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THE WORKING WOMAN

54



We Fight for
the Union of
Our Choice
By ROSE WORTIS

LETTERS FROM
WORKERS

THE NEW DEAL FOR CHILDREN
Millions of Children Starve in U. S.—While the Rich Pile Up
More Millions from Roosevelt's NRA

March 8th A Day of Struggle

By ANNA DAMON

March 8th, International Women's Day, is a historic day of struggle against capitalist oppression and imperialist war. It had its origin in the United States in 1908 when working women set aside a special day for agitation for women's suffrage.

At the International Conference of Women Socialists in 1910, Clara Zetkin, veteran Communist leader of Germany, introduced a resolution which was adopted to set aside March 8th as International Women's Day. The purpose of the resolution was not only to fight for the right for women to vote, but to mobilize the men and women to fight for special women's demands—a day to represent the struggle against capitalism which doubly enslaves women.

Working Women's Magazines

In 1911 the first workingclass women's magazine the "Gleichheit" (Equality) appeared in Germany edited by Clara Zetkin. On March 8th, 1914, the first working women's magazine, "Rabotnitsa" (The Working Woman) was published in Russia through the initiative and guidance of Comrade N. Lenin, and edited by his sister, Anna Ilyinshna.

During the World War, in line with the general betrayal of the working class by the Socialist Parties and the Second Internationale—who voted and endorsed the imperialist war—the struggle to better conditions for women in shops, mills and factories was also abandoned.

It was the Bolsheviks in Russia who organized the women in the Putilov Ammunition plant in St. Petersburg (now Leningrad) to stop work, on International Women's Day, and demonstrate for their rights.

On March 8th, 1917, the women of tsarist Russia, defying the brutal terror of the police, left the factories and marched into the streets demanding "bread and an end to the capitalist war." Their action was

thus the forerunner of the great October Revolution.

In 1919 with the organization of the Third Communist Internationale, under the direct leadership of Comrade Lenin, International Women's Day was the day set aside by the Communist Parties affiliated with the Communist Internationale. It was from that time on a day of revolutionary significance; a day which annually was given to the special task to mobilizing working women for active participation in the struggles of the working class; for immediate demands; for preparation in the final struggle that will free the working class.

New Deal—A Raw Deal

We are approaching March 8th, 1934, a time when new chains of slavery are being forged by the "liberal" Roosevelt administration.

The New Deal, the N.R.A., is a desperate attempt of the United States government to solve the crisis, now in its fifth year, at the expense of the workers. The women and children are especially singled out as the worst sufferers, discriminated against on the jobs, and in the distribution of relief.

The industrial codes of the NRA sanction lower wages for women.

Negro women are discriminated against on all jobs receiving lowest wages for the hardest work, and also in the distribution of relief. They are the first ones to be fired and evicted from their homes.

The N.R.A. is being used as a government instrument for militarizing industry and building up a tremendous war machinery in this country. While over 16,000,000 workers are out of jobs, which, including their dependents would number over 50,000,000, the government refuses to grant unemployment insurance but spends billions of dollars to build up an army and navy for the destruction of mankind; pre-

paring for imperialist WAR.

The N.R.A. has brought with it the inflated dollar which now is worth about 65 cents, and buys only that much worth of material goods, raising the prices of foodstuffs and other necessities sky high. With the low wages and meagre relief now being given it is almost impossible for families to make ends meet.

Soviet Union Shows the Way

The conditions of women in the United States are the same as that in every other capitalist country. It is only in the Soviet Union, where capitalism has been wiped out, that the the workers, and the women in particular, are enjoying their full freedom and are now going ahead with the building of socialism, and showing the workers of other countries the way.

Women everywhere are beginning to realize more and more the need to struggle against their misery. Women have been in the forefront in most of the strikes and struggles against the lowering of wages, speed-up, stretch out, and stagger system of the N.R.A.

The aim of International Women's Day this year is to mobilize the broadest masses of women to struggle together with the men against the N.R.A. against the Roosevelt program of hunger and war.

Negro and White Working and Farm Women!

Join forces and fight for your rights!

Raise a Mighty Voice of Protest on International Women's Day against your Miseries!

Organize in the Shops, Factories, and Among the Unemployed For a Living Wage and for Special Women's Demands!

ORGANIZE MEETINGS AND DEMONSTRATIONS ON MARCH 8, AGAINST FASCISM AND WAR, AND IN DEFENSE OF THE SOVIET UNION!

THE WORKING WOMAN

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Issue of JANUARY 30, 1934

Page 2

209

Volume 5, Number 1

MRS. Roosevelt's "Sweet" Promises

By SADIE VAN VEEN

On November 7 Mrs. Roosevelt at (is) stated that plans for expanding her press conference (whatever that projects for the relief of unemployed women were under way and that in the near future more adequate care and attention to the unemployed women would be given. She also praised Camp Terra at Bear Mountain, N. Y., and the opening of another camp somewhere near Morgantown, W. Va., for "reconditioning" unemployed women.

But what are the facts about this boasted relief? At a meeting of unemployed women recently called in New York City by the Women's Committee of the Unemployed Councils an eighteen-year-old girl spoke about the "Sweet Charity" of Mrs. Roosevelt and the treatment received at the camps.

Camp Tera—A Publicity Stunt

"I was up in that camp a month," she said, "and that was too much. On the day that the president's wife lunched with us we had everything 'as advertised.' But that was just a publicity stunt for the Roosevelts; she sponsors the camp. That means that she donated a little money and had her picture taken with all her teeth. After that there were no more publicity meals. We never saw milk. It was kept at a separate table and you had to be under one hundred pounds to get any. We got sick in the hot weather. Some of the girls were thrown out because they complained about the food. But later we girls organized a committee and made a formal complaint. After that there was some improvement.

One Dollar Till Next Pay Day

"When I left Camp Terra with the promise of a job in the city, they gave me one dollar to keep me until pay day. I arrived in New York at ten at night and no place to go. At the railroad station I applied to the Travelers' Aid Society. I told them I had no place to sleep and they said



they were sorry but they couldn't advise me. What was I to do? I had no place to go, and I didn't want to spend my only dollar for a room. But I was forced to spend fifty cents for the night to get under shelter and that left me just fifty cents to keep me until pay day.

"That is what they call charity. I hope I don't ever have to take a dime from that bunch again. I am out of a job right now and just about down to my last penny. If the city would pay my rent I could get along. I am afraid of being on the street."

Forty-Five Year Old Women Live in Flop Houses

A woman of 45 took the floor at the meeting. She said she has lived for many months in a stable known as a "flop house" or city lodging. She has a bed to sleep in. They get for breakfast oatmeal with watery milk, bread and coffee. For dinner they get potatoes and beans with a few shreds of meat, and for supper some kind of soup, bread and tea.

"It is just like jail," she said. "There are so many rules, it makes you sick. But can a woman sleep in the gutter?"

"If you complain they have you taken to the home on Welfare Island and if you once get there you are done for. You can't get out. You just rot there and they bury you in Potter's field.

There are between two and three million unemployed women in the

United States. Tens of thousands of women and girls are homeless, knocking at the doors of relief agencies and being turned away.

