1920, Tillie and Henderson’s Shirt Factory, Derry...

Wait until you hear the bars!

I’ll tell you in the Lunch room. I am so hungry I could eat a horse!

Aye, and by the looks of your ankles, you already have!

I am gasping for a cuppa! Thanks, Mary.

What’s the bars?

I’ve been looking forward to this all morning.

Would anybody like their piece toasted?

You are wile for toasting your piece May! Can’t you just eat your bread and be happy?

You know I like my bread toasted Ruby, leave me in peace.
So...what's the bars?

I'm having a time of it lately...

Aye, what's the bars, Ladies?

I'm at my wits end with John.

Ever since he came back from the War, he's been a different man. I know he saw some horrible things in the trenches...

...but he needs to support me. He can't keep holing himself up in our bedroom, he needs to get a job!

John?

Please... leave me alone!

Maureen up the street from me is having the same problem.

You're going to have to lay down the law. Tell him he has to get himself sorted...

...or he's out on his ear.

I agree with you, May.

Here's something to cheer you up though, Betty, have you seen the new dresses and skirts that seem to be coming into fashion?

It's all coming from America. Short dresses to your knee and skirts to match! They're chopping their hair off too.
Short skirts and short hair?

My mother would spin in her grave if she knew women were getting up to that nonsense!

Your mother was as crabbit as the day is long. She’d spin in her grave at anything!

I really like the idea of these new shorter dresses and cropped hair.

Of course you would Phyllis, a young lass like you still has the figure for it!

Well wait to you hear these for bars. I heard that for our next outing they’re taking us to the Pictures!

Okay, Ladies...
You were too slow this morning. I want twice as much work done by closing time!

He is a wile man, working us like dogs! I'm sick of the way he treats us.

Wouldn't know a hard day's work if it jumped up and bit him.

He wouldn't even know how to work a machine!

Quiet!

No talking...

Betty, I think I'm going to go to that Woman's Suffrage meeting that Big Mary was talking about the other day. We women have our rights too!

I was thinking the same thing. Pass me that bar and I'll let everyone know we have news for them at closing time. I know Mary and Phyllis would be up for it...

...better let the Ladies know the Bars...