

# THE WORKING WOMAN

SEPTEMBER  
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Frances Perkins'  
"Mawses and Clawses"

by Katherine Lawson

"Leave Them  
Meters Be!"

by Myra Page

No More Helling

A True Story by a  
Working Woman

Editorial

by Jo North, Editor of

NEW MASSES



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**Support the Million Textile Strikers**

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# Women Militant in Strikes

By JO NORTH, Editor of *New Masses*

In every unbiased survey of working class conditions in the United States since 1929 we find the place of women in American industry has grown worse at a most alarming pace. With the downward shift in wage scales, the constant reduction in personnel, women have found themselves the first to get the wage cut, the first to be thrown on the street. You find it in every industry, in every region. In textile where there is a majority of women workers, they have suffered the brunt of stretch-out, of wage cuts, of intimidation whenever they attempted to organize. They found that the N.R.A. instead of coming to their rescue, has thrown them on the mercy of relief—has forced them into the streets. Thousands of women have been thrown into prostitution.

## Join the United Fighting Front of the Working Class

But women workers, like the men in this country, are not taking these death-blows of capitalism meekly. They are fighting. The picket lines spread across America in the present wave of strikes find women fighting alongside their men. The picket lines of Kohler of Kohler, Wis., numbered as many women as men. They braved the bullets equally with the men. They fought as heroically against the company army of thugs. As in Kohler, so in Minneapolis, in the San Francisco general strike, in Milwaukee, in the farm strikes of South Jersey. Wherever labor has struck women have fought with true working class solidarity. As the capitalist class crumbles, as the attempt of its rulers to clamp fascism down on

In every unbiased survey of the workers continues, we find that women, as in fascist Germany, are relegated in economic, political and social status to that of earlier centuries. The German fascists invented the slogan, "Kinder, Küche, Kirche" — "Children, Kitchen, Church," this is the lot they propose for women. Those who were in industry found their wages cut below living standards, even below living standards, even below that of the men. The age-old plan of the boss is to divide the working class by sex, color, nationality, by every conceivable manner. But the old tricks won't work. Women realize that their place is on the picket line with the men. Men realize that if the women's wages are cut, theirs will not be spared. The wives of workers know they must support their husbands, when on strike must go with them to the picket line, must swell the numbers of their class. The attempt to install fascism in America is being made. Everywhere one sees the swastika being raised. Everywhere one sees growing resistance to the swastika. Women realize that unless they fight American Hitlerism they will be forced back into medieval conditions. Unless they fight the threat of imperialist war, they will be forced into support of the mass murder plan of capitalism. They will be forced to help in the slaughter of their husbands, their sons, their relatives.

## Fight for Equal Pay for Equal Work

## Fight High Prices!

## Demand Unemployment Relief!

### Excerpts from Many Letters

Dear Sir or Lady: Detroit, Mich.

Lately I got a copy of your monthly magazine for reading, and found it very interesting. So I am going to subscribe for one year. Enclosed find 50 cents in stamps.

With best wishes,

I remain, sincerely yours,  
Comradely yours, (Man's name). A.

Dear Comrades: Kansas City, Kan.

Please send 25 copies of the *Working Woman*, August issue. Remittance will be made after sale.

I am a Red Builder and encounter many women. Feel that the *Working Woman* will draw them closer.

Comradely, B.

Dear Comrade: Jamestown, N. Y.

The Womens' Council of Jamestown, N. Y., will have a party for *The Working Woman* magazine in the very near future and will send in the money. C.

## THE WORKING WOMAN

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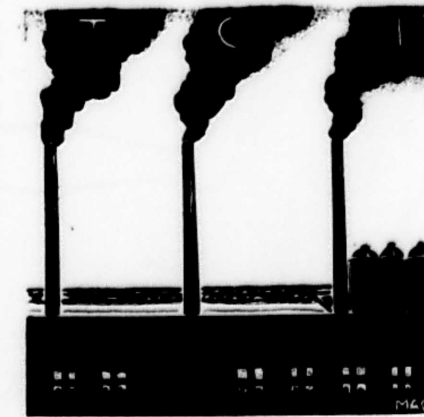
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# "LEAVE THEM METERS BE!"

By MYRA PAGE



The steel mills of the Tennessee Coal & Iron Company, Birmingham, Alabama.

"Just look at that!" Ann called Mary over to the window. Together they peered angrily at the husky giant loosening dirt around a water meter. Alabama's July sun sizzled across his wet shoulders, danced merrily on the heads of the little Negro babies making sand pies on a wobbly porch nearby. Beyond the dingy shacks reared the rust-colored furnaces of the enormous Tennessee Coal and Iron Company's steel mills.

"That gas bird's aiming to dig 'em all up. Blest if he ain't!"

"Damn company! Ann snorted. "Right in the hottest time. How we-all's gona get along without water?" Three meters were already leaning against the side of the company truck.

"You telling me!" Mary jerked at her apron. "And everybody sitting home cross-legged. It's a shame!" At this rate, soon all the colored families of Morseville would be running with tin pails to the dirty creek. If that water company had its way. "With all the lay-offs now, how they expect us to have a dollar every month?"

Ann looked glumly at her friend. "We gotta do something, that's all."

"But what?"

"Get them women outa their kitchens."

"Just try it—they're scared of their own shadow!"

"Now you listen here," Ann grinned. Black eyes stared into black eyes as the plan grew. With a snicker, Mary agreed.

Suddenly Mary made for the porch, arguing at the top of her voice.

Ann ran after her, calling down the walk. "You black-faced hussy, you!" She flapped her apron, "I'll learn you to sass me!"

Mary walked with a swagger, calling back. Heads appeared at windows, the children dropped their game. Still quarreling, the women edged slowly up the street. Some neighbors came out on their porches. The man digging meters stopped to wipe his face and watch the fuss.

Mary leaned to pick up a rock. "Shut your loose mouth woman, or I'll—"

Ann reached for a clump of dirt. Two women grabbed her, as the meterman pinned Mary's arms behind her.

Seeing the women crowding around, Ann gave a vigorous shake

to her shoulders, freeing herself. Quickly she stepped into the circle. "Fellow workers! Women! Ain't you shamed? Letting this no-count shut off your water!"

Amazed, the women stared, drew closer. Somebody giggled. Mouth open, the company man loosened his hold on Mary, fell back. "Well, I'll be—"

"Sitting home on your stumps," Ann went on, "mourning your hard times. That won't get us nowhere—you ought to know that!"

"We sure ain't nowhere now," one woman muttered, "that's the Lord's truth."

"You said it!"

"How you gona get along without water?" Ann demanded, "Tell me that? How you gona cook your cornmush?"

"But only trouble comes of kicking up a fuss," her neighbor argued.

"Depends on who kicks up the fuss and how," Ann retorted. "One or two alone don't mean nothing. All together, it means the water turned back on. Now tell me, how you gona wash the white folks' clothes? How you gona scrub your floors?"

"Oh, lawsy," one listener mourned, "but we ain't got no dollar!"

"My man ain't had a day's work since doomsday. He's wore his shoes out looking—just don't look like the steel mill's ever going to hire again."

"What we gona do?"

Ann turned on the water meter agent, who was digging like mad.

"Stop that man! That's the first thing." As he saw the women turn on him, he dropped his shovel, backing off. "Now lookahere, ladies," he begged, "I ain't done nothing. It's company orders."

"Just drap them meters back where they belong," said Mary kindly, "and skiddoo."

