

Serial  
USA

# THE WORKING WOMAN

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*Women strikers fighting back an attack by police in the  
Seabrook strike of canning and agricultural workers  
in the State of New Jersey*

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*A story*

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**DELEGATION  
TO THE PARIS  
ANTI-WAR  
CONGRESS**

# TWENTY YEARS AFTER

By DOROTHY CHERTAK



Twenty years do not seem a very long stretch of time when we review the march of the centuries that have gone to make up human society. Yet when we measure the length of years following the explosion of civilization into the World War, we are amazed to find that these years of pain and disillusionment count up to a mere two decades. What endless suffering and human waste those years have meant for us working women! Will we then forget the lessons these years have taught us! Will we again permit our vision to be clouded by capitalist ballyhoo, in face of preparation for another imperialist war—"war to end war," "war to make the world safe for democracy" and other such blather? A world made safe not for democracy, but for fascism, hunger, despair! That we women workers have seen with our own eyes, our bitter experience, and we are not going to forget.

And so that we may not be caught unawares again we must look about us and see exactly how the aftermath of the world war has affected the world in general and women in particular.

We see in Germany and Italy and other fascist countries how by desperate effort, brutal force and unimaginable terror the ruling class is trying to keep its system of things

going. This is the prime motive in fascism. We see it throwing women back to the level they have so painfully been attempting through generations to outgrow; we see them reducing workers to the status of serfs. That is the type of government which will enslave the women in the U.S.A. if we are not militantly aware of our task.

And when for contrast we look at another land, where the workers govern, we see a beacon light of hope for the entire world of workers. Especially in respect to woman do we see the Soviet Union, even in the Soviet Eastern republics, bidding women throw aside the veil, to be human beings and not creatures of their old and cruel laws of sexual, legal and social enslavement. We see women granted the right of motherhood without fear, shame or insecurity. We see women receiving the work they wish to do and are fitted for with equal pay and decent intervals for rest and recreation. We see marriage treated

as a relation that allows for human dignity, freed from ancient shackles of convention and economic dependence. We see, in other words, a new world being created for women workers as

well as men workers, where the women and their children, far from being crushed under the greedy, selfish demands of capitalism, are set free for a joyous life and for cultural and human development.

And in realizing the havoc wrought by imperialist war, are we going to remain passive tools in the hands of our oppressors? Are we again to permit them to use us in the manufacture of death-dealing commodities with which to kill other workers? We know how women were tested out during the last war in all the heavy industries, in the manufacture of munitions, in tens of other manufactures, we know they are planning to sup-

plement the number in the next war. Are we going to manufacture shells, dynamite, poisonous chemicals, weapons and arms of all kinds so that death and devastation and subsequent starvation may be the portion of workers? No, we working women must decide that that is not our kind of patriotism, the patriotism that means swelling the war profits of the blood-soaked few; no, we will not be taken in by fake slogans that lead to destruction and death.

No, the tragedy of the last twenty years for workers in a capitalist society must and will be turned to the creation of another and better future! For this we must fight, so that the next years bring us to that future.

**Fight Against Imperialist War And War Preparations!**

**Demand War Funds Be Used For Free Milk Stations!**

**Demand Freedom of Scottsboro Boys and Angelo Herndon**

## THE WORKING WOMAN

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# OUR DELEGATES to the PARIS CONGRESS

Who They Are - - - - - Where They Come From

After only a few short months of intensive work the delegates elected by women from every walk of life, in many sections of the country are on their way to Paris, to meet August 4, 5 and 6, together with other

Deal. She is chairman of the Chicago Women's Committee Against War and Fascism which carried on splendid work throughout the campaign.

polls to vote for Consuela as part of the fight they are carrying on for women's rights.

MRS. L. R. JACKSON (Pittsburgh)

Mrs. Jackson is president of a local of the Ladies Auxiliary of the United Mine Workers of America in Fayette County, Pa. She was born in Saginaw, Ala.—a saw mill town. After she graduated from normal school she taught school for two terms. She was one of the most active forces in mobilizing the miners' wives in Fayette County in the movement against war and fascism. She was elected to represent the miners' wives at a conference in Fayette County on June 17, and then in Pittsburgh she was elected to represent all the women of that district in Paris.

DOROTHY IDA KUNCA (Detroit)

Twenty-one-year-old Dorothy works in one of the large General Motors auto factories where she does a man's job at much lower wages than the men get for the same work—a fact which is only too familiar to working women all over the country. Her parents are workers, too. Her mother works in a stocking factory and her father in a furniture factory. Dorothy worked her way through school as a waitress and a domestic worker. At present she is an active member of the Auto Workers Union.



Dorothy Ida Kunca, Detroit

women like themselves from different parts of the world to work out a common program of action against war and fascism. There isn't space to tell much about our delegates but here are a few facts about some of them.

MAGGIE PRITSCHAU (Nebraska)

Mrs. Pritschau is 35 years old. Her picture shows her at work on her husband's farm. She has two kids and lots of work to do but that didn't keep her from being one of the most active members of the Nebraska Holiday Association (Madison County Plan), of the United Farmers League and of the International Labor Defense. She has been one of the moving figures in all those struggles you have read about, preventing foreclosures by mass action, marching on the capitol with demands for cash relief and building the fighting farmers' organization. She was born in Ravenna, Nebraska. The whole conference at which Mrs. Pritschau was elected was arrested. But that didn't stop them.

MARY SEDGWICK (Chicago)

Mary is only 20 years old. She works in a packing house in the Chicago stockyards. She has always lived back of the yards where both her parents work.

MABEL BYRD (Chicago)

Mabel Byrd figured prominently in the newspapers from coast to coast a short while ago as one of the Negro workers in the N.R.A. who resigned in protest against the discrimination policies of the New



Mother Bloor

CONSUELA URANGA (Mexico)

Consuela was elected as a delegate to the International Women's Congress Against War and Fascism in Mexico. She is only 25 years old and her record of activities would take a whole page to list. She is secretary of the Women's Section of the Mexican Trade Union Federation, and one of the editors of their official paper. She was elected at a Congress called by the Mexican government—a congress against prostitution which the women representing the government tried to push into the background. In the last elections in Mexico City, Consuela ran as a candidate for Deputy to the National Congress on the ticket of the workers' and peasants' block. Women do not have the right to vote in Mexico but many went to the

ANNA BARNETT (San Francisco)

An active member of the Women's Auxiliary of the International Longshoremen's Association, Anna Barnett has been a fighting member of several other organizations for many years. She was born in Liverpool, England, in 1886, and came to California when a young child. For one year she was secretary of the Loneta Torrence Taxpayers Reduction League. In 1932 she was the delegate of the Unemployed Co-operators and Farmers Congress in Sacramento. She left this organization to join the Relief Workers Protective Union when she realized that this was the only organization with a fighting program of mass action to



Maggie Pritschau, Nebraska

force the county officials to give relief to the unemployed.

