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THE WORKING WOMAN

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December 1933

TO MAKE MY BREAD
By GRACE LUMPKIN

YOUR SON MAY BE NEXT
By SASHA SMALL

POVERTY BREAKS HEALTH
By Dr. LONE

LETTERS FROM WORKERS

ON TO WASHINGTON

TO



UNEMPLOYED WOMEN ON THE MARCH
New York homeless and jobless women in demonstration for work and shelter.

Unemployed Convention FEB. 3-4-5

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Women's Dept.

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CURRENT AND CURIOUS

By SADIE VAN VEEN



JUST ANOTHER CONFERENCE

The Washington lady Miss Perkins, Secretary of Labor, a big shot in the government, has made a remarkable discovery. She has found that millions of children in the United States are undernourished, ill and half starved, and she thinks "something must be done about it."

We agree that something must be done about it; but what does the Perkins lady want to do?

She intends to call a Washington Conference of Social Workers, college professors, teachers and doctors.

But that is not at all original. We remember distinctly that former President Hoover called a child health conference in Washington in 1929, where the discovery was made that ten million children in the United States were suffering from slow starvation and diseases that arise from lack of food, such as rickets, pellagra, tuberculosis and glandular troubles.

The ladies and gentlemen assembled in Washington said they were going to do something about it.

They did nothing at all.

Now lady Perkins is going to call another conference, and what will be the results? Just another conference.

The Washington government has announced that 5,000,000 pigs will be bought and destroyed to raise the price of pork. This is good news for the butchers. It gladdens the heart of business men. It's all right for the butter and egg wholesalers.

But what does it mean to the tens of thousands of families who are looking for something they can use for food? Distracted mothers sending their children to school with dry bread for a lunch should be happy that all this good meat is being thrown away because it will make prices rise and help business. We would not be surprised to hear the fovernment say "You don't need to eat pork, you can eat turkey or duck."

Not long ago a university professor with some common sense made the statement that the maddest thing about our civilization is the fact that tons of good food are destroyed while millions of children are half starved. There are a million Negro and white mothers who agree with him.

The mothers and wives of workers should make a demand that all of this good meat as well as all other food stuff that is being destroyed should be handed to the unemployed councils for distribution.

Twentieth Century of Progress

In the United States farm women are making soap and weaving cloth and doing all sorts of things by hand that their grandmothers did these things because there was no other way of doing them.

Today, however, everything is supplied by manufacture but due to the crisis and the bankruptcy of the farmers, they, their wives and children have no money to buy manufactured goods and are forced to go back a hundred years. This is what the bosses of the country call PROGRESS.

Over a million Negro and white children in the rural districts of the South are not attending Schools. In many cases the schools are closed and the authorities state that they have no money to pay for education. In many cases the schools are miles away from the homes of the children and no means of transportation is supplied.

But that is not all. Children need not only education but they need food and clothing. Lacking these essentials they would be unable to attend school even if schools were provided. The ruling class makes grand boasts about its love and care of the children. But these facts speak for themselves.

The bosses love only their own children and don't mind spending their millions for racing boats, golf courts, and million dollar homes and schools for their own children, while the black and white children of the unemployed sicken because they lack nourishment and winter clothing.

The Dollar Under Roosevelt

Today your dollar is worth only 65 cents. This means that you can buy only 65 cents worth as much as you could buy a few years ago. This is the beginning of inflation. If it continues the time may come when you will go to buy a loaf of bread or a can of beans and you will be paying an inflated 40 or 50 cents for each of them. This is the way the United States government is trying to solve the problems of the crisis and unemployment. With food and manufactured goods piled to the rafters in every warehouse in the country, the working class starves and unemployment increases.

The problem, as the capitalists see it, is to stop rebellions among hungry workers. They try to do this with troops and tear gas. This is the beginning of American fascism.

THE WORKING WOMAN

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No More Begging

By Jane Ginn

"Please sir, a little bread for my children—a bit of a roof over our heads!" That was in substance what she was saying. Begging, pleading as any beggar on the street might do.

Before this she had waited in the humble row of other wasted men and women. She had come up before the relief clerk, respectfully answering a long string of questions that bared every small detail of her life. It would be handled like the record of a criminal—or worse still buried in the heaped coffin of a filing cabinet.

Actually they had buried it. After the first few weeks her relief was cut off so that she and her children were left to starve with no one to care if she lived or died. And if gnawing hunger wasn't enough the landlord served her with a dispossess.

So now she stood before the district leader forced to beg again. She searched his face for the least sign of kindness. It was a pale, puffed face, yellowish around the corners of eyes and mouth where a jet of cigar smoke floated.

"Madam," he said sternly, "the relief bureau is doing all it can. Do you realize there are thousands of cases like yours?"

She found it hard to say again as she had said so many times of late.

"But my relief's been taken away and now I've got a dispossess." She saw herself as the district boss must see her. Battered hat, faded brown coat, shoes down at the heels. She had a large face that was pinched and careworn. No one could tell, to look at her, she had once been independent, a smart dresser, earning enough to fill the place of her dead husband to her two children. In her trembling hand she held her dispossess.

"What have I to do with it?" the district boss demanded.



"Miss Benson," she pleaded, "said you could do something for me if— if only you would." Unable to stop herself, she went on:

"My children are always crying for something to eat, they've no clothes on their backs only rags, their shoes are full of holes. Mr. Flynn, they're going to put us out on the street! Where am I to go with them, how am I to feed them?"

Mr. Flynn considered this with half shut eyes. He seemed to be lost in thought. Presently he brightened.

"I wouldn't talk like that if I were you, somebody might think you're a Red." A hanger on leaning at the door guffawed deferentially.

"Me and Miss Benson voted Democrat," she said with an effort.

She knew then the full measure of utter humiliation when he scraped back his chair and boomed at her.

"Don't cha know the election's over?"

Was it possible he was unmoved by her plea? Were they all like that, callous, brutal, only making a pretense of caring for their own interests? It flashed across her mind she had been all wrong, begging like that!

"You're no longer, human," she banged with a clenched fist on the desk, "people like you should be fought, exterminated!"

He turned a startled, frightened face on her, "What! What!" The sight of his face made her laugh bitterly. Still laughing she went past him and out of the building. His frightened face made her thoughts come clear:

"There are thousands of people like me. I must join them at once. I must fight for the lives of my children. We must make the rich give us relief.—We must organize.

Rustic Homes Claim

Society Over Holiday

Jobless Doris Duke spent the holidays at her "rustic home" of many rooms at Somerville, N. J. This "richest girl in the world" might have stayed at her New York town house, or gone to her Newport, R. I., palace. Step-mama Nanaline Duke says Doris' Lynnewood estate near Charlotte, N. C., was "invented by newspaper writers," but we haven't checked up. Anyway, Doris can choose a home anywhere she wants any time she wants, with fifty-three million dollars (\$53,000,000) to spend.

