Hilda Worthington Smith (1888-1984) received her bachelor's and master's degrees from Bryn Mawr College (1910 and 1911, respectively). She was director of the Bryn Mawr Community Center from 1916-1919, and then became dean of Bryn Mawr College, a post she held from 1919 to 1922. She directed the Bryn Mawr Summer School for Women Workers in Industry from 1921 to 1933. She was a published poet and worked for the government on various worker's education programs.

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OPENING VISTAS
IN
WORKERS' EDUCATION:
AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF
HILDA WORTHINGTON SMITH

Introduction by
Lyn Goldfarb and Stephen Macfarlane

1978
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Hilda W. Smith
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Washington, DC 20008
Dedication

In memory of M. Carey Thomas, President of Bryn Mawr College, founder of the first school in the United States for women workers in industry.
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INTRODUCTION

Hilda Worthington Smith is a beautiful, aging woman of 90 who will never be old. A pioneer in the workers' education movement, she is a lifelong believer in the power of self-government, in creative, progressive education, and in freedom of expression. Today she is a teacher and a student still, an activist for social change, and a poet.

Born in 1888 in New York City, she grew up as a socially conscious young adult during the turbulent years of the new century. Through her participation in the labor movement, in the fight for women's suffrage and women's rights, and in social reform groups and workers' education she became increasingly aware of the discrimination and inequalities which she has spent her lifetime working to erase.

Known to her close friends as "Jane", the story of how the name originated comes from as long ago as 1906. One bright fall day that year she arrived on the campus of Bryn Mawr to start college - accompanied by her mother, which restricted considerably her ability to get acquainted with the other students. Looking at this young woman with her pigtail still down her back in the fashion Mamma thought appropriate, her roommate sized her up in a glance and said: "You don't look like a Hilda, you look like a Jane." Jane it was, leading to complications later when, in a minor college election, the ballot somehow included both a "Jane Smith" and a "Hilda Smith". The election resulted in a tie vote for the two Smiths! From that point on Hilda was known by all as "Jane". Later that year the freshmen took up a collection for some hairpins so their "Jane" could wear her hair up in the style Bryn Mawr students deemed properly sophisticated.

Jane went on to graduate in 1910, and to earn an M.A. in ethics and psychology from Bryn Mawr and then a degree in social work from the New York School of Philanthropy, this at a time when any higher education for women was atypical, and few pursued a professional degree.

In 1916 she returned to the town of Bryn Mawr to set up and direct its community center, one of the first in the country. It operated after hours in the unused classrooms of a local school. Bicycling through town, Jane talked with everyone she could, and from her knowledge of the community she developed a recreation and education program that met the needs of all those whom it served.

Within three years the center was so effectively run by local community members that Jane could accept a new job: Acting Dean of Bryn Mawr College. While at Bryn Mawr she became an enthusiastic supporter of the idea of a summer school for women workers, an experiment in workers' education suggested by Bryn Mawr President M. Carey Thomas, and helped to plan the first such school. At the age of 33 she became its first
director. This residential school for women workers opened its doors at Bryn Mawr in the summer of 1921, admitting 98 women who represented all regions of the United States, 15 nationalities and 25 trades. Each worker-student had to have at least a sixth grade education and a minimum of three years' factory experience in a non-supervisory position.

The Bryn Mawr Summer School for Women Workers embodied much of Jane's political, social and educational philosophy, which she continued to incorporate into her work over the many years that followed. To her, workers' education represented social progress, freedom to express political beliefs, innovation, and non-violent revolutionary change. One of the tenets of her philosophy, that of self-government, had developed during her term as president of the Self-Government Association in her senior year at Bryn Mawr. Put into effect at the Summer School, it meant that the women workers who were students there must have control over their own lives, and that administrative decisions were made by a joint committee representing workers and educators in equal numbers. Not only did the student workers govern the affairs of the school jointly with the faculty and the administration but they made it work, and the concept became a cornerstone of workers' education philosophy.

The Summer School offered worker-students a non-vocational education designed to be relevant to their background and to their needs as workers. Armed with a better understanding of their lives and work in the context of the larger society, and with practical tools such as public speaking and writing skills, these women were expected to return as active members of their communities, to their jobs, to continue to learn and to organize. Jane recognized that debilitating working conditions, long hours and low pay, especially common among women not in labor unions, were forces dulling their minds. She had faith that relevant educational opportunities would help effect change. As she put it: "... my conviction grew that this type of school, having its roots in basic economic and social problems and reaching industrial workers through education, might, if well developed, be used as an instrument of social change. ..."

For 13 years Jane served as Director of the Bryn Mawr Summer School for Women Workers. During this period she helped to found the Affiliated Schools for Workers, nick-named by her friends "the afflicted schools" because Jane was always searching for financial assistance to keep them afloat. The Affiliated Schools served as a clearinghouse of workers' education that represented a wide range of residential and non-residential workers' schools. She set up an Art Workshop for women workers, and established Vineyard Shore, an expanded, year-long residential school for women workers located in her family home on the Hudson which she donated to the school. (It later became the Hudson Shore Labor School, which included men as well as women students.) When financial pressures finally made it impossible to continue, the school was turned over to Rutgers University and became the nucleus of its program in workers' education.
During the depression, disaster hit most workers' education programs and schools. In 1933 Jane traveled to Washington D.C. seeking funds from the new Roosevelt administration to maintain the schools. To her surprise, while she did not receive the funds she sought, she did get an appointment with the Federal Emergency Relief Administration under Harry Hopkins to set up a program to train 2,000 unemployed teachers-on-relief to conduct a massive workers' education program as part of the Works Progress Administration.

Not long after this program began she was asked to organize a project for unemployed women. The Camps and Schools for Unemployed Women, nicknamed "She-She-She" camps by the press (parodying the CCC camps for men) were the result, and followed a national conference called by Jane with the help and support of Eleanor Roosevelt. The camps provided training in home economics and health education, and introduced the women to recreation, many of them taking part in sports and games for the first time in their lives. She also managed to slip some workers' education into the program! For their day, these programs involving the basic principles of labor education were considered radical and highly controversial. However, they managed to survive for a good many of the New Deal years.

More importantly, when these programs were phased out in the economic recovery period of the 1940's, many which had been located on university campuses were incorporated by them into ongoing labor extension services. Thus Hilda Smith has left her mark on a wide range of adult and workers' education programs. Her philosophy, and indeed in some cases the very curriculum which she set up, remain as a testimonial to her foresight, her vision and to the spirit of cooperative education for social change in which she so deeply believes. This philosophy also guided her selection of the men and women who worked with her in these programs, who were trained by her and who have gone on in the labor movement and workers' education to make outstanding contributions. The roster of those whom she taught is long, and includes others who went on to play significant roles in government as well, people like Hubert Humphrey, Esther Peterson and Marguerite Gilmore.

During World War II, Jane's skills in community organization were put to good use as coordinator of Community Services for the War Housing Program. In this role she set up education and recreation programs for defense workers in over 400 community centers. Following the war (1945) Jane had the chance to become full time lobbyist for one of her pet projects - a Labor Extension bill to establish labor education programs that would serve workers throughout the country much as the Agricultural Extension Service provides programs and services for farmers. This bill, however, has yet to be enacted into law.

Far from retiring as she grew older, in 1952 Jane was appointed by the Reverend Robert Curry as an advisor on recreation and education programs for the elderly, to set up activities to use creatively the talents and
energies of our aging citizens. Then in 1964, at the age of 76, she turned her own talents to the newly formed Office of Economic Opportunity, where she worked as a special consultant to the training and technical division for the entire seven years of its existence. Not long ago she completed a study of this agency and its work.

Throughout her life, Hilda Worthington Smith has been devoted to working for social change and reform. Her vision has been - and is - to achieve this through making opportunities for education and creative participation available to working men and women. She believes in knowledge as power. Her life has been dedicated to bringing that power to working people.

Lyn Goldfarb
Stephen Macfarlane

August 1978
Chapter I

EARLY YEARS

My great-grandmother sat very straight in her chair. I was reading aloud to her from *Tom Sawyer* by Mark Twain. Her silvery knitting needles clicked and flashed, and often the ball of soft, white wool dropped from her lap. Then I would slip down from my chair to follow the ball, sometimes under the bed. Every few minutes the roar of the elevated trains caused me to raise my voice in reading. "You don't need to shout," said my great-grandmother, "I can hear perfectly well." She was an old lady of eighty that winter she came to live with us. I was eight years old.

I do not remember who suggested the reading or found the particular book. But I know that I enjoyed those hours with my great-grandmother and put my best effort into pronunciation. She seldom corrected me, and together we rambled through Huckleberry Finn and Aldrich's *Story of a Bad Boy*. Why stories of young rascals appealed especially to my great-grandmother I cannot tell. Perhaps their adventures made her feel a bond of sympathy with her small great-granddaughter, always a notorious tomboy.

My great-grandmother, I learned, had had nine children. Her oldest daughter, my grandmother on my mother's side, had her hands full in those days, and many tales of my great-aunts and uncles when they were children had come down to us. With these stories were always included certain sayings of my great-grandmother which all my life have had for me a spice of her common sense. When she saw a young woman hung with bracelets and necklaces she always remarked, "It's the weakest casks that need the most hooping," and of another girl with a whiff of perfume, "No smell is the best smell."

My great-grandfather had a paper mill in a small village near Albany, New York. Here he manufactured the coarse yellow "straw paper" formerly used by butchers for wrapping meat. His mill was beside a wide stream flowing between willows, and his great water-wheel was set up at the dam where the stream foamed in white falls. The paper he manufactured was drawn ten miles to the railroad in oxcarts. His home was close by. In the stables, he had a small stock farm of five horses.

My great-grandfather was evidently a man of strong personality and unusual habits. Coming up from the mill at noon, he buried himself in translations of the *Iliad* and *Odyssey*, finding in them his chief recreation. At night he read them again by the light of a whale-oil lamp.

On his infrequent trips to the city he went shopping for the family. These shopping expeditions must have had a character all their own. One day my great-grandmother asked him to buy her a toothbrush. He returned with a gross of new toothbrushes.

As he had nine children, and was not considered a very wealthy man, this lavishness must often have created a perplexing family problem.
His eldest daughter Elizabeth, always the mainstay of her large family, married a young successful lawyer.

As his law practice grew, he bought a house in lower New York, near old St. John's church. Here his three children were born, my aunt Elizabeth, my mother Mary, and my uncle Jonathan. My grandfather was a delicate man, who at one time, was threatened with tuberculosis. My grandmother Elizabeth was also always ailing and spent years of her life in bed. The burden of nursing and housekeeping fell on her daughter, my aunt Elizabeth, who must have had intermittent school days, and no time to play. My mother, on the other hand, went regularly to public school, although she spent many play-time hours copying long legal documents for her father, who evidently regarded her as his chief clerk. As a little boy, my uncle was stricken with paralysis and although he could walk with a cane, was a cripple all his life. In contrast to the childhood of these three children, my own seems full of sunlight and joyous freedom.

My father's family were among the pioneer settlers of Elizabeth, New Jersey. From an old diary of my uncle, and some scattering notes which he wrote about my father, I have gained some knowledge of his early life.

My father was one of five children, four boys and a girl. My grandfather was a stern, quiet and just man with a desire to have his children follow in the paths of righteousness. My grandmother is known to me only by her portrait. She was a silver-haired old lady in a white cap, her hands busy with knitting. She was famous as a housewife, and was regarded by all who knew her with affection.

The family was very poor, so the boys went to work early. At an early age, my father developed a mechanical turn. He made a small lathe, and did odd jobs of wood-turning for the neighbors.

His mechanical interest often led my father into mischief. Once he made a duplicate of the whistle on the recently-built railway. Stationing himself out of sight below the track, he blew on his whistle until the whole community gathered at the station, in the hope of seeing the train go by. His first regular job was on that same railway, first as a conductor, and then as pay-master.

With his brother as a partner, my father invented a steamheating system and set up business in a small shop. The business grew rapidly and the firm was hired to install steam heat in most of the early office buildings of New York. My father carried on this business until he died, making a fair fortune.

My father was a religious man and became very interested in the little Episcopal church in the town. Getting up at dawn on Sunday he lighted the fire, and swept and cleaned the church; later he rang the bell, taught the Sunday school and, as lay reader, read the service. This devotion to his church lasted all his life. In the large city parish with which he was later associated, he was for years Treasurer, Senior Warden, and Superintendent of the Sunday School.
He was a tall well-built man, over six feet in height, with the fair hair and blue eyes of his family. Typical also of its traditions, he was silent, just and generous, of simple tastes, and with a humorous turn of thought. With his love of things mechanical went also a love of music and of the out-of-doors.

He had come to know my mother as a student in his Sunday School. His first wife had died, and he was considered a prosperous, eligible widower. He had a daughter of his own, who kept house for him, and resented the thought of anyone marrying her father. According to my mother's amused confidences to me about this period of her life, it had been necessary to hoodwink the daughter and the whole congregation as to the existence of a love affair in their midst. The dignified Senior Warden's interest in a fly-away young girl of seventeen would have shocked them all. For four years the affair went on undercover, with little notes left in hymn books, and occasional meetings in the Sunday School room. My father must have been in a quandary, torn between his love for his daughter, jealous of any intrusion, and his new love for my mother. Suddenly the solution was at hand. His daughter herself fell in love, and announced her intention of marrying. The way was open, and after a decent interval, the other marriage took place. What a shock this must have been to his daughter can only be imagined for she had been a classmate of my mother all through school, and regarded her as an equal. But in spite of the shock, and the disapproving glances of the congregation, my mother took her place in the big brownstone house, and was extremely happy.

That brownstone house on a wide New York street belonged to my father before he was married. When my mother, a young bride, walked into the house, she was overwhelmed with its size and elaborate furnishings. The long parlor with its plush covered furniture and long ivory cabinets served as the museum of my childhood, and few museums have held my fascinated interest as did that room.

My mother's room was golden in its effect, with a dark wooden bed, and a wallpaper of golden beard. A fireplace with a red lambrequin heavily corded always interested me. It was in this room that my sister Helen was born, an event reported to me soon after, and the occasion of a tiptoe visit, when I was four years old. The sight of that small baby and of my mother smiling at me from that big bed is one of my earliest memories. My brother John, then two years old, had long before become my accepted playmate and companion.

When I had been put to bed at night I often stole out to sit on the stairs, wrapped snugly in a pink comforter, on the third step down, in order to listen to my father's music. Naturally gifted as a musician, he had never learned to play, and tried to satisfy his love of music with the purchase of a fine Aeolian. Beethoven's Fifth Symphony, Handel's Messiah, the Lohengrin Overture, - the great organ chords filled the house, sweeping up past me with comfort and rapture. Chopin's Nocturne was usually the last, or in all events the last for me, for it always made me cry. With well-repressed snifflings I gathered up my comforter and trailed back to bed.
I attended one of the earliest kindergartens, located on the seventh floor of Carnegie Hall. Here I alternated between keen enjoyment and despair; delight in the gay work with paper and raffia, the music of the games, and the general atmosphere of kindness and jollity; despair compounded of intense homesickness, a desperate desire to please my teacher, and a determination not to break down and cry in the midst of that merry circle. Even the comfort of knowing I was attended by a large imaginary dog — was he collie or St. Bernard? — could not sustain me through the strain of some of these kindergarten days.

From the kindergarten I went on to a small primary school held in the same building. Here a glass partition divided the little girls from the large, or was drawn back to bring the school together every morning for opening exercises. To sing parts of the psalms was our regular practice, and here I grew familiar with the words of the twenty-third Psalm. The green pastures and still waters reminded me of the country, and for a few moments every morning my soul was indeed restored. Sometimes during a night made miserable with earache, the torture of my childhood, these words would come to my mind, and seemed to lessen the pain.

There was no doubt about it, she was a magnificent story teller. My sister, brother and I met in the linen closet before supper and came to this conclusion. Never before had a governess come up to our expectations in this respect. Miss May had only been with us two days, but in that time she had regaled us of her own free will with tales after tale of wonder and excitement. From the story of the six little Reynolds children and their misdeeds, (contrasted at every point with our virtues, to our smug satisfaction,) Miss May had proceeded to stories of hidden treasure, to tales of cowboy life in Arizona, and had ended only just that afternoon with a double-barrelled mystery story, like nothing we had ever heard before. It was too good to be true. Fascinated, we followed her around, hoping for more. For a few months we lived in a realm of romance. Then suddenly Miss May disappeared. When we anxiously inquired for her we heard that she had said, "she could not bear to say goodbye" and had decided to depart without formality. For at least a week we grieved for her, feeling the mysterious injustice of fate. Life seemed too tame to be endured, everything about it commonplace. And I for one was bitterly disappointed in the thought that now I should never see Arizona, or take part in the dashing adventures of a cowboy on the plains.

It was a double life we three children lived in those days, one existence made up of real people and tangible things; the other, equally real to us, full of imaginary characters living in lands of dream. When reality would face us, and we would be asked to choose between fact and fancy, and know them apart, we hardly knew the difference between them. In a state of serene confusion we went through our days, setting places at the table for fairies and brownies, conversing familiarly with them when we were alone, and the next moment passing with no effort into the other world, no more real to us and often less interesting. I can remember the feeling of desolation which swept over me when one day in a moment of confidence I consulted my mother as to the relative reality of my two worlds. "Do you
mean that there are no people at all except those you can see and touch?" I asked incredulously, hoping against hope that at least a selected few of my fairy friends and neighbors might win through to an actual existence. My mother gave an honest answer to an honest question, and my heart sank. Suddenly the world seemed depopulated, not worth living in, as though plunged in some mysterious catastrophe. With a dark sense of irretrievable loss, I gulped and went quietly out of the room.

But long before this devastating episode the facts of our fairy-tale lives were well established. Helen and I were able young fairies, accepted in all elfin circles. John we considered a Brownie, a race somewhat apart, but equally at home in the land of fancy, and with certain responsibilities of their own. The three elves, the Fairy Apple Blossom, her small sister Forgetmenot, and the Brownie Lightning lived in a whirl of imaginary activities, often interrupted, but never completely overshadowed by the realities of everyday existence.

Our daily morning routine was unvaried, and although planned entirely by ourselves, brought as great a feeling of responsibility as any more actual and necessary jobs. First there were our stables to be cleaned - two cubbies at the end of the porch, where our three steeds, the velocipede, the tricycle, and the express wagon were comfortably housed. Imaginary hay was thrown down into invisible racks, and fresh straw supplied. A thorough brushing and currying followed before we "hitched up" to go to the dock, to meet various contingents of our fairy friends. Punctually they arrived every morning, waving their hands to us from the deck of the ferryboat on its way across the gravel from the locust tree dock up the road. All day we had their companionship, and escorted them down to the horseblock dock late in the afternoon, just in time for the last boat back to Fairyland.

Every sunny afternoon we spent in Central Park, located only a few blocks away. Soon after luncheon, the procession set forth. Helen, tied up in a veil, established in her big carriage, John and I holding fast to each side of the handle, and Maggie in charge. In the days when a dog was my greatest desire, I was usually followed on all my walks by a little spool on a long string, -- the best substitute I could manage. Across Columbus Circle, -- free of traffic in those days, -- and into the Park we went. Usually we walked past the merry-go-round, which was a constant attraction. As we grew older, we were soon past the stage of occupying sleighs and speedily promoted ourselves to the tallest horses or camels. Perched on their lofty backs, and swinging dizzyly around to the music, we became expert in catching the iron rings from their hook.

We were going to move uptown!