Organized Struggle—Only Way

But Mrs. Roosevelt, Miss Perkins Hopkins and the other Washington politicians boast of the wonderful relief work that is being done and the still more wonderful plans ahead. But the facts speak for themselves and show up the contemptible hypocrisy and the mockery of the "fine" ladies and gentlemen in the government.

Only organization and struggle of the workers employed and unemployed can gain food, shelter or jobs for men and women.

The National Unemployed Convention to be held in Washington February 3 will present the Workers' Unemployment Insurance Bill to Congress. The bill demands \$10 per week for every unemployed worker and an additional \$3 for each dependent. Working women, don't rely on the smiling trickery of the politicians. Support this bill for genuine unemployment insurance

Working Women:

Demand C. W. A. Jobs!

Fight For

THE WORKERS SOCIAL

INSURANCE BILL!

WOMEN

PROTECT THE
OF YOUR CHOICE

UNION

By ROSE WORTIS

The women in the needle trades have always played an energetic role in all the struggles for better conditions and for a militant union controlled by the workers. In most instances, in these struggles, there were fights on two fronts: one against the bosses; the other was against the treacherous officials of the A. F. of L., who work hand in hand with the bosses to deprive the workers of gains won through bitter struggle and sacrifice.

Last year the A. F. of L. officials, with the aid of the underworld, began a campaign of murder and terror against the Needle Trades Workers Industrial Union. This terrorism resulted in the death of Morris Langer, organizer of the Industrial Union, Harry Gottfried, an active worker, and the injury of numerous workers. At this time the women of the union distinguished themselves by their heroism when facing the thugs and saved many of their men comrades from death at the hands of the gunmen.

Gain Better Conditions

Women workers learned in the course of their struggles that the needle trade union is the only union which fights in defense of their interests. Women in the fur trade know that under the leadership of the industrial union they have gained increased wages, the 35-hour week and no discrimination.

These concrete economic gains have made women workers staunch supporters of the industrial union. It is no wonder that now, when all the bitter enemies of the needle trades workers are once more gathering their forces in an effort to destroy the fighting union of the workers,—it is no wonder that they are again in the forefront of the fighting line.

The whole purpose of the NRA is to enslave the workers. Women see, before their very eyes, how the NRA, which is supposed to bring shorter hours, higher wages and the right to organize, how they are be-

ing cheated. They see how it is being used by the bosses as an instrument to crush the fur workers' union. Women workers also fully realize that the despised A. F. of Y. misleaders, with their weapon the N.R.A. are mobilized to destroy their union. They see how the bosses, with the help of police and thugs, are attempting to drive the workers into the gangster-controlled union, the joint council of the A. F. of L.

But the women fur workers have not forgotten the shop conditions during the period from 1926 to 1930, when the union was under the control of the A. F. of L. Then, every semblance of union conditions had been wiped out. Minimum wage scales were completely ignored and the hours increased. Working until midnight, a finisher could barely earn \$15. or \$16. a week. From 1931 on, however, when the industrial union gained control of the shops, the minimum wage scale was re-established and in many instances the women workers earned much more than before. Hours were reduced from 50 to 35. An unemployment insurance fund was established and paid for by the bosses but controlled by the workers. Thousands of fur workers have received assistance from this fund during periods of unemployment.

These women workers know that the fur bosses are the most greedy set of exploiters. They, and the

Struggle for Livelihood



women in the other needle trades, know that we must struggle for our very life and the lives of our children. Because we know we must fight, the industrial union has begun a special campaign for the organization of all women; not only those who are in the shops, but the wives, daughters and children of the men furriers. This drive is meeting with such splendid response.

At the January 18th mass meeting, held in Irving Plaza, New York City, such a ringing call to fight in defense of their interests, from the militant labor leader, Ella Reeve Bloor, strengthened their militancy. They demonstrated on January 16th in front of the City Hall and demanded the right to belong to a union of their choice. They protested against the brutality of the police. They demanded the right to strike and picket. This is evidence that these women are in earnest. They plan a march of wives, daughters and fur workers to Washington. Here they will present their demands to the highest authorities of the government; to the "liberal" Miss Perkins, Secretary of Labor, and to Mrs. Roosevelt, the wife of the President (who claims to be interested in the welfare of women workers).

Fight Against N.R.A.

The present movement of the women in the needle trades should inspire the women in all other trades to take up the struggle against the strikebreaking activities of the NRA in their own trades. Women should rally to the support of the needle has been in the front ranks of the militant trade unions. A victory of the women in the needle trades will help strengthen the union in other trades, will help the women everywhere to fight against wage discrimination in the industrial codes, and for unemployment relief and social insurance for all women, single and married, Negro and white.

Readers of THE WORKING WOMAN, the heroic women in the needle trades call upon you for help. Respond to the call!

GERMAN FASCISM

German fascism has vented its murderous hatred of the working class equally against men and women.

News comes from Germany that although the Supreme Court in Leipzig has acquitted Dimitroff, Torgler, Taneff and Popoff, the acquitted are still in the hands of the fascist dictators, who openly threatened them with lynching.

The acquittal of these innocent Reichstag fire victims was won through Dimitroff's heroic behavior before the court and through the protest of masses of workers and intellectuals as well as the general public world opinion, who declared them innocent.

Torgler has been turned over to the Nazi secret police, who are preparing evidence for a new trial on the charge of "high treason." It is feared the Nazis will murder him, and then give out the report that he was "shot while attempting to escape."

Nazi Sentence Noted Novelist to 2 1/2 Years in Prison

LEIPZIG.—Ludwig Renn, internationally known writer and novelist, author of "War" and "After War," was sentenced to 30 months' imprisonment by the Supreme Court on January 17 for "preparation for high treason." This trial was the first of a series against outstanding Communists and anti-fascist leaders, the Nazis have announced.

Nazis Jail Letter Writer

BERLIN, Jan. 22.—Frieda Zorn today was sentenced to fifteen months in jail for writing "false reports" to her sister in New York. There was no further explanation of the charge.

This is fascism.

It is the last and most horrible form of capitalist terror and oppression against the working class. No political, industrial or social freedom for the women of the working class (and none for all workers under fascism).

On the other hand, no hesitation on the part of the capitalists to beat, jail or kill women when they enter into the struggle of the workers against unemployment, starvation and fascism. In other words, when it comes to persecuting and oppressing the working class, the fascist terror puts women on an equal plane with men.



Dimitroff's Mother Ill

Mrs. Dimitroff, mother of George Dimitroff, is under the care of a physician in Leipzig. She is suffering a breakdown, due to worry over the continued imprisonment of her son, George Dimitroff, one of the Leipzig defendants in the Nazi Reichstag fire.

The aged mother of Dimitroff fears for his life. She knows the methods of the Hitler terror.

Negro and white working class women! We must help obtain the immediate release of Dimitroff, Torgler, Taneff and Popoff. We must help win safe conduct out of Germany and the free choice of the country they desire to go.

The Soviet Union has offered the four innocent Nazi victims safe entrance. But the Hitler murderous government of Germany still refuses to release them.

Working class women. We must stop them. Let us join hands with other workers of the world and develop an even greater movement for the immediate release of the Reichstag fire victims, and all anti-fascists now in the German prisons.

Organize protest meetings everywhere. Arouse the people in your neighborhood. Send protest telegrams to the German Ambassador in Washington, D. C. Send copies of your resolutions to the WORKING WOMAN and the Daily Worker.



