

THE WORKING WOMAN

JULY, 1934

5¢

A BOY
WENT TO
WAR
A Story

CHALLENGE—
WIVES, MOTHERS
in the Steel Trust

MEMORIES OF
LARA KEDIN

Schneiderman
of the N. F. A.



*Women Workers Picket New York German
Consulate for the Freedom of
Ernst Thaelmann*

emonstrate Against
War and Fascism
August First!

Forward March Against War and Fascism

Organize Women's Committees in Factories and Neighborhoods

By MARGARET COWL

Five Billion Dollars! That is what the capitalist nations of the world are spending each year for war preparations. The United States share of this for 1933-34 is about \$2,000,000,000.

What insanity. Billions for war to seek a release, a market abroad for the accumulated products rotting in the store-houses, while millions at home have barely food to keep body and soul together.

Capitalism has condemned millions of workers to starvation. It has dragged the middle class, the intellectuals, office workers, students, world war veterans and farmers into want and misery. Now it tries to lead all these masses into a fresh world slaughter, telling them that this is a means of escape. It incites them by every means to national hatred of other nations. The War Department at Washington plans to select a woman director for the Bureau of Women and Minors in Industry, who shall be "a woman essentially patriotic and not inter-nationalistic." It means that this woman must not be sympathetic with the international spirit of solidarity of the working class. Anti-semitism, race hatred, anti-Soviet calumny, are all means used by the capitalist class to serve the ends of fascism.

This is how capitalism is trying to crawl out of the present world crisis at the expense of the masses.

How different are things in the Soviet Union. The Soviet Union, the land where the workers rule, not only does not look for markets abroad, but has offered to buy a billion dollars worth of products from capitalist countries. The brain of the worker in the Soviet Union is not haunted by thoughts of the horrible tomorrow. Because there is no unemployment there. All have work. Daily, new factories are being opened. The right to life,

liberty and happiness is actually being put into practice in the Soviet Union.

This contrast between two worlds, the decaying capitalist world which can offer only the slaughter of new tens of millions as a way out, and the socialist world, the Leninist way, where full freedom for women with men prevails, where happiness and full democracy reign for all who work.

That is why Japanese imperialism stands at the borders of the Soviet Union ready to spring. That is why international finance capital has long ago declared its agreement to Hitler's offer for the crusade against the socialist Soviets.

The imperialist threat of war against the Soviets is not only a business affair, bringing in new millions to the armament industries of the West, it is at the same time, a part of the struggle for existence of capitalism against socialism.

While only a small minority still realize the class nature of imperi-



alist war, however, additional millions are demanding an answer to the question, "who will profit by this war?"

Women are realizing more than ever before, that this coming war will be fought largely in the air; that not only those at the front will be slaughtered but that they with their children at home will not be safe from attack by gas. That they will be conscripted to replace the men workers who will be taken to

the front at wages lower than those of men workers.

No wonder that the movement to elect delegates to the Women's World Congress Against War and Fascism to take place in Paris July 28, 29, 30, is receiving good response also in the United States from women in all walks of life.

For the first time, women's committees against war and fascism are being set up in factories and in neighborhoods. Only a few committees have been set up so far in the factories, while others are in the process of being organized. Nevertheless, this is very encouraging because these committees are being organized in the factories where the struggle against war and fascism is most effective, where it is linked up with the struggle for better living conditions for the women workers.

This movement of the women in the U. S. A. against war and fascism includes the demand and actions to free Ernst Thaelmann and all anti-fascists in Germany. Women picket lines are organized near German consulates for this purpose.

Large sections of women must be mobilized to participate in the August First parades and demonstrations with their own banners. The campaign for war appropriations to the unemployed, for free milk for working class babies; against the manufacture of war materials; support for the prevention of the shipment of ammunition; agitation against the spirit of chauvinism; for class solidarity with the Negro masses, for equal pay for equal work; the defense of the Soviet Union and the right to strike, picket and organize, must be broadened out.

Organize women's committees against war and fascism everywhere — in the factories, in the neighborhoods, in the schools.

Our Cause Is *His*—His Cause Is *Ours*

(A chapter from the pamphlet "Do You Know Thaelmann?" by Henri Barbusse)

Thaelmann is the head and heart of the German proletariat. Thaelmann is the man of the German proletariat. The German worker has a right to Thaelmann. But so have the class-conscious workers of any other country — the brother of the German worker just as much as another German worker. The life of this man is sacred to all. It is exposed to the most frightful danger.

The workers of the whole world fought vigorously for Dimitroff, for Taneff, for Popoff, for Torgler; and the first three are already saved.

But the danger which threatens Thaelmann is greater. He is not accused of some melodramatic grotesque outrage. In his case there is nothing of the Reichstag trial, or of anything else of that sort. His head is wanted because it is the head of the German Communist Party. He is accused of that directly, and that is called his crime. He is officially condemned I have said. That does not mean that he will be convicted. His life depends on the world proletariat, which must seize it, which must win it as a victory. The people of the world are strong enough to gain victory.

At the Bullier Hall, Thaelmann said to the Parisian workers: "Our cause is your cause." It is true. It is true of the final victory. Our cause is his, his cause is ours. The solidarity of the workers makes all this one tragic whole.

Ernst Thaelmann threw himself eagerly and with all his force into

the defense of all the victims, of all the martyrs of the workers' cause. He defended the men of the Russian Revolution at the moment when the imperialists surrounding them tried to kill them and their work. He defended the Rueggs, handed over to reactionary China by England; he aroused feeling for Sacco and also for the Scottsboro boys — (W. W.); he roused the wrath of the workers against the assassin of Matteotti and the torturer of Gramsci; he revealed and delivered to the hatred of the masses Pilsudski and Horthy, procurers of the gallows and the torture chambers; and Tsankoff, who massacred 20,000 Bulgarians and plotted the destruction of the Cathedral of Sofia behind the scenes. And if he were not buried alive today, his strong voice would be raised against the fascist murderers of Vienna—and also against those of Paris.

(The most brilliant speech on the way out of poverty and misery for the masses of the women of the world was made by Ernst Thaelmann at the 12th Plenum of the Communist International.—W. W.)

In behalf of the pure Communist Ernst Thaelmann, of the German anti-fascist which is part of him and which has not surrendered, I appeal not only to the Communists, but to all workers, without regard to opinions and tendencies. In behalf of the emancipator of the exploited and the oppressed, I appeal to all the exploited and all the oppressed. To the youth who will some day profit by his work. And may the social-democratic workers help to save him—they whom he would have saved if they had listened to him.

ACT NOW TO

FREE

THAELMANN

Demand the freedom of the

women anti-fascists

FRAU BEIMLER

FRAU STEINFURTH

All you who toil in the hope of a just society, arise!

This moment is very grave and very solemn. The supreme challenge is thrown to you.

Know how to act. Know how to cry out, "NO!" And know how to live that cry! Be worthy of our causes. Thaelmann must be freed!