As his empty truck chugged hurriedly down the road, Ann looked at the women. "You see?" Everybody was grinning, eyeing their meter. Alabama's July sun sizzled went on, "this ain't all. We gotta put a stop to this water business, once for all. There's plenty more families in Morseville ain't got the dollar either."

"That's right," a woman near her spoke up, "my bill's overdue and so's all on my block. Any day we been thinking that truck'd come."

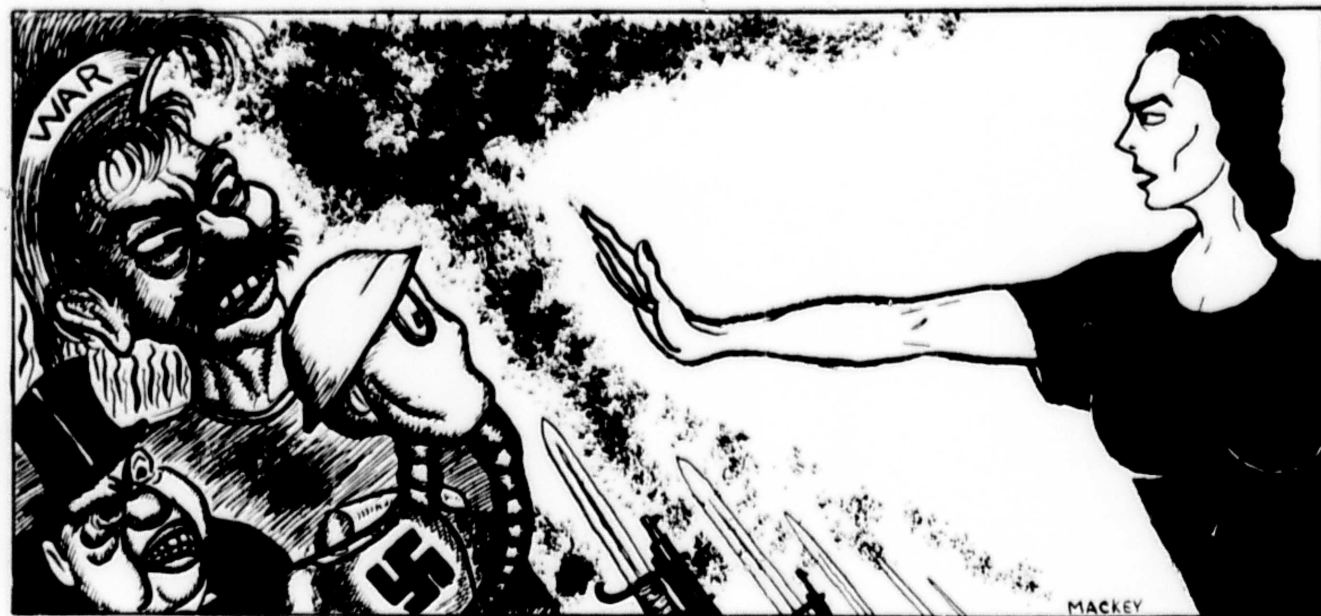
"You telling me!" Mary jerked Ann told them, "We gona sign up in an organization right now, an Unemployed Council. And when your mens come home, you gona sign them up too. Who-all wants to give in names?"

Some hung back and Ann went on, "We gona chose a committee right here and now," Ann said, "and go down to that water company office in Birmingham and tell them we gotta have water in their houses and for them to leave them meters be. I'm going and Mary's going, and who else's going along?" Three others were chosen out of a dozen hands. . . .

Well, in telling this, which is no made-up story, but something that actually happened, Ann ended with a twinkle in her eye—"And that's how we come to get free water in Morseville for the unemployed."

*Editorial Note: Next month. How Ann organized the white women in nearby Glenspeak to get the water turned back on. The names in this story have been changed to protect the workers involved.*

Send Delegates to the Second  
U.S. ANTI-WAR CONGRESS  
in Chicago, September 28th -30th



## For Action Against War, Fascism

### Miss Haden-Guest of England

"We greet the liberated women of the Soviet Union. Their freedom and equality did not come to them out of the clear sky, but had to be fought for.

"Our Congress takes place in a time of a threatening danger of war. In Japan and Germany the fight against the Soviet Union is already prepared. In our capitalist countries, the money, destined for the social insurance for our children is thrown away for the organization of a new war. Therefore, the task of women of all countries is to organize the action of women against this war."

### Ella Reeve Bloor, 74-year-old farm leader.

"The American delegation is ready to aid all anti-fascist women to go to Germany to cry to the henchmen: 'Free Thaelmann, free the anti-fascist women!'"

"Every delegation represents a formidable force, every delegate represents the fight of thousands of anti-fascists."

### Mrs. Wodarzack (Saar-Region) member of the leadership of the Socialist Party of the Saar. Greeted with great applause.

"In the Saar Region a united front of the Socialist and Communist Parties was formed. Deeply influenced by our united front, successful because of our tenacious ef-

### From speeches made by women of many countries at the great Women's World Anti-War Congress held in Paris, August 4 to 7

ports, about 30 per cent of the Catholic women organized themselves in opposition to Hitler. I was often asked 'Will not one group dominate the other?' I answered, 'We in the Saar do not worry about such things!' When the enemy stands before me I do not ask who my partner is if he only fights with me against the common enemy. Therefore we Socialists are joining with the Communists. Our enemy is fascism; it robs us women of our most holy possession, our motherhood, since it degrades our children to cannon fodder for the coming war. I appeal to the women of the entire world to follow the example of the Saar, and to bring about a united front everywhere, so that the bond of Socialism should embrace the entire world."

### Maria, German Delegate

"Even the bestial raging of Hitler Fascism cannot weaken our will for struggle. Hitler wants war, but we want peace! We will turn the weapons which Hitler gives us against him. We refuse the 'voluntary' but forced high contributions for the Nazi welfare administration. Despite all threats, we boycott the cell of the National-Socialist factory-cell newspapers. We sabotage, by all means, the speed-up system in the factories. On the other hand,

we systematically distribute literature against war and fascism and in this work, we constantly find new methods. You, who honestly desire peace, help us with patronage in order to facilitate for us the broader distribution of illegal literature. We are bound together by a common struggle against War and Fascism."

### The Negro delegate Rosa Rayside New York, U.S.A.

This worker makes a moving appeal to the Congress in favor of the Scottsboro boys.

"In the name of the mothers of the innocently imprisoned and condemned boys, we call on you to rescue from the electric chair the Scottsboro boys. The death sentence against the boys remains unreprieved in spite of the fact that the false witnesses retracted their statements. Once before, the women of the world succeeded to postpone the execution of the death sentence. Now again, we must make a great effort to save our sons and other anti-fascist prisoners from the death sentence."

Now, Henry Barbusse, of France, wildly applauded, takes the floor in the name of the World Committee Against War and Fascism.

(Continued on page 5)

## MILLION TEXTILE WORKERS TO STRIKE

Working women, hold united front conferences to assist the strike of nearly one million textile workers to start about September 1st. Textile workers—organize one united Strike Committee in every mill. No settlement without a vote of all workers on strike! For one united strike front—in the fight for higher wages; against speed-up and for union recognition.

## For Action Against War and Fascism

(Continued from bottom of page 4)

### Delegate Jimergalnia of Bashkir, Soviet Union

She takes the floor and is stormily greeted. Her speech is energetic and expressive; "Bashkir was a czarist colony, terribly exploited by the czardom, where women were sold as the slaves of men, and bore the heaviest part of the work. Frightful poverty made the birth of a child, in a dirty corner, a misfortune for the family. Today Bashkir is a republic of the Soviet Union—the October revolution freed our women.

