

The Working Woman

FARMING IN TWO WORLDS

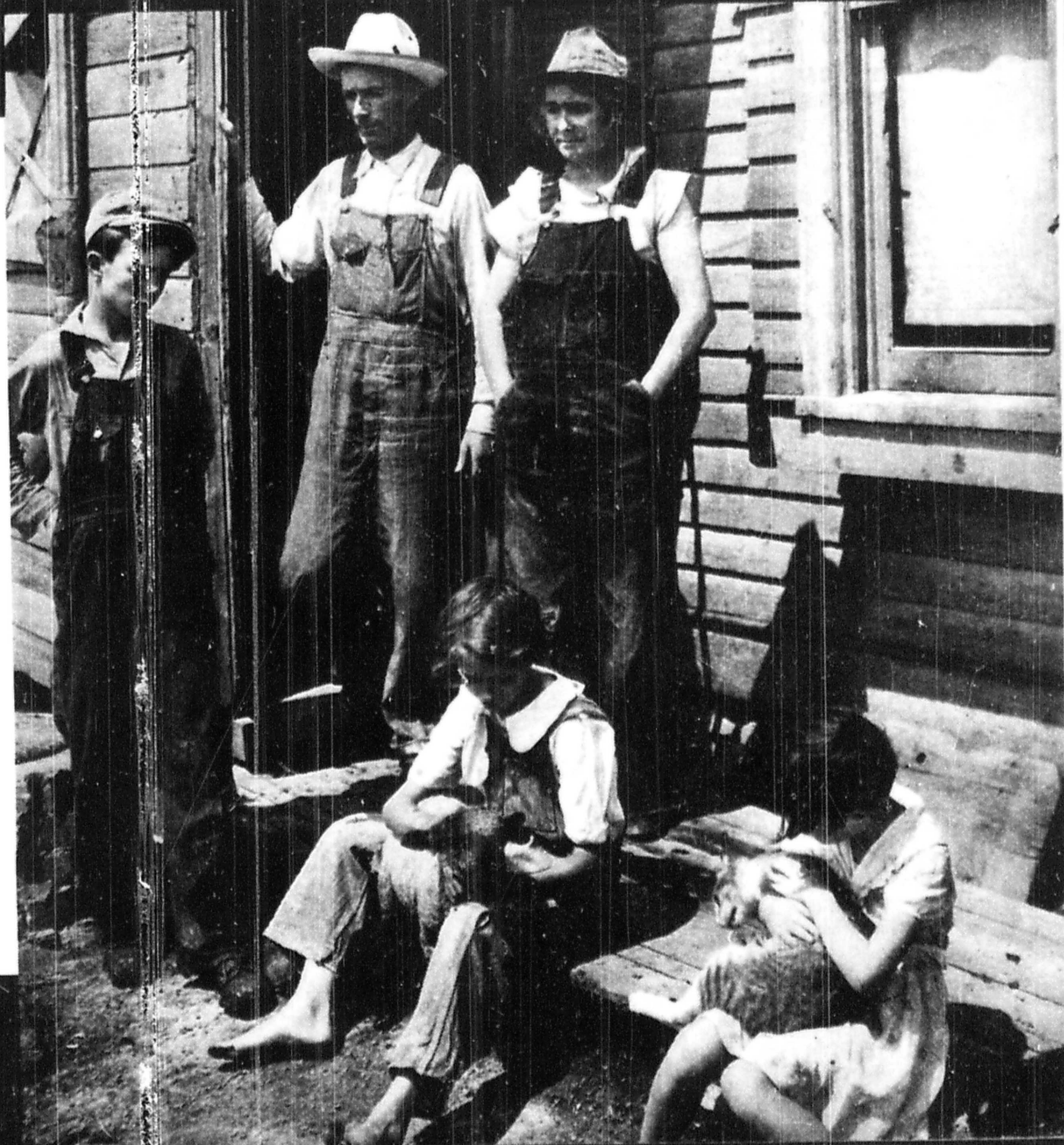
By Ben Field

I KNEW CLARA ZETKIN

By Mother Bloor

THE UPPERS AND THE DOWNERS

Cartoon by William Gropper



THE Working Woman

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Published monthly by the Working Woman Publishing Co.

50 East 13th Street, New York, N. Y.

Subscription fifty cents a year in U. S. and colonies and Mexico. Single copy 5c. Canada and Foreign 75c a year. Entered as second class matter on April 22, 1930, at the Post Office in New York, N. Y., under the Act of March 3, 1879.

VOLUME 6 209 NUMBER 6

STRIKE JUNE 8 GET READY!

"FIGHT AGAINST THE HIGH PRICE OF MEAT" is fast becoming the battle cry of working women all over the country. In Philadelphia, in Los Angeles, in New York, in Chicago, working women, workers' wives have staged demonstrations and conducted strikes against the high price of meat.

On June 8, women, especially in large cities are called upon to refrain from buying meat as a sign that they are preparing a demand for lower meat prices, into a mighty demonstration against the steep increase in prices for all necessities.

Do we need such a protest? Look at these figures (taken from the U.S. Bureau of Labor Statistics): Since Roosevelt came to power, meat has gone up 54.1 per cent, while food prices generally rose by 38.3 per cent.

WOMEN: Start now. Swing your neighbors, your shopmates into action. Get the butchers in your neighborhood lined up with you. Demand lower prices for the Negro masses who particularly are forced to pay the highest prices for meat. Organize picket lines around the large meat packing plants. Hold baby carriage parades. Hold street meetings in your neighborhoods. Send resolutions and delegations to your state governments demanding action for lowering prices. Climax these actions with a city-wide parade and boycott of meat on June 8.

Read on page 8 how women in various cities are carrying on the fight against high prices. Follow their example.

WORKING WOMEN: Do you know that thousands of unemployed are told by Welfare "dietitians" to do without meat, while one billion pounds of meat are stored away in the meat storage plants? For what? (1) To keep up prices. (2) For war purposes. This meat is intended to feed future military armies. At the same



time our boys in the C.C.C. camps receive inadequate food.

We, wives and mothers of the unemployed, of the underpaid, sped-up workers, demand that these one billion pounds of meat be turned over for free distribution (by trade unions and workers' organizations) to feed the huge army of the unemployed.

Working Women: On June 8th, fight against the high price of meat! Do not buy meat on June 8th! Send delegations of mothers, sisters, sweethearts to the C.C.C. camps, to investigate conditions there. Demand better food for the boys there.

HELP collect one million signatures against war. Get petitions from the Women's Committee of the American League Against War and Fascism, 112 East 19th Street, Room 605, New York City.

Save This Mother

Frau Charlotte Jeunemann, 24 year old mother of three children, is to be beheaded by Hitler. She is charged with "allowing" her three children to starve, while she led a gay night life.

The facts of the story, coming to us from authentic sources, are that Frau Jeunemann, who is expecting a fourth child, could not feed her family on Hitler's starvation dole. She and her family were found in a cave, under such inhuman conditions, that two of her children died. She is only one of the million of German working women who have been forced into slow starvation by Hitler. The Working Woman calls upon all workers' organizations and all anti-fascists to save this mother of the working class, from the axe of the executioner.

Get your organizations, club, trade union to send protests to the German Ambassador, Dr. Hans Luther, Washington, D. C., and demand the release of Charlotte Juenemann.

