

What Happens When a Girl Goes Job Hunting in a Strange City?

By CATHARINE BRODY

Can a Girl, If Friendless and Alone, With Money Enough For One Week Only, Find a Job and Live On Her Wages?

Stay away from Denver, working girls, or the pork factory will get you, warns Miss Brody, who tells gory story of trimmed pig tails and fingers—Conversation of girl workers not suitable for daily press—"Keeping up" strenuous task.

MISS Brody, an Able and Experienced Reporter, Started Out With \$10 in Her Purse, With a Frock That Cost \$6, and With a Small Handbag as Her Only Luggage—She Visited Cities, With One Exception, Strange to Her—The Comedy and the Tragedy, the Lesson and the Promise to Her Experiences are Vividly and Enlighteningly Told in This Series of Articles

DENVER. Go West, young woman—if you must—but stay away from Denver! If you scurn this earnest advice I warn you that pork trimming will get you if you don't watch out.

white show and gray-black sky. It was the painful groan of the awakening cattle in the pens—I knew just how they felt. Dark, hoarse shadows, they swayed mournfully back and forth, but at least a man with a wagon load of, he, was moving among them, distributing their breakfast. I had had none, and with breakfastless morbidity, all I could think of to amuse myself, walking the mile of planks high above the pens, was what would happen if I should fall through.

Other basket. The more expert girls trimmed the meat from the large sides of pork on a piecework basis, 58 cents for a hundred pounds of trimmings. The rest of us got \$12.30 a week straight. Straight, indeed. We earned it literally, if not by the sweat of our brows—it was too cold to sweat—then by the blood of our fingers. Slim, the dark, slim young foreman, saw to this gently but inexorably.

The rest was unprintable. And after they had got to the depths of unprintability, they resorted to their native tongue and said it in Polish. At eleven, I was sent upstairs in charge of Molly, and official, or unofficially, we thawed out for a few minutes in the restroom and ate part of our lunches. Then I was put to trimming kidneys, and began to find out what it meant to "keep up."

with a record of years of work here. None of them had worked anywhere else. In some way a conversation was born, none of them speaking to me directly, but through Josie. Rose and her family had come from back East. Where back East? Either ignorance or caution closed Rose's mouth—not until I had named a couple of states did she brighten at the mention of New Jersey. Yes, they had come from New Jersey in their car.

Wanted to see Molly work. Molly mentioned the stockyards, show when lots of people would come through to see us work. "Kin we come, Molly?" eagerly from Bill. "We'll tip the guide a dollar to let us stay and we'll hang around and watch you work. Kin we?"

Wounded girl sticks to work. It was just my luck. A girl who had started that morning had the knife into her stomach back lurch. She pointed out the fact that she was bleeding, but every eye thought she was joking. So, coming in, too, I suppose, that it was on bleeding and working. And was not until nearly 4 o'clock, a quivering time, that the wound was discovered.

From Denver Miss Brody went Salt Lake City. Copyright, 1932 (New York World-Express Publishing company).

There were at least two dozen girls and women floating in and out of the room exclaiming the scarcity of work and walking away with a promise to "let you know." The employment manager did not even urge domestic service on me.

Presently I found I had no knife. Although the knife is the necessary tool for the work, Armour's did not supply it. The girls had to buy their own down in the Retail, paying cash. They also had to buy their own steels. The knives cost 50 cents, the girls told me, the steels, \$1. The brow aprons cost \$1. It was impossible to buy an apron dress for less than \$2.50. Before I did a single stroke of work, therefore, it would have cost me at least \$5 to get out fitted. Also Armour's hired on a probation system of at least a week—it was a week before you got your permanent badge—so that I was as likely as not to be throwing my \$5 to the stockyards air.

At this moment the janitor passed. Everybody cried out freely, "Switch back there, were several offers to crucify him. It seemed that, in a paroxysm of girlish abandon, a merry little party had thrown water on the floor of the dressing room and had up benches and strewn papers about. The information had leaked back to the hiring boss and the janitor was suspected. He vowed he hadn't told.

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Girls rough and unfriendly. There was none of the unheating friendliness of the American girl worker. A timid smile here and an answering smile of encouragement, it went out against the blankness like a candle light in the overpowering dark. Among their own social groups the girls were gay enough, ready to be brutally friendly or brutally hostile at a second's notice. "You're damn right." "Don't get hard with me." "You're a blank-blank-blank or 'You blank, whaddye take me for?"

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