ROSA RAYSIDE (Harlem)

Rosa was born in Stony Creek, Va., where when she was eight years

(Continued on page 15)



# HOW CHENG, THE PEASANT BECAME RED

by Paul Vaillant-Couturier

That year the North River burst its dykes a good way upstream, and numerous collections of money were made to have them repaired. Men and animals were mobilized to reinforce the embankments and the Governor proclaimed the death penalty for anyone who might try to evade this act of public duty. Several heads were cut off. Heads of the poor. But the harvest of collected money trickled like sand between the fingers of the authorities. . . . Such and such a prefect had heavy family expenses, such and such a functionary had purchased his office at a very high price and borrowed money at a high rate of interest, such and such a mayor had to spend a lot on keeping a Soochow concubine whom he had had sent to him from a house in Shanghai. The Governor himself was confronted with the necessity of paying arrears of pay to his army. Every day more and more deserters were leaving the ranks and going to join a band of Reds who were in possession of the uplands. The work hardly advanced at all, tomorrow undid all that yesterday had done. First the water began to fill up the canals to the brink, then to break through in tiny rivulets and flood the fields. And at length the river, swollen by the melting of the mountain snows, finished by carrying away all the embankments and spread over the plains for a long distance round. It covered the fields, drowning the beans that were in flower, stifling the green rice that had been transplanted and was just beginning to seed. The young shoots of maize and Kaoliang bent under its muddy current. Then the rich began to speculate in the death of the poor, to buy land from them when they had any, advance them money at two hundred per cent and to send up the price of rice.

Soon it was only the tombs that appeared above the water; then the tombs, too, were covered and along with them, the farms of poor people which were situated on the low ground and let for only three dollars the mu. . . . The water lapped against the clay walls, licked them,

polished them, sapped them, and presently the wall would collapse into liquid mud. . . . The people escaped on rafts made of tables and other pieces of furniture.

Cheng had hoped that the water would not rise as high as his door, for his house was situated higher than the others. And on the fifth day of the fifth month he had caused wormwood to be burned, which was supposed to rid his house of all evil spirits. Cheng was poor; he lived in this house with his wife, his father, his daughter and his son on eight mus of ground where the soil was not too bad. And his wife Ah-na was pregnant. She was with child for the ninth time in twelve years, and seven of their children had died. Out of these seven three were girls—that was a blessing, after all—but then they had also lost four sons, three of them, including two twins, being still-born, and their eldest son carried off at the age of eight during an epidemic of smallpox, just when he was beginning to work in the fields. Cheng's wife had been coughing for a long time! she was growing thin and sometimes spat blood.

And now this year there would be no rice, no beans, no cabbage, no harvest. . . . There remained only the house and the land—the land which, when the waters had withdrawn, would be covered over with fresh, fertile mud, but there were hopes for the coming year and meanwhile they had to live.

Cheng's old father had a few silver pieces hidden away somewhere, but Cheng did not know where. Perhaps when his father died, this hidden treasure would enable Cheng to buy a draught buffalo, if his father's funeral did not run away with too much. There was no other money in the house. Rice became more and more difficult to buy. In the jars were a few handfuls of beans, left over from last year, a few grains of maize and a little rice in the baskets, for harvest-time was drawing near. . . . There was no corn, not even enough for a bowl of cereals. . . . Just enough to keep alive on at most,

and they rationed themselves on this for one month.

Now Cheng had the prospect of a whole autumn, a whole winter and a whole spring without crops.

And not a cent.

They held out somehow till the sixth moon, reducing the ration again towards the end to make the remaining beans last longer.

Cheng's father was given first choice. He grumbled the whole time, saying:

"I've seen many other times like this. The young folks today don't know how to suffer. And a peasant's got to know how to suffer; when it isn't the drought, it's locusts, when it isn't locusts, there's bandits or soldiers wanting to requisition things. But there's always the land left. As for me, I think you're eating like wolves."

But father said that because he had not much strength and because he had really had enough to eat.

And he expressed horror at the waste when he saw the other four members of the family limiting themselves to a joint ration only a little greater than his own. They saw the last provisions disappear like a man with a severed artery seeing his blood ebb away.

When there was nothing left to eat in the house Cheng addressed his father and said to him:

"Two moons have passed, the rain has not ceased and there is news from the west of a new rising of the river. Misfortune is upon the children of Han. My boy is crying for hunger. And his mother, who perhaps will bear me another boy in a few days' time, is all but perishing with the fruit of her womb. As for you, you are the first who must be fed. Have you not perhaps saved up something against an evil day?"

The old man was highly indignant.

"You're a strange child who thinks fit to spy on his father and order him about. I am here in my own house and I will do what I like here. Heartless child. Don't you know that I can feel my end approaching—an end that will not have the dignity

which is fitting for a respectable family? Have you ever even thought of buying me a coffin? Have you ever thought of the way it ought to be laid out in accordance with the Fon-Chooi? Have you ever sent for a geomancer?"

His son protested and declared, as was fitting, that his father ought not to think of death seeing he was so hale and hearty.

The old man shook his head and said:

"Besides I have no money."

And he turned on his heel and went out. Next day Cheng, his wife and his daughter went off in a boat over the flooded countryside, looking for the leaves and bark of trees to eat. But others had come before them and many trees were already stripped bare. They found some floating wood which they brought home to make a fire. And they made soup of leaves and bark that night, drinking it in the dark for all the candles had been used up long ago.

While they were drinking the soup, Cheng said to his father:

"We have two tables and two beds here. Maybe we can sell one bed and one table. . . . You can keep the better bed and my wife and I will sleep on mats on the floor. With the money we can get something to eat for a little time. Or else, if we could buy a little jute cheap enough with the money, my wife could make sandals and I would go and sell them. . . ."

"Don't think of it," said the old man. "The folks in the city would bleed you white, for it's natural to exploit those who are poor. It would be a long time before you got enough money to buy another bed to serve for your son and your sons' son."

"Then must we die of hunger? Look at your grandson with his belly all distended—he has diarrhoea the whole time. Look at my wife. . . ."

"Go and see Koo the merchant. He buys our crop and maybe he will be able to do something for us. . . ."

"You know him well enough. He won't do anything. He'll fly into a passion and refuse to lend me anything without pledges. And I've nothing to bring him except this wretched bed."

"The poor are the poor," said his father, "and the rich are the rich. It is certain that Koo the merchant will not give you money unless you have something to sell him."

"But I have nothing."

"The merchant feels that he is old. He is forty and his bones are chilled. He needs young slaves to warm him up again. Think it over, think it over."

And his father walked away across the hall to the room in which he slept.

Cheng had understood. He went and sat down on the threshold. From within the house he could hear his son moaning feebly. Outside, the water stretched away to the horizon in the foggy moonshine and lapped against the steps beneath the house-door. Some water fowl—game, meat—were screaming somewhere far off. Cheng thought of his daughter, of white rice, of his daughter, of cereals, of his daughter, of pancakes dressed with garlic. She was frail as a young shoot of willow, his daughter. She was already able to bring him warm water and to help with the house work. A nice little girl but after all, only a girl. A mouth that had to be fed, a mouth that he could feed no longer. He was ready to bless the evil spirits that had torn his children from him. Cheng was drowsy with loss of strength. . . . And he saw an abyss before him. The bitter bark of the soup was torturing his stomach. Was it better to see his only son die or to sell his daughter? Daughters always bring misfortune upon the house. They are fed, they are brought up for another family; it is so much time and money lost. If he sold her to the merchant Koo, it would mean one mouth less to feed, it would mean his father, his son, his wife and himself saved from death. And she would eat her rice every day, perhaps even from dainty city dishes. And she would grow big, perhaps she would be singled out for special favor by her master and would wear silk dresses and embroidered slippers.