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Farming in Two Worlds



International News Photo

By Ben Field

EVERYWHERE in Soviet Russia you will find the new women who are building the first Socialist Republic in the world. They are in factories, in the forests, in the mines, on boats, in the universities, on the farms. Nowhere in the world do women walk so sturdily as they do in the Soviet Union. Nowhere else in the world have the chains been smashed on the most exploited and backward of the masses—the peasant women.

Having recently spent about a half a year in Russia and having worked on American farms, I have been able to see the tremendous contrast between the life of Soviet women on collective farms and the lives of the farm women in our own country. There are pictures and people in both countries that are burned as with acid deep in memory. Let us look first at some of the women who have been freed to live like human beings in a

country run by the workers and farmers.

Soviet Farm Women

The Lenin Commune is a collective farm of about 5,000 acres. It is fourteen hours from Moscow. This is a collective farm which was first established in 1921. The estate of a certain Princess Bolkonskaya, who had fled to France soon after the Revolution, was given by the government to 17 families who emigrated from America. At first these people had to live in tents. They had only six horses and had to borrow money from the government. Now the Lenin Commune has about 700 people, 80 horses, 400 cows, 1,000 pigs, sawmill, powerhouse, apartment houses, radios in every apartment, a broadcasting station, etc. The farm has become one of the most prosperous in all Russia. And the women have helped to make it so.

The women work in field, garden, barn, or in the community dining room. One of the best tractor drivers is a woman. The head of the piggery is a young woman. Some of the people elected to represent the collective in the Soviets, are women. The old drudgery and slavery of the woman no longer exists. There is a community kitchen, bakery, laundry, nursery. Women have their children well taken care of while they are away working. They take several months off from work before confinement and as many after. They do light work near the nurseries to nurse their children.

Opportunity On the Farm

I spent one morning talking to some of the women in the Lenin Commune's barn. I talked to little bare-footed Fania, one of the peasant women who has recently joined the collective. Shy, bright-eyed, she snuggled up to the cow she was milking and answered her questions with a blush. She is 23 years old. Her mother died of hunger during the famine in 1921. Her father, an individual farmer, could not feed the large family. The collective can. Why, the collective bakes a ton of bread every day. That is why she joined. She likes the new life. She works only six, seven hours a day. She makes 150 rubles a month. No one stands over her like a boss. She didn't have any money when she entered the Commune. She worked for a few weeks and that paid for her share. Now she is a full-fledged member and can elect the directors and has a voice in running the farm. Before she entered the collective farm, she did not know how to read even a single word. Now she is studying. She has learned to read the printed word.

Leaning against the boxstall in the long cool barn, stands Martha, the calf woman. She is a well-built woman wearing a white apron. Gray hair shows from under her red kerchief. She tells me she is only 37 years old. The hard life under Princess Bolkonskaya made her gray as a pigeon. The Princess paid her five pounds of lentils for a month's wages. That is

all. Her family owned five acres of land then. Both mother and father died of hunger during the famine. Her brother who was dying, was saved by the Commune. She joined the Commune in 1922 because of bread. Now she is in charge of 61 calves. She earns 80 days' wages a month. Her husband, in the sanitation department of the Commune, earns 50 days' wages. They have 1,500 rubles in the savings bank. This makes 10 per cent interest.

Martha says, "We have already borne on our shoulders the hardest wheel. What else is there for us to want? I know how to read and write now. In July the farm accepted unanimously my application to become a member of the Communist Party's Sympathizers Group." She smiles proudly and looks out through the barn door. A young man passes by with a loaf of bread the size of a cartwheel on his shoulder. She says softly, "My son." He is only 19 years old, a Red Army aviator.

Martha's eyes glow when she tells me about the finest Soviet woman the collective has given to the country—Natasya Platanova. Natasya is a 40-year old peasant woman whose husband was killed during the World War. She was left with four small children. All she owned was two acres of land, a cow, a couple of chickens. The Revolution gave her ten acres more. Although she did not know how to read or write, Natasya was elected a member of the village ruling body—the Soviet. Later she joined the Commune. Then in 1927 she was elected to the district court. Four years later she became an executive of the Soviet for the whole province. The provincial Soviet sent her to the All-Russian Congress of the Soviets. Then this former illiterate peasant woman, now a Congresswoman, was elected to the Central Executive Committee to sit at the same table with Stalin.

Natasya is still a member of the Commune. And she works for it. She has been able to get a new 60 horsepower tractor, two trucks, and is working to get them a giant electric windmill.

Martha finishes her story. Her eyes still burn. She puts her brown hand on my arm. "Tell me, is there any other country like ours for the women?"

And all I can say is, "There are none—yet."

On the American farm, it is generally the women who work hardest. For they work not only in the farmhouse, running around like mice caught in a threshing machine, they work out in the fields, in the barn. During the harvest season you wonder how they can stand the gaff. I have known farm women who lost 20 and 30 pounds every summer in the constant drive from four o'clock in the morning when milking began, to after eight o'clock at night when the last dishes were dried and prepared for the next day's meals.

FARM WOMEN ARE INVITED TO WRITE OF THEIR LIVES AND STRUGGLES.

I remember very well the Pennsylvania farm woman living on a farm about 70 miles from Philadelphia. When she and her husband first bought the farm it was clear of debts. Now it's so plastered with mortgages that they can't call their breath their own. She chops wood, milks, hays, husks the corn. She has five children of her own. During the summer sometimes she takes in a few city children to make a couple of dollars.

No sink in the house, no inside toilet. She washes the children every evening in a tub on the porch, running around in torn shoes. There is no money for window screens. Flies everywhere. When it rains the kitchen is wet, laths show out like ribs. In winter it is so cold upstairs the spittle comes mighty near to freezing inside you. When the children go to school, the farm woman often goes out into the pasture with the cows. There are no fences, and someone has to keep an eye on the cows.

Potatoes—Potatoes!

There are no oranges for the children. They don't see meat for weeks. Their chief food is potatoes. She is at her wit's end preparing potatoes—boiled potatoes, fried potatoes, mashed potatoes, potato salad, potato soup, potatoes. And it isn't much easier with clothing. As one child grows out of his, she patches the clothing up for the next. She patches patch on to patch on to patch.

At night she is the last one to sit down. The little lamp on the bare table flutters. The night bugs bounce about in the light. She is tired, but

she is fascinated by a book her neighbor has lent her. It is by Corliss and Margaret Lamont, "Russia Day by Day", giving the story of the Lamonts' trip through a country which has made life a thousand times easier for the women. She holds the place with a cut finger. She says breathlessly they are lucky they haven't been evicted this year from the farm. Staying on the farm gives the kids a chance to have milk for another year, milk and potatoes anyway. But it's not fair, never to give children a start on a farm unless it's under a changed government, a Soviet America.

Another American farm woman is Mrs. Max Cichon of Elkhorn, Wisconsin. Two years ago she and her husband fought a sheriff, 27 deputies, with rifles and machine guns to stay on their farm. To save their children the Cichons finally surrendered. Both were jailed. Later, Max Cichon moved to another farm. His wife, Virginia, went back to Chicago, where she has been working for the past five years to help her family hold on to the farm. She has been working as a waitress from nine o'clock evenings to six o'clock mornings while Cichon has been farming and taking care of the children.

About a month ago I visited Elkhorn again. Max Cichon had been jailed again because of his militant fights for the farmers in his county. His wife had to drop her job to take care of the children. Cichon finally was released. He took up his work again. His wife was there to help him. Again farmers and unemployed workers came to Max.