"Today we are an important factor in social construction. The Bashkir of today is characterized by mechanization, a tremendous oil industry,

the complete liquidation of capitalists, kulaks and large landowners, 75 per cent collectivization, the liberation of the exploited small peasants and farm workers from the yoke of the kulaks. Clubs, libraries and schools, 125 different newspapers, almost complete removal of illiteracy, compulsory school attendance, contribute to raising the cultural level.

"The equal position of women, who everywhere occupy responsible positions in large numbers, has developed our women from slaves into conscious and useful members of our socialist society. Only one road can free woman and the world from the growing pressure of War and Fascism; our road."

## Message for Sharecroppers from Paris

"It was heaven on earth to see all those different women who speak different languages all voting in harmony for the same thing!" declared Capitola Tasker, her eyes shining. "They are all going back to their homes to fight against war and fascism."

Capitola has just returned from the Women's World Anti-War Congress, held in Paris, France, from August 4th to 7th. She was one of 30 delegates who, sent by the nickels and dimes of the workers, went to take part in this great congress. From the Chicago packing houses, the canneries of California, the farms of Nebraska, and the factories of Detroit, the women delegates, duly elected by thousands of organized women, traveled to Paris, to register the will of the workers against imperialist war and for the struggle against the growth of fascism.

"I'm going back to my home to teach the youth and children why they want to use them in war, the Negro and the white, but especially the Negro—to wipe them off the face of the earth—for profit. In the last World War they promised the Negro civil rights. The veterans came back and to what? Deeper in slavery and they have been done

out of the pensions they were due to get."

Capitola Tasker is a brave woman. She is a fit representative of the 8,000 members of the Sharecroppers Union of Alabama. Alive



Part of the American Delegation. States represented are: Alabama, California, Illinois, Massachusetts, Nebraska, New York, Ohio, Pennsylvania, Wisconsin.

## Strike a Blow at Fascism!

A committee of 17 women members of the American delegation to the International Women's Congress Against War and Fascism, led by Mother Bloor visited the German Embassy in Paris demanding that women imprisoned in the fascist concentration camps be set free.

The delegation was not permitted to enter. Only Mother Bloor got in to hand the secretary a written protest.

The American delegation to the Paris Congress pledged to carry on untiring activities in the United States for the freeing of these anti-fascist heroines and the leader of the German workers Ernst Thaelmann.

We call upon all women to assist in this most important work.

Help in the collection of a million signatures to FREE ERNST THAELMANN, Mrs. Beimler, Mrs. Steinfurth, Anna Marie Jacobs and other anti-fascists from the hellish fascist prisons!

with enthusiasm, she can hardly wait to get home to work.

"It was wonderful," she said, "but the biggest thrill was when Rosa Rayside, delegate from the Domestic Workers Union, read the appeal sent by the Scottsboro mothers to Congress. That whole audience understood and got to their feet. They unanimously passed a resolution condemning the Alabama bosses who are keeping the boys in jail. This is the thing that gave me the biggest thrill. I'll work harder than ever before."

Every country was represented among the 1,088 delegates except China and Japan. The Chinese delegates were stopped at the border.

When the ten delegates from the Soviet Union came the applause lasted for three-quarters of an hour. The women suffering under capitalism applauded their sisters who have thrown off the yoke of the landlords and factory owners and are building Socialism in their country. Capitola says, "They rang the bell and rang it, but the workers kept right on applauding. Those women marched up the aisle so straight and strong. It was fine!"

"My heart is in the working class movement, for the benefit of the children now living and the children who are to come."

# FRANCES PERKINS' "MAWSESSES and CLAWSESSES"

By KATHERINE LAWSON

Frances Perkins, the new Red-baiting Secretary of Labor, hailed as a liberal before her soaring ambition came into conflict with her mild reformist convictions, is by now one of the exploded pieces of the New Deal publicity. The cold detachment of the hardened case worker has enabled her to do a quick change act, and openly espouse repression, violence and terror to keep the American worker in line with the "administration principles of recovery."

Day by day as she meets with newspaper men and women, Fanny Cora Perkins reveals ever more clearly her pre-ordained role as master strate-



FRANCES CORA PERKINS

gist at strike-breaking, propagandist for the criminal theory of class collaboration, and phoney liberal "front" to beguile the ranks of union labor.

Faced by the insistent questions of a few realists in the journalistic profession, who would gain facts, rather than shiny mouthings about the "progress of Recovery," Miss Perkins always follows a pattern.

"A great many things are done which some people do not approve," is a sample of the glib manner with which the Labor Secretary waves off any discussion of her attacks on labor.

This was her sole answer recently when reporters sought her views

after she had been accused of starting a wave of Red-baiting and deportations in which civil rights were disregarded, by her telegram of approval to Governor Merriam of California during the general strike. To the protesting delegation led by the American Civil Liberties Union, Miss Perkins declined to state her attitude toward the so-called "vigilantes" (thugs hired by the ship-owners and the Industrial Association working together with the police; in some instances the "vigilantes" were police officers posing as union men with union buttons). She also refused to comment upon her inclusion of "any alien who teaches Communism" among those she defined as deportable aliens in her now-famous wire. Nor would she discuss the matter with the press.

The transformation of the social worker who was "drawn directly into working for the rights of labor after witnessing the terrible Triangle fire," to quote Fanny Cora herself, into an advocate of fascist violence against the labor leaders who seek by militance (their most important weapon) to exercise those "rights," has been a phenomenon any reporter could watch.

She has preached and thundered on the need of unemployment insurance, her last barrage on the subject being laid down in a nation-

(Continued on page 15)

## The Communist Party's 15th Anniversary

September of this year is the 15th anniversary of the Communist Party of the U.S.A. It is the only Party in the United States today which points out to the workers a way of ending misery, poverty and war.

The Socialist Party which supposedly represents the workers, refuses to accept the call of the Communist Party to build up a mighty united front of the workers to fight for a decent existence, but on the contrary supports policies of the A. F. of L. misleaders which seek to disarm the workers in their fight against the bosses.

The Communist Party points out to the workers that the mass fight for better conditions is also a starting point in the workers' struggle for a Soviet government in the United States.

The first acts of such a revolu-



Read the  
**DAILY WORKER**  
Official Organ of  
the Communist Party  
50 East 13th St., N. Y. C.

tionary workers' and farmers' government would be to open up the warehouses and distribute among all the working people the enormous surplus stores of food and clothing.

It would open up the tremendous accumulation of unused buildings—now withheld for profit—for the benefit of the tens of millions who wander homeless in the streets or crouch in cellars or slums.

Such a government would open up all the factories, mills, mines, and give every person a job at constantly increasing wages.

Working Women—The program offered you by the Communist Party is your program. Celebrate the 15th anniversary of the Communist Party by joining its ranks. Get other working women to join. That is the best way to weld the ranks of the workers in their fight for freedom and a happy world.

# LOVE - bows to the dollar

By SASHA SMALL

Drought? Unemployment? Higher Prices? Low Wages?

If you think that these are the keys to what's wrong with this country you are mistaken. If you read any of the dozens of Movie-lands and Photoplays and Screen Books, etc., you will find that the question most seriously agitating the country is: **Should Mae West get married?**

The August issues of every one of the six movie magazines I looked through had at least four pages on this burning issue.