When he reentered the house and lay down to sleep beside his pregnant wife, he told her of the plan which his father had suggested. His wife was simple and obedient. Nevertheless she cried. But he com-

forted her, telling her that they would soon be having a meal of vermicelli and then she would have strength to bear another son who this time would most certainly turn out all right. . . .

"If we had thought of that before, we would have given her more to eat. . . ." said his wife finally.

At dawn, when they left in the boat after a drink of warm water, the grandfather pretended that he did not see anything; that he was preoccupied solely with his little grandson who was crying with hunger and fever, who had not even strength enough to get up and was lying on a mess of hair and blood.

The town was a long way off and it was raining. . . . Cheng's wife had put on a fibre cloak over her best cotton tunic. She held the stern-oar while her husband, bent double and bare to the waist, pushed the boat against the wind with his long bamboo pole.

The little girl, a frail figure, sat in the bottom of the sampan, sheltering herself beneath the remains of a waxed umbrella; she sat there among a heap of rags and dozed, too feeble to take any interest in what was going on around her.

They had brought out a landing-net to fish out anything they might find, but all they met with was a dead child, floating on the water like a green frog, arms legs bent and stiffened under the hard rain, the end of a board, and a coffin which must have come from a long way off.

They sailed thus for eight hours, hardly exchanging a word, and reached the town early in the afternoon.

The reception they received in the house of Koo the merchant was what they might have expected. . . . Koo was a great personage of the Kuomintang who manufactured mock soya sauce out of roasted barley, bought and sold cotton, rice, rags, anything that came in handy. His major domo received the three peasants with pleasant words. He was eating rice with pork, and without interrupting his meal, he said:

"If you have come to ask Koo the merchant for money, know that his goodness is great and he will lend money on receipt of a pledge at 50 per cent interest."

"We have not come to borrow but to sell," said Cheng.

And with despair in their eyes the Chengs gazed at the blue and white bowl from which the rice and pork were finding their way into the major-domo's mouth on his surprisingly nimble chopsticks.

(To be concluded next month)



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GENERAL HUGH S. JOHNSON, union-bustin' head of the N.R.A., has a \$6,800-a-year girl assistant—Frances M. Robinson, a plump-bosomed young woman with a rasping voice and a weakness for swanky raiment. Recently she stood before a big audience in New Jersey and lectured women on "Choosing a Career."

"Do not feel that the world owes you a living," she warned. "You must prove your worth to the world."

This attack upon unemployment insurance for the present and future millions of women thrown out of work through no fault of their own appears in the speech which the big N.R.A. publicity machine took pains to send to all Washington correspondents. It is official N.R.A. Release No. 6103.

At the same time, "Robbie" declared in her "career" speech that the "new day" ushered in by the Roosevelt program "offers abundant opportunity to our sex . . . the door is open—it is up to the women to make the grade . . . some of you will have to do work for which you do not care, but eventually you will find a place for one with your special qualifications."

Such optimism, no doubt, Miss Robinson could well afford. Her base pay of \$6,800 a year, amounting to actual wages of \$5,780 after government-employee pay-reductions are deducted, is the fourth highest salary in the whole N.R.A. organization. It is generally understood in Washington that she was placed in the N.R.A. by Robert Straus, son of the millionaire owner of R. H. Macy's, the sweatshop department store. Robert's father, Jesse Isidor Straus, is now American Ambassador to France—his political reward for contributions to the Roosevelt campaign chest.

Before coming to Washington, "Robbie," according to "The Washington Post" of last December 7, was a \$25-a-week stenographer for the Democratic National Committee. When this newspaper, owned by Republican banker Eugene Meyer, divulged the success story of "Robbie," General Johnson stormed. He cried out to the press that she was "not a secretary or stenographer, but an administration assistant," and that she had been recommended highly by "R.K.O." Subsequent newspaper investigation disclosed that Miss Robinson never had worked for Radio-Keith-Orpheum, but that she had been a secretary in the offices of the Radio Corporation of America, J. P. Morgan's huge radio trust. "In many ways," General Johnson cinched his point about "Robbie's"

## GENERAL JOHNSON'S "ROBBIE"

By MARGUERITE YOUNG

importance, "she knows more about this law (the N.I.R.A.) and the administration of it than anybody else."

There was a great deal of truth in that.

For it is "Robbie" who telephones N.R.A. employees who become active in the N.R.A. workers' union and fires them. It is "Robbie" who orders union delegations in, and more often out of, Johnson's office. "Robbie" flies with General Johnson to all his conferences with the nation's most notorious open-shop bosses, and "Robbie" actually saw that while the Roosevelt publicity machine was ballyhooing about the N.R.A.'s being designed to increase wages, it really was concocted by big industrialists and General Johnson to increase profits at the workers' expense. "Robbie" said in her speech that she was there when Johnson "set up an actual organization and started the codes long before the law was passed."

It was the same soft little "Robbie" who refused to open the door to an N.R.A. workers' union delegation that came to protest against the firing of a woman member for organizing activities—the same "Robbie" who, later, summoned the union president, the leader of the delegation, to be fired by Johnson.

"Robbie" said in her speech that the Roosevelt government "because of its social consciousness, has turned to the women of the country to fill certain positions for which they are particularly well equipped." And to prove it, she named women in high government jobs—three women appointed by President Roosevelt, and about a dozen others (including all the Congresswomen), who arrived where they are before the New Deal, or have no connection with it.

Of course, "Robbie" said nothing about the fact that nearly all the 500 N.R.A. codes which she boasted "came over my desk" contained clauses setting sex differentials

against women workers. She didn't mention that these whacks at women workers' standards were in addition to that taken at all workers under the Roosevelt program's reductions of real wages. She conveniently ignored the fact that thousands of poor farm women have been forced off the land by the Roosevelt crop-reduction plan to help big planters. And the fact that the Roosevelt government, even in its wildest flights of demogogy, never mentions maternity insurance for women workers.

No, "Robbie" wouldn't mention these things. For capitalism always exploits women doubly. It is left for the militant leaders of the struggle for a workers' and farmers' government to recognize this, and for a Soviet government to set it aright.

"Robbie" has been the subject of considerable gossip. Her meteoric flight to authority and especially General Johnson's sensitivity about her are often linked. She explained things to her "Choosing a Career" audience in this way: "Fate, fortune and fancy have prepared me for this work. . . . In my mind there is no choice—Pull is the bunk—Push and Merit are all that count."

### Women Anti-Fascists

The heroic women of Vienna who fought besides their husbands and brothers against the fascists in Austria are organizing their forces for the release of their loved ones from the fascist concentration camps. A large demonstration of women took place at the Ballhausplatz in the end of June. Twenty-five of the women were arrested.

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## "Them Women Sure Are Scrapers —"

By VIVIAN DAHL

"Them women sure are scrapers," says a State Trooper. And how! A beet truck was coming down the road. Scab beets. The women knew that scabs in Seabrook's can-house would wash and can those beets unless they stopped the truck. The women thought of their babies at home. Lil's youngest was nursing and only three months old. Should scabs keep milk from their babies?