"We'll Teach Them!"

One of these jobless came to the Cichons with the story that he had been thrown off relief, that the county judge had threatened to take away his two children if he would not hire out to one of the rich farmers for a dollar a day and live with his family in a shack in a cowyard. Virginia Cichon said, "We've got to teach these relief officials that the relief offices are not slave markets to sell the unemployed. Who is on relief—the rich farmer or the unemployed worker?" And with this a demonstration was organized led by Max Cichon and his wife. And the relief officials backed down and put the unemployed worker on relief again.

When Martha, the calf woman on

(Continued on page 15)

A True Life Story

By Dorothy Calhoun

Part Two

It is of the small mill in Eagan that I have my most vivid recollections.

The hanks are mostly mountaineers who have tired of starving in the hills, and country folks who couldn't eke out a living from the Georgia soil and came to the mill in desperation.

The village is a single street with a row of tiny poverty-stricken shacks huddling together and facing each other across a dirt road that stretches through the almost primitive weeds. Behind every second shack is a toilet which stinks terribly in the hot summer nights and is too far away on cold winter stormy nights. Two families use each toilet. They are cleaned about twice a month by a mill wagon which hauls away the offal and dumps it in the woods some place.

To every four houses there is a well in the front yard. The wells are the gathering places of gossip and most of the factory women do their washing here and pour the dirty tubs of water in their backyards. There is none of your model drainage in Martel. It still remains as it was when it was first built many, many years ago. The trees crowd up close to the toilets in the back; there is a stretch of garden spot and then the crouching shacks which face each other across the little dirt road and then the woods again.

There are two other mills within a mile or so of this one and the kids from all three mills crowd into the only school in that section, the Marion Smith grammar school. It is overcrowded and has no facilities for feeding the hungry factory kids whose parents can't afford any lunches.

I remember the cotton mill vividly. Before I was old enough to work I often slipped in through the big door of the room where Mama worked and helped her put up "ends." To me this was fascinating; the snowy white soft twists of roven that slowly entered the leather rollers and became tight strong thread by a twisting process. When one of these threads broke the spinner caught the bobbin with a calloused forefinger and with a few swift movements dabbed the end to a string up to the roven as it came out of the

rollers. This process is the greater part of keeping the sides running. The cleaning of the sides is where the drudgery comes in. Bending, wiping, cleaning, twisting, and keeping on and on. It wasn't so hard, Mama often tells me, back before they began putting meters on the frames to measure how many hanks of thread each frame produced. Now she has to work like mad to keep up. But in my childish mind it seemed fascinating, and I longed for the time when I could go to work and make lots of money.

A few years ago, three, I think, Mama and Papa moved to the Fulton Bag Mill. And we've been there ever since, slaving and denying ourselves because we can't make enough at the job.

The owners of this mill, the Elsas

He makes all kinds of bags. I mean his hands do. He is long since dead and his family rules more rigidly than any feudal lord. The factory workers have to go to the factory churches. Emanuel on Fair Street and St. Luke's on Kirkwood. They are requested to attend the mill clubs and "enjoy" the privileges of the mill library. The kids of the workers can be left in the mill nursery for two dollars a week a kid. A family of four kids is eight dollars and with the mothers making twelve it is cheaper to turn the kids into the streets than to send them to this nursery which is presided over by the vinegary Mis' Rivers. And this Mary Rivers by the way is a social worker of Fulton Bag. She is chief stool-pigeon of the factory lot. She rides around Hell's Half-acre, as they call



SAD little faces look through the closed gates into a Massachusetts textile mill. All their parents are on the streets looking for work. North or South, the workers' strongest weapon is a rank-and-file union.

family, are real feudal lords. Like in history books where I learned about the Lord owning every thing including his slaves the same exists here today in the territory of this factory. Jacob Elsas' mill now has branches in St. Louis, Missouri, and other places.

the place where we live. She teaches at the St. Luke's Sunday school, and pretends to be friend to all the mill hands. She gives prizes to the one who has the best flower pots on their porch each summer. We have no front yards here at Fulton and so to divert

our minds from the fact that we live like dogs in miserable houses packed one on top of the other she tries to make us flower-pot conscious.

Together with Officer Shields she patrols the village and visits the troublesome cases where a worker, to forget his troubles, gets drunk and beats his wife or kids. But they never stop the bootleggers here at Fulton. The Georgia state law says no "liker." But Carrol Street here is lousy with booze peddlers.

Before the rent strike the bosses of the mill said that before they'd allow a strike they'd shut up the mill and never open again. Now since the strike they've actually declared a death sentence on all who were active. They must get out of the mill-houses and starve.

The X— family has been living here at the F.B. & C.M. for many years. They were faithful slaves. But because they were active and militant they are black-balled. There are many, many more. The mill won't have anything to do with the boys and girls who made up songs and sang about Elsas and the bosses. The picket line is almost black-balled as a whole. Young kids, some under the legal age of work are now replacing the older workers who were on the picket-line last September.

Mister "Jimmie" Johnson, the super of the bag department, fooled the girls

in the sewing room into scabbing by telling them they weren't part of the cotton mill.

There is a way out and we folks of the south are looking for it. We cannot see the justice in workers up north having a union and union wages and us not being allowed to have the same. We have to slave for next to nothing. We want to do something about it.

There is a crying need for somebody to tell us what to do!

We have been let down by the union officials. Gorman, who was the one we looked to for deliverance has forgotten us.

We were told that the reds are dangerous trouble-makers. Yet the reds weren't the ones who shot us down. It was the National Guard and the police. It wasn't the reds that betrayed us. It was Gorman. The reds were amongst us on the picket line. Them reds struggled shoulder to shoulder against the bosses with us. They talked of **Worker's Freedom and Solidarity**. Words we didn't know existed before. I for one, am for the reds. And many of the workers here at the Fulton know that the bosses are not their friends.

We listen to the preachers at the revival meetings. "Obey your masters" they tell us. Our masters are Norman Elsas and Maddox and Zackery and that scab-lover, Mr. Flor-

ence. They tell us to work hard and be good hands. They ride in fine shiny cars and live in the best section of the town. Their names are always on the society page of the local papers. The only time we get in the papers is when we die. Or get in jail.

Why should we obey Norman Elsas and Company? We do the work in the mill. We make the cloth and the thread and the bags and the canvas tents. We don't need them. We want better pay and we don't aim to have our rights all taken away as the Fulton is doing.

Our parents listened to the preachers and bosses thirty years ago. But we, today, are fed up on the lies they hand us.

We want a union, an honest union, and we want to know how to get it.

Ready to Help You

The Editors will help all who want to know how to get into a union. Direct inquiries to "The Way Out" column.

A woman worker in the Fulton Mill has answered the first part of "A True Life Story." Macfadden's True Story magazine turned her true story down but we will print it in July. The important questions she asks will be answered as far as space permits. All are invited to send in the story of their lives and struggles for better conditions. Names will not be printed unless we are authorized.

EDITOR.

Cotton Mill Babies

BABIES. Whooping cough. Measles, more babies. Crying sickly fretful, wetting babies. Babies tugging hungrily at thin sagging breasts. Rickety babies hanging onto haggard mothers' skirts. Undernourished babies like tiny pale corpses. Noses running. Smelly diapers full of dirt from the filthy floor. In a mill village there's always too many babies.

Our babies are born with nothing in life but sickness and trouble. Flies flowing around sleeping babies in the summer and pneumonia killing them in the winter time. If it isn't one thing it's another. Cotton mill babies don't have a chance.

