The majority of the girls here are married, their husbands mostly Ford workers out of a job. Though Ford said that none of his workers are starving, wives of unemployed Ford workers are forced to work under these conditions or starve.

"Working Woman" Wanted

The *Working Woman*, one said, is a good magazine. Bring it around the shop often. When is the next issue ready? Come around as soon as it is ready. Count on us as future subscribers.

The *Working Woman* is the hand of the clock, pointing to "the Time is ready to Organize."

Editorial Note: We have received the following letter with above article from our *WORKING WOMAN* agent of Detroit.

June 11, 1933

"Detroit, Mich.

"Please find enclosed \$2.00 for four yearly subscriptions from the girls on strike. This shows how much the *WORKING WOMAN* is wanted in the shops and in struggle.

"ROSE BILLUPS."

Other active comrades should follow the example of selling the *WORKING WOMAN* in the shops, securing articles and regular subscribers.



FIGHT WAR DANGER

Dear Comrades:

The danger of another war is hanging over our heads and every day seems to make it more certain. Perhaps some of you have forgotten the last war. Many of you may never have realized the full horror of it. It is to these that I write.

When the war broke out I was fourteen years old, and I lived through seven years of it in a war-torn European country. I lived through scenes and terror which I can never forget.

Thru War Swept Europe

I saw houses blown up and people killed, as army after army with its shells and bombs swept through. I remember enemy soldiers looting and burning the town. Drunk crazed and sex-starved, they threw women to the ground, young or old and attacked them like animals.

Homeless, orphaned children were everywhere, begging or stealing anything they could lay hands on.

Friends and loved ones were constantly being sent to the front, many never to return.

Our Men Return

As the years went by and we managed somehow to exist, it seemed that the hell in which we lived would never end; but life has a way of going on and at last it was over. Those who were left set about to the task of rebuilding, planted crops again, repaired the shattered houses.

The men were coming back. There was rejoicing in many homes. Sorrow in some. One came on crutches, one carried an empty sleeve, mighty few without the stamp of that terrible war.

"Lucky" o Have Two Arms—Two Legs

The man I married had seen six years of active fighting. Twice he was wounded, but escaped with minor injuries. I considered myself very lucky to have a man with two arms and two legs. I didn't know until later that the hell he went through left its mark on him too.

Although he is still a young man, he is broken in health, and doctors tell me the underlying cause is shattered nerves. My first child is suffering from a nervous disorder and I have no doubt but the war is responsible for both of these victims. No one knows how far into the future the influence of its horror will be felt.

Fellow workers! We must not allow another war. We must leave no stone unturned to awake the workers and make them realize the what the bosses' war means. War means misery for generations to come.

SALLIE ROSHWALB



WOMAN'S



VOICE

POOR RELIEF—BREAKS VETERAN'S HOME

Mrs. T. is a neighbor of mine. I see her often, she looks very tired and nervous. When I asked her the reason, she told me this story:

"Her husband is an iron worker in the building trade, a good worker and a war veteran. When America went to war, he enlisted of his own free will, he went to make the world safe for 'democracy.' He thought that because he was ready to give away his life for his country the government will appreciate it. And here is how it is appreciated:

Out of Work for Three Years

For three long years he is unemployed, cannot support his wife and two children, cannot pay the rent for the three cheap rooms. Had to go to the home relief to help them. After going through the inquisition of investigation, they received a check of \$25.00 for rent. But only twice did the Home Relief Bureau pay the rent, and then they stopped to pay.

The landlord, seeing the home relief does not pay, sent a dispossess. Mrs. T. went with the disposses to the home relief, but nothing helped and they were evicted.

Sick Mother Thrown out on Street

The whole day the furniture was in the street, the children crying, the mother sick and nervous. At that time, the man, the war veteran, realized for whom he fought in time of war. He took his picture with the uniform, and placed it in the front of the furniture so that everybody should see how the government pays up the war veterans.

People passed and looked at the picture and gazed. A rain came down, and everything got wet. Late in the night the furniture was taken to a cellar and stayed there for two days until they were able to find rooms. It was very hard to find rooms for them, because the landlords did not want to have to do with home relief cases.