N. Lenin

LENIN SPEAKS TO WOMEN

Reminiscences of Lenin. By Clara Zetkin. International Publishers, 1934. 20c.

Here is a little book but a great one. In it the man Lenin walks and moves in the intimate circle of his family and close friends. Clara Zetkin, the mother of the German revolution, knew him as comrade, fellow worker and friend, and in these six essays she gives us vivid flashes of Lenin that etch themselves into the memory.

Lenin's warm smile, the keen joy of the workers as he moved among them, the masterly eloquence of his speech, the pile-driver blows of his clear thinking—all these light up for us like torch flares in the night. We see Lenin at a party meeting, hear him talk on culture, watch his firm decisions in the heat of the Polish war, at the Fourth World Congress, and during the struggles in Germany.

But it is in the famous passages on women, marriage and sex that we find a very special interest as working women. In the midst of civil war and reconstruction, he answered our fundamental questions and gave us our direction. He struck out solidly against both narrow puritans and youthful excitement over sex. "The little yellow-beaked birds who have just broken from the shell of bourgeois ideas are always frightfully clever," he said of them both.

"Intoxication by sexual exaggeration as by alcohol!" he would have none of. His aim was, "Healthy bodies, healthy minds. Neither monk nor Don Juan. . . Dissoluteness in sexual life is bourgeois, is a phenomena of decay. The proletariat is a rising class. Self control, self-discipline is not slavery, not even in love." These were his steady Marxist judgments.

Clara Zetkin regretted that hundreds and thousands could not hear Lenin's clear words to her, and now, through this little book, she has her wish. Every working woman should know it. It is a Leninist guide to action on the problems that every woman must face.

—G. A.

WOMEN' LEAGUES HELP PHILADELPHIA MILK DRIVERS STRIKE

By BELLA PERVIN

The Milk Drivers' Strike of Philadelphia has been treacherously sold out by the Labor Board and the leaders of the A. F. of L. This strike received the full support of the entire revolutionary working class movement of Philadelphia—the Communist Party, Unemployed Councils, the I. W. O., the Women's Leagues and many other organizations supported the strike.

As soon as the scabs appeared in the various sections of the city our members of the Women's Leagues in West Philadelphia, downtown, and Strawberry Mansion gave them the right kind of a reception. They refused to buy milk from them, broke the bottles of milk that were left on the doorsteps and drove away the scabs from the neighborhood. This was a spontaneous action, unorganized, but which happened in many parts of the city. In order to organize this action the city committee of the Women's Leagues called a special meeting to discuss how best to assist the milk drivers in their struggle.

Organize Strike Support

Of the 18 delegates representde at this meeting an action committee was organized, consisting of Comrades Gershwin, Milsen, Hamarkin, Feyman and Pervin. Every member of the Action Committee was assigned a particular section of the city, and was made responsible for the work carried on by the women in their particular territory.

The Action Committee met every day and made direct connection with the strikers. Statements were given out by the Women's Leagues to the press pledging support to the Milk Drivers' strike, and voicing a protest against the terror of the city administration, which sent police to deliver scab milk, and by so doing assist to break their strike. They further declared that the Women's Leagues pledged themselves to support the strike with great enthusiasm. Protest telegrams were sent

to the milk companies and to the Mayor. We did not merely limit our activity to telegraphing but we carried on organized action throughout Philadelphia.

Each League organized its membership and neighbors for picket duty every morning and chased away the scabs and the police from the neighborhood. Committees were sent to the homes of the scabs, in order to discourage them from scabbing. Pickets were stationed at the homes of the scabs, in order to prevent them from going out of the house. Mass meetings were held in the neighborhoods by the Leagues. Speakers were sent to all organizations, including even orthodox churches and synagogues. We also organized territorial demonstrations and canvassed in the blocks to stop the sale of scab milk.

Most of the Leagues in the territories took up this work very energetically. Especially good work was done by the two leagues in Strawberry Mansion.

Women Attempt to Stop Strike Betrayal

One of the most interesting events occurred on Tuesday, January 2nd, when the strike was treacherously sold out by the Labor Board and when the vote terminating the strike was to be taken. The Action Committee decided on the night previous to this (Monday) to organize as many women as possible to come to the strike meeting on Tuesday. Many more women than we expected showed up exactly at 3. The strikers insisted that the women sit on the platform. Within two minutes 75 were on the platform. "Those are the women who have helped us picket and chase away the scabs and the police." "There sits one who forced a scab to become a striker." Such remarks could be heard throughout the hall.

Mr. O'Brien, workers' enemy, informed us that we could not remain in the hall, because they were to

have a closed session for the strike vote to be taken. We insisted on getting the floor. On this question we received the support of all the strikers in the hall, and Mr. O'Brien was forced to permit our representative Comrade Bella Pervin to speak. She expressed our whole-hearted sympathy with the strikers and urged them not to be fooled by false promises, not to permit themselves to be betrayed. O'Brien was forced to listen to these accusations of the Women's Leagues of Philadelphia and their call to the strikers not to give up their fight. We pledged ourselves to fight and give full support to the strikers.

Under pressure of prolonged applause, which the representative of the Leagues received, O'Brien was forced to thank the Leagues for their good work in behalf of the strikers.

The Women's Leagues in Philadelphia became popular and well-known through their action in the strike. Now the Leagues must take organizational advantage of their activities and get many workingclass women to join the Leagues.



SCANDAL IN PLACE OF BREAD

By BERNICE LIPTON

Torch murderer's story receives first-page space in newspapers while thousands of slow murders go on unheeded behind factory walls.

On a back page of the evening newspaper there is a short paragraph about three pickets in a New Haven foundry strike who have been jailed. But no mention is made of the fact that one of them, Hill a worker, was brutally clubbed by cops.

How many women, tired with the work of the day, are reading paragraphs like the following:

An avidly listening courtroom gasped at this fresh evidence, couched in language blunt, foul and incoherent, of a hatred so all-consuming that it seared May Hanson's reason, even as the gasoline flames she is accused of igniting seared her husband's body.

The few minutes that a woman has to think, to question and wonder why she is unhappy and dissatisfied, are devoted to whatever the rich newspaper publishers play up. It may be a trunk, a hatchet, or a torch murder, possibly a gangster story—anything except plain facts about women like yourself—anything except such vital subjects as to why prices are soaring on the wings of the blue eagle and your income is shrinking, while you are trying against odds to keep your family decently clothed and nourished.

"Who's afraid of the big bad wolf?" the radio bawls. At the same time in New York five thousand workers were employed for two and four weeks of odd-jobs, just to be thrown off the relief rolls. Think of the misery in five thousand families. And think of the tragedy to an honest working woman whose son or husband or brother is

brutally maimed in his attempt to get from overfed bosses nothing more than the common, decent essentials of life.

News Unfit to Be Read

The stuff that is printed on page one in the newspapers, for people to spend their millions of pennies for, is like children's games—baseball, football, gangster stories, murder mysteries—every possible effort is made to keep working people gullible like children.

The actual producers of all that is manufactured in this country and grown from the ground are the American working class, both the men and the women. You are not treated like children when it comes to work. In fact your children are made to work like grown-ups. But when you want to gain information, to learn the news of the day, you are treated worse than children—you are told lies and fairy stories and made to pay for it.