What to Do to Save Thaelmann

Act yourself. Get your organization to act. Get groups of individuals to act. Elect a committee at meetings to visit the German Consulate. Send protest cablegrams to President Hindenburg, Berlin, Germany.

Telephone the German Consulate demanding the safe release of Ernst Thaelmann. Write a letter to Thaelmann, Untersuchungs Ge-

faengnis, Moabit, Berlin, Germany. Demand public trials for Thaelmann and all anti-fascist prisoners.

Demand that Thaelmann and all prisoners be allowed attorneys of their own choosing, and physicians to look after their health.

Organize special women's pickets at the German consulates.

Spread wide the new pamphlet, "Women Under Hitler," selling at three cents.

Collect a
Million
Signatures
TO FREE
ERNST
THAELMANN



THE WORKING WOMAN

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War of the Sexes in the Third Reich

(Letter to the "Deutsche Volks-Zeitung.")

Through my profession I come in contact with many middle class women. In the beginning discussion with them was almost impossible. They were Hitler's most enthusiastic followers. "Yes," they said, "isn't Hitler right?" "When the men have work, we don't need to allow ourselves to be exploited. Fight? No, that isn't womanly. And why fight? When Hitler comes, everything will become good."

They saw Adolf approaching with the horn of plenty filled with his gifts to be distributed plentifully among the women: position in life, equal wage rates, freedom from the clutches of the capitalist exploiters.

Today, the most faithful female follower of Hitler has to recognize how these promises have been realized. Equality of wage rates? The men who have taken the jobs of women, receive the lowest wages women were ever paid. The women who had a higher income were driven out of their positions. The married women do not know how to manage on the shrinking income of their husbands in the face of rising prices. But the government calls on them: Have children, many children!

And the beloved home? The women whose unemployment relief is taken away because they refuse to be shoved off to work on the land at the lowest possible wages, can sing a song about that. So can the

unemployed stenographer who is torn from her family circle, who ruins her last belongings, her dresses, her shoes, working on the farms of the big landowners. It seems as though in this freedom from capitalist exploiters one must work more for less wages.

Girls just out of school and those with diplomas are forced to do unpaid servant girl work for rich citizens and Nazi office holders.

Indicative of the feeling among bourgeois women is the fact that in spite of terror, criticism and disappointment, they already are daring to speak openly.

Thus in a bourgeois women's magazine, "The German Fighter" (Die Deutsche Kaempferin) a questionnaire was circulated among professional women in which the writers quite openly turn against the National Socialist policy in regard to women, and do not hide their disappointment.

As introduction we read:

"Even the young, thoughtful generation of women is beginning already to feel with uneasiness that she has aided and abetted a strange masculine delusion when she, out of great national feeling, raised the active bearers of the freedom of the German people as the unbounded masters of her fate... In the real unbiased opinion of the women, we have made not one step forwards, but many backwards."

Another woman writes still more sharply:

"Even in the special fields of work

still approved for women, they are not allowed to be the leaders. Women's work is now dictated by men's work. In no ministry has a woman a leading position—none in the Foreign Office. Women school principals are being replaced more and more by men... By shutting out woman from all influential, intellectual positions, she is stamped, naturally, as something inferior and unworthy."

One woman doctor complains bitterly:

"One finds oneself suddenly confronted with the necessity of defending something of which we already considered safe possessions. Indeed, one is seized with uneasiness that overhasty hands may tear and destroy that promising future in the world of women, only just won and built up."

The beautiful dream is at an end!

We Are Hungry

In the A.E.G. factory, Berlin, the women workers organized passive resistance and strikes against wage cuts.

In the card box factory, Runge-strasse, 100 women workers were ordered to register not at a labor exchange, but at the factory. The firm ordered the women to work one hour a week free in exchange for the bother to register them at the factory. "Refuse to work" found its echo in every corner of the factory. The announcement was withdrawn within two days.

At the Labor Exchange in Boxhagen Street in Berlin, the women were kept standing on the same spot one day for an hour and a half till they lost their patience. They formed speaking choruses. These choruses grew louder and louder, until all the women began to shout: "We are hungry, we want to be let out, our children are alone at home. Away with the police." The police were compelled to withdraw.

The German women workers are fighting for their liberty with ever greater heroism. The German Communist Party, the Red trade union opposition and the independent class trade unions are the only organizations which organize and lead the counter-offensive against fascism. It is under their leadership that the women workers are carrying on their struggle for the right to live, and for a Soviet Germany.

A Challenge, Wives and Mothers, From the Steel Trust

By PAT TOOHEY

With the steel strike impending the steel trust launched a vigorous counter offensive in all steel districts. The steel bosses did not entirely depend on their "labor" lieutenants being able to sidetrack the strike, but commenced to prepare in the event their lackeys, Green, Tighe & Company, fell down and the workers struck.

One form of this boss offensive was publicity. The other form was active preparations for terrorization and murder of the workers.

The steel trust every day published full page advertisements in the papers of all steel towns. These propaganda appeals were directed to the "wage earners," to the citizens, to the women and to other groups and categories. The purpose of these appeals was to inflame hatred against the workers and to discredit the strike once it occurred. These statements were issued by the steel companies but hidden behind the name of "Committee of One Hundred" the "Committee of One Thousand" and "The Citizens Committee," etc. Other appeals were issued by Chambers of Commerce, by business clubs. These "Citizens Committees" without exception were fascist vigilante groups set up to attack the steel strike.

They asked "Is the district not fortunate to have the steel mills in its midst to distribute large payrolls to its people?" This would make the women laugh. What large payrolls? Where are they? Who receives them? Not the steel workers, for their wages are starvation wages and the wives and mothers know this too well.

"Do you not believe the depression will be back stronger than ever" they ask the women (that is, if the men strike). Well! Since when has the depression left? How different are our conditions now than before the "depression." Worse!

"When did you begin to have more food and necessities in your home?" We didn't begin. We have no food, no necessities, that is why we have to strike to get them.

"We believe every wage earner in this district would rather work than be on welfare" say the steel bosses. But the workers, in the mills are just as bad off as those on welfare

rolls, because their wages are so low and work unsteady.

"Have you seriously considered what a steel strike at this time may mean?" Yes, the workers have considered, men and women. It means a struggle to win higher wages in order to live like human beings should. It means putting an end to the vicious speed up in the plants, doing away with the company terror and its espionage system, it means shorter hours and it means

winning recognition of our union.

The propaganda of the steel trust did not sway the women in the steel districts. They were prepared and willing to join the struggle of their husbands and sons. Only the treachery of the Green, Tighe and Company prevented this. But the strike will come soon. When it comes the wives and mothers of the steel workers will be found on the side of the steel workers, fighting the steel trust.

To the Women of This District

Many of you are wives, mothers, or sisters of our great group of steel workers.

Have you seriously considered what a steel strike at this time may mean?

We believe that you have all suffered due to the depression, and have just begun to enjoy the benefits of steady work.

When did you begin to have more food and other necessities in your home? Only in recent months, since the steel mills have increased their operations.

