The Woman Today

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JULY 1937

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By MARGARET I. LAMONT

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READ IN THIS ISSUE:

The Woman Today, published monthly by the Woman Today Publishing Co., 112 East 19th Street, N. Y. C. Entered as second class matter April 22, 1930, at the Post Office in New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879. Price 10 cents a copy, $1.00 a year, in the United States possessions and Mexico $1.50 a year in Canada and foreign countries :: Volume Two Number Three 209

ON THE NEXT PAGE

MARION GREENWOOD: RODRIGUEZ MARKET MURAL MEXICO CITY

Executed for the Mexican Government

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The picture on the following page is reproduced from one done by Marion Greenwood at the request of the Mexican Government. The original is a fresco that covers three thousand square feet of space on the wall where it is painted. The figures are over twice life size, a fact which helps to express the importance and dignity of these laboring people. The action of their bodies, the set of their faces as the artist has caught them here, show their way of living, their heavy loads, their troubled and contemplative minds.

Fresco painting, the method used by Michael Angelo in his famous masterpieces, is difficult work. The picture is painted directly on wet plaster made of marble dust and lime, and large sections must be completed each day before the wall dries and holds forever the brilliant colors. It means rapid work, especially when the mural is the size of this one.

Marion Greenwood is one of our younger leading American artists. She was born in Brooklyn and educated in New York and Europe. She and her equally prominent sister, Grace Greenwood, are members of the New York Artists Union and they believe that the American woman artist can bring a powerful message to the workers and beauty to our public buildings.

A future issue of THE WOMAN TODAY will carry a story of these two famous sister artists, with many reproductions of their work.

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This detail from the Rodriguez Market mural by Marion Greenwood is the third in a series of works by master artists of yesterday and today, presented by THE WOMAN TODAY to its readers.

ON THE LAND IN MEXICO

BY MARGARET I. LAMONT

PURE WATER FOR drinking, and a hot breakfast in a modern school for the child: small things, but they are important to the peasant Indians of Mexico. Pure water for the remote villages of the countryside is only one of the things that collective ownership of land will mean in Mexico. It shows as well as anything else, however, the careful planning of the present government there.

A recent survey revealed that of 7,049 *ejidos* or communal land holdings studied, only 3,472 had safe drinking water. The others used polluted water for drinking. In some places the water supply was worse than in others. Only 3 per cent of the *ejidos* in Tabasco had water fit to drink; in Tlaxcala 9 per cent; in Nuevo Leon 15 per cent. As fast as possible, the government will make certain that every *ejido* has decent drinking water. The lack of it is typical of the miserable state of the Mexican Indians for centuries.

Mexico presents varies faces to the person who watches the impact of scientific modern methods and technical skill upon the life of the native population. Social and economic experiments of great significance are being carried on there. Among these, perhaps the most dramatic is the testing out of communal or cooperative land ownership, under competent technical guidance, for groups of peasants who had lived in depressed and hopeless conditions. Before the Spaniards conquered Mexico in the early part of the 16th century, the Indians had worked out certain forms of community land holding, so in a sense the modern planning has its roots in that earlier pattern.

Peasant organizations are being unified throughout Mexico under the direction and guidance of the Organizing Committee of Peasant Unification which was set up in July, 1935. In the state of Hidalgo, for instance, peasant communities have been unified and cooperative land ownership established with a high degree of success. In the state of Vera Cruz a conference was held toward the end of March to unify all peasant organizations in a state federation affiliated with the National Confederation of Peasants. All peasant groups which have already been given land, either definitely or provisionally, and all peasant groups which have sent in petitions asking for land, could send delegates. At present peasant organizations are kept separate from the labor federations since the administration feels that their immediate aims are different. The workers of farm and factory will join forces on central issues of common interest.

What are some of the concrete results of this policy of organizing the peasants? Recently Antonio Navarro, member of the Federal Congress, spoke in Hidalgo state as follows: "Nearly 50 per cent of the total volume of agricultural production in Mexico now comes from *ejido* lands. This means two things. First, that through communal land ownership the agricultural production of the country is fast increasing; and second, that this increase in the yield of the land is speedily raising the standard of living of the peasant masses that are the bulk of the country's population."

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TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS:

Due to the terrific struggle for adequate finances, THE WOMAN TODAY has had to combine its June and July issues. Subscriptions will run an additional month at the end of the year. Our subscribers can help us through the circulation lull of the summer months by each becoming responsible for at least one new subscriber.

THE WOMAN TODAY wishes to express its gratitude for the many inspiring letters you have sent, two pages of which are printed in this issue.

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TO SEE HOW the land distribution program works out in practice we might visit the community at Queretaro, where a land society has been formed of former farm laborers. La Llave was a privately owned estate or *hacienda.* The land of the private owner was expropriated by the government and is now being farmed cooperatively, under government direction, by the men who used to work as farm-hands for the private owner. The land includes 6,175 acres of irrigated land, 638 of land dependent on rainfall, and 6,735 acres of woodland.

Seven hundred and ninety-one families became members of this *ejido.* The members received, besides the land, 6 tractors, 150 plows, 150 harnesses and other necessary equipment, 537 beasts of burden and 586 head of cattle. The crops that have been planted are: 3,211 acres of wheat, 741 acres of tomatoes, 741 acres of red pepper, 247 acres of alfalfa and 247 acres of lentils. Scientific methods in agriculture have been introduced as rapidly as possible, and the Departments of Education and Public Health have cooperated enthusiastically in providing modern schooling for the children of the *ejido,* and in establishing hygiene and sanitation on a firm basis in the community.

The National Bank of Ejido Credit, which controls the technical side of the *ejido's* affairs, has trained people on the spot to supervise the work and activity of the community, and in turn to train young

(*Continued on next page*)

ON THE LAND IN MEXICO

(*Cnotinued from page* 5)

members of the *ejido* to direct the farming operations, the mechanical equipment and the business transactions. Instead of the former landowner there is the *ejido* itself. In place of a plantation manager there is now a technical director. Instead of using the former company store with its high prices, the *ejido* families now buy in a cooperative store. Their purchasing power is greater than it was under the old system of private land ownership, and therefore their standard of living is higher. It is expected that in the course of time, as *ejidos* are able to buy stock in the National Bank of Ejido Credit, they will thus come to control the technical and financial instruments of production in agriculture, as well as the land itself.

IN MEXICO TODAY there are two chief types of land distribution: restitution, that is, when land which formerly belonged to Indian communities and which had been taken away from them is given back, and *dotacion* (land grants), that is, when the land from large estates is taken over by the government and given to peasant groups who have had no land of their own. Exempted from distribution by grant are private lands where more than 300 milch cattle or 500 beef cattle are raised. This exemption lasts for twenty-five years; apparenly it had to be made because cattle production was falling off sharply, since cattle-breeders were afraid that their lands would be taken from them and divided up. Thus we see far-reaching experiments in cooperative land ownership and agricultural production, side by side with large concessions to private landholders in certain specific fields. Under the Mexican Constitution, two kinds of property in land are basic: the communal farm and small holdings owned by individuals.

Among the most significant land cooperatives are those of the chicle workers in Campeche and in Quintana Roo. The chicle tree produces gum from which chewing gum is made. In Quintana Roo there are twenty-eight cooperatives of chicle workers. Their collective work, with more scientific methods, resulted in a finer gum sold for a higher price last year than in previous years. Chicle workers, notoriously ill paid in former times, are beginning to see the fruits of cooperative effort and government help—modern roads, modern schools, health facilities, a higher standard of living in general.

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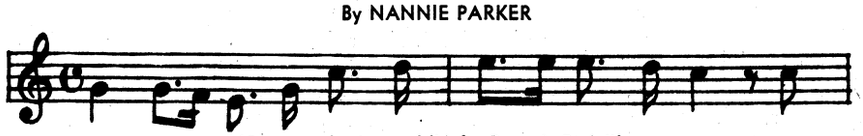
Arise! Brave Woman!

By NANNIE PARKER



(Sung to the tune of "John Brown's Body")

Arise! Arise! Brave Woman! There is work for you to do;
Show the world that love is wisdom and love's promises are true;
Break the bonds that hold you captive for the world has need of you,
And we'll go marching on.

CHORUS

All unite and fight for freedom!
All unite and fight for freedom!
All unite and fight for freedom!
And we'll go marching on.

Do you need a sound to rouse you? Hear the little children cry.
Do you need a sight to stir you? See the old who hopeless die.
Shall they call to you in misery while you stand heedless by?
No! we'll go marching on.

Man too long has fought unaided with the evil of the world;
But together we shall conquer, all our strength against it hurled;
And united march to victory, our banners bright unfurled
As we go marching on.

We will give the world fair daughters and those daughters shall be free;
They shall stand beside their brothers on the ground of liberty.
And the cause of right shall prosper on the land and on the sea
As we go marching by.

Then Arise! Arise! Brave Woman! There is work for you to do;
Show the world that love is wisdom and love's promises are true;
Break the bonds that hold you captive for the world has need of you
And we'll go marching on.

"Speaking of songs, could a little space be spared for a 'choir corner'?" writes Lillian Burnette of Marissa, Illinois. "I think the laboring class should sing labor songs more to instill these truths in their heads. . . . Am enclosing a song I think would be a good one to start out with: 'Arise! Brave Woman!'."

Union and Auxiliary Women: Which are the songs that keep the banners flying in your organizations? Send them in to our 'choir corner'.

OFFICE WORKERS ARE AWAKE

By Orlie A. H. Pell

Photo by Ewing Galloway

WE HAVE only to walk at lunch time in the streets of the business district of any big city to become aware of the throngs of women in business life today. Stenographers, bookkeepers, file clerks, billing clerks, steno-typists—the list grows fast. Office work has jumped to second place among occupations for women, and today over two million women in America hold this type of job.

With the coming of office machines—the mimeograph, the addressograph, the biller, the comptometer, and many more—the office worker is finding a change in her job. It may become more specialized, more monotonous, lower paid. The pressure from competition is increasing, and jobs are harder to get. At the same time that clerical work becomes more and more important to the distributing, financing and advertising end of business, the clerical worker finds herself, as an individual, with less and less control over the conditions under which she works.

It is encouraging that among office workers today there are those who want to become more articulate about their own needs and more effective in meeting the problems that challenge them. Each year from thirty to forty young clerical workers come during their summer vacations to study and discuss their own problems as workers. The Summer School for Office Workers, a resident labor school sponsored by the Affiliated Schools for Workers, will hold its fifth session this August, on the campus of Northwestern University. Men and women who work in offices come to the school from all parts of the country to study the economic and social forces that affect their working lives, that make for changes in the character of office jobs and the status of the office worker.

THE STUDENTS meet in small, informal groups, with instructors who are well prepared in their own fields and in addition have had experience in teaching adult workers. Because the students are seeking to understand their own place in the industrial life of today, they carry on their studies in the field of the social sciences. They proceed from the consideration of their own work-experience to the study of the structure of the economic system of which they are a part. This basic work in the field of economics is supplemented by discussion of plays and novels having social content and by discussions in the field of social ethics where the implications of current concepts are analyzed. The study program is developed throughout in the light of the concrete problems which the students are facing, in their jobs and in their communities.

In close relation to the classroom work the students carry on a number of activities through a social science workshop. They construct wall bulletins and charts and pictorial graphs; they write and produce informal plays, to give expression to the ideas with which they are deeply concerned. The recreation program is planned to further a sense of participation and, in addition to outdoor sports, includes such activities as folk-dancing and informal group singing.

Specialists in various fields are invited to address the school on topics that seem important in relation to the study program. In last year's session of the school these topics included economic issues and war; education and propaganda; industrial versus craft

(*Continued on page* 22)

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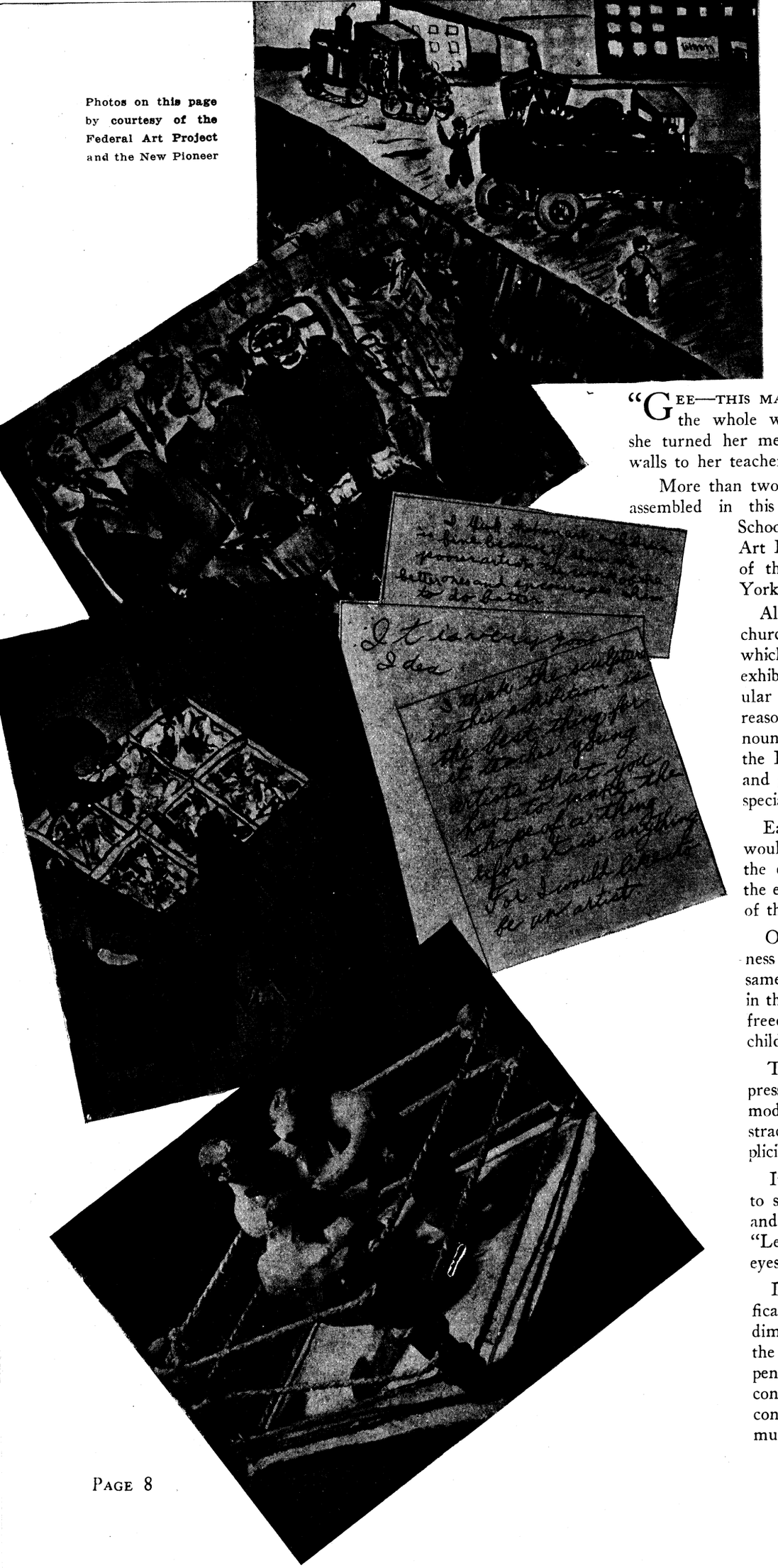
Photos on this page by courtesy of the Federal Art Project and the New Pioneer

CHILD ARTISTS' WORK IS SHOWN



"GEE—THIS MAKES me feel like going out and painting the whole world!" cried an eleven-year-old child as she turned her merry blue eyes from the paintings on the walls to her teacher standing nearby.

More than two hundred children and their teachers were assembled in this exhibition hall of the American Artists School. They had come to see the Children's Art Exhibition, sponsored by the Junior Section of the International Workers Order in New York City.

All art groups—from settlement houses, church classes, and I.W.O. Junior troops—which had previously submitted work for the exhibition had been invited to come this particular afternoon. The children had additional reason for coming. They were to hear the announcement of various awards to be given by the International Workers Order to those boys and girls whose work had been selected for its special merit by the jury.

Each child received a sheet of paper. "What would you like to do with your paper?" asked the chairman. "Let's write what we think of the exhibition," was one boy's suggestion. Three of the results are reproduced on this page.