As the truck drew up to weigh in, the women saw "red." It was three colored women who started pulling the beets off the truck. It didn't take long for one of those rich farmer-vigilante friends of Seabrook's to swing his pick-axe handle. Smash, down on the eye and forehead of Ella Roberts, young colored girl who never missed a day on the picket line and volunteer relief duty.

That started things. For an hour and a half, the women, colored and white, joined by their husbands and children put up such a battle as the cops and deputies and whatnots never saw.

Battling against scabs, trucks, blackjacks, pick-axe handles, water from the fire engine and tear gas, the valiant strikers wore out the cops and deputies who got as much tear gas back as they threw.

Not content with trying to smash the picket line with tear gas and clubs, the cops and deputies and Seabrook's son, Belford shot tear gas into houses, setting fire to one and burning down an out-house.

Helen Bitterelli, vivid with her yellow dress and snapping eyes, tells how her two children, overcome by the gas, had to be taken to the hospital. The gas bomb was shot into her house and exploded as it hit the bed setting fire to and burning the bedding and the mattresses. As the strikers were putting out the fire, the deputies came with more tear gas and drove them away.

Another girl was badly burned on the leg when a gas bomb hit her. The burn shows clearly that there was powder or acid in the bombs as well as tear gas.

Yet all the tear gas in the world couldn't stop the strikers. They battled on to victory against the 50 per cent wage cut.

There were over 60 arrests during the strike, many were women. Elinor Henderson, firey leader of the strike and secretary-treasurer of the District Council of the Agricultural and Cannery Workers Industrial Union, was arrested several times

and finally jailed until the strike was settled. Lil Young, mother of a three-months-old nursing baby was illegally held in the Bridgeton Court House along with 24 others over night, in the attempt to smash the strike with mass arrests. I was arrested on five different warrants and jailed twice. Margaret Cepparulo, fearless young Italian girl, called "Joan of Arc" of the strike, was arrested and later released. I remember hearing her ask the deputies why they didn't protect the strikers instead of the scabs? And when the cops and deputies lamely answered that they were there to "Preserve law and order," she won the support of the entire picket line by telling them, "Whose laws? They are Seabrook's laws!"

Mary Karisko, short, stout Russian woman who had worked in the canhouse, was dragged off the picket line for questioning. The detectives and deputies tried to frighten her. "Why did you come on the picket line? You will not get your job back if you stay on the picket line." She answered, "I come on the line, I stay on the line." They threatened to arrest her. She told them, "Go ahead. Take me to jail. And take my eight kids with me!" She and her eight kids and her husband were right there on the picket line until the strike ended!

Scrapers they were, and the women had plenty to do with winning the Seabrook Farms strike. For two weeks, the ag-workers on

the biggest corporation farm in the east battled for a decent scale of wages after Seabrook had served notice of wage cut and breaking the contract with the Union.

When you look at the house where the workers live and realize that even at 25 and 30 cents an hour when there is no work on rainy days and only for a few months at the most, you can understand why the whole family, men, women and children are ready to fight to a finish against lower wages. The houses are falling to pieces, the rain sweeps in from all directions. Smoky stoves, one pump for 50 to 75 people. Two toilets for the same number. Open sewers, breeding mosquitoes and disease. Undernourished children. Such is the picture of the Seabrook Farm workers. Seabrook himself lives in luxury and gets quarter million dollar loans from the United States Government in order to starve his workers.

Last April, before the first farm strike even children had to be taken out of school to work. They got five cents an hour. Women received 12½ and men 15 cents an hour. They struck for higher wages and for recognition of their Union. They won 100 per cent of their demands and child labor stopped. So when Seabrook tried to break their contract which he had signed April 10, the workers voted strike. And they won; going back to work only when Seabrook agreed to keep the original contract, for 25 and 30 cents an hour and recognition of their Union.

## Los Angeles Women's Councils

### Win Children's Demands

A committee of 15 Negro and white women, headed by Mrs. Kay and under the leadership of the Los Angeles United Council of Working Class Women, appeared before the Board of Education demanding that the children of the workers be given free lunches and made other demands. They won some demands. Twenty-one stations are to be erected where children will be given lunches. Milk will be sent to the homes of workers' children. Playgrounds in working class neighborhoods will be established. No more bulk milk will be used in schools. This last demand was granted when the Women's Council charged the Board with being responsible for the spread of infantile paralysis in the workers' neighborhoods because of the rotten and inadequate food that destroyed the children's vitality.

### Defeat Jim Crowism

The attempt of the County hospital in Los Angeles, to segregate Negro nurses—offering them \$40 per month instead of board and room—so as to get them off the all county hospital campus where nurses reside. The Negro nurses tried to gain the support against this attempt at jim-crowism from the Democratic Women's Club. But Mrs. Betty Hill, head of this club suggested that they vote for the democrat McDonough and thereby everything would be "all right."

The women's councils got on the job. They started mobilizing for a mighty women's picket line at the county hospital to ward off this attack upon the Negro nurses. The result was that the superintendent of the county hospital sent a letter to the women's councils informing that the segregation will not take place.

Women in Nazi Germany receive as little as 5-6 cents per hour in a number of industries. No wonder that working women under the Nazi regime are increasing their struggles as reported in the July issue of the WORKING WOMAN.

In a shoe factory in Berlin, the women workers packed leaflets protesting against rising food prices into every shoe box. In a Hamburg rubber factory the women forced the withdrawal of a dismissal order. In a textile factory the women refused to pay contributions to the Nazi factory organization. It takes real heroism to launch such struggles under the bloody fascist regime.

Not only are the women in Germany struggling against the unimaginably low wages, but especially against the beast-like treatment of women by the Hitler satellites.

Wives, mothers and sisters of anti-Nazis are being imprisoned, tortured and killed, because they refuse to give up the whereabouts of their loved ones.

Women who married Jews have been pilloried, have been paraded through the streets with shaved heads and indecent placards; have been tormented and spat upon.

Erna Knoth of Chemnitz, who for ten days was taken to the prison yard daily to be shot, was finally assaulted in her cell by storm troopers and then clubbed to death. Greta Groh, the beloved leader of the Young Communist League, was also clubbed to death.

Mrs. Jankowski, district social welfare worker, director of Bergmannstrasse 18 in Berlin-Koepenick, was beaten steadily for two hours with steel rods and whips and this way put to death.

Women anti-fascists, wives and mothers of anti-fascists, are held and tortured in concentration camps. Mrs. Baimler is 14 months in a concentration camp and is forced to perform the hardest physical labor. She is not permitted to see her children. Continual raids are carried out in the home of her parents.

Mrs. Elsa Steinfurth is in the women's prison in Barnimstrasse, Berlin. She was arrested in the attempt to force her to give false testimony against her husband in the burning of the Reichstag fraud. Her husband has been tortured to death. She was brought to see him in his coffin at the grave. She found that he had been mutilated beyond recognition. Her hair has become gray; she is mentally shaken by the terrible ordeal.

Pregnant women and nursing mothers are thrown into concentration camps. All methods are used to wear the women down and to destroy them mentally.