Our house was to be sold, we heard, and we were to live in a more open section in the lower nineties, near Riverside Drive. I welcomed the idea of a home close to the river, though I could not imagine living elsewhere than in the tall brownstone house.
This new house was a contrast in every way to the old one. Built in the Colonial style, it was full of wainscoting and white panels. Instead of the lofty ceilings under which we had lived in the brownstone house, these rooms had low ceilings. Even without furniture, we agreed, the place seemed homelike, and we were eager to move in. The bare rooms were spacious and filled with sunlight. There was a balcony outside the living room window, and in the pantry a mysterious innovation called a "hot closet," where with a flick of a match, gas could be lighted to keep the dishes warm. In a whirl of excitement, we explored every corner of our new home, shouted to each other from top floor to kitchen down the dumb-waiter shaft, stumbled up and down the length of the mysterious back stairs, and tiptoed on the tin roof. From here one could see far up and down the river, the shore dotted with rambling mansions, among green vacant lots. Across the street from our house I immediately noticed a large barn, with a little house beside it, the buildings a cheerful red. A lanky little girl with a long pigtail caught my attention, in the barnyard among the pecking hens. The barn, the little red house, the chickens, and the big vacant lot, as well as the little girl herself, suggested interesting possibilities for enjoyment. I was charmed with the new house and its surroundings.

Much of our heavy old furniture my mother considered unsuitable in this colonial atmosphere. In her usual energetic way, she proceeded to dispose of some of our old belongings, and to purchase new. Soon a crimson carpet appeared on the stairs; some wicker chairs and a couch, strange to my eyes, were installed in mother's bedroom; an entire set of colonial furniture made the bare, sunny dining room a different place.

As one entered the front hall from the street, four mahogany doors, the tall clock dividing them two and two, faced the newcomer. A door to the kitchen, and to the back hall where our bicycles were always stacked in a careless fashion, ready to trip the unwary; a door to a lavatory; another to a coat closet; and another to the back stairs and ice box closet. At first it took a feat of memory to open the right door, and not to find oneself in the coat closet when one was trying to reach the kitchen. In the hall, just opposite a large bronze statue of a child squeezing a rooster, was the door to a small reception room. This little room was a delight to enter, with its soft green carpet, green and gold chairs, the novelty of soft electric lights instead of flaring gas, and the choicest of our small oil paintings against a wall covering of tan silk. The room was used only for the entertainment of "callers," women with black veils and white kid gloves who sat very straight in the green and gold chairs, and conversed in low voices with our mother.

I had been given a room of my own, a "hall bedroom" at the front of the house. With great care my father had white furniture made for it, a spacious desk, mahogany lined, and white book cases. A wild rose wall paper, selected by myself, completed my happiness. It was a mark of grown-up distinction, I felt, to be given a separate room, and to be permanently promoted from the nursery.
Here on the wide window bench I settled myself, and gazed out up the river. As far as I could see the land was our playground. In the vacant lot across the street was the little farm house, with its barns and chicken yard, the barns full of dark corners where we played hide-and-seek. Up Riverside Drive the land was free from all buildings, so that there was a clear view of Grant's Tomb from that street in the lower nineties. Very few people were on the Drive, and hardly a carriage passed. In winter the long hill was the best place for coasting. Across the river stood the Palisades, their rocky heights beautiful in snowy bareness.

In the two white book cases near my desk I began to collect a library. Knowing my fondness for reading, everyone gave me books. Soon the shelves were full. My mother kept me supplied with poems, or with children's classics. These were always well worn. Less worn were the beautifully bound volumes on the lower shelves, books I admired but usually let alone - Taine's History of Literature, Macaulay, Ruskin, and calf-bound volumes of travel.

My desk drawers were given over to a collection of tops, shells, and marbles. For the marbles especially I felt affection, arranging elaborate quarters for assorted sizes, shallow boxes padded with cotton wool. Are there such beautiful colors? I spent hours poring over the boxes, sorting and resorting marbles, and selecting those I considered the finest. The littlest ones were all assigned to larger marbles for care. Every set was given a weekly airing and allowed to run about the floor. Airing the marbles was often combined with learning catechism or collects, on Sunday mornings when I was allowed to stay home from church. I "renounced the devil and all his works, the pomps and vanities of this wicked world, and all the sinful lusts of the flesh" as I watched the sunlight flash in the twisted violet of my favorite marble, and rolled it around the rug. Little round worlds of color, of changing harmony, and eternal variety - I was fascinated with them all.

My aunt, my mother's elder sister, came with my grandmother to live with us after my grandfather's death. A naturally gifted woman and a noted housekeeper, she immediately became responsible for household supervision, which my mother never liked, leaving her free for many outside activities.

Auntie and Mother, Mother and Auntie, constantly in close consultation, till one hardly knew where the thoughts of one ended and the thoughts of the other began. Auntie the regulator, the sorter, the careful, systematic conservator of all that was well ordered and secure in our home. We loved her and took her for granted. Her discipline we accepted without question, as taking the place of mother's.

My grandmother was delicate. My grandmother was a great reader. My grandmother spoiled me. All these statements about my grandmother I
heard often repeated. She could stand no air, I realized. It made her cough, shaking her slender frame, and bringing on nightly attacks of asthma. I knew too that she loved to read, for I had trotted up and down the stairs with pink volumes of Trollope, which she always left in the wrong room. Seated in the sunny dining room window, she read me passages from Barchester Towers, chuckling as she read. Soon I was trailing after her through the whole set, enjoying them as much as she did. That she spoiled me seemed certain, but this naturally never worried me. Patiently she let down my dresses as I grew taller, complaining to the world that if a dress hung in my closet for two weeks, it was too short. Baking fresh batches of cookies on Saturday mornings, she called to me from the kitchen, thrusting the brown, crusty tidbits into my hand, or letting me lick the sweet spicy dough from her big spoon.

When we moved uptown, we were all enrolled in the Horace Mann School. I enrolled in the seventh grade. A windy walk up Riverside Drive was the daily prelude to school work. The big building with its stone staircases and large classrooms crowded with children was a contrast to the little school downtown. I soon felt at home in the seventh grade room, and enjoyed a good deal of the school work.

My teacher, Frank Alva Parsons, was explaining a picture to us in the eighth grade. It was Fra Lippo Lippi's Madonna, the little angels clustered around the mother and child, the drooping roses, the long line of the blue gown. It seemed that there were many things to understand in a picture. It was not just a picture. There were such things as balance, and line, and the use of color. One could look through the pattern of a picture into the mind of the painter, I thought. I felt excited. Here was a new world suddenly opened to me. I gazed with interest at the little mediaeval town in the background of the painting, at the men on horses going up the hill, at the turrets of the castle.

No other picture has so opened its doors to let me go through into another world. But in remembrance of that painting, that hour of adventure in the eighth grade, I look intently at other pictures, hoping that through their great patterns I may learn other hidden meanings.

I tried to look modestly unconscious, as Mr. Parsons fluttered through the compositions desk. I felt sure he was looking for mine, and I was right. This was the fifth week running he had read my paper to the eighth grade class. The knowledge that he thought mine worth reading gave me a pleasant glow all through the week. I did not give much thought to these occasions while I was writing. The assignment of a composition usually exhilarated me, though I found it hard sometimes to begin writing. I rambled about the house discussing my topic with various members of the family. Usually my aunt came to my rescue with some definite suggestion of a beginning, and once launched, I was happy. That winter in the eighth grade we were deep in Greek mythology, and topics of interest to the gods and goddesses of the moment were assigned.
There was scope for the imagination, and I used it to the full. Unwritten incidents in the life of Hebe, sidelights on Vulcan's career as a blacksmith, tales of Mercury's adventures as he roamed the earth, - I enjoyed these speculations and the process of putting them on paper. Once having dashed them off at top speed, I was loath to undertake the tedious processes of revision, recklessly turning in the papers as they were first written.

One winter my mother held a series of receptions, and for every such afternoon a special expedition was planned for us. Chief among those events was a series of Shakespeare plays by the Murray Hill Stock Company. These I thoroughly enjoyed. We went every week, seeing a long list of plays, - Hamlet, Macbeth, Taming of the Shrew, The Merry Wives, Much Ado, As You Like It, Merchant of Venice, and all the Henrys. After we had consumed the tidbits saved for us from the reception by our friend the cook, I invariably read the play through again, recalling the action with each line, and the personalities of the players. That winter I lived in the world of Shakespeare as truly as I lived in our real little world, and with a good deal more interest.

The first touch of spring was in the air, and as if by magic every child on the street had a top in his hand. No one had said it was time for tops, but instinctively we all knew. I watched the other children enviously as they flung down their tops, red, yellow or blue, to go spinning over the sidewalk, always right side up, on their points, whirling merrily. My tops would never spin. The string caught, or they landed on their sides, and rolled off ignominiously in the gutter. Persistently I wound up my favorite top, a beauty, glossy black with a point of pure silver - or so I believed. Discouraged, I saw it fall like a black lump to the ground. I wound the top again. Suddenly with a new twist of my wrist and a long pull to the string, I threw the top down. Landing on its silver point, it reeled a moment, then settled down to a fast, humming spin, a joy to behold. I felt a new sense of power. I could spin a top. I practiced all the afternoon till every top flew from my string into a swift spin on the sidewalk. Never again would there be the possibility of failure.

Out on the wide street at recess Prisoners Base was our favorite diversion. Indeed in our minds it became more than a diversion, for throughout the winter the opposing sides remained the same, and an intricate organization of players was developed. I was fairly famous for scouting raids into the enemy's territory, his attention being diverted by well-planned distractions farther down the street. The excitement of these games is still in my mind, - the wily approaches, the swift dashes to capture prisoners, the anxiety of waiting to be rescued, one foot on the curbstone, and an eager hand outstretched. Boys and girls played together through the long sunny noon hour, or in drifting snow storms where barricades and flying snowballs added new strategies to the campaign. We never tired of it.
How I hated dancing school! Once a week we were arrayed in our best, and with bags of slippers over our arms, were convoyed downtown to Mr. Dodworth's. As we walked to the car, I imagined myself in my favorite character of a ranch owner and thought how I should feel if this sidewalk were a road through my own paddock, and I were setting out for a round-up instead of for dancing school. Recklessly I strode through every puddle regardless of splashes, pretending to be astride my good black horse, a flicking my legs gently with an imaginary riding crop. But to no avail, Sooner or later we always arrived at the dancing school, disrobed, grumbling, and took our places in that mirrored room. All the little boys lined up opposite. Toes in the first position! Curtsey! Second position, turn! Awkwardly I went through the steps, and through the lessons in the polka, two-step waltz, and schottische. To see the dancing master approaching for an individual lesson was the dreaded event of my afternoon. The stimulated rush of little boy partners across the room, sliding, pushing, and stumbling was only less terrifying. As no one voluntarily asked me to dance, it usually happened that I was assigned at the last minute to the slowest boy in the room, an awkward young gentleman with tow hair, who ambled over long after the other couples were twirling and pirouetting on the floor. Our performance was a painful one, but at least it was some satisfaction to realize he hated it as much as I did.

I hated my music lessons and repelled every friendly advance of my teacher. I could never learn to read music, and once having learned a piece by heart, the notes were meaningless. My teacher disapproved of the method of playing from memory. Setting the music before me she would patiently turn the pages as I played, regardless of the fact that I never glanced at them. The keys of the piano and their clear tones fascinated me, and often in practice hours I would strum single notes or combinations, listening intently to the music that was in them. More often I would play scales mechanically with one finger, while absorbed in a book hidden under the piano edge.

Like other pupils uncertain of their lessons, I used every opportunity to get my teacher to perform for me. This she did with every new piece, playing a number of them and letting me decide which I would study. During these performances, I sat morosely in my father's easy chair, watching with a hopeless feeling my teacher's hands racing up and down the keys, and her air of assurance in flicking over the pages. I could never do it, I felt sure, and I grew more and more discouraged. Once when we parted for the summer, my teacher gave me a little leather sewing case, and attempted to have a serious talk with me. The gift and her admonishments only antagonized me more. "You may as well practice," she remarked, "for when you grow up if you ever have to earn your own living, you will have to be a music teacher. It's the only thing a lady can do." I was glumly silent, and soon she departed. I knew no expletives strong enough to express my feelings, but the sense of swear words was within me. In desperation I resolved to go out and dig the streets before I ever tried to turn myself into a music teacher.
When I began at 15 to prepare for college, the music lessons were dropped. For this unexpected relief I understood I had to thank the principal of my school who had advised my mother to give me plenty of time for study.

How I hated to keep accounts! When an allowance of even five cents a week was bestowed upon us, a strict accounting was required. The jumble of hieroglyphics known as my accounts was kept in a small red book, inspected every Saturday by my father. It was one of the few household rites which ever involved him. Only too soon we passed the primitive stage of a nickel a week, and graduated to dimes and then quarters. As my wealth increased, I became aware that forgotten expenditures could be estimated by subtracting what one had left on Saturday night from what one had started with on Monday morning. This balance could then be distributed judiciously among all the possible items of expense - carfare, candy, or marbles, and made to appear fairly plausible.

When the proposal was made that my allowance be raised from fifty cents to a dollar a week, and that I should cover my own carfare, my protests were bitter. This I thought was giving me an unjust load of riches and responsibilities. I had plenty to do without becoming more intricate in my financial transactions. But in spite of all my protests, my allowance was raised, and I continued to make gloomy and inaccurate entries in the little red book.

There was a boy in the eighth grade whom I could not stand. Slow, hulking in all his movements, and always inaccurate in answers to questions, he completed the list of his failings in my estimation by becoming devoted to me. His clumsy attempts to make friends infuriated me, and I went out of my way to avoid him. This was so difficult, and my irritation had grown to such proportions by spring, that without telling her the reason, I begged my mother to change me to another school. Many times later I regretted this, as I looked back on that merry world of the eighth grade, with all its eager, friendly citizens and its understanding teacher. I might almost have wished myself back, if it had not been for the recollection of George, his awkward way of stumbling over my feet, and all his other misguided efforts to attract my attention. My other classmates with whom I was on the best of terms could not understand my defection, and all through High School I carried with me the consciousness that they thought I was disloyal.

My father had gone to Atlantic City with my mother, to recover from an attack of heart trouble. To my joy, it was decided that I should join them for a weekend and my uncle took me down. The hotel with its plush red chairs, long mirrors, and big candelabra impressed me, and I tiptoed cautiously around. We had taken rolling chairs on the boardwalk in the afternoon, my father wrapped in rugs, joking with me as I walked beside him. He was better, there was no doubt about it, and I had a sense of relief as I looked at him and caught the twinkle of his blue eyes. We were good friends, and he was pleased that I had come down to see him. The plumes on my mother's little purple bonnet nodded gaily as we went.
along, and her silk skirt swept the boardwalk with a silvery rustle. The sun was on the sea, and the wind was blowing. It was good to be there with my father and mother, and I pitied the other children left at home in the city. I was twelve years old, big enough to take trips and stay in hotels.

Mother let me stay up that night to see a Punch and Judy in the hotel. Just before going to bed, she sent me on an errand. "You remember the drugstore where we stopped this afternoon? Take this prescription, dear - and hurry! You won't be afraid, will you? It's for father," I ran my fastest, the shadows racing beside me, and the mysterious boom of the waves in my ears. Terror clutched at my mind, as my legs pounded the boards. The drugstore at last, with the red and blue lighted globes in the window, a breathless wait for the package and a race back to the hotel. My mother seemed relieved to get the medicine, and reassured, I undressed and went to bed, without her usual goodnight. I could hear her low voice in the next room, and to this comforting murmur I fell asleep.

Through my sleep, it seemed much later, I heard someone crying. I blinked at the little yellow night light and tried to open my eyes. There in the door stood my uncle. My mother was sobbing on his shoulder. Blackness filled my spirit. Quietly my uncle told me. My father had died. His heart had failed suddenly. I must be a brave girl and take care of my mother. Thoroughly awake now and overcome with panic, I sprang out of bed and rushed to my mother. Together my uncle and I supported her to bed and tried to quiet her. All night I lay by her side. I must take care of her, I thought, keep the other children from bothering her, and be more thoughtful myself. Perhaps if I went through doors more slowly I need not tear so many dresses. I could try to do my practicing regularly without being reminded. Devising ways and means of taking on new responsibilities, at last I fell asleep.

Black crepe was everywhere. In my mother's room, on the stairs, floating before me in the street. I hated it, but took it for granted. I myself was dressed in black - a sailor hat, black coat and dress - and slipped shyly into my school room the day after the funeral. Everyone was very gentle and spoke to me in a low voice. This embarrassed me, and I tried to be natural, and noisy. At home, I herded the other children on the top floor, and kept them strictly in order. Mother must not be disturbed. I missed my father at every turn, but mother was my first consideration. Disorder seemed to irritate her even more than usual, and noise made her head ache. "A serious nervous breakdown," the Doctor said. These words had an ominous sound. Would it always be like this, I wondered, mother either crying on her bed, or becoming cross at the least little thing and crying again? Nothing we did or said pleased her. We did not talk much about it, we three in the playroom, but the weight of anxiety was heavy upon us, and I as the eldest felt deeply responsible.
For six months after my father's death, my mother was resting in a small sanitarium in Philadelphia, shut away from even our letters. To our great joy she seemed much better when she returned. Once more the house seemed like home. Suddenly, we heard exalting news. My uncle and his daughter were planning a cruise, and wanted my mother to join them. Then the question arose, should they take me? To miss school was a broach of etiquette in our family, and yet the months of travel might prove of more educational value for a little girl than so much school. After a consultation with my wise teacher in the eighth grade, the matter was decided. I was to go. We set sail in February, 1902, in a blizzard, on one of the earliest cruises to the Mediterranean. I was thirteen.

The ship was the "Celtic," in those days one of the largest transatlantic liners. It was the first ship I had ever explored, and everything about it was of interest to me. I soon knew my way from the top deck to the engine room, where I was passed along from ladder to ladder by grimy hands, and given a hearty welcome. There were few children aboard, and those older than I. I spent much time alone, playing games of solitary shuffleboard, or reading under the life boats on the top deck. It was a relief to me that the voyage seemed to restore my mother's nerves, and at least a little of her former spirits.

When I was six months old my father decided to look about for a country home. Eighty miles up the Hudson River he found it in hilly country, in West Park, New York, just across the river from Hyde Park. It was a community of about 200 people. He found a workman's cottage of eight rooms, set in the midst of vineyards on the river slope. A few large estates along the river, and a little village running up into the woods made the community. Here he rented for the first two summers a neighbor's house, then bought an acre or so of land with the little house next door. Adding a room when a child was born, building porches out over the river, he soon remodelled the little house into one of fair size. We lived here every summer, growing up with the community, familiar with every bush on the road, with every kitten or puppy in neighbor's doorways. To go back to the city for school in October was for me the darkest tragedy of the year. To set forth again in June for the trip up the river filled me with happiness.

Back of the little village the wooded hills stretched north and south, the foothills of the Catskill range. For thirty miles back from the river, no other villages broke the quiet of that land of trees and streams. On Sunday afternoons the whole family, with neighbors sometimes, set forth to walk those shadowy trails, climbing from height to height to the top of the long ridge, till at the top the whole river valley with the distant line of the Berkshires gleamed at our feet. Helen, I remember, at four years old, proudly joined these expeditions and completed a four mile tramp triumphantly, a mile for each year. As we grew older, and our elders became less energetic, we three children set off alone for exploration of those mossy pathways.
Clambering up over rocky ledges, sliding down hillsides, stones and boulders slipping under our feet, picking our way through dusky swamps to come out in a sunlit clearing fragrant with pine trees - the woods became a part of our lives, bringing to our restless spirits a spaciousness and serenity we achieved in no other way. Not that every such expedition ended serenely. Our little band of three often disagreed violently as to the trail to be followed, or the shortest way home.Stubbornly Helen contended for her particular choice of trail. With determination in every line of his shoulders, John set forth without a word in the opposite direction. Often on such occasions I followed indifferently after one or the other of this pugnacious pair. Sometimes while they wrangled, I flung myself on the ground by the trail and thought of other things. Once I remember while I was lying on my back gazing up at those dark, breezy tree tops, both John and Helen disappeared, I suppose in opposite directions, leaving me to wander home peacefully by my own favorite trail.