"Getting caught" is the one thing a woman dreads most of all. A drinking husband can be put up with. Two grownups can stand hard times with beans, potatoes and fat-back, but a

baby can't. Getting caught with another baby is tragedy in the lives of mill women.

A woman will try most anything to keep from having children. Babies mean loss of time from the mill. Mean half as much money coming in. Mean a thousand and one worries.

Mrs. Mary H., whose husband was fixer in the weave shed was a typical case of what happens mighty often to poor women.

She got caught and her husband couldn't support the two kids they already had so they tried to bring on a miscarriage. They heard of a doctor who, they were told, performed illegal operations. But he demanded \$40 and they didn't have it. But they borrowed it by mortgaging their furniture. They went to the doctor and the wife was sick for two weeks with

no one to wait on her while her husband worked, but her two little kids. But there was no miscarriage. After that she took everything her friends recommended. She even went to an old granny who mixed some roots and herbs and powder and mumbled magic words into the pot as it boiled. Mrs. H. sat there and prayed to God not to make her have another baby. She took the medicine home with directions to take it just before sun-up and just after sundown. She had the baby anyway,—and died in child-birth. This happens so often that over-worked, half-starved women die like uncared-for cattle.

Mrs. M., a tall gaunt woman has eight living and two dead. For fifteen years she's been a breeding, working and struggling woman. She married at an early age and now at thirty she looks fifty and during her last pregnancy she had a miscarriage. The neighbors called the doctor. He

upbraided her, saying, "Well, I hope you're satisfied. It's been killed." But he never offered to tell her how to keep from having others.

Because of hard work most women down here in the mills are subjected to female trouble. Standing on your feet all day long in a hot mill doesn't make you a fit mother. And the men are as ignorant about how to prevent getting that way as the wives.

There ought to be something a body could do about it. Rich women don't have too many children. When they do have them, they can go to elegant private hospitals and have every care in the world. Flowers and smiling friends. But a poor factory woman must get a midwife and labor in delivery with her other children around watching. What can poor folks do? Pills aren't any good. Conjuring isn't any good. Douches aren't sure, and in the freezing winter time it's too cold to get up in an icy room and heat water. What can we do about having so many kids that we can't feed nor expect to raise? —L. J.

Workers can organize and win the opening of free Birth Control clinics. Separately we can only suffer. Together we are strong. The appliances women need are to be had but only by those with money. We can and must win this fight.

—Editor

Let Us Be Heard

To those who may read this who are nurses I wish to bring this message of hope. Join the Nurses and Hospital Workers League at 80 East 11th Street, New York City, and help us to organize and win better conditions for you.

To those unemployed, I wish to say, fellow workers join with me and let us demand that this new Federal Relief Project put the present 75,000 unemployed nurses and hospital workers on those projects with a living wage. To date the Unemployed Teachers Association and other white collar workers have been able to get project jobs by organization. We have been left out. Now let us be heard.

Fraternally,
I. D. L., Secretary,
Unemployed Nurses and
Hospital Workers Ass'n.

Rough Stuff in Clinics

A Nurse in a City Hospital Speaks Her Mind

By G. B., Registered Nurse

"**B**UT, Doctor, won't that hurt dreadfully when you take it off? Let me shave that hair off!"

The doctor in the clinic was strapping a hairy chest with adhesive plaster. Knowing the pain accompanying its removal, I protested. But the Doctor barked, "Never mind," and completed the strapping without shaving. When he finished, he took me aside.

"Look here, nurse," he said, "never shave anybody in a clinic before putting plaster on. Save that fancy stuff and the trimmings for private practice. Treat the clinic patient rough. If you don't — we'll all starve. The clinics will continue to be packed, and our offices will keep on being empty."

In an uncivilized and ignorant way, this young doctor was expressing a deep discontent very prevalent among the doctors and other workers in the free clinics throughout the city. Barely making enough to make both ends meet in their private practice, many of these doctors express their resentment at having to work for nothing in the clinics by rough-handling the patients. This dissatisfaction of the doctors makes itself felt in the clinic generally, and the workers, including the nurses, are often discourteous, uncivil and nasty to the clinic patients, while treatment is careless, slovenly, and inadequate.

Over-Crowded, Over-Worked

This rotten and unwholesome state of affairs in the clinic is true also of the hospital wards. Here patients are very over-crowded and the nurses and the rest of the hospital staff extremely overworked. Hence the patients are often neglected and, at best, receive inadequate attention. The internes too are discontented at having to work with no compensation after years of study. This feeling is reflected in their work and their attitude toward their patients, both of which leave much to be desired.

One of the most fertile sources of displeasure is the food served to the

patients, nurses and maintenance staff. The food is bad—so bad that many of the nurses prefer to pay for their meals and eat elsewhere.

In addition to all this, politics, and not merit, now as always governs the appointment of the administrative officers. In my hospital the Superintendent of Nurses got her job because she was an active worker in her Democratic club.

Time to Organize

Nowhere is there wider scope for organizational work, than in the city hospitals.

One of the reasons for the present lack of organization is the assiduously cultivated attitude of professionalism and offishness on the part of the nurses and doctors, which renders the attendants and porters and other help suspicious of any attempts to organize the entire hospital staff. These attitudes are, of course, encouraged by the administration, in order to divide the workers and prevent effective united activity.

A hospital is composed of the widest possible categories of workers. Between the humble porters and the exalted doctor or nurse, there are a host of different ranks and levels of workers—all of whom shun those beneath them. Despite the vicious conditions which affect the porter and the doctor alike, thus far there has been great difficulty in persuading them to join a common organization because of bourgeois notions of social distinctions and class differences.

But this feeling can and will be overcome. A step in the right direction has been taken with the formation of the Nurses and Hospital Workers League. In my hospital we recently formed a branch of the League which is growing rapidly. We have issued several Bulletins which attracted considerable attention. There has been an enthusiastic and encouraging response from the entire hospital staff and in the near future we expect to have a very active and influential organization at this hospital.

Fighting The High Price of Meat

The United Council of Working Class Women Engages in a Battle of National Importance

LOS ANGELES, Cal.—Ten thousand women declared a one-day strike and refused to buy meat that day. As a result meat in Los Angeles came down five cents per pound.

CLEVELAND, Ohio.—The struggle against the sales tax is being actively waged by the Women's Conference Against High Prices. The sales tax is a serious attack on the family pocketbook.

PHILADELPHIA, Pa.—The Women's League of Strawberry Mansion organized a demonstration demanding that the Board of Education provide free lunches and milk for workers' children. Price of milk went down from three to five cents per bottle.

A rise in bread prices of from 15 to 17 cents was defeated by a women's committee giving warning to the Bakers' Association, that the women would organize a strike against buying bread. "We not only won several victories," reports the Women's League of Philadelphia, "but at the

same time we conducted an educational campaign against high prices in general (held mass meetings and street corner meetings); we explained that the workers must fight for more wages and must defeat the sales tax bill of Governor Earle of the State of Pennsylvania."

CHICAGO, Ill.—The women are carrying on activities in the neighborhood, organizing women into neighborhood committees against the high price of meat. They are talking about sending a delegation to Washington to demand that the government curb the meat trusts in their clawing of the people's pocketbooks with ever-increasing exorbitant meat prices.