#### *The Anger of the Masses Rising*

Hitler promised to bring bread and freedom. He has fulfilled none of these promises. He has attacked and killed more than 3,000 workers who dared to fight the bloody fascist butchers. The workers' reply is the holding of open, street demonstrations against the fascist regime. In Berlin, Hamburg and elsewhere women workers have joined the men workers in effective street demonstrations. On the trolley cars, on the streets, the workers are beginning to talk louder and louder against the Hitler fascist regime.

# The Renaissance of the Middle Ages of



# Under the Swastika.

#### *Communist Party Grows*

While the leaders of the Social Democrats have scattered like rats in a burning ship, thousands of the rank and file of the social democracy have become members of the Communist Party of Germany. There are places where the former social democratic workers make up 50 per cent and more of the Communist Party. 125,000 members are systematically paying dues to the Communist Party of Germany! And this is less than the total strength of the C.P. membership. The Communist Party of Germany has remained a mass Party and the leader of the German masses in spite of the fact that it has been pushed into illegality; in spite of the fact that Hitler threatens to use the fascist axe on the necks of C.P. members. The Communist Party of Germany is growing while the social democracy has dwindled down to small groups and even these exist only in a few places. The German masses more and more see that the C.P. of Germany is the only party which shows the true way out of the fascist poverty, hunger and terror.

#### *German Workers Need Thaelmann, The C.P. Leader*

While the revolutionary movement in Germany against the fascist butchers grows. Ernst Thaelmann, the leader of the German masses, is shackled in a fascist concentration camp. The German masses need Thaelmann more than ever before. Let's help to give him to them!

The Nazi butchers are determined to put Ernst Thaelmann to death.

They have announced that the so-called "People's courts" begin their fearful work on July 14. That the very first cases to come up before this court are to be the cases against Ernst Thaelmann and a new case against Ernst Torgler.

Hitler announces that during the next few weeks several hundred persons will be shot. The most upright and bravest men and women anti-fascist fighters are threatened.

"This challenge by the fascist mass butchers must not remain without answer. The international working class, the farmers, the men and women of all nations who still retain a spark of humanity must stand up, must speak, call out, and act—they must stop the hand of the executioner and rescue the victims from under the axe which is even now ready to fall."

We call upon the masses of women in the U.S.A. to multiply their work for the freedom of Ernst Thaelmann and all anti-fascists.

Help to collect a million signatures in the U.S.A. for the freedom of Ernst Thaelmann!

The fight for the freedom of Thaelmann will be most effective if we intensify our struggle against all forms of fascism developing here at home. Increase our activities to save the Scottsboro boys and the heroic Angelo Herndon!

(Get in touch with the National Committee to Aid Victims of German Fascism, 870 Broadway, New York City, for materials on the Thaelmann campaign and for the pamphlet "Women Under Hitler Fascism," from which information for this article was gotten.)

By MARGARET COWL

Collect a Million Signatures

To Free Ernst Thaelmann

You'd never dream that a general strike on the West Coast was rocking the country if all you had to depend on for information was magazines like the "Saturday Evening Post" and "Colliers." These aren't particularly women's magazines. They aren't written specifically for women like those we talked about last month but the majority of their readers are women and the special appeal less obvious perhaps but just as effective is there.

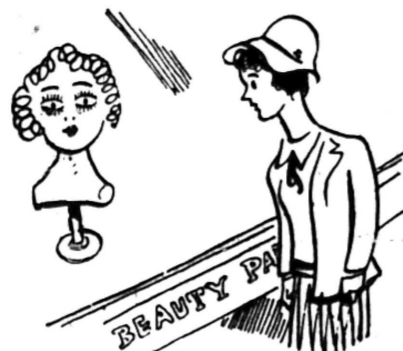
These are weekly magazines with a combined circulation of close to 2,000,000. They thrive on ads from General Motors, General Electric and some of the other monopoly trusts. These ads are less elegant than those in the straight-women's papers, but still up in the clouds. The New Air Flow De Soto car is "Smart as Polo and Fleet as a Plane." And your reason for spending \$1,000 on it is that "It's fun to be the first to own something really smart . . . and if you want a car that will be smart in 1935 and 1936 you will buy "one of these."

But it's the stories in these two magazines that are of special interest. Here there is less of the atmosphere of fairy tale love affairs. Of course, it's still love and love alone that makes the world go round according to these periodicals. But this love concerns itself a little with "social problems." In the latest July 14 issue of the "Saturday Evening Post" there is a story called "Man is a wolf, comrade."

Yes, you are right. It's the real low down on the Soviet Union. You see, it's this way. The American "Communist," who has inherited a million dollars from his aunt—is a great "Communist." He is helping his uncle who is an American engineer in the Soviet Union. And, of course, he meets a girl there. Her name is Klava and she is the genuine McCoy. The author uses her to prove everything. He is pretty clever at it too. She is a young girl born in 1915. She never knew anything but the revolution—that's so you won't be able to blame any previous bourgeois influences for her actions and thoughts.

They fall in love with each other and first of all comes a dissertation about free love—vigorously objected to by the fine uncle. He wants to solve this problem swiftly. So he gets the G.P.U. to ship the ardent young nephew out of the Soviet Union. According to this story the G.P.U. just has to be whistled to by American engineers and it performs

By SASHA SMALL



all kinds of evil—like breaking up a love affair between two young things.

Well, of course, it doesn't work. He takes her to America with him. But here is where human nature steps into this picture! He gives her money to buy clothes and she goes to 14th Street—to Union Square—where she has been told in the Soviet Union American workers are constantly demonstrating — (This is on the authority of this writer) and instead she finds shops full of marvelous silk stockings and silk underwear and hats—and—that's the beginning of the end.

Before you know it this daughter of the revolution is speaking before a ladies' club about Soviet Russia.

"The club thought Klava talked rather well: God knows she had had enough practice on the wheat front in 1930-1931 bad years. She talked of child care, clinics for mothers, the equality of the sexes. She did not talk about what she had seen and known in Russia. Where she had been there hunger and dreariness and despair had been. But that, she thought was exceptional, that was crisis; that was the weather; the threat of capitalist invasion, the rebellion of the kulaks, the stupidity of the peasants generally: 'Man is a wolf, comrade,' they would say fatalistically. But down south, up north, in the next province wherever Klava had never been—there the revolution was working well and things were getting steadily better. She knew this; her hope told her and all propaganda. So she talked to the American ladies, not of her best friend who was a nurse in a hospital youth was going and she never had who wanted to kill herself because a pair of pretty stockings nor of the plumbing in Komsomol house which was always of of order. . . ."

Here you have it. The tremendous problem confronting the workers'

fatherland in building socialism, are brushed aside and the plumbing in the Komsomol house becomes a standing indictment against the only country in the world where workers and peasants rule themselves, build their own industries, collective farms, schools, playgrounds, clubs—the only country in the world where there is no unemployment—the only country in the world where women have equality in every respect—wages, work, socially, politically and economically.

And that's how the "Saturday Evening Post" plays its part in the campaign of slander and poison against the Soviet Union. What a woman really wants is silk underwear—how she will get it if her husband is not either a millionaire as he was in this story, or if she is unemployed, or if she has to keep house and feed five kids on N.R.A. wages—this educator of the masses the "Saturday Evening Post" doesn't propose to solve.

It's hard to take up more things that burn you up in so little space next time we'll get after the Movie Magazines—unless perhaps you have other suggestions—write and tell us what you think?