Walking through the woods one day, following the steep banks of Black Creek, we came suddenly upon a roaring, leaping waterfall. We had not known it was there and in high excitement we gazed at the foaming cascade. Here was a treasure all our own, a watery brightness in the dark woods, a thing of mystery and rushing music. Hardly stopping to dip our fingers in the foam, we pushed on eagerly downstream, scaling rocky steeps where we clung with every finger and toe, jumping over boulders, picking our way squashily along the marshy edge of the stream. Soon we were rewarded with a second falls, even higher than the first, the white water curving in rainbow arches over the rocks as the sunlight struck through the trees. A third and then a fourth one we discovered before we reached the river valley, each with its own beautiful qualities of singing water, jagged rocks and foam-covered pools. We were filled with happiness. Four great falls in our own familiar woods! What names could we find excellent enough to describe those leaping waters? Finally we decided that the four winds of Hiawatha should be chosen: the largest falls to be named for the noble Mudpaddlseevis, the others for the north wind Kabininoka, the east wind Waban, and the soft south wind, Shawondosee. We went home scuffling up the dust on the road, elated with the joy of explorers.

I strolled nonchalantly along the fence rail of the piazza. Below the family were shelling peas on the steps of the shady porch. It had not been so long ago that I had hesitated in fear of placing one foot before the other on that high narrow pathway. Suddenly, only the day before I had found myself without fear and had stepped out triumphantly, my only regret that no one was watching. Here today was a perfect setting for my performance. Above me the maple branches swung, but for the first time I felt no impulse to save my balance by reaching for their support. Below the peas popped into the pan, and my mother's and my aunt's voices mingled with the popping and the ripping of the pods. But no one seemed to be watching me.
Life suddenly lost savor, and with a spring I caught the lowest maple bough, found footing in a familiar notch, and pulled myself up into the tree. Higher I climbed till in a lofty crotch above the sloping roof of the house I swayed with the lighter branches, completely hidden from sight below. Depression settled down on me. I wished I could stay in that leafy retreat forever.

At four o'clock every clear afternoon the horses were ordered, and the whole family went for a drive in the big surrey. To accommodate his length of limb, my father had had this carriage made especially large. For an hour before we set forth, I could hear the horses stamping in the barn. They were always a dark chestnut color, well-matched, high-spirited, and with the reputation of being the fastest carriage horses on the road. On all the afternoon drives I invariably sat in the front seat, next to Harry the coachman. Usually before we were far down the road, I had appropriated the reins. Driving away from home was fairly easy, a steady hand, a judicious application of the brakes, and the team went up hill and down at an even trot. But coming home - that was different! I sat up straight on the edge of my seat, braced my short legs, took a grip higher on the reins, and hung on for all I was worth. How we flew down that last mile of road, hooves pounding, manes streaming, clouds of dust rising behind us! As we neared the home gate, I pulled with all my strength, magnificently swooping to make the turn. ("Turn out to turn in," was our coachman's favorite motto.) I swept down the gravelled drive with a groaning brake, and pulled up triumphantly at the door. My arms ached and my hands grew hard and blistered, but as I stood by the steaming horses, patting their noses, I was happy in the thought of a difficult job done.

It was hot in the garden. I had picked sweet peas till my arms ached, reaching high for the loftiest blossoms of lavender and white, then had squatted by the nasturtium bed till I had a great bunch of tawny flowers in my basket. I toiled up the hill to the house and invaded the pantry with my load. At last the flowers were all in their vases, and I began to sweep up the mess. "No use doing anything if you always leave a trail of work for someone else behind," my mother had remarked many times. "Do clear up after yourself." With these words in my ears, I picked up the smallest broken tendril, and mopped up the smallest drop of water on the sink board. A gray jar of nasturtiums was in the center of the table, the sweet peas on the window ledge. I breathed a sigh of relief. I was tired, and it was so hot. My mother came into the dining room. "Oh dear, you have jammed them so tight," she said. "And why didn't you get some more leaves? Just a few more will make them look so much better." Down into the garden I went again, heat pulsing around me and resentment in my heart. "Why does she have to have everything just right?" I muttered. But nothing short of perfection I knew would satisfy her, so there was no use muttering. Once more I squatted by the nasturtium bed.
One year in returning to the country a surprise awaited us. There in
the garden under the apple trees was a pond, created especially for
our pleasure, a small pool, but to our delighted eyes as extensive
and as full of possibilities of adventure as the Atlantic Ocean. It
was a shallow affair, lined with concrete, just deep enough to float
our rowboat, the "Puddle Paddler," and wide enough to allow it to turn
around without scraping the sides. Here we revelled in wading parties,
or disported ourselves in bathing suits on hot days; bridge building
and boat building went on and courses in navigation were conducted.
A collection of wooden boxes and planks constituted our fleet, and when
returned from a voyage, each one took its turn as part of a bridge or
a lighthouse. It was a fixed rule of the household that anyone fall-
ing in more than three times a day had to go to bed, but within the
limits of this ruling we were in the water a good deal of the time.

Every day after dinner came a quiet interval which we named in deri-
sion the "Horrid Half Hour." Our mother thought that for this period
we should be quiet after a morning of violent activity, and while
being quiet learn a little of handicraft and literature. She read
aloud while we struggled with hems on bits of cloth, knitted wash-
rags or made crooked buttonholes. In this way we covered "Fifty
Famous Stories Retold," "Don Quixote," "Pilgrim's Progress" and
other classics. The feeling of opposition in our minds to this whole
proceeding was so strong that for years afterward I regarded knitting
needles, crochet hooks, red worsted and little patches of cloth with
aversion. The books we did not mind, though I should have preferred
to read them for myself.

My father became interested in photography in its earliest days and
all through my childhood experimented with his two big cameras in his
dark room. Very often in the midst of an exciting afternoon of play
we were caught, arrayed unwillingly in our best clothes, and submitted
to a bout of picture-taking in my father's workshop. That we hated
these affairs goes without saying. But soon we became reconciled to
the more informal picture-taking, and accustomed to stopping and "hold-
ing perfectly still" at any point in our activities.

There was a narrow space with a window behind the big photographic
screen in my father's workshop, where I kept a chair. Here I was well
hidden, and could read in peace. Although my retreat must have been
well known, I can never remember anyone coming to disturb me. This
immunity was due perhaps to my mother's recollections of her own child-
hood, when she had longed in vain for a quiet time and a place to read.
In my hidden corner, I devoured whole sets of books each summer, fight-
ing off all efforts on the part of the other children to drag me out
to play. I galloped through Dickens in one summer, when I was eleven
years old, fascinated with these new characters, never missing a word.
It was the old brown cloth edition with the Cruikshank pictures belong-
ing to my grandmother. An ancient and musty smell hung around the
volumes with their yellowing pages, a delightful odor always associated
with that first summer of discovery. In the same way I began to read
Scott; but after Dickens it seemed heavy going, and in some volumes I
never plowed through those first long pages of description. The fact
that "Ivanhoe" had been read painfully in school, the story lost in a
detailed analysis of character and studies in rhetoric, prejudiced me
against any further attempt. Thackeray was better, and volumes of
Thoreau, Ruskin and Emerson followed Thackeray. Two fat volumes,
Steadman's Anthologies in their green and tan covers were constant
companions of mine for several years. Kipling delighted me, and I
could instantly lose myself in his jungles, or step on board the
little "We're Here" at any page to make one with the crew of "Captains
Courageous." "The Golden Age" and "Dream Days" were favorites of mine,
for I felt a kinship with those other children.

One night, in the intervals of music, while I was sitting on the stairs
above the living room in our city house, I overheard a piece of news.
It had to do with a very important date, my birthday, and it hinted at
the possibility of a pony. I crept back to bed, avoiding every creaky
board, filled with excitement. Accustomed to all sorts and kinds of
imaginary ponies, the possibility of one real enough to touch, actually
belonging to me, had never entered my head. I waited for that day in
June with keen anticipation, holding my breath as the time came to go
to the country. I did not have to wait for the anniversary, however,
for there, drawn up near the station platform, was a pony and cart,
Harry tucked up in the driver's seat, grinning at us and flourishing
a long whip. I was filled with joy, and immediately proceeded to get
acquainted with Nellie.

She was a large white Canadian pony, strong and gentle, but with ways
of her own, and the most obstinate head I have ever known on any beast.
Taking the bit between her teeth she would race down the road, while I
tugged in vain at the reins. Such an exhilarating pace only occurred
on trips home, for outward bound she would poke along, stopping to
nibble at a near-by tree, and progressing at about the rate of two miles
an hour. We were in and out of the cart all the way, running behind,
climbing on Nellie's fat broad back, or far ahead waiting for her to
catch up. But once turned around, the driver had to be on the alert.

At the least provocation she learned to offer her fore-foot for a cor-
dial shake. Vigorously she nodded her head to say "yes," if she wanted
an apple or sugar. With even greater decision she shook her head, set-
ting her thick gray mane flying, when anyone approached with a collar
and bridle. I loved Nellie. Every year when I left her behind in the
country, a lump came in my throat. I wanted to stay with her.

I came down the road, over the lawn through dark air lighted with fire
flies and sweet with the fragrance of wet pine branches. From the house
the yellow lamp light streamed out from parlor windows, but I was in no
mood to go inside, turned off across the gravel path to where the swing
hung among the locust trees, its ropes stretching up dimly into the
dark. I hoisted myself aboard and pumped up to a dizzy height. Then
I sat down and swung more slowly. I wanted to be quiet and think. What was all this mysterious business of growing up? I did not understand at all my mother's hints, or know why I was expected to put on uncomfortable corsets and let my dresses gradually creep down. The whole business seemed unutterably silly to me, and I volubly resisted every attempt to turn me into a young lady.

A little boy was staying with a neighbor up the road. To know there was another child nearby was exciting. To realize that he wanted to play with us meant an immediate invitation. Irwin was different from any little boy we had seen - impetuous, full of slang, bursting with energy and affection for the world. This affection centered at once upon my mother, who welcomed him into our family circle whenever he could come. While she accepted him and his strange ways, we three were a little shocked by the new atmosphere of hurly-burly, the rough-and-tumble adventures he concocted, and the way he swept us along into unknown paths.

He organized a fire brigade, put us through a drill, harnessing and unharnessing our reluctant pony in four minutes, gathered up the garden hose and the water buckets, and dashed up the road, the rest of us panting behind. "Fire, Fire!" he screamed, whirled the cart into the church grounds, seized the hose and plunged into the rectory with us in his wake, screaming at the top of our lungs. Our elders, as it happened, were taking tea with the rector and his wife that afternoon. We upset the tea table in our hasty retreat.

It was Irwin too who thought of giving a circus, and made us more timid ones practice riding bareback, again with our fat pony as the star performer. Again and again I rose to my knees on her broad white back, only to plump down again ignominiously as she lurched at a corner. Once only for a moment I succeeded in standing up as she paced around the circle in her deliberate way, disregarding entirely Irwin's shouts of encouragement and the snap of his whip. But on the day of the performance Irwin alone did the bareback riding, the rest of us contenting ourselves with the less spectacular parts of the freaks.

One day his guardian, Miss Beatrice Sands, arrived to see my mother. She was a fragile woman, with silvery white hair, and pale blue eyes, which trembled as they gazed. From the first we were all attracted to her. As we came to know her, a certain magical quality drew us more and more, until for me at least she personified romance. Her lightest anecdotes were spellbinding, stories from her wide experience seemed to hold the ultimate meaning of life. She was a born teller of tales, creative, sympathetic, painting her characters with swift strokes of humor and pathos. I never tired of being with her, and both my mother and I soon came to feel a warm affection for her.

She had a school, in Poughkeepsie we heard. My mother promised to become a trustee. From that time on for almost twenty years, the
events of my life were interwoven with the life of that school. Days of great joy and great suffering are both associated with that period, having their roots in that first acquaintance with Miss Sands who stepped into our quiet existence like a fairy godmother from another world.

For almost four years, from the time I was fourteen, the two schools I knew claimed most of my thoughts. In the Veltin School in the city, I held myself aloof from my companions, silent and unresponsive. In that other world of St. Faiths I was happy. Whenever I could escape from the city for a weekend, I took the train to Poughkeepsie. This new enthusiasm of mine, however carefully concealed, brought me into conflict with my mother. For reasons of her own she did not want me to spend much time at the School. Seizing every excuse to go, I soon discovered that she found other excuses for keeping me at home.

A whiff of woodsmoke with the odor of pine and hemlock greeted me as I opened the door. In the chapel I saw the candles lighted on the altar. From the dining room came a snatch of song, and a rattle of dishes. I stood for a moment in the hallway before making my presence known. This new little world of St. Faiths had become very dear to me. To know that I had been accepted as a member of the school household rather than as a guest, that teachers and girls welcomed me when I came, that I could step instantly into an atmosphere of laughter and friendship - all this gave me an assurance which I had never felt in my school at home. I counted the days till I could return for a weekend.

The school in modern eyes would have appeared very inadequate for the physical and educational needs of its thirty-five students. The dining room and school room were combined in one large room, its windows opening toward the river. The bedrooms, small for one, often accommodated two or three girls. But to my eyes at sixteen, every corner of the rambling building was pleasant, every detail of the management perfect.

An atmosphere was created largely by the personality of Miss Sands and her magic faculty of making every day events seem important. From the oldest member of the household, to the least little girl and the kitchenmaid, birthdays were celebrated with song and festivity; special decorations appeared on the sparse supper table, plays and dancing were the order of the evening, and special prayers were said in the chapel. A round of birthdays, appropriately celebrated, can add a festive air to the barest building, and on any dull school day created an air of excitement. Added to these parties were the usual holidays, the welcome to the new girls, the farewells to the old ones, graduations, plays given in the community, musicals and picnics, and religious festivals. It was a rare day when I arrived at the school to find no birthday candles lighted, no tree being trimmed, no whirl of costumes and properties in preparation for a play. Contrasted to my dull life in the city school, which devoted itself to the rigors of college preparation, the atmosphere at St. Faiths seemed to me wholly delightful.
I had been invited to St. Faights for the Christmas holidays. The event of the week was the evening at the great house outside of the town, where the girls were to give a play. To my delighted surprise I was assigned a minor part, a Scotch laird, complete with plaid kilt and homemade bonnet. The recollections of that evening still glow with happiness. In a straw-filled sleigh we drove through the woods, the moonlight streaming among the tall pine trees on the snow. The living room was warm and ruddy with firelight. Our lovely hostess greeted us, then led us singing through the house, each girl with a lighted candle in her hand, "to find the Christ Child." In one room was a creche, the first I had seen, and there the candles were left in great brackets. Then the play, a great frosted cake with ice cream, and for every girl the gift of a large framed picture of a Fra Angelico angel. Mine, the angel in a golden brown robe, with a little drum, hung for years over my bed, reminding me of that evening of moon and candle light, the Chirstmas carols on the stair, the uplifted sense of beauty and symbolism within that household.

It was very quiet in the school chapel. Over the backs of the pews the rows of white caps were all that could be seen of the fifty girls seated in the room. I sat at the back and waited. After the hard routine of study in the city school, and a few recent tussles with my mother I felt tense and uncertain of myself. Here for a few moments was a place of peace. The light from the winter sunset illuminated the face of the blue clad angel in the one stained glass window. Seen through the other windows the great pine branches held snow in their crotches, and scraped the glass fitfully as the wind swept through the trees. Miss Sands in her cap and gown had taken her place by the little altar. "Their sons shall grow up as the young plants and their daughters shall be as polished corners of the temple," she read, her eyes straining to see by the light of the altar candles. "Polished corners of the temple," I thought to myself. Corners must carry a lot of weight. Boys, likened to young plants, had much less responsibility. Even a gleaming polish on the corner which I pictured myself occupying seemed to have little attraction, for the weight from above would probably be just as heavy.

But there was still the summer and we were in the country. As I sat in my north window glumly darning stockings I heard a welcome whistle from the lane. The girls from St. Faights Camp were off on some expedition and wanted me to join them. Stuffing the pile of stockings under a pillow, I ran down the back stairs and out-of-doors. A wonderful plan was on foot, it appeared. Miss Sands was to take them all for a week's camping in the cabin of our poet naturalist in the woods. He had lent us the cabin, and all the plans were made. Could I go along?

The next week found us installed in the woods, ten of us with Miss Sands. Although living each summer on the edge of the woods, I had never been camping before. Children's camps were still almost unknown, and if any change from our quiet country existence had been made my mother would
certainly have been in favor of a more populated place, something in
the nature of a hotel "where we could meet more young people." ("More
young men" was implied in her tone, and this implication always created
instant resistance in my own mind.)

To live for a week in the woods filled me with delight. I cherished
every moment, realizing that a brief charmed existence was passing too
quickly. We cooked our simple meals over the open fire, making expedi-
tions through the woods to get supplies.

We had almost the first car in the rural community, my mother as usual,
leading the way in adopting a new idea. This machine was a heavy five
passenger touring car, awkward to operate, and continually breaking
down. Arrayed in long pongee motor coats, bonnets and goggles, the
family set forth on pleasant afternoons, my brother at the wheel.

Whenever we set forth my aunt took the precaution of putting on her
heavy shoes, certain that she would be forced to walk home, a precaution
sometimes justified by the facts. On many nights when guests were
expected, we postponed dinner and gave them a pick-up meal when at last,
exhausted by the usual series of breakdowns and punctures, they arrived.
Our most treasured treat during those pioneer days of motorizing was an
expedition by train to the city, for the sake of driving back in the
car, fresh from repairs at the city garage. These trips up along the
river were full of adventure. There were no signs to direct the
traveller. Maps and guidebooks were opened on the front seat and
anxious study was necessary in order to find the roads that led home-
ward. Usually ours was the only car on the road. Farm horses, and
saddle horses shied out of our road as, like some smoking, roaring
Juggernaut, we thundered past at 30 miles an hour in clouds of dust.
For one long evening, on starting on Fifth Avenue we followed the North
Star, through the country, a more reliable guide than the confused and
confusing maps.

Every Sunday evening before going to bed we sang hymns. On summer
nights the singing took place on the porch where the sunset was reflected
in the eastern sky, or the full moon rose over the river. In winter the
family gathered around the living room fire, after a leisurely evening
with books and papers. Everyone in turn chose a hymn and so many favor-
ites were there that often the singing lasted late. It was after my
father's death that singing hymns started, for my mother, I think,
wanted us to become familiar with those he had loved. I can hear them
now, those hymns, many of them giving me a sense of vivid color and
imagery, some strong cadence in the music calling for special affection,
or the association of words and music with well known scenes.

On my return to the city, I lived over again the vivid life of those
brief days. What fun we all had washing dishes! How very witty Martha
had been at the play rehearsal! And they all thought I should have a
part, too. The long, snowy hills, with six girls piled on the bobsled; the walks in line to church through the quiet town, and church bells ringing in the frosty air; the midnight ghost stories suppressed to a whisper - the recollection of all these events colored my drab weeks in the city school. There I endured an intensive program of almost unremitting study.

In my school in the city a new world opened before me. I had always thought of myself as a child, and all my leisure had been spent in playing ball on the street, coasting, or in other childish pastimes. Here in the new school I found myself among young ladies of fourteen. Pompadours, corsets, matinee tickets, dances and luncheons were topics of conversation in that Fourth High School classroom, and I still with my hair in a pig-tail and my mind full of marbles and tops, found myself a stranger. To make the situation more difficult, all conversation had to be in French, or one was supposed to keep silent. Under either condition one could report "perfect" at the end of the day. As I had never learned to speak French and was never taught to do I kept still with great success, earning for myself a perfect record.