Jobless Annie Moore spent the holidays in her "rustic home," too. Annie used to work in a laundry, but she hasn't had a job for over a year. By day Annie tramps around town looking for work, looking for bits of food to keep her from starving, looking for scraps of old clothing to keep her from freezing. By night Annie creeps to the doorway of a deserted house and jumps into her one-room packing box home!

Make Doris Duke and these other idle rich divvy up! Can Doris sleep in more than one room at a time? Betcha one of her rooms would house half a dozen Annies in ease and comfort!

Doris' millions would give over 100,000 jobless Annies \$10 weekly unemployed benefit for a whole year! Girls who sweat to pile up that fortune for Doris in American Tobacco Company factories at Durham, N. C., Richmond, Va., and other towns could use those millions, too. E. L.

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YOUR SON MAY BE NEXT

By SASHA SMALL

Suppose your boy was in the death house of a prison somewhere in the United States, sitting and staring at gray walls and counting the days. Suppose the whole government machinery—judges, sheriffs, police, governors were all helping each other make sure that he would be put to death for something that you and he and they know he never did. You'd be ready and willing to do anything to get him out and home again, wouldn't you?

Oh, but such a thing could never happen to my boy, you will say. That's what mother Wright and Mother Patterson and Mother Williams and Mother Montgomery said in the early winter of 1931. How could a good boy like my Heywood, my Andy, my Eugene, my Olen, ever get into a death house? They're just children, and good children, who try hard as they can to help out at home and earn a little money. (Just like your boy or your sister's.)

Why, they even got onto that freight train because they wanted to help their mothers. They thought they could find more work with more pay further on. They knew it would leave one mouth less to feed at home. (Don't you think your boy gets the same ideas sometimes?)

Sentenced to Die

And now three His Honors of the State of Alabama have condemned them to death. The whole straight-thinking world now knows! Those boys didn't do anything wrong. They are innocent of any crime. Why this organized lynch fury against them? Because they are Negroes, and because the white Southern ruling class is determined to make them a lesson to the thirteen million Negroes in this country; is determined to keep them enslaved by terror.

Negro mothers understand this story. Negro mothers have seen worse horrors even than lynch trials. They have seen their sons strung up on trees, burned and tortured, shot down like beasts—because their skins were black.

White mothers have lived through miseries, too. Mothers of the boys who sit in the jails of this country serving long sentences or facing death on frame-up charges. They didn't do anything criminal either. They didn't kidnap anybody or steal or commit murder. They only refused to accept starvation in silence. They only refused to drudge their lives away in mines and mills for slave wages. They only refused to see other workers and farmers beaten down on the streets and roads by police, deputies, thugs, for refusing to be slaves; for speaking up; for asking questions that bosses don't want to have answered.

Suppose there is a strike in the factory where your boy works and he goes out on the picket lines and the cops charge the picket lines and your boy is arrested. He may be fined and get a short sentence—but he may also be charged with "inciting to riot," "unlawful assembly," "criminal syndicalism." The bosses' courts and the judges they put there have many names for the same frame-up charges. And under these names men and women are sent up for years of hard labor or nerve racking idleness. Or maybe some gun thug gets killed by a bullet one of his pals aimed at a striker. Your boy may be charged with the murder. It has happened more times than you can count in Pennsylvania, in West Virginia, in New York, all over.

You can't tell when your boy will become the newest frame-up victim. It may not happen for years, and it may happen tomorrow. It may never happen. But it happens every day to the sons of some mothers, to husbands, brothers, and to many, many mothers, wives and daughters.

What can we do about it? Plenty!

Look at this letter from Mother Montgomery, written last Spring:



WILLIAM PATTERSON

National Secretary of the International Labor Defense.

"I have been trying to read the papers ever since the boys was first arrested and it looks to me like the boss class means to kill our boys in spite of all we do or say. But I want to say this: They ain't done a thing by sentencing Heywood to the chair, because I don't believe the workers of the world will stand for it. They think by sending Heywood to the chair they will stop the mothers from fighting. But these are lies because if all the mothers felt like I do about this in place of stopping the fight it will be just begun. I feel more like fighting now than ever before."

LUCILLE WRIGHT

Sister of one of the condemned innocent boys.



JOSEPH BRODSKY

Chief Attorney of the International Labor Defense.

And hundreds of thousands of mothers and workers all over the country and millions all over the world do feel the same way. Newspapers and leaflets the world over have told the story of the Scottsboro case in at least 70 different languages. German workers have been shot and killed in demonstrations demanding the freedom of the Scottsboro boys. Chinese workers in Shanghai marched through the streets on May Day under the guns of the imperialists and their own war lord butchers waving banners which protested the Scottsboro frame-up. And workers marched in England, France, South Africa, Cuba, Australia.

Who organized these demonstrations? You must have heard about the International Labor Defense and

RUBY BATES

Who was Alabama state witness against the boys at first trial. Tormented for giving false testimony which would send them to their death she appeared at second trial and told of the vicious frame-up. In spite of ill health and lynch threats she defied the Southern bosses and their lynch courts repeating at third trial—that the Scottsboro boys did not attack her or Victoria Price—that they are innocent of the crime.



Demonstration of delegates from many cities march to the capitol demanding of President Roosevelt the immediate release of the innocent Scottsboro boys.

what it does. How it fights for the release of all those who have been taken prisoners in the class war. How it organizes workers, farmers, intellectuals, Negro and white, to demand the right for workers to strike and picket, to fight against starvation and for unemployment insurance, to exercise the rights they are supposed to get from the Constitution of the United States, the right of free speech, free press and freedom of assembly—the right to "life liberty and the pursuit of happiness." There are I.L.D.'s in almost every country on the globe, all of them sections of the International Red Aid.

Join the I. L. D.

Mothers, wives, sisters, will immediately see the need for such an organization, for such a shield for the working class. Because that is just what the I.L.D. is. It not only leads demonstrations of protest, sends delegations to high officials, circulates petition lists, sends telegrams, sends the best lawyers available to fight legal battles in the bosses' own courts. It teaches workers how to do what they all realize must be done. It teaches workers how to defend themselves. It teaches workers that only they can defend each other from the attacks of the bosses—whether these attacks take the form of bullets, tear gas, death sentences or lynchings.