The society pages try to give you an idea that other people are better than you are, as if their slightest activities and bridge parties were important for you to read about. The style advertisements try to make you think you are no good unless you have the latest little hat and slippers and silk stockings. In big print, you read a paragraph like this:

Mr. Rockefeller, who is at his Pocantico Hills home, frequently laughs as he peruses the printed rumors that members of his family are worried about his condition, this spokesman declared. He added that the elderly capitalist looks forward eagerly to each new version of the reports about a cold he had, and his plans for the winter, etc.

But in the old linotype print that is saved and used on newspapers for only such items as this, you probably have to put on eye-glasses to see the few lines that say:

Taylorville, Ill., Dec. 13. — (Special)—Anton Stahluk, 70, a timberman employed at Peabody Mine No. 9, at Langley, two miles west of here, was killed today when he was caught under a fall of slate.

For Rnton Stahluk, working man,

who died while doing productive work, a few lines on a back page. For any murderer who is brutal and disgusting enough, headlines and the first page. Clever hirelings of publishers, movie producers, radio stations—all try to turn our hatreds against a few gangsters and sensational murderers, so that we should not hate those who oppress us, and cheat us out of the products of our own work. If it were not for the lies constantly being forced down the throats of the working class through all channels of the boss-controlled government, such unfairness as exists, misery in the midst of plenty, would hardly be possible. The great, powerful working population is awakening to its real strength. It is organizing and fighting against the added miseries of the New Deal.

Working class women! Don't let the fine advertisements make your mouth water, don't envy the people who wear high hats, and don't read their sensational murder stories and the rest of the sensational nonsense with which they try to divert your mind from your real destiny, the every-day heroism of the class-conscious worker.

Read your press—The papers of the working class—the Daily Worker and the women's monthly magazine, The Working Woman.

ATTENTION, WORKING WOMEN!

The Needle Trade Women's Action Committee has arranged for a concert and dance to be given, in order to raise some financial means to carry on successfully the struggles our militant union is confronted with.

On Saturday evening, March 3, at the Workers' Center, 50 E. 13th St., St., New York City. An excellent program has been arranged.

We appeal to all workers and especially to all working women to lend a helping hand and to cooperate with us for the success of this affair.

The admission is only 25c. Come to the Needle Trade Union, 131 West 28th St., and get a block of tickets.





TO MAKE MY BREAD

A Chapter from GRACE LUMPKIN'S Book of the Life of Textile Workers.

The reader will find in this chapter and the ones that will follow in the coming issues of the WORKING WOMAN a true account of the life and struggles of Southern mill workers. This particular instalment gives a vivid description of a strike and the murder of a woman strike leader by mill deputies.

Drawings by
DAN RICO



TOM MOORE

Ora came up through the woods from the tents. A light breeze was blowing and the pine needles far above here were beating the air softly, making their usual whispered moan.

Down in the tents she knew people were whispering together, "Bonnie is dead." She had quieted them as much as she knew how to do, for it had been decided that everyone must go to bed except the guards, and that the lights must be put out. Those who had been wounded in the picket line were tended. She had seen that Bonnie's four young ones were put to bed and had left Sally with them. They were so accustomed to having Bonnie away, at the mill, and then in the strike work, they were satisfied to sleep without her.

She was going back to stay with Bonnie. The doctor had already come and said he could do nothing except send the people who were necessary.

In the office the two boys, Henry Sanders and Tom Bachley, were standing near the table on which Bonnie lay. The blood was on her dress, a heavy black stain now, a blotting of ink like that she had sometimes made and worried over on the pages of her account book, only much larger than those. The hair lay back from her high forehead, and spread over the end of the table. The mouth that had opened to speak not long before was closed in a sort of smile. Her brown eyes that Ora remembered well because they were like Emma's, were closed.

"Where's Tom?" Ora asked.

"Gone up the road."

"He wanted to meet John if he happened to come now."

They filed out of the door. She heard them moving on the ground outside and talking in low tones. There was the clear sound of a match being struck out there. In the

office there was no sound. Ora sat in the chair near the table and rested her head on the back. Thoughts of Bonnie as a child in the mountains, Emma came into her mind, and for and then a young woman when she was so bashful at the Christmas party—the time when the preacher had spoken of brotherly love, and the spirit of good will toward men.

There was Bonnie's marriage and her happiness at that time, and Emma's death. She saw Bonnie taking part in the union, speaking, singing to her people who were heartened by her speeches and songs. Now she lay on the table, without life. And she had not wanted to die. There was no one who had wished more for life. And she had wanted enjoyment not only for herself but for others. For that she had been killed. But what she had begun was not ended with her; and never would be until what she had dreamed about had become a fact.

Tom Moore came into the hall. "I don't see anything of John," he whispered.

"Pore John," Ora said. "I left Zinnie down there a-crying. This may make a woman of her."

Outside the hall the two boys stood near the wall of the building. They saw that Ora and Tom Moore had put something over the light inside to make it dim. The murmurings that had been going on in the tents below died out. Then the windows in the house next door became dark. The darkness pressed on them.

"Did you hear that?" Henry asked Tom, standing close by him against the side of the hall.

"It sounded like a car coming up the road."

"I reckon it's John."

"Or maybe the undertaker coming."

They peered into the dark.

"It hasn't got any lights," Henry said and took a step forward. The car stopped just at the place where the Coxey's driveway met the road. A man stepped out of the car, and after him came three others. They stood together for a moment, then one of them came toward the union hall.

"Who's there?" Henry called out.

The man in front was same McEachern. "It's the Law," he said.

"Where's your warrant?" Henry asked.

"We don't need no warrant," Sam called out, and spoke to the man behind him. "Come on, men," he said.

One of them ran past him and went up to Henry. "Put down that gun" he ordered. But Henry was not ready to give up. They struggled, each one trying to get possession of the gun.

"Let that man go," Tom Bachley called out and went to the two who were struggling. Two guards from the tents came running out from the trees, and the two men from the car ran toward them a little way and stopped.

A shot sounded, then another and another. They came again. The bright powder sputtered from the guns in flame, but no one saw them. And no one saw where the bullets came from nor where they went. Tom Bachley dropped his gun and held his arm, into which one of the bullets had gone. And Sam McEachern fell to the ground. When he fell, the shots stopped as if a command had been given. The men who were with him carried his limp body to the car and drove away.

It had taken perhaps five minutes for this to happen. The houses on each side of the union hall remained

dark and quiet, but men and women came up from the tents and surrounded the hall, asking questions, speaking excitedly. They were there when the men the doctor had sent came for Bonnie: and stood quietly and sorrowfully in the dark while her body was carried out to the waiting hearse.

And they were still there when men with white arm bands came. Tom Moore, Ora, and about a hundred others were arrested and taken away in cars to the jail. But some of the white banded men stayed. They went down to the tents and drove the children and women out, so that they ran about under the trees, until they got into the open where they wandered all night hunting for a place to stay.

The tents were torn down and left flat on the ground, and the food was scattered everywhere so that it dammed up the spring and the stream that had given water to the strikers.

Coming back very late that night from Sandersville, John McClure walked into the unlighted hall, and found it deserted and wrecked. The table was still in the center of the room, but it lay on its side and one of the legs was broken.