Is this district not fortunate to have the steel mills in its midst to distribute large payrolls among its people?

Do you not believe that the depression will be back stronger than ever?

We believe every wage earner in this district would rather work than be on welfare.

Who pays the Welfare Bill?

Every person in these United States will eventually pay his or her share. Why increase this already enormous bill?

TRI BORO COMMITTEE
OF ONE HUNDRED

"RED FRONT"

The inhuman exploitation, terror and misery which weighs upon the women workers, strengthens their resistance.

In the Berlin Works of Osram, the women workers are sitting in long rows in front of apparatus filled with gas, over which they fit gas masks. These gas masks are being fitted for gas tightness. For this heavy work which is injurious to health, these women workers receive a wage hardly enabling them to eat their fill at least a few times a week. The women known to belong to the Red trade union opposition are being dismissed. However, the militant women workers cannot be wiped out. Four lavatories were

painted up with slogans like: "Red Front, the German Communist Party lives in spite of everything."

Many workers in the factory rejoiced upon seeing these slogans. All investigations were in vain. The employer had the lavatories repainted but on the day after the slogan "Remain true to the Red Trade Union Opposition" was found painted on the walls of the lavatories. The firm tried to find the writers of these slogans. Three days later hundreds of leaflets found their way into the factory. They came from the conveyor, could be found on all tables, in the lavatories, etc. A number of women workers were arrested. All remained silent, nobody betrayed.

A BOY WENT TO WAR

Story by ROB HALL

In a sunny village of Southern France almost 20 years ago a boy without the sign of a beard on his face kissed his young bride farewell and left for the army. It was a bitter thing, people said, that boys who should still be playing hokey from school or splashing each other down at the creek, should be called to shoulder a musket and go forth to slay other mothers' sons.

But the call had come, and these youngsters had no choice, they thought, but to follow their older brothers, uncles and fathers, into the Hell of the western front. Morange was in love. He said it would give him luck if she were to marry him now, before he went, that it would bring him back safe to her. So they were married, the two of them so young that the mothers standing in the village church watching with tears in their eyes and a dull heavy ache in their hearts.

Morange found himself in a company with lads no older than himself. Their uniforms, made for bigger and older men than they, bulged and stuck out in so comical a fashion that the Sergeant cursed and swore at them, and the young girls laughed at them. They had hardly become accustomed to their heavy equipment, before the order came that they were to be transferred to the front.

Morange wrote a last letter to the girl in the village. "My dear wife," he wrote, feeling that somehow having a wife made him older, made him more able to endure the hardships of this wretched life. "To-

morrow we shall join the 63rd infantry. For days and nights they have fought at St. Mihiel and so many have been killed that only the officers remain alive to form a new regiment. But the new regiment will be made up of us, 'the children' they call us.

"Then we too shall be sent into the front line, they say. To you I can say that I am afraid. These shells roar and whistle and the ground shakes. We see men being brought back in ambulances and on stretchers. They are bloody and dirty, and some of them have no faces. It is horrible. When a specially big shell bursts, it makes me shake, although I try to hide my fear. I shall try to be brave. How I miss you, my sweet, and my mother, and my little brother Paul.

"They tell us the Huns are beasts who torture girls and kill babies. But yesterday we saw German prisoners who were just boys like ourselves. One of them cried when a sergeant kicked him hard in the rump. It made me wonder why we are here. I begin to think this war is not for us, the common people. But they tell us so much. How are we to know?"

The next day, as Morange had heard, the 63rd infantry, its gaping holes filled with "the children," moved into the front line. Nineteen years later, Major Dubost described the battlefield in these words:

"It was a veritable slaughterhouse. Bodies of those killed during the previous days' fighting lay so close together that they touched one another. One could not walk without stepping upon the corpses with black faces and decomposing."

Morange and his companions

sickened at the sight and smell of those ghastly bodies. They shivered in the fog that sifted through the muddy trenches. Then word came that they were to advance.

The rat-a-tat-tat of the enemy machine guns was a fearful heart-

rending sound. But into this hail of bullets, the youngsters were ordered to advance. It was certain death. The officers knew it. The boys knew it.

"Forward!" the order came.

But the boys did not move. The officers swore. They turned their service revolvers on the boys, but the boys did not budge. They stood with nervous, frightened faces, whispering to each other.

The officers went into a confer-

ence. A short time later the boys were ordered to pack up and retire behind the lines.

They knew not where, but silently, like sheep, they obeyed.

In a village a few miles behind the front the boys were called to attention. For their "disobedience," they learned, General L'Etoile had ordered the whole company court-martialed and condemned to death. But the General had been dissuaded from this drastic course provided the lieutenants designate one man from each of the six sections to face the courtmartial.

Lieutenant Meineux, 19 years later, told how the victims were selected. "I could not reproach any one of my men more than the others," he said. "I merely took my notebook and asked a corporal to say a number. He said seventeen. The seventeenth man on my list was Fontenau and I named him."

Another lieutenant refused to designate any boy. But five were named, and one of them was Morange!

At the trial, one of the boys, Coulon, said that he had jumped to the trench step but seeing he was alone, he did not advance. He was acquitted.

Morange looked the generals squarely in the eye. He knew that he faced death, but there was no fear in his heart, only a longing to see the girl he had left in the village—to feel again his mother's work-scarred hands on his head.

"It is always the same with men who are ordered to go forward to death," said Morange to the uniformed, decorated generals. "I am not ashamed. I shall die but I die with knowledge that a week ago I

Pictures by Mary Morrow

did not have. Then I wondered why we, who come from the masses, are here. Today I know. It is to be cannon fodder for your stinking class!"

The four boys were put against a low stone wall and a squad shot them down with rifles. They were thrown into a shell hole and only a few shovels of dirt marked their graves. Into the official record of the army went the words. "Condemned to death and executed for disobedience."

Last week in Paris, before the Superior Court of Military Justice, the facts of how Morange and his comrades met their death became known for the first time. The little widow of Morange, together with the widow of Private Baudry, demanded a trial, a trial which would be too late to save their husbands' lives but which might clear them of the "dishonor" which the war-government had written against them.

The judges have heard the testimony and have postponed the decision for 30 days. But on the streets of Paris, little groups of workers are discussing the brutal murder of four boys just 19 years ago.

"Down with imperialist war!" a worker shouts, and the ancient streets of Paris resound with the cry as thousands of workers take it up.

*Testimony given at hearing before Superior Court of Military Justice at Paris, France, June 1, 1934.

(Reprinted from the Farmers' National Weekly.)



Life a la Ladies Home Journal

7-34
cut

By
SASHA SMALL

—“Entertaining on the terrace is a movable feast—and a delightful one—when your chairs follow the shade and your blooming garden supplies the decoration.”—“The ideal house turns itself inside out for the Summer. From the living room, dining room and kitchen, the family moves out to porch, terrace and garden—to the screened porch for rainy days and evenings when the lights are lit, to the open terrace for eating, entertaining and relaxation, to the turfed and flowered garden for games and play.”