Just stop to think how effective such defense can be. If all the mothers in the country decided to help the Scottsboro mothers save the lives of their boys and demanded their freedom in one voice, do you

think the whole machinery of the bosses' government and their courts could ignore such a voice, could fail to hear it? You know they couldn't. They couldn't ignore millions of signatures or protest petitions, telegrams from mothers, delegations of mothers. How could you get so many hundreds of thousands to speak in one voice, to act as one body? If they belonged to the International Labor Defense, or if the other organizations they belong to would organize demonstrations against lynching, would send wires of protest to Gov. Richard Moore, Birmingham, Ala., that would make it possible, wouldn't it?

There is much for you to do.

MRS. ADA WRIGHT

Mother of Roy Wright who toured Europe telling thousands of workers of the shameful frame-up of the innocent Negro boys.





THREE HUNDRED militant unemployed single women marching to the Civil Works Administration office to demand jobs and suitable homes instead of the crowded Municipal Lodging House.

THE HOMELESS WOMAN

By SADIE VAN VEEN

If there is anything that proves above all else that capitalism is a failure and cannot provide for the needs of the workers it is a picture of the homeless woman today in the fifth year of the crisis. Before the crisis that gripped the workers of the United States in hunger and misery she was not often in evidence. It was a rare sight to see a woman ragged and destitute on the streets a few years ago. But today, after four years of continued unemployment there are hundreds of thousands of homeless women face to face with the worst misery and despair that can happen to any human being.

It is easy to spot the homeless woman. Her clothes are colorless and do not fit; her shoes have no heels. She carries a little brown parcel which contain all her worldly belongings. She is pale and ill from starvation and exposure. She walks close to the walls of buildings to keep from the view of passers by. She is in need of food, sleep, shelter, warmth, soap and water, well fitting dry shoes. Often she is in need of hospital care and a long rest free from worry. She wants a home and a job.

Where is she going? How does she eat? Where does she sleep? What is her history?

The city authorities neither know nor care. She can sleep in a flop house and live on handouts. She is, sometimes, on the breadline. She sits on the benches in subway stations and rides for hours on a nickle, at night, back and forth from one end of the city to the other for she has no other place of shelter, and no other place to sleep.

Unemployed and homeless women swell the ranks of prostitution in every big city in the United States. But here as elsewhere there is so much competition that even this miserable profession no longer supplies food and shelter for girls or women.

At this very minute there are, in every big city, unused buildings—one time schools and hospitals—that could be used as homes for unemployed, homeless women. In New York City there are many such buildings any of which could be turned into comfortable homes for the homeless.

Many of these buildings are already provided with facilities for steam heat, comfortable dormitories, kitchens, and baths. The renovating of such buildings and equipping them with necessary appliances would give work to thousands of unemployed building trades workers.

Here is a possibility of comfort and shelter. This would be a way

of supplying a home and three nourishing meals a day. But how are we going to get it?

There can be only one answer. Only strong and determined organization of the employed and unemployed women together with the unemployed councils can compel the city authorities to open up these buildings and supply the necessary funds for everything that is necessary.

Where should the money come from? Only from those who have it—by putting a tax on the billion dollar fortunes in this country like the Mellons, the Rockefellers, Morgans, Fords, Harrimans, and the heir to the Woolworth billions!

In Chicago when the school teachers and school children struck for the payment of back wages, the city authorities were forced to go to the bankers and make them come across with the necessary funds. They can also be forced to provide funds for the homeless in the same way.

The Unemployed Convention soon to take place in Washington, D. C. February 3, 4, and 5, 1934, will demand the enactment of the Workers Unemployment Insurance Bill which will provide every unemployed man and woman with funds sufficient to live on during the entire period of unemployment.

ANIMALS --- PROTECTED WORKERS --- MISHANDLED

A TRUE story of the plight of an unemployed family in Cleveland, Ohio

Wiley Street is a steep hill dropping dropping from Scranton Road on Cleveland's west side. Between factories and small shops that line the street are the dilapidated homes of poor workers. In the shadows of the buildings bearing the name of the Animal Protective League is a row of grimy shacks owned by this institution.

The last house in the little row stands against a large sand bank that towers high above its dilapidated roof; boards serve the purpose of window panes. And many weather strips are missing from its wide board siding.

In this pen-like barrack that provides shelter neither from wintry blasts or summer rains dwelled the Schnell family consisting of eight children and their parents.

The father, gray and aged beyond his years, had been forced into unemployment following the industrial crash of 1929. To his oldest son, a young lad who should still be in school, had fallen the responsibility of keeping a roof over the heads of the family. This boy worked at the Kennels at odd jobs, but received no money! The rent charged for the shack by the Animal Protective just balanced with the pay allowed for the job.

CHILDREN DON'T ATTEND SCHOOL

None of the children attended school. Their clothes were rags and they had no shoes. To make matters worse, a month ago the ninth child was expected. The meager charities food allowance was fastly reducing the family to desperation and slow starvation.

Such was the plight of the family when their case was brought to the attention of the Unemployed Council of Cleveland last January. A delegation was elected by the block committee to get the details immediately. This committee was headed by myself. The Committee approached the house and rapped on the rickety door. Pale faces of children appeared at the windows, which at that time had not been entirely boarded up. "They looked as if they were afraid of us," remarked one of the committee. But by this time the tired face of the

mother appeared at the door. I introduced myself and informed the woman that the committee and I were there to help the family. The needs of the family were soon listed — medical care for the pregnant mother, clothes for the children, and a larger allowance of food for the family, including milk.

Don't the children attend school? I asked. And why don't they go outside and play around in the fresh air? The mother, with a helpless look, replied that the only clothes the children had were on their backs, and it was obvious that these were rags. The committee then informed the mother that the delegation would go with her to the charities to demand the things needed.

SHOWER BATHS FOR DOGS

As the committee passed the Animal Protective League on the way back, Mrs. Meffar remarked: "Look, the dogs in the cities' kennels have a better home to live in than this family. The dogs have running drinking water, shower baths and an up-to-date brick apartment to live in."

From that date on, the Unemployed Councils of the West Side of Cleveland courageously carried on a struggle for better relief against the inhumane and obstinate relief stations of the Associated Charities. Neither threats nor police could stop the struggles to help this family—and the many other Schnell families we find every day. Finally, the charities came through with some concessions.

However, the petty cheating tactics of the Associated Charities resulted in a series of evictions. The family was shunted from one house to another. Two months was a long time to be in one house. As the charities would not pay.

Another series of events were started when they moved into their present home. The charities found what she termed as a job for Mrs. Schnell, working for the Goodwill Industrial. This institution is headed by Rev. Baker, whose godliness is akin to a ravenous vulture. His slogan is "No charity, but a chance." This institution proudly blares the



Blue Eagle, I mean Blue Buzzard, while paying the large sum of \$1.25 per day to Mr. Schnell, for four days a week. With this, together with a grocery order of \$5.00 per week, not including milk, Mr. Schnell is supposed to keep his wife and family of ten from starving, buy clothes, school supplies, send them to school and pay rent.