But, of course, as the Duchess in "Alice in Wonderland" says: (and incidentally this makes much more sense than all of these magazines put together) "Tis love, 'tis love that make the world go around."

Of all the magazines on the market, these movie magazines are the greatest insult to the intelligence of those who read them. A Movie Star ceases to be a human being. He or she becomes exclusively the creation of the expensive publicity man who

Mae West can act or not. It doesn't matter whether or not the pictures they act in make any sense. All that matters to the movie magazines, are items like the following:

"When Mae West talks on love it behooves all you smart girls and boys to lend thine ear to a bit of a load of wisdom.



like to have her boil his morning eggs—or words to that effect."

The church at this moment is on a crusade against the indecent movie. Indecent, meaning, love affairs between unmarried people, the birth of illegitimate children and kisses that last longer than a certain number of seconds.

No one has begun a crusade against the poisonous anti-working class propaganda in the movies, against the slanderous lies at the Soviet Union, against the idiotic exaggerations of "life" in a pent house or in a water

front dive, "life" in expensive permanent waves, manicured nails, where love triumphs over all and the splendid young millionaire convinces the honest working girl that the radical-gangster-truck driver, etc. (it's all the same to the movies) really means her no good and then marries her.

(Continued on page 12)

"Sex and me" she says, 'have a lot in common. I don't want to take any credit for inventing it—but I may say in my own modest way, and in a manner of speaking I have discovered it!'"

Acting—one of the oldest arts in the world—one of the traditional primitive means of expression since the beginning of civilization—has become nothing more than the public prostitution of handsome bodies from a silver screen. The moving picture, by means of which science has given man an educational weapon of the highest type easily understood by the oldest and youngest—has been turned into a wholesale drugging apparatus by the bourgeoisie. And these movie magazines simply continue the process. It doesn't matter whether Bing Crosby or Douglas Fairbanks or

The pictures in these magazines—photography developed to a high point of excellence are used for what? To display legs and hips and shoulders in the most alluring poses. Writing—developed to an irritatingly high technique of wise cracks—is used to fill pages and pages with ridiculous gossip. For instance:

# NO MORE HELLING!

A True Story by a Working Woman

There are thirty women here working under the most miserable conditions. For 20 cents an hour women work there, and the men get 25 cents an hour. They work 12 and 14 hours. In 1933 the women worked for 10 cents an hour. They assort papers and must work with backs bent because of lack of chairs or tables. You must be skilled and understand the quality of paper. Some women have worked in this junk place for 15 and 16 years. One related to me the following: "Look at me. I entered this shop young, beautiful and healthy. Now I am only forty years old and I look like sixty."

It was true. She had rheumatic pains in her legs and arms, she dragged her legs when she walked.

In the winter the place is not heated. The workers are forced to wear as much clothes as they have to keep from freezing. The paper comes in, in the winter time, damp and frozen. The women are not permitted to wear any gloves, and they have to pick the paper with their bare hands. Their hands bleed from cuts in their fingers. They eat their lunch where the garbage is. The waste paper comes from hospitals, doctors' offices and waste paper receptacles in the alleys, which are full of germs and diseases. One woman while assorting the paper got a piece of wire in her eye. She lost her eye and after three years the cavity is not yet healed.

Around this factory are company-owned shacks where the factory workers live with their families. Most of the workers are Negroes. For these shacks Mr. Levine charges \$5 a week. This money is taken out of the wages. A Negro worker who worked there for nine months contracted consumption and still lives in one of the shacks with his wife and one-year-old child.

One day the women in the plant decided to stop the cursing of the foreman. Constantly listening to him say, "If you don't like it here get the hell out and go back where you came from." He would also throw things at them. They declared a strike and it's worth mentioning the militancy of these women.

For two weeks at 6 A. M. they were on the picket line. Women of 45 and 50 years of age. They were an inspiration to younger ones. It was encouraging to see the awakening of women, fighting for better conditions. Each one telling the story of her life. One woman related how she was forced into the factory when her husband went to the hospital ten years ago with a paralytic stroke. He is still there and the woman had to support the children and herself on ten cents an hour. Out of this pay came her carfare and lunch.

Those who had worked sixteen or seventeen years for Levine told how they had built up the factory from a tiny place, how they had built his summer and winter homes, while they themselves were always threatened with evictions. They could hardly give their children milk. Those women had to work because their husbands were unemployed or made hardly enough to support their families.

The women on strike prevented any scabbing through their splendid solidarity. Those women cannot read or write. They told us how anxious they are to go to school, but after a day's work they must go home and take care of their houses and families. Mr. Levine

takes advantage of this when it comes to counting hours and wages.

During the strike Mr. Levine came down and offered individuals better wages if they would go in. He smiled and acted very cordial. One woman said, "I know Levine for sixteen years, he never smiled or said good morning to us. Since we are on the picket line we are ladies. He smiles and greets us because there is no one to pick up his trash and garbage."

These are the demands they have won: Two and a half cents increase an hour; no work on Saturday; eight hours a day; no helling by the foreman, (the offensive foreman was shipped to another factory); no waiting for work (stagger system); recognition of the shop committee.

This junk and paper scrapping as it is called is used for some kind of war materials, so Mr. Levine is anxious for another war so he can make money. He has promised to give the workers five cents more if prices go up on paper. That means war prices. Those women were talking of war with such horror. They said that their lives were wasted, but they did not want to waste the lives of their sons and loved ones. And they mean what they say.

Detroit, Michigan.

*ED. NOTE: You have just finished reading a true story about the life of working women in one of the largest industrial cities in the U.S.A., Detroit, Michigan.*

*This story was written by the women themselves. It reflects the conditions of great numbers of other working women in this country. The simple words, understood by all women workers, the double exploitation of working women, is well shown here. Their determination in strike struggle to improve their conditions is an inspiration to all women workers.*

*Our questions on the back page of the July Working Woman brought us this answer. This magazine can only present your lives in the correct way with your help. Write and tell us what is happening to you now—women in mine, mill and factory—send your letters in before September 15th for publication in the October issue. Address your letters, care of Workers' Correspondence, The Working Woman, Box 87, Station D, New York.*

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## Toledo Strike Lessons

Women make up the majority of the Electric Auto-Lite Company workers at Toledo, Ohio. During the recent famous Auto-Lite workers' strike, the women played a militant part. Together with the men they fought back the state troopers who attacked the strikers with bared bayonets. The women carried enthusiasm into the picket lines. They sang songs, shouted slogans and made fun of the cops. Several times, when Tom Ramsey, the business agent of the Auto Workers Federal Union, Local 18,384, was pointing out members of the Communist Party and the Unemployed Council on the picket

line, to his sheriff, deputies or police, militant girl strikers surrounded the police and would not permit an arrest.

When strike cases came up in court, young women strikers came forward to help pack to courtroom.

The A. F. of L. misleaders were not able to break up the splendid solidarity of the strikers. However, they found a way of betraying the strikers by using the women workers against the men workers and thereby splitting the unity of the strikers.

Ramsey resorted to a splitting tactic by offering a 10 per cent in-

crease for women and a 5 per cent increase for men. The women voted for this "victory." Since they made up the majority of the workers their votes carried the Ramsey proposal. The strike was "settled" with a 5 per cent increase in wages but **no recognition of the trade union.**

Had there been special attempts made to mobilize the women workers under the demand of equal pay for equal work, this split-tactic of the A. F. of L. misleaders would not have been successful. Here is an important lesson for all workers and especially militant trade unions to note.