One can see a certain earnestness and fearlessness surrounding most of their remarks — the same clear, frank feeling these children showed in their drawings, paintings and sculpture. When freedom of expression is given to them, these child-artists are prolific.

The variety of subject matter was also impressive. There were steel mills, flooded towns, modern skyscrapers, peddlers, river scenes, abstractions of heads—each rendered with simplicity of line and color.

It was not the purpose of the sponsoring group to suggest or to influence in any way the free and original expression of the child. We say: "Let the child interpret life through his own eyes, in his own way."

In keeping with this policy, we made no specification as to the size of paper or canvas, or dimensions of the sculpture, to be submitted to the exhibition. As a result, some entries were pencil and chalk drawings small enough to be conveniently mailed in an ordinary envelope. In contrast to these, we also received very large murals, produced on a collective basis.

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Tom Mooney 31921

. . . TWENTY YEARS LATER

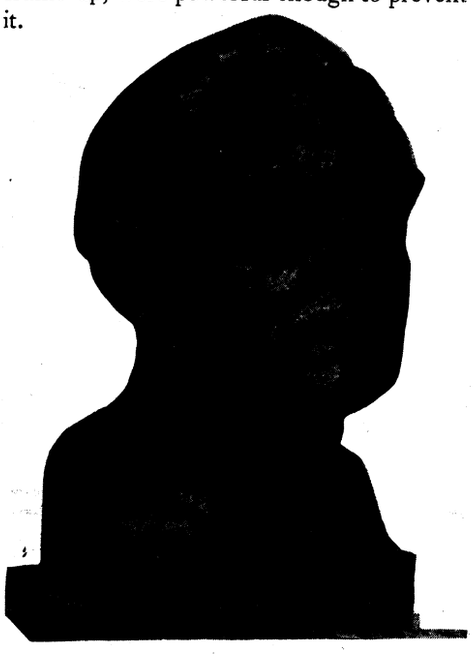
By Herbert Resner

THE LAST SHRED of evidence against him was destroyed years ago. Every witness who testified against him has been exposed a perjurer. Three Federal Commissions have concluded he was the victim of a judicial frame-up. The judge who originally sentenced him to die has for years declared him innocent and advocated his pardon before four governors of California. His pardon has long been advocated by every juror who voted to convict him. The police captain who commanded the Bomb Bureau which investigated the 1916 Preparedness Day bombing deaths of which has was adjudged guilty in the strike-torn, war—mad, hysterical days which preceded our entry into the Great War, has stated he was the victim of perjury and urged his pardon.

And Tom Mooney, now fifty-four years old and California's prisoner for twenty years, sits today in his cell waiting the outcome of his petition for a writ of habeas corpus.

The court can grant the writ and set Tom Mooney free. But in the prison years for a crime of which even his enemies admit him to be innocent, Tom Mooney, San Quentin 31921, has learned patience.

When the Frank Oxman letters attempting to suborn Ed Rigall to perjury were printed by Fremont Older in the old San Francisco Bulletin, the lid was blown off the Mooney case. That was 1917, the year Mooney was convicted. District Attorneys Charles Fickert and Ed Cunha came begging to Older to spare them and they would get Mooney a new trial. Kind Older agreed. But the new trial was never held. The utility companies whose workers Tom Mooney had dared to organize and whose strikebreaker chief and head detective, Martin Swanson, had directed the frame-up, were powerful enough to prevent it.



Mooney's case was appealed to the California Supreme Court and the conviction was there affirmed by a court bitter against Mooney. Then, the Oxman perjury discovered (Oxman testified he saw Mooney and Billings set down a dynamite laden suitcase at Steuart and Market when at the time of the explosion he was at Woodland, California, ninety miles away, a fact proved by the hotel register where he stayed and by Earl Hatcher whom he visited), Mooney's counsel petitioned the Supreme Court for a new trial. And even though the Attorney General of California *stipulated* that the judgment should be reversed and a new trial granted, the court refused! That was in 1918.

Mooney turned to the various governors of California for executive clemency. President Wilson requested Governor Stephens to use his influence toward getting Mooney a new trial. The case had taken on international implications with riots outside American embassies abroad in behalf of Mooney. Stephens, politically ambitious and yet aware of the frame-up, commuted Mooney's sentence from death to life imprisonment. A woeful compromise.

The rest of the prosecution's case fell apart. John McDonald made affidavit that his testimony was "lies, lies—all lies!" Estelle Smith, a prostitute and drug addict, admitted she lied. The Edeau women were completely discredited. These were the witnesses which the Wickersham report described as a "weird procession composed of a prostitute, two syphilitics, a psychopathic liar and a woman suffering from a spiritualistic hallucination."

Years of world-wide agitation followed. The Mooney case became the rallying point of labor and progressive forces everywhere.

Governors Richardson, Young, Rolph and now Merriam refused to pardon Mooney. Powerful forces convicted Mooney and they have kept him in prison. And so Mooney, admittedly innocent, is held in prison, the victim of cowardice, prejudice, and a bitter, unreasoned hatred.

SMALL WONDER that Tom Mooney has learned patience. He is fully aware of the forces that framed him and the reasons for his continued imprisonment. He has been fighting for twenty years and never has he shown any indication of yielding or breaking. He has had offers of parole and commutation, anything to save the face of California officialdom. But Mooney has refused to bargain with his enemies or compromise with the law. His position is that he is innocent and he will take nothing less than a new trial with acquittal or a full and complete pardon. Other than that, he chose to remain in prison and die there if that must be the result.

Since the California courts had held that despite the perjured testimony Mooney was "entirely without remedy" (which the Wickersham report stated was "shocking to one's sense of justice"), Mooney carried his case to the United States Supreme Court in the latter part of 1934. He argued that since he had been convicted by perjured testimony contrived at by officials of California he was denied due process of law in violation of the Fourteenth Amendment to the Federal Constitution. The court agreed, but sent him back to exhaust his remedy in the California courts on habeas corpus. And the California Supreme Court, under mandate from the nation's highest court, *reversed* its stand of many years and granted Mooney a hearing!

A ruling is expected this summer and although the court can and should grant Tom Mooney his freedom, an adverse decision is expected because of the court's and California's historical prejudice in the Mooney case. If the writ is denied, the case will be carried to the United States Supreme Court this fall. There the justice so long due and yet so long denied Tom Mooney will probably be done. Even Tom Mooney, after twenty years of fruitless battles with the law, is hopeful of victory in the Supreme Court.

Today, under the Wagner Act, labor has the right to organize with the protection of the federal government. Tom Mooney had no such armor when he tried to organize the unorganized workers of twenty years ago. Today, in John L. Lewis' words, "Labor is on the march!" An integral part of that fight is the fight to free Tom Mooney who, though in prison, walks in the front ranks of that marching army.

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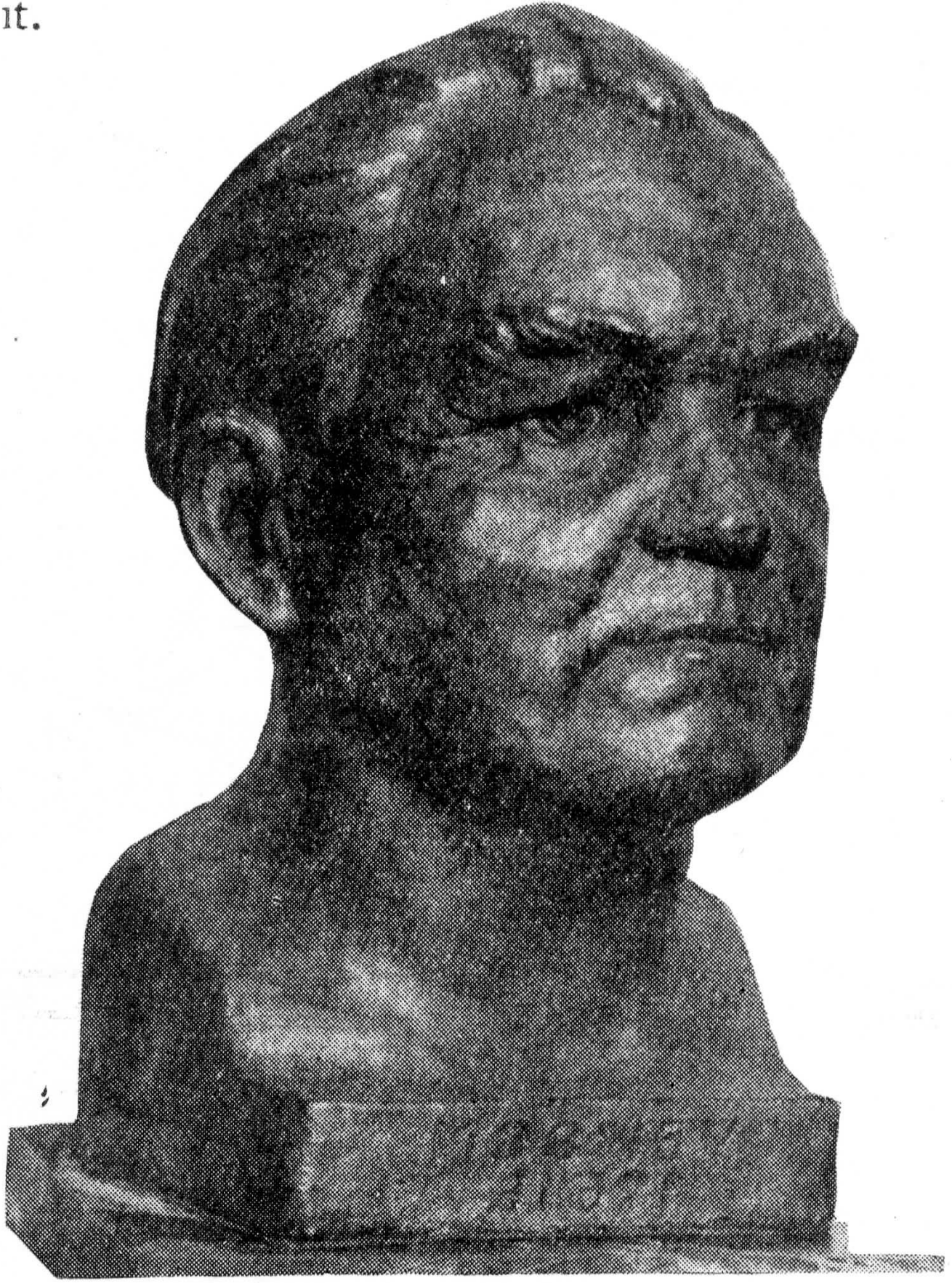


JULY, 1937

A BILL OF RIGHTS FOR THE GIRL BEHIND THE COUNTER

THE first general contract between a department store and a union in the Metropolitan Area was signed by the Hearn Department Stores, Inc., having stores at 20 West 14th Street and 2866 Third Avenue in New York City, and the Department Store Employees Union, Local 1250, A. F. of L. The contract, which is for a period of one year, affects working conditions of approximately 2500 workers. It was signed at the Hotel Edison in the offices of Mr. Ben Golden, Labor Relations Consultant, formerly Associate Director of the National Labor Board, who acted as mediator during the negotiations.

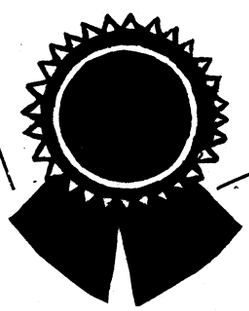
Among the conditions won by the union were recognition, time and a half for overtime, the establishment of a 40-hour week, and the principle of a 5-day week. A $2 weekly increase in wages was gained for a large proportion of workers and a minimum of $1 increase for all employees throughout the store making less than $20 per week.

There will be no discrimination for union activity. Grievance committees which will take up grievances with the management will be elected in both stores. A union representative may be present at all such meetings if so desired. The employers also agreed to permit union notices on store bulletin boards.

The contract provides for vacations—with pay in advance—of 3 days after 6 months' work, one week after one year, and two weeks after two years. This applies also to part-time workers. All employees will receive a 20-minute rest period a day and a full hour for lunch. A minimum of 4 consecutive hours work per day was established for part-time employees and part-time employees will have preference for full-time jobs.

Mr. Ben Golden was accepted by both parties as arbitrator to decide any dispute which cannot be adjusted. Those negotiating the contract for the Department Store Employees Union were Clarina Michelson, General Organizer, Abraham Unger, Union Attorney, John Berman, Organizer, and Beatrice Dresdner, a Hearn employee, elected by the workers to represent them. Mr. Sidney Louis, Secretary and Treasurer, and Mr. Arthur B. Begam, Manager, negotiated for the store. The contract, which was signed by Mrs. Michelson and Mr. Louis, was approved by Mr. Abraham Silberberg for the New Era Retail Clerks Unions of America, to which the Department Store Employees Union is affiliated.

Besides the Hearn contract, agreements were also signed with the F. W. Woolworth and H. L. Green 5 and 10 chains, Nortons Retail Stores, Inc., 34 West 14th Street, and the Giant Penny chain.



WE SING AS WE SIT

. . . and what's more, we'll pay admission as well to be in on a sit-down like this one!

By Gudrun Borg

We decided it would be easier if we went together. So early Tuesday morning half a dozen of us from Local 10 were walking down the chilly March street to the relief bureau. We four women had blankets pinned into our coats like linings. The men, looking lots fatter since breakfast, had them rolled around inside their windbreakers. Each of us had concealed a tin plate and a cup and spoon somewhere on our persons. We hoped we didn't look as funny as we felt. We laughed a lot about it.

Lena, a big Italian woman a year or so over twenty, had two blankets pinned into her coat. The extra one was for the three-year-old girl trotting along beside her. "I can't stay if they don't get in milk for the baby," she worried. "If I have to leave, please don't think I'm a quitter!"

Wilma, stout, serene and our local's secretary, smiled at Baby Millie. "You'll get your milk," she said. The child smiled back.

Sit-in tactics are nothing new to the Workers Alliance. For years, when a relief bureau has offered red tape instead of food to starving families, our members have refused to leave the bureau until a check was forthcoming. We've had sit-ins to get shoes for the kids when school was starting. There was one that made them buy a coffin for a six-month old baby when they'd hesitated too long in giving medical care.

But the thing they were attempting now was new to the Alliance locals. It was so big. It might take so long. It required so much strength! Three thousand members were to take possession of Greater New York's twenty-nine largest relief bureaus to demand a 40 per cent increase in relief, a rent allowance increase, a cash allowance for clothing, a full stop to the case-closing drive, 24-hour service on emergency cases, 72-hour service on regular cases. Recognition of the Alliance as a union of the unemployed and its right to collective bargaining were also demanded.

These were the unemployed, workers whom industry had turned away or left behind. These were two hundred of the nine million on relief. It was Local 10 of the Workers Alliance, and the sit-down strike was to be their protest that they, too, had the right to survive and love and give security to their children.

As I walked to the relief bureau that chilly morning of March 9, one arm through Wilma's, another through Mike's and Lena worrying about her baby's milk, I somewhat forgot these fears. A picket line was already wheeling in front of the relief bureau. Bright banners shouted to us:

IT'S UNAMERICAN TO STARVE!
MOVE THE UNEMPLOYED FROM FIRETRAPS!
GIVE DEATH A HOLIDAY!
THE UNION WAY IS THE AMERICAN WAY!

I looked at Lena's little girl with her dark Italian eyes, too big in her thin face, and her coat that had only cotton to keep out the sharp cold. We *had* to win!

The city administration had somehow gotten wind of our strike, so the guards in the hall of the bureau were hard-boiled. No new applicants were allowed to see investigators. No one without a relief card was permitted to get upstairs. They examined our bundles and our stories so carefully we began to sweat under our blankets. But they didn't search us, and finally we got in.

The bureau looked different than usual. There was the same big, bare room surrounded by offices, the same rows of hard benches, the same signs about not wasting the time of the officials. But, more than usual, you noticed the strong sunlight in the room. The place was bright with the comradeship of the two hundred or so poor workers who occupied it. You felt it as soon as you stepped in. It was all over the place, that "togetherness" of the unemployed, real and warm as spring.

By one o'clock those who weren't there for the sit-down had settled their business and were gone. No more unemployed were being admitted to the bureau for any reason. Two policemen, guns and clubs clearly visible, were guarding each door. Salami sandwiches and coffee were brought in and passed around. Eugene Benton and Helen Lynch, our leaders, were telling us the news. The mayor had consented to meet our representatives. The Workers Alliance sit-down strike had begun in earnest.

"The whole East Side is rising to help us," said Benton, his own dark face intense with that nearness, that flow of warmth which was uniting us all. "Just last week two firetrap tenements on Suffolk Street caught fire, and two families on relief were burned to death. Eighteen other families were left destitute, without homes, furniture or household goods. When they came here for relief they were greeted with suspicion, given the run-around. People who'd been suffering like that! In a rich, civilized city like New York!"

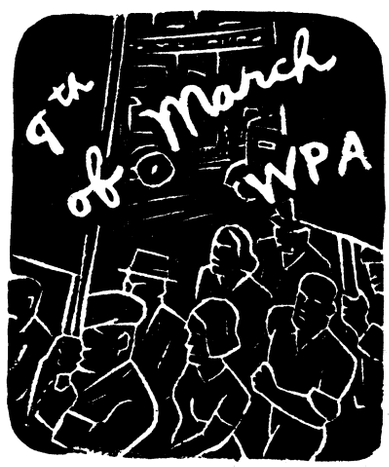
Benton paused, smiling bitterly. "Finally," he told us, "the relief officials decided to offer fifty-six dollars per family. Fifty-six dollars for six people to start life again, to buy furniture, pots, food, rent. The fire victims are here with you now. We want to ask if you don't want the settling of their needs in a decent, human way to be our first demand. What do you say?"

It was four o'clock before that first battle was won. When we heard that the fire victims had been offered a minimum of $150 a family besides their food and rent money, just because we were sitting there, we began to sing. It wasn't planned. Nobody quite knew how it started. But suddenly all of us were singing *Solidarity* and the *Soup Song* and *Pie in the Sky When You Die.*

Every once in a while somebody would sneak to the corridor window to look at the picket line. We'd recognize members of our local. We'd wave silently. Down on the street the pickets, seeing us at the window, would break into cheers. It was a bitter cold day. But every time we looked that picket line was growing. By four-

(*Continued on page* 18)

Drawing by Frank Davidson



A Time to Remember

FROM THIS EXCITING NOVEL OF A STRIKE, WE TAKE A CHAPTER ABOUT A WIFE WHOSE LOVE MET THE PROBLEM OF HER HUSBAND'S TREACHERY TO HIS KIND

By Leane Zugsmith

Drawings by Agnes Karlin

WITH A TWIN dragging at each hand, Stell Leamy walked into strike headquarters. Her strong candid face was stony. She looked about the crowded, poorly lighted hall and, with unerring selection, advanced toward the table behind which Sue Wilcox was sittting, as a substitute for Ed Scanlon.

"Sign here." Sue indicated the opened ledger on the table before her.

Before Stell could speak, Helen piped: "Are we in the store, Mom?"

"We in the store, Mom?" Lucille echoed her sister.

"Sure. In the store." Stell unclasped her pocketbook.

"What are we going to buy?"

"What are we going to buy, Mom?"

"Nothing," she said. 'I'm paying a bill." She looked over her shoulder, and, seeing a little girl on a bench, gave the twins a shove in the child's direction. "Go on over and play with that little girl." She looked at Sue. "That all right?"

When the twins were beyond earshot, she said: "They repeat every last word they hear. I don't want—— Here, I brought you a little something for your strike fund."

"Oh, thanks." Sue spilled out the contents of the stock envelope handed to her. The sum of the pennies, nickels, dimes, quarters and dollar bills amounted to fourteen dollars and thirty-three cents. "Thanks ever so much," she said. "Was it a collection?"

Stell yanked the fingers of her woolen gloves. "Kind of," she said in a low voice.

"Won't you let me know the name of your organization?" Sue poised her pencil. "We like to know who our friends are."

"It's just—anonymous, put it."

"Well, thanks a lot. We certainly appreciate it."

She swung around to get a look at the twins. They seemed to be occupied, standing solemnly before the little girl. Stell couldn't hear their voices or that of the strange child, who was saying querulously:

"My ma's never home no more."

"Where's your ma?" asked Helen.

"There's our mom," Lucille pointed at Stell.

"My ma's out on strike and she's never home no more." The little girl sniffled.

"Strike," said Helen, admiring the new word.

"Strike," repeated Lucille.

Stell waved back when she saw Lucille point to her and, satisfied that they were getting along all right, returned her gaze to Sue. "All of you getting enough to eat, things like that?" she asked.

"Some of the time," said Sue, smiling wryly, "and some of us."

Stell's expression became grim. She looked around the hall once more; then she said: "Is there a fellow named Rivkin round about just now? I'd like to talk to him, if he is."

"Monroe, I think——" Sue consulted the ledger—"yeah, he's out now. Is there something? Could I help you?"

She shook her head. "I just wanted—a fellow named Matt Matthews, would he be here now?"

"Oh, Matt." Sue craned her neck. "See that bunch by the window, the dark man, is that who you want?"

"I wouldn't know what he looks like. If that's him, though, I wonder could I have a word with him."

A few minutes after Sue's call, Matt came to the table. "This lady just brought in a grand contribution," said Sue. "She asked to see you."

"That's fine." Matt pumped her hand. "Now, what can I do?"

"Could we go some place in here? I'd like to have a few words with you in private."

He led her to a spot where they could not be overheard. "I didn't get your name," he said, pulling up two folding chairs.

"Leave me be about my name," she said. "Here's what's on my mind." She twisted around for another look at the twins and, becoming aware that Matt was watching her, said: "Just wanted to see if my kids were behaving themselves."

"Those yours with Mrs. Bauer's little kid?"

"That's right."

Thoughtfully he stared at her. "Twins, aren't they?"

She dropped her lids. "Twins." Then she looked straight into his eyes. "You're smart," she said. "Don't trust me if you don't want to. I'm Ralph Leamy's wife, that's a fact."

"What are you doing around here?" His voice was hard.

"You got a right to think I'm spying. If I was in your place, I'd think the same

thing. I can tell you why I'm here, but, if you don't believe me, I can't make you."

"Um-hm. Well, why?"

"I brought in all the money I've saved in the last year, near onto fifteen bucks. Three hoarse cheers, huh? You think I'm trying to buy my way in. I'm not, that's a fact. I come from a real Simon-pure family, Mr. Matthews. My Old Man won't speak to Ralph, and he looks down on me for staying with him. I don't know whether other people got problems like that or what they do with them." She folded her arms, pressing them tensely against her full breasts. "God, there've been times the past weeks when all I wanted was to be someone else. I guess you never felt that way. Wanting to be somebody whose only worry is what to have for supper tonight."

His air of hostility became modified. "I guess I know what you mean."

"I didn't come here like going to confession. I wouldn't of told who I was if you hadn't seemed to catch on the twins. We got three kids, maybe you know, a boy besides the two over there. So I don't plan to bust up with Ralph. Maybe I'm wrong, but for the life of me, I can't make up my mind to quit him." She bit her lip, searching Matt's resolute face.

"Well?" His voice was cold.

"Fifteen bucks won't ever make up for him. Only that was all I could scrape up, excepting this other thing I wanted to tell Rivkin, or you about, knowing your names and not the others. Do you know that on New Year's Eve, a bunch of manufacturers and some of the executives-like in the store are throwing Sigmund Diamond a testimonial dinner? At the Merrimac Hotel. I didn't know whether you knew."

Matt rubbed his hand over the nape of his neck. "What would that be to us?"

"It was my Old Man's idea, more than it was mine. He thought if some of the strikers was to get to that dinner and do something. Well, figure it out. My Old Man's had a lot of experience with strikes; he thinks it's time for you to do something different. Maybe his ideas are too rough for this union."

"Maybe they are." He watched her narrowly, as she rose.

"O.K. I told him it wasn't likely you'd take a tip from a stranger."

"You did? You told Ralph that?"

"Not Ralph! I don't tell him anything. You think he'll know I' been here? You think it's easy for me to talk to him at all knowing? No, my Old Man."

As she started toward the twins, he caught her arm. "How do you think we crash this testimonial dinner?" he said, his voice cautious.

"Get tickets."

"Oh, yeah? Newburger planning to pass them out to our pickets?"

"You sure could get them some way," she said reflectively.

"Say, if you're not trying to sell me a package——" He looked toward the group near the window. "I'd like to get Stroby and some of the strike committee, sitting over there, in on this. Get a load of what they think, see?"

Her voice was low and shamed. "Have you got to tell them who I am?"

"Sure do."

"I guess you're right." As he walked away, she turned her attention to the twins. Helen and Lucille were playing some game, in apparent harmony with the other little girl. She drew nearer to them and stood for a moment, watching them strut up and down.

Lucille, spying her mother, cried out: "We're out on strike, like her ma."

"Mom," yelled Helen, "look at us be pickets." She flung out her short legs in a kind of goose-step, soliciting her mother's approval.

For crying out loud, wouldn't you know it? Try to keep something from those little devils, she thought. I shouldn't of brought them here, only where was I going to leave them? So now they'll be doing it around the house all the time. Well, it sure will make a hit with their grandpa and, if Ralph don't like it, I guess he'll just have to lump it.

Returning to her chair, she watched the procession of activities in the hall until Matt Matthews came back, with him Stroby, Beattie Basilone and Monny Lorch. She stiffened against their probing expressions and then thought: I'd feel the same as them, that's a fact.

"Matt here has been explaining the set-up to us," said Stroby. "If you think we want to get to the dinner and pull any rough stuff, let me disabuse you of that idea."

"I don't think anything," she said. "I was passing on some information."

"We might want to get in just to see what's going on, see?" said Matt.

"How much are the tickets?" asked Beattie.

"Three apiece," she said, and thought: They got to be cagey. I don't ask to know what they're going to do.

"Would you want to see that we got two tickets?" said Stroby.

"Me?" She wrinkled her brow. I could tell him I lost them. I swear it would serve him right. A sly expression stole over her face. If he don't want to buy two others, he don't need to go. God knows I wouldn't want to. "It could be done," she said.

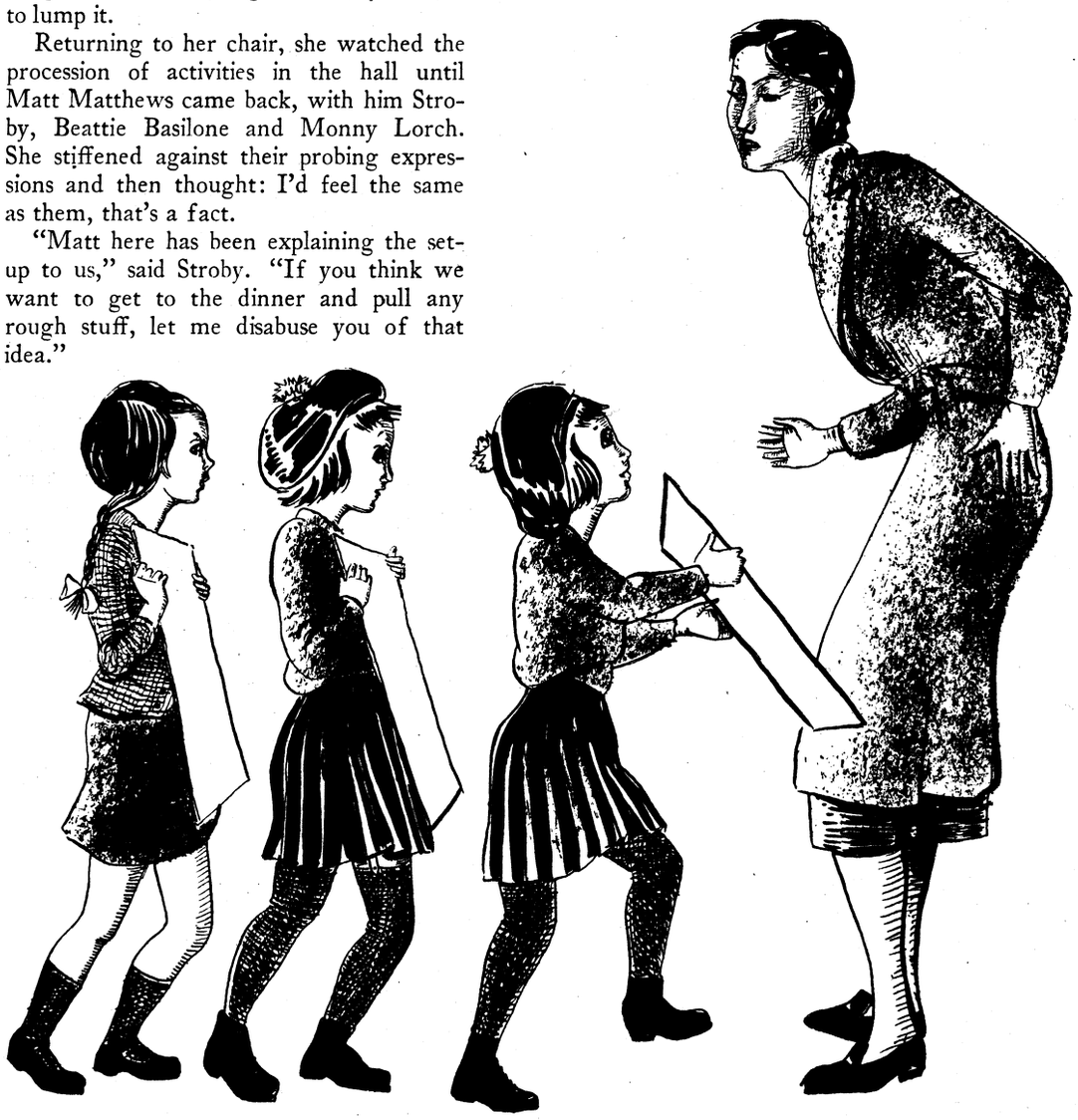
"Dress-up I guess, isn't it?" said Beattie.

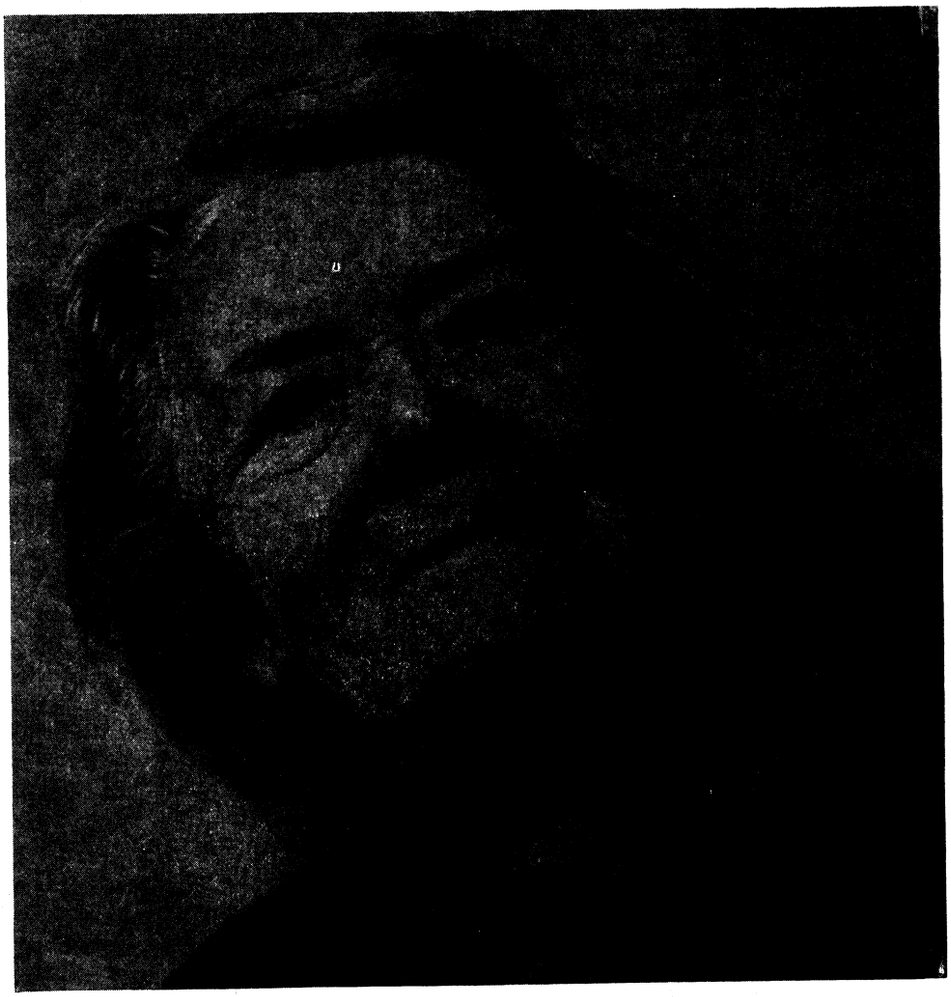
"It's fancy," she said. "I can't get them to you before tomorrow."

"O.K." Stroby stood up. "We mightn't even use them, but we'll appreciate it, all the same."

You'll use them, she thought, and I hope you'll bust their test-i-monial dinner wide open. I got to tell the Old Man to watch for it in the papers, in case any mention's made.

They watched her collect her children and disappear from the hall. "Maybe I'm a chump," said Matt, "but I think she's on the level."





MOTHER BLOOR

...AN APPRECIATION

By Mary Heaton Vorse

In 1932 I went up to Iowa to report the farmers' holiday. The farmers of Iowa, and of Nebraska, and of South Dakota were in revolt. They had tried by all the peaceful methods possible to receive attention from the Federal Government to their desperate plight. Now they were picketing the roadways. Thousands of them had met in Sioux City. They were organizing.

Wherever I went and with whatever group of farmers I spoke I heard of a wonderful little old lady who had talked to them. When I went into a new group often I would be asked, "Are you that woman speaker we've heard about? Are you Mother Bloor?"

She had come to observe the farmers' holiday. The governors of the states were meeting to see what they could do to pacify the farmers in revolt. But the farmers had met the same day. By thousands they had come together in the picnic park outside Sioux City, and suddenly Mother Bloor was speaking to them. She had become their voice. In that great meeting of farmers was no centralized leadership that day and the voice of a speaker was needed. Ella Reeve Bloor found herself the principal speaker of the day.

"I tell you, she hit the nail on the head!" they told me. "She said all the things we'd been thinking, and she said them so clear and plain."

So the people not fortunate enough to have heard her were looking for her, hoping to hear her and, in their eagerness, taking any older woman they saw for her.

Time after time her name came up. Time after time people who had not even heard her talked about that wonderful woman speaker. She had talked to them in their own language. She had said in homely, everyday phrases the things that they all knew, but she added to what they knew her own warmth and the fire of her indignation.

It seemed to me that this was typical of her. She had come into the situation a stranger, but she had grasped it so completely, her understanding was so keen, that she spoke for all of them. The farmers' plight, of course, was no new thing to her. She knew what farming was through the Dakotas. She knew the fight to make ends meet. She knew the gap between the price farmers got and what they had to pay. She had seen the insurance companies in North Dakota reach out and take farms from men who had held their land from the pioneer days.

She once spoke in Sioux City and her fame spread so that there was a whole countryside of farmers eager to meet her because of the power and magic of her friendliness, her ability to enter into their struggle.

In just my experience I could have duplicated it many times. I have seen her among the textile workers where, in very truth, she seemed like the mother of these boys and girls fighting for a decent life. She was among the auto workers this winter. For wherever the workers were fighting for better conditions, there she would be—little and valiant, warm and kind.

During twenty years that I have known her I have seen her in different countries and in many situations. I have seen her in great and joyful celebrations, and in great sorrow. I have seen her when she was just out of jail—taken to jail and held incommunicado because she had been asked to speak by workers—illegally arrested, illegally detained. And through the different times and the different circumstances, there is one quality that has never changed, and that is her high courage.

At seventy-five, there is more life in her warm handclasp than there is in most young people's; more youth in her dark, dancing eyes. I have never known her to be tired. Her high vitality seems always at flood. After a long day's work she can sit up to talk all night. Her relation with the crowd she addresses is as warm and intimate as most people's with a close friend.

From the East to the West she is known to hundreds upon hundreds of young people whom she has inspired, to whom she has given affection, and with whom she has that warm relationship that has made her known throughout this country as "Mother Bloor."

The Woman Today nominates, as the *Woman of the Month* for July, Ella Reeve Bloor because of the half century of her life that she has devoted to progress; because she has always been a fighter in the front ranks; because she plans to carry on more vigorously than ever; because we are happy to celebrate, with her, her seventy-fifth birthday this month.

MOTHER BLOOR

...AN APPRECIATION

By Mary Heaton Vorse

A STOCKYARDS UNION

100% AND HERE TO STAY . . .

By Patricia Lewis
Secretary of the United Packing House Workers Industrial Union

THE STOCKYARDS are the throbbing pulse of the industrial life of Chicago proper. In this square mile of fenced-in packing plants, 40,000 men and women work daily on the food supply of the nation. And in these plants daily, men and women are working heart and soul for the organization of the packing house workers into the United Packing House Workers Industrial Union, affiliated to the C.I.O.

A month and a half ago a small group of yards workers got together and decided to ask the C.I.O. for assistance in building a union. With the cooperation of Mr. Fontachio, assistant regional director of the Steel Workers Organizing Committee in the Calumet area, cards were drawn up for the union and a drive launched. Since the drive has gotten under way, thousands of workers have signed up in the union.

At the beginning of the drive the women were very slow signing up. In order to start the drive among the women, the Illinois WOMAN TODAY Club offered to give us their full cooperation in organizing a special meeting for the women yards workers. Together with the women from the club and a few from our union, we were able to organize a meeting of two hundred stockyard workers. This, considering the fact that there had not been any wide publicity, was very good, and resulted in over eight hundred cards being passed out to be taken into the plant for signing up. The WOMAN TODAY Club prepared an excellent program to liven up the meeting and great enthusiasm among the women for the union resulted. Thyra Edwards, foreign correspondent for THE WOMAN TODAY, and Henry Johnson, organizer for the Steel Workers Organizing Committee, and the writer, who is the secretary of the Organizing Committee of the United Packing House Workers Industrial Union, were speakers.

In organizing for the meeting, committees were sent to the various settlement and field houses in the neighborhood. As a result we were able to make connections with a committee in the Y.W.C.A. which is interested in molding public sentiment for the support of organized labor. Certainly, many thanks have been expressed by the members of our union for the fine support of THE WOMAN TODAY.

IN 1904 the stockyard workers were able to build a successful and powerful union. At the time the union was being built, the men were very much opposed to having any women in the union.

On the initiative of a girls' club organized in the settlement, a meeting of the women working in the yards was called. The long range result of this initial meeting was the building of the union among the women to 6,000 strong, the men being forced to include the women in their union.

Outstanding in this activity was a young Irish packing house worker, Hannah O'Day, who was known to the stockyard workers since 1890 when she led a spontaneous strike of girls in the canning department and marched through "Packingtown" with a red handkerchief tied to an umbrella handle fluttering in the breeze. In the course of our preparation for our women's meeting of packing house workers for the C.I.O. we found out that Mrs. O'Day was still alive. Two of us, union members, decided to visit her.

Walking along the dingy streets of the "back of the yards" neighborhood trying to find her home, we met an old worker and inquired if there was a Mrs. O'Day in the neighborhood. He immiediately gave us directions and we finally arrived in front of a decrepit wooden shack.

Mrs. O'Day answered the door. We told her we were interested in organizing a union in the yards, and her clear, resonant voice immediately gave us welcome.

"A union in the yards! That's what we need—but you've got to organize the right kind of union."

We explained we were from the union.

"That's the thing—that's what we need. A real union. Not a faker outfit; not a racket one that will only fool the workers. But a good strong union, with a good leadership that will stay."

We agreed with Hannah O'Day. This 73-year old woman who had seen the yards organized, the workers' ranks split and broken after much hard work, with the strike lost, today was still as resolute and full of enthusiasm in building up a real union. She was a real inspiration to us. Certainly we left her feeling more determined and fully convinced that we were going to build a strong powerful United Packing House Workers Industrial Union, affiliated to the C.I.O.—a hundred per cent organized yards, with a union there to stay.

What Do You Know About the Sheppard-Hill Bill?

DO YOU KNOW what the Sheppard-Hill bill now in committee in the United States Congress means to you and your children? It is an industrial mobilization plan and that phrase interpreted means if you are a wage earner or not, or whether you have dependent children under sixteen years of age, has no effect on the result. The United States Department of War will be able to conscript you for factory work, mill or office work in case Congress should declare either war or a national emergency.

This bill has the presumption to assume that our participation in a war is inevitable and that we can be conscripted by any emergency. There are 4,000,000 men of military age, eighteen years or over. Those that are rejected or are ineligibles—the ones left at home—can be drafted for labor in munitions and war industries.

This is also dangerous to our children for there is a minor's clause where a "Council for Minors" could be formed and children under 16 years of age would be put to work. Under this bill there could be an Emergency Council or War Ministry chosen from a group of industrialists and militarists who could suspend all labor standards, outlaw strikes and collective bargaining, and if any worker objected to the ruling of this board, he could at once be court-martialed.

I would advise every union leader and auxiliary leader to send for this bill, which is known as the Sheppard-Hill bill S. 25 and H.R. 1954, and have it discussed and analyzed by the union and to take a vote if they wish to take action on it. At the present time hundreds of unions and their leaders have taken steps by telegraphing protests to their Senators and Congressmen.

Pleae take this bill seriously and realize all it means to organized labor as well as to every citizen of the United States.

Fraternally,
Ma Union.

IN THE RECORD

LABOR SPIES TELL A STORY STRANGER THAN FICTION

By Ann Washington Craton

"COMING TO THE union meeting, tonight, Jennie?" They were talking in the washroom of the Johnson Bronze Company, Newcastle, Pennsylvania, one afternoon in April, 1934.

"Not me, Agnes, I am going to the dance with my new boy friend."

"But, Jennie, the meeting is early. You can go to the dance later. We must get the girls out tonight. The men are getting disgusted. We are holding them back. We are only making 25 cents an hour. We are still 10 cents under the code. The Blue Eagle stamped on everything, while the Johnson Bronze Company flaunts the government."

"Let me alone," snapped Jennie. "You will get me fired. You know that the forelady is watching you. And the super. Even the president himself. I am satisfied with 25 cents an hour. We got a big raise, from 10 cents an hour to 25 cents an hour with the N.R.A. The boss can't pay code wages now. We have to wait until the depression is over and the automobile business is better."

"Where did you learn all that?"

"Jerry, the new boy friend."

"Where did he come from? He sounds like a stool-pigeon to me. There are funny things going on in this factory, Jennie. The men say it is full of stool-pigeons. Everything is reported back."

"Jerry is not a stool-pigeon. He is more of a gentleman than a lot of the roughnecks in the union crowd. Jerry does not believe in unions. Where he used to work there was a union and it failed. Everybody got laid off. They are on relief now. What good did it do? Look at the dues you have to pay. Who gets them? The union racketeers in Harrisburg and Washington."

Agnes was shocked. "What has happened to you, Jennie? You used to be a strong girl in the union."

The door of the washroom opened suddenly. Sadie and Hilda came in. They giggled at their shopmates energetically scrubbing their hands.

"The forelady is counting time on you," said Hilda. "One of you had better beat it."

Jennie darted out.

"Will she come tonight, Agnes."

"No. She is yellow. That new fellow, Jerry, has a bad influence on her."

"We can't trust her any more, Agnes. She is friends with the forelady now. She repeats to the girls in her section everything the forelady tells her."

"But Hilda, the girls look up to Jennie. Thirty-five girls would join the union tonight if she joined."

"We will organize the girls without her," said Sadie. "We are going to have a union."

At the union meeting that night only ten girls appeared. There was a large attendance of men. The union organizer advised that a committee be appointed immediately to present the case to the Regional Labor Board in Pittsburgh. Several speakers urged delay. The shop chairman upbraided them for their lack of spirit. "Do you want to go back to making 10, 15, 20 cents an hour again? The old skinflint is violating the code. If he gets by with it now he will cut wages again. The government is with us. We have got the right to organize a union."

"There are a lot of stool-pigeons around, boys," said the organizer.

"You don't think that the president would rather pay for stool-pigeons rather than pay us code wages," inquired Agnes incredulously.

"You have got a lot to learn, sister," replied the organizer.

●

EXCERPTS FROM HEARINGS before the Regional Labor Board, Pittsburgh, in the matter of the Johnson Bronze Company and the International Brotherhood of Foundry Employees, Local No. 92.

April 23, 1934:

Employees threaten strike as result of efforts to form a union.

May 5:

Organized a union with 352 members out of 499.

The president refused to recognize a union committee for the purpose of negotiation as provided by Section 7(a).

May 11:

Mediators visited the Johnson Bronze Company. Stated that the Regional Labor Board had jurisdiction and not the Automobile Board.

May 26:

Union notified the mediators that it was going to call a strike May 28. No truce could be effected.

May 29:

Mediators met with the president. He was incensed at the unfairness of his employees in calling a strike when he was in Detroit. Also because union effort had been brought about by an outside organizer. President would not attend a meeting with the strike committee and the mediators on which the "outside union" organizer should sit.

June 15:

Chairman of shop committee, Local No. 92 testified that strikebreakers were brought in from electric light companies. They marched up and down the streets, waving their money and pushing people off the sidewalks and thus started trouble which led to a small riot. Several days later tear gas bombs were thrown from the company property and windows were broken on other property although there was no damage on company property. Two men were beaten up and several injured. Mediator State Department of Labor and Industry saw chief of police and sheriff and took steps to have company private guards removed and adequate police protection supplied.

June 19:

Strike ended and people returned to work, pending settlement of disputes such as discrimination, staggering work, increase in wages, etc.

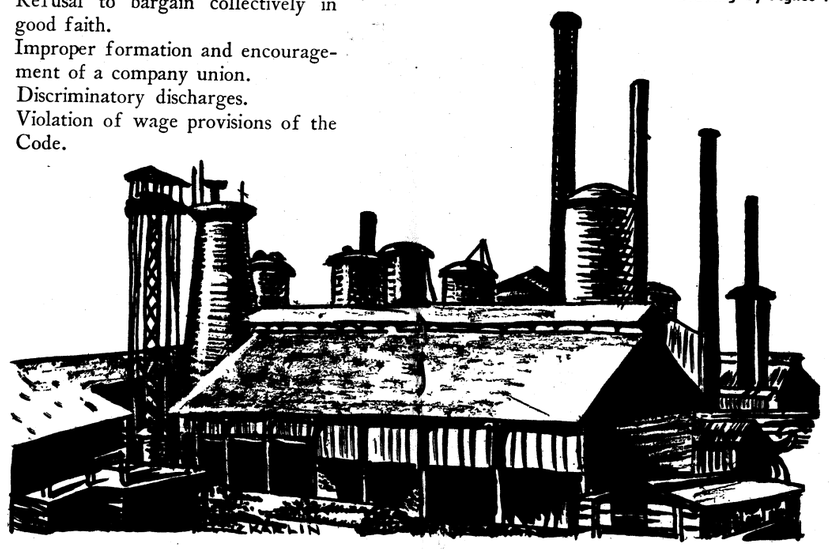
●

Excerpts from hearings September 14, 1934, before the National Labor Relations Board, Washington, in the matter of the Johnson Bronze Company and the International Brotherhood of Foundry Employees, Local No. 92.

"This case was referred by the Pittsburgh Regional Board because of the company's non-compliance with the decision of the Regional Board dated August 13, 1934, which found that the company had violated Section 7(a) and which recommended the reinstatement of six employees.

Complaints arising after the employees returned to work after the strike.

1. Refusal to bargain collectively in good faith.
2. Improper formation and encouragement of a company union.
3. Discriminatory discharges.
4. Violation of wage provisions of the Code.



Drawing by Agnes Karlin

The Board recommended that the company should endeavor in good faith and as soon as possible to arrive at an agreement with the union which will end the unfortunate friction, hostility and suspicion now existing and which will provide suitable methods for the peaceful adjustment of complaints."

Case V 108. Hearings, September 28, 1934 and October 19, 1934.

This case is companion to that heard by this Board on September 14, 1934. Because of the failure of the Johnson Bronze Company to comply with the order of this Board in its earlier opinion, the company's Blue Eagle was removed October 12, 1934.

September 22-24, 1936

Excerpts from hearings before Senator Robert M. La Follette, Jr., (Prog.) Wisconsin, and Senator Elbert D. Thomas (Dem.) Utah, pursuant to Senate Resolution 266: A resolution to investigate violations of the right of free speech and assembly and interference with the right of labor to organize and bargain collectively. Testimony of A. F. Lawson, former secretary of the National Corporations Service, testifying on labor espionage and strikebreaking in relation to the Johnson Bronze Co.

Senator La Follette: What sort of business did these corporations do? (National Corporations Service and Allied Corporation Service.)

Mr. Lawson: The National Corporations Service did special investigation and employed men in various manufacturing plants as stool-pigeons. The Allied Corporation Service was a strikebreaking organization.

Senator La Follette: Will you explain the difference between those two types of business?

Mr. Lawson: Well, under the National Corporation we hired men or hooked men in plants to furnish information in reference to union activities and to ascertain the feeling of the men in the plants as to the management, for the purpose of taking up the question of increase in wages. The Allied Corporation Service was an out and out strikebreaking organization and handled no other work but strikes.

Senator La Follette: How was the business built up?

Mr. Lawson: We sold the business on a basis of business insurance. "Protect yourself and find out what is going on in your plant before trouble actually does occur."

Senator La Follette: Are you familiar with the Johnson Bronze Company job?

Mr. Lawson: That was a strike job and inside and outside operatives.

Senator La Follette: What is a street operative?

Mr. Lawson: Operatives that work on the outside of the plant to get general information, contact people around town to see how they feel about conditions, contact employees' wives and mothers at their homes.

Senator La Follette: Break down morale? . . . Do you recognize these papers, Mr. Lawson?

Mr. Lawson: And break down morale. . . . It is the payroll of the Johnson Bronze Company strike. . . . There are a few names here of employees of the National Corporations Service and the balance of them are strikebreakers that were hired by the Allied Corporation Service.

Senator La Follette: Who was the contact man on the Johnson Bronze Co.?

Mr. Lawson: P. J. Flaherty. . . . He was practically the owner of the Johnson Bronze Co.

Senator Thomas: Would you mind telling us how you go about forming a company union?

Mr. Lawson: The thing to do was to get a man in the plant to start to talk the benefits of a company union against an outside union. If you had a number of operatives working in the plant they would spread that line of talk around and get a number interested in it . . . then they would hold a meeting and go on with the organization of a union . . . at the time the N.R.A. went into effect there was a great movement of the companies when they started in and formed their own company union.

Senator Thomas: It was assumed then, right from the beginning that the company union would be a union which would be definitely to the advantage of the company? In these strikebreaking campaigns were they generally successful or unsuccessful?

Mr. Lawson: Unsuccessful . . . on the Johnson Bronze Company job they (the union members) stoned our strikebreakers . . . and we were finally chased out of town.

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Testimony of C. M. (Red) Kuhl, former operative of the National Corporations Service. Strikebreaker and "hooker" with twenty years' experience with many of the leading detective agencies.

Senator La Follette: . . . were you on the Johnson Bronze Co. job at New Castle?

Mr. Kuhl: Yes, sir.

Senator La Follette: Do you know who sold that job?

Mr. Kuhl: I think the first service sold the Johnson Bronze Co. . . . was inside stool-pigeon service . . . that went on for a year and a half . . . before the strike occurred there.

Senator La Follette: Do you know who did most of the hooking on that job?

Mr. Kuhl: Well, I done some. Bill Gray done some. And there were a number of street men that worked on that job and they naturally wouldn't have to be hooked.

Senator La Follette: What was the situation among the employees of that company, if you remember?

Mr. Kuhl: Well, they were poorly paid. In fact, this was in New Castle, Pa., and the people over there nicknamed it the "Penny Arcade." The girls were receiving ten cents an hour. It is a bronze company and they make the small automobile bronze fittings. And there was quite a few girls and women working in there, and they received ten cents in hour. I heard that even the telephone operator received ten cents an hour, and that was in the main office.

Senator La Follette: How long were the operators on the job before the strike started, do you remember?

Mr. Kuhl: I think about a year and a half.

Senator La Follette: And who was in charge of the strikebreakers and street operatives?

Mr. Kuhl: Well, John McCabe was in charge of them.

Senator La Follette: Do you remember how many (strikebreakers) were used there?

Mr. Kuhl: Oh, about a hundred.

Senator La Follette: Was any gas used on that job?

Mr. Kuhl: Yes, sir.

Senator La Follette: How did they get it?

(*Continued on page* 22)

WE SING AS WE SIT

(*Continued from page* 11)

thirty there must have been four hundred friends in it and four abreast, it was circling the whole block.

The marchers with our banners were not only Workers Alliance members. There were women from the Progressive Councils, the League of Women Shoppers, people from unions all over the city. And in twenty-nine relief bureaus in Manhattan and Richmond and Queens and Brooklyn and The Bronx this same thing was happening. We were not alone. The East Side, the workers of the whole city were with us.

And as the sound of *Solidarity* flowed out of the windows to the pickets, they too began to sing, and the words swelled out and took possession of the bureau, the streets, the whole bright afternoon. "Solidarity forever, for the union makes us strong!"

The words of the song had hardly died when Henry Rourke, the fighting little Irish chairman of Local 10, came in with a report. "Three of our representatives met the mayor at 3:30," he said, "and gave him our program. We've got him worried. We've got the administration going. And do you know why? The unions are back of us! They've realized more and more that the unemployed, as a labor market which can turn into a scab market, can endanger the whole trade union movement if we don't all stick together. And at last it's come. We have fought with the unions of the employed this year, and now they're fighting with us!"

A little Jewish woman, her eyes ashine, jumped up. "How long will we sit here?" she demanded.

Upstairs, Kuttner, relief administrator of the bureau at 43 Bleecker Street, was in conference with Langdon Post. The answer to the little woman's question must have reached up there challenging and militant, as it reached the pickets courageous and strong. "We'll sit a day, a week, a year. We stay here till we win!"

We were beginning to get hungry. Every speech we'd heard that day had emphasized how well we were going to eat. By six o'clock all of us were waiting to have those promises fulfilled. Helen Lynch, the leader of our steering committee, had asked us to keep the place clean and tidy. "We may have to live here a long time," she said. And now the bureau was all swept and clean for dinner.

Suddenly Helen was on the platform. "They're trying to keep us from getting food!" she cried. "Downstairs are four milk cans full of hot stew. There's coffee and bread and fruit! But the relief officials won't let it in!"

She turned her well-shaped, cropped, defiant little head as she looked straight at the policemen by the door. "I'm wiring the mayor! He promised we could get food in without trouble. Meantime, everyone must be orderly. I know a man who's here especially to provoke us to fight, to make trouble. There he is!" She pointed him out. "There may be more like him. Now, don't let anyone make you quarrel or fight or destroy any property here. If you do, you'll endanger our strike!"

Well, the telegram must have worked. In less than half an hour two hundred tin plates and pie pans were chock full of steaming stew. And not just an ordinary stew, mind you. A stew that must have been prepared by people who knew what the unemployed don't get, and who loved them. Big chunks of tender juicy lamb, celery, carrots, slivers of green beans tasting like spring. Even asparagus!

And then the food and telegrams began pouring in. Big pears and giant sweet apples. Candy. Cigarettes. Evening papers. Greetings and messages of luck and cheer. Every five minutes something else. From the Socialist Party, the Communist Party, the East Side Federation, the West Side Federation, from "six chemists," from tenants' leagues, women's organizations, from a dozen different trade unions. Downstairs the picket line had increased to six hundred.

Besides me was a woman whose little boy had died of slow starvation because she was a foreigner, too poor and ignorant to be able to get relief in time to save him. In front of me was the father of the lost baby for whose coffin the Alliance had once before sat down. On the other side of the room was a victim of the Suffolk Street fire, who less than a week ago had seen his neighbors' children burn to death. All about were such faces.

The strike had been well organized. We had a doctor with us. The gymnasium instructor now gave us setting-up exercises. Two plays were written and performed. Songs and dances were given.

"If there's another sit-down," cried a big, gaunt Irishman, "I'll pay admission!"

We had a radio that gave us hourly news broadcasts of our own strike. How had that radio been smuggled in?

Well, about a month before, the Emergency Relief Bureau workers had struck themselves and we'd helped them win. That was why we'd gotten so many friendly smiles from the investigators who passed us that day. And they helped us get in our radio!

During the evening we noticed a well-dressed woman sitting at a table near the door with the policemen. Now there was a little conference held between her and the cops, and the police lieutenant came forward and talked with Helen Lynch. After a couple of minutes, Helen addressed us.

"That woman back there is from the Children's Welfare Association," she said, "and she demands that Lena take her baby home. She says this is no fit place for her. There's a veiled threat that if she doesn't do what they want they'll take the child away from her. The steering committee has talked it over, and as we want no trouble, we ask Lena to take the baby home."

Then Lena was on her feet, and everyone was looking at her. Tears were popping out of her eyes. She held the baby, wrapped in a blanket, in her arms. "This place is much better than my home!" she cried. "It's comfortable and dry and warm. Little Millie has no warm clothes. The best way to help her is to let me stay here till they settle my case. Please let me stay!"

Our steering committee consulted. Then Helen spoke again. "It's funny how excited they are about this baby missing a few hours' sleep," she cried. "If the babies who've died in firetraps and for want of quick relief were piled up, this building wouldn't hold them! We won't advise Lena to stay, but if she feels it's to her advantage, we'll back her to the limit!"

Lena stayed!

At 3 A.M. the voices of our Alliance leaders told us over the radio that we'd won a tremendous victory. Rent increases, cutting of red tape, and clothing allowances had been promised by the mayor. Also a real public hearing on relief. And recognition of the Workers Alliance as the official Union of the Unemployed!

"And if the mayor doesn't keep his promises," cried Benton, "We'll just sit down again!"

Before we left the bureau, we cleared away every paper and crumb. We swept the place clean as a whistle. And we worked to the tune of *Solidarity*.

As We Go To Press . . .

ORGANIZE THE WOMEN

THE MAJOR ISSUE before American women, as we see it, is getting ourselves organized. Over twelve million women are gainfully employed in the United States: less than one-tenth are in a union.

Helping to organize these twelve million women into strong unions of their own choice is a prime concern of THE WOMAN TODAY. In proportion as women enter the ranks of organized labor they will win the full life they desire for themselves and their children. In this way alone they can do their share in keeping war out of the world and in holding back the forces of fascism and reaction.

Today American labor has become a giant marching forward in seven league boots. In this march tens of thousands of women are experiencing for the first time the proud respect of being organized—a collective power.

THE WOMAN TODAY has hailed every step forward, and especially the fresh battalions of women joining the ranks. Our pages have carried reports of the heroic work of the women in the west coast marine auxiliaries, in auto, steel, the machinist union auxiliaries, in the cigar and textile industries, the clothing trades, and those brave young girls of the five-and-tens. Most of these unions and auxiliaries are affiliated to the American Federation of Labor, a few are independent. Some of these A. F. of L. unions have affiliated to the Committee for Industrial Organization formed by some progressive unions within the A. F. of L.

To all these gains THE WOMAN TODAY has said: "More power to you!" Every union that helps organize the eleven million unorganized women into the American trade union movement can count on our hearty support. We must not let anything stand in the way of our growing strength. And the main source of our strength lies in our unity, our undivided ranks.

THINK IT OVER

MANY PEOPLE are interested in getting a hearing in Washington for the Celler bill protecting the interests of the foreign born.

The Celler bill, H.R. 5687, provides that "no alien shall be excluded from admission to, or deported from, the United States if such alien is a refugee for political, racial or religious reasons from the country of his origin."

If you are interested in this bill, write Hon. Samuel Dickstein, chairman of the House Committee on Immigration in Washington, D. C.

SPANISH BABIES

THE story is yet to be told of the stoic endurance of the women of Spain in the face of the most barbarous warfare the world has yet seen. Mothers of Spain see their babies torn apart by bombs, their homes destroyed through air raids, their husbands and sons maimed, mutilated and murdered by fascist invaders. Yet their heroism knows no bounds. Can any period record such a reservoir of human courage, sacrifice and endurance?

Guernica, holy shrine of the proud Basque people was laid waste by German incendiary bombs last month, and the conscience of the whole world was aroused. Today, as we write, the people of the Basque country await another Guernica. They wait for German and Italian bombers to lay their homes waste and destroy what they have built over hundreds of years. And as the bombers disappear, the masses will pour out into the streets again to build stronger defenses, man the guns and defend with their last drop of blood their homes, their children and their liberty. Can there be a greater epic of human heroism than this?

Thousands of children have been evacuated from Bilbao recently perhaps never to see their parents and their native land again. And mothers plead that their children be taken from them and safeguarded in a foreign land, even if it means that they may never meet again.

While millions in Spain battle that democracy may be safeguarded, can we, American women, be satisfied with the aid we have given to the heroic mothers of Spain? THE WOMAN TODAY believes that the women of America must show how we prize democracy by greater action for Spain's heroic mothers. Let us do more. Let us start a fund now for the support of orphaned Spanish babies.

Every woman's organization can adopt a Spanish orphan and provide him with the necessaries of life and education. Let us know what the women's organizations are doing and what you, yourself, are doing for Spain. Will you undertake to "adopt" a Spanish orphan by providing adequate funds to care for one of the children of Spain's great heroes, and thus contribute to the victory of democracy? We want to hear from you.

TEXTILE DRIVE GAINS MOMENTUM

WE are greatly heartened by the good news from the drive to organize the one and a quarter million textile workers of North America. The T.W.O.C. (Textile Workers Organizing Committee) of which President Francis J. Gorman told us in the May issue of THE WOMAN TODAY, has the active support of the needle trades and other wearing apparel unions. It should be possible in the near future, they assure us, to be union-clad from head to foot, with articles handled under union conditions from raw material to finished product.

One hundred and fifty firms have signed up with the T.W.O.C. in New England; the contracts guarantee collective bargaining and in some instances were accompanied by voluntary raises. Seventy thousand workers are affected. Thirty-five thousand joined at once and the balance are being enrolled with great rapidity and enthusiasm.

Steve Vance, the Southern director of the campaign, announced on May 5 at Charlotte, North Carolina, that more than 100,000 mill workers in the South have enrolled in three weeks. A large cotton mill in the "deep South," at Dallas, Texas, was one of the first to sign up. Negotiations are on in Kentucky and Virginia. The terrific speed-up, low wages and miserable living conditions are making the Southern workers highly rebellious. It looks as if the campaign will proceed to a speedy successful unionization of the 350,000 workers there.

No figures are available as yet on the number of women organized. But in this third greatest unionization drive, women are over 50 per cent of the potential members. We give this campaign our heartiest support and will keep our readers informed on its progress. We urge our readers in textile centers to join up, if eligible to the union, or to give it their active cooperation by encouraging and urging the women of the looms to join. Become voluntary organizers for the T.W.O.C.!

AGAINST MOB RULE IN STEEL

THE WOMEN in steel who have seen their men beaten, gassed and murdered make their protest against the owners of the Republic, Inland and Youngstown Sheet and Tube companies. These executives must be made to respect the lives of their workers and their right under the Wagner Act to organize and picket.

All women who cherish liberty have a stake in this struggle. We must demand that the Federal Government enforce the National Labor Relations Act and stop the vigilante attacks on the strikers in steel.

By MARY ANDERSON

Director of the Women's Bureau
of the U. S. Department of Labor

TEXTILE ACROSS THE SEAS

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The International Textile Conference from the Woman's Viewpoint

THE WOMEN OF tomorrow may very likely mark as a Red Letter period in their annals the days from April 2 to 17, 1937, the time when the Tripartite Technical Conference of the textile industry was held in Washington. Both women and men in the future will perhaps regard this recent conference much in the way we now look back to the first International Labor Conference, which took place in the impressive Pan American building in 1919, as a truly significant stride in international cooperation and progress.

The recent textile conference was the first ever sponsored by the International Labor Organization for the purpose of considering just the problems of this industry. Attending it were representatives from twenty-seven countries, the great majority sending three delegates each, one for the government, one for employers, and one for workers. Even to the women of today the conference appears as another act in the dynamic drama of international effort to improve labor standards universally, staged in the effective setting of the new United States Department of Labor Building.

Though no clear-cut and world-wide program is to be immediately put into effect as a result of these particular sessions, nevertheless there is real promise of substantial and continuous advance in the right direction.

And why should women of both today and tomorrow find this conference of vital interest? Because the textile industry is one that ties up closely with their lives in various ways. Women the world over are extensive users of the products of the industry and women in many lands play an important role in the making of these goods in the textile mills. Statistics presented at the conference show that over sixty per cent of all gainfully occupied persons in the textile industry are women and girls. Italy takes the lead, with females constituting more than three-fourths of her textile workers, followed by Portugal, North Ireland, Brazil, Sweden, Russia, and Japan, each showing an approximate two-thirds proportion. In nine other countries more than half of the textile workers are females. In the six countries with proportions of less than half, several including the United States showed that women constitute over two-fifths.

However, to the question asked by the alert woman of today as to what part women actually took in the conference itself the somewhat paradoxical reply might be given that she played both a major and a minor role. In other words a woman deserves perhaps the lion's share of the credit for the convening of such a conference in Washington, in that the United States became a member of the International Labor Organization in the summer of 1934 largely because of the belief and understanding of our Secretary of Labor, Frances Perkins. It seemed fitting that she should address the opening session, stressing the need for decisive action, with the challenging words: "The workers of the world are united in their expectation that conditions of work shall be improved."

But that it was supposedly a man's job to take up this challenge and start the ball of progress rolling in the various important textile countries of the world was obvious from the nature of the delegations, which included, surprisingly enough, not a single woman. But a handful of women did have

By MARY ANDERSON

Director of the Women's Bureau
of the U. S. Department of Labor

TEXTILE [redacted] ACROSS THE SEAS

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The International Textile Conference
from the Woman's Viewpoint

some official part, since six women were found among the technical advisers. In such capacity came Mme. Marguerite Paitre, Inspector of Labour at Paris; Dr. C. J. Stemberg, Director in the Ministry of Social Affairs of the Netherlands; and from the United States, Elisabeth Christman, Secretary of the National Women's Trade Union League, Elizabeth Nord, Organizer of the United Textile Workers of America; Katherine Lenroot, Chief of the Children's Bureau, and Mary Anderson, Director of the Women's Bureau of the U. S. Department of Labor.

WHILE THE DELEGATES in their speeches took cognizance of the exploitation of women in the textile industry and gave attention to their particular problems, it must be admitted that most of the discussion was carried on from a man's point of view.

Putting aside the question of sex, women may feel heartened that a number of the delegates were men of wisdom and force as well as exponents of humanitarianism. To call by name more than a few—much less to do justice to all the worthwhile speeches—is impossible in this brief article. Mr. Harold Butler, Director of the International Labor Office and Secretary General of the Conference, and Mr. E. J. Phelan, his assistant, were present—and, as always, able leaders—infusing a spirit of vitality into this as into every conference, ever on the alert, hoping and working for permanent results of a desirable kind to emerge from this experiment. Another outstanding official in the opinion of all was Mr. Necas, of Czechoslovakia, Chairman of the Governing Body of the I.L.O., and one of its three Government delegates to the conference.

The conference was fortunate in having John G. Winant, former governor of the nothern textile State of New Hampshire, and former Chairman of the Social Security Board, elected as chairman of the textile conference. He was able at all times to preserve an atmosphere of good humor, to keep the discussion down to fundamentals, and to secure excellent cooperation from all delegates. In his opening address he pointed out the three-fold task of the conference: (1) Analysis of the problems of the industry; (2) assembly of data; and (3) production of a record sufficiently complete to make action possible at succeeding sessions of the International Labor Conference.

THE CONFERENCE, after a series of plenary sessions, elected on April 8 to sit as a general committee to consider the economic and social problems of the textile industry.

Because all these problems constitute such important patterns in the fabric of women's welfare, it is of interest to touch on a few high spots in the two reports, the one on the economic and the other on the social aspects. Though the two sets of problems were acknowledged to be almost indissolubly related, it was found expedient to have each set considered separately.

Technical though much of the discussion of the economic problems was, it might all be boiled down to the crystallized fact that the ultimate though as yet far-distant goal is abundance of textile goods for all people in all countries. The great need for more of such goods by the industrial population and the even greater need among the agricultural groups in each country call for increased purchasing power. Statistical evidence was brought forward illustrating how the increased farmers' income in recent years had in the United States at least expanded the consumption of textile products in rural areas.

Possibilities were outlined for raising wages as the result of improved efficiency and productivity in the textile industry and as the means of increasing benefits far beyond this particular industry, which in the long run would rebound and bring to it also greater prosperity.

Considerable evidence was presented as to the effects of changes in fashion and social customs on the use of the various kinds of textiles—matters closely identified with women's interests. Intriguing also to women were the possibilities discussed of lowered prices through sound means, and improved distributing methods of goods spelling savings in costs, thus making more textile products available to lower income groups.

Reaching the ultimate goal of abundance of textile goods as one of the primary necessities of life through an orderly expansion of the industry was held to depend on an orderly development of international trade in textiles. Many members stressed the idea that competition should not work itself out by lowering labor standards anywhere but there should be a leveling up of labor standards everywhere. This is a view close to the vision of women, who are so vitally concerned with measures to prevent the exploitation of those workers who have been the industry's greatest victims in the past—women and children.

THE DISCUSSION AT this point practically coincides with that on the social problems, the most conspicuous of which from the viewpoint of women is hours of work in the textile industry. It was felt that night work in textile mills by women and young persons should be absolutely prohibited through ratification by all countries of the existing I.L.O. conventions on this subject. More consideration was given to the dormitory system for the girls in Japanese textile mills, and to the village system, a kind of industrial home work, for the families of textile workers in India, than to the hours of the women in occidental mills whose schedules are on the whole much shorter than in the Orient.

A burning issue, discussed at length, was felt to exist in the anomalous situation in China where three-fourths of the half million textile workers are women and children, whose hours are excessively long due to the fact that 45 per cent of the mills are run by foreigners in the International settlements. Exempted by extraterritorial rights from complying with Chinese laws these foreign-run mills serve to undermine and nullify whatever good hour legislation China has enacted.

This conference did not, to be sure, have the authority to pass a convention as does the June conference. It left, therefore, for that conference to come to a decision on the question of adoption of a Draft Convention for reduction of hours of work in the textile industry.

Faced with such wide divergence in hour standards in the various countries, the textile conference did not arrive at a definite recommendation for a universal 40-hour week in the industry to be submitted to the International Labor Conference this June, as had been hoped by some of the delegates, notably all of the United States delegates and many of the workers' delegates in general. This hope had been based on the considerable progress already made in establishing the 40-hour week in the United States, France, Belgium and Italy, and the 7-hour day in Russia. Even Great Britain which has in force a 48-hour week secured through collective agreements seemed disinclined to try to have set up a 40-hour week standard through the medium of legislation. Nevertheless, the conference went on record as recommending not only voluntary collective agreements for improvement of conditions of employment in the industry, but also legislation in the national sphere and the adoption, ratification, and effective application of international conventions.

At adjournment a close-up view of the conference accomplishments led to the opinion among the delegates that perhaps the most clear-cut result was a recommendation to the I.L.O. for a permanent statistical committee to gather steadily comparable data from important textile countries. Those delegates able to take a long-range view, however, had the definite feeling that real progress in raising labor standards would eventually develop from the conference's frank and helpful discussion of the many difficult problems of the textile industry from the international viewpoint.

IN THE RECORD

(*Continued from page* 17)

Mr. Kuhl: Why, the Johnson Bronze bought that gas direct from the Lake Erie Chemical Co. The National Corporations Service would not let their name enter in that they would buy gas.

Senator La Follette: Was there much trouble?

Mr. Kuhl: There wasn't anybody killed, but there was considerable beat up, and they finally run all the strikebreakers out of town.

Senator La Follette: Was there any work done there to form a company union?

Mr. Kuhl: Yes, sir.

Senator La Follette: How did that work out?

Mr. Kuhl: Well, from both inside and outside. These field operators would talk against the union—the American Federation of Labor—and use a point similar to this, "Well, why pay dues to a lot of organizers, presidents, secretaries, one thing and another?" And another, "For instance, if we give a dollar here in our local only a quarter stays here, and so much goes down to Harrisburg at state headquarters, and the rest goes to Washington. Out of an actual dollar we put in the American Federation of Labor unions why we only keep that quarter here. Now, if we keep a company union we don't pay any dues, and we save those dues."

Senator La Follette: What assignments were given the women street operatives?

Mr. Kuhl: Well, to try to contact the officials of the union, or their homes, to see what they could learn from them as to the major moves they were going to make.

Senator La Follette: Did the street operatixes help to cause the trouble? (riot).

Mr. Kuhl: Well, I don't know whether this is the truth or not, but one of the street operators told me when he seen this riot, or all these bricks and gas flying around, he said, "I was trying to hit you with a brick," and says, "I don't know whether I got you or not, but probably got somebody else in there." He was right out there in the pickets throwing them bricks.

Senator La Follette: Is it customary for one operator to heave a brick at another?

Mr. Kuhl: I don't know if it is a fact or not, but the chances are if he got a chance, he would throw a brick at me.

Senator La Follette: Was there a dictaphone used on that job?

Mr. Kuhl: Fiske, this Glenn Fiske (operative of the National Corporations Service) had orders to install a dictaphone in the president of that company's home, Mr. Flaherty.

Senator La Follette: The president of the company?

Mr. Kuhl: Yes, because they were going to have a conference with union officials, and he thought by having this dictaphone in there that these union officials would say something so that he could attempt to bribe them or something of the sort, and it could be brought back to the union and explained to them that their organizers and officials were out to be bribed.

Senator La Follette: Did it work?

Mr. Kuhl: Well, I couldn't say. I wasn't in on it.

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OFFICE WORKERS AWAKE

(*Continued from page* 7)

unionism. The proximity to a large city makes possible valuable contacts with persons active in the labor movement. In addition the students, following their own interests, visited a newly formed cooperative store, the headquarters of large international unions, a Federal Theatre production, and the Museum of Science and Industry.

EACH YEAR an increasing number of the students who attend the school are members of white collar workers' unions. The question of trade union organization for clerical workers is keenly discussed, and last year a week-end conference was held at the school where over a hundred industrial, clerical and professional workers came together to consider the topic: "What Is the Place of the White Collar Worker in the Labor Movement?" Representatives of a number of white collar workers' unions, among them the American Federation of Teachers, Bookkeepers, Stenographers and Accountants Union, the National Federation of Post Office Clerks and the American Newspaper Guild were present, and reported on the activities of their unions. Round tables discussed such problems as whether white collar workers in America will follow European fascist trends, and the possibility of uniting white collar and industrial workers through common political action.

Both the union and the non-union students are active in community organizations, including study groups, business girls' clubs, labor dramatic and dance groups, minority political groups and other workers' organizations. The program of the school is carried on in relation to these interests and with the expectation of further participation in workers' groups. The students are encouraged to analyze specifically how in their own local communities they may continue their study and make more effective their activity within their organizations.

During the winter of 1936-37 for example, from twenty to thirty of the former students have been active in their unions. They may work on committees; they may contribute to the union journal; one of them is leading a group in the modern dance; several are taking part in labor dramatics.

Students from the Summer School provide leadership and form an active nucleus for study groups of many different types. These vary from the single occasion, such as a panel discussion on white collar workers or a forum on social security or civil liberties, to the class or discussion group lasting throughout a season. "Economic Issues Behind the Headlines" is the topic of one such discussion group; "Your Job in a Changing World" is the subject matter of another. One club of business girls has been making a study of consumers' cooperatives, and is planning to start a cooperative experiment of their own. Another group of alumnae have formed a "speakers bureau" to send out members to meet with interested groups and talk to them of the Summer School.

Former students are active in many ways on the local committees which are responsible for the recruiting of students and the raising of scholarships. The cost of the school is met largely through these scholarships raised by committees working in the interests of the school in a number of cities throughout the country.

The school session is four weeks in length, and during this period a two-week institute is held for those who cannot attend the longer session. The school will be held this year during the month of August on the campus of Northwestern University, Evanston, Illinois. Those interested in additional information may communicate with the Summer School for Office Workers, 302 East 35th Street, New York City.

TO 'WOMAN TODAY' OF NEW ZEALAND

Dear Sisters:

THE WOMAN TODAY of North America greets you with the enthusiasm you deserve. Over a month ago, you wrote us a letter telling us of your ideas and we were happy to know that a progressive group of women were starting a magazine with the same name as ours in far-off New Zealand. Your letter was so modest that we were not prepared for so excellent a magazine as that which arrived in our office this morning. There are many features that are new in your publication .

We congratulate you and wish for your success. The best of luck.

Isobel Walker Soule
for the Editorial Board

Our Readers Write

THE THREE SWEETEST WORDS: "ENCLOSED FIND CHECK"

Enclosed is one dollar which I am contributing toward the good work of your magazine. Do hope you will meet with success in your endeavor.

A. G. Epstein
New York City

MAKING THE LUKEWARMS WARMER

I have just received a copy of THE WOMAN TODAY magazine. The articles by the writers in this issue are fine. I think the magazine as a whole will go a long way in opening the eyes of all those who are just lukewarm to the union movement.

I am a member of Local 156 of the Auto Workers at the Chevrolet, on the night shift. We are looking forward to a 100 per cent membership and we are about 97 per cent right now.

Wishing you success for your magazine, and I will do my bit to help along. Please find one dollar enclosed for your magazine. Yours for the union.

Oscar F. Blom, Jr.
Flint, Mich.

THE UNION LABEL IS FASHIONABLE

I have noticed a great change in your magazine, THE WOMAN TODAY. It is larger and contains many more interesting topics.

The articles that impressed me most in the last issue were: Sally Sits Down, A Meal In Itself, and Fashion Wears a Union Label.

The cover is very attractive and the picture looks real. I like the way in which the name of the magazine is arranged at the top.

I think THE WOMAN TODAY will be very successful if you continue to put out such an interesting magazine.

Miss Pauline De Saint
West Rutland, Vt.

125 HOT LUNCHES A DAY

Hats Off to the Women brought to my mind vivid memories of another fight staged by the same women at the same school in the Bronx. It was a fight for a free lunch room for the underprivileged children as provided by the by-laws of the Board of Education. It was during the peak of the depression. Almost every other family in the neighborhood was on relief,

yet the principal insisted that there are no "needy" children in her school.

Even the children who brought their own lunches while their mothers went out to work had to eat them in the open school yard, because the principal would not give them a room for this purpose. Many a mother had two, three and even four children of school age. Unable to send them off in the morning with a decent breakfast, they felt a grave need for a lunch room where their children could get at least one square meal a day. Still the parents' committees met with flat refusals when approaching the principal.

The women finally decided to ignore the principal and go to the superintendent of the particular school district. They went in a large committee and the gentleman was impressed. Reluctantly he promised to investigate in order to "ascertain the need" for a lunch room. The women waited until they became suspicious; somehow they felt that something was wrong somewhere. Before long they discovered that the investigation was conducted by the truant officers who were directed by the principal to visit only those parents whose children she knew to be in no need of a lunch room.

Losing no time, the women immediately set up their own investigating committee which made a thorough house-to-house canvass of the neighborhood. Ignoring the principal, they delivered the findings of their own committee to the superintendent of the school district. This of course proved the falsehood of the official investigation. Realizing that the women were determined, the gentleman had to admit the need for the lunch room.

In less than a month there was a fully equipped lunch room installed, and one hundred twenty-five children were served hot meals every day. It was a splendid fight! The women did it!

Rose Simon
New York City

STRIKES AND HOPES

I am employed at the National Can Co., 5208 Grand St.; there are about 1200 people, out of which over 500 are girls. I have worked there for 4 years and things have always been the same. There is no chance of advancement because of piece work. Prices on jobs are always being cut. For instance, if you happen to make four dollars a day for a few days, they will cut the price because it is too much for a girl to make. But if they give us a job in which we only make two dollars a day, they will never think of raising the price or pay time, which is two-sixty a day—the average pay for a girl.

You will find some of us girls never make more than $12 or $13 a week. Now out of the small salary we have to take out fare and lunch money and what remains goes home to a family of which some are the only support. How do these people live? Well, I guess you can imagine for yourself.

As we enter the shop every day we go into a small, smelly room which is called a dressing room. It contains 12 lockers. In each locker you'll find 4 to 5 girls where there should be at most 3 in a locker. If you have a locker, you're considered rather fortunate, for the less fortunate have to throw their coats over a table or hang them on a rope which is tied from one end of the room to another end. We have made many complaints but nothing has ever been done.

At 12 o'clock we sit around the dirty machines to eat our lunch, without a bit of fresh air in the place. We are not allowed to open the windows more than 3 inches, because trucks pass through the alley and break them. It is not so bad in the winter, because every bit of heat is needed, but in the summer it's worse than living in a furnace.

Every day you hear girls saying and hop-

(*Continued on page* 28)

MY LIFE IN A STEEL TOWN

By Anna M. Dzapo

IN DECEMBER 1908 a young man came to America with high hopes and a beautiful vision of the future in this great land of opportunity. A year later his wife followed and they settled in a small steel town in Western Pennsylvania. Being the children of peasants and knowing their hardships, they came to this country thinking they would have an opportunity for a better life. In 1912 I was born and two years later my sister. With two children to feed and clothe, they soon found out that this was not a country of golden opportunity, a land of milk and honey, but one of hardship and toil. They resolved then that their children would not suffer as they did; they would give them a better chance.

My mother kept a boarding house while my father worked twelve and fourteen hours a day in the steel mill. By pinching and saving, they finally managed to save enough to buy a little home. And, when it seemed that they could take it a little easier, my mother became ill. For three years she suffered from tuberculosis, the dreaded steel workers' disease. This disease is prevalent because the sun's rays cannot penetrate the smoke screen over a steel city. She died leaving my father with two small children, one twelve, the other ten. He tried to be both mother and father to us. It was hard, but he would not take us out of school, saying that by finishing public and high school we would have a better chance than he, who went only four years to school.

And so our new life began. For five years I went to school and, when I came home after school and on Saturdays and Sundays, I took care of the home. When everyone came home, I would start cooking our evening meal. Sometimes I think of those meals which were often poorly prepared, but Dad never complained and said that next time it would be better. Now as I recall those days I wonder at the fact that we managed even that well.

Although my father loved us both and probably would have tried to get the moon for us had we asked for it, he was very strict. One of his rules was that we were not allowed to stay out after nine o'clock in the evening. I used to think he was terribly mean, but now I realize that it was for our own good.

It was odd, but religion and politics never seemed to have a place in our home. My people were neither religious nor atheistic. They believed that if you didn't do anything wrong you needn't be afraid of the consequences. Although sympathetic to the labor movement, they never took an active part in it.

At the age of seventeen, I was graduated from high school with high honors. I always had visions of college, of furthering my education, but my hopes were blasted with the crash of 1929, the year I graduated. Realizing that all hopes of college were gone, I tried to find a job, work of any kind, but in vain. Dad lost his job; it was "tough sledding."

AT THIS TIME I met my husband and we were married soon after. Sometimes I wonder what kind of a life I would have had if I had gotten a job. I have a secret feeling that I wouldn't have married at that time, and yet I can frankly say I am not sorry.

We have had misunderstandings. Who hasn't? My husband, though considered well off, was always active in the workers' movement. I couldn't see why he had to go to meetings so often, especially after our boy was born. Two years later a girl was born. Here I was, staying at home with two children while he went out. When I'd ask him what it was all about, he would answer: "What's the use of wasting time? You wouldn't understand anyway."

Well, I couldn't see it that way. I felt that I had intelligence enough to understand anything he could. Instead of nagging, I investigated this business. I would find out beforehand if any affair or meeting was taking place and would give out the announcement: "I'm going." My husband would give me a funny look and ask: "What about the children?" I would answer that they were coming along with us. He could take care of one and I the other.

Drawing
By Bennett Buck

At first I didn't understand what it was all about but I tried very hard to remember something and ask about it later. My husband developed a different attitude when he realized that I, a mere woman, took an interest in labor problems and could even discuss them a little.

Now we are a united family. All our friends comment upon the fact that where one member of our family goes, the others are sure to be not far behind. It was a great battle while it lasted, but now we are more united than ever before. We attend all mass meetings and club meetings together. Unionism stands first in our home, because, through our own family expereince, we have come to realize its importance.

About a year ago we bought a farm not far from the town where I was born and lived most of my life. But we still manage to attend meetings occasionally and help as much as we can in this great task before us.

I am a member of a Workers' Educational Club, the objective of which is to acquaint its members as well as all workers with their place in the class struggle and, by preparing different affairs, help the labor cause financially. And it is for this reason that I have taken this course. Although at present I do not have much time for active work, I feel I must educate myself so that when the day comes when I will have more time, I will be prepared to take my place with the workers.

TIMES HAVE CHANGED. In the town where I was born the seemingly impossible has happened. A few years back three workers were not allowed to be seen speaking together in the street. It was a steel town. Terror reigned. Now there is altogether a different picture. There is a strong C.I.O. steel union and we are all preparing for the Victory March on May 2.

I don't want my children to make the mistakes I did. I want them to understand where their place is, and, although my son is only six years old and my daughter four, we are going to march on May 1 in one town and May 2 in another to show our solidarity with the working class.

So you see I must prepare myself and help others. The workers are on the march and I don't want to be left behind.

HATS OFF TO THE WOMEN

By Agnes Burns Wieck

SOLIDARITY IN DETROIT

DETROIT WOMEN'S AUXILIARIES have been so busy, they've had little time to tell the rest of us their story. From Catherine Gelles, Financial Secretary of the Women's Auxiliary Local 174, United Automobile Workers Union, comes this vivid account, revealing how these courageous women fought on more fronts than auto.

"We have formed an Emergency Brigade in Detroit, after our sisters in Flint, and are ready for any emergency, twenty-four hours a day. Called to the R. G. Dunn cigar factory, we were determined these girls would not be evicted like the Swartz cigar girls. Less than half an hour after our call went out, we were 2,000 women strong around the factory. The police came but soon left. Evidently they didn't like the look in our eyes. We know they didn't like our green berets.

"Another call was to a sit-down strike of W.P.A. workers on the fourth floor of an office building, protesting the lay-off of several hundred. Vigilantes threatened to throw them out. Sixty were mothers. Denied medical aid, without food for two days, they were pitiful but brave. Warned we couldn't go in, we used a little pressure, a push here and there, and got in. Our union men brought food but it was stopped. We women took a hand in that and they relented, but said we must carry it up the four flights. That food went up the elevator and food continued to go up until the strike was won.

"It was the fighting spirit of the auto workers, and the courage of the Flint and Detroit Emergency Brigades, that cracked General Motors and started all Detroit organizing.

"Here is an example of our women's courage. After the General Motors double-cross, and our men had left the plants, we saw the need of well-organized picket lines around all plants. When our men decided to keep the office force out, they started driving their cars, under police protection, right through our ranks. The 300 pickets were not enough but our men stood their ground and we women stood with them. Some cars got in. A policeman clubbed one of our women, for no reason at all. Hurried to the hospital, eight stitches taken in her head, she came back to that picket line, shouting encouragement to the men. Next morning no cars got in—none tried, for 10,000 men were picketing.

"You have heard of our soup kitchens, but don't get the idea we had soup only—we had good substantial meals. And never so much fun in our lives! Amateur theatricals revealed all kinds of unknown talent. A tall lanky fellow whom no one suspected of any talent, amazed us all in a jigging contest by jigging right off with the first prize, a pair of shoes.

"Our nursery was managed by a competent young girl who also taught the children music and tap dancing. Our beauty parlor had an excellent operator. Our men had their barber shops—these things right inside strike headquarters.

"Our auxiliaries are growing rapidly. We've walked the picket lines with our men, sharing the responsibility for more security and leisure in our homes. Are we women going to take a back seat while the profiteers take away the small increase in pay? No, we will fight to keep that increase by fighting the high cost of living. We call upon all women, not yet in our ranks, to join us and prepare to stand with our men in preserving their victories and fighting for future gains. Our solidarity means a brighter future for our children. Let us surge onward!"

WE MEET GENORA JOHNSON

GENORA JOHNSON, leader of the famous Women's Emergency Brigade of Flint, recently came east to address auto workers' meetings in New York, Cleveland and other points. She arrived in time to join the mighty May Day demonstrations, both in Philadelphia and New York City. THE WOMAN TODAY had the privilege of arranging a luncheon for Mrs. Johnson, thus honoring the brave women of Flint whose stirring story we heard from their splendid leader, herself the wife of an auto worker and the mother of two children.

Eight hundred women in the Flint Auxiliary! Four hundred of them in the Women's Emergency Brigade! In launching the brigade, Mrs. Johnson stressed that only those who felt able to respond to any emergency at any hour should take the pledge. Fifty took the pledge. Now the four hundred!

Leading both the auxiliary and the brigade at the outset, Mrs. Johnson, at a recent election, declined the auxiliary presidency in favor of Mrs. Teckla Roy who now heads this organization. Mrs. Johnson remains Brigade Captain and is the auxiliary vice-president.

ONWARD CHICAGO!

ELIZABETH JOHNSTONE has organized the first auto workers' auxiliary in Illinois. Striking automobile workers, Local 298, Chicago, are strongly supported by these militant women. . . . Chicago taxi drivers, in their recent hard-fought strike, were thrilled with their women's auxiliary. This Midwest Taxi Drivers Union is affiliated with the 65,000 members of the Chicago Teamsters' Joint Council, A. F. of L. . . . Steel auxiliaries in the Chicago area are flourishing.

HAVE YOU JOINED?

TO MRS. ANNA M. DZAPO of Brooksville, Ohio, goes the honor of being the very first to complete Lesson No. 1 of THE WOMAN TODAY Correspondence Course. The assignment was an autobiography of 1,000 words. Anna Dzapo's story was a gem! Then came others, each one of gripping interest and exceptionally well done. In this issue we are beginning the publication of these remarkable personal histories that are not only true stories but important social documents.

Each student is given an outline, designed to help her analyze the forces that have shaped her character. Such an examination of one's life is the first step in building self-confidence, the real purpose of this course. Then follow practical pointers in public speaking, parliamentary procedure and labor journalism. The course is *free*. You do not have to be a subscriber before registering—we know you will become one.

This little note of "confession," slipped in with one story, is a true mirror of many a woman shut up in her own four walls:

Here is the story of my life. When I first read my assignment, I couldn't understand what I'd write about to make a thousand words. Yet when I started, it seemed I just touched a few instances and I could go on writing pages and pages—an unusual confession for one suffering from an inferiority complex. I never had the courage to put up my own views because I thought some other person could express them better. Now, with this course, I hope to remedy this.

When writing for information on Correspondence Course, be sure to enclose large envelope, stamped and self-addressed.

UNITED BY THE SIT-IN

We in the H. Anton Bock Cigar Company, 1228 Second Avenue, New York City, are now beginning the tenth week of a sit-down strike (April 28), and it is interesting to note the manner in which the women of today—especially the foreign born—react to it. We have 130 persons, chiefly women, on strike in this plant and this writer is the only American whose parents was not born outside of the United States. There are many nationalities represented here: Italians, Spanish, Russian, Hungarian, Bohemian, Slovenian, Mexican, as well as Jew and Gentile.

Most of these women had almost starved themselves in order to feed their young. Some are widows and some have husbands and children who are unemployed and yet too proud to apply for home relief. The wages they received (I won't say earned, for if they were paid what they earned they would have had sufficient for all) were inadequate to support even one person decently. The Old Age Security record will show that from six to ten cents were deducted from our pay each week and that proves just what a degraded condition existed here.

But as small as the pay was, they had been made to feel by employer and foremen that they were very fortunate to have a job at all. And so, when union representatives began distributing leaflets at the entrance of the shop, telling us to organize, a great many women, and men, too, were afraid even to reach out their hands to take them lest the "boss" see it and discharge them. But some of the more daring did smuggle those leaflets in and read them and their long pent-up resentment resulted in this sit-down strike.

Some of us, understanding the law which gives us the right to organize, explaned it to those who could not read. We endeavored to instruct them fully before we took action and this was successful. We sat down 100 per cent united when our employer refused to negotiate with our union representatives. We have beds and food supplied by the union. We have entertainment, also.

We have been here ten weeks and the women never complain despite the hardships they are enduring, being away from their families. Yet, I know there are many pathetic stories they could tell, but these grim and aged, stoical, determined women are staking everything, sacrificing everything on this movement.

Looking back some five, ten or twenty years it would have been impossible to have brought this about. But now, even though we speak different languages, we have a common understanding, a common cause and all are kind and sympathetic to one another. Old race hatreds brought from their home lands are forgotten. When we win this strike, and we will win, we will have accomplished more than just an increase in wages. We will have united not only as workers but as human beings.

Helen S. Powell,
One of the Cigar Strikers

●

FROM A BASE HOSPITAL IN SPAIN

Blonde and pink-cheeked Lini Fuhr is back from the war zone of Spain, after five months of service with the American hospitals there. She left this country on January 16th, with the first unit of doctors, nurses and technicians. They went under the auspices of the Medical Bureau to Aid Spanish Democracy. And now, of an augmented personnel of eighty-five, she is the first member of the staff to return. She is here because she wants to tell the people of America how much the people of Spain appreciate the medical aid which is given them, and how great the need is for more ambulances, more surgeons, and more nurses.

Nurse Fuhr has a love of people. She tells how she used to sing restless patients to sleep at night. She likes helping people, and in the hospital in Spain, with the shortage of personnel and the incredible overflow of patients . . . especially after an air raid . . . she did a giant's share of the helping. Her eyes soften when she speaks of the peasant girl Modesta, whom she taught in three weeks to give hypodermics, and who, at the end of three months, qualified to supervise the convalescents' divisions of the hospital.

"It's hard to explain," she says, "but for the first time in my life, I felt I was actually doing everything for which I had been preparing for years."

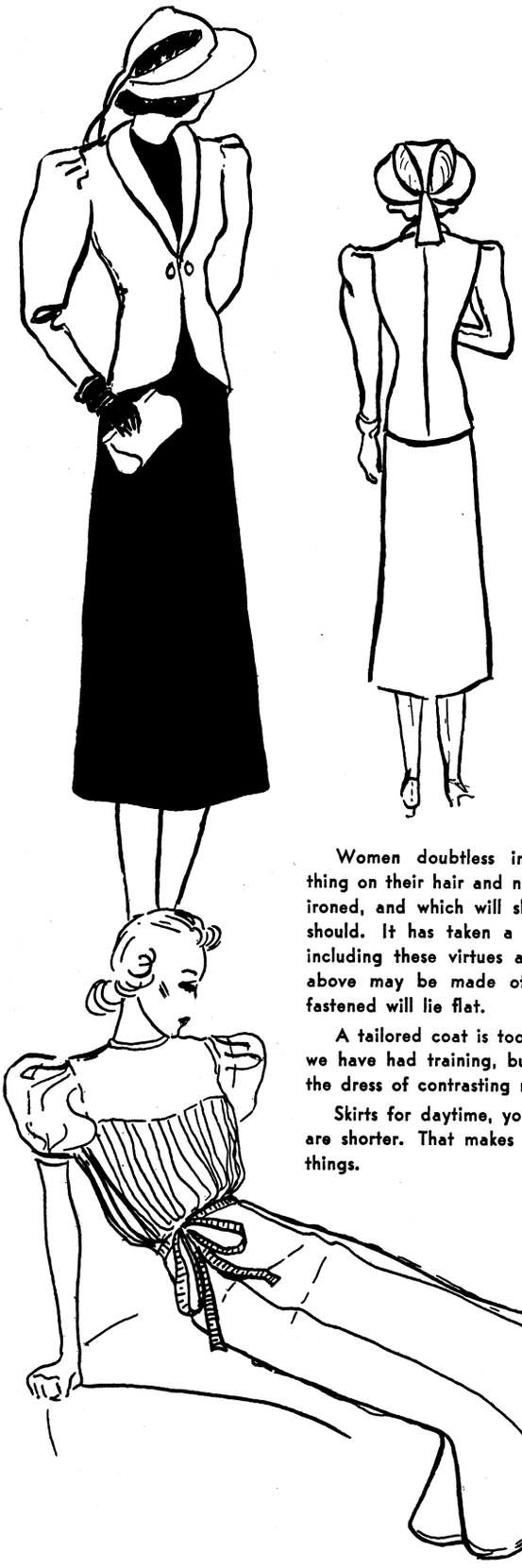
Hesitantly, Lini Fuhr tells about herself. She would much rather talk of her fellow workers whom she left abroad, and how some of them went down to the Cordoba front to perform operations in a specially built ambulance; how others are running a nurses' training school for Spanish girls; and how still others are enlarging the base hospital near Madrid.

Ever since she was eighteen, and entered the New Rochelle Hospital as a student nurse, Lini Fuhr has made it her job to take care of people. When she heard about the unit sailing for Spain, she felt that was what she had been waiting for—something overwhelmingly worthwhile, in which she could use all her knowledge of human beings' needs.

The gallant Dutch-American girl didn't want to come back to the United States, and the whole staff felt sorry for her because she was the one who was chosen. She wanted to stay with the rest of them at the hospital of which they are all so proud. "It's a palace which once belonged to the second son of King Alfonso," she said, "and we feel quite safe there, because the Germans never bomb fine buildings. Our hospital is the best one in Spain, in spite of the fact that for a long time we were working without heat, electricity, or running water."

For the next few weeks Nurse Fuhr will be speaking at meetings all over the country on the subject of her beloved hospital and her brave Spanish friends. After that, she hopes to go right back to Spain, this time to inaugurate a Public Health Education Service.

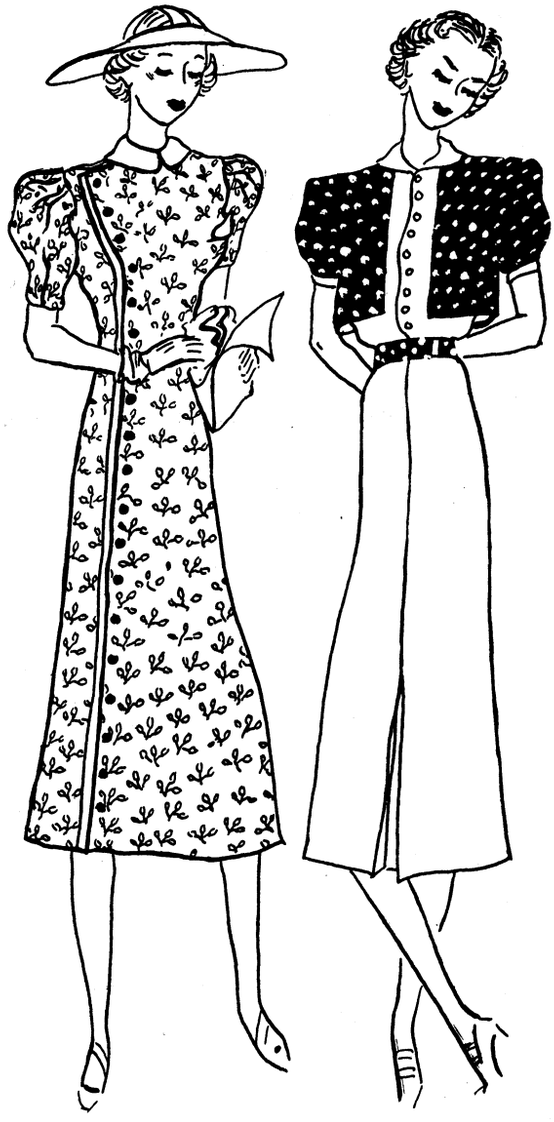
Summer Fashions for Lean Purses

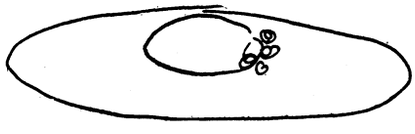


Women doubtless invented sunbonnets. They like something on their hair and near their faces that can be washed and ironed, and which will shade their eyes, as all good headgear should. It has taken a long time for hats to get around to including these virtues along with styles of the day. The one above may be made of white starched linen, and when unfastened will lie flat.

A tailored coat is too difficult for most of us to make unless we have had training, but you might buy the jacket and make the dress of contrasting material.

Skirts for daytime, you will see by the dresses on this page, are shorter. That makes it easy about revamping last summer's things.





Drawings by Florence Taylor

Few people will know the difference between grandmother's alpaca and rayon sharkskin, but they know when you've chosen the right material for the pattern of your dress and the occasion it's designed for. Chiffon, for example, is ideal for the summer party frock at the left, while the bolero and dress sketched above would be "de-lovely" in wool or cotton challis or cotton pique.

OUR READERS WRITE

(*Continued from page* 23)

ing that their boy friends were making more money so they can get married and not come to work in the dingy place again. Others who are married hope they can stay home and take care of the children instead of having their mothers doing it. As you read this, I hope you can see a picture of the terrible conditions in the factory for the workers.

At present we are all on strike and we hope we can improve these conditions by doing so. We don't expect to grow old in a place like that and let the boss bank more of the profits for which we have sweated. We all feel that we will come out on top, because we are all sticking together. We want the recognition of the union, which is C.I.O. It stands for the workers and helps them solve their problems of the factory.

One of the Strikers
New York City

THE BERRIES

Congratulations on your first birthday! I was struck by the elegance of your magazine which I have not seen for several months, being in a backward town for the winter. I found the material of excellent quality, invigorating fresh stuff, like a basket of freshly picked strawberries.

Outstanding among them is *I Have No Regrets* by Elizabeth Gurley Flynn. Why not give us "Who's Who" in your magazine? I am ashamed to ask, in connection with that name, always associated with hot spots on the labor front. Who is she? And there are thousands of young readers who want to know, I am sure.

Every success to you all.

John Trucic
Rocky River, Ohio

BEST FRIENDS ARE SEVEREST CRITICS

A year late in congratulating you, I must make it for the first anniversary. Out here the magazine came as a pleasant surprise, and we appreciate the work that went into it before it ever was born, as well as the devotion it takes to improve it.

I am honestly ashamed not to have written, as a reader, until something was published that I think strangely out of keeping with what I understand to be the aim of our magazine. I am referring to the story in the April issue, *Sally Sits Down*. Inasmuch as Joe went to all the trouble to explain to Sally why she could not win a one-man strike, ignoring organization, it turned out to be a bit baffling to find that she could. How? By simply making herself indispensable to Mr. Biddleman. I need not follow this further as you people have proven over and over again in THE WOMAN TODAY that *only* by organization can we win anything worth having. I would not think this "off the track" so much if the sit-down strikes were not the butt of every joker in the country today.

I also felt that Sally was a bit too dumb to be a really good cook: "Sit-down strikes," Sally murmured to herself. "Sit-down strikes, sense of dignity, sit-down strikes." They were wonderful words. You could always learn wonder words from Joe."

This last, however, is not the point I am objecting to, though it gave the story a snobbish taste. Maybe I am oversensitive but I might say, for your information, that I am a "housewife-stenographer" and not an outstanding cook.

I like the drawings by Jean Lyon better than the text. I feel that the least she might advocate is cooperation: *All* men are not perfect.

While this letter has devoted too much space to criticism I want to say, so as to make it no longer than necessary, that if I just listed the articles that I have enjoyed in THE WOMAN TODAY it would take another page.

Also, my copy each month is read by at least four women besides myself, and a husband for each one.

Mrs. Mildred Stuewe
Sausalito, Calif.

46 YEARS' ENDURANCE TEST

Thanks for your wonderful work and the magazine. I see in the *Holiday News* that you will send a course in public speaking free to us women. I would like very much to receive it as I am very much interested in all affairs of the common folks. I have lived on this farm ever since I was married (46 years). It sure is a hard struggle.

Mrs. George Richards
Buffalo Lake, Minn.

CHOIR CORNER REQUESTED

I have read the May issue of THE WOMAN TODAY clear through and wished there was more to read. It is excellent. I have enclosed a dime in coin. I want a copy of the May issue sent to a friend of mine in East St. Louis, Ill. Please mark the two articles on pages 9 and 10 to call her attention to them.

This friend that I speak of is a member of the Retail Clerks Union and has served in several offices in the local. That local has been trying since 1917 that I know of —I don't know how long before that— to organize the dime stores there. I was talking to Miss Strauss a year ago last March and she said they were still trying. She said that Local 676 had spent over $1,000 trying to organize them. They have never put on any real demonstrations that I know of, like mass picketing. All I've ever seen, they have one lone picket with a banner (they have a banner for each store: Woolworth, Kresge and Newberry) walk back and forth in front of the store (one store at a time). I'm thinking they'll spend several thousands of dollars at that rate.

I know back in 1917 the bosses threatened to fire all girls who listened to union organizers. I suppose that's been the obstacle all through these twenty years.

I'd like some more labor history such as the I.W.W. story. Is there any possible chance of getting hold of those songs with the music? Or without the music? We'll put them to familiar tunes. I'd like very much to get the one that was mentioned about the little girl working in a laundry. I'll appreciate all I can get hold of.

I liked the article by Emily Randolph and would like some more from her. Our income has been so terribly limited that I can't buy tame flowers but I am gathering a nice collection of wild flowers. I have two house plants that were given to me. They belong to the cactus family.

The picture of the bean cans on page 29 reminds me of the song we sometimes sing in our auxiliary here. Will enclose a copy.

Speaking of songs, could a little space be spared for a "choir corner"? I think the laboring class should sing labor songs more to instill these truths in their heads. I believe it would be wise to keep politics out of the songs, just genuine labor songs. Am enclosing a song I think would be a good one to start out with: *Arise! Brave Woman!*

William C. Irby is a union live wire. The official organ for the National Farmers' Union, known as the *National Union Farmer*, is published here in Marissa. I will send you one. You will find it an interesting paper.

Please add my name to the list of pupils for Mrs. Wieck's "school". I am in the ranks of those who feel that they need more self-confidence. That's a wonderful thing that THE WOMAN TODAY has undertaken and I know the majority of its readers will appreciate it.

Lillian Burnette
Marissa, Ill.

HOW TO WIN FRIENDS

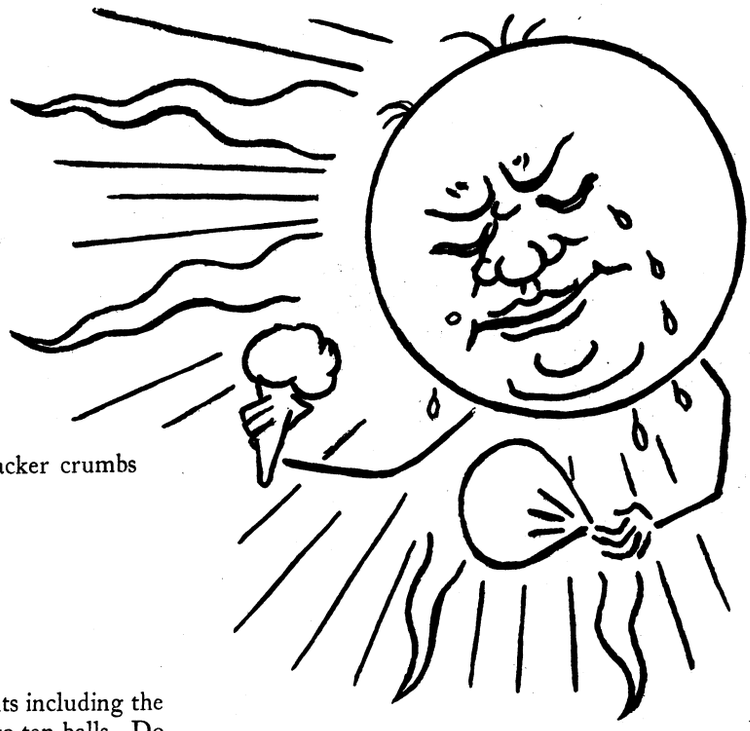
Your splendid magazine is a source of infinite pride and pleasure to me, and I have been using every opportunity to bring it to the attention of my acquaintances. I have been making enemies and friends for a long time by contending that the typical women's magazines are not only unfair to working women but a reflection on the intelligence of women. Your example of what a woman's magazine can be and should be, is a much more effective argument than my feminist ranting. So I've been showing more and telling less, and believe I have at least a minimum of current enemies, not to speak of some very warm friends.

I am much interested in your Correspondence Course as I am particularly interested in writing.

Rose Roberts
Chicago, Ill.

LET'S EAT

By Lola Wyman



No matter how hot the weather you really should plan to have one hot dish for your main meal of the day. Nothing can ruin your digestion quicker than always eating cold food and drinking cold drinks durthe the summer.

This month I shall give you three recipes for simple, inexpensive main dishes for your dinner. The first is called Spanish Frankfurters. This dish served with spaghetti costs about fifty cents to serve four.

SPANISH FRANKFURTERS FOR FOUR

4 cups canned tomato
2 green peppers
5 onions, sliced
1 clove garlic
1½ teaspoons salt pepper
8 large skinless frankfurters

Fry the onions, sliced peppers and garlic, peeled and sliced, in large pieces in fat for about ten minutes. Remove the garlic and discard. Add the tomatoes, salt, pepper and let cook for ten minutes longer. Take a baking dish or casserole, grease it well, place the frankfurters in the bottom and pour the tomato sauce over it. Bake in a moderate (350 deg.) oven about twenty-five minutes.

With this dish serve one box of thin spaghetti. After it has cooked in salted, boiling water for nine minutes, drain it well. Toss with a little melted butter and browned bread crumbs, salt and pepper.

Serve the spaghetti in a bowl and pour some of the tomato sauce from the casserole over the spaghetti as you serve it. The casserole may be prepared the night before serving and simply baked before dinner.

HERE's another inexpensive and somewhat unusual dish. Sweet-sour meat balls. If you have never prepared a sweet-sour dish, this would be a good one to start on. The gravy with this meat ball dish just cries for mashed potatoes.

MEAT BALLS SWEET-SOUR FOR FOUR

1 lb. hamburg
1 onion, chopped very fine
1 egg
1 tablespoon bread or cracker crumbs
salt, pepper
¼ cup raisins (optional)
¼ cup sugar
1 lemon sliced
1 tablespoon fat
1 tablespoon flour
½ cup hot water

Mix the first six ingredients including the salt and pepper and form into ten balls. Do it with your hands; knead it well. Brown the balls in a little fat. Then place in a kettle with ½ cup hot water, raisins, sugar and sliced lemon. Let it cook over a slow fire about twenty-five minutes. Remove the lemon slices; then add the tablespoon of melted fat mixed with the flour to thicken the gravy.

Let simmer a few minutes and serve very hot with the gravy poured over the meat balls.

Mashed potatoes, of course, with this dinner and be sure there are no lumps in them. If you add a little hot milk to the potatoes while mashing and a little butter if you can spare it, and salt and pepper, you'll find they will be fluffy and smooth.

I DO want to give you a favorite recipe for chili con carne before the weather gets too hot. This is the very best one I have ever made and I have tried dozens. The recipe is Mexican, easy to prepare and just the thing to serve if you are going to have company for dinner. Of course, it's "hot" as chili should be, still I find that people like it. Rice is served with it, fluffy flaky rice.

CHILI CON CARNE FOR FOUR

1 lb. lean bottom round steak
4 dried red peppers
4 small onions, sliced fine
3 cloves garlic
2 tablespoons fat
¼ cup flour, salt
1 teaspoon chili powder
½ can red kidney beans
4 cups hot water

You can buy the chili powder for less than ten cents a can at your grocers. Have the lean bottom round steak cut in small cubes about ½ inch in size. Fry the peeled, sliced garlic in the fat until brown. Remove and discard the garlic. Sprinkle the ¼ cup of flour over the meat on all sides, then put the meat in the garlic-fat and brown well all over. Make a thin paste of the chili powder and dried peppers, which you have broken in small pieces, by adding a little cold water. Pour this paste and the remaining ingredients on the list except the kidney beans over the meat in the pan. Simmer over a slow fire about two hours until the meat is tender, stirring occasionally. Then add the drained kidney beans and cook only until the beans are hot.

Serve in the center of a platter surrounded by flaky rice. Now, do taste the chili before it's quite done and if it's too fiery for you remove the bits of red pepper.

By the way, this chili can be prepared the night before using, if you like. I find that it improves with standing if kept in a cold place. Then simply reheat it before serving.

Next month I shall give you various recipes for hearty and also light summer salads.

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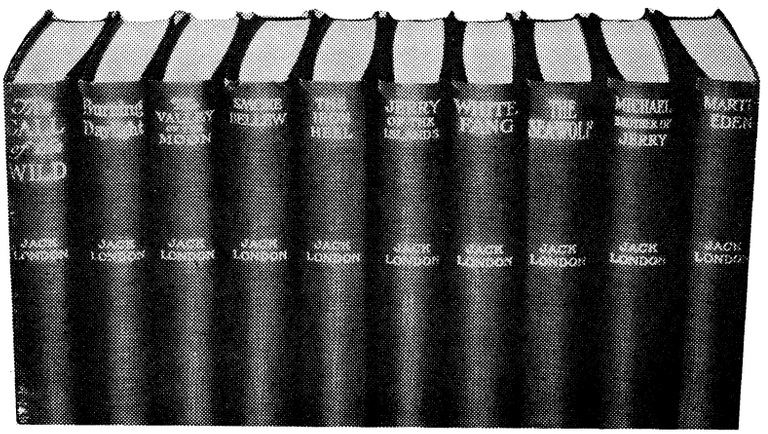

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