The Schnell family missed the second month's rent, the bolt came and left orders to move. To heap more injuries on these people, the A. C. ordered the Goodwill Industries to hold up the pay of Mr. Schnell. The A. C. have no right to garnishee this family and the Unemployed Councils again took a hand. Not until mass pressure was applied did Goodwill release Mr. Schnell's pay.

However, the eviction date of the Schnell family was set for Monday, September 11.

This time, however, the struggle took on another character. The organized home owners united with the Unemployed Council and through this united action forced the County relief association to immediately furnish \$15.00 for rent.

Further demands for other necessities were made and are pending. The Small Home Owners have pledged united support with the Unemployed Councils to fight for such concessions.

MR. EDITH MIFFAN
Candidate for Council, 5th Ward
Cleveland, Ohio.

WOMEN JOIN IN --- ELECT DELEGATES
ON TO WASHINGTON FEBRUARY 3-4-5



"At moment a shot broke up the stillness. . . ."

TO MAKE MY BREAD

A Chapter from GRACE LUMPKIN'S Book of the Life of Textile Workers.

The reader will find in this chapter and the ones that will follow in the coming issues of the WORKING WOMAN a true account of the life and struggles of Southern mill workers. This particular instalment gives a vivid description of a strike and the murder of a woman strike leader by mill deputies.

Drawings by DAN RICO



From that time the men who were striking guarded the union hall which was on the slope, and the tents which were at the bottom of the hollow under the trees.

For several days nothing unusual happened. It had become a usual thing for people to be beaten on the daily picket line and arrested.

Then the tent colony began to have visitors from the village at night. These were those strikers who had gone back to work when they were threatened with eviction. They had been timid. Now they were dissatisfied, for they were getting no more money than before, and were forced to work long hours overtime to make up for the absent ones. They visited the tent colony in the night and laid their complaints before John and Tom Moore.

At Tom Moore's suggestion they sounded out the others in the mill and found that they, too, were ready to come out, if something was done so that they could all leave the mill together.

Friday evening was the time appointed for this to happen. All had voted to have a picket line on Friday after the evening meeting, but the fact that some in the mill had been appointed to lead the others out was kept a secret.

There was a general feeling that something decisive was to be done, and people in the tents began to whisper to each other, "We're going t' bring the others out. Then the strike will be won."

The mill had its own ears that listened to the whispers. Mrs. Sevier had sent the young man, Jackson, away from her home. But there were others who were listening.

On one side of the union hall Minnie Hawkins was living with the Coxey's and on the other side Lessie Hampton was boarding. She was not backward about mixing with those who often stood outside the hall waiting for the evening meeting to begin. Fred Tate had brought his wife and child to live in the tents.

They were suspected of being in the pay of the mill, but it was almost impossible to refuse them food and shelter when they asked for it.

On Friday morning word came that John Stevens was arrested and jailed in Sandersville. Tom Moore sent John over in the car and remained himself to carry out the plans they had made.

That morning Jesse McDonald, and two others were building a rough platform against the back wall of the unpainted union office in preparation for the large meeting that evening. They saw Sam McEachern talking to Minnie Hawkins at the back of the Coxey's house. Same McEachern was head of the deputy sheriffs, and led the raids on the picket lines. He had become a very important person, for the town papers had made him a sort of hero. His election had come about through Minnie, really. For when he renewed his friendship with her, he had met others in the town who possessed the influence necessary to make him important.

Occasionally Sam McEachern, standing beside Minnie Hawkins, would look up at Jesse and the other two. Then Jesse would stop hammering and look back at him.

"Hit bodes no good to us," he said to the others, "that they're over there talking together."

"I wish John was here," one of them said.

Statesrights Mulkey came around the corner of the Coxey's house and spoke to Sam McEachern. They went away together and Minnie walked up the steps, with her head down, into the Coxey's back door.

That day Lessie Hampton stayed away from the mill. She came to the union hall and talked in a friendly way with all who came in. At dinner time she walked down the slope with Sally McDonald, and whispered that it was her monthly that had kept her at home. She was not sick enough to stay in bed.

"Did she ask ye anything?" Ora spoke to Sally when she came down to the tents.

"She asked, did we expect to bring out a crowd tonight from the mill? And I told her, we always expect."

"And nothing more?"

"Nothing more. Not to her."

As night came on all except the

children and two women who were left to care for them, and three guards appointed for that night to protect the tents, came up the slope to the open ground back of the union hall for the meeting.

From the village came those strikers who were secretly living with friends there. And with them came several who had been working in the mill. They had left the mill of their own accord to join the strike again.

They gathered with the others on the open space. With their coming an excitement went through the crowd. Men and women came forward to greet them and once again there was an upsurge of gayety and hope—a sense of power—because they were together again.

The two guards who had been appointed for the union hall that night were standing by the platform one on each side. Their guns were visible, held upright at their sides.

One of the women relief workers climbed to the platform. The people listened silently, and with eager attention. This was the message they welcomed: that other people were thinking of them; that the fight was not theirs only, but for all like them. They had been drawn and twisted in the struggle as Tom Moore took her place on the platform. He looked out over the people, and into their faces. Now he knew them all, not casually as a person knows those he has seen in the same town for many years. He knew them through sharing an experience that had been

full of danger to all of them. It was still full of danger. He knew that he was leading them into danger that night. How could he help but understand this? It was useless to believe that the owners did not know of their plans. There would be some sort of reprisals, some attempt to check them. For it was certain that if they could bring out the rest of the workers that night, the strike would be won.

He had meant to explain the significance of the picket line they were to go on in a little while. But he had not spoken many sentences when he saw that two cars had come from the road into the open space on the other side of the Coxey's house. The sun had gone down, and the daylight was getting very dim, so he could not see who occupied the cars. But as he talked, he thought that one of the guards must be sent over to investigate.

If he spoke of the picket line too soon, then those in the cars could drive away and warn the sheriffs that they were coming. So he put this off, and he could tell by the restlessness and the murmuring that people were disappointed that he had not spoken of it.

As soon as the meeting was over he would suddenly call out to them, "Form in twos," and they would go toward the mill. One thing was certain. They must reach the factory before the last whistle blew. Those inside the mill would be ready at ten minutes before closing hour to say, "The picket line is outside, fellow workers, let up go and join them." Or words something like these.

Tom Moore looked anxiously at his watch. Then he spoke to Henry Sanders, who left him to go towards the cars which had splayed like large vague shadows on the edge of the gathering of men and women.