NEW YORK CITY — Under the leadership of the United Councils of Working Class Women, thousands of women in many neighborhoods are preparing to participate in the boycott of meat on June 8. A one-day strike on May 22 is the byword in many homes and neighborhoods in

New York City. Women will not buy meat on that day. Small butchers have signed petitions against high meat prices when asked by the women. Hundreds of organized women in various neighborhoods are holding demonstrations, marches to meat packing houses, demanding that meat prices go down at least ten cents on the pound.

Milk for Our Babies

Cleveland, Ohio

Dear Editor:

I am dropping you a line to make good my promise to you. Enclosed find a copy of our Sales Tax petition. Sorry I could not get it to you before, but we have had many court trials of comrades who began by pleading for bread from the C.E.R.A. and ended up facing charges of being a menace to society; and things like four hundred daily evictions being placed at the baliff's office. We sometimes forget to fulfill promises. I think most of you in New York know all about that, as you face those things on a much bigger scale than we do.

One instance that may be interesting to you: Electricity was being shut

off here wholesale, whole streets at a time of unemployed families, and we decided, that we could stand for it no longer. The women got together on each street, all on one day, and attached a line to the street poles and every one got their washing done. The light company came down and said "Go into your homes, we will turn on the light and help you fight the C.E.R.A. for the bill."

Next: Milk requisitions were being cut off and babies were without milk

for days. Mothers got together in groups and left the babies in the C.E.R.A. offices, screaming their heads off. They refused to come back after them until milk was given. This caused the C.E.R.A. to call in a squad of visiting nurses and turn the office into nurseries. Before the day was over, every one had milk and have had very little trouble on this point since. Ha! Ha!

We are now making a drive for Easter clothes, so that everyone can be dressed for Easter here. I hope you will excuse my writing and mistakes as my education was sadly neglected.

Sincerely wishing great advances in all your work.

Mrs. E. M.

Why We Fight

Roda, Va.

Dear Editor:

There is a majority of the women in this town, or mining camp, rather, who are deprived of many things that they need. Some have such large families that the husband's low earnings make it impossible for him to support them. He cannot buy food for them and clothe and school the children as he wants to because after his rent, lights and other cuts have been taken out of his small wages, he very seldom has a few pennies left. The prices for groceries are so high that they cannot enjoy a good meal; low wages will not allow it.

Some have so many small children they can't leave them and haven't any car or any way to take them along therefore they are handicapped so they have no pleasure being out. Some never earn enough money to buy clothes that are decent to wear. They never have the pleasure of even going to the talkies, not even an evening out anywhere.

There aren't any factories or mills here. Nothing but housework for the women to do. They get from a dollar and a half to two and a half for a whole week's work.

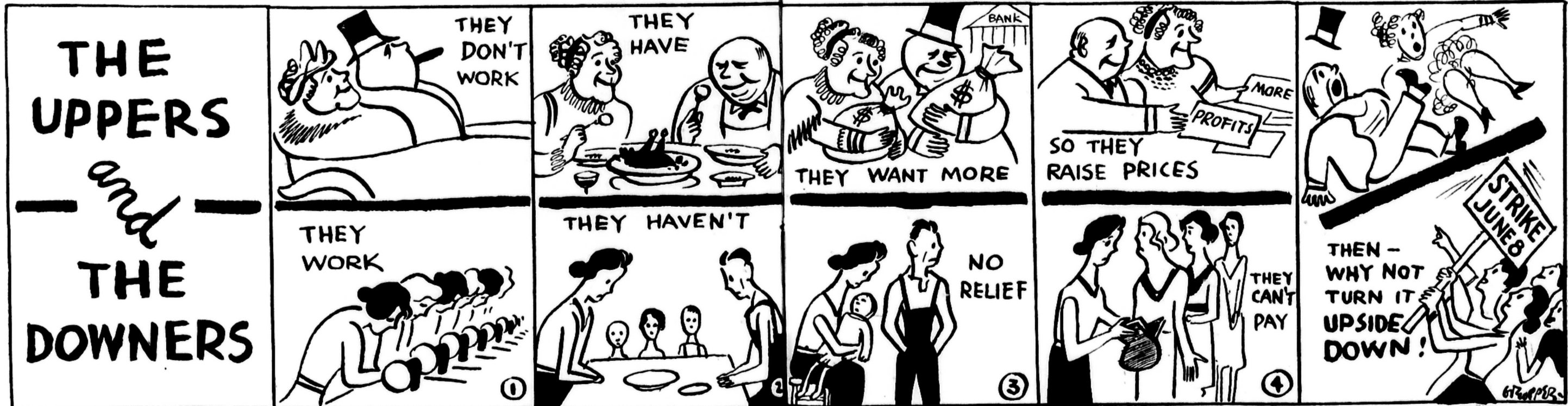
ONE DAY STRIKE ON JUNE 8! Buy No Meat; Tell Your Friends Not to Buy; Prepare to Picket Large Packers

The Lowdown on High Prices

The cheapest cut of meat you can buy—breast of lamb—averaged 10½ cents a pound a year ago in retail butcher shops of the main cities in the United States; now it costs 13½ cents a pound. Chuck roast was 15 cents a pound a year ago. Now it is 21.6 cents.

Pork chops sold at 23.9 cents in the early spring of 1934. You must pay 30.8 cents today.

Round steak—not an expensive cut either—has gone up by 9 cents, to about 34 cents. And so on with all the other meats you would like to eat. Lard has increased most in the past year, by more than 80 per cent.



In Factory and Office

A Department in Which Mill, Factory, Office and Shop Workers Will Record Their Conditions and Struggles

Two Day Strike Won

By a Working Woman Correspondent
Seattle, Wash.

ABUSES suffered over a period of time by girls in the garment industry include sweat-shop slavery, low rate piece work, speed up, failure to pay minimum wages and violations of the N.R.A. codes.

One of the factories employing fifty girls, has only two lavatories and no rest rooms. Workers must eat their lunches at their machines, since no other places are provided. Also many girls have become ill because of inadequate diet and no medical care.

Daily events have revealed a fine spirit of militancy among the women and girls who comprise 90 per cent of the striking workers. On the fourth day of the strike, when the boss at Shoenfeld's tried to run scabs through the picket line, the girls united and pulled the strike-breaking women away, preventing all but four from entering the building. The following Monday, the factory did not open.

What has the strike accomplished? Two days after the strike began, the Horowitz Dress Company signed a contract satisfactory to the Dress-makers' Union. Two shops, Baxley and Madewell, have raised wages ten per cent, fearing a strike. Donations from labor groups are pouring in, picket lines are growing, and an optimistic spirit predominates among the strikers who are determined to win their demands. —IDA MEIGH

Men Replaced by Girls

Dear Editor:

On a recent relief job in Swifts', the storeroom of the seal and tie department was turned over to packing cuts of bacon in cans. This was to go for people on relief. They took the girls from the sliced bacon department, ham and dried beef and we girls were given men's gloves and were put to work on the machines doing men's work. The men were

only used to pack the cans in large carts to ship away.

We girls fed the machines, watched the cans and did all the work while men were being laid off in many departments with two and three years' service. We girls know they are always trying to put girls on as many men's jobs as possible. We get less pay for one thing, and then too, when war comes they'll still have plenty of workers. We should organize and demand men's pay for men's work.

A Girl Worker, Chicago

Must Stick Together

New York City

Dear Editor:

One of the girls in our shop read us a story from your magazine. It is just what we workers need, a magazine that will tell us about our own kin—other working women.