## Bread Strike

News of the United Councils  
of Working Class Women

NEWS FLASH!

STRIKE WON AUGUST 24, AS WE  
WENT TO PRESS.

New York . . . Six months ago, the women in the 174th St. neighborhood, through strike action, forced the bakeries to sign an agreement to sell bread at not more than seven cents a pound and rolls for 18 cents a dozen. But the bakeries violated that agreement by raising the prices to eight cents a pound for bread and 20 cents a dozen for rolls.

### Women Get Into Action

The women rallied under the leadership of the 174th St. neighborhood organization into a strike against the higher prices. Women in the 180th St. neighborhood joined them. Police have been sent to attack the pickets.

More than 50 consumers were arrested. But this only aroused support for the strikers. Up to a thousand workers have been present at the open air meetings held under the auspices of the 174th St. neighborhood organization, many of whom contributed money towards the support of the strike. Strike

bulletins are issued daily and eagerly read also by non-strikers.

The members of the Women's Councils are taking an active part in these bread strikes, are participating daily on the picket line, speaking at the open air meetings, issuing leaflets.

The bosses did not try to make any settlement with the neighborhood organization, but instead invested \$3,000 in order to try to get an injunction out against it. Due to the militancy of the consumers in the neighborhood and the excellent appeal made by the lawyer of the International Labor Defense this injunction was denied, but certain restrictions were put on the picketers. Defeating the injunction is a partial victory for us, but we must now carry this further in forcing them to allow us to picket at all hours and to bring this struggle to a successful end.

### A. F. of L. Misleaders

The leadership of Local 507 of the bakery workers (American Fed-

eration of Labor) are working hand in hand with the bakery owners and their association. Mr. Mayer, the lawyer for No. 507, is chief prosecutor of all arrested pickets in this struggle.

When a conference was held at the N.R.A. Board, Mr. Mayer was the spokesman for the bosses and their association. When we questioned why the union lawyer was there, the answer was that their interests are alike. The workers must expose the action of such so-called union leaders.

### Organized Women Must Recruit

In this struggle, as well as in other struggles, the members of the United Council of Working Class Women must always have application blanks with them, speak to the women workers in their homes, at open air meetings, on the picket line, in order to recruit them for the organization. Especially in time of struggle can we build our organizations.

# "You Cannot Kill The Working Class"

By ANGELO HERNDON

"MY great-grandmother was ever such a tiny girl when some white plantation owners rode up to the Big House and arranged to carry her off. They bargained for a bit and then came down to the Negro quarters and grabbed her away from her mother.

"There is one story of hers that keeps coming back to me. She was still a young girl, and mighty pretty, and some rich young white men decided they wanted her. She resisted, so they threw her down on the floor of the barn, and tied her up with ropes, and beat her until the blood ran. Then they sent to the house for pepper and salt to rub in the wounds.

"My father, Paul Herndon, and my mother, Hattie Herndon, lived for many years in Birmingham, and then came North. They settled down in Wyoming, Ohio, a little steel and mining town just outside of Cincinnati.

"I was born there on May 6, 1913. My name was put down in the big family Bible as Eugene Angelo Braxton Herndon.

"One day in June, 1930, walking home from work, I came across some handbills put out by the Unemployment Council in Birmingham. They said: 'Would you rather fight—or starve?' They called on the workers to come to a mass meeting at 3 o'clock.

"Somehow I never thought of missing that meeting. I said to myself over and over: 'It's war! It's war! And I might as well get into it right now!' I got to the meeting while a white fellow was speaking. I didn't get everything he said, but this much hit me and stuck with me; that the workers could only get things by fighting for them, and that the Negro and white workers had to stick together to get results. The speaker described the conditions of the Negroes in Birmingham, and I kept saying to myself: 'That's it.' Then a Negro spoke from the same platform, and somehow I knew that this was what I'd been looking for all my life.

"We organized a number of block committees of the Unemployment Councils, and got rent and relief for a large number of families. We agitated endlessly for unemployment insurance. . . .

"On the night of July 11, I went to the Post Office to get my mail. I felt myself grabbed from behind and turned to see a police officer.

"I was placed in a cell, and was shown a large electric chair, and told to spill

everything I knew about the movement. I refused to talk, and was held incommunicado for eleven days. Finally I smuggled out a letter through another prisoner, and the International Labor Defense got on the job.

"THE courtroom was packed to suffocation. The I.L.D. attorneys, Benjamin J. Davis, Jr., and John H. Geer, two young Negroes—and I myself—fought every step of the way. We were not really talking to that judge, nor to those prosecutors, whose questions we were answering. Over their heads we talked to the white and Negro workers who sat on the benches, watching, listening, learning. And beyond them we talked to the thousands and millions of workers all over the world to whom this case was a challenge.

"The state held that my membership in the Communist Party, my possession of Communist literature, was enough to send me to the electric chair. They said to the jury: 'Stamp this damnable thing out now with a conviction that will automatically carry with it a penalty of electrocution.'

"I spoke to the courtroom and said: 'You may do what you will with Angelo



Herndon. You may indict him. You may put him in jail. But there will come thousands of Angelo Herndons. If you really want to do anything about the case, you must go out and indict the social system. But this you will not do,

Angelo Herndon, young Negro organizer has just been released from jail in Atlanta, Georgia, on \$15,000 bail put up by the working class. He is awaiting the results of an appeal to the Supreme Court of the United States.

His "crime" is that he organized Negro and white workers into an Unemployed Council and led them in a demonstration for more relief. He is charged with inciting to insurrection. Only the action of the working class can save him from his pending sentence of 18 to 20 years on the chain gang, which is equivalent to a death sentence for this slight young worker.

On this page are extracts from "You Cannot Kill The Working Class," a splendid pamphlet published by the International Labor Defense, in which he has written the story of his life, and which is being printed as we go to press. It contains a foreword by John L. Spivak, author of "Georgia Nigger".

This five-cent pamphlet may be ordered through the Workers' Library Publishers, Box 148, Station D, New York City.

*Herndon faces 18 to 20 years on the chain gang. Rush funds for his appeal to the I.L.D., 80 East 11th Street, New York City.*

*Robert Minor of the Communist Party greeting Herndon at Penn Station after his release on bail.*

for your role is to defend the system under which the toiling masses are robbed and oppressed.

"You may succeed in killing me, two, even a score of working-class organizers. But you cannot kill the working class."

*You're telling me!*

By GRACE HUTCHINS

## Were You Wondering Just How to Spend That \$12 a Week You Get?

Here's a gentleman named Knickerbocker. (H.R.) who writes books against the workers and he's just had a nice trip to London during the "season". He went shopping on Bond Street and found out what it costs to get presented at the British Court.

You know those pictures in the Sunday newspapers of the American millionaires' daughters—Mrs. Rock Morgue's daughter, Elizabeth and Mr. Vander Nasty's Margaret—and how they were presented to Queen Mary? Well, here's how it's done, Mr. Knickerbocker tells us just what to buy when we next go over to get presented.

At the Bond Street gown salon he found the lowest possible price for which it can be done. Your dress will cost you \$200 (40 pounds in British money). Your



Drawing by Gropper

cloak will be \$100, with feathers and head dress such as the Queen requires, at another \$40.

You must have a bouquet too, and that will be \$10, no less. Long, white gloves will be \$10 and shoes at least \$25. Stockings of the correct sort cost \$5. You can spend more, naturally, but the minimum for clothes is \$390.