Bonnie was on the platform speaking. He thought, "I will give her ten minutes more," and kept his watch in his hand. He heard Bonnie's voice. It seemed clearer than usual. That was perhaps because he was standing close to her near the platform. The evening was quiet and except for Bonnie's high voice there was no sound. He thought he heard the pines in the grove across the open ground moaning a little as they

did when a breeze came up. But there was very little breeze. The summer evening was as quiet as the people who were listening to Bonnie's words. He thought, "If it was all accomplished and we could enjoy, just enjoy what is before us—the quiet evening, the songs, and the people who are our friends."

At that moment a shot broke up the stillness. Another followed it. He heard a sound as if rocks had been thrown against the plank wall behind Bonnie.

She had stopped speaking. He looked up and saw her standing there with an astonished look on her face. She turned a little to one side as if she was ashamed and hurt, then fell to the floor of the platform.

He heard the sound of cars starting up and moving away. He was already on the platform when Henry Sanders ran up. "They got away," he panted. "But I saw. It was Doctor Foley and Statesrights and others. I saw them."

Ora was leaning over Bonnie. To Moore spoke. "This is war, and it must go on. This is war." He stood in front of Ora and Bonnie and spoke with authority to the others, who were standing in bewilderment.

"We're going to picket the mills," he cried. "And bring everybody out tonight. Form twos. Jesse McDonald and Sally, are you ready?"

For Jesse and Sally had been chosen to lead the pickets that evening. They responded to his words at once.

He saw Sally walking very proudly beside Jesse out into the road. Behind them the two women relief workers fell in and then the others. Jesse and Sally began the march. Soon, two by two, the people were marching along the road toward the mill, in the quiet darkness.

(Continued on page 15)

"They saw Sam McEachern talking to Minnie Hawkins. . . ."



Defeat Roosevelt's Hunger Program

By CLARA BODIAN

The heralded New Deal, the NRA, certainly did not solve the problem for the workers and farmers. On the contrary, it has made conditions worse. The workers employed either full or part time can only buy about 60 cents worth for their dollar because of higher prices as compared with before the NRA. The unemployed workers and their families suffer most because State, city and welfare relief is being cut off gradually; rent checks are being stopped.

In New York alone, thousands of evictions take place, increasing misery and starvation for the workers and their families.

While thousands of families are starving—we read in the daily papers that milk, tons of vegetables, thousands of dozens of eggs, are being dumped; that loads of wheat are being burned; that cotton is being ploughed underground. All this is done in order to keep up high prices for these food necessities.

Food prices keep going up, so does clothing, shoes, etc. Millions of families go without the most immediate necessities of life, such as milk for their children, not enough bread.

The UNITED COUNCIL OF WORKING CLASS WOMEN, an organization consisting primarily of

workers, many of whom are faced with the above problems, have launched a campaign to fight the high cost of living. The aim is to develop a broad protest movement in the neighborhoods against the robber profiteers, and to force a lowering of the cost of foodstuffs, rent and clothing. The campaign is being developed on a section scale. We had a conference on September 17th in Brownsville, and another in the Bronx on November 18.

The Bronx Conference was a huge success. We had a splendid turnout. There were about 500 people in the hall, 225 of whom were delegates, representing thousands of workers of the Bronx Borough. The Conference has held after an intensive organizational campaign carried by the Councils in the neighborhood and by canvassing from house to house, also by visiting various organizations.

The tenement houses that were canvassed were many; out of these 73 elected delegates to represent their tenants. The rest of the delegates came from women's auxiliaries, settlement houses, mothers' clubs, our own local Councils of the Bronx section, also from the International Workers Order, workers' clubs, etc.

Fight Lowers Cost of Bread

The main report at the conference was given by Delegate Eisenberg. She explained the effect of the NRA on the cost of living, which brings more misery to the workers. Delegate Eisenberg called upon the delegates to follow the example of the workers of the Allerton Avenue neighborhood and of the workers of Brownsville. She pointed out that strike which was supported by all housewives and workers, they succeeded in forcing the bakery bosses to come down in the price of bread from 9c to 7c per pound. As a result of this fight, bread was lowered in other neighborhoods from 10c and 9c per lb. to 8c, and it can be forced down quite easily to 7c or 6c per lb.

In the discussion two delegates cited examples resulting from united action. In 1931 in Coney Island, under the leadership of the Women's Councils, a bread strike was won. In 1933, last month, the mass protests of women in Brownsville have forced prices down on bread and rolls.

Bosses Raise Prices of Bread—

Delegate Cohen brought forward facts which prove that even on 5c

a pound of bread and 15c a dozen rolls, the bakery bosses make good profits. The bakery workers' wages however, were reduced to \$3.00 per day and are working part time.

Delegate Siegal of the Bronx House Parents' Association, brought to the attention of the mothers and fathers that we cannot live on bread only, that in order to be in good health we need milk and plenty of vegetables and fruit. Delegate Siegal suggested that we send a delegation to Mayor-elect LaGuardia and demand lower prices on all necessities of life.

This suggestion was accepted and left to the Executive Committee to carry through.

Delegate Clara Bordian, Secretary of the United Council of Working Class Women, agreed with Delegate Siegal that we want more than bread and milk for the workers, but explained why we picked the bread issue first. Bread is the mainstay of life. To many unemployed, part time and even employed workers, the price of bread is of the utmost importance. A high price on bread means buying less of it and going hungry. In our fight for a low price on bread we shall spread the movement to a greater number of workers and continue a struggle against high prices on the other necessities of life.

An executive committee of 25 was elected. Five are members of the Women's Councils and the rest of the committee are delegates from blocks of tenement houses and other organizations. The committee met a few days after the conference and mapped out a plan for further action. They decided to draw up the demands in written form and to present them to the bakers in the Bronx, to allow the bakers a few days' time for an answer, then to call a mass meeting in the neighborhood to give the report on the answer of the bakers. If the bakers will not reduce the prices, committees will be set up to picket the various bakery shops which received copies of the demands.

It was made clear at the conference that it is important to center the fight on one community at a time, and bread being the most important item for workers' families it was the first to be tackled. The price per pound has almost doubled since the NRA,

(Continued on page 15)

By ESTHER LOWELL

You're telling me!