How did they do it, I wondered. A gale of giggles came from the dressing room, punctuated with shrieks of excitement. What was there to giggle about? And how did they know so many curious new words to describe their amusement? "Oh, my dear, it was simply too ravishing. Did you ever know anything so simply galumptious? Just look at my pompadour. I can't do a thing with my rat and my hair is too horrific."

I had no such words at my disposal. In this gay crowd I had really nothing to say. I felt uncomfortable and ill at ease. Stolidly I stood by the door waiting my turn at the basin. After a makeshift ablution I stalked out, taking refuge in the nearest classroom and burying myself in a Latin textbook. No one could expect you to converse, I thought, while you were studying Latin.

I was filled with admiration for many of my classmates, but it was hidden under a covering of silence and reserve. Eagerly I listened to the tales of matinee heroes - "My dear, I'm going Saturday again, I tell you. This will be my twenty-seventh time, And I think he looked at me in the third act." I was always torn between a desire to share in this exciting world and a faint contempt for these classmates of mine who were missing all those activities which I considered important. One girl, the acknowledged ring-leader of the class, seemed friendly toward me. Pitying my ignorance and provincialism, she made a special effort to have me included in one of her theatre parties to see the Virginian, the favored hero that winter. She telephoned her invitation for the next day. In a whirl of excitement I rushed upstairs to ask my mother for permission. Immediately my hopes fell. The next day would be Good Friday and under no condition could I go to the theatre.

The personalities of that little world are still vivid; the gracious Frenchwoman who had started the school and for whom it was named, whose
courageous spirit and kindly manner had won my secret admiration; her able associate, to whom we went for matters of schedules and changes in classes; the friendly, brown-eyed secretary who opened the store for us at noon and sold us pads, pencils and books. My teachers I knew were good - often too good to approve the results of my classroom efforts. I liked my teachers even while I was nervous in their classes.

Yet, I never spoke to any of my teachers unless they spoke to me. When they tried to approach me I was polite and non-committal. This attitude of cold reserve I had somehow come to consider admirable, associating it vaguely with tales of the Spartans. To suffer all and say nothing - or in my case, to say nothing even when I wasn't suffering at all - seemed at fourteen the only attitude possible to my dignity.

Algebra. "Come back two extra afternoons a week for algebra," Miss Lake said. Already I was having extra algebra lessons while the rest of my class enjoyed singing, or basketry, or gymnastics. I was in despair, but I knew I needed all I could get. No gleam of light had ever fallen on my algebra book, and till the end of time, I felt sure, I would stumble on in darkness. My teacher alternated between patient explanation and bitter reproach.

The Greek class was going on in our room. A few of us were studying in the last row of seats, but I for one had forgotten algebra and was gazing intently at the Greek alphabet which one girl was writing on the board. The letters fascinated me, and also the soft, mysterious syllables the teacher read aloud from the exercise book. Struck with a sudden idea, I examined my schedule and found to my delight that the hours of the Greek class were my free hours. I could persuade the principal, I might be allowed to fit in the Greek without sacrificing any other class. I could hardly wait till the end of school, and flew down to the principal's office with high expectations. "Do you realize that you will be six weeks late in beginning and the Greek is a very hard language?" she asked me, with her usual searching look. Yes, it looked hard, I admitted, but I would try to catch up. I pointed out that all these hours were free and that the combination could be made. This, however, she would not allow, and I dropped German to substitute Greek. If the teacher would admit me late, I could try it. Impatiently I waited for her decision, an assent extremely reluctant. The class was well along, and to take in a beginner would be very difficult.

From the moment I entered the class I felt at a disadvantage. Terrified, I plunged into the alphabet, accents, and the first declension. My teacher worked me grimly, almost ruthlessly, with double lessons every day, extra hours of exercises, and scanty encouragement. As the weeks went on I felt her rare smile rewarding, and doggedly I plugged at the language. The day I caught up with the class was one to be remembered, for the relief of mind it brought. From that time on, though I studied with no less determination, as we were held to a high standard, I began to enjoy the language and soon forgot the unhappiness of those first weeks.
At intervals my mother took me downtown for shopping. These occasions brought no pleasure to either of us. Hurrying along the streets, darting through the crowds, whisking in and out of elevators in department stores, she left me breathless, usually several steps behind. Arrived at a hat counter or confronted with an array of coats, trouble began. "But this hat will be becoming when you do your hair another way and use a rat," remarked the saleswoman glibly. "She never does it any other way," said my mother morosely. In the coat department I was equally hard to please. Any garment with even a suggestion of trimming, or novelty in cut received my instant condemnation. To find simple garments for anyone my height was always difficult, especially when I insisted that they be comfortable in every seam, and equipped with plenty of pockets. I stretched my arms and hunched my shoulders. The seams groaned. "But you'll never do that in a good coat," protested the saleswoman. "I want to be sure I can," I explained.

I was having a little argument with my mother. I cannot remember what it was about - clothes, the perennial topic of our half-humorous, half-serious altercations, or some more vital question. I stood regarding her as she got up from the window bench in my room. She came and put her hands on my shoulders, reaching up. "There's just one thing," she said. "I don't care what you do. You can do anything you want when you grow up. But I will not have you queer."

How often have those words come back to me, when tempted to follow my own road, regardless of what was expected. How very pleasant to be queer - and how utterly impossible, especially during those last two years of college preparation: school till one; luncheon; study till half past four; a brief outing; dinner; and study again till after ten. Cut off by my own reserve from my classmates, at best I had the grim satisfaction of receiving unresponsively a word of praise from my teachers. In my third world, that of my home, I felt the sympathy and understanding of my family, though at times such a feeling of moral support was well-tempered by hot arguments with my mother, and by my constant nervous fear of her disapproval.

There was a dance at the School on Valentine's Day, and for a week before I had been miserable. My mother insisted that this time I must go. A Puritan costume of gray and white had been made for me and I was put into it. Rebelling at every step, I walked to the trolley. Why did I have to go? The affair was meant for pleasure, but if it gave me none; I should be free to stay home. I slunk into the big schoolroom and dropped into a seat near the door. A panic of shyness seized me. I did not dare look around. To dance was out of the question. Even if I had known any of these elaborate steps, my knees would have failed to support me. I was drawn by a determined classmate into something called a cotillion. A favor, a yellow paper plume on a long stick, was thrust into my hand. Unwillingly I galloped up and down the room with the others. But when a partner approached, a boy in a black dress suit, I evaded his eye, and disappeared in the crowd, with thankfulness regaining my seat. With an eye on the clock, and alert for oncoming partners, who however never came near me, I sat miserably through the rest of the evening. Never had Bessie appeared so welcome as she came to the door and beckoned to me to come home.
The class was voting for a class poet. To my astonishment I was elected unanimously to the office. I regarded my classmates in bewilderment. Why on earth elect me, I wondered, the odd sheep of the lot, when most of them in the ordinary course of things hardly spoke to me? Could I ever write anything to suit them? I felt I would break my neck in the attempt to please. Early one morning I arose with determination, got a pencil and a pad, and wrote a poem. The principal of the School, to whom I timidly submitted it, expressed her satisfaction. The music department was asked to set it to music. On Commencement Day the song was sung. Still bewildered I received congratulations. Why had they ever elected me? How had I ever written anything? It seemed providential that anyone was pleased.

How strange it seemed to be cleaning out my desk for the last time. I piled up my Cicero and Vergil, the Iliad, and Greek prose, my Geometry, French composition, English history, and Milton. For the last time I bound my strap around them. I still felt no sense of freedom, for college entrance finals were only a week ahead, and in that week I had plenty to do. But to leave my desk, and the familiar classroom, gave me a sense of loss. With few exceptions I felt no such reluctance at parting with my classmates.

I felt abused. Why should I be required to take examinations when my three classmates who were going to other colleges could sail in on certificates? Even the cheering thought that I was registered for the only college which did not insist on mathematics after entrance failed to comfort me. Supposing I failed the examinations?

One after the other they came, those examinations at the College Board at Barnard. For ten days, I appeared every morning with the other hundreds of college applicants, pencils sharpened, ready to put ourselves to the test. Greek, Latin, English, French, Algebra, Physiology, History, most of them given in several sections, and all of them terrifying. At home in the intervals I reviewed vocabularies, learned dates, refreshed my knowledge of bones and muscles, chanted Greek and French verbs. On the last day but one of the examination term, I sat through a French examination, feeling very ill. I could hardly get home, suffering as I was with a burning and painful throat. To my mother's immediate suggestion that I go to bed I did not offer my usual opposition. All that evening, after the doctor's visit to lance my throat and at intervals through a sleepless night, I studied Greek grammar, for my most difficult examination in Greek prose writing came the next day. It was characteristic of the traditions in our family that in spite of my abscessed throat no one suggested that I should miss the examination. The idea never occurred to me. Wrapping my throat in a woolen muffler and trying to ignore the pain in my ear, I took the trolley car to the university.

The yellow telegraph blank flickered before my eyes. In those days of infrequent telegrams, usually bearing alarming news, the sight of a yellow
blank was associated with catastrophe. I hesitated to open the envelope. My mother had no such hesitation. Impatiently she tore the envelope, read the message swiftly, and handed it to me. Her eyes danced, and she gave me a quick hug. The telegram came from the principal of my school:

"Admitted to college congratulations passed fourteen points failed geometry."

During a hot week in July, mother had made a trip to Pennsylvania to purchase tiles for the new living room, stopping on her way to see my room at the College. She came back hot and exhausted, discouraged with her first sight of the little single room I was to occupy in the dormitory. Mother's disparaging account of the forlorn atmosphere of those dusty corridors and the smallness of the room discouraged me, too. I tried to imagine myself living in this little hole in the wall, surrounded by strange girls in other little holes. It did not seem a pleasant prospect.
Chapter 2
ON A COLLEGE CAMPUS

In the fall of 1906 my mother and aunt came with me to Bryn Mawr College for the first time. I was nervous with apprehension, but waited in apparent calm for my interview with the Dean, facilitated, I understood, by the fact that I had a parent along. The Dean was cordial, shook hands with us both, and plunged into a discussion of my courses: English, Greek, Biology, it was decided, five hours each week. English had held no terror for me at school as I had always longed to write. Having passed seven Greek examinations with success, and received the congratulations of my exacting teacher, I felt that in this language I was prepared for the worst that could happen. Biology was an unknown quantity and my curiosity was excited. That first interview with the Dean, propitious in every aspect, presented a startling contrast to the actual facts as they developed later. My work in all three of those eagerly anticipated courses was consistently bad. Each day was an unavailing struggle, both for me and my instructors.

The summer of my freshman year my sister and I volunteered for a month to help with the settlement camp conducted by the college. On the top of a windy hill was the Fresh Air Camp. We saw the buildings as we got off the trolley, but there was no apparent access. An Italian workman of whom we inquired suggested that we walk up the stone wall, adding gloomily, 'I've sent a good many ladies up there in the past month, and none of them ain't never come back.' Laden with our bags and umbrellas, we toiled up the wall between plowed fields and finally tumbled off at the top of the hill under some big maple trees. The house was open and the settlement neighbors expected within a few days.

We got into working clothes and started scrubbing, scraping paint spots off the floors, and clearing out rubbish in the barn where the boys were to sleep. Give me a good dirty floor, thought I, where one could see some results; not this delicate dusting with no apparent difference in cleanliness before and after. I slopped the water around joyfully and carried my pails back and forth to the pump until my arms ached. On the day the settlement campers arrived, the place was clean: cots in order; at least a partial supply of linen; windows shining, and white paint spotless.

It was a heterogeneous lot of people who were our guests for the next week: old Mr. Murray, delighting us with his powers of ventriloquism, and still, at seventy, looking for a "sober, steady, and handsome wife"; Joe, an Italian bootblack, twanging a broken guitar; faded Mrs. Imbrie, a singer from a moving picture theater, with her worn press notices shown to anyone who would look; Mr. Crane, an intellectual paper hanger, ready to discuss Kant while washing the dishes; an old
alcoholic and his patient old wife; and "Little Cutie," an unspeakably bad-tempered child sent to camp for the summer to relieve her invalid mother at home. Later came another inrush: married couples, office boys and store clerks, the elite of the settlement, all paying a very fancy price of $3.50 a week and therefore entitled to the best of everything.

They were lively weeks. Sometimes Mr. Murray, the ventriloquist, seemed to confuse our evening entertainment with morning prayers; producing a sepulchral voice from under the floor during devotions. Sometimes there were wild baseball games with shop girls and married couples competing, and "Little Cutie" howling on the side lines. Rollicking dishwashing parties set a new record for me, as I washed dishes for forty people in forty minutes. With it all went a feast of nonsense, so that I can remember tears of mirth rolling down my cheeks as I flourished the dish mop, and rattled through the dishes. Regretfully we saw the weeks come to an end, and left for home, a chorus of farewells floating after us from the proch.

Too soon the September haze hung over the river, bayberries turned crimson, and the grape harvest began. Again the family made ready to scatter for the winter. This year I knew what to expect from college.

The perennial topic of Sophomore conversation in the spring was the approaching necessity for a choice of major courses. I was torn with indecision. From my earliest childhood I had wanted to write, and to write well. Enjoying the work in English at school, and often commended for my papers, in college I had become thoroughly discouraged with my efforts. According to my instructor, I could not seem to attain maturity of ideas, and failed only too often in those elementary principles pounded into us at every meeting of the rhetoric class. "Unity, Clearness and Coherence." In my second year I managed to produce a few papers which won an encouraging word from the other instructor to whom I had been assigned. But I still lacked any confidence in going on to major in the English department, much as I wanted to do so. When I ventured to consult my instructor, she was more encouraging than I had dared to hope. "I see no reason why you should not go on with major courses," she said. I accepted this opinion for what it was worth, although in contrast to the discouragement I had felt about my work, this mild encouragement was not enough to inspire my confidence in my own ability, nor to send me toppling over my uncomfortable fence of indecision into the pleasant valleys of the major courses. That year I had made a start in Economics, Philosophy and Psychology. The atmosphere of these courses had not been so rarefied as that of the English department, and I felt more at home with at least some of my instructors. Moreover I had come to have a keen interest in economic and social conditions, in the interesting accounts of human instincts and impulses which we had heard in psychology, and in the history of men's ideas and speculations in the philosophy class. Finally I decided to plunge into the major fields of Economics, Philosophy and Psychology, turning my back for the moment on the desire of which I was always conscious: to become a skillful writer.
During a rainy afternoon in my Junior year I was poking around in the basement of the library stacks to find something to read. That basement was a favorite resort of mine, and there on dull afternoons when no excitement offered on the campus I dipped into old volumes, translations of Greek drama, political treatises, and files of old periodicals. That day on a remote lower shelf I came upon a treasure-trove, and immediately sat down on a nearby window sill to read. There were twenty bound volumes of Charities and the Commons. With eager interest I skimmed rapidly through their pages. A new world opened before me. Here were matters of which I had often heard: homes for neglected children, prisons, plans for garden cities, the care of immigrant girls. Never before had I realized that there were people who were systematically studying such questions, taking action on them. I plunged ahead into volume after volume of the fat red books. How could I learn more of these things, and how could I come to know the people who were actually dealing with them? I longed to be through college and one with these daring souls, who were out in the thick of the fight against poverty, disease and ignorance. I knew well I had much to learn before venturing to offer help in the fray.

The uncertainty of knowing to what Senior office of major importance I should be elected that spring was wearing. Having served in some minor capacity on a number of boards since my Freshman year, I knew that, with a group of others, I was slated for one of the major offices. At first it seemed probable that I should be nominated for President of the Christian Union, the largest religious organization. I tried to reconcile myself to this idea, knowing that there was little I could do about it if I didn't like it, except to withdraw my name. I felt, however, that my real interest lay in the Self Government Association. I did not like to say so, however, knowing that several of my classmates were anxious for this position of honor. As the May elections approached, I was still in doubt as to the destiny decided for me by my classmates, and by the few Seniors who seemed to feel responsibility for the selection of candidates.

I gazed at the Bulletin board. It was true then, I had been elected President of the Self Government Association. I drew a sharp breath, almost overcome by thought of what was ahead. Downstairs in my room, Brenda knocked on my door. "Did you see the election results?" she inquired. Suddenly overcome with embarrassment, I could not speak the truth. "No," I answered. "You're elected by a majority of 300 votes," she informed me. "Imagine not rushing up to find out," she went on mockingly. "Interested, aren't you?"

My mother, with an old friend of hers, had come down for the play, which occurred the night after the self government elections had been completed. She disappeared mysteriously that afternoon, leaving me a note to meet her at the Inn at four o'clock. I went over to find my assembled classmates surrounding my mother on the tea house porch, a big cake lighted in the middle of the table, and small baskets of pansies at each one's place. I was greeted with a shout of congratulations, followed by a
cereemonious speech of nonsensical advice from one of my classmates. Our friend, herself an experienced President of many active organizations, presented me with a gavel, tied with a flowered ribbon. Strawberries, ice cream, and cake completed the party. What an exciting weekend, I thought, the Greek play, my election as President, and now this delightful surprise party, which my mother had arranged.

My first college meeting, sure to be a stormy one, was to be held the next week. The fight centered about the question of hazing, which even in its mild form had brought serious consequences of illness and nervousness to a few of the victims that year. The previous Board had left the question undecided before the election, and a storm was brewing. I was in a panic. I knew the factions involved and how difficult they could make any meeting where feeling ran high. That noon at the lunch table the matter had been discussed, I had been the target for sneering remarks about the Board and its overweening sense of power in the college. With a feeling of inadequacy and confusion, I made my way to the library roof, deserted that spring afternoon. In a sunny corner of the parapet, I slumped down against the warm stones and gave myself up to misery.

Next day, with shaking knees, I mounted the platform. Below me, the chapel was seething with loud and angry voices. In the front seats, a row of my classmates were wrangling, stopping occasionally to shout at me in encouragement or derision. I pounded with the gavel, and the tumult subsided. To my complete surprise, the question of hazing was decided by the meeting without more ado, the action of the previous Board in recommending that it be abolished being confirmed by almost a unanimous vote. Just as the meeting was ready to adjourn, one of my classmates in the front row leaped to her feet with a scream. I stiffened myself for a new revolt. Someone from the row behind her had stuck her with a hat-pin.

This year I had to make speeches, a number of them, at the President's house, on the principles of Self Government: at the conference of student government presidents, held this year at our college. My usual method was to write out my speech and then learn it by heart; or at least enough by heart to have each sentence sound familiar and carry me on to the next. Sometimes I forgot a sentence and floundered. More often I sailed blithely through and received with pleasure the congratulations of my classmates. No one mentioned any better method of public speaking. Everyone considered it fortunate that I had a good memory and that words rolled glibly off my tongue. Unexpectedly that same evening, an emergency in the affairs of the self government, called for an immediate consultation. Once again I went to the President's house. She met me in the library. "You again," she exclaimed, overcome with laughter. "And what are you representing now, may I ask?" "Only the Self Government organization," I murmured. "Most important of them all," she said emphatically. "I want you to remember that as President of Self Government, you have the privilege of seeing me at any time, whether I am busy or not. Just send in your name, and I will always see you at once." I glowed with pleasure and importance.
It was the last week of my Senior year. Like others in my class, I felt tired to the bone, but too excited to realize my exhaustion. A whirl of events was scheduled for that week, - Baccalaureate sermon; the alumnae banquet to which Seniors were invited; the official farewell college breakfast given by the Sophomores; our own class supper; garden party; and finally, Commencement. Families began to arrive, and our college rooms became more and more like the check rooms of railroad stations. Long boxes of flowers appeared in every corridor, and teapots and cleaning pails were pressed into service to hold the flowers. I calculated hastily that among other things I must keep in mind I had seven farewell speeches to make, aside from the series of witty remarks which I was expected to produce as toastmistress of our class supper. Through all the atmosphere of excitement I felt a foreboding of despair. One more week, and the whole thing would be over. My classmates would be scattered and many of them I should probably not see again. Even the uninteresting ones became suddenly most desirable companions. I overheard one of the Juniors discussing their own affairs. "One more year, and then life will be one long stretch to the grave." remarked one gloomily. I agreed with that sentiment. As an undercurrent of unhappiness in everything I did, the thought recurred in my mind, "One more week!"