Then there is the beauty parlor to fix your hair in the exact style and that will be \$15. You must hire a motor-car of the right kind at \$25 for the evening, and tips will be about \$5.

In all, it will cost well over \$600 at the very least, but of course it's worth it, for then you will see the Queen and the Lords and the Bishops all dressed up in knickers—I mean knee breeches.

Guests at the Court number about 2,000 and the *London Daily Worker* calculated that their total get-up costs about one million dollars for the evening.

## Lucy Cotton Thomas

Here's a little girl who will be presented at Court some day, unless we get rid of Queens and capitalists before she is old enough to make her debut. Lucy Cotton Thomas lives at the Hotel Pierre, Fifth Avenue, New York City. She is seven years old. Her father was a wealthy banker, sportsman and publisher, and her grandfather made millions out of the labor done by workers at low wage rates.

Lucy used to get \$3,000 a month but that isn't enough for real comfort, so her mother asked to have her dole increased to \$5,000 a month from the trust fund set up by the child's grandfather.

Here's how she's going to spend those five thousand bucks. Rent and sundries at the Hotel Pierre will take \$1,500 each month. Rents are a little higher on upper Fifth Avenue than on the Lower East Side in New York. Other items of her monthly expenses are \$283 for grocery bills, which is only about \$70 a week for food.

Then she will pay \$10 a month for the dentist; \$30 for a maid to wait on her; \$250 for the Lido Country Club to which she can drive in her motor-car. Toys will cost \$71 each month; telephone, \$47, and massages for her health, \$24. Draperies (whatever they may mean, clothes perhaps, by a fancy name?) take \$200 a month. And there you are—most of the \$5,000 gone already. How money does melt!

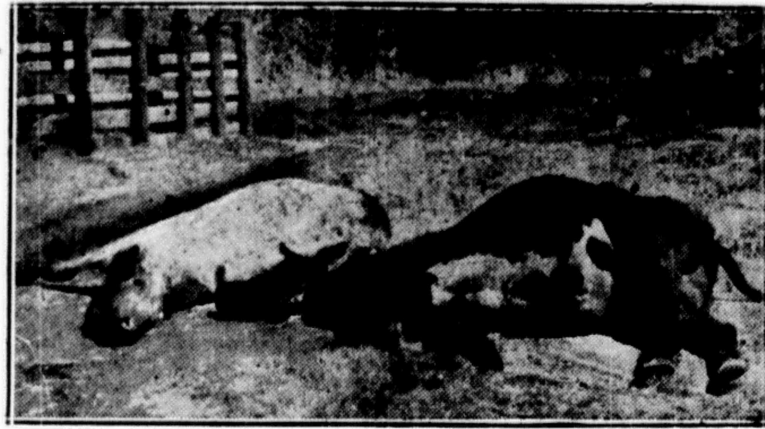
## On Strike for Higher Pay

You're telling me we ought to do away with the rich and give these things to the workers who made them? Why not? The first step is to get together and win that strike for more wages in the pay envelope.

Come on, and fight for it the way the girls did at York, Pa., in the cigar factories. They went on strike with the men. Police attacked them and the girls fought back. The strike is still strong and 50 cigar factories are still closed. The workers are on strike for a union to protect their rights and for \$10.80 a week in wages—the N.R.A. code rate for this work.

But they need more than \$10.80 a week to live on. They and you are going to have to fight for it.

The parasites we carry on our backs are going to hate to get to work in Soviet America. Well, we won't make them work. We won't force them to eat, either.



Steers, dead from hunger and thirst, lying abandoned in the Middle West.

## Rally to Drought Relief

In almost every State in the Union there is a drought of varying severity. In those areas where the drought is not bad, as on the East Coast, the hard winter killed many seedlings, ruined many fruit trees. According to the reports given out by the government, only the South is not affected. This is not true, because the drought exists there severely enough to cut the amount of cotton so that today there is no cotton being taxed under the Bankhead Bill which taxes all cotton above a certain amount.

In many parts of the country, the drought is doing damage which will turn formerly fertile land into desert for many years to come. It is working a hardship on farm men and women all over. But Nature is just the excuse as far as Roosevelt and his bunco steerers are concerned. Bad as the drought is, hard as last winter was, the real trouble about the drought is that it comes after seven years of bad times on the farm. It is just the finishing touch to impossibly high debts, incredibly low prices and little or no relief.

### Farmers' Bill Would Repeal A.A.A.

A farm woman in North Dakota can stand at her door and look at the heart-breaking sight of acre after acre of land, sometime all yellow with wheat; now, all yellow with sand. The beef cattle die by the

roadside for want of water and feed, the horses stand in the barn with cavel-in bellies and no work to do. This farm woman's husband is a member of the North Dakota Holiday Association which last month endorsed the Farmers' Emergency Relief Bill, originally proposed by the Communist Party and endorsed by many farmers' organizations, which calls for repeal of the Agricultural Adjustment Act, cancellation of debts and back taxes of poor farmers and sufficient relief. Next month, she and her husband will go with their sisters and fellow-farmers on a Drought Relief March to the State Capitol at Bismarck, demanding aid.

A farm woman in New York State, with little in the house to make supper for her husband and kids out milking the cows, can think that they are already feeding the cows green oats and unready corn because the pasturage is thin and that next winter there will be no silage, and no wheat or hay except at a very high price. The cows will give little milk to be sold at a low price while the wives of city workers pay that price, plus nine or ten cents a quart.

A farmer's wife of Indiana, breaking her back over a potato field will find one, perhaps two small ones to a hill. In the South, a sharecropper's daughter will see the weeds in the ploughed-up acres as the only blooming thing and the boll weevils the only full fed creatures.

DAN LOWELL tells what the farmers are up against and what they can do about it.

### Drought Overcome in the Soviet Union

Drought need not be such a serious thing. One reason for the bad effect of the weather is the method of farming used in the Mid West States. The farmers there, attempting to meet their debts, tried to get the most out of the land and in so doing used up all the reserve fertility. Erosion (eating of the lands by the winds and sun) set in, and the sand was blown to better fields, spreading like rust over the soil. In the Soviet Union, where the workers and farmers govern themselves for their own good, such using up of the land does not occur. Proper methods, which American farmers know, but cannot afford to use, are employed. When there is a crop shortage in the Soviet Union as there was three years ago, the people do not want for food. If necessary, food is imported into the countryside. Clothing and schooling for the children continue as usual.

Some of the farm women may weep at the sight of burned out land, but many are standing with their husbands, determined on getting relief. These are the new pioneer women, determined that the land their grandmothers came to, the farms their grandfathers built from virgin soil, shall not be stolen. Determined to stay on the land, to get relief, to raise their families in the proper manner.

ism has become the background for dozens of excellent films. There, in the movies, by their own actions in the simplest terms, the whole problem is unravelled before the eyes of the population.

Real people, real problems, real emotions. And none of your eternally smiling heroines falling into the muscular arms of the carefully manicured hero as the solution of all evil.

# How Cheng the Peasant Became Red

SYNOPSIS OF CHAPTER 1

Cheng, a poor Chinese farmer, is suffering dreadfully because of floods. His old father, his wife and their children are starving. Reluctantly he and his wife travel to town to see Koo, a rich merchant, trying to sell their young daughter to him for a few silver dollars.