He went down to the hollow and found the tents as they had been left and no one there. In the union

office he turned the table in the hall right side up, propped its leg on a bench, and slept there the rest of the night.

The next morning, waking early, he went down to the hollow again. The place looked as if a storm without human knowledge had passed across it. But he knew that the storm which had come had full knowledge of what it was doing.

Same McEachern was dead. And fifteen strikers, including Tom Moore and the two relief workers from the North, were held accused of murdering him. The rest of those who had been arrested were let out on bail furnished again by those workers and sympathizers who had in the first place sent money for relief.

When the women came out of jail they went about the country looking for their children, who had been driven from the tents that night. Jennie Martin found two of hers twenty miles away with a farmer who had picked them up on the road the next morning.

John broke in the door of the cabin in which Bonnie had lived, and some of the furniture that had not been broken too badly was moved there. Ora, Sally, their families, Jennie and her families, and three other families lived in the three rooms of the cabin. There was only one bed. This they gave up to the children at night. And all the young who could not be crowded into the bed slept on the floor between the older people.

The morning after his return from Sandersville John had gone straight to the lawyer, then on to the place where they were keeping Bonnie. Now he was preparing for her funeral.

A sign was written and put on the door of the union hall. Jennie Martin and Sally placed it there with some sprigs of honeysuckle, and a small piece of black cloth above the sign. On the paper was printed in black ink, "Come to the Burying of Bonnie Calhoun at the cemetery." And it told the day and hour.

They did not expect many people to see the sign, but it was right to put it there, along with the flowers and the black cloth. For they were behind them ticked off the money

mourning for Bonnie, as well as for those who were in jail accused of murder.

When the funeral procession that carried Bonnie's body to the cemetery passed by the Wentworth mill, those who were working there left their looms and frames and crowded to the windows. They spoke to each other softly, while the hank clocks they were losing each minute. "It's Bonnie Calhoun," they whispered, seeing the hearse and the long line of mourners behind it. "She was killed for . . . the union," they whispered fearfully, for the mill had ears.

In the weave room one girl said, "That's John, the tall one just behind the hearse."

"Yes, it's John."

"Why, he's got a red band on his arm," another one said.

"A red band?"

"He ought to have a black crape."

"I wonder now . . ."

"There's Mary Allen that use t' sweep in here."

"Is she there?"

"Just behind Ora."

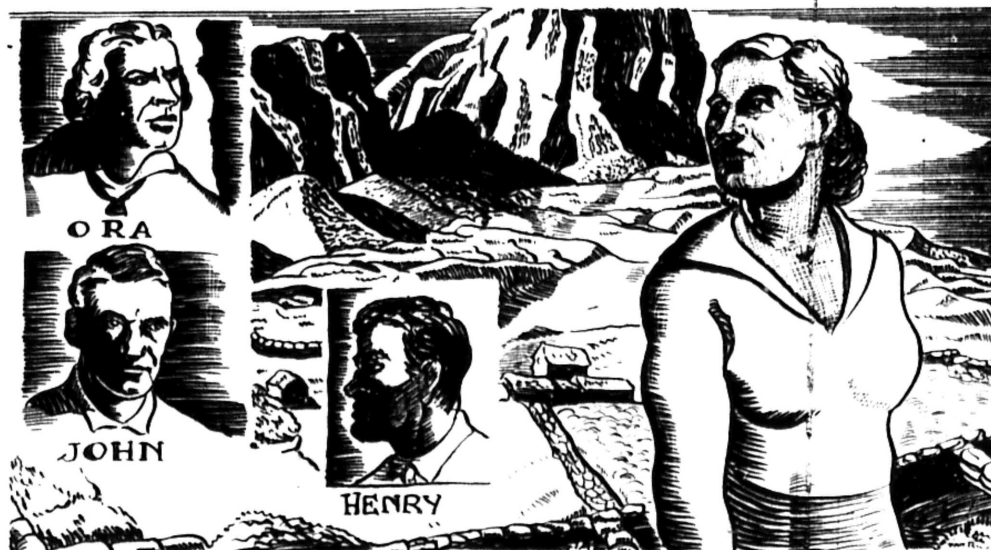
They watched until the procession went out of sight, toward the cemetery.

In some of the rooms the section bosses called them back to their frames before the hearse had gone past the mill.

It had rained all night. The road out to the mill cemetery was deep in red mud, in which the wheels of the hearse sank to the axels. Twice some of the men who were marching in the back had to put their shoulders to the wheel of the hearse to help it move forward again.

As they reached the grave the rain began again. It came down in slow fine drops as it does in summer. It was not a heavy rain, but it prevented them from opening the casket so that those who wanted to might go by and see Bonnie's face for the last time, as the custom was in that part of the country.

(Continued Next Month)



WE STICK TOGETHER AND WIN!

An Account of the Bronx, N. Y., Bread Strike

By ANNA COHEN—A Strike Leader



Six months of Roosevelt's New Deal did not improve the conditions of the Bronx workers. Unemployment, low wages and high prices on all necessities of life are still the order of the day. Especially hard is the lot of the housewives. With an inflated dollar and the high cost of living it is no easy matter to make ends meet. The workers of the Bronx felt that something must be done to fight back the attacks on the workers' standard of living. It was necessary to start a struggle.

In November 1933 the Bronx section of the United Councils of Working Class Women have laid the foundation for a struggle. The membership called a Bronx Conference against the "High Cost of Living."

This Conference proved a huge success. Hundreds of delegates representing various workers' organizations and houses and visitors were present. This splendid turnout showed to the Women's Councils that the Bronx workers were ready for a struggle against the high cost of living.

Encouraged by this Conference as well as by some victories gained by workers in other neighborhoods the Women's Councils No. 39 and 34 decided on a fight to lower the prices of bread and rolls. They canvassed the neighborhood from house to house and distributed leaflets calling the workers and housewives to a mass protest meeting.

At this mass meeting a Neighborhood Committee was elected to go to the baker boss Shereshefsky at 765 East 182nd Street with demands for lower prices on bread and rolls. Mr. Shereshefsky has promised to meet the workers' demands. However, the baker boss broke his promise and spread rumors of bribery against the Neighborhood Committee. He has also spread slanderous lies against the Women's Councils.

United Action Brings Results

A strike was declared at Mr. Shereshefsky's bakery. The fight proved to be a pretty tough one. This bak-

ery belonged to the Bakery Owners' Association. The workers had to fight not only Mr. Shereshefsky but the entire bosses' association, who knew very well that if one of their members submits to the workers' demands the rest will have to follow.

Gangsters and police were present continually near the bakery. A false injunction was introduced and twelve arrests made. Yet this terror did not scare the workers. The Women's Councils No. 12 and 28 from the territory were drawn in, and many more councils sent committees for picket duty. Solidly they picketed day after day, held open air meetings and demonstrations, distributed thousands of leaflets calling the workers to indoor mass meetings and arousing the neighborhood to support the struggle.

The workers did support the strike. They did not buy bread from the bakery that was on strike. Mr. Shereshefsky tried many ways to break the strike. He issued leaflets appealing to the neighborhood, telling the workers that he gives a great deal of charity. The workers have answered that if he wants to be charitable he can do so, but out of his own pocket and not at the

expense of the workers.