No this is not a brain storm. This is copied word for word from one of the most widely sold women's magazines in the country. The July issue of McCall's. All women have to worry about or think about these days is whether or not the chairs match the garden or the garden matches the table cloth or some such world problem. McCall's is not the only one. The Ladies Home Journal (July) raises some serious problems of the youth—“A smudge on the nose, hair in the eyes are of great helpfulness around a flat tire. It is an all right game to play in the light of day. Summer friendships thrive on it. No school and all play from morning until night... But, girls if you are wise, and if you're going to play with the same boys all Summer, change your tune in the evening. Go glamorous; go mysterious. Blossom out as the sun goes down. And give the lads a jolt.”

And in case you still think this is exaggeration listen to this from a third nationally circulated women's magazine, the Pictorial Review; “Conchita Aguilar returns from school abroad to her magnificent hacienda to find revolution smoldering over Mexico. While being escorted home by her uncle and his friend, Dr. Anuncio, they are captured by bandits. Pascual Ribala, majordomo of the hacienda, is wounded. An American among the bandits takes the part of the victims and kills the bandit leader, freeing the captives.”

The important thing about all this and the stories about boarding

“Men who had forgotten my phone number are calling me again—” (with the aid of Listerine Tooth Paste.)



schools where the brilliant young duchess wins the girls to fine living and fine manners by wearing the most significant Paris gowns and flirting with the board of directors, about the two young sisters who get married and find it hard to adjust their temperaments to feeding the baby instead of tearing around looking at the moon from the tops of mountains every night—is not that they are so much nonsense. It is not even the fact that these stories are completely unreal.

The important thing is the clear, unadulterated propaganda these magazines offer to the women of this country. After all, who reads these magazines. Not Mrs. J. P. Morgan or Mrs. Henry Ford, but the wives of the people who work for these guys. Farmers' wives, office workers' wives, better paid mechanics' wives. The wife of an Ambridge, Pa., steel worker probably doesn't read these magazines. The bent back of a share-cropper's wife nor that of the exhausted Negro laundress does not straighten out to look at these magazines. She doesn't have the ten cents to spend for one thing or the time from trying to bring up six or seven children on starvation wages for another.

These magazines are like fancy brightly colored birthday cakes. They are done up in the most beautiful colors and attractive print. But they are poison underneath. Instead of trying to awaken women to the realities around them, instead of trying to explain these realities to them, these magazines give them



brightly colored illusions and ambitions.

Eating on the terrace! How about the possibilities of losing the whole house that is facing so many families who managed to accumulate enough to buy one, to say nothing about the families who live in fire traps from which they are in daily danger of being evicted.

Not even such a simple thing as an advertisement for chewing gum is not tampered with. Below a picture of a fabulously lovely lady with a headdress that would cost \$5 to secure at a very ritzy beauty parlor we read the following: A Graceful Cheek. Line...depends very much upon chewing. The new, taller hairdress accentuates the inflation contour of a woman's face. No matter which way she turns her head, the rounding and lovely curve of her cheek line dominates the picture. Keep this line from looking old and saggy; chew Double Mint.”

Of course these magazines contain helpful material on the care of babies, many recipes, hints on how to wash clothes, etc. But even these are up in the clouds of prosperity. You can make all these things, give your baby proper care, keep your washing machine in good

(Continued on page 15)

You're Telling Me!

By GRACE HUTCHINS

This time it's a big army general that's telling us frankly all about the uses of women in the next war. Lieutenant Commander Konworthy, a Britisher, comes right out with it in a statement printed in the New Zealand Worker.

Sure a woman can fly an aeroplane and “deal out death and torture from the air” just as well as a man can, he says. The best of the women air-pilots “will be as ruthless and courageous in air fighting as the men.”

“Women drove lorries in the last war, and they did much work behind the lines that had been performed by soldiers in previous campaigns.”

The outspoken general has quite a respect for women's abilities, you see, and he thinks they can be drafted for service in the next imperialist war, just as well as the men. It will only be necessary to spend a little extra money and give the women separate living quarters and wash places at the air stations and even this might not be necessary in war time.

“It may not be generally known,” he says confidentially, “that a serious proposal has been under discussion for some time to enroll women pilots in our own Territorial Air Force” (that is, of Great Britain).

France already has a National Defense Law enrolling the whole population for war service in case of hostilities. Women are able to go to sea and perform many of the seamen's duties on board a man-of-war. There are plenty of women sailors today, especially in the Scandinavian mercantile.

Firing Off Shells

To answer any old-fashioned critics who think women should not be actually drafted for war service, but should only work in the factories and do other jobs behind the lines, Commander Kenworthy goes on:

“And why should we be shocked at the idea of women fighting, killing and being killed? It is no

worse to fire off shells than to make them.

“Women chemists helped to make the gas bombs for the last war; why should they not release them over the teeming centres of population of the supposed enemy country in the next campaign?”

Other critics of the new war policy, to use women as well as men in actual fighting, are afraid that women's nerves might fail; they might get shell-shocked. The Commander answers:

“How many thousands of men's nerves went to pieces in the last war?”

“How many thousands of soldiers, especially the young ones, taking all the fronts together, went stark, staring mad under the horrors of artillery bombardment?”

“How many ex-soldiers and sailors in England, America, Germany, France, Italy, and all the other combatant countries are in lunatic asylums now?”

So, then, having completed his argument for the use of women as well as men in all forms of war service, the big general sums it up:

“In our wars in the future no one will be spared, and we shall try to make their deaths as painful as possible.”

You can quote these sentences from Lieutenant Commander Kenworthy when you pitch in during these next three weeks to raise money for our delegates to the International Women's Congress Against War and Fascism, meeting in Paris, July 28, 29 and 30. We need lots more dollars to send them across.

These fine, active women workers who go as delegates to Paris will lead in the great drive against war and fascism when they return to their own countries after the Congress is over. Elect the best from your district and begin now to plan for the campaign when they come back. We'll show the army generals and the big capitalists behind them how women can work against war and fascism.

Natalia Mikhailova

Natalia Mikhailova is the director of the first machine tractor station in the Soviet Union consisting entirely of women.

did she witness and take part in. She was twice wounded.

Becomes a Political Commissar of the Red Army

Natalia's mother was a cook. Her father was a railway man from the town Veliki Luki. In her childhood she attended a parish school. Later she entered a training school for teachers, where most of the students belonged to the families of either the clergy or nobility. She was expelled from the school for her activities.

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wear, they would cross themselves and call her “the son of the devil.” Only the poorer peasants worked with her.

After a period of work elsewhere, Natalie again came back to Sineretsk. What a difference in the attitude of the people! The success of collectivization and the merciless struggle against the kulaks (rich peasants), have borne fruit. The women now welcome Natalia. A new thirst for knowledge has come over the village. The women have organized the first machine tractor station under Natalia's leadership. They run the tractors themselves. As the tractors increase so do the nurseries, the cooperative stores, the schools, the movies right in the village itself. These women not only run the tractors, but take their place besides the men as elected deputies in the village soviets. They are also chairmen of these soviets.