The President of the United States was to be our Commencement speaker. On a hot day in June, the Seniors, lined up in cap and gown by the library door, waited for him to come. We heard that the "President is showing Mr. Taft" around the campus, and chuckled to think that two presidents, of equal importance in our eyes, if not in the eyes of the nation, were concerned with our Commencement. The time dragged on, and still the procession was not called to order. A rumor spread through our ranks. "The President has lost his clothes." On the heels of that one, another message was passed down our line. "He's coming anyway." Much relieved, we straightened our ranks. With our President, the President of the United States walked in our academic procession, gay as usual with its hoods of scarlet, orange, blue or yellow. Into the cloister we went, the Juniors and Sophomores forming a double line as we walked through. It was a blustery day. A great awning, spread in case of rain, extended over half the cloister garden. During the ceremonies, the awning billowed and swayed, the rope creaking and straining as in a ship at sea. The President's address was straightforward and clear, and his genial personality pleased us all. Six at a time we marched up to the platform, nervously holding our caps in our right hands as instructed, the tassel ready to turn to the left side, indicating graduation. By the time the President had repeated the words often enough to complete our list, we knew them by heart

"admit to all the rights, dignities, and privileges -- appertaining to the same, in token of which I hand you this diploma."

As I came down from the platform, with mingled emotions of satisfaction and regret, I met the eyes of my classmates, four or five of them, who had been unable because of illness or academic failures, to graduate with the class. Commencement was a sad occasion for them, I well knew, and
because of them, it could not be entirely happy for the rest of us.

As the summer went by, I was torn with indecision about returning to college for my year of graduate work. Mother was extremely nervous. Every day we found her crying, but could never discover the reason for her distress. At other times she was cross, and found fault with us constantly. I felt life at home was not worth living. I was intensely sorry for her, and entirely helpless. If I stayed home that winter, it might be possible for me to take part of the domestic science course which mother had always insisted on, and bring nearer the time when I might legitimately insist on going to the School of Philanthropy, which I more and more wanted to do.

To give up another year of college seemed a great sacrifice. I was not sure whether my actual presence at home would give my mother enough satisfaction to alleviate her constant irritation with my careless habits. Perhaps in my absence she would find peace. Debating this question, I consulted old Auntie Bell, always a source of practical wisdom.

"Don't do it," she said decidedly. "You are not really needed at home, and it won't make things any better for you to stay. What your mother needs is a doctor, and I shall advise her to see one."

With my mind much relieved, I made my plans for college in the fall.

Upon arriving at Bryn Mawr to begin my Masters work I went to my living quarters. The big room offered space for my furniture. A long window bench under the windows, a fireplace, and the sunlight streaming in that autumn day were all satisfying. My green furniture, as arranged by Emma, was around the walls, in a state of confusion but appearing very much at home. I went around the corner of the hall, scrutinizing the nine closed doors in the graduate corridor. I would hardly see those people at all, I thought, as I had plenty of friends left from the classes downstairs. Thinking of my own classmates whom I should not find this year on campus, I felt a wave of loneliness. Perhaps I had made a mistake in coming back when they were all gone. I read with interest the names on the nine mysterious doors. The corridor seemed deserted.

There was no doubt that my schedule as it worked out was very heavy. In addition to the eleven hours of graduate seminars in ethics and psychology required for all M.A. candidates, I had elected courses in Municipal Problems, Pragmatism, Versification, and a one-hour course in Physics, - the last in a desperate attempt to understand about science before I left the campus forever. The President summoned me to her office after my first three weeks of work.

"You are taking too much," she said sternly.

I had begun to realize this myself. I answered I had not known what a heavy program my seminars in psychology and in ethics would involve.
"Drop the rest," she advised.

We compromised on a middle course, and I dropped the physics and versification. It was too late, I concluded, to try to learn science in one hour a week, and as for the versification, which I had really enjoyed, our next assignment was to write an epitaph. This I had no idea how to do, and was glad to step out from under such a task.

At Commencement, Dean Briggs of Harvard spoke on College Teachers, and College Taught - a delightful speech, practical and amusing. With the four other candidates for the M.A. degree I walked to the platform, to receive a document tied with a yellow ribbon.
That winter after college in 1911, I did not know what I wanted to do. I had tried to reconcile myself to the traditional idea of being a daughter at home, a companion to my mother. According to accepted standards, my mother, I realized, had been extremely generous in allowing me a fifth year away from home for graduate work after college, and now I was prepared to fulfill my part of the implied bargain. For a few months I was given a share in the responsibility of getting three meals a day for the family. I enjoyed my adventures with muffins and biscuits in the early morning, the practical achievement of producing a well-cooked dinner for the family at night, the struggle for one long morning with that bird of meticulous requirements, the Thanksgiving turkey. In my restlessness of spirit that first year out of college, the work in the kitchen offered a practical outlet for energy, and amused me.

In the middle of the year, however, my mother had another suggestion. "Unadulterated domestic life," she remarked, "is too much to ask of you." My cooking she respected and sometimes enjoyed, but she thought I might be interested in some form of volunteer work. Not knowing the possibilities, I was open-minded but non-committal. One day she returned from downtown to report that she had had a talk with the supervisor of the Church Mission of Help which cared for delinquent girls. She would be willing to take me as a volunteer, though their workers were usually much older. Did I think I would like to try it? I said I should. With her characteristic speed in execution, my mother engaged a cook, automatically releasing my sister and me from our responsibilities in the kitchen. The next day I started downtown.

Early that morning I went into my mother's room to ask a question. I knew I must have an answer before beginning my new job. I was to work with delinquent girls. "Delinquent," I realized, was a word with a special meaning, and that meaning was not clear in my mind. It concerned relations with men, I felt sure, but in just what way? A Freshman course in biology had failed to impress me with any logical connection between the study of frogs and earthworms, and the study of human beings. Somehow I had missed understanding the whole question of sex. The little red book, "What Every Young Girl Should Know," which my mother had given me when I was fourteen, with an embarrassed word of explanation, and which she had never referred to since, had failed to enlighten me on the fundamentals. In my mother's room before breakfast that winter morning, I asked her a few direct questions. Undoubtedly astonished at such ignorance in one of my age, she gave me a full explanation.

With my mind in a turmoil, I went to work. So this was the truth of what I had heard hinted, had read in veiled articles in women's magazines, had had before my eyes, without recognizing the facts, in the laboratory of the biology class. I had been stupid and muddle-headed. But my own stupidity could not protect me from a deep sense of shock.
Emma Adams, a slight, gray-haired woman with a pleasant face, welcomed me into the office of the Mission. This I discovered was one of the first organizations of its kind, designed to help delinquent girls adjust themselves, to find work, to make contacts with the church, and with groups which could provide normal opportunities for recreation. The spirit of the society was religious; its methods modern and practical. A few rooms on the seventh floor of a downtown building were used for offices, and provided a rest room for the girls who had nowhere else to go in idle time. They were pleasant rooms, sunny through the winter, and within sound of the mellow chimes in Madison Square.

I was rather young, Miss Adams said, to become one of their volunteers. They usually preferred older women, but she was willing to give me a trial. My first task would be to familiarize myself with the stories of some of the girls, by reading certain case records. Later, she added, I would be given assignments for work with a few girls who needed help. The women whom the society tried to help, she said, came from the reformatories and the courts, or were referred by social agencies or churches. They were young and old, first offenders, or criminals and prostitutes. Many young girls were referred for advice and friendship, in order to prevent them from making a wrong turn in their lives. Most of the work was personal and individual; much of it was discouraging, especially that with feeble-minded women, for whom there was no proper institutional provision. With girls of good mental ability, the results of careful, friendly assistance were often hopeful. Miss Adams showed me photographs of some girls in this group; married, in their own homes, working out in homes with their babies; happy, alert faces of women who had found new hope, and made new lives for themselves with the aid of the Mission.

I retired, and began to read my first case histories. Later I discovered I had been given only the most hopeful and normal girls, and carefully protected from plunging into stories reflecting the ugliest and most distorted of human relationships. But even these mild stories of distress proved strong meat for a beginner. With every case record, I became more and more disturbed. What sort of world was it, where such things could happen? If these relationships were normal and natural, as my mother had explained, how could they become so distorted, leading to the suffering written between the lines of each record? And if such human suffering existed, what could one do about it?

Day by day, I became more accustomed to the work. After a period in the office, I was sent out for special assignments; a visit to a girl's family, in order to persuade her irate father to take her and her baby home; an investigation of a suburban home, where one of our girls might find employment; a trip to the city prison, for a friendly visit to a young shoplifter awaiting trial. In addition to responsibility for certain girls, whom I came to know well, I was also given many jobs and errands which no one else had time to do: a girl's broken glasses to be mended; shopping for a baby's cap; a package of books for some lonely young house-worker fond of reading. I lugged packages of publicity material to finance meetings, sent Easter cards to the 200 girls on the Mission's list;
made a trip to the aquarium with a girl out on probation and with time on her hands. This network of odd jobs was woven into the lives of many girls, and into my own life, against a background of tenement homes, hospitals, prisons, reformatories, or little suburban houses where a few moments at the back door gave me a chance to transact my business with the young houseworker.

I studied the catalogue of the School of Philanthropy. Here were other matters for consideration. Courses in immigration, housing, child welfare, social case work, statistics, the scientific basis of social work. This last phrase caught my attention. If I could study the underlying causes of all the poverty and distress which surrounded me, and understand, I might learn to put delinquency in its proper place, as one aspect of life, and not the predominant one. This I longed to do. To live did not seem worthwhile if at every turn of the tide the stream of life were fouled. I decided to register for the full course at school.

My mother's friends advised her not to let me. "If she goes to that school," they said, "she will become an advanced woman, she will want her own apartment and begin to smoke."

The term of the School of Philanthropy began early in October. I registered for the full course, and decided also to continue my work with the Girls' Friendly Society at the church.

After meeting the faculty and the Director, Dr. Edward Devine, I soon felt at home in the friendly atmosphere of the School. That year there were eighty students, men and women, from many different occupations, preparing for many fields of social work. Some, like myself, had enrolled in order to make an intelligent choice of future occupation. Others were experienced social workers, interested in some special topic of study. The School was housed on the top floor of the "Charities Building" on 22nd Street, its classrooms and offices even then seeming inadequate for students and staff.

Once more, after a trip in a subway or bus, I settled down to a morning of lectures, leaving after a hasty luncheon for my daily four hours of field work. Two months in a district office of the Charity Organization was required. I extended my period with this organization to four months, spending every afternoon in the Clinton District, a section of the middle west side. In this neighborhood Irish and Italian families predominated. Our weekly schedule of classes and field work was broken once a week, on Wednesdays, by a visit to some city institution or government agency, these trips and our field work being under the supervision of Mrs. Grace Worthington. Each week the students were given the opportunity to observe and study methods of administration. Throughout the school term, a high standard of work was required, regular reports were prepared, tests and examinations came at frequent intervals. I soon found myself in a whirl of new activities, the hours in intensive study too short for all that had to be done; the hours I spent tramping streets and climbing tenement stairs leaving me exhausted at night, often too tired to concentrate on the mass of required reading.
The courses seemed varied and interesting. Statistics was always a bugbear, as I was appalled by every form of mathematics. I found new material, however, in courses on Child Welfare, Housing, Immigration, Medical Social Work, and Family Rehabilitation.

At the church I met once a week with the Girls' Friendly Society, a group of girls from factories, and stores, eager for fun, and unused to any form of responsible group activities. Several older women from the parish were attached to the group as "Associates," to help in any way they could. At the first meeting, it was voted that basketball and dramatics should be the main part of the winter program. Our first venture into basketball brought some injured feelings, and one injured rib. One of the younger girls sulked on the side lines, because, she muttered, "the lady called me a fowl." The older women in the branch were mystified by my attempts to make the club self-governing, often settling matters among themselves without referring to the members, and anxiously advising me to "take a strong hand."

The course in the Scientific Basis of Social Work had just begun. I sat up suddenly in class. What was Dr. Watson saying?

"Poverty is unnecessary. We are now able to create sufficient wealth so that if it is properly distributed poverty may be abolished."

I looked at my classmates. They were placidly jotting notes, apparently with no sense of surprise. Perhaps they knew this fact before. But for me the whole social fabric had taken on new meaning. If there were enough to go round - if poverty really could be abolished - the program of social work had some sense to it and was practical. With this great aim ahead, I felt I could fling myself into the hardest work, assured that I was working for a definite purpose.

And hard work it soon proved to be. With three other students from the school I reported for my first day of field work in the district office. The supervisor, Miss Bergen, a tall gray-haired woman, greeted us in a friendly way, and asked us to begin reading case histories. Making out a face-card for one of them occupied me for three hours that first afternoon. The next day I was asked to write a few business letters, which Miss Bennett requested me to rewrite, remarking that they were "altogether too friendly." Filing I found exhausting. For three days I did little else, until my clumsiness in handling piles of papers became less pronounced, and I found the right folders more quickly.

Our first trip as a class was to the Penitentiary. Although I had often gone there to meet one of the Mission Girls, I had never gone through the prison. After an hour there, the pale faces of the men behind bars filled my mind. Sullen eyes gazed out at me; twisting hands clung to the bars. Men were herded under guard in the prison workshops, eating in silence at long tables in the dining room, marching with hunched shoulders and lowered heads, to and from the cells. Everywhere were gray stripes, shaven heads, bold or furtive eyes. Even a few hours in the place made me feel that to
be in prison was a natural way of living, although a distortion of normal life, so insidiously did the prison atmosphere penetrate my thoughts.

Many were the places visited that winter: the Children's Court, the Blind Asylum, municipal lodging houses, prisons and reformatory, feeble-minded schools, orphanages of all grades of excellence. In every place a careful record of impressions and observations was made by each student, serving as a basis for discussion in the next day's class. My schedule for that winter, like a shuttle, wove a tapestry of the city; east side, west side, up town, along the river, down town to crowded streets with the cries of pushcart men, the roar of elevated trains.

In the classrooms, I found the instruction closely related to practical matters, and enjoyed my lectures. In statistics only did I feel at a loss. To my surprise and dismay, I found myself in the better half of the class, which had been unobtrusively divided. I ventured to remind Miss Claghorn that I wasn't good at statistics, and that perhaps she and I would both feel more comfortable if I were placed in the less brilliant section. But she would not let me change.

"There was nothing the matter with that last report of yours," she said cheerfully.

This false optimism of hers distressed me. My depression only increased when later she called me to her office, and asked me to prepare a report on one-room tenements, demanded by the Housing Association. It would give me practice in the use of statistics, she explained, and perhaps more confidence in myself. I accepted the assignment gloomily. Depressing in itself, the dreary subject of one-room tenements became even more dreary by the time I had collected the material and drawn my smudgy and doubtless inaccurate graphs.

At the district office I was soon assigned to my first outside responsibility - a visit to Mrs. Reilly who had asked for milk for her sick baby. I can remember with what trepidation I stood in that dark hall and knocked at that door. The whole atmosphere of tenements was frightening to me - the steep, dark stairs, where often I brushed against a rough shoulder in the shadows and smelt an alcoholic breath; the odors of garbage and filth; the screams or shouts I often heard from behind one of the closed, dim doors. It was always a relief to get out again into the streets, where in spite of the crowds and the dirt, daylight was reassuring.

There was nothing frightening, however, about Mrs. Reilly, a thin wisp of a woman with straggling light hair, or about Little May, her ailing three-year-old daughter. She had been having coffee and cake for breakfast, I learned, and strong tea for dinner. At the clinic the doctor had said that she had anaemia, due to improper food. After collecting some hints on child feeding in the office, I went back to Mrs. Reilly's and gave a discourse on soup bones. They cost ten cents, and gave a high return in nutriment, I learned. The district office added other articles to Mrs. Reilly's weekly grocery order, on the advice of the clinic physician.
I began to enjoy my visits to Mrs. Reilly and May, as with delight I saw the child, with proper food, change from a scrawny, whimpering baby, to a chubby, laughing little girl. As each fortnight she was measured and weighed at the clinic and her gain recorded, I felt that in the case of this one little girl I had helped to start a future citizen on the road to health, and forwarded a program of public service.

Before going out each afternoon to the district office, I joined some of my classmates for luncheon in a little clubroom at the school. We made tea or cocoa, and ate our sandwiches together around a long table. In educational value, those luncheon periods were as good as any graduate seminar. There were young men and women of all types, working in a dozen or more different kinds of social organizations. There was nothing we did not discuss. Hearing their talk, the rapid fire of questions and answers about the work they were doing, I tried to decide what kind of work I would choose eventually. There were certain kinds, I decided, I would avoid—any work involving statistics, for one. On the other hand, I was interested in the stories told by the medical social workers, who spent their afternoons in hospitals and clinics; in hearing about the service among immigrants on Ellis Island, and the agencies which were fighting to raise standards of wages or improve factory conditions.

In the classrooms we continued to learn through various methods of teaching. Sometimes it was a debate on capital punishment, where, I remember, I took the winning, negative side. Sometimes it was a practical problem in the statistics room: refining death rates, or writing a report on relief in disasters, known to the class as the "report on battle, murder and sudden death." I hardly had time to think over what I was learning, or even to be shocked with the extent of human suffering reflected in my reports, so busy were we all in the actual accomplishment of assigned work each day. I did know, however, that learning to understand what was happening under the surface of society was exactly what I wanted to do. Though often tired, I went at my work with vigorous interest.

That winter four new states gained the suffrage, Arizona, Oregon, Michigan, and Kansas. I read the papers eagerly to discover how this legislation progressed. My mother's interest in suffrage was strong, caught perhaps from her father, an early advocate of "female rights." Personally at this time I had little interest in the machinery of government, and was vague in my speculations as to how the vote would help either women or society. I could not see that men's vote had reformed the social order, as I was coming to know it. But the fact that the ballot was denied to women gave me a sense of deep injustice. In England I knew women had gone further than we had in their struggle for the franchise. At home, our Finnish maids reminded us that in their own country they could vote, and that women sat in the Finnish Parliament. I discussed this question with our waitress, a sturdy, intelligent woman, whose interest in political movements was strong, equalling her interest in artistic salads and snowy table linen. It seemed more and more unfair to me that women in many other countries had to fight for recognition as citizens. While in my graduate year at college I had taken part in a suffrage parade in
Philadelphia, one of the first to be organized. During this determined march, I remembered, I had been struck in the face with a rotten potato, in a shower of defunct vegetables hurled at us by jeering crowds on the sidewalks. Now, in the spring of 1923, I heard there was to be another suffrage parade in New York.

A group of us from the School enrolled under the banners of the Women's Political Union. Starting at Washington Square, we marched to Carnegie Hall. I enjoyed it. It was a clear warm day, with banners flying, bands playing, and not a hiss from the crowds along the way. This time there was only applause. The Anti-Suffrage Headquarters on Fifth Avenue were quite obscured by the crowds, but the rooms just above them had been lent by a lawyer with suffrage friends, and the windows were well decorated with suffrage banners and placards.