The strike went on for more than two weeks until it spread to two more bakeries, one at 738 and another at 762 East 180th Street. The Bakery Bosses' Association saw that the workers were determined to win. It proved too expensive for them to continue the strike. They had to give in.

On January 21 the strike was settled, with a victory for the workers. Bread went down from 8 to 7 cents per lb. and rolls from 20 to 18 cents per dozen. All other bakeries in the vicinity which were not involved soon followed with lower prices on bread and rolls. We received reports that as a result of the Bronx strike workers put up demands and made settlements with bakeries in other

neighborhoods and sections in New York.

Pennies Saved Will Help

There is no doubt that the few pennies gained are a help to workers' families, but more than the few cents are the gains from the important lessons which the workers learned from this small strike. This strike was led and carried on almost entirely by housewives. It showed what organization and unity of the workers can do. It once more proved the necessity of organizing women. If a group of women in one neighborhood can gain a little, then surely thousands of organized women can gain a great deal more.

We of the Bronx neighborhood will continue our fight for lower prices on milk and other dairy products. This will be our next step.

Working class women! Let us organize and fight the High Cost of Living not only in New York but everywhere in the United States. Let us fight for better conditions, for a better world.

Editor's Note:

As we go to press we are informed of another action against the N.R.A. initiated by the Women's Council No. 16 of Brownsville, N. Y.

The workers of 274 East 93rd Street, Brownsville, N. Y. through united action were able to defeat the attempts of the owners of the Dime Savings Bank to raise their rent from \$3 to \$6 a month.

At an affair celebrating the victory seven dollars was donated by the workers to our magazine the WORKING WOMAN.

We call on women's organizations all over the U. S. A. to follow suit to organize a struggle against the high cost of living.

By ESTHER LOWELL

You're telling me!

Drawings by GROPPER

"Communism in U. S. Called Too Abstract"

So says the sob-sister editor of a woman's page. But Sobby had to admit that "the Communist attitude toward equality of the sexes is one of the most splendid achievements of the century. To have replaced the half-hearted, hypocritical mouthings about women's right to be a human being by an actual application of the doctrine is something for which the comrades should pat one another on the back."

Sobby got in another inning trying to claim that "Women Elsewhere Get Soviet 'Freedom.'"

"There is discrimination in wages against the woman worker in America, but she can work and support herself in independence if she wishes." (What about the millions who can't find jobs?)

"Russia's All Right. Her Women Get A Real Break."

That's the way Mrs. Edith How-Martyn puts it. She's a British fighter for women's rights and for birth control.

The Soviet government has accomplished "more than perhaps any other government in the world for the betterment of women and children," preacher George T. Stewart tells the Women's National Republican Club. The Soviet day nurseries are "models of efficiency" and the Museum for Women at Moscow is "an example for the world," he says.

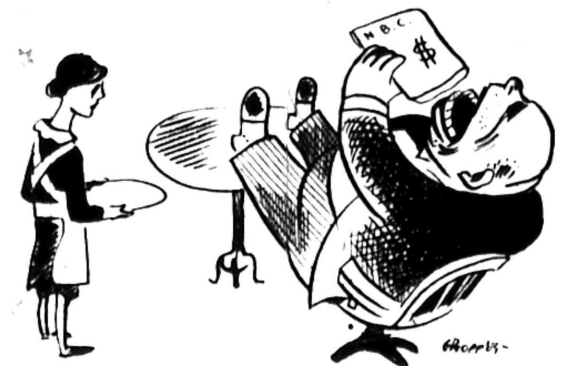
The Soviet Union is the only country in the world which approaches the ideal in equality for men and women, secretary Fanny Bunand-Sevastos of the Inter-American Commission of Women says.

And there are lots of others talking the same way these days. Folks who don't want to be friendly to Communism but who are forced to admit its achievements.

Join in Fight for Freedom

International Woman's Day is the pledge of world Communism to the women of all countries that some day all who work will be free from the chains of class and domestic oppression.

But working women everywhere must join hands and work for this freedom. Fascists around the world would like to follow Hitler's German effort to force women back into the slavery of "kitchen, church and children."



"National Biscuit Nets \$2.11 a Share."
"Endicott Johnson Increases Income."
"Arlington Mills Made \$800,000 Net Profits Last Year."
"Cannon Mills Pays Extra Dividend."

We thought this was the fifth year of depression. Whose depression is it?

Well, you women who pack the cookies, how'd your bosses squeeze \$14,995,304 profit out of you? You stitchers on shoes, how'd your bosses bleed \$2,154,941 out of you? You spinners and weavers, North and South, in wool, cotton, silk and rayon, how'd your bosses extract those dividends from you?

"Women Cooks Make Success of an Adamless Hotel Kitchen."

"I hate warmed-over food," said Miss Field. Yes, she's the hotel kitchen boss. So, "Nothing is used the next day" for the guests. "If through bad judgment there are leftovers, they are prepared in some palatable way for the cooks to eat."

We knew it. We've eaten that kind of leftovers, too, until we got our sister food workers to strike against the game. You don't have to eat two-day-old hash and wilted salads, girls.

"Chinese Silk Workers Win Wage Strike."

Women workers in the Chapei and Hongkew districts of Shanghai won two strikes, one to restore wages to 58c a day and the other to cut off an hour's extra work the bosses added in 1932.

If the Chinese girls can do it, why not you?

We've been telling you. Now you tell us awhile. And this goes for all working women, on jobs or jobless, if you read this page. Make it a real



WE ORGANIZE The FIGHT

BY
OUR
READERS

HOW WOMEN ACT IN STRIKES By Goldie Larks

Many times I have been asked: "How do women act in strikes?" This is my experience with the women in the Sopkin's Apron Factory Strike, in Chicago.

Working Conditions

A few months ago 1500 women, mostly Negro, ranging in age from 14 to 60, struck against the starvation wages of \$3.00 and \$4.00 a week. The women worked long hours in dirty sweatshops swept only once a week. On sweltering July days girls would often faint and laid on filthy floors to revive. There was no rest room; only a leaky toilet. The drinking water trickled out of a faucet over a sink that was constantly overflowing. The boss shouted and cursed at the workers as if they were dogs. Finally the workers organized themselves, to fight against such conditions, into the Needle Trades Workers Industrial Union and came out on strike.

Will Women Strike

The girls were afraid that the women would not hold out on strike long; that they would soon go back to work. They soon found they were mistaken. The first shop on strike elected a committee to visit other shops.

These committees were greeted with cheers and all of the shops came out on strike. Many of the girls were sent to hospitals by the thugs, but came out only to go back to the picket lines. During the entire strike not one worker went back to work. In spite of constant attacks on the picket line by the police the strikers held solidly.

BOOSTERS OF THE "WORKING WOMAN"

From Los Angeles, California

M. Goldstein, secretary of the Los Angeles Women's Council, wrote the following:

"Enclosed please find \$4. for November issues of THE WORKING WOMAN, also \$20., a donation to THE WORKING WOMAN from the Workers' Press Bazaar of Los Angeles, which was held December 29, 30 and 31st.

"The Press Conference, realizing the difficulties of our magazine, decided to give 2% of the net profit to THE WORKING WOMAN. We, the Women's Council, have actively participated in making this Bazaar a success, and were therefore granted the privilege of sending the money to you.