“Without a good Communist Party organization we would never have achieved these successes,” Natalia will tell you.



A BOY WENT TO WAR



Story by ROB HALL

In a sunny village of Southern France almost 20 years ago a boy without the sign of a beard on his face kissed his young bride farewell and left for the army. It was a bitter thing, people said, that boys who should still be playing hokey from school or splashing each other down at the creek, should be called to shoulder a musket and go forth to slay other mothers' sons.

But the call had come, and these youngsters had no choice. They thought, but to follow their older brothers, uncles and fathers, into the Hell of the western front. Morange was in love. He said it would give him luck if she were to marry him now, before he went, that it would bring him back safe to her. So they were married, the two of them so young that the mothers standing in the village church watching with tears in their eyes and a dull heavy ache in their hearts.

Morange found himself in a company with lads no older than himself. Their uniforms, made for bigger and older men than they, bulged and stuck out in so comical a fashion that the Sergeant cursed and swore at them, and the young girls laughed at them. They had hardly become accustomed to their heavy equipment, before the order came that they were to be transferred to the front.

Morange wrote a last letter to the girl in the village. "My dear wife," he wrote, feeling that somehow having a wife made him older, made him more able to endure the hardships of this wretched life. "To-

morrow we shall join the 63rd infantry. For days and nights they have fought at St. Mihiel and so many have been killed that only the officers remain alive to form a new regiment. But the new regiment will be made up of us, 'the children' they call us.

"Then we too shall be sent into the front line, they say. To you I can say that I am afraid. These shells roar and whistle and the ground shakes. We see men being brought back in ambulances and on stretchers. They are bloody and dirty, and some of them have no faces. It is horrible. When a specially big shell bursts, it makes me shake, although I try to hide my fear. I shall try to be brave. How I miss you, my sweet, and my mother, and my little brother Paul.

"They tell us the Huns are beasts who torture girls and kill babies. But yesterday we saw German prisoners who were just boys like ourselves. One of them cried when a sergeant kicked him hard in the rump. It made me wonder why we are here. I begin to think this war is not for us, the common people. But they tell us so much. How are we to know?"

The next day, as Morange had heard, the 63rd infantry, its gaping holes filled with "the children," moved into the front line. Nineteen years later, Major Dubost described the battlefield in these words:

"It was a veritable slaughterhouse. Bodies of those killed during the previous days' fighting lay so close together that they touched one another. One could not walk without stepping upon the corpses with black faces and decomposing."

Morange and his companions

sickened at the sight and smell of those ghastly bodies. They shivered in the fog that sifted through the muddy trenches. Then word came that they were to advance.

The rat-a-tat-tat of the enemy machine guns was a fearful heart-

rending sound. But into this hail of bullets, the youngsters were ordered to advance. It was certain death. The officers knew it. The boys knew it.

"Forward!" the order came.

But the boys did not move. The officers swore. They turned their service revolvers on the boys, but the boys did not budge. They stood with nervous, frightened faces, whispering to each other.

The officers went into a confer-

ence. A short time later the boys were ordered to pack up and retire behind the lines.

They knew not where, but silently, like sheep, they obeyed.

In a village a few miles behind the front the boys were called to attention. For their "disobedience," they learned, General L'Etoile had ordered the whole company court-martialed and condemned to death. But the General had been dissuaded from this drastic course provided the lieutenants designate one man from each of the six sections to face the courtmartial.

Lieutenant Meineux, 19 years later, told how the victims were selected. "I could not reproach any one of my men more than the others," he said. "I merely took my notebook and asked a corporal to say a number. He said seventeen. The seventeenth man on my list was Fontenau and I named him."

Another lieutenant refused to designate any boy. But five were named, and one of them was Morange!

At the trial, one of the boys, Coulon, said that he had jumped to the trench step but seeing he was alone, he did not advance. He was acquitted.

Morange looked the generals squarely in the eye. He knew that he faced death, but there was no fear in his heart, only a longing to see the girl he had left in the village—to feel again his mother's work-scarred hands on his head.

"It is always the same with men who are ordered to go forward to death," said Morange to the uniformed, decorated generals. "I am not ashamed. I shall die but I die with knowledge that a week ago I

Pictures by Mary Morrow

did not have. Then I wondered why we, who come from the masses, are here. Today I know. It is to be cannon fodder for your stinking class!"

The four boys were put against a low stone wall and a squad shot them down with rifles. They were thrown into a shell hole and only a few shovels of dirt marked their graves. Into the official record of the army went the words. "Condemned to death and executed for disobedience."

Last week in Paris, before the Superior Court of Military Justice, the facts of how Morange and his comrades met their death became known for the first time. The little widow of Morange, together with the widow of Private Baudry, demanded a trial, a trial which would be too late to save their husbands' lives but which might clear them of the "dishonor" which the war-government had written against them.

The judges have heard the testimony and have postponed the decision for 30 days. But on the streets of Paris, little groups of workers are discussing the brutal murder of four boys just 19 years ago.

"Down with imperialist war!" a worker shouts, and the ancient streets of Paris resound with the cry as thousands of workers take it up.

*Testimony given at hearing before Superior Court of Military Justice at Paris, France, June 1, 1934.

(Reprinted from the Farmers' National Weekly.)



Life a la Ladies Home Journal

7-34
cut

By
SASHA SMALL

—“Entertaining on the terrace is a movable feast—and a delightful one—when your chairs follow the shade and your blooming garden supplies the decoration.”—“The ideal house turns itself inside out for the Summer. From the living room, dining room and kitchen, the family moves out to porch, terrace and garden—to the screened porch for rainy days and evenings when the lights are lit, to the open terrace for eating, entertaining and relaxation, to the turf and flowered garden for games and play.”

No this is not a brain storm. This is copied word for word from one of the most widely sold women's magazines in the country. The July issue of McCall's. All women have to worry about or think about these days is whether or not the chairs match the garden or the garden matches the table cloth or some such world problem. McCall's is not the only one. The Ladies Home Journal (July) raises some serious problems of the youth—“A smudge on the nose, hair in the eyes are of great helplessness around a flat tire. It is an all right game to play in the light of day. Summer friendships thrive on it. No school and all play from morning until night... But, girls if you are wise, and if you're going to play with the same boys all Summer, change your tune in the evening. Go glamorous; go mysterious. Blossom out as the sun goes down. And give the lads a jolt.”

And in case you still think this is exaggeration listen to this from a third nationally circulated women's magazine, the Pictorial Review; “Conchita Aguilar returns from school abroad to her magnificent hacienda to find revolution smoldering over Mexico. While being escorted home by her uncle and his friend, Dr. Anuncio, they are captured by bandits. Pascual Ribala, majordomo of the hacienda, is wounded. An American among the bandits takes the part of the victims and kills the bandit leader, freeing the captives.”