By PAUL VAILLANT-COUTURIER

Well-Known French Proletarian Writer

(Reprinted from *International Literature*, No. 1, 1934)

## Chapter 2

"Well, who are you and what can you sell, you, who come from the countryside where there is nothing left but water?"

The father and mother lowered their eyes towards their little girl...

"It would have been more seemly if someone else had undertaken to bring her here, but our neighbors are either dead or not in a position to perform this service for us."

The major-domo gave a hiccup and laid his bowl down on the table...

"Poor folk," he said, wiping his greasy hands on his cotton gown, "you must indeed be from the country and never have left your farmyards if you think that it is enough to have a daughter in order to sell her for money. Why, there are scores, hundreds of girls offered for sale here since this flood, and do you think my master's house is an asylum? Go back where you have come from, you incorrigible peasants, my master has no need of a little half-perished slave-girl when his courts are so full of the finest girls in the province that he does not know what to do with them."

"But how much would she fetch, do you think?"

"Nothing at all. . . . A man who has ten umbrellas has no need to buy a tattered umbrella."

"Still there have been girls sold for as much as 35 or 40 silver dollars."

"Yes, when the harvest was good and when a rich man's fancy turned

that way. Otherwise that's not the price. But nowadays the rich have so many girls that they'll only take rice."

Cheng did not lose heart. He knew what sort of people are these dogs who guard the houses of the rich. He knew that they can be made tractable with bones. And they began to bargain.

"Well, but how much would you take of the price I fetched if I sold my daughter?" he asked the major-domo. The latter pretended not to have heard, but he said:

"I don't like to see little children suffer." And he held out the rest of his bowl of rice to the little girl who gobbled it up so gluttonously, that her stomach, unused to solid food, promptly threw it up again.

The major-domo gave a laugh of pity and said:

"She's a pretty little thing. How old is she? Ten?"

The Chengs understood then that there was some hope of concluding the deal. The mother, with apologies gathered up in her hands the rice which her little daughter had vomited. She stealthily ate a mouthful and then, seeing the major-domo looking at her, threw the rest out into the yard.

The major-domo continued: "If I got a third of the price as commission, maybe I could try to convince my master that he ought to do you this favor."

And he went out.

The merchant was playing at dominoes with some friends—two Kuomintang politicians who spoke German like himself, for they had studied at Berlin. The major-domo leant down and said a few words

in Koo's ear, to which his master replied:

"All right, three dollars. Give her something to eat and send her to me during my siesta the day after tomorrow. Have her well washed and scented. . . ."

The Chengs waited, intimidated, famished, their lives hanging on the fate of their little girl. When the major-domo came back, he gave them two silver pieces without saying a word. Cheng looked at the money, at his little girl, at the fat major-domo and said only:

"The rich are hard. . . ."  
The major-domo replied:  
"The rich are good. . . ."

He dismissed them without offering them tea. But when the little girl clung to her mother's skirts, he tore her rudely away, and as the Chengs left, they were pursued through the courtyard and out into the street by the desperate wails of their little daughter whom they had sold.

For some time Cheng did not dare to look at his wife, who was stopping her tears. True, it was only a girl, but it hurt him to part with her. Thus they walked on in silence through the narrow streets as far as the corn market. Cheng fondled the belt into which he had put the two dollar pieces. His only thought now was to eat. But his wife, though she did not dare to say it, was beginning to feel pains in her belly, and she coughed and spat blood and had even ceased to be hungry. Cheng changed the first silver piece in a public kitchen, received in exchange a heap of small coins such as he had not seen for a long time besides some coins strung on strings. Cheng put down several pieces on the counter. He and his wife took a bowl of rice and ate it slowly. . . . All around them people were growing excited and talking in agitated tones. . . . But their thoughts were too vague, they were too engrossed in the delicious action of masticating their rice to grasp what it was all about. . . . Cheng was thinking about what he could buy cheapest and planning to have two sticks of benjamin burned in the temple. Meanwhile a meeting

(Continued on next page)

(Continued from page 7)

In the Soviet Union movies are considered one of the important mediums of education. The history of the revolution has been recorded on the screen. The building of social-

## How Cheng the Peasant Became Red

(Continued from page 13)

was being held on the square where the people had gathered, profiting by the evening sunshine, and were engaged in hot discussion. Policemen in uniform were breaking up the meeting, striking right and left among the crowd with their long sticks. A young man in European clothes under a grey gown who was addressing a group of people and distributing squares of paper with something written on them, was suddenly seized by two men in black silk gowns and half beaten to death by the policemen in uniform. Some men rushed forward to tear him away. There was an eddying in the crowd, some people hooted, three shots rang out. Inquisitive people who had come out of the shops retreated hurriedly or threw themselves to the ground.

While the startled Cheng was finishing his rice, crouching behind some sacks in the kitchen, an excited man in blue blouse and trousers suddenly burst in shouting:

"Are we going to stand this forever? The Reds who are in the hills are right. We must expropriate the rich, give the land to the peasants who cultivate it and drive out all this thieving rabble of the Kuomintang who ally themselves with the Japanese to suck our blood. . . . Down with the gentry and the landlords. They say that the Reds are bandits. But where are the bandits if you please? How many years' taxes have you had to pay in advance? What have they done with the money that was meant to strengthen the dykes? It has gone to buy pearls and prostitutes and to pay pillaging soldiers. . . . And now the news comes from the west that the river is rising again. The water is rising and our town itself is threatened. . . . And now they want to requisition men to raise the dykes around the low part of the walls. Are they going to ask us for money again? Is it our fault if the water is rising?"

At these words Cheng and his wife took to their heels. Cheng had heard talk about the Reds. But at the moment there was only one phrase ringing in his ears: "The water is rising. . . ."

He had planned to spend the night in the town in his boat and to leave next day with his supplies of wheat and rice, but now nothing could hold him back. To leave at night time was folly, Cheng knew it well. In the day time he had noted various landmarks—trees and houses—and

he had traversed the town more than a hundred times on the canals before this flood and even during previous floods. . . . The water was rising. . . . Considering the level on which the town stood, if the town was threatened, then his house, with his father and his only son must surely be submerged. . . . No neighbors would come to rescue them. He must buy his supplies quickly and leave, cost what it might, to save what was left to be saved. Going with the current and the wind behind them, his wife paddling hard and himself punting for all he was worth, they would get there about midnight. Cheng carrying the beans, walked on hurriedly and his wife, bent beneath the weight of a sack of rice, could scarcely keep pace with him. The water was rising. . . . Cheng had forgotten the sticks of incense and the silver paper for the earth god's feast. He still had a few cents left.

"After all," he thought, "god is no better than the rich and with these few coins I shall be able to eat."

Coming to the place where they had moored their boat, outside the city gates, he saw with horror that the water had risen at least two feet and he calculated with despair that it must already be up to his threshold.

He spoke roughly to his wife, who had lagged behind a little, but she did not answer. She was bent double. With an old broken bowl she bailed out the water that had accumulated in the boat. She threw down her burden in the bottom of the sampan, under the umbrella, there where her little daughter had dozed that morning on their way to the town.

"We must be as quick as we can so as to make the most of the daylight that's left," said Cheng.

His wife, whose belly and loins were already being tortured by birth pains, took her place at the stern and, her legs astride, began to paddle.

Twice they lost the way and would not have found it again had it not been for some people who were fleeing from their flooded dwellings on rafts and who directed them.