"We hope this small sum will help you to go on with THE WORKING WOMAN. . . ."

From Detroit, Michigan

Comrade Rose Billups write: "Our affair was quite a success; financially not so bad. Morally, it was great! The Working Woman had a great deal of publicity. . . . We are enclosing \$25.00."

From Cleveland, Ohio

"I gave a luncheon for the benefit of The Working Woman and invited women who still believe a woman's place is in the kitchen and who enjoy playing bridge.

"Then I put the crowd to a test as to whether or not they would listen to a comrade speak. Believe it or not, they were so inspired by the lecture that when the appeal for a collection was made they willingly responded, giving altogether \$4.00; and two women subscribed to The Working Woman.

I hope that many comrades will get busy and make such experiments. "BERTHA EPSTEIN."

From Minnesota

Comrade Lydia Kangas, a farm woman of Sebelia, Minn., writes the following:

"We had a subscription drive for working class papers in English and Finnish. We had a party for The Working Woman and got 9 subscriptions.

'CLARA' BECOMES ONE OF US

By F. Ray

When I first saw her dark pale face and slim body, I was sure that Clara Adams was one of us— I was eager to get acquainted with her.

One day we both witnessed an eviction. I said to her: "We must organize" and she answered: "Yes, I have just come from a demonstration of the unemployed." These were the first words of our acquaintance.

A short time later, I was a delegate to the Tom Mooney Conference. I met my neighbor. She was representing the block committee where we lived. We were happy to find out that we were more than neighbors; that we were comrades.

Three Years Out of Job

Clara is very poor, her husband has been unemployed for three years. She and her two children are undernourished. She looks for work every day, but cannot find any. When she looks for work, she leaves her two children alone, and when she comes back, she finds them hungry and still more pale. She went to the Home Relief for help. But they were in no hurry to help. They have to suck out the blood from the workers first before they give the food tickets. Clara could not pay her rent, and received a dispossession notice. When she heard of the Unemployed Council she went there and met many in the same situation as her own family. They all went to the Home Relief together, and Clara was spokesman. She demanded food and rent checks not only for herself, but also for the others. She told them that if they did not give relief to these workers she would bring many, many more workers with her.

Then it did not take long to get results after this threat and Clara received a rent check and a food ticket. She knew that she got it so quickly because she had the organized, fighting workers to support her in her demands.

Subscribe to
THE WORKING WOMAN

LETTERS FROM READERS

Readers—Send stories of your problems—in shops, home, on farm. We will print them

ROOSEVELT'S NEW DEAL

"Helen Semieniuk, a member of the Working Women's Organization of Hamtramck, Michigan, suffering from a diseased gall-bladder, died in the Detroit Receiving Hospital on Tuesday, September 29, 1933.

Mrs. Semieniuk and her family were getting food from the relief station but she was unable to receive the needed foods and gradually she grew weaker and weaker. The Welfare Department told Mrs. Semieniuk she should be operated on but continually postponed it; instead they gave her laxatives and pills. Only when she was in such a weakened condition that she could not stand the shock, was she operated on, and she was denied the proper attention which is so necessary in such an illness. This is what happens to the unemployed under the Roosevelt unemployment relief program.

We Lose a Staunch Fighter

The working class of Hamtramck feel deeply the loss of our local friend. At the mass funeral, 3,000 workers viewed the body as it lay in state in Yemans Hall. Comrade Mary Kristalgy, speaking in the name of the Working Women's Organization of Hamtramck, called upon the working women to fill the place left by Mrs. Semieniuk. Five working women joined immediately and all pledged to carry on the struggles against Roosevelt's Slavery Act which means starvation and more misery for the workers.

The workers of Hamtramck place the full responsibility for the death of Comrade Semieniuk on the welfare department and the hospital authorities, which carry out the orders of the capitalist class, starving and murdering workers.

Friends, let us close our ranks. Let us prepare for future and bigger battles of the working class against the capitalist system of starvation by forming a united front.

Forward till we win the final victory of the working class.

BERNICE RUFFINI,
Secretary, Working Women's Organization.
Hamtramck, Mich.

LOW WAGES THROWS WOMEN ON STREETS

By N. R.

Prostitution, the oldest of professions, oldest because it is bred of poverty and ignorance, is the only means for women by which a great number of them can get food and shelter.

Factory workers, waitresses, beauty operators and many other types of women are working for wages which are unbelievably small.

This condition of low wages has received considerable publicity of late in local papers, but publicity is withheld on the manner in which women are forced to earn additional money in order to live—in other words their sideline.

The average girl and woman is helpless in this present period of pitiless conditions. If she is working, her daily wage would not pay for a rich man's cigar. She cannot get aid from charity or the county because she is working. She must have food, shelter and various other necessities if she is to hold a job for any kind. Her earnings will buy her food or it will buy her shelter. It is seldom enough to pay for both. She must get more than her pay envelope will buy through some other source. That source is either living with some man for the shelter of his room or apartment, playing the streets for what she can pick up, or becoming a professional party girl.

The modern moving pictures make heroines out of harlots just as it makes heroes of gangsters. The popular light fiction novels and magazine stories do the same thing.

Latest reports admitted by government officials estimate that there are between three and four hundred thousand girl "tramps" in the country—in our "country of opportunity and achievement."

"The Greeks had a word for them." What word will historians of the future have for the condition of society which forces women to live such lives in order to keep from starving?

N. R., Los Angeles, Cal.

SOCIALIST'S WIFE RUNS SWEAT- SHOP TEAROOM

Isn't it wonderful to be the wife of a leading Socialist?

Mrs. Norman Thomas owns a grand estate at Cold Spring Harbor, Long Island, and a sweatshop tearoom in New York City from which she fired two waitresses who wouldn't lick her slippers for \$2.00 a week.

Mrs. Jonah Goldstein, whose husband is a city judge and a Socialist, "collects old homes as an avocation."

We working women have a devil-of-a-time trying to pay rent on some box home and don't rise to the elegance of owning even one estate. But we know how you get that way, Mrs. Thomas and Mrs. Goldstein. Some day you won't.

E. L.

Page 13



WHAT IT MEANS TO

WOMEN

By Our Readers

HIGH SCHOOL GIRLS SLAVE FOR 4 1/2 CENTS AN HOUR

By A. LERNER

A reporter of the Cleveland Plain Dealer (Cleveland, Ohio), a capitalist paper, tells us in a humorous tone that the poor domestic girls slaving for the rich want to organize a union. It is understood that he had to make a "story," as the papers call it, to write so as to please the bosses, but the facts he gives in the story are in no sense funny. Quite the contrary. They show up the entire rotting, existing society of slavery and degradation.

Girls Tell of Misery

At a meeting of domestic workers, one of the girls told how she had been hired by a rich woman to do housework for a few dollars a week. When she gets through with her housework she has to wash the automobiles. Her employer and his wife each has a separate auto. (For the rich one automobile is not enough.) But this is not enough. It would not be so bad, if in addition there was not the dog that has to be bathed frequently and taken care of (for the rich are very kind to dogs.)