Low Pay—Breaks up Home

This effected the health of Mrs. T. and they decided to stop going to the home relief. The war veteran resistered for four days a month work, he gets \$44.80 a month, which means about \$10.00 a week. Now they can't get no relief. They have to pay rent themselves. The family of four cannot live and pay rent with \$10.00 a week. The children are undernourished. Their mother could not see the suffering of the children so she decided to give them to a nursery.

When I heard the story of the life of my neighbor I was no more surprised why she looks so sick and nervous. But one thing I am sure: When a war will break out again, this war veteran will not enlist, he will know that the workers of other countries are not his enemies, that the real enemies are the landlords, the bankers and the rich bosses.

F. REISH.

READERS

We want you to get together and give voice to the problems confronting you, and fill the WORKING WOMAN with a constant interchange and flow of letters.

Here are a few suggestions about what to write.

What kind of work are you doing? What are the conditions of the speed-up, the wage-cuts, and various difficulties on your job? What is your home life like? What steps, if any, are being taken in your neighborhood to fight these conditions?

These ideas are not intended to cover all the points which you can write about. Write as you wish. Do not worry about not "being a writer." Women workers in far corners of the country, in mills, factories, mines, offices and at home are the ones who read these letters.

GREET "WORKING WOMAN"

Dear Editor

The Women's Council of Los Angeles greets the *Working Woman* on its reappearance and hopes from now on it will continue to serve the cause of the working class women uninterruptedly. Its new form as well as its contents are satisfactory and has advantage over the old paper which was selling for the same price. The fifty copies of the March issue were sold the same day they reached us.

At this time when the conditions of the working women are becoming more miserable, unemployment increasing and the wages of those still employed being slashed. When thousands of women and children are on the verge of starvation, when a new war is being prepared by the capitalists of all countries. A war that will take out husbands and sons to be slaughtered so that the rich may become richer.

Working Woman Shows the Way

At this time the *Working Woman* must become the guiding force which will awaken and lead the working women in the class struggle. Towards this goal the Women's Council of Los Angeles pledges its moral and financial support to the *Working Woman*.

Our Council always has and always will support the revolutionary press without which the emancipation of the proletariat cannot be attained. The Women's Council participate in every form of the class struggle.

At the same time the cultural side of our organization is not neglected. Twice a month we have lectures and discussions on various topics of interest to the working women to which the general public is invited.

Our latest achievement is the organizing of two new branch Councils. Our aim is to organize Women's Councils all over the city and enlarge the membership of the existing Women's organizations. We therefore appeal to all working women and housewives to join the Women's Councils and fight together with the rest of the workers for immediate relief, unemployment insurance and against the new imperialist war.

MARY GOLDSTEIN,

DRAFTED TO DIG DITCHES

My brother was the main support of the family and was one of the first to be drafted during the war. He claimed exemption on the grounds that only one sister remained to support the family, father at that time was about 60 years old. He was rejected at first because of physical disability, but he was drafted again and was sent to Syracuse to dig ditches and build barracks.

He was sent to France in 1917 and was in the Hospital Service Staff. He tells us that as many people died from disease and dirt in the hospitals as died on the front.

Active Service Ruins Health

When he went to France he was a perfectly healthy man, but when he came back we could hardly recognize him, he was so changed. He was a nervous wreck and wasn't fit for some time to go to work, and he couldn't go back to his old job. While he was away my father who was then 60 years old, had to support the family. My brother was gassed while he was in the hospital in France and is still suffering as a result.

Women's Auxiliary Fights for Relief

In Staten Island we mothers, wives and sisters of veterans have organized an Auxiliary to fight for relief for our families and families of other ex-service-men and also to help our husbands and brothers to get the compensation and allowances that are coming to them. This is the only way that we'll be able to help ourselves.

Mrs. BERTHA MOSS

WIDOW CHEATED

Dear Comrades:

A widow with a child living in South Vancouver district has for some time tried to get the widow's pension. But, as we all know it is useless to fight these things alone.

This woman recently joined the block committee and put the case in the hands of the grievance committee. Her husband died of cancer, some years ago. Since then she sent in an application for the widow's pension, but the reply was that they had no record of it, but stated that she may be able to get a mother's pension.

Politicians Pass the Buck

This is just how they pass the buck, and excuses are easily made by them. So, working class women, it is up to all class conscious workers to join the block organizations and help win the rights for the workers and smash all these grafting parasites.