"They say the home is women's sphere
What are the Anti's doing here?"

was a favorite jibe. As we were in front of the parade, directly behind a spirited band, we had a chance to see the rest of the line march through 57th Street after we broke ranks at Carnegie Hall. Ten thousand women and fifteen hundred men took part. Many of the groups represented trades or nationalities. The Norwegian women were very gay in their costumes. Nurses in uniform, women doctors and lawyers, farmerettes, actresses, and many other groups all had their own banners and designations. At the mass meeting Dean Walter Sumner, long active in liberal movements, and Harriet Stanton Blatch, President of the Women's Political Union were the speakers. Afterward we were all starved and tried to get some food, but found we had only money enough for carfare home.

This parade exhilarated and inspired me. I thought with satisfaction of the professional women who had marched, and wondered how many of them had had to argue with their families in order to enter these professions at all. Such women were still considered "advanced" and looked on with suspicion by most of my mother's circle of friends. The suffrage seemed like an opening door to the world of women's professional work, and to wider recognition for useful community service. I was eager to go through this door myself, and had had enough trouble in gaining individual freedom to know what the wider movement meant for women. In later years, as I was associated with younger women who stepped blithely from college into well-recognized work, I saw that suffrage, with all its long struggle, meant little to them, and that they regarded a strong feminist attitude, typical of my generation, as ludicrous. They had never had to fight for their freedom, I knew, and therefore took their good fortune for granted.

For the second semester of the school term, I was assigned to work in the Greenwich Village district on an investigation of scrubwomen. This was in connection with the proposed mothers' pension bill, in order to make adequate wages rather than pensions a factor in the situation. I did not know enough at the time either about wages or mothers' pensions to know which method of helping these women I preferred. I suspected,
however, that even adequate wages, if they could be secured, would not be a permanent solution, given uncertain periods of employment. I had read of social legislation abroad which provided insurance during unemployment. Decidedly vague as to what I thought about the whole matter, I started my investigation. Some new office buildings were going up in that district, and we were supposed to report on the accommodations needed for the scrubwomen - equipment, cleaning closets, and tea pantries.

It was a dreary and difficult piece of work. The district office had a different atmosphere from the friendliness of the old Clinton district. I was the only student assigned there at that time. The Supervisor met me strictly on a business basis and wasted no words. Whenever I went out for a call in the district I got lost, and spent valuable time studying maps and retracing my steps, as the streets were so bewildering. The women whom I was supposed to interview worked all night cleaning the offices, getting back usually at six in the morning to do housework at home and get the children off to school. They were lucky if they got a few hours of sleep during the day, for the tenements were noisy. Many of the women had rheumatism or other diseases from getting their feet wet, or getting chilled. Kneeling pads, or boards on wheels to be used in scrubbing, pantries where women could make a cup of tea in the middle of the night, and drying closets where they could dry wet clothes were all in a possible program for the new office buildings. Wages of course were miserable. When one came right down to the bottom of the matter, I thought, the women should not have been doing such work at all. I found two tiny girls trying to get supper while their mother was out scrubbing. They were struggling with a big kettle of boiling soup. I arrived just in time to prevent their spilling the whole kettle, and scalding themselves.

By this time I began to think of the city as a great social laboratory - to have a sense of New York's submerged population; cripples, the deaf, dumb and blind; imbecile children in special classes in the public schools; foundling babies in their numbered baskets in hospital wards; men and women, old, forsaken and in despair. The task of social work seemed overwhelming, if provision were to be made for all the diseased, the misfits, the aged, the dependent children. To look beyond this remedial field into the wider realms of preventive work was, I knew from my classes, the main objective of social work, as it developed consciousness of underlying causes. And yet, I remember, even during this comparatively enlightened period I heard little discussion in my classrooms or outside of economic causes, of men's wages in relation to the system of production and distribution. Rarely was I asked to find out anything about a man's employment in industry, or his conditions of work. As I remember, I hardly heard mention of the labor movement during my school course. Certainly there was no detailed discussion of this movement. I was vaguely aware that we all lived and moved on a shaky economic structure, where at every window crowded the poor, the sick, the feebleminded, in urgent need of help. I had not yet learned to examine the economic foundations of that structure, or to know what it would involve to set those foundations firm and straight.
Mr. Caldwell, one of the men in my class at the School, invited me one night to supper in Chinatown. My heart sank as I heard the invitation. What should I do? Such a thing had never happened to me before, and my knowledge of the etiquette of such invitations was limited. All that I had heard of such expeditions included some mention of a chaperone. I hesitated to consult my family, for fear of being teased. In desperation, I telephoned to our field work supervisor, who must have been amused at my question. Yes, it was perfectly all right to go with him, she assured me. She hoped I would have a good time. All hope of official opposition removed, I decided I must accept. How could I talk to the man? It was easy enough to talk with my fellow students in our informal groups at the luncheon table or in the classrooms. But going out with one of them alone was a different matter.

Tongue-tied, I walked beside Mr. Caldwell down the Bowery, hastily reviewing in my mind every possible topic of conversation. He, too, made very little attempt to talk. We tramped silently along, past pawnshops and delicatessens, the roar of the elevated trains a grateful interruption, in my mind, to the appalling strain of silence. We found a Chinese restaurant and had dinner; queer foods such as I had never seen before, served by young Chinese boys in gay Oriental costume. Though I felt more at my ease, conversation still lagged. After dinner we rambled through the narrow streets. Barkers from second-hand clothing shops stood on the sidewalks, almost forcibly detaining us as we passed. "Nice coats! Nice pants!" they kept shouting in our ears. One of these men laid hold of Mr. Caldwell and hauled him into a store. Good-naturedly he tried on one coat after another, then firmly put them all aside and walked out of the shop in spite of protests from the proprietor. By this time it seemed natural to me to be walking along the streets of Chinatown with Mr. Caldwell. With no thought of whether or not I could make conversation, I was beginning to enjoy myself. But we were now on our way home. If I could set out with him at this moment for dinner and the evening, I meditated, we might really have a good time. But we were coming to our house, and he said good night. He never asked me to go with him again, and I did not see any reason why he would wish to do so. My own inner consciousness increased that in all purely social relations with men I was a failure. Tucking this thought away in the farthest corner of my mind, I almost forgot it and plunged again into my work.

After my first year at the School of Philanthropy, in the summer of 1923 when I was twenty-five, I received a letter from the President of Bryn Mawr, the word "Urgent" written large on the envelope in her own bold determined hand, and underscored. One of the large halls on the college campus, she wrote, had unexpectedly been left without anyone in charge. The woman appointed as Warden had been taken ill and had been forced to resign. The President wished to know by return mail whether I would take charge of the hall for the winter.

My plans for the fall were undecided. I expected to stay at home with my mother, either in the city or country. A second year at the School
of Philanthropy had been mentioned, but the matter was still unsettled. The President's call for help impressed my mother, although as usual she could not imagine why anyone so careless as I about my own affairs should ever be entrusted with responsibility for the affairs of others.

I was immediately in a state of excitement over the prospect of returning to the campus, especially as I knew that two of my classmates, good friends of mine, were to be there also, in charge of other halls and that still another member of my class had been appointed as Business Manager. What fun this would be! I thought, not knowing much about the job, but prepared to tackle anything. To earn a salary was also a strong consideration with me, after all these years of monthly allowances from my mother - allowances which to be sure I had taken for granted, but which now, in the light of a prospective salary, seemed to tie me to childhood and dependence. My mother gave a rather reluctant consent and with joy I dispatched a letter to the President, accepting the position.

It was a long rambling hall accommodating eighty students. The last dormitory to be built on the campus, it had the beauty of light wood work, and spacious drawing rooms; the convenience of single rooms and running water for each student. I moved in the week before college opened, and established myself in the Warden's suite near the front door.

It was good to be back on the college campus, misty that October with autumn haze, and fragrant with the odor of burning leaves; with maple trees turning more golden each day; with the sound of singing brought by the evening wind. As contrasted to my previous year, this was an atmosphere where laughter seemed natural, and happiness a normal heritage for all. I drew a long breath of relief, even while I knew that these eight months of gay adventure in my first real job would pass too rapidly, and that again I would be facing an ordeal of indecision with its resulting period of unhappiness. To know that I was welcomed back to the college by all my campus friends was happiness enough for the moment. I set out eagerly to learn the requirements of my new position. Even as I began, however, I was not sure that I had done right in turning my back on the city and choosing this year of campus life instead of the more difficult road of professional social work.

My duties in the hall, I found, were a curious combination of housekeeping, social responsibilities, health supervision, and advice to the students on matters academic and personal.

Throughout my five years on the college campus, I had of course been familiar with the "Wardens." They had always been friendly middle-aged women. Now the policy in appointing Wardens was to be changed. No more middle-aged women. "Young Wardens" was the campus cry, and we three recent graduates of the college had been selected to try the experiment. We chuckled to think how our new positions would impress our classmates and rattled our big bunches of keys vigorously whenever one of them came on campus. The President announced in chapel that three young Wardens had been appointed, and urged the students to "make use of them." That they did this thoroughly I soon learned, for my first weeks were varied and exhausting.
Near Christmas I woke in the middle of the night with tears streaming down my cheeks. I heard music - the most beautiful and unearthly I had ever heard, soft and clear, rising and falling in the stillness of the hall. I lay and listened, holding my breath lest the song should end. I realized then what it was, the Negro maids on their rounds of Christmas carols, stopping at my door.

"Steal away," they sang,
Steal away home, steal away home to Jesus."

After the song stopped, they tiptoed away, a suppressed giggle floating back to me from the stairs. I lay entranced with the memory of those voices, those strains of music in the quiet of the night, that inexpressible beauty.

Something in the quality of the song brought with it a rush of recollections of my two years of social work in New York. Here, I was once more remote from all the tragic circumstances of prisons, tenements, hospital clinics; again one of that joyful citizenship of a college campus. What had happened to those other girls I had known in the night court and the reformatory? Why should that world be wrapped in gloom and this other world ringing with young laughter? Finally I fell asleep, oppressed with this sense of contrast, and knowing that soon I should have to choose in which world I would live.

It was therefore with a sense of returning to that other world, that on the request of certain students, I arranged to conduct once a week a class on the methods of social work, using my notes from the School of Philanthropy as the basis for discussion. Each night my room was full of students, crowded on the window bench, and sitting on the floor. They were for the most part upper classmen, but I had a few Sophomores and Freshmen, whose curiosity led them to join. Together we explored the theories I had studied in child welfare, family rehabilitation, delinquency, immigration, and housing. I tried to introduce certain case records we had used at the school, and to give from my own experience stories of the men and women with whom I had worked. Reading was assigned each week, and those students who became most seriously concerned read that winter many of the books I suggested. I found I was enjoying the actual process of teaching with these sincerely interested students, and was glad that I had had at least some training in order to help them study and understand the overwhelming subject of human need. Later it was a satisfaction to me to hear that some of those girls who crowded into my room for those hours of discussion had found in these classes their first interest in social movements, an interest which led them on to more intensive study, and to their future work.

As the year went on with its daily intricate problems of hall management, student health, and a round of hall entertainments, I became more and more convinced that much of what I was doing as Warden might better be left to the experienced housekeepers who at every point were our advisors on all practical matters. It seemed to me wrong that we young wardens should be
given the credit for managing halls which were actually run far better
than we could do it by the housekeepers. When it came to the students I
realized that the job of Warden was an important one, not so much because
of any specified duties, but because in the friendly relationships of
every day there was a chance to know these students well, to help them
meet the constant pressure of college life with poise, to talk over with
them their courses, and their plans for the future. The fact that I
was having a very good time with the students in my hall did not prevent
me from realizing that the position of the Warden, as defined during that
period, was not one for which I would ever be qualified, and that much of
the detailed work could be done better by someone trained in home economics.
The classes in domestic science advocated by my mother would be useful
here, I thought; knowing well this was not the work I cared to do.

With another of the younger Wardens who agreed with me on these matters,
I confronted the President on the need for a change in the system of hall
administration. We suggested that all matters of housekeeping should be
left to the housekeepers; that they, as well as the Wardens, be invited
to staff meetings with the President; and that the Wardens be left free
for matters affecting the students, the health department, and academic
questions. The President, though not convinced, promised to consider
the question, and eventually changes were brought about.

As usual I hated to see the end of the college year approaching. There
was little question in my mind however that I did not want to continue
my job as Warden. I realized it was a backwater, so far as professional
work was concerned, pleasant as it had been to live in the hall with the
students. My housekeeper protested at any change, but agreed with me
that there were things I might better do than calculate maids' wages and
shake hands at hall teas. My Freshmen and Juniors, whom I knew best
among the classes in the hall, were reproachful. How could I leave them,
they inquired? But I had already decided to return home and continue my
education at the School of Philanthropy.

By the end of the second year, a thesis of some sort was to be produced.
This long report was to be the outcome of field work supposedly reflect-
ing one's major field of interest. In vain I tried to think of some
topic for research. My experience the previous year had taught me to
be wary of fields involving much statistical work, and with other fields
I was not well acquainted. Among the possibilities, one seemed of
special interest to me; to discover abilities in the individual and to
help that man or woman fit into the right job. I did not know enough
of this matter to name it "vocational guidance," but I soon learned
this term. When I suggested this idea to my supervisor, she told me
that no such courses were given in the school, but she added:

"If you want to study that, we must find some way to teach you. That's
our job."

In connection with this plan of study, I debated with myself whether or
not I should register for a Ph.D. at Columbia, taking courses at the
University which would enable me to get the degree. For many days I
pondered this plan, finding my instructors ready to help me if I wanted to enter Ph.D. seminars. Suddenly I was overwhelmed with the aridity of the territory surrounding the Ph.D. How could I enter again the strictly academic courses necessary to complete the requirements, filling my mind with psychological tests and historical data, when all around me were people, and work to be done with them? More study I knew would be desirable, especially in those subjects where I felt the need of accurate information - legislation, for instance, and problems of industry. But I hoped that there might be some other way of acquiring this broader knowledge, through practical experience, combined with reading.

In the course of many interviews, the suggestions offered left me more and more bewildered. Should I make a study of psychological tests of stenographers and telephone girls to ascertain standards of employment? Perhaps it would be useful to study the employment conditions of the waitresses in Childs' restaurants, as they usually stayed a long time on the job. Should I ask some able executive to let me work as her assistant in order to serve an apprenticeship in administration? As I groped for something to do, one plan appeared to me as good as another and all seemed to offer so many difficulties that I was discouraged. All efforts at vocational guidance, I was told by one expert, were "half-baked." Further studies of industries should be made before guidance was attempted. Another expert disagreed with this one, and the third I consulted criticized the other two - a situation which added to my bewilderment.

Finally, several of my teachers conferred, and produced a new plan. Psychological tests, to my joy, were abandoned. It was suggested that I make a study of the crisis in employment then existing and of the various social remedies applied. My first assignment was practical and immediately needed. A clearing house of employment agencies recently organized wished a simple directory made of these places. Glad to have the matter decided, I set out on a round of the employment bureaus. The Director of the school seemed relieved to get me settled. For supervision of my work I was assigned Mary Van Kleek, the Director of Industrial Studies, at the Russell Sage Foundation.

Once I had decided, wisely or unwisely, that I would not register for a Ph.D., my mind turned to the possibility of other courses, for what I erroneously thought would be my leisure time. I registered at Columbia for a seminar one evening a week in Social Problems, the group made up entirely of Ph.D. candidates. I was also attracted by an announcement of a course at Teachers' College in Pageants and Festivals. The very words wakened a response in me, for anything connected with the theater, acting, writing, and producing, had always tantalized my interest, even in the thick of more prosaic occupations. I registered for the course once a week.

A festival was to be written and produced as part of the classroom work, the whole college taking part in the performance. With delight
I listened to the first discussions of play production, heard scenes read from other festivals, and took part in making plans for our own. The lyrics which I produced overnight seemed to win favor with my instructor, who encouraged me to write others. I was deeply disappointed when I found that only those students who could give time to rehearsals and work on scenery and costumes were permitted to continue the course after the first semester. Reluctantly leaving the world of old English revelry, the music of wandering minstrels and the gay choruses of lords and ladies decked in scarlet and purple, I returned to the dingy world of the employment office, and long lines of men and women out of work. It must be a choice, I realized, between my regular work for the school and these more alluring activities. Apparently I would not have time for both.

In my Columbia seminar too, I was finding the required work too heavy, on top of my other courses and field work. On Friday evenings when the seminar met, I found it almost impossible to keep awake. The other members of the class were inclined to give long statistical reports, and I found myself in a drowsy state, fatal to concentration. Deciding to give up the struggle, I went to my professor, Dr. Edward Devine, to say I would withdraw. He asked me the reason.

"I find I just can't keep awake," I said frankly.

He looked at me in a kindly way.

"Do you know," he replied, "neither can I!"

The winter of 1914-15 was cold and depressing. The State Employment Bureau had recently opened in Brooklyn. I sat on a tall stool in the office registering long lines of dejected men, but there was no work to offer them. In the Women's Department it was a little more hopeful for domestics, but factories were employing no new workers. The offices were in a great barn-like building, always chillingly cold, with a dismal odor of defective pipes and unwashed people. The only bright factors of the situation were the character and personality of my supervisor, Louise Odencrantz. With courage she faced the gigantic problem of finding work for the jobless, canvassing factories and offices, attending conferences of state and city officials, giving sympathetic attention to the individual needs of the men and women who lined the walls of the office. At every turn she took trouble to explain matters to me and to instruct me in the details of my own work. Often at lunch in some dingy little restaurant she talked of the problems of modern industry, and of the need for an effective system of government employment bureaus.

She arranged to have me attend the conferences called by the Mayor's Committee on Unemployment and even those more intimate discussions where a few business executives of the largest corporations gathered in some warm, softly-lighted office to discuss the problems of the unemployed. I resented those sessions - the suave humor of the gentlemen, the atmosphere of Persian rugs, mahogany desks, and oil paintings -
even while I realized sincerity in the attempts of these men to find some lasting solution of the problem. But all I could think of at those meetings was the long queue of ragged men and woman shuffling past my high desk in the Employment Bureau, the eager yet fearful look in their eyes as they came up, and the attitude of despair as one by one they turned away with no hope of a job.

With the typewriter I had hired, I shut myself up in the linen closet early one morning before the family awoke. This was an exciting adventure, made necessary by the fact that I had to copy a long report. Just in time a friend had called, and had shown me the proper method of finger- ing on the machine. Working before breakfast and late at night, I laboriously picked out the letters with weary, weak fingers. I gazed at the finished product with satisfaction: "The Organization of Social Work in New York City." Never had I seen anything look so neat, so much like printing. So pleased was I with my new accomplishment that I could hardly turn in my paper. It was too precious. No one had mentioned carbon copies to me, and until several years later, I did not discover them for myself.

In my study of employment bureaus I found myself, to my deep regret, once more entangled in statistics. I resigned myself to the fact that one could not avoid them in any type of social work, and did my best with the tabulation sheets of applicants for jobs. My brain reeled with shuffling and counting little cards. The number of applicants increased every day.

I studied records at the Manhattan Trade School, the Y.W.C.A., the Young Women's Hebrew Association, and several other private agencies. At the Alliance Bureau the usual waiting list had been about fifty girls. Now it was over four hundred. At the Protective League the secretary was in despair. She had not a minute to investigate places for the many girls registered, and said she would not know where to look for places if she did have time. In one morning seventy new applicants came in. A plan was proposed to give a month's training to these girls while they were waiting for jobs, but the question might have been reasonably asked, for what kind of employment should they be trained? There seemed to be no work in any field.