Drawings by GROPPER

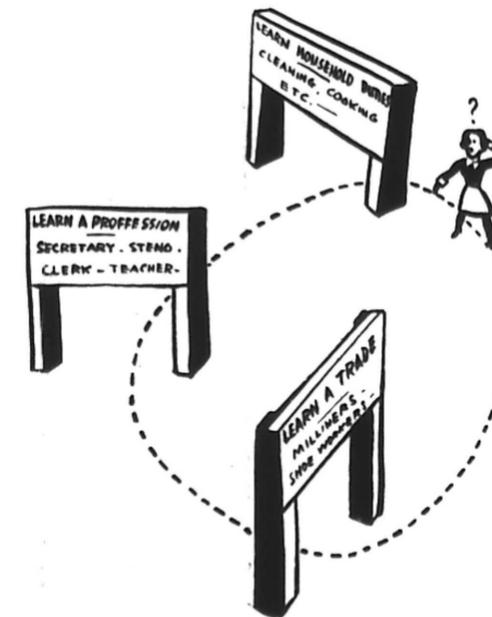
Jobless Women get a Lift — and How!

"Jobless Women" Get a Lift as U. S. Creates New Work." So what? The boss papers say we're getting a "lift" from FERA (Federation Emergency Relief Administration):

"Resident schools . . . cleaning, cooking and other household duties will be divided up among the women and girls living at the school . . . Trained secretaries, unable to find employment, will conduct classes in office work. Instruction will be provided in other branches of women's work."

Oh yeah? Looks to us like "trained secretaries unable to find employment" will teach trained milliners, shoe workers, clerks, also "unable to find employment" how to become secretaries so that they still will be "unable to find employment."

Is this Alice in Wonderland, or the U. S. A. today?



"Civil Works to Aid Jobless Teachers."

Schools closing all over the country; no more teachers hired; lots fired. So, the helpful federal government is going to "war on illiteracy!" Yes, "investigators found . . . that the unemployed needed courage, companionship, a common interest." Classes are planned for the unemployed to learn about "carpentry, geography, or cabinet work or philosophy," from their fellow jobless.

Anything, sister (and brother), to keep you from learning about the class struggle and the workers' way out of the crisis.

"None of the teachers gets a very big salary," broadcasts little Col. Howe, "but it certainly helps."

Gal, it's wonderful the way this Roosevelt gang tries to make folks scab on themselves and work for relief wages!

Why shouldn't all the schools be kept open and the teachers paid regular wages regularly? "Buy now," shouts Mrs. Roosevelt.

We hate to think of all we'd like (and need) to buy now. Shall we charge it to you, Mrs. President's wife?

Amelia was a social worker in Boston. Flew across the Atlantic Ocean with a couple of boy friends. Married rich publisher Putnam and later flew across the same Atlantic by herself to show a woman could do it alone. Give her credit.

We think every woman should work, too. But how are you going to get the millions of idle women of the United States to work, when there are over 18,000,000 men out of work?

Workers of Soviet Russia found a way. There they have no unemployment. Soviet women work as equals with men, except where special dangers to their health bring restrictions. Soviet women, as well as men, have full protection from a social insurance system which takes care of all workers through unemployment, sickness, accident, old age, maternity.

Come on, you gals, let's get going! Let's get these idle palaces and unused buildings for home this winter. Let's get free medical care for the jobless sisters who need it. Let's get a real social insurance system like the Workers' Unemployment Insurance Bill would provide. Let's get relief for single women and men—\$10.00 a week apiece, \$3,000 for dependents. No discrimination against Negro women or families. No more "opportunity homes" where jobless girls are domestic slaves without pay.

Join the Unemployed Councils. Join the Councils of Working Class Women. Join the industrial unions, auxiliaries and the United Farmers League.

Get on the march to the big convention of unemployed in Washington, February 3, 4, and 5th, 1934



SAVE THEIR LIVES

By OTTO DURICK

Among the whole strata of the German population the working woman bears the brunt of the Hitler regime to the utmost degree.

The women in Germany are being replaced by men in all walks of life. Women are forced out of most jobs; they can no more work and earn their own bread thus losing their only chance for an independent position in life. In this manner the Nazis do not only intend to create a fictitious decrease of the numbers of unemployed, but also to force women without any means of livelihood to marry and raise children—cannon fodder for German imperialism.

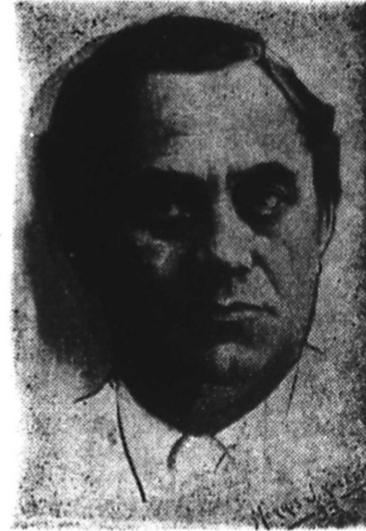
A new law aims to force every woman to bear not less than four children. Childless women are being punished with high taxes. All kinds of other vicious measures are in-

acted in order to achieve one of the main ambitions of German capitalism—to increase the number of the future generation to be used as soldiers in the next imperialist war.

The most satanic plan which is to take effect beginning January 1, 1934 is the sterilization of 400,000 of German people; among those will be approximately 50 per cent women. Hitler and his followers proclaim this to be an act of preventing people with hereditary sicknesses to reproduce—but in practice it will become a vicious campaign against active revolutionary men and women.

In the near future a plan to disfranchise all women in Germany (to take away their right to vote) will be enacted, thus destroying even these elementary gains achieved through the age-long struggle for the emancipation of women.

Photo shows German Fascists burning books of famous thinkers, scientists, artists. This action was part of the reactionary Nazi-Hitler campaign during which time millions of books of modern thought were destroyed. This measure was taken by the German government in an attempt to rid Germany of all modern thought and to combat the rising revolutionary tide among the workers.
Photo Shows German Fascist Burning



GEORGE DIMITROFF

But just as tens of thousands of workers in factories and mines are valiantly resisting the fascist attacks on the working conditions and their very lives, the women do not peacefully tolerate the barbarous campaign against them and fight most militantly against the fascist regime. In fact they are an integral part of the heroic fight of the German working class.

Thousands of women are amongst the tens of thousands of the prisoners in the Concentration Camps. The terrible treatment of the women in these concentration camps equals the treatment of men confined there. And the courage and militancy shown by these women is not different in any way to that of the men. Despite the cruel tortures they undergo, the women remain staunch supporters of their class and no traitors touch their ranks.

The future historians of this period of German history will discover more than one heroine among the present day toiling women.

In addition to the thousands of women who are suffering in the Concentration camps and in jails, there are numerous women whose husbands, sons and daughters are being tortured by the cruel regime of Hitler Germany. In many cases, women who were in the past unresponsive and passive have now, as victims of the Hitler Germany, become active and the guiding force in the illegal machinery of the revolutionary working class movement of Germany of today. They have taken up the fight where their husbands and courageous children have left off, thus revenging the murder and tortures of their kindred and all other working class victims.