Secretary Woman's Club Block No. 4,
CARLETON, Canada.

HOW CAN I MAKE MY HUSBAND UNDERSTAND?

Dear Editor:

I really don't know how to start my letter. But this is the only place where I can write all this out.

I am Italian woman and all my life I am working, after a hard day's work I attend to the house and children. I have a good honest husband. He tries to make a living. We like each other. To tell you my whole life is too much, I shall go back to my factory life.

In the long years that I spent in shops most of my work has been sewing dresses. I did not know much about the union or anything else besides work I worked in a few of the International Ladies Garment Workers Union places but the workers didn't know about meeting together. All we did know was to pay dues and taxes. I was afraid of a union and have done enough to be ashamed of myself but it wasn't my fault—the union and the leaders were to blame.

Becomes Active in Struggles

Here starts my trouble. My place organized into an Industrial Union and now I am a union girl. My shopmates made me go to a meeting, to take part in union activities, to fight for conditions. I was elected as a delegate to conferences and every word became attached to my mind and entire being. I wish I could express the enthusiasm I feel now. If only I had more time to learn more—I am longing to develop. Now I never keep away from a meeting.

But my husband is not in favor of all these new ideas and we have fights, he thinks that I do something wrong in back of him. I attend the house, the children better than before. I try my best to make him understand the present system which forces us to fight against wage cuts and our very bread. I want him to be closer to his own class, to read and go to meetings to see that no woman is wrong by going to meeting. I think that you will do much good for me and my family by helping me out.

M. K.

EDITOR'S REPLY

The problem raised in M. K.'s letter is not an isolated one. The working class women who have awakened to fight for their own class interests, who are anxious to read, study and learn, meet with obstacles in their own homes.

Many husbands and fathers, not only Italians, but American and other nationalities, still cling to the old ideas that the woman's place is at home. They try to discourage the women from taking part in the fight to improve the conditions of her family.

Experiences during the textile, needle, doll and auto strikes. What must the women do to make the men folk *Readers Give the Answer*

We would like to hear from our readers who had similar experiences to write and tell us what they have to say about it.

BABIES STARVE

"My goodness! What a dirty, unsanitary place to live in!" said the social worker from one of the Unemployment Relief stations in the black belt what came to investigate us yesterday. But I was mighty glad to see her after Wes had been settin' round at the station for three weeks trying to git some food for us and the babies.

What she seen in the room was the bed where Wes and me and the two boys sleep, the broken down sofa with the hump in the middle where the baby sleeps on the farthest side, the washstand, a chair, the table with the lighted kerosene lamp on it. The two small windows is so close to the next barn we can't get any light not even in the daytime—the packin' box for pans and victuals, the coal stove and a dishpan full of diapers gettin' boiled, and over in the corner opposite to our bed a small heap of coal.

Investigator Asks Some Questions

Where do you get your water and where is your toilet?" she says next. I tells her we gits it downstairs and we empties our slop pail downstairs too.

"I don't see how people can live like this," she says and then goes on, "Where did your husband work last and how long has he been unemployed?" I told her he worked for Armour's for five years, been laid off two and a half years, and ain't had no help from Armour's since a'fore Christmas a year ago.

"Are you sure he wasn't fired?" she asks. "No ma'am, he was never fired from no job and I weren't never fired neither. I worked off and on at Sopkins Apron Factory for three and half years when I werent havin' them babies. Now I got no shoes to go to work in.

"Well, I guess you need help and I'll send an emergency order to you right away. But you must get out of this dreadful place. You must move."

"But will you pay our rent? That's why us stays here. We don't have to pay no rent. And will you pay to get us moved?"

The Relief Station will pay one month's rent—not



more than \$10.00. Then surely, if we keep you supplied with food your husband can manage to pay your rent. And, of course, you have friends who will help you move. If we paid for all the moving of families we would have no money to supply you with food."

NEGRO WORKING WOMAN

Editors Note:

Sopkins Apron Factory is one of the outstanding sweat shops in Chicago where Negro women slave 50 hours a week for a miserable \$2.00 to \$3.00 a week.