The important thing about all this and the stories about boarding

“Men who had forgotten my phone number are calling me again—” (with the aid of Listerine Tooth Paste.)



schools where the brilliant young duchess wins the girls to fine living and fine manners by wearing the most significant Paris gowns and flirting with the board of directors, about the two young sisters who get married and find it hard to adjust their temperaments to feeding the baby instead of tearing around looking at the moon from the tops of mountains every night—is not that they are so much nonsense. It is not even the fact that these stories are completely unreal.

The important thing is the clear, unadulterated propaganda these magazines offer to the women of this country. After all, who reads these magazines. Not Mrs. J. P. Morgan or Mrs. Henry Ford, but the wives of the people who work for these guys. Farmers' wives, office workers' wives, better paid mechanics' wives. The wife of an Ambridge, Pa., steel worker probably doesn't read these magazines. The bent back of a share-cropper's wife nor that of the exhausted Negro laundress does not straighten out to look at these magazines. She doesn't have the ten cents to spend for one thing or the time from trying to bring up six or seven children on starvation wages for another.

These magazines are like fancy brightly colored birthday cakes. They are done up in the most beautiful colors and attractive print. But they are poison underneath. Instead of trying to awaken women to the realities around them, instead of trying to explain these realities to them, these magazines give them



brightly colored illusions and ambitions.

Eating on the terrace! How about the possibilities of losing the whole house that is facing so many families who managed to accumulate enough to buy one, to say nothing about the families who live in fire traps from which they are in daily danger of being evicted.

Not even such a simple thing as an advertisement for chewing gum is not tampered with. Below a picture of a fabulously lovely lady with a headdress that would cost \$5 to secure at a very ritzy beauty parlor we read the following: A Graceful Cheek. Line... depends very much upon chewing. The new, taller hairdress accentuates the inflation contour of a woman's face. No matter which way she turns her head, the rounding and lovely curve of her cheek line dominates the picture. Keep this line from looking old and saggy; chew Double Mint.”

Of course these magazines contain helpful material on the care of babies, many recipes, hints on how to wash clothes, etc. But even these are up in the clouds of prosperity. You can make all these things, give your baby proper care, keep your washing machine in good

(Continued on page 15)

You're Telling Me!

By GRACE HUTCHINS

This time it's a big army general that's telling us frankly all about the uses of women in the next war. Lieutenant Commander Kenworthy, a Britisher, comes right out with it in a statement printed in the New Zealand Worker.

Sure a woman can fly an aeroplane and “deal out death and torture from the air” just as well as a man can, he says. The best of the women air-pilots “will be as ruthless and courageous in air fighting as the men.”

“Women drove lorries in the last war, and they did much work behind the lines that had been performed by soldiers in previous campaigns.”

The outspoken general has quite a respect for women's abilities, you see, and he thinks they can be drafted for service in the next imperialist war, just as well as the men. It will only be necessary to spend a little extra money and give the women separate living quarters and wash places at the air stations and even this might not be necessary in war time.

“It may not be generally known,” he says confidentially, “that a serious proposal has been under discussion for some time to enroll women pilots in our own Territorial Air Force” (that is, of Great Britain).

France already has a National Defense Law enrolling the whole population for war service in case of hostilities. Women are able to go to sea and perform many of the seamen's duties on board a man-of-war. There are plenty of women sailors today, especially in the Scandinavian mercantile.

Firing Off Shells

To answer any old-fashioned critics who think women should not be actually drafted for war service, but should only work in the factories and do other jobs behind the lines, Commander Kenworthy goes on:

“And why should we be shocked at the idea of women fighting, killing and being killed? It is no

worse to fire off shells than to make them.

“Women chemists helped to make the gas bombs for the last war; why should they not release them over the teeming centres of population of the supposed enemy country in the next campaign?”

Other critics of the new war policy, to use women as well as men in actual fighting, are afraid that women's nerves might fail; they might get shell-shocked. The Commander answers:

“How many thousands of men's nerves went to pieces in the last war?”

“How many thousands of soldiers, especially the young ones, taking all the fronts together, went stark, staring mad under the horrors of artillery bombardment?”

“How many ex-soldiers and sailors in England, America, Germany, France, Italy, and all the other combatant countries are in lunatic asylums now?”

So, then, having completed his argument for the use of women as well as men in all forms of war service, the big general sums it up:

“In our wars in the future no one will be spared, and we shall try to make their deaths as painful as possible.”

You can quote these sentences from Lieutenant Commander Kenworthy when you pitch in during these next three weeks to raise money for our delegates to the International Women's Congress Against War and Fascism, meeting in Paris, July 28, 29 and 30. We need lots more dollars to send them across.

These fine, active women workers who go as delegates to Paris will lead in the great drive against war and fascism when they return to their own countries after the Congress is over. Elect the best from your district and begin now to plan for the campaign when they come back. We'll show the army generals and the big capitalists behind them how women can work against war and fascism.

Natalia Mikhailova

Natalia Mikhailova is the director of the first machine tractor station in the Soviet Union consisting entirely of women.

Natalia's mother was a cook. Her father was a railway man from the town Veliki Luki. In her childhood she attended a parish school. Later she entered a training school for teachers, where most of the students belonged to the families of either the clergy or nobility. She was expelled from the school for her activities.

She started working as an apprentice at a dressmaker's but as soon as the Civil War broke out she went to the front. She was then 16 years old.

Her baptism of fire took place in Rezhitsa. Then came battles near Minsk, Brest. . . . Many a battle

did she witness and take part in. She was twice wounded.

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wear, they would cross themselves and call her “the son of the devil.” Only the poorer peasants worked with her.

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Mothers, Shall Have

Our Babies Milk?



By DORA RICH

The campaign against the high cost of living initiated by the New York United Council of Workingclass Women, has spread very rapidly to various parts of the city.

In the last 4 years, at a time of a national milk crisis, when millions of workers children had to go without milk, when the consumption of milk had been decreased to about 30 per cent of the ordinary amount consumed, the big milk trusts still made 150 million dollars profit. These millions were made at the expense of the starving workers and farmers children.

The United Council of Workingclass Women, as a workingclass organization, is giving the fullest support and cooperation to this campaign. Some good work has already been done in this campaign. To popularize it, to make it a city-wide movement, thousands of petitions are being circulated thru out the city, demanding lower milk prices and lower prices for all other dairy products. Thousands of signatures have already been collected on these petitions. Besides open air meetings being held daily, two big demonstrations were held in front of the Borden and Scheffeld milk commilk prices. Thru such activities we are gaining increased sympathy on the part of the masses.

We plan to hold demonstrations

in front of the homes of Aldermen, elect delegations to visit Mayor LaGuardia, send a delegation to Albany, to the New York State Milk Control Board.

In Philadelphia

Organizations representing more than 200,000 city workers and farmers have endorsed the Consumers' and Farmers' Milk Conference, held June 23rd. The demands of this conference are:

1. Government purchase of so-called surplus milk direct from the farmers at five cents a quart for free distribution to the unemployed.
2. Retail price of grade B milk to be reduced to 9 cents a quart, with farmers receiving 5 cents a quart.
3. Free milk for undernourished children and unemployed workers.
4. Enactment of the Workers Unemployment Insurance Bill—H. R. 7598. The conference discussed preparations for joint strikes of workers, farmers and consumers against the milk trust.