Another girl told that she is working for an employer whose income is \$10,000 a year. She is forced to do the housework for 4 1/2c an hour. When there are guests she is forced to work a few hours in addition ("overtime") without any pay. She has to wait on the guests, and help them on with their coats and rubbers when they go home. Such and similar tragic cases were to be found by many who attended the meeting.

Who Are These Girls?

Mr. Feasley, the principal of the East Side High School, made public some facts and figures about two months ago which tell about these girls who are now doing housework. He tells us that from June 1932 to June 1933, 5,000 girls were graduated from the Cleveland High School, and that an additional 3,000 have been forced to drop school and look for work because their parents are unemployed and cannot support their children. Out of these 8,000 girls, 27% or 2,000, have secured jobs as domestic servants.

Over 2,000 girls from the ages of 16-19 who have graduated or attended high schools, many with specific preparation of a particular type, nod find themselves "lucky" that they have found work as domestic servants in the homes of the rich with wages of \$3 or \$4 a week. The other 6,000 girls have now become recruits in the army of the unemployed.

This report of Mr. Feasley gives a clear picture of the future for the American youth under the existing capitalist system.

FIRE WOMEN—HIRE MEN— INCREASE SPEED

The speed-up is increased from 25% to 40% in Department 25, Briggs Highland Park Plant. They laid off the women who used to get 35c to 37c an hour in the press room, and put men in, paying 43c to 46c an hour. But these men are forced to turn out 25% to 40% more on the job than before. At the same time the speed-up is so terrific that the men are forced to start work 15 minutes ahead of time in order to catch up on their work so the foreman will not ride them. The foreman is a regular slave driver. All he does is come along after the checkers and timers every hour and if we fall behind the boss raises hell. The husbands of women who were laid off are re-hired provided they are physically fit and look as though they could be pushed ahead all day.

The only way to prevent lay-offs, speed-ups, and living a life of fear as to what tomorrow will bring, is to organize grievance committees in the shops.

Join the Auto Workers' Union!

Join the Women's Auxiliaries!

Join the Working Women's Councils!

Under the leadership of the Trade Union Unity League.
—R. B., Detroit.

DON'T LIVE—JUST EXIST

A girl asking for a job in the Book Cadillac Hotel, Detroit, must have, to have the privilege to work:

Nice physique, your picture taken, history of your life, \$25.00 bond, a pair of shoes for \$12.50, and then you have to work one month for nothing. For this you receive \$3.00 a week, work eight hours a day, seven days a week with no extra pay for longer hours. Each day you must give an extra hour in the grill room with no pay. Food is given to us from that left on the table. No Negro girl can get a job as waitress. I asked one of the girls, "How do you make a living," she said, "I do not live, but exist. I'm married. My husband is sick. I'm pregnant, and must work under these conditions. As soon as my figure gets stouter I'll get fired. I'll not be fit to wait on the tables. Then I don't know."

Use "WORKING WOMAN" in Struggle

We realize now the importance of having the WORKING WOMAN popularized and circulated among the food workers especially the women. Let's help this paper become one of our own, which fights in the interests of the workers, not the bosses. Let us try to make a better world to live in. Wipe out the insecurity and misery of life. Negro and white, let's organize and fight. Let's join the Industrial Food Workers Union under the leadership of the TUUL. We can see the spark of light which is pointing to a smoother and better road of life. On with the fight. Victory is ours.
R. B.

By DR. LONE

Adequate Compensation?

Case 1 Heart

Woman, C.J. Restaurant kitchen worker.

"Doctor, I think my heart became weak after my accident a year ago. You see this stump of my left middle-finger? Well, my hand got caught in the grinder and it took the men two hours to extricate me from there. For two hours I suffered incessant agony. I had to sit and look on and stay there like an animal in a trap. At first I screamed, then I kept quiet. I was cold and hot. One minute I was perspiring, the next minute I shivered. My insides felt dry. Something in me was ringing. I did not see clearly.

"I could have pulled my hand out. I might have found strength and courage to do that. But I would have lost all my fingers — except the thumb, which was safely outside. You see I lost only one, thank God, and the other fingers are only crooked. Wasn't I lucky? And I can still work! I must. I have a child."

"Do you thank God for that?"

"Oh, Doctor, I suppose I am stupid."

"But how did you remove your hand at last?"

"They had to break the grinder. It was a big machine. They could not take it apart. Impossible. And it took two hours to break it and reach that part where my hand was. But I didn't faint during all this ordeal."

"You were brave. And how were you rewarded for that?"

"As you see. I got this here heart sickness."

Taking Advantage

Case B—Malnourished.

"You seem to be tired, more so than last week. I think I shouldn't give you a treatment today?"

"Yes, Doctor, I am tired. I worked in a new office today. That's what I've been doing every day for the last few days—all in the hope of finding a job. But I found out the trick of these small bosses and I'll not let them fool me anymore."

"What do you mean?"

"Why, Doctor, they take advantage of the depression and of us

poor steno-girls. They advertize for one girl. Naturally about twenty show up. They take on ten and assign to each one day in which to come and to be "tried out," as they call it. Every day they try out another until their rush work is finished. They pay none of us, giving as a reason that the work wasn't good or that the speed was not enough. So they have the work gratis and they get away with it. I have been deceived that way by five different employers in five successive days and I, like a big fool, hurried as fast as I could."

Plenty of Room

Case 3—Tubercular.

"It ain't as bad as all that. We've got lots of room. My boy he sleeps in the kitchen where it's nice and warm. My husband and me, we sleep in the parlor. And the girl, she sleeps in the bedroom. Of course, the babies, you know, the three young ones, they sleep with us in the parlor. And my mother—you see I have my old mother with me—she's got to sleep in the bedroom with Flora. And then we have the boarders."

"How many?"

"Only two. I got to have 'em or we couldn't pay the rent, with somebody or other out of work all the time."

Where do they sleep?"

"With the boy in the kitchen. The kitchen is the best room, see. Airy 'n all that. The worst place is the bedroom. It's small 'n dark. No window. But quiet—no noise. The girl's got to have it, she bein' in the noise all day long, in he department store."

"Well, how many people are you altogether?"

"Oh gosh, enough!"



The Market

Case 4—Prenatal.

"Oh, Doctor, don't tell me I'm pregnant again! I can't afford to do what I did before! I'm out of work and so is my husband and none of my friends can lend me any money. The crisis made us all broke. And abortion prices have gone up. Its terrible! — What they charge! Pregnancy doctors certainly have a good market and how they take advantage of their position! . . ."

Speed-up

Case 5—Nervous.

"Doctor, I know why I am sick. I'll tell you. Its because of my new job. I press sweaters. There is a special machine for that but you wouldn't understand it. Well, I used to make 100 sweaters a day and I thought that was good. But the shop closed. Lately I found a job in another place and on the first day I made 107 sweaters. I thought that was very good and I would be praised. But my new boss made fun of me. "240 a day you ought to make," he said. Well I tried but I didn't succeed. I hurried so much I worked so hard. Now here I am, sick."

Editor's note:

Such is the lot of the American working woman on her job—she has no protection against illness or injury. Such compensation insurance as there is from the bosses and insurance companies hardly covers doctors' bills. Women in shops, factories and mills must carry on a real fight for real compensation for loss of time and injuries received through work. Social insurance is a burning problem for all workers. Women must carry on struggles in factories and shops for these demands.

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