These bureaus, I found, offered miserable conditions for research work. They were cold, noisy and crowded, with no place to spread out tabulation sheets. I rejoiced when I was promoted to one desk drawer at the Alliance Bureau and to the top of a big table when no one else wanted it. A dozen other people came in every few moments to consult the cards I was using. The urgency of the daily work was so apparent that it seemed futile to try to collect statistics. And yet just this kind of information had to be gathered if the agencies were to know the extent of the unemployment problem, and to meet it as best they could.

Just as I finished my directory of employment agencies for the new clearing house, the clearing house itself was abandoned. There were so few
calls from employers, it was found, that every agency could fill its own listed positions without consulting others. Although I thought this proposed committee was needed, to work out future plans, there was nothing I could do to bring it into existence. This, as I remember, was my first lesson in working under conditions invalidating the very reasons for one's work as fast as one did it. To do anything useful under conditions of rapid change would I knew require foresight and careful planning on the part of all concerned. I looked ruefully at my directory of agencies, probably never to be used for the purpose it was designed, and tried to remain cheerful about all these wasted weeks. Later on, I remembered this experience, as each day plans shifted and changed in emergency service for the government. Then too I learned another lesson in swift adaptability with good humor.

My thesis, it was decided, was to be on Employment Bureaus during a Period of Crisis. It was to be done under the supervision of the Russell Sage Department of Industrial Studies. There was no one in the city from whom I could learn more, I decided, than from the Director of this department, Mary Van Kleeck, who in our classrooms had instructed us in methods of social research. I met with her staff once a week, and reported on my progress in collecting material; at the same time learning much from staff reports of an investigation of the millinery industry which was then in progress. Here as in several other places my study of records was combined with daily interviews with applicants for work, many of them boys and girls, in a panic of apprehension about their families, and eager to do their part in lifting the economic burden.

Although my study was concentrated during the second year at the school on problems of employment, I found that much other work was also required. Certainly the School of Philanthropy was skillful and ingenious in planning continuous and difficult assignments! I read material on day nurseries and milk stations for my long report on social agencies in the city. I hastily reviewed a year of the Survey, to prepare for a test on the course in social problems, only to find that the examination consisted of just one question - an "original," so-called - to plan a recreation campaign for a medium sized city, with a complete plan of budgets and personnel. I wrote a report on the vagrancy problem, and designed a chart for a model child-placing agency.

In casting about for a future field of major interest, it was a relief to realize that some of my friends were as confused as I, in regard to the work they wanted to do. Esther who had graduated from the school the year before, and who now was in a responsible position with the Consumers' League, thought she would like to try business. Mabel was selling automobiles, and, disgusted with the commercialism of her job and her associates, longed to be back in social work. Did any of us know what we wanted to do, and what we were fitted for, I wondered? Again I examined with interest the notices on the school bulletin board, telling of positions open in social agencies. I knew that I was learn-
ing much every day, but whither this learning would lead me I had as yet no idea.

The last month of the school went by with a rush. Examinations in every course combined with last minute work on reports kept me busy. My thesis on Employment Bureaus during a Period of Crisis was finished, and read to the assembled staff in my supervisor’s office. Her words of approval made me happy.

On the advice of my supervisor I also took the Civil Service examination for assistant in a state employment bureau.

"You may as well take the examination, as you have done the actual work all winter," she had remarked.

Then came my oral examination at the school, covering every phase of my work, given by the fifteen members of the staff, for almost two hours. I was inwardly terrified of this ordeal. Miss Claghorn questioned me on medians and means in my statistical tables until my head swam. The Director quizzed me in detail on the literature of unemployment, and Miss Van Kleek gave me some general questions on my field of work in the bureaus. Then each of the faculty questioned me in turn. Later I was told that I had passed with "the unanimous consent of the faculty." Nothing remained but to appear on the final day of the term, receive my two-year diploma, and shake hands with the Director.

I was sorry that the school term was over. I felt at home in the crowded building, and very much a part of the School. Once more I was plunged into the valley of indecision, as to what I should do next. My mother approached me on the subject of plans for the next year. She had come to the conclusion that because of the heavy financial losses she had had in investments, the family should stay in the country for the winter. This I was willing but not eager to do, much as I loved the country. I thought of the possibilities of rural social work. My supervisor was horrified when I mentioned the plan to her.

"But you are just ready to get right to work here," she said. "You must not bury yourself for the winter in the country."

I tried to face the possibility cheerfully, but again I was sure in my own mind that training or no training, job or no job, I would have no other alternative than to stay at home with my mother if she wished it.

Perhaps realizing my depression, my mother came in one night to my room, and took up our previous discussion, this time from a more hopeful viewpoint. She saw no reason, it appeared, why I should not work into some worth while position, and why I might not even get a paid job. This I knew was a great concession, as several of her friends had warned against letting me venture into the untired world of women’s work. Those women who did it were still thought very "advanced." Any such excursions from home might lead to a daughter wanting her own apartment, and becoming
alienated from her family. Such independence was only aggravated in the eyes of the conventional world if a daughter were bold enough to secure a salary. Once more I inwardly blessed my mother for her courage and understanding, especially as I knew that her instincts were all in the other direction.
Almost every summer, from the year I was two, was spent at our country home on the Hudson, south of Kingston, New York. Whatever I might be doing in the winter, in the city or at college, June usually brought a return to the country.

To remember these summers is to remember a long series of events, tending over the years to change from childhood pastimes through a succession of college visitors and annual houseparties, to the more serious activities resulting from my training at the School of Philanthropy. As the background of all these events gay or serious, there was always the comfortable house, high on the slope above the river; rolling acres of vineyards and the wooded hills to the west. Until 1917 there was always my mother, as the center of our family group, encouraging, guiding, restraining, rebuking; the pivot on which revolved everything I did or wanted to do.

The record of these many summers is a thread of recollection closely interwoven with my work each winter, yet having a special color and fiber of its own; growing stronger, brighter and more distinct in the pattern of successive years.

Along the highway when I was a child lived a dozen or more families, on large estates, later to be taken over one after the other by institutions of many kinds. A back road from the highway, running into the woods, climbed through a scattering village of working people. There were not more than three hundred people in our community. Many of them could trace back the generations to Huguenot or Dutch ancestors, who lived in that same valley. Later, Italian families came into the neighborhood, clearing tracts of woodland, opening boarding houses where during the summer sunburnt women with many children lolled on the grass or nursed their babies on the porches.

The men of the village worked as carpenters, masons, or section men on the railroad, tramping the tracks in blizzards or summer heat; or depended for a precarious living on the vineyards, gardens and peddlers' wagons. Most of the women were at home taking care of children and of inconvenient houses without running water or furnace heat. The houses were built on the side of a hill, with dark basement kitchens and steep stairs.

In almost every house of our village someone was ill. For years tuberculosis and typhoid ravaged the countryside, striking old and young. Young babies died for lack of simple care. In the district school an annual examination was made by the health officer of the township; an
elderly man who made little attempt to see that his vague recommendations were carried out. Two churches, working amicably side by side, did much for the social as well as the religious life of the village. The store, the station platform and the Italian saloon were the only gathering places. All agreed in calling it a "very slow town."

From my childhood days, I remember, our house had always been used as an informal community center. When I was little, "sewing circles" met there regularly, at my mother's invitation. So now in the absence of any parish house or community center, our living room at once became the scene of many neighborhood gatherings. The family were quite accustomed to carrying chairs from every room in the house, to accommodate the hundred or more people who assembled for meetings, plays, or Christmas parties.

One such project began in the summer of 1915 when I happened to come upon some records of early history in our valley, and immediately devised a plan. Why could we not find material for a simple historical pageant, and produce it toward the end of the summer in some convenient field? The family were immediately interested, especially my mother, who began to suggest sources of historical material. A visit to the Kingston library and to the local churches produced a batch of parish records, legal documents, anecdotes, and legends; far more than I felt I could use for our simple purposes.

The pageant scenes as I patched them together from the documents I had found, unrolled, in a simple way, the history of the countryside. From Hudson's diaries came a scene with the explorer and his sailors, as they feasted with the Indians on "venison and wild grapes." This was of special interest to our modern vineyard workers, who learned that even in Indian days this sheltered valley was famous for its grapes.

Discussion of these scenes brought to light interesting facts. Women explored their attics, and produced spinning wheels or kitchen utensils belonging to their great grandmothers.

As discussion of plans became more earnest, there were many suggestions as to other possibilities for neighborhood work. The bare school yard might be transformed into a playground; a travelling library might be secured; the school house might be used at night for meetings and entertainments. It was obvious that the first step was to gather the village people, and consult them as to what, if anything, they would like to do.

In our humdrum village life, a poster on a tree announcing a meeting at the schoolhouse, to discuss a proposed Neighborhood Association and pageant, was a subject for wonder around many evening lamps. "Pageant" itself was an unknown term, alluringly vague in its meaning. No one dreamed of the discouragements ahead, in our attempts to organize a Neighborhood Association.

The meeting assembled, with the school trustee in the chair. He had promised the use of the schoolhouse, and agreed that when, as at
present, it was used only for school, the taxpayers did not get the worth of their money. It was voted to organize a Neighborhood Association for neighborhood improvement and recreation. Then the possibility of a pageant was discussed. A little sketch of the incidents of our early history in Dutch and Huguenot days interested everyone.

A house to house canvass seemed the next thing in order, to find out how many actors could be mustered. A committee of two knocked at every door far into the woods, explained the plan and the work it would involve, and invited cooperation.

"Well, I guess if all them folks is goin' to be into it, I ain't a-goin' to be left out!" was the universal verdict.

For me, rehearsals were slow and discouraging. They were held in the evening when the men came from work. The men and women—particularly the men—whose first experience this was in acting, costuming, or speaking, found it difficult to understand what was expected. At first a lantern was passed from hand to hand, in order that each might read his part; in most cases only a sentence or two. The actors could never all come to rehearsal on the same evening; a baby was sick, or the women were tired after a day's washing; the cooks and waitresses had had extra dishes to do for "company," or the men were late in coming from work. But to make up for these disappointments, other people never missed a rehearsal. Two women, who drove six miles through the woods at night, were always on hand. They said, "No, we ain't afraid. We like to come, just to see so many folks. It's awful lonesome up there in the woods."

A field was selected for the performance, easy of access from the village. A gang of ten men volunteered to clear the stage for action, and labored after work hours cutting down bushes, uprooting brambles, and burning hornets' nests. As rehearsals progressed, it was found necessary to start as early as possible, in order to finish by dark. The actors by whole families brought their suppers, and ate them picnic fashion in the field, between the acts.

Then the costume committee commenced operations. The women met on our porch to cut out Indian and Dutch costumes, superintended by my aunt, while the babies played contentedly in a corner. Each woman volunteered to make the costumes for her own family, and women with sewing machines helped others. A tour of the village at this stage of the performance showed "uniforms," as people called their costumes, in every process of construction.

As almost the entire population of the village was either taking part, helping behind the scenes, or serving refreshments, and an outside audience had to be assured, posters had been sent to the neighboring villages. The actors began to appear, and odds and ends of costume were added unto them. At last everything was ready, and on the dot of
four o'clock, the Prologue, clad in blue, and bearing a maple branch in
her hand, stepped out from the woods and walked down to the edge of the
stage. I hastened to put on my wig for the part of Rip Van Winkle, and
to tie beards of frayed clothesline on my dozen little dwarfs.

An impromptu day nursery had been arranged for the littlest babies while
their mothers were on the stage. Some of the women, however, had made
miniature Dutch costumes for the little ones, and carried them on the
stage with them, to the delight of the audience. One of the farmer's
wives, who had made photography a hobby, took pictures of the actors,
individually and in every scene.

In all this pioneer work, following so soon after my two years of
carefully planned training at the School of Philanthropy, I longed for
all the skillful advice, the organized resources which I knew my class-
mates in the city found available for use. The dearth of leadership
in rural districts depressed me anew.

In my efforts to use men and women from our village in responsible
work for the new Association, I was constantly torn between a feeling
of satisfaction that we were beginning to meet community needs in
recreation, health, and education, and despair over the conflicts
among my suspicious, prejudiced neighbors.

Constant friction over such petty matters as providing refreshments
for a party, or cleaning the schoolhouse seemed to strike to the roots
of my nervous system, taking away my appetite, and giving me a feeling
of futility and desolation which I found hard to overcome. With each
setback of discouragement, my spirits sank lower. My mind filled with
the thought of all these difficulties, I was delighted to hear that an
investigator from the Federal Children's Bureau, an experienced social
worker whom I had known in the city, was to come to our village in
connection with her study on child delinquency in rural districts. She
accepted my invitation to stay with us. During the two weeks she was
there, I used every opportunity to discover from her experience just
what I should be doing in the Neighborhood Association.

The pageant was over, and the meaning of that word of mystery revealed
to all. It was found that the Neighborhood Association, in this its
first venture, had cleared fifty dollars. What it had cleared in the
way of neighborhood spirit, genuine friendliness, and enlarged mental
horizons, could not be estimated. Certain family quarrels were lost
sight of during the busy days of costume-making and rehearsing. New
friendships were formed behind the scenes. There was new interest in
seeing what could be done by all working together, and for the first
time, a strong feeling of continuity bound us to our pioneer ancestors
who had handed down to us this fertile land.

More and more I was feeling the nervous strain of planning and carrying
out plans in the midst of these conflicts. Our guest was understanding,
and gave me new courage. She laughed when I told her I had just read Zona Gale's Friendship Village, and considered our own village far below the standard of that ideal community.

"Don't worry," she said. "This is a real experiment with real people, and therefore it's bound to be difficult."

Reluctantly I saw her depart, feeling more alone than ever after her visit.

Although I had taken little active part in the suffrage movement, my interest in it was always strong. On our living room stage we had given one or two suffrage plays, starting a tumult of discussion among the women in our village. A meeting had been arranged where a speaker from the city had addressed us persuasively, telling us of the recent suffrage parade in New York in the fall of 1916. The papers had reported it a "splendid spectacle" with 25,000 in line. I had been disappointed that because of the complexity of neighborhood affairs that week, I could not march. As our speaker described the event I could almost hear the bands and see the women swinging up Fifth Avenue. I realized, however, that my interest could only be called desultory unless in our own prejudiced district I did something more active to bring the matter of suffrage before the men who would vote in the coming election. I had always dreaded the thought of canvassing for suffrage, the prospect of difficult interviews with my conservative backwoods neighbors, and the undoubtedly discouraging results.

My courage stiffened by the thought of the parade, I decided to set forth in our clumsy old Haines car for suffrage work in the nearby townships, under the direction of the county chapter of the Women's Political Union. I did not enjoy driving the heavy car, with its superlative capacity for mechanical trouble. The thought of breaking down on distant mountain roads filled me with consternation. I set out therefore with misgivings, driving along back roads through the woods to reach isolated farms, chugging up rutted lanes, or descending with all brakes set precipitous curves into remote valleys. At every farm-house or cabin men and women gathered around my car, examining it with interest, with more interest, indeed, than they gave to my remarks on the need of suffrage for women.

"Don't talk to me about any more sufferin'," remarked one gaunt old woman bitterly. "I've seen enough sufferin' to last me the rest of my life."

As the result of one of these trips, I had to be content with a half-hearted promise from one or two men that they "allowed that they might put in a vote for it in the fall, if they happened to think of it at the elections."

That fall, 1916, suffrage was overwhelmingly lost at the polls, although in New York half a million votes for it were recorded. Feeling in some
families were running high. To my relief, I found that my brother had voted for the suffrage. I had not liked to ask him, for fear he had not intended to vote for it. A college friend wrote that she took off her wedding ring when she found her husband had not voted for the amendment, announcing that she would not consider wearing it again until she learned how he voted in the next election.

In the midst of suffrage trips and neighborhood meetings I thought of various other kinds of work I might be doing. I was still uncertain as to what I would do next; my own decision as ever depending on my mother’s attitude toward professional work versus the advantages of having a daughter at home. I was twenty-eight, I remembered, and still drifting, undecided.

If I could have made up my mind what I wanted to do, and then been able to persuade my mother, it would not have been hard, I thought, to find some work of greater interest than the daily schedule of village activities in which I was intensively engaged.

I made a note of all the positions which had been offered to me in the last two years. The list was impressive in length, if not in importance of the various jobs. A girls’ school in Maryland offered me the position of English teacher. (This offer I regarded with special affection, as it was the first I ever received.) Other positions, it seemed, were open, for which I might well be considered; secretary of a settlement school in Kentucky; investigator in the Federal Children’s Bureau; director of a small orphanage of 40 children in Hudson; principal of a mission school in Japan; director of a community center in Harlem; head-worker of a New York City settlement; employment secretary of the Y.W.C.A.; night court worker, superintendent of a women’s reformatory; director of research on occupational disease in a hospital, and many others. The salaries ranged from $800 to $1100 a year, the latter figure shining out like a luminous star of unexampled brilliance in several letters I received. Each new offer excited me, with its suggestion of new work, new people, and unexplored fields. From each, however, I turned reluctantly away, aware that I had my hands full, and that if I departed, several horrible messes brewing in community affairs would probably boil over.

At the Chautauqua in the next village a band of Highlanders played stirring tunes. The music made me feel restless, and impatient with the petty routine of my life. I longed to start out and take even temporary jobs in many different places. I remembered what I had read of community music festivals, or great pageants, with thousands of people taking part. Only, I felt, it was not as the person responsible for them that I wished to be involved, but as one of the directed, with no responsibilities. I read advertisements of courses, and wished I might try some of them — any of them that would offer variety and excitement. Book-binding or writing for the movies seemed to attract me. The family sometimes suspected my restlessness, though I usually tried to conceal it.
"I wonder if I shall be right here trying to get something done in this neighborhood all my life," I grumbled to my mother.

"Rubbing the blush off illusion, or the young girl's lament," she murmured sympathetically.

To read these offers of positions with their outlines of qualifications, always made me conscious of my own shortcomings. In spite of my mother's constant insistence on a standard of perfection, I realized that there were few matters which I knew thoroughly and few practical things I could do really well. Only positions where versatility was required seemed within my capacities.

I sat on the lane wall one gray afternoon, meditating on my deficiencies and chewing maple seeds. I knew something, but not much, about poetry, pictures and architecture. My own poems were hasty efforts, dashed off at odd moments and never revised. I had muddled notions of economic theory; a fair conception of Roman law, literature, ethics and various schools of psychology.

I was more familiar with the life of the ancient Greeks than with that of my own country people outside New York State. I did not understand what I read of politics, finance or international affairs.

Continuing my gloomy reflections, I remembered that I was considered a fair actor, at least for minor parts. Outside the circle of home drama, however, I had never yet attained the dignity of being a hero. In spite of my deep pleasure in music, I could not play, and while I could listen to a symphony concert with enjoyment, I found most operas, except for the overture and the choruses, inexpressibly dull. I could not draw; I could not dance; I could not swim. I could not even play tennis. Hockey and basketball, in which I had acquired fair skill at college, could not be played without a team, and I knew I had lost both wind and proficiency.

The material world seemed my natural enemy, for I could hardly go through a door without bumping myself or tearing my clothes. I could not understand the simplest mechanical principle, and was immediately lost in the world of household repairs and the use of tools. A column of figures or a statistical table invariably filled me with a sense of vague alarm. Apparently I could turn off jingles by the yard at a moment's notice, but this seemed to me a trivial talent, as did a little well-timed buffoonery, turned on and off as needed to stem a flood of rebuke or to amuse a crowd.

In fact, I thought bitterly, I was a smatterer, and probably would be for the rest of my life, a Jack of all trades and a master of none. Would it be possible, I speculated, for an individual like myself to acquire at least a modicum of accurate knowledge, and practical skill in the course of a lifetime? I longed to put myself to the test. If
I could not qualify for these positions requiring great specialized skill in important matters, at least I could learn one or two simple matters thoroughly. Anything which I could do well would I felt be balm to my spirit.