Mayor LaGuardia promised to do

enough to send the kids out to school, get through with all my work in the house, and come down for



something against the rise in the price of milk. While the farmers received an increase of only 27c for 50 quarts of milk, the milk racketeers were permitted to increase the price 1c per quart. To off-set the growing movement against the mounting milk prices, Mayor LaGuardia conceived of the plan to erect milk stations where the big milk companies can deliver their milk in bulk. Here 50,000 quarts of milk will be sold daily at 8c a quart. But those requiring milk in New York are not less than 1 1-2 millions. This means only to pacify the anger of the masses and to create an illusion that the Mayor is doing something against the rising milk prices. The milk companies can then peacefully squeeze the high prices out of the masses. It means that additional workingclass babies will go without milk during the summer months.

But we the workingclass mothers are in a position to prevent this assault upon our babies, by rallying broad masses of women and all workers organizations to support the movement against high milk prices.

We must demand lowered milk prices; free milk stations for the workers children at the expense of the city government and the profiteers.

the job at 8:30 a.m. I patiently stood in line till 12 o'clock just as the rule calls for. My knees were almost breaking when my chance came. I got an application card with questions which you would have to go to college to answer.

Then the same lady with the sweet smile told me to keep in touch with her until she gave me a job.

Well, to make the story short, I spent about \$2 for carfare "keeping in touch" with her. Finally, I got tired of spending carfare so they promised to let me know by mail when my next would come. Five weeks have passed since then and I am still waiting.

When I was standing in line in the employment bureau I saw so much humiliation there that I thought we women will have to wake up. We will have to put up a big

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Miss Schneiderman of the NRA

By ROSE WORTIS

At the recent convention of the International Ladies' Garment Workers in Chicago, Rose Schneiderman, head of the Women's Trade Union League, and member of the Advisory Board of the N.R.A. was invited to address the convention. In the speech that she delivered before the delegates of the convention, she explained that her selection to the National Labor Board was a sign of recognition on the part of the government of the importance of women and that while sitting on the Advisory Board she has done everything in her power to see that justice is given to working women.

However, in her speech she failed to state just exactly how she fought for the demands of the working women. Since Rose Schneiderman, who occupies such an important post has failed to give concrete facts as to her "fight" in behalf of working women, we want to use this opportunity to show that not only has she failed to put forward a fight for the demands of the working women but that she, just the same as the other labor bureaucrats, while sitting on the National Advisory Board has permitted the adoption of codes in which are included provisions for outright discrimination against working women.

In this article we want to mention but a few instances. Let us take for instance the code of the fur dyers. In this industry where the raw fur skins are prepared, the working conditions are the most hazardous. The workers have to use all sorts of dyes which are very injurious to the health. The trade employs a considerable number of women. But the code passed with the consent of the Advisory Committee provides for lower wages for women workers. This discrimination of women workers is not only working havoc with women, but serves to reduce the standards of the entire trade. In the Hollander shop in Newark, N. J., the biggest fur dyeing shop, the adoption of these lower scales for women has resulted in the discharge of quite a number of men and hiring of women workers in their places. This means that lower wages will be forced upon the men and will result in a cut throat competition between men and women.

In the cloak industry female operators are to receive 10c less an hour than the men. In the Boot and Shoe code the wages of the women are 5 per cent less than those of the men. In the automobile industry women workers receive about 33c as against 40c and 43c an hour for the men. In the candy manufacturing industry the wages of the women vary up to 27½c an hour, as against 40c for men. The bakery icers, wrappers and cleaners who are mainly women, get about 8c an hour less than men workers. In the canning industry, the wages are 20c for women in the South as against 40c for men in the North. We could go on enumerating many others.

Such discrimination against women workers has been embodied in about one quarter of the codes signed by the president. Outside of a formal statement of protest from the National Women's Trade Union League to General Johnson, we have not heard of any real protest or struggle undertaken by Rose Schneiderman during the year that she was on the Advisory Board against this discrimination of working women and no effort on her part to really mobilize the women as well as the men workers to fight against such discrimination. On the contrary, wherever struggles were undertaken by the women workers to fight this discrimination and to win better conditions through struggle, Rose Schneiderman did not find herself on the side of the workers,

Rose Schneiderman was chosen by the Roosevelt administration as a member of the National Advisory Board not because of her militant struggle in behalf of the working women but because Rose Schneiderman just like her colleagues, the men on the Labor Advisory Board, are staunch supporters of the class collaboration policy, because she together with the men officials of the A. F. of L., will be ready to crush every militant struggle of the workers as was the case in the ladies' garment industry where Rose Schneiderman together with the leaders of the Women's Trade Union League have aligned themselves with the officialdom against the militant rank and file. Rose Schneiderman was placed on the Advisory Board because she, like her men colleagues, can be used to mislead the women workers into believing

that they have labor representatives in the government.

The thousands of women workers who are suffering under discriminatory codes must expose the role played by Rose Schneiderman. The women workers must organize in the shops and in the trade unions to fight against the lower wages and together with the men workers carry on a militant struggle for equal wages and other conditions, and through this joint struggle force the bosses to grant better conditions to all workers.

The unorganized working women cannot depend on the leadership of the Women's Trade Union League or leader like Rose Schneiderman to improve their conditions. It is the task of the militant working women in all industries to intensify the agitation among the unorganized women and to lend them a helping hand toward organizing militant unions that will fight and defend the interests of the working women.

CWA Smiles

(Continued from page 12)

protest against all these rackets that are used against workers in general, and especially against the women. These politicians don't consider us human beings.

One woman about 50 years old was also standing in line waiting for a job. The same sweet lady told her that she ought to be ashamed of herself for trying to get a job saying, "a woman of your age should retire already and leave place for the young ones."

The old woman answered: "I would like to retire, but even if I am 50 years old I have to eat." Then the sweet lady put her through a cross-examination, until she pumped out the fact that there are eight in the family and only one boy got a C.W.A. job for \$18.

"Well, are you not satisfied," the sweet lady asked. But the poor working woman explained that by the time she pays rent, gas, coal, and electric bills, and buys shoes for the children so that they can go to school, she has no money left for food. The sweet smiling lady said that the old working woman needs a lesson in managing a home. "You must learn to economize."

CWA Smiles

By BERTHA EPSTEIN

After I did the family wash, cleaned up the house and prepared something for the children to eat on their return from school, I took 20 cents which I needed for bread and spent it for carfare to the C.W.A. employment office. When I came down, it was five minutes after twelve. The jobs are supposed to be given before twelve noon. A lady gave me a sweet smile and said that since I was five minutes late, she could do nothing for me. I tried to convince her that I couldn't come down any sooner. Of course, she was very sorry, but, according to the rules, I was to stand in line from 8 to 12.