Passing by a farm, they heard the cries of people who were drowning. But they had no time to stop. If they had met anyone on their way, they would have picked them up of course, but they could not turn aside from their path when their

father and son were perhaps in danger. And Cheng scanned the countryside for the trees which were to show him the way and the humps that marked the site of villages. . . . As they glided along over the black water, he piercing the gloom with his eyes and leaning on the pole, she plying the stern-oar, Cheng suddenly noticed that his wife was relaxing her efforts.

"Make haste, Ah-nu, make haste. . . . If your stomach feels queer, munch a handful of beans, but in heaven's name make haste. . . ."

Standing there motionless, her hand clasped over the oar, her legs astride, with terror written on her face, his wife suddenly answered:

"I am giving birth. . . ."

"Lie down then," said Cheng impatiently but less harshly, "and give me the oar."

Coughing and crying, his wife collapsed on the bottom of the boat, while Cheng began to paddle vigorously.

In the night on this endless stretch of water his wife cried aloud with a long wailing sound that rose and fell, growing more feeble and then dying out, only to be resumed at longer intervals, interrupted by fits of coughing.

"It's lasting a long time, isn't it?" Cheng would ask now and then. She would gasp and answer feebly:

"Yes, this time it's taking very long. . . ."

And he would say:

"Try to let it be a son. Take the broken bowl to cut the navel string—you can do it for yourself."

And he paddled on furiously thinking of his house where the water must have reached the threshold that evening, of his father and only son, cursing the darkness and the silhouettes of trees which he had difficulty in recognizing in this dim moonlight. He was running with sweat in the moist warm night, and this long effort made him feel to what a state of weakness he had been reduced by the unsatisfied hunger of these last two months. . . . And he kept hoping for a son.

"How's it going?" he shouted to Ah-nu. And he added: "We've already passed the grove by the grave of the Yuens, near the village of Yuen. But the water is up to the branches, whereas this morning it was only half way up the trunks of the cypresses. . . . I'm afraid, very much afraid for our family. . . . One hour more, one hour more," added for his own benefit. . . . "How's it going, Ah-nu?"

(To be continued in October)

## Household Corner

By FRANCES OLIVER

**M**OST women are interested in learning new, appetizing and economical ways of preparing food. Our page will be severely practical and won't indulge in any flights of fancy like the one I saw in the Ladies' Home Journal for August which contained items like; Tulip Tomatoes with Cucumbers and Salted Almonds and Bonbons.

### Down to Brass Tacks But Not in the Soup

From time to time there will be a tested dinner menu in this column which can be prepared for six people. The *Working Woman* will give a six months' subscription as a prize for the best menu submitted, to be printed on this page with Honorable Mention for the five next best. All suitable menus will be printed.

Today I am going to tell you about one of my old stand-bys. It is a delicious combination of fish and potatoes, which has the virtues of being inexpensive and so appetizing that the most confirmed fish hater will ask for more.

### Fish Bones Not Welcome

**O**F COURSE, it must be prepared with care, as the reason many people dislike fish is that bitter experience has taught them that there are usually lurking bones.

3 cups chopped Potatoes  
3 cups cold boiled Fish (1½ lbs.)  
3 tablespoons prepared Mustard  
Fat  
Salt, Pepper

Fry potatoes in two teaspoons of fat until they are slightly brown. Sprinkle with a pinch of salt and pepper and stir once in a while. Five minutes before you are ready to eat stir in fish; any left-over fish will do,

## Frances Perkins, "Mawsses and Clawsses"

(Continued from page 6)

wide radio address on August 13. But what kind of social insurance? Only the kind that is "in line with Recovery and will not upset Recovery," she explains neatly. So naturally she was opposed to the only jobless insurance bill yet broached that would meet the problem of the present crisis squarely—the so-called Lundeen Bill, or the Workers' Unemployment Insurance Bill that has been endorsed by more than 2,000 A. F. of L. Unions, many city councils and other groups. She threw the weight of her prestige toward the Wagner Bill, which only calls for the setting up of reserves for future unemployment, and would not aid a single one of the 14,000,000 persons idle today through no fault of their own.

This Mt. Holyoke graduate, who gazes at all callers through a lorgnette, and speaks of the "mawsses," and who coined the expression, "There isn't a first-clawss strike in America," didn't even press for the

Wagner Bill when her big boss, Franklin D., decided that it was too "radical" to be passed last session. She let up on jobless insurance for weeks. Now it's safe to whisper it again.

She shouted for months about the shortening of hours of labor. Then came the Connery 30-hour Bill. Its advocates couldn't even force an expression of opinion from the canny Labor Secretary. She knew how the Big Boss felt. The Connery Bill died of sheer inanition. Humor has it now that that glib Democrat Mr. Connery will be offered a good, fat federal post some place out of Washington. "He's too radical for this administration," friends of the administration say.

The results of Miss Perkins' Joseph's coat that she can shift from moment to moment are inevitable. So hostile have many of the Washington correspondents become that now Fanny Cora dares but seldom face them alone. She is customarily flanked by Dr. Isidor

haddock or cod are good if obtainable. It must be thoroughly boned. Heat this through, stirring once in a while. Now heat the prepared mustard (not dry mustard) with two tablespoons of fat. Stir half of this sauce through the hot fish and potatoes, put mixture on platter and pour over it the rest of the mustard sauce. If the mixture seems dry add another tablespoon of melted shortening. In preparing this dish for young children it is better to use only one spoonful of mustard, as seasonings are not good for them.

Either carrots or beet greens are a good combination with this dish. Beet greens or beet tops are a little coarser than spinach but they are much cheaper. They are just as beneficial as spinach, containing the same mineral salts and vitamins. Wash 3 lbs. of beet tops well, in one warm water rinse and several cold ones until all the sand and dirt is out. Cook for about 20 minutes in about a cupful of salted water. Drain and chop coarsely.

### Bringing Carrots to Life

If carrots are used boil two bunches of them in as small amount of water as possible with a pinch of salt and sugar. When carrots are tender mix a teaspoon of flour and a teaspoon of butter or fat with the remaining water (there should be about half a cup of water left) and pour this over the carrots. This gives them a delicious flavor and the water containing the valuable mineral salts is saved. You will feel repaid for the slight extra work by seeing the enjoyment of the family.

If you wish desert, a bowl of raspberry jello with two bananas sliced in it is usually welcome.

### Menu for Six

Fish and Potatoes with Mustard Sauce  
Beet Tops (or Carrots)  
Raspberry Jello with Bananas

Lubin, Labor Department statistician.

Which brings us to the famous statistics of her department. In the late lamented Hoover regime when Miss Perkins was far removed from the national political scene, she dared challenge Mr. Hoover's optimistic figures on joblessness. She was then the Al-Smith-appointed New York State Industrial Commissioner. But now the shoe is on the other foot, and her statistics have become as dubious as her predecessor's.

Her Washington side-kick is Mary Harriman Rumsey, daughter of the late railroad magnate, with whom she lives. She sends her daughter to a swanky preparatory school, and her husband never figures in the news, while she rides high on the crest of the waves, annoyed but really unchanged by the hatred of the labor movement.

As even the liberal columnist Heywood Broun said recently: "What a wet smack Frances Perkins turned out to be."





# hen you went to school

*Did you learn how to meet the problems you have now? Did your teacher tell you how to fight evictions and why? How to fight for wages, and who your real enemy is? Who was in favor of war—the truth? Did your school books tell you the true history of the American working class? If you didn't learn these things, you must find out about them now. THE WORKING WOMAN highly recommends these books to you.*

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