The mother and sister of George Dimitroff—the women folk of the other defendants, have shown great courage during the frame-up trial of the German Reichstag fire.



ERNST TORGLER



VASSIL TANEFF



BLAGOI POPOFF
—Drawings by Morris J. Kallem

When the lawyer Teichert said to Dimitroff's mother: "Influence your son so that he will be quieter in court, that will give him a better chance with the sentence," Dimitroff's mother replied: "Georgi is able to speak, and he must be allowed to speak as he thinks best." She added to Dimitroff: "Don't get excited, say everything you have on your mind, and say it as you like."

Dimitroff's mother and sister state that in the streets in Berlin everyone was extremely polite. When the streets were empty people came up and shook the mother's hands, then vanishing quickly before the police noticed them.

Dimitroff's mother stated further: "I saw him again in Leipzig. He looked very ill, had a high temperature. His lungs are not sound. He said: 'I shall scarcely get out of here, and I advise you: Go with my sisters to the Soviet Union: there you will see much that is new and joyful in the lives of the workers. Tell them there that there is nothing so dear to me as the Soviet workers and their country.'"

The world wide protest of the working class against the vicious frame-up of Dimitroff, Popoff, Torgler and Taneff forced the Fascist rulers of Germany to declare them 'Not Guilty' of the Reichstag fire. This verdict is conclusive proof that the Nazis are guilty of burning the Reichstag for which they attempted to execute the four heroic working class leaders.

While the courts declared them innocent, they have not been set free. They face the danger of another trial on charges of "treason." The Nazi press is calling for a "spontaneous" lynching of the de-

fendants. General Herman Goering, head of the Nazi Storm Troopers, made the following threat to Dimitroff in the Leipzig Court: "Wait till you get into my hands, out of the jurisdiction of the Court. Then you will have reason to be afraid."

All this shows that the lives of all the Communist defendants are now in greater danger than ever before.

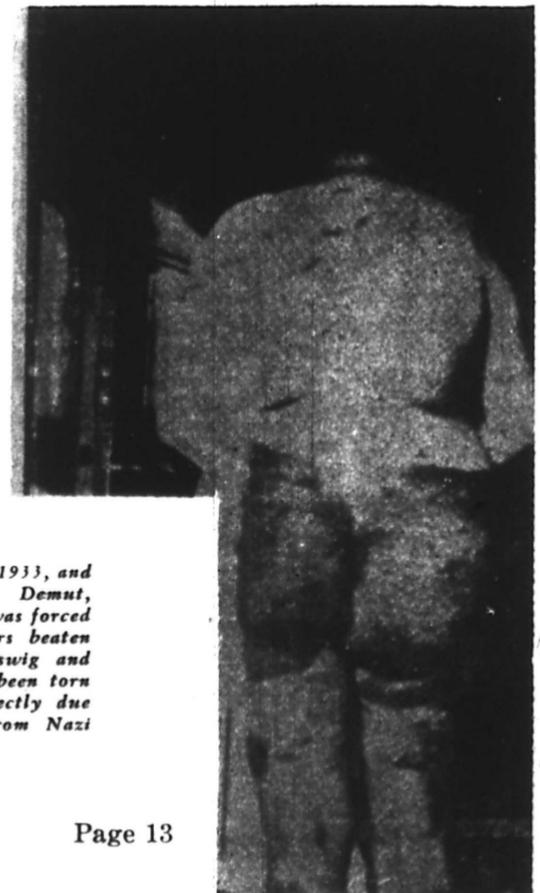
Negro and white working class women! Rally to the support of the heroic fighters of the working class

against German Fascism. Raise a mighty protest for their immediate release. Organize protest meeting, pass protest resolutions. Send them to the German ambassador, Hans Luther, Washington, D. C.

Collect money, rush funds for relief and defense of the victims of German Fascism. Send copies of protest resolutions and funds to your city Anti-Fascist Committee or to the National Committee to Aid Victims of German Fascism, 870 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

WORKINGCLASS
WOMEN — RALLY
TO THE SUPPORT
OF THE NAZI
VICTIMS IN
GERMANY

Photo shows Marie Jankowski, 52-year-old welfare nurse, who was taken by the Nazis from her home, Berlin-Coepenick, Bermannstrasse 18, 1933 on the night of March 20, 1933, and dragged into the SA-Lokal Demut, Elizabethstrasse 29. There she was forced to undress and for two hours beaten with a steel rod. Drs. Koswig and Vilian stated one kidney had been torn away and her death was directly due to the treatment received from Nazi terrorists.



N. R. A.

WHAT IT MEANS TO

WOMEN

By Our Readers

The Government Is Big Hearted

A neighbor of mine is a widow with three young children. She has been employed by the Oxford Paper Company of Rumford, Me., for 21 years. Instead of having her wages increased, the company follows the code of the NRA and shortens her working hours. Mrs. Blank now receives \$8.00 a week or even less. On this amount she has to feed, clothe and house herself and three active children. And it's a job to make both ends meet and prices going up, up.

Being a widow of a World War veteran, she has asked for the Mothers' Aid which was refused because she has employment.

But the government is big-hearted. They are willing to place her children in a home in Michigan. Michigan isn't very far from Maine. Sez who? The government is a whiz when it comes to separating families. I suppose it thinks the working class wants to follow the trend set by the idle rich, y'know they pay lawyers money for divorces and here the government *only* brings heart ache to a mother, and, heck, that's free!

It's time the women woke up and refused to play into the hands of our so-called "helpers."

A. PHILOSOPHER.
Rumford, Maine

Negro Women Discriminated

The other day, I went to look for a job, my trade of presser in a cleaning and dyeing plant. This happens to be one of the few A. F. of L. unions that admits Negro workers. At this plant, the Central Cleaners and Dyers on West Fullerton, were about five girls applying for the job. Of these five one was colored.

I noticed particularly, how this Negro woman would be treated. This is what happened. The forelady who interviewed us did not question us except to ask, are you experienced, but to the Negro girl, she asked, you know how to work with a steam iron, how many years experience have you? Do you know how to work on celanese material on taffetta, do you know how to do fancy pleating, etc.

Two years ago the American Federation of Labor unions worked with the bosses and put all the workers on a piece work basis. At that time they were making 14 cents for plain dresses, and 22 cents for pleated dresses. Now the pay is 7 cents for plain dresses and 14 cents for pleated dresses. Sometimes the pleated dress take over an hour to press, so the girls must work like dogs in order to make at least \$1.00 per day.