We work in an underwear factory, but work is not the right word—we slave. In the last three or four years our wages have more than been cut in half and we have to produce three times as much work as before. Many women who work here have to support families because their husbands make very little and then when we get home we again begin to work. Making supper, attending to kids and keeping the house in order. That's why we think your magazine is good—because it tells about people like us—working women.

We want to learn more about the other women; how they organize and fight for better conditions. We have a pretty good bunch of girls in our shop but some don't understand that we all must stick together.

A Group of Needleworkers

Educates a Smart Aleck

Milwaukee, Wisc.

Dear Editor:

In West Allis, a suburb, there lives a middle-aged woman who has a husband and six dependent children. They

are very poor and live on the country. Twice a month a visitor from the Outdoor Relief calls on the woman. This brave mother told the writer how she educated this caller.

It seems that one day he thought he would take some of the fighting spirit out of her by calling her a "Red." He was disappointed and surprised when she admitted it!

"Yes, I am, and I'm mighty proud of it, too," she said. "That's an old trick of your kind. Trying to scare poor people into believing that it isn't nice to fight for a living, telling them that 'Reds' are only people that don't shave very often and carry bombs around in their pockets."

He picked up a workers' paper that she had been reading and said, "I can plainly see you have no respect for our democratic form of government or you would not be reading this. It only tells about strikes and people starving in the country. No one is starving in this great nation. Look," he said, holding the paper up, "not a thing to amuse people!"

"What do you know about democracy and who gives a damn about 'amusement' when they're starving?" she exclaimed. "When I refuse to take that rotten meat from the relief station, they tell me to take it or leave it and I generally leave it, for the dogs in the neighborhood won't even eat it. You think we have a democracy in this country. We have a dictatorship by money. The only real freedom in the world is found in the Soviet Union where the workers have their own government."

We Have Not Forgotten

IT was in June, 1933, that Clara Zetkin died. She was a beloved leader of the German workers and had served most of her dynamic 90 years in their cause.

Our Rose Pastor Stokes died in the same month and year from the after-effects of having been struck on the breast by a policeman's club at a demonstration. She is not forgotten. We pledge to carry on the fight until the workers of the world are free, in a world owned and run by them, in a world where we may all have security not only in our needs, but also in those things we must have for our development and happiness.

MAY DAY and the Working Woman banner was proudly carried by New York workers through the heart of the city. Many copies were sold to women who lined the route.



Photo by Katherine Marsh

From An Editor's Notebook

By Spyglass

THIS department announces that it has an Idea. In fact we are running a temperature purely from the effort of holding onto the Idea long enough to write it down. This is how it happened to us.

Father Coughlin, it seems, addressed a meeting of 24,000 in Cleveland recently, at which, it was reported, the majority were women. . . Huey Long is rushing up and down the country and to and fro within it, shouting about how he wants to "Share-the-Wealth," . . . and W. R. (Dirty Willie) Hearst is making super-human efforts to discourage American workers by writing in his many, many newspapers that the Soviet Union, which is run and owned by Russian workers, is a shambles of starving people. Do you believe these things? Do you think these men have real goodwill toward the workers? Well, don't. Yes, we have an Idea.

We Have Formed a Club

IT is called the *Decide-for-Yourself* Club. The initiation fee is 11c. For this sum in stamps or coin you get the following:

The Truth About Father Coughlin, by A. B. Magil. 5c
The Real Huey Long, by Sender Garlin 5c
Public Enemy No. 1 (W. R. Hearst) 1c

There are no other fees but there is one rule. You must pass these important pamphlets to a friend as soon as you have read them. We, handsomely enough, offer to pay the postage. (Hurry and order before we go broke—we know from experience.) Address Spyglass, care of Box 186, Station D, New York City.

If you really want to find out what this bunch of spellbinders have in mind, act now. We won't say another word.

Not for nothing is the Club called "Decide-for-Yourself"!

March 8 Greetings

Hartford, Conn.	
International Women's Day . . .	\$2.50
Stamford, Conn.	
Women's Councils	2.10
Chicago, Ill.	
E. Vilnius65
Waukegan, Ill.	
International Women's Day . . .	4.28
Grand Rapids, Mich.	
Women's Committee, Communist Party	1.00
Newark, N. J.	
Collected by M. Pankstaitis . . .	1.85
New York City	
I. Liebowitz75
Council No. 24	1.35
Council No. 48	2.00

WE cannot restrain ourself from adding this: If you think a decent world is not possible; if you think it would be swell but do not see how it can be done and want to know what to do next, by all means send your questions to "The Way Out" column. We'll write you answers when we can, we will print both question and answer when they are of general interest; we will send you ideas on what to read and what to do. Ask anything that is on your mind. We will not publish your name unless you tell us we may do so.

We will brace ourself for the flood of letters. Fire them at us—we will positively not duck!

MAY Day here was tremendous. Some 250,000 took over the Sidewalks of New York as the bands played and the workers' flags waved gaily in the sun. There were many women on the line of march, both workers and professionals.

Tens of thousands came out all over the country and showed the gathering strength of the workers in their struggle for the right to live like human beings. Millions marched in the Soviet Union.

Women in Hartford, Conn., celebrated International Women's Day on March 17, they write. Local 153 of the International Ladies Garment Workers Union was one of the organizations which sponsored the successful meeting at which Clara Shavelson of the New York Women's Councils spoke. A contribution of \$2.50 was forwarded to the Working Woman.

Portchester, N. Y.	
Finnish W. W. Clubs50
Yorkville, Ohio	
Ukrainian Br. 1600, I.W.O.	1.00
Erie, Pa.	
International Women's Club	3.93
Olympia, Wash.	
Unit 7, Sec. 14, D. 12, C.P.25
Total	\$22.16
Already accounted for	33.55
Grand Total	\$55.71

Our Goal was \$200. Our supporters have sent in a quarter of the amount only. The hard summer months are coming and the magazine needs strength. Continue to send in contributions! We shall print them as they come in.

I Knew Clara Zetkin

By Ella Reeve Bloor

IN 1921 the Russian workers and farmers were still battling against the famine which was caused by a drouth of a year, and by the fact that the capitalist countries of the world had organized a blockade against the Soviet Union for over two years. These brave people were also fighting against all kinds of enemies. In the east, the soldiers of Japan, England, and yes, soldiers of America, still occupied Vladivostok.

During these trying days it was my great privilege to live and work with the women of Moscow for six months, to witness their courage in spite of all kinds of suffering and deprivation. Clara Zetkin had come from Germany to help, she and Krupskaya, (now the widow of Lenin), Kolontay, Lilina, who had done so much to save the children, Bulgarian and Rumanian women, workers from the shops, and many of the men workers. They decided to call an **International Congress of Communist Women**. This was considered a most important step in mobilizing working women everywhere for Communism, by meeting together in the country where women have equal responsibility and equal rights with men. Nearly a hundred women responded to the call and there were also a number of men delegates. Valian, Communist Deputy of France, and Boris Reinstein, of the Communist Party of Moscow, were on the Presidium.

Clara Zetkin, who was the very soul of the Congress, presided. (She said, "It was a long cherished dream of mine come true.") Kolontay was the secretary, and translated for every

speaker—sometimes eight different languages in one day.