By GRACE HUTCHINS

You're *telling me!*

Drawings by GROPPER

Wake-up, you girls in the San Francisco book-binderies!

Only three unions of all those represented in the San Francisco Labor Council were reported as rejecting the resolution for a general strike, July 16. And one of these was the Bookbindery Women, Local 125.

But there are girls among the strikers, all right. Mary McKay of the cracker packers' auxiliary is on the General Strike Committee. Cooks and waitresses and other hotel and restaurant workers are out. Long-shoremen's wives, building trades workers' wives mechanics' wives are working on committees to feed the strike pickets. Women are on the picket lines—in this great West Coast general strike.

And in the East, two women workers are on the first independent union shop committee in the history of the Union Metallic Cartridge Co., munitions factory of Bridgeport, Conn. The committee organized by the Mechanics Educational Society of America, plans to demand the abolition of the system of fines for so-called "spoiled work." There may be a strike in these munitions plants before long.



Sweatshops in the Richest City

So we told him about a few of the many sweatshops still existing in New York City, about some dress shops where girls are earning only \$5 and \$6 a week, instead of the wages listed in the code; about the shops making bathrobes; and the neckwear shops along Allen Streets.

Rank and file members of the United Neckwear Makers Union, Local 11016, (A. F. of L.), are trying to fight these conditions, but the A. F. of L. officials stand in their way. In these little neckwear shops, along Allen Street, neckties are sold in the front of the store, while in the back of the store, the neckties are made under the worst possible speed-up. Crowded into a small room with little or no ventilation, the girls work often for 56 or more hours a week, earning less than the minimum wage of \$13 a week. There is usually no separate toilet for women and the smell of the one toilet on the floor fills the place.

And we quote a delegate at the Amalgamated Clothing Workers Convention in May. Here is what Mary Sapesi said about sweatshops: . . . "we have the speed-up system. The minutes you come into the shop the power is turned on before time and you have to start to work. You go into the rest-room and there is a knock on the door, 'come on, come on, if you want to rest, go home.' You cannot have a breathing spell to yourself at all. Some of the girls actually get sick. One of our girls fainted at the machine because she couldn't get up even to get a drink of water or breath of air. Then, the minimum has become the maximum. The hours are not observed. Some of them are working longer than lawful."

But just writing a letter to the N.R.A. about the sweatshops doesn't organize the girls to stop such conditions. Do what Eleanor Henderson and the farm workers of the Agricultural and Cannery Workers Industrial Union did after the big strike at the Seabrook Farms, New Jersey. A committee of the workers went to the New Jersey N.R.A. office to demand reinstatement of 60 strikers who had not been taken back on the job, despite the promises of the strike arbitrator. They mean business, those beet workers and they'll get the 60 strikers back on the job, you bet they will.



Are you still wearing the old pair of shoes and wondering how you can get together five bucks to buy a really good new pair? Here's a picture from the Sunday papers of a rich young girl, Miss Martha Hall, at the Cinderella Ball, trying on a pair of shoes costing \$250. A fat army officer, Major Edward Bowes, is giving her the shoes.

Do sweatshops still exist since the N.R.A.? A newspaper reporter asked us that question and printed the answer, too, in big type. So then the N.R.A. in the person of Mr. Nathan Straus, relative of the Macy department store head, wrote to us and put his letter in the newspapers. (Macy's pays some of its girl workers only \$10.50 a week.)

Mr. Nathan Straus was very polite, and this is what he said:

"May I officially ask you to file with us the facts in the specific cases described in the article mentioned and the facts in any other cases you know. We will investigate each in turn and take whatever action is indicated to enforce compliance."

# Evening Post

THE SMALL



# A Farm Woman

By LILLIAN FIELD

The sun lowered toward mid-afternoon. We stopped off at a farm just outside of Philadelphia, in the Delaware Valley. The farmer came forward to greet us. We chatted about the recent rains that had soaked the land and made it unfit for work for at least a week. Pennsylvania soil is heavy and holds the rain. This Pennsylvania soil is heavy and holds the rain

## FROM OUR READERS

### Working Woman:

The United Council No. 1 of Working Class Women, Newark, N. J., sends a two dollar contribution to the WORKING WOMAN to help "keep up the good work that the magazine is doing in making the housewife and working women understand their role in the working class movement."

### Dear Editor of Working Woman:

The WORKING WOMAN was handed to me by a friend. I like it so well that I am saving a nickel at a time. When I have 50 cents saved up I will send it to you for a subscription.

The Wife of an Unemployed Coal Miner, Pa.

### War Babies

### Dear Editor of Working Woman:

I suggest that you print the following in the WORKING WOMAN:

In Britain out of nearly 100,000 youth who offered themselves as recruits for the Army in 1933 about 75 per cent were rejected as unfit. The authorities explain the fact that they are now dealing with war babies, who had not a chance in the first year or two of life, owing to lack of proper nutrition; but decay and wastage owing to unemployment are also factors.

B. S.

### BESSIE KARP, Deceased

The Newark Council of Working Class Women sends five dollars to the *Working Woman* instead of flowers for the grave of a devoted and class conscious comrade, Bessie Karp, who died on February 4th, 1934.

She died because of the terrible conditions the working women suffer. She died because she could not stand these days of unemployment and miserable wages.

### Dear Editor of Working Woman:

The weather is looking very unpleasant here in Utah county and different parts of Utah State has dry and dusty winds. Very seldom rains in Utah county; the drought is taking quite a lot of crops planted.

Due to not enough being raised in Utah the government officers are destroying cattle for market purposes. One hundred and seventy-five thousand cows in State of Utah, 10,000 in Utah county so the price of milk will be raised.

The destruction of 6,200,000 hogs did not end the crisis, ploughing under 10,500,000 acres of cotton last year did not help our situation. Reduction of the wheat crop by 7,500,000 bushels has not solved the price of flour.

The only way that we men and women farmers can improve our condition is by organizing into one united front. By seeking the assistance of the workers in the cities for united action.

MRS. REVA HAHN.

tenaciously—unlike the sandy Jersey soil that dries less than an hour after a storm. We talked about the \$1.20 the dairies were paying for 100 pounds of milk, averaging two and a half cents a quart. This price gave the farmer the sumptuous income of \$20 a month. And so on until our watch read 2 o'clock—3 o'clock—4—5—6—7—8—and still the farmer's wife was running around in the house, in the garden, out to the field, and into the barn.

Seven years ago she and her husband bought the farm, free of debts. It has been work, work ever since. At first she refused to learn to milk but as the days went by and chores gathered up she realized that a woman on a farm carried as much as a man. In her case, as in many others, she saw that a woman carried a heavier load than a man because she not only helped on the field and in the barn but had the never-ending job of tending the house.

She had five children, the oldest 10 years of age and the youngest, twins, three years' old. She was in the field up to the hour of birth of these twins and back again at work within a day of their coming. We looked at the ramshackle old building with bare wooden floors, empty of any comfortable sitting place and wondered at her story. The kitchen had a rusty wood-burning stove, two cupboards and a wobbly table. On the sprawling porch were five or six battered chairs. The other rooms downstairs were empty save for a broken, useless sofa with the stuffing out of the back and the seat-cushions missing. Upstairs there were five bedrooms, three of which had an iron bedstead apiece and the others had army cots. Since there was a lack of bedding, the seven members of the family had to sleep in three beds. Still wondering at the tale we had just heard, we continued to listen.