As we go to press we are informed that 1,500 colored women working in Sopkins five shops in Chicago have all gone out on strike for the following demands:

- 25 cents per hour, minimum wage, for operators.
- 35 cents an hour minimum for pressers.
- 44 hours—8 hours a day—4 hours on Saturday.
- Equal pay for equal work for colored and white workers.

Equal division of work—no discrimination.

No charge for damaged goods.

No charge for cashing checks.

No firing without sufficient cause.

Recognition of Shop Committee of Union.

We urge our readers to support this strike. **HELP THEM WIN!** Donations to the Needle Trades Workers Union, 119 South Wells Street, Chicago, Ill.

TWO ACCOUNTS

(Continued from page 9)

By HENRI BARBUSSE

Many can testify to all this, and in particular certain young men who gave formal evidence and are called —to cross our t's and dot our i's— Bourdeau, Rolland Rocheteau.

"Poor Mother"

Now when "poor mother," who lived at Angouleme, heard of the death of her son, she wrote to the War Minister, distracted with sorrow, to ask an explanation. What terms would this exalted personage employ, what heartfelt words of condolence, what excuses, to atone in the name of the army for the crime of a brutal N. C. O.?

"Madam,

"In reply to your request, I have the honor to communicate to you hereunder the report of the Inquiry which I instituted to ascertain the circum-

stances surrounding the death of Private Bonnoron (Oliver) of the 107th Infantry Regiment, wounded on board the transport 'Haiti,' on the 1st of October, during the voyage from Bordeaux to Morocco.

"When he was being taken to hospital, Private Bonnoron made the following statement:

"While I was down on the lower decks on the 'Haiti' Transatlantic Line, a dispute began between a sergeant and a black. The latter struck the sergeant, who thereupon went to fetch his service revolver from his mess and threatened the black soldier with it. I thereupon dashed at the sergeant to disarm him and just as I seized his arm, he pulled the trigger and the pistol went off, wounding me in the stomach."

"Private Bonnoron died in Royan

Hospital at 2 in the morning in spite of the care bestowed upon him.

"Although this deplorable accident was entirely involuntary, the sergeant responsible was sent to prison on arriving at Capablanca and handed over to the military authorities to be tried before court martial.

"Declaration of decease was signed by the Mayor of Royan on October 2.

"I remain your obedient Servant . . . Let us ignore the air of detached indifference, and (to speak plainly) the underbred manner in which the Great Panjandrum of the Armies set forth, in the style of a county clerk, what he calls the report of an Inquiry.

Here we have two accounts of the same affair. One true, the other the military version. . .

HOUSEHOLD

By MARTHA

DO YOU KNOW A BETTER WAY?

OUR READERS ARE REQUESTED TO WRITE IN SUGGESTIONS ON HOW TO LIGHTEN HOUSEWORK. PLEASE SEND IN SIMPLE RECIPES. WE WILL PRINT THE BEST IDEAS.

Editor of the WORKING WOMAN

I was very glad to find a special attention in the WORKING WOMAN to the house-wife, by addressing to her a special column the "Household."

I am a house-wife and a worker's wife at this very hard time we are going through, and what I want to ask the editor of this column is to advise us how to prepare good and healthy food for our children at the least cost.

I'll be very thankful to you.

One of your readers

Editor's Note:

We are glad to hear that our readers are interested in the column on household and would like our read-

ers, who are struggling every day to prepare inexpensive food, to send in some of their best ways of managing the household.

We are printing a sample breakfast, dinner, and supper, which is not very expensive. However, we realize that many of our readers cannot afford to have even such meals. One of our readers, who lives on relief, has had to make a meal for four on ten cents.

The working class women should demand from the relief agencies sufficient milk, vegetables, and fruit for their families and for Federal Unemployment Insurance. By organizing a real struggle for these demands, the relief agencies will be forced to increase the rations and cash relief.

A DAY'S MENU

BREAKFAST

Orange juice or any small piece of fruit.

Cereal

Milk (for the children)

Coffee (for the adults)

LUNCH

Italian Meat Sauce with Spaghetti

Small lettuce salad

Stewed fruit

Milk and crackers

SUPPER

Soft boiled eggs or cheese and jelly on bread

Cucumbers and tomatoe salad

Milk for the children

Tea for grown-ups

MINER'S WIVES FORCE RELIEF

The miners here have not worked for three years. They don't expect these mines to re-open. The men get \$1.50 a person per month at forced labor. The company forced them to buy only certain foods and those were the higher priced foods. For example, if pork chops cost 10 cents a pound and beef cost 18 cents a pound, the company would make them buy the beef.