Women from Germany, England, Sweden, Finland, France and the smaller countries told of their organized efforts to get working women to understand Communism. I was the only American delegate, and of course,



MOTHER BLOOR
A. Cortizas, Sculptor

told the Congress of our eight million working women in America, and of our gigantic task in organizing them. How well I remember Clara Zetkin's inspiring words as she told us, "American women will come very fast, as their terrible slavery increases," how

her powerful voice rang out "Genossen und Genosse!" "Comrades."

One of the greatest speeches the first day, was made by one who had been a scrubwoman in the Czar's time. Eloquently she urged her Russian comrades to mobilize all women, to help build Socialism in the Soviet Union.

There were intellectuals there, like Rolland Holst of Holland, and others from France, who talked of the time to come when we should get teachers, writers, professionals, into the Communist movement. Their prophecies are now being fulfilled everywhere with the help of the inspiration and leadership of the women in the Soviet Union.

After many days spent together in old Sverdloff Hall, Clara Zetkin was just about to close this memorable convention, when there was a tremendous excitement at the door, a delegation of over 40 women had just arrived from the Far East. Women, some of them with children by their hands, from Turkestan, Azerbaijan and other far eastern places, they had travelled thousands of miles by freight cars, on foot, every possible way, to try to reach the Women's Communist Convention. Many of them still wore their long veils, covering their faces.

They were led up the aisle proudly by their Communist organizer, a Turkish woman, who spoke Russian. Clara Zetkin came from the platform to greet them and told them "You are in the workers' homeland, take off your veils." One of the women walked to the platform and said in her own language "This motherland of ours seems like a fairy tale to us. We, who have all been sisters in one common bondage, now we are free."

Just a few days after the close of this conference, we were all together again in the World Congress of the Communist International, when Karl Radek led Clara Zetkin to the front of the platform and announced that this day was her sixty-fourth birthday. Lenin himself spoke to her and about her, and others from the Presidium congratulated her. It was a wonderful scene in the great Hall of the Palace, surrounded by our comrades from every land.

Clara Zetkin died in June 1933, but she lives in the hearts and in the work of millions throughout the entire globe.

DOROTHY DYER

AN UNSUNG HEROINE

"Sojourner Truth"

From "Revolutionary Traditions of the Negro People," by Otto Hall, to be published shortly.

IN the struggles of the Negro slaves for their freedom, the Negro women played an important role. They fought side by side with their men in many of the slave rebellions, were active in the Abolitionists' movement, and were also active workers in the "Underground Railroad." One of the most famous Negro woman fighters against slavery was Sojourner Truth. It is not known when this remarkable woman was born, as it was not customary to keep a record of such "trivial events" as the birth of slave children. This much is known, however, that she was born at a place called Hurley, Ulster County, New York, some time during the last quarter of the 18th century. Her parents were the slaves of Colonel Ardinburgh and were sold when she was quite young. Her name originally was Isabella, but she called herself Sojourner Truth.

Carried Scars to Death

At nine years of age, her master sold her to one John Weely of Ulster, New York. Her first master was Dutch, and at the time of her sale, she did not know a single word of English. She received many cruel beatings because, not understanding her mistress' orders, she was constantly making mistakes. For failure to understand an order, she was taken to the barn one Sunday morning, stripped to the waist, and beaten till the blood ran down her back. She carried scars from this beating to her dying day. She was then only about ten years old. She was sold several times afterwards until she became the slave of a Mr. Dumont, who treated her more kindly. She had grown to be a gaunt, rawboned woman, a pure African type, and was said to possess more strength than most men. She was the mother of 13 children, all of whom were taken away from her and sold before they were grown. Her owners forced her to plow the fields and in other ways do the work of a man.

Like most slaves of her time she had been taught to be very religious. The Bible had been read to her and she had managed to utilize only those

parts that seemed to justify her activities and to cast aside the rest.

She had never learned to read and write but had a keen mind, a good memory, plenty of native wit, and a very sharp tongue. She was an orator of no mean ability, being able to electrify her audiences with a few forceful sentences. She was said to have been able to remember things that she had been told many years before.

Fought For Freedom

Never satisfied with her condition of slavery, she finally ran away from her master and refused to come back. When he came after her she told him that she knew that, according to the Manumission law (passed by the New York Legislature in 1811) she was entitled to her freedom, having served the required time. This was in 1827. The law had decreed that all slaves living in New York who had reached the age of 40 were to be liberated at once; the others in 1828, and the children upon reaching their majority. Her master had promised her her freedom for faithful service before that time, but she was so valuable that when the time came for him grant her her freedom, he attempted to put it off. She, however, would not stand for this and left. A kindly Quaker family gave her refuge and, refusing to surrender her to her master, finally settled with him by paying him \$20 for her freedom, a sum of money to which he was not entitled.

Founder of the Underground

After having secured her freedom, she devoted her time to the cause of emancipation. She was one of the founders of the "Underground Railway" system. It was a very ingenious system. Agents were posted at strategic points in many of the larger Southern cities, people who were devoted to the cause of Abolition, but

who would be the last ones to be suspected of carrying on such work.

Slaves who wanted to escape were told by others where these agents could be reached. A slave who could get from the plantation to the first "station" usually was safe. Various clever methods were used in getting the slaves from station to station. They were usually shipped to others connected with the movement, concealed in boxes or barrels with hidden airholes and sufficient provisions for the journey. These boxes were very often shipped long distances, and on many occasions the slaves endured untold hardships and died on the way. Some were disguised as body servants and personally conducted the agent from place to place, until they finally reached their goal. It is known that thousands of slaves made their escape through the "Underground Railroad."

A cabin situated in an isolated spot a few miles out from town, and thought by the people of the community to be haunted, was used as one of the stations. Sojourner was known to have kept lonely vigil, night after night, with a shotgun over her shoulder, at one of these stations.

Labored Without Pause

She made the acquaintance of Frederick Douglass some years later and became one of his admirers and life-long friend. Her energy was tireless. As an active Abolitionist, she traveled over a considerable portion of the country, lecturing against slavery.

Just before the Civil War, she held a number of meetings in Ohio and hit the local apologists for slavery (known as copper-heads) sledge hammer blows. At one of these meetings a small-town wise guy interrupted her speech and said, "Old woman, do you think that your anti-slavery talk does any good? Why, I don't care any more for your talk than I do for the bite of a flea." "Perhaps not," she answered, "but the Lord willing, I'll keep you scratching!"

She met an old friend one day who asked her what business she was following. She quickly answered, "Years

Tried and True Recipes

Baked Mackerel

Split fish, clean, and remove head and tail (one can have this done at the market). Put in buttered dripping pan, sprinkle with salt and pepper, and dot with butter (allowing one tablespoon to a medium-sized fish), and pour over half a cup of milk. Bake twenty-five minutes in hot oven. (Mackerel will be at its

best and cheapest for the next two months.)

Salmon Salad

Flake remnants of cold boiled salmon, or canned salmon. Mix with diced celery and mayonnaise dressing. Arrange on nests of lettuce leaves. Garnish with hard boiled eggs, sliced, and sliced cucumbers.

DOROTHY DYER

ago, when I lived in the city of New York, my occupation was scouring brass door knobs; but now I go about scouring 'copper heads'."

At the Women's Rights Convention

She was known not only as an Abolitionist, but also as one of the pioneer fighters for women's rights. She often spoke at their meetings. At that time any advocate of women's suffrage was looked upon generally as an extreme radical, and was subjected to as much abuse and vilification as were the Abolitionists. She was a delegate to the first Women's Rights Convention ever held in this country, the only Negro woman there.