This farmer's wife chops her own wood, which means out to the woods for the trees and then to the chopping block with the axe. There is never time to stack up a surplus wood-pile, so that she must be at it every few days. There are seven cows to be milked morning and night; barns to be cleaned daily; gardens to be tended; meals to be prepared; children to be looked after.

A week ago they were sheriffed off the land because of unpaid taxes. The neighboring farmers grouped together and protested against this. The authorities soon realized it would be a drain on their own incomes to take the land, pay the taxes and interest due, and then try to sell it. So the farmer was dismissed with the admonishment "to work faithfully and try to pay his debts and he would soon reap the rewards of fine labor."

And the farmer's wife? She would be glad to be rid of the place. It would relieve her of another year of struggle, another year of useless washing, feeding, cleaning, working from sunup to long past sunset. She could think of only one advantage and that was the benefit the kids would have of another year of milk which she could never afford to buy in the stores.

"No, it ain't fair to start kids out on a farm," she concluded, "unless under a changed government."

"Mothers starving and fathers too . . ." he added sadly, turning his face up at the blank wall of the tenement above, "and there's nothing to eat. . ."

"Nothing to eat!" I repeated, "who says so? Why, they're pouring coffee into the ocean, plowing cotton and wheat under, destroying hogs—good meat—mind you!"



## THINK OF THEM

By RICHARD MOORE

Think of the mothers of the nine innocent Scottsboro boys, seamed with toil and now wracked with anguish. All their lives burdened beneath a treble weight of oppression, oppressed and exploited as workers and share-croppers, oppressed too as women and as Negro women.

Here are a few plain but poignant words from Viola Montgomery, mother of Olen, the blind boy whom the Alabama lynchers are determined to burn to death. "I worked for 25 cents a day when I was a girl 12 years old and since I've been grown I have worked for \$1.50 a week, and the most I ever got was \$10.00."

Such is the story of these suffering mothers. And now after three years of this outrageous Scottsboro frame-up, the Alabama Supreme Court again decrees death for their innocent boys!

On Mothers' Day these mothers travelled to the White House to appeal to the President to free their boys. But Mr. Roosevelt was yachting, though he knew these mothers were coming. On the following day the President who proclaimed the New Deal for the "forgotten man" refused to see these mothers, but declared to them through his secretary: "This is the business of the State of Alabama and not of the President."

Working women! Mothers of the toiling and oppressed masses! The plight of these mothers is your

plight, their cause, your cause. You must add your voices to their protest and petition. You must demand by your struggle that the President and the lynch-officials of the State of Alabama free the nine, innocent Scottsboro boys.

Another mother who has suffered the loss of her heroic son, Julia Mella, shot down in Mexico by the terrorist agents of Machado and the



Wall Street bankers, appeals thus: "As a mother who has suffered beyond the comprehension of any but those who have gone through the same thing, I ask the masses of people, the people of the world, and especially the mothers of the world, to do everything in their power to

save the Scottsboro boys."

The aged mother of Dimitroff appeals: "And when I was threatened with the loss of my son. I felt myself bound even closer to Ada Wright. I, mother of George Dimitroff, therefore appeal to you, toilers of the world, to join this movement and demand the immediate, unconditional and safe release of the innocent Negro boys."

Will you not answer these appeals in this crucial moment of this struggle to save the lives of these innocent boys, and of Angelo Herndon, the heroic young Negro worker whom the Georgia Supreme Court now delivers over to death on the barbarous chain-gang, because he led the struggle of starving white and Negro workers for relief?

Send your protests from your organizations, clubs, shops and factories! Join and develop the mass struggle, demonstrations, strikes, to free these tortured victims! Raise the necessary funds—\$30,000 MUST be raised by August 31—\$15,000 bail for Herndon in the next several weeks—to appeal these cases, to carry forward the defense struggle. Send all you can, as quickly as you can, to the International Labor Defense, Room 430, 80 East 11th Street, New York City.

Demonstrate your solidarity with the suffering Scottsboro mothers by deeds, by that militant action for which women and mothers are known when they must fight in defense of their own.



# HEALTH in the HOME

By DR. JULIUS LITTINSKY

The old maxim "an ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure" still holds good. Good health is not just an accident that comes to certain fortunate people only, nor is it a result of drugs or medicines contained in bottles or pills; good health is a result of a definite normal chemical relationship between the body cells and the intake of good foods to keep the cells in their physiologic functioning condition.

When the automobile owner puts into his car poor fuel (gasoline) or cheap lubricating oil, it is certain that the automobile will not perform its function properly and sooner or later will break down; so, too, with the human mechanism. When the human body is fed on a poor, unbalanced diet, we cannot expect that it will be in a condition to perform its essential functions, but on the contrary, will deteriorate. The resistance of the body will be lowered and will easily become susceptible to infections, and the result is disease and death.

It has been definitely proven that the rich suffer less from disease than those whose living conditions are based on a starvation wage. Study of various communities in this country clearly demonstrate the inverse father and infant mortality; that is, the greater the wage of the worker, the less his children are afflicted by disease and death, and the smaller his income—the greater number of sicknesses and deaths.

At a conference on CHILD HEALTH AND PROTECTION held May 22, 1932, Dr. Thomas D. Wood, Professor of Health Education at Teachers College, Columbia University, stated: "Malnutrition (undernourishment) still stalks like an insidious specter through this land of ours, threatening one child in every four or five with danger of real and far-reaching results, lowered vitality and decreased resistance to many kinds of disease."

As recently as March 6 of this year, Mrs. A. Cannon, Chairman of the North Atlantic District of Hospital Social Workers, reported at a conference an increase of illness of 33 per cent among the needy (unemployed) as compared with those employed.

Very recently the Washington Children's Bureau reported 24 per cent of undernourishment among the children of unemployed workers.

A report from Dallas, Texas, of

October, 1933, cites the following facts:—

Twenty per cent of those appearing on the relief are Negroes, some entirely unemployed, and other partly employed but getting a starvation wage. Among them we find many suffering from hernia, defective eye-sight and high blood-pressure. Most of those Negro workers are no longer physically fit to work although they are still quite young. It is evident that their health was prematurely undermined by starvation.

In an article in the "New York Times" of Sunday, December 3, 1933, Miss Helen Hall, Director of the Henry Street Settlement, shows how the family life in America has been affected by hard times. She says:

"Along with the results of business breakdown we face the less obvious but deeply arresting conse-

## A Letter from Mother Bloor

In spite of vigilantes—in spite of the fact that I and Loretta Booth, the local secretary of the Grand Island Women's Anti-War Committee, were in the county jail for eleven days, and many other acts of attempted intimidation, the women farmers fought to hold their anti-war conference and elected Maggie Fritchau, a farmer's wife, to go to Paris with the working women from the cities to organize the world women's movement against war and the horrible fascism now spreading over Europe and showing its ugly head also in America.

As part of the intensive and feverish preparations for war, the farmers of the midwest are facing famine and suffering. The drought has burned up crops. The A.A.A. is killing off their cattle. The slogan "Reduce your acreage" given the farmers by the Brain Trust is now merged with another "reduce your cattle" so the government won't have to feed them.