Suddenly, the war which had been a matter of newspaper headlines, came nearer to all American families. The Lusitania had been sunk. War had been declared. In every city men were volunteering for service. My brother I knew had realized what was going on, and intended to volunteer after his graduation from Stevens that year. After much thought, I wrote him a letter:

"Mother is really ill. She has only just told me. She is in a very nervous state and always crying. The Doctor says he hopes to help her with treatments. If you go to war I don't know how she will stand it. Do you think you must volunteer?"

After I mailed this letter I immediately regretted it. Why should not my brother make his own decisions, I thought, without advice from me? He was a man, fully aware of his responsibilities. Moreover, I realized that my mother's condition, with all the resulting nervous strain affecting the rest of us, should not be considered a national crisis. I could not help having a guilty feeling however that my mother's peace of mind, and her love for her son, were after all more important than war-breeding hatreds between nations. If this world were to be worth living in, I thought, it must be planned so that human beings and their happiness came first, not last; planned for life, not death. I looked at the pictures of men in the trenches, of zeppelins and submarines with a new horror, as the headlines grew taller. The war news from now on would be our news, shocking American homes with the same sense of personal loss which families in Europe were suffering. Our peace loving government seemed powerless to prevent this catastrophe. A sense of national honor, exalted in all the newspapers and shouted by street corner orators seemed to be more important than human lives. What was this national honor, I wondered, and were the orators really speaking for the people? Could our people ever agree with those of other nations to stop destroying each other and to kill war itself? Like thousands of others in this crisis, I felt unhappy and helpless, confused with these issues. I thought mainly of my brother and of the decision he had to make.
CHAPTER 5

TWO HUNDRED ORPHANS

Returning from the country in the fall of 1915, I found myself again in the familiar, dispiriting situation of not knowing what I was to do next. With two years of training at the School of Philanthropy behind me, what was ahead? Although my mother had spoken gloomily of the need for reducing our expenses, thinking seriously of wintering in the country that year, the family found itself in October once more in New York. Finances had evidently improved and my mother thought the expense of the city house justified for her household of active young people.

While I was speculating on what I could do in the field of social work - wondering whether my mother would encourage me to do regular work at all - a suggestion was made to me by Miss Sands. Through one of her friends, she had become interested in the affairs of a local orphanage. She had been called in by the Board of Managers to make suggestions for the institution. The children were without any facilities for recreation. Would I be willing to see what I could do for them, perhaps organizing some clubs or classes and finding a few volunteers to lead them?

I gave half-hearted assent. Any plan was better than none, so far as my own feeling in the matter was concerned. At the School of Philanthropy my course in child welfare had given me some elementary knowledge of children's institutions. Perhaps a recollection of the fantastic imaginary orphanage I had organized on paper when I was a child made me curious to see what happened day by day in a real orphanage. The thought of those two hundred children, as Miss Sands described them to me, roaming the bare playrooms with nothing to do or sitting listlessly on the iron stairs, made me decide to answer her call for help.

This was an old institution, she explained, organized almost a hundred years before by a band of philanthropic women, who had handed down its supervision as a trust to succeeding generations. Children from six to sixteen years were admitted, about an equal number of boys and girls. They attended public school, but otherwise had little to do except housework. Most of the children had one parent, or had been placed in the Home by relatives who paid a moderate rate of board. In summer they were moved to a farm owned by the Lady Managers.

Miss Lyle, Miss Sands' friend on the Board of Directors, took me one October afternoon to see this institution. It was a huge place, red brick, hung with fire escapes, outside; bare rooms, iron stairways and blue gingham children within. I saw at a glance that there were plenty
of empty rooms which might be used for clubs and classes. As we went up and down the stairs children in all sizes of blue gingham aprons and with all shades of cropped hair peered at us curiously, or shyly approached to take our hands.

I was introduced to Miss Deyo, the Matron, a thin, worried looking woman, with a plaintive voice. She looked overworked. She herself had been a child in the institution and had never lived elsewhere. She seemed friendly. When Miss Lyle explained that the Lady Managers had asked me to help with recreation for the children she responded warmly, telling me what she thought might be done. I was encouraged with this interview and went on cheerfully to meet the group of caretakers, mostly middle-aged women, simpering or severe. Each one was responsible for a group of children, boys or girls, in various age groups. Last, I was introduced to the stout German cook who gave me a steaming handshake and a toothless smile.

In the yard, divided by a high wooden fence - which I wanted to tear down - between boys and girls, there was no sign of play apparatus. A few children were playing tag; most of them were sitting listlessly on the steps to the basement. Across the yard was the hospital. There was one pale little boy in bed, and four children twiddling their thumbs in the quarantine room. Children, I learned, were quarantined three weeks on admission.

The kindergarten room had small chairs and tables and "play boxes," in which however there were only soiled bibs. A motheaten stuffed lion with a mangy tail stood on the mantel. The caretaker, an Amazon with a deep, booming voice, explained that it was the only one left of all the Christmas toys. Each child she explained had had three, but they had all been broken. She insisted that they had even destroyed an iron swing on a frame, in the yard.

The matron seemed to know the children individually, and to be really interested in them. She said she often invented extra work to keep them from getting bored, and then the managers complained she overworked them. I wondered if the pale little boys I had seen scrubbing floors in that deep basement were in need of just that type of recreation.

I went home from that first trip of inspection with many misgivings. I had seen enough model institutions for children during my training course at the School to realize that this was far from a model one. Where should I begin? The caretakers, I suspected, in spite of their mechanical smiles, might be none too anxious to have the children take part in new activities. To find volunteers and plan a program for two hundred children of mixed ages was a complicated matter. Recreation might prove to be the least pressing need, I thought, as I remembered the pale little hunchbacked girl I had seen toiling up the long iron stairs, and the boy I had heard coughing as he scrubbed the base-
ment. What would the managers say if I began to do something more fundamental than planning folk dancing or dramatics?

I was not long in ignorance of the managers' attitude toward me. In spite of Miss Lyle's assurance that they wanted me to help the children pass their hours of leisure after school, they proved suspicious of all innovations. They had evidently discussed me at one of their meetings, for I heard one manager had stated her earnest belief that anyone coming into the Home as a volunteer should be "someone who had borne a child." At best, I realized, I was there on sufferance, and that all my activities would be closely watched by the thirty elderly women on the Board. The old President herself warned me that "nothing must be done hastily," and mentioned her great-grandmother, who had often said the same thing to her.

On the first day of classes the little girls were so excited that they were fairly bursting. The only first grade child, little Maria, was a charmer. She was so much smaller than the others that she felt afraid to join the games, preferring my lap and cat's cradle.

Little by little the children and staff became accustomed to my presence and seemed to accept me, although my doings always astonished them. There was great excitement when one day I imported a typewriter. Such modern equipment had never been seen in the place before. When the click of the machine was heard in the halls, everyone came running, even the cook. I explained that I was listing articles which we would need for their new clubroom.

The managers had finally approved my plan of using some of the empty rooms for recreation, and furnishing them attractively. There was little money, I discovered, for equipment, but a few contributions covered the cost of cretonne, fiber rugs and some wicker chairs. Joyously the older girls in the sewing room made the curtains and covered cushions. The volunteers I had found, among them some of my own college friends, painted a collection of ancient furniture I discovered in the storeroom. Soon the little rooms were done. The children were entranced. The caretakers grudgingly admitted they looked nice, but warned me that the children would destroy the furniture as fast as we gathered it together.

"Put a committee of children in charge, and ask them to keep the rooms in order," I suggested.

"It won't work," asserted the caretakers, in a gloomy chorus. "It would be only wasting our time. They will break everything up in two weeks."

These women really seemed disappointed when later this wholesale destruction was not evident.

These changes, I heard, had stirred the Lady Managers. The rumble of reform had penetrated their board meetings, and provoked plaintive discussion. Miss Sarah wrote me:
"With real humility the dear old President said that she realized that for the children's good changes must come, but that she was too old and too old fashioned to continue in office. She would retire, but of course her help would continue all the same. Receiving her resignation last week, the older members of the Board arose in a body and said they must go out with her, that they were all in the same boat. Miss Lyle begged them to reconsider, telling them that they were unfit for their trust if they could cast it aside so easily. As a result, the President and the Board have all decided to go on for a year, try to understand the new plans, and help to forward them. From first to last the spirit has been without antagonism."

Sad facts regarding the orphanage continued to crop up. Children were admitted without any attempt at investigation of their needs. Tubercular children or feeble-minded were often taken. Ernest Correll, admitted a month before - like all the other children, without any investigation - had been in a tubercular hospital for six months recently, but the managers never knew it. I judged that three-quarters of the children who were admitted could have found homes with relatives, if the applications had been investigated. But that would have cut off our precious board money. The President often mixed up several new applications, and admitted children whose other relatives were anxious to keep them, (and were able to do so). I asked the Board for permission to conduct some rudimentary investigations, but realized it would be little use if the Administration Committee persisted in mixing the cases.

I finally obtained permission to investigate at least some of the applications. Calling on the nearby University for help, I secured part time from eight economics students. After some delay, in arranging their university schedules, they finally arrived, eight underbaked young ladies who had never done anything like an investigation before. I spent a day explaining to them what information we needed, and making them acquainted with the printed record card, as a guide to their questions.

I had little faith in the results. These volunteers could work only two or three hours each week, preferred cases where there was only one child to a family, and stated that those cases must be within their own immediate neighborhoods. Their final request was that they might go visiting in pairs, but this I sternly refused. I wished for their own sakes these timorous academic young women had been plunged into the heart of a crowded tenement district, as I had been in my previous field work, and had been held responsible by a critical supervisor for getting the facts, down to the smallest relevant detail. My own instructions to these volunteers I felt were inadequate, given their inexperience, their general attitude of timidity, and my own lack of time to give them more training. But I hoped we would succeed in keeping out children who did not need the Home.
After a period of time our investigations of applicants began to have effect, and we no longer admitted children who were sick or feebleminded, or those who had relatives willing to keep them at home. This new policy of course decreased the managers' board money and irritated them. Other results of my work were from my own view point encouraging. The clubs and classes with my visiting staff of fifteen volunteers were going well. Active, happy children beamed at me from the playrooms and the library, where games, dramatics, handcrafts or story hours were scheduled each afternoon. I felt triumphant.

Distressed with the decrease in the board money, due to our investigations of applicants, one of the Lady Managers actually responded to my suggestion that an expert on children's institutions be invited to look over the place and make recommendations. Before she could change her mind, I telephoned to the head of one of the model children's homes, whose advice I knew was considered excellent.

The day came when the expert was to arrive. Wise man, he appeared an hour before the managers expected him! The matron received him, and asked me to go with him around the place. She told him the good points and I told him the bad, so he had both sides of the story. He really needed little information, for he saw the whole thing at a glance. I asked him whether I should stay when I was accomplishing so little, and he said no, reorganization must come first. Of course he said "put in a good superintendent and leave it to her." He talked with the managers and was asked to send his recommendations. I hoped he would make them emphatic.

The recommendations were sent, but nothing happened.

The visit of the expert came at about the same time as a visit I made to the College. Here I found a new plan on foot; to establish a community center in the college town. I was asked by the committee in charge to meet with them and discuss the new proposal, perhaps staying on as executive of the center when it was started.

After my conversation with the child welfare expert, I realized that I must choose between a long struggle for control of the orphanage situation, with every prospect of defeat, and this new possibility. I hesitated to leave the children, defenseless under the conditions I had discovered. Yet there was little I could do without authority, which I lacked. The managers and the matron would I knew sigh with relief when I walked out the door.

I found someone who promised to investigate applications for the managers, and to make full reports on the children admitted. Several of my volunteers promised to continue the clubs and classes in the fall. As a parting shot, I wrote a long report on every phase of the institution, as I knew it, leaving the document in the hands of a child welfare agency, with a request that it do whatever could be done to bring about complete reorganization of this institution.
CHAPTER 6

A COMMUNITY CENTER

Early in May, 1916 I had resigned my volunteer responsibilities at the orphanage, and was on my way to the college. It always made me happy to be on the campus in spring, in the midst of flowering magnolias and forsythia, with the Seniors singing out of doors, and the soft green of the budding woods beyond the gray buildings. Following my correspondence with the committee organized to study community needs in the town, I had come down to meet the committee members and discuss with them the possibility of taking charge of the new community center, if one were to be started. As usual, my own approach to this plan was a feeling of excitement interest, mingled with keen awareness of my mother's reluctance to have me undertake any work away from home.

My first interview in connection with the new plans for community organization was with Professor Susan Kingsbury who had been recently appointed by the President of the College to establish a new graduate department in Social Economy and Social Research. The Professor was an energetic, stocky woman, vigorous in speech and gesture, with a wide knowledge of social conditions and an evident enthusiasm for new ideas. As she talked about the new plans, I realized that here was a woman who had been a pioneer in her own field of industrial and social research, and who would be a powerful ally in any new venture. I immediately liked her straightforward presentation of community problems in the college town and her friendly informality toward me.

She evidently took it for granted that I could do the job the committee had in mind, and urged me to accept. I knew nothing of community centers, I said. No one else did either, she assured me, and I could learn. Tempted by her implied confidence in me, and by the novelty of the work she outlined, I said I would consider it. I spoke of the fact that my mother would not want me to leave home again, and that I had already in her estimation given too many years to college.

"But bring your mother!" she exclaimed. "Bring the whole family."

Jumping up, she showed me two rooms which my aunt and mother might have, and another little room for me. I was overjoyed. Would mother come? I was more than eager to try my hand at the job.

It was soon arranged that without committing myself too definitely to the new job, I should begin to investigate the possibilities for community organization in the town, and recommend some plan of action to the committee. I was to have a nominal salary for this work. In order to make my financial burden easy for the six weeks I had promised to give to this process of investigation, the President arranged to have me stay in one of the halls and to act as assistant to the warden.
I settled down in my new quarters, glad to be back among the college students. These girls were full of interest in the new plans developing in the town, and asked eager questions each day as to what might happen. A few of them expressed a desire to help as volunteers.

It was Professor Kingsbury I soon discovered, who had initiated these plans, partly because she was eager to find opportunities near at home in active social work for graduate and undergraduate students. Previously students interested in social work had taken the long trip into distant sections of the city, giving service in various social agencies. The same opportunities might be found nearer home, the Professor had concluded, with less expenditure of time and carefare. Moreover she had long been interested in the few pioneer community centers started in other parts of the country, and was convinced that a similar experiment could be carried on in our college town, uniting the conflicting factions of our diversified population.

That these diverse elements presented a tangled problem for any kind of community effort, I soon realized. Scattered along the railroad, with a rapidly growing population, the various sections of the town had little to do with each other. Colleges and schools held aloof, owners of large estates centered their interests on affairs in the nearby city; shopkeepers and tradesmen considered only local interests. There was a large Italian community, and a growing black population, the latter split into two mutually antagonistic sections. To complicate the situation still further, the town itself was controlled politically under numerous jurisdictions, situated as it was on the border of two counties and three intersecting townships. One of the wealthiest townships in the state, genuine slums lay at the back door of many of the great estates; streets of squalid houses, without sanitation, or even foundations. Several churches, a hospital, a relief society under the combined auspices of the churches, and a civic association, attempted to meet general and specialized community needs.

Such was the town to which I was gradually introduced that spring. Familiar as I had been with its streets and houses, its shops and churches, I was, like most college students, entirely unfamiliar with the life of the townspeople who for six years had been my neighbors.

It was soon evident that a concrete plan was needed, for the "General Committee" organized to consider a center were vague in all conversation about it. In fact, the community center existed only in the minds of these public-spirited men and women, the community as a whole being entirely unaware of these new proposals. The chairperson of this committee, I discovered to my joy, was one of my own classmates, who had recently married and settled in the neighborhood, as her husband was employed in the city. To find one of my own friends in this position gave me confidence, as whatever might happen I was sure of her understanding.

She outlined to me the general plans, so far as they had been developed. It might be possible to get some unused rooms in the back of the public school building. Perhaps it would be well for me to look around a bit, and try to discover what was needed.

During those first spring days I hired a bicycle and went everywhere in the district, talking with anyone who would talk with me; storekeepers, the men at the bank, the stout policeman on the corner, the firemen loafing by their bright new engine in the wide door of the firehouse, gangs of boys watching baseball games on a vacant lot.

Most of those I consulted were vague in the extreme. Yes, they had heard talk of a community center. Sounded kinder like a good thing. Might be nice to have a place where the kids could go after school, instead of loafing around on the street. Yes, maybe a little music would be nice too. Hard to get books, in this town.

The policeman was skeptical. The public school teachers, consulted during lunch hour, agreed in this opinion.

"It's only a waste of time to plan anything like that. The school building would be wrecked in a week if you let them run wild all over the place. We used to have some playground equipment in the yard, but it was all destroyed. It's no use starting a playground. They'll only tear it to pieces."

I was discouraged with these half-hearted comments, and the general attitude that whatever I could do would be of little ultimate value. From my reading and from courses at the School of Philanthropy, I had a hazy conviction that it would be worth while for any community to build up a strong organization, on democratic lines, in order that people might meet their own needs in education, health and recreation. Such a theory appealed to me far more than what I had studied of charity organizations and their methods. But these methods of case work had still not been adapted to a community. I had no way of learning how the principles of scientific social work could be applied to a whole local population, even supposing the people themselves were interested in working together to meet common needs.

Again I consulted the committee, giving them a brief summary of my various conversations. They agreed perhaps something—anything—should be started, as a test of public opinion. The school board was willing to have two large rooms and one small one in the rear of the school building used for the experiment.

There were two very large rooms, partitioned in the center with a row of folding doors. Back of these rooms were two small ones suitable, I decided instantly, for an office, and a kitchen. Around the corner of the hall were closets, and one additional room of fair size.

Following the committee's decision to take the plunge, and announce a few activities to test public opinion, a small folder was printed, and
circulated in the town, stating that the center would open in the fall. As a matter of courtesy, I called on the president of the school board and on the principal of the public school, to thank them for the use of their rooms, and to ask their cooperation. I came away from these interviews with a chill realization of the evident hostility of these officials, hostility well masked under a polite manner, but making me conscious of difficulties ahead. These school officials evidently had no faith in the new plan, did not think it was needed, and could foresee disaster for their precious building if the community were invited in. What could I do, I speculated, to win their very necessary support?

Once the general plan was decided, I went home for the summer, pending the Committee's effort to raise the necessary budget for the first year's work. I returned before the opening of the public school in September, in order to have everything ready for the new activities. To my delight, my mother and aunt had decided to accept the Professor's invitation to occupy part of her hospitable home.

In our new folder after school activities for children, a playground and a little library were announced as opening immediately. With the help of a neighbor woman, the place had been scrubbed. A modest investment of funds had provided six strong kitchen tables, and three dozen folding chairs. From someone's attic had come a long table for the library, and a dubious piece of furniture, half desk, half sideboard, for my office. A slim stock of games, checkers, quoits, and parchesi, had been collected, and were stored in the hall closets. Twenty battered books of interest to children waited in the bare room known as the library. The Community Center was ready to open. At three o'clock on the opening day its new director waited in excitement at the front door, to see what would happen when school let out.

With a rush and a shout, the children dashed around the corner of the school and up the steps of the Center. In a moment the empty rooms were full of children - sliding on the bare floors, tumbling up and down the cellar stairs, small boys perched on window sills and tops of hall closets, and every child screaming with excitement. My shrill police whistle broke into their screams. With what I hoped was an air of calm I sat down on the floor in the middle of the big room. Rather suspiciously, they gathered around me: tall girls of twelve and fifteen, lugging small children, tots of kindergarten age, white and black. Finally they were all squatting on the floor around me, curiosity making them comparatively