Many opponents of equal suffrage attended this convention, and their continual heckling threatened to throw

the convention into confusion. But Sojourner saved the day. She put the hecklers to rout. One of them raised the objection "That according to the Bible, ever since women had been on earth from the time of Mother Eve, they have meddled in men's affairs and have by so doing turned the world upside down."

Sojourner came right back at him. She rolled up her sleeves, showing her muscular arms, and declared that she was able to do as much work as any man, and had plowed fields night and day, had brought numerous children into the world, had never had to give way to the strongest man, and wasn't she a woman?

She Talked Turkey

She stated further, "If the first

woman God ever made could turn the world upside down all alone, all of these women, together, ought to be able to turn it back and get it right side up again, and now that they were asking to do it, the men had better step aside and let them."

A Long, Useful Life

It is believed that she was well over 100 years old when she died at Battle Creek, Michigan, in 1883, but she was active to the last. Just a year or so before her death, a famous preacher of that time remarked, after hearing her speak in Topeka, Kansas, "She was more than a hundred years old, but her voice filled a large auditorium, and she held her audience with ease."

The End

Millions For Meat Barons; Beans For The Unemployed

By Grace Hutchins

ON the days when there are no meat courses the proteins may be obtained from such foods as dried beans, lentils and peas."

This is the advice of dietitians who recently announced that families on relief could get along "very nicely" on a food budget costing 23 cents a day for each person in a family of five. "Provided cuts are not expensive," meat may be included on the menu three or four times a week. For the other seventeen meals in the week the unemployed can eat dried beans, lentils and peas.

A few cents added here and a few more cuts there until today your meat costs 54 per cent more than it did when Roosevelt came into office in March, 1933. In exact figures meats in the United States show a rise of 54.7 per cent between March 15, 1933, and April 23, 1935. In the same two years the cost of all foods has risen by 38.3 per cent. These are the figures of the U. S. Bureau of Labor Statistics.

Or take ten of the most important foods you have to buy to keep the family alive: two years ago a month's supply of these ten articles of food cost the "typical" American family \$15.42. This spring the same amounts of the same foods cost \$21.41, as much as the entire monthly wage for many

of the families dependent on the new work relief program.

The result of these rising prices and of the miserable amounts paid out in "relief" is admitted in a recent statement by Edward Corsi, Director of the Home Relief Bureau of New York City:

"The average allowance for the home relief family or adult in the family is predicated upon a condition of inactivity. If that man moves about the city looking for a job, and does any amount of work in looking for a job, then he has not got enough food to feed him. The budget is all right if he stays at home." (New York Times, April 25, 1935.)

This then is what the diet of dried beans and lentils really means — a

weakened condition of the jobless worker, of the children and of the other members of his family. A condition of semi-starvation, admitted by the official relief director of the world's richest city, where relief—such as it is—is higher than in any other center.

Lest workers imagine for a moment that the higher prices of meat mean that the farmer is getting that much more for his stock, let us look at the increased profits of the "Big Four" in the meat trust. Juicier profits have come their way in the past year.

These meat barons are the ones who have raked in from each pound of meat those extra pennies, mounting into dollars and then into millions of dollars. For the year 1934, as compared with 1933, Armour & Co. increased its net profit by nearly two million dollars to the stupendous sum of \$10,596,396, after all deductions.

The 1934 profits of the other big meat packers are: Swift & Co., \$4,896,123; Cudahy Packing Co., \$1,968,262; Wilson & Co., \$3,840,923.

Steamed Chocolate Pudding

3 tablespoons butter
 ¾ cup of sugar
 1 egg
 1 cup milk
 2¼ cups flour
 4½ teaspoons baking powder
 2½ squares unsweetened chocolate, or
 4 tablespoons cocoa
 ¼ teaspoon salt

Cream the butter, add sugar gradually and cocoa if used instead of chocolate, and egg well beaten. Mix and sift flour with baking powder and slat, and add alternately with milk to first mixture. If chocolate is used, melt and add now. Turn into a buttered mould. Cover, and steam two hours. Serve with hard or cream sauce.



THERE was a time when this department used to sob itself to sleep nights because readers never wrote to us. But now, and pardon us for pointing, just look at our Correspondence!

Mrs. D. A. of Toledo, Ohio, writes: "My daughter is to be married in August. She is going to live with her young man's people in another city. I can only afford to give her one dress and she will have to be married in it, and go away in it and wear it to parties his friends will probably give for them. I can sew quite well but thought your department would be able to suggest what would be most practical."

Mrs. K. of Carnegie, Pa., writes and incloses a cunning little pattern from which she made dresses for her baby (who is now 23 years old). She also sends practical directions but unfortunately, we have no facilities for printing full-size patterns. We think that if we print just a small picture of her pattern, it won't be much help to other women as they wouldn't be able to enlarge it. But we did appreciate her letter.

Virginia S. of South Carolina writes a bitter little note. Here is a girl in the midst of the "land o' cotton" who works hard and can't buy any fresh cool clothes to make life bearable in hot weather. She says, "Its easy enough to make the things

you tell about in the Fashion Letter if you can go buy a couple of yards of silk or so. But our company store doesn't sell silk and if they did, I couldn't buy it. I can just about buy cheesecloth and unbleached muslin. Wouldn't I look sweet in those?"

Well, Virginia, S., I suppose I can't advise you to take down the curtains from the windows and make a dress out of them, although I have done that very thing myself. But don't be too snooty about that unbleached muslin. Cotton is cooler and fresher than silk, any hot day.

Lately, dress designers have been using unbleached muslin, the coarser the better, ordinary bed ticking, cretonne and dish-toweling for blouses, and rope and shoestrings for trimming, (though in a better quality than we can afford). Crazy as these sound, they are practical and smart and cute like the dickens.

If you will make two or three simple sleeveless blouses of the muslin, and do a border around neck and

armholes (fig. 1) in colored wool yarn or even plain string, you'll have something that plenty of girls would go for. Or repeat figure 2 every four or five inches all over the blouse. Wooden buttons are good or even wooden beads for buttons.

In answer to Mrs. D. A., I would suggest a rather simple dress in a dark sheer silk with a jacket of the same material. Then have several changes of accessories to give it variety. For instance: Collar and cuffs of white or pastel organdy; scarf-collar and belt of striped silk, plenty bright in color. Cluster of artificial carnations or daisies on a velvet ribbon at throat. Tiny cape and belt of scarlet. If possible, have an extra jacket of coarse white or pastel cotton or linen with a matching bow for neck or dress. Or maybe just a polka dot jacket. And my best wishes to you!

GWEN BARDE

FARMING IN TWO WORLDS

(Continued from page 4)

the collective farm, asked whether there is any country in the world that does as much for the women as Soviet Russia, I answered, "There is none—yet." And the reason the "yet" was added is clear when we see how the American farm women are entering the road of struggle for decent living conditions, against the N.R.A., against

Roosevelt's program of even greater slavery for the people of this country. For there are many women like Virginia Cichon, like the Pennsylvania farm woman, like Matty Brown, Negro woman of the Alabama Sharecroppers Union saying to the farm delegates at the Sioux Falls Drouth Relief Conference: "Bread taken out

of the mouths of the Negro race is also bread taken out of the white race. If we are in the oak roots, you can't be in the housetops. We must use tongue, teeth and thought, also mass action. Not by speaking, but by mass action we take the road."

The American farm women are coming out on the road which will give them what their Soviet sisters have won so bravely for themselves.