In the midst of this terrible crisis, the farmers are sacrificing nickels, dimes and pennies, to send Maggie Pritschau to meet the women of other nations to organize with them against the coming on of another world war. We haven't raised enough money yet, for Maggie's fare, but she must go.

On Thursday evening an old-time socialist family—living on the bor-

quences of what the last four years have done to family life. We have seen families driven step by step from self-reliance to dependence."

Surely this is a picture of misery involving millions of human beings whose lives are sacrificed on the altar of capitalist greed.

Nutrition determines the character of the child's and adult's constitution; it may furnish foodstuffs just sufficient to maintain life in a state of chronic malnutrition, or it may be of such quality and quantity to saturate the body's requirement for superior growth and development; it may be inadequate in some vital constituent, like vitamins, mineral substances, etc., and thus be productive of indefinite symptoms and subsequent disturbance and infection.

The character of the tissues of the body can be altered according to the nature of the foods taken in, and according to the amount taken in.

However, all the positive conditions that favor normal health and growth are decidedly absent for the working class. Only when society is reorganized for the benefit of the worker, will his health be preserved.

der line of Nebraska and Kansas, arranged a meeting for me to talk about our conference in Paris, and the fascism in Grand Island, Neb. It was the hottest night ever known in Nebraska—115 degrees. But the yard was crowded with men and women eager to hear news from the outside world. They kept me answering questions until morning. So it is everywhere—men and women awakening.

In Nebraska they are opening the C.C. camps in great numbers, mobilizing the country boys under the war department—ready at a moment's notice to be turned into soldiers to fight for profits, for the rulers of our land—for Wall Street.

To all the comrades who remembered me in that hot, old jail, I send my comradely greetings and pledge myself to serve our class every hour of my life and I feel sure that I shall see the time when the jails will be opened by the victorious workers and farmers and every class-war prisoner will be set free.

MOTHER BLOOR

Let's Spread  
*The Working Woman*  
to new readers.  
Send in a new sub today

## The Paris Delegation

(Continued from page 3)

old she began to work on her uncle's farm. It wasn't really his farm because he was a sharecropper. She weeded cotton and peanuts until she was married and went to live near the saw mill in another town where her husband worked. Later they moved to Philadelphia and then to New York where she has been a domestic worker. Her husband has been unemployed for over two years and it is hard to support her family of six on what she makes these days. Rosa Rayside is the financial secretary of the Domestic Workers Union.



MARY PALERMO (New York)

Mary was born here in New York 23 years ago. She works in a large white goods factory where she is the shop chairlady. She is an active member of Local 62 of the International Ladies Garment Workers Union (A. F. of L.), and was present at the New York Regional Conference where she was elected to Paris.

EQUILA MCKITEN (Alabama)

Mrs. McKithen will represent the oppressed Negro women from the Black Belt of the South at the Paris Congress. She was born in Montgomery County, Alabama, and has lived there all her life. She went to work when she was nine years old. Her husband is a sharecropper and one of the most active organizers of their union. Mrs. McKithen is in charge of the women's work of the Union.

CLARA BODIAN (New York)

Clara Bodian is well known to the readers of the "Working Woman." When she was 14 years old she went to work in an artificial flower and feather factory. For 12 years she worked at this trade, took a leading part in two strikes and was finally blacklisted for her activity. She went to the National Training School of the Women's Trade Union League and to their Bryn Mawr Summer

School. After she was blacklisted she became an office worker. It was in this capacity that she began her work in the United Council of Working Class Women where she soon rose to be a leader by her energetic and devoted work.

IDA HALTUNNEN (Massachusetts)

Mrs. Haltunnen will represent the Finnish Federation at the Paris Congress. She comes from Fitchburg, Mass., where she was a textile worker for many years.

MOTHER BLOOR (U.S.A.)

This delegate needs no introduction to the militant working women of this country. They all know her. Most of them have seen her in action among the miners, textile workers, farmers—wherever workers are battling for the right to a decent life—there you will always find Mother in the front ranks.

In addition to these working and farm women delegates there are several prominent liberal women. Among them are Jessica Henderson of Boston, Mrs. Lola Maverick Lloyd and Mrs. C. M. Barr of the Women's International League for Peace and Freedom. Altogether 30 women will represent the United States at the International Women's Congress Against War and Fascism.

## DO YOU KNOW?

When the striking ore miners in Alabama were forced from picketing at the point of bayonets and five of them were brutally murdered, their wives immediately formed new picket lines around the Bessemer mines in face of the bloody terror displayed the most heroic determination to help their husbands win the strike. This courageous deed of the Negro working class housewives will inspire all working class women to enter more boldly into the fight for the right to live.

The 21 gun salute fired in honor of President Roosevelt by the U. S. Navy in the New York Harbor cost the New York masses \$50,000. While thousands of working class babies in New York have no milk, this extravagance is indulged in to prepare the minds of the workers for another world slaughter.

Professor Lena S. Stern, Director of the Physiological Institute, Moscow, has been awarded the title of Honored Scientific Worker by the Presidium of the All-Union Central Executive Committee.

Professor Stern is the founder of the Institute. She has published more than 200 scientific books, many of which are known abroad.

## FASCISM DEGRADES AND OPPRESSES WOMEN

CAPITALISM PROFITS BY THE MISERABLY PAID LABOR OF WOMEN AT HOME AND THE MURDER OF MEN AT THE FRONT!

ORGANIZE WOMEN'S ANTI-WAR COMMITTEES IN THE FACTORIES AND NEIGHBORHOODS.

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As President Roosevelt boarded his yacht, en route for his vacation in the Pacific Seas, he hurled these questions at the workers of America:

## ARE YOU BETTER OFF THAN YOU WERE LAST YEAR?

*The General Strike in San Francisco and other Bay Cities was a strike for the right to work in order to live. Over 75,000 struck. This was their answer to President Roosevelt's questions.*

## ARE YOUR DEBTS LESS BURDENSOME?

*A Negro woman, mother of a number of children, was murdered by police in Cleveland, Ohio, when she went with other workers in the same plight as she to demand relief from the city administration.*

## ARE YOUR WORKING CONDITIONS BETTER?

Is Your Faith in Your Own Individual Future  
More Firmly Grounded?

*The answer thunders with the march of thousands of feet, demanding shorter hours, higher wages, union recognition.*

MILWAUKEE STREETCAR MEN  
BUTTE, MONTANA, COPPER MINERS  
MINNESOTA TRUCKMEN, TEAMSTERS  
CHICAGO STOCKYARD WORKERS

NORTH CAROLINA TEXTILE WORKERS  
ALABAMA MINERS  
NEW JERSEY AGRICULTURAL WORKERS,  
ETC., ETC.

*Marching feet in line for bread*

*Marching feet on the picket line*

*Marching feet thundering demands.*

THAT'S HOW WE'LL IMPROVE OUR CONDITIONS!

THAT'S THE WAY OUR FUTURE WILL BE GROUNDED!

●  
Tell Us Your Answer! Write Us Your Story Today.

*Become a Worker Correspondent*

Address: WORKERS CORRESPONDENCE

# THE WORKING WOMAN

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