Thirty-five women organized together and demonstrated before the superintendent's house demanding that they buy whatever food they wanted to. As a result of this demonstration they have won their demand.

Up till now the men were carrying on the struggle for relief before the Westmoreland County Commis-

sion. The wives of these miners, seeing that the relief that they were receiving was not enough to feed their families, decided to join their men in their struggle.

Another group of 25 women went to Greensburgh, the county site, before the county commissioners demanding more relief for each person a month. The commissions tried to send the women away telling them to send their men around because they could reason better with the men. Then the commissioners tried to walk out. The women grabbed them by the shoulders telling them that they must be listened to because it was the women who knew how much food it took to feed a family. And they were listened to!

HOW TO PREPARE

Italian Meat Sauce

Brown two small onions in butter or oil, add diced carrot, stalk celery cut fine, green pepper, small garlic, one small can of Tomatoe Sauce and a can of Italian tomatoe paste (use same can for measuring the amount of water necessary for stew.) Add one half pound of chopped beef. Mix all together and let simmer for 1 to 1½ hours.

To boil spaghetti—boil water, add salt and put in enough spaghetti for necessary serving. Pour Italian sauce over hot strained spaghetti K., United, Pa. and serve.

William I. Sirovich, M.D., who is one of New York's representatives in Congress, writes every day in the Mirror telling "The Truth About Foods."

He says:

"Food and drink—good food and good drink, well cooked and appetizingly served—are the bases on which life in human beings is sustained in all periods of life. Food must be suitable as well as palatable and must be variable as well as suitable. . . . Take your time eating. . . . Don't starve and don't stuff."

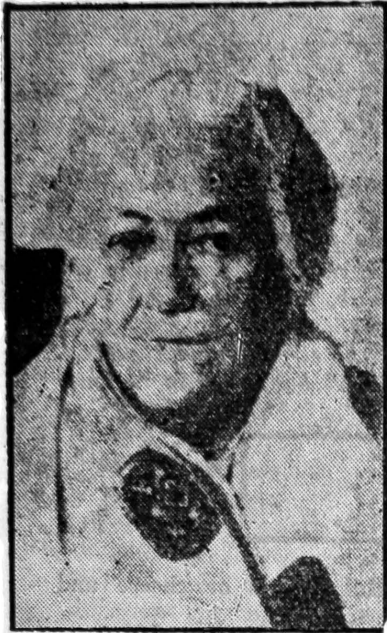
Some of the doctor's English is a bit flabby, but he seems to have the right idea about the necessity for good food. He says, "Don't starve."

We wonder what he has been doing to see that the millions of unemployed workers get good food—or don't starve.

DON'T STARVE — DON'T STUFF



Clara Zetkin, Rose Pastor Stokes, Dead



CLARA ZETKIN

THE WORKING WOMAN announces with sorrow the death of two of the most valiant fighters in the revolutionary movement, Clara Zetkin, 76 years old, who died in Moscow, and Rose Pastor Stokes, 54 years old, who died in Germany.

Rose Pastor Stokes was for over 30 years a militant fighter of the American working class and one of the founders of the American Communist Party.

The memory of Clara Zetkin, veteran fighter for the rights of the German working class, member of the Executive Committee of the Communist International, will live forever in the hearts of the international working class to whom she gave her whole life and work.

The working women of America by their fight for the rights of the workers will continue the heroic work of these two courageous fighters for the overthrow of the capitalist system.



ROSE PASTOR STOKES

Don't miss the AUGUST issue

READ:

"FASCISM AND WHAT IT MEANS TO MOTHERS"

By ELLA WINTER, author of "RED VIRTUE"

Nut Pickers Win St. Louis Strike

The Lives of Clara Zetkin and Rose Pastor Stokes

"THE MINIMUM WAGE FRAUD"

By ROSE WORTIS

and many other interesting articles, and letters from working and farm women.



ELLA WINTER

READ AND SUBSCRIBE TO

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