The next day I got up early



From New York to Paris . . .

"Women will play a greater part in future wars. Governments, including our own, have been studying the use of women in wars," said Major General Hanson E. Ely of the U. S. Army.

The "future" role of women in war the General speaks of, is a living present. In the 17,000 factories turning out war materials, thousands of women are employed. In the metal industry in New York, women produce novelty containers, but with a slight change of the die, shells for bullets can be produced.

Everywhere women receive lower wages than men for the same kind of work. This means that women will be exploited as a source of cheaper labor power for the war industries when they replace the men who will go to the front.

Working women in New York are beginning to realize this and are organizing to struggle against being used by the war-makers.

Women from the metal trades, needle trades, shoe, food, furniture, office workers, professionals, from A. F. of L. locals, from various mass organizations, United Councils of

Workingclass Women, peace societies, are responding to the call to organize a movement to send delegates to the Women's Paris Congress Against War and Fascism. These organizations are organizing women's committees against war and fascism.

It is encouraging to see women of all walks of life, at mass meetings, at industrial conferences, at open-air meetings, with clenched fists taking their place in this great movement.

It is expected that the July 7th New York City-wide Conference will give impetus to the development of a broad mass united movement of women against war and fascism.

The call for this July 7th Conference issued by the local New York Women's Committee of the

American League Against War and Fascism reads in part:

"For the workers, professionals, fascism and war means the destruction of all liberties; it means oppression, anti-Semitism, lynching, the lowering of the living standards, and as we saw in the last war, destruction and death for the masses, and millions for war profiteers.

"Let us weld together the women of all organizations into a mighty force against war and fascism. UNITE NOW to prevent fascism in this country! UNITE NOW against the preparations for another war. Build committees against war and fascism! Built the American League Against War and Fascism!

Shells—20 Cents an Hour

At the Remington Arms Co., in Bridgeport, Conn., a typical munitions plant, women are working 10 to 12 hours a day or night for only 20 to 25 cents an hour. There is always danger from an imperfect shell exploding, and the greater the speed-up the more accidents happen. Besides the danger of explosions, the workers are constantly exposed to acid poisoning from fulminate of mercury used in munition making.

The E. I. du Pont de Nemours Co., one of the largest munitions companies in the world, employs a great many women and young girls. At the Pompton Lakes, N. J. plant, for instance, girls are working in the plug and solder, in the sulphur and testing departments. They must live in company houses and are immediately evicted if they offer resistance to wage cuts or bad work-

ing conditions.

Rayon plants also represent a war industry in which great numbers of women are employed. Rayon plants can be changed overnight into making of dynamite. With women already forming about 60 per cent of the working force, the rayon industry is well prepared for the next war, and many plants are already on a war basis. At the American Enka Corporation plant in Asheville, N. C., for instance workers are photographed and registered before getting a job in the plant. A complete spy system of the company tries to keep out every union organizer. Most of the rayon plants in the United States are in southern states where workers must slave 11 and 12 hours a day or night at about 16 cents an hour.

(Women and War)—by Grace Hutchins.)

How Japanese Women Organized Silk Mills

In spite of all difficulties, and in spite of the brutal terror against it, "Dzenkio," the fighting Textile Workers' trade union in Japan is finding more and more support in the textile mills.

The organizers of the Trade Union, generally members of the Japanese Communist Party or active members of the Dzenkio, show good examples of militant action and a remarkable ability to overcome obstacles put in their way by the employers and the police in order to prevent their penetration into the factories and amongst the masses. The police newspaper, "Siakai Undo Sombun" writes in connection with the two women organizers who carried on agitation among the women workers of the silk mills in the districts of Suwa and Simoin:

"Dressing themselves up as teachers or housewives, they cleverly passed through the police cordons and penetrated into the district and into the textile factory. They took advantage of the right of married women workers to live in a private home, rented a room and lived outside the factory as women workers who need not live in the company houses. They utilized the free day in order to participate together with the women workers in various amusements, for example, card games; in this way they got in touch with the women workers. At their homes they organized dancing parties with gramophones; gathered the women workers, four or five together, carrying on agitation among them and endeavoring to recruit them for the Union."

The Japanese imperialists devote a great deal of attention to special work among the toiling women. They want to prepare female labor so that they may be available right from the beginning to replace the men in the war industries.

The fascist and reactionary organizations in the mills force the women workers into military organizations, such as the "Women's Association for Air Defense," they

compel the women to march, gun in hand, they force them into the churches in order to pray for the victory of the Japanese armies and set the women to making uniforms.

In the city of Javaita in the Tanaka factory young girls, 12 and 13 years of age and women under 20, are working on a government order for 4,500 uniforms. They work 10 hours a day without wages for a period of six months.



Japanese Working Women forced to pass between double file of police being searched for working class literature.

It was through such a cordon of police that the two women organizers penetrated their way into the textile mills.

LIFE A LA LADIES HOME JOURNAL

(Continued from page 10)

order, throw out the ice box and get that beautiful frigidaire—provided there is enough money. How to get this money you will not find out from reading these magazines. Nor will you get any explanation as to why you haven't got it.

You will find out which lipstick will make you most alluring and how to develop curves that will catch your man—but what you can do when your husband is arrested on the picket line—that's not supposed to worry you at all if you see life as these magazines would like to have you see it.

You can't just laugh away these magazines. They are doing too

much damage. They are hiding hundreds upon thousands of women in this country from reality behind rosy clouds. They are creating ambitions of ease and luxury that are undoubtedly way out of the reach of the majority of their readers. But if they can be made to want sparkling silver ware more than anything else in the world they will not be likely to listen to the "Trouble making propaganda of those Reds" who are just trying to make people dissatisfied.

Greetings to the WORKING WOMAN were received from the United Council of Workingclass Women of Stamford, Conn.

(In the last issue of the W. W. instead of the above the name Women's Club was used. It was our error.

We Need More Friends Like These

The WORKING WOMAN received a \$10 contribution and the following statement from the Russian Mutual Aid and the Ukrainian Working Women's Organization:

We are sending a ten dollar contribution to the WORKING WOMAN which carries on a struggle against war and fascism. We support the Women's Congress Against War and Fascism to take place in Paris on July 28, 29, 30. We are part of the women's movement against war and fascism. We pledge to organize women and carry on the fight for the rights of the workers and defend the Soviet Union.

Will you kiss your husband when he goes to war?

Will you step into his factory job?

Will you make little bullets to kill men like him?

What are you going to do?

"I'm not against war," said a girl, "my boy friend will get a job." WRONG. He will be drafted to shoot other young workers. He may never come back.

Has your kid milk to drink?

Have you shoes for him?

Are you and yours hungry now?

Have you food in the house for supper tonight?

Women in mine, mill and factory . . .

Women in farm, home and school . . .

WRITE the answer to these questions now. Tell us what you think. What do you know about the conditions of women in munitions and other factories, preparing war materials now? Be our reporter.

Address: Workers' Correspondence

THE WORKING WOMAN

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