Fellow working women, it is up to us to decide whether we will take these miserable conditions without a fight. You who are working in the Central Cleaners and Dyers, get a group of you together, and stick, go to the boss and demand higher wages and shorter hours. Demand No Discrimination Against Negro women, Equal Pay for Equal Work.

MARGARET KELLER, Chicago

\$5.50 a Week—Pay Under N.R.A.

Mr. A. Burbridge, a Negro worker, works in a junk shop for \$5.50 a week, though his firm is under the NRA.

In the bitter cold he went to the Welfare to ask for aid. He was refused on the basis that he had a job. In order to warm up his house he used worn batteries from old cars, which gave out the odor of poison, and that was how his three children were poisoned. One child, two and a half years old, died November 22. Two of them are still affected by lead poisoning.

Mr. Burbridge earns \$5.50 a week for a family of five, living in a house unfit for hogs. There are no lights and no gas in the house. The International Women's Council is fighting the case of this family with the result that the children received medical care and the Welfare has to give the children enough milk, and they will be taken care of by city physicians.

Women's Council Wins Relief

Another case of discrimination is that of the Jordan family. Mrs. Jordan, her husband and one child of 12 were actually starving. They had no lights or gas in their home. They fought at the Welfare for a long time but with no results. The Welfare has given the reason for refusing them aid, Mrs. Jordan's little girl of 12 is not her own daughter.

This child was left with Mrs. Jordan when only an infant. Her mother, who was not legally married, unable to find work and starving, with no means of support left this child with Mrs. Jordan and deserted her. This happened in the South. Up until this time Mrs. Jordan has shared everything she had with this child whom she treats as her own. However, the Welfare, using tis as an excuse, refused to give relief to the family, saying they should all return to the South. The Welfare very well knows that if the would return there they probably would not get relief for at least a year's time.

The International Women's Council elected a committee, went down to the Welfare, put up a fight and the case was immediately taken up by the Welfare, with the result that they received \$4.60 as an emergency check for food and \$2.50 for coal. This was only an emergency check with the understanding that they are on the Welfare from now on.

These are only two of the many cases that the International Women's Council has taken up and won. The I.W.C. is also organizing the women in domestic service. They fight against every particle of discrimination which arises in their territory and fights to a finish. Join the International Women's Council—the working women's organization. Read the "Working Woman."

R. B., Oakland Section,
Delmar & Holbrook, Detroit, Mich.

MENTAL HEALTH

By DR. LONE

POVERTY

BREAKS HEALTH.

A woman of forty-eight, who was always a cheerful and willing worker becomes depressed and melancholy and gradually more and more listless her usual activities and is less and and indifferent. She loses interest in less able to attend to her house duties; neglects herself and her children, sits in a corner and broods, her features showing deep sadness.

It is a case of *manic depressive insanity.*

What has happened? Why this change?

Taken to a doctor, he explains the condition as a result of *involution*—that is, due to the disappearance of menstruation, and to the efforts made by the body and mind to readjust themselves to a new life.

That may be true, but does the "change of life" produce such consequences in all women? No, not at all.

Therefore, there must be other reasons for the sad mental condition of this particular patient. There are.

Poverty Break Down Mental and Physical Health

Until some time ago she lived in comparative comfort. Her husband had a good job and earned a living for the family. They had six rooms. There was a large kitchen. The food was not luxurious, but there was a sufficient amount of it for all. The children had winter and summer clothes.

But both her husband and the oldest son lost their jobs. The family had to move into a smaller apartment. They all crowded into three rooms, and, what is more, in order to be able to pay the rent, a border shared their scant space. The patient had but little room in which

to do her work. The children had no shoes. Each grown-up member of the family, instead of trying to understand the true social cause of the trouble and instead of being united and solidary, accused the others of imaginary guilt, and they quarrelled. Then, too, our patient had much more work to do.

Assailed from all sides—poverty, overwork, worry, unhappiness of her beloved family and her unfavorable physical condition—this poor woman finally collapsed.

Happily, this is one of the least harmful forms of insanity. In a public institution, removed from her surroundings, well treated physically, in the hands of a gentle physician versed in mental troubles, who understands proletarian life and who knows how to talk to a woman of this kind, she is cured within a few months.

Defeat Roosevelt's Hunger Program

(Continued from page 10)

Aim to Spread Campaign to Other Sections in New York

The aim is to spread this campaign throughout the city, as all workers, regardless of race or color, employed or unemployed, are affected by the high cost of living.

WORKING CLASS WOMEN LET US GET TOGETHER IN THIS STRUGGLE

To demand that the wages of our husbands be raised to meet the constant rise on our daily necessities of life.

To fight against evictions.

To demand adequate relief for workers' families and no discrimination to Negroes and foreigners.

To demand food and clothing for the children of the unemployed. This to be provided by the schools not at the expense of the teachers wages, but at the expense of the Board of Education.

We must organize demonstrations in front of food markets, milk companies, and boro halls protesting against the dumping of food stuffs while children starve.

We must demand that this food should be turned over to the unemployed and their families.

TO MAKE MY BREAD

(Continued from page 9)

Tom Moore turned and knelt down by Ora. Bonnie lay on her side, for Ora had not dared to touch her. Very tenderly they turned her body.

"I'm afeard," Ora said, "I'm afeard she's done for."

"Henry," Tom Moore called out, "go for a doctor." He and Tom Bachley lifted Bonnie into the union hall and laid her on the long table.

"I don't see how I can stand it," Ora said.

"You go on," she said to Tom Moore.

He knew that he was needed with the others. He ran to overtake the line. He was proud of their fine discipline, of the way they walked together. Soon, after they had passed the railroad, they would begin singing to let those in the mill know they were coming. They would sing one of Bonnie's songs, and others they had been taught. There was one they had not been taught. It went through him as he stumbled over the rough ground beside the people who were marching. "Arise, ye prisoners of starvation," it said, "Ye wretched of the earth... A better world's in birth..." That

sounded under the circumstances almost sardonic. "But pain," he thought, "accompanies birth—pain and sometimes death."

He was nearly to the front of the line. The leaders were going up the slope of the railroad crossing. "Faster," he called out to Jesse McDonald. Then he saw Jesse and sally and the others turn. Men with guns came up from the other side of the embankment. The lights from the poles near the station made them black shadows. The shadows were thick like an army, and they came over the track and charged the line of strikers.

"Run-n-n," a woman's long wail came and another shrieked, "The Law's coming!"

Then there were no more words. The strikers scattered before the deputies who were running them down. There was the sound of blackjacks smacking bare flesh; cries of horror, and groans of pain, came from those lying on the ground.

Some escaped to the union hall unhurt. The others, when the deputies had finished with them, made their way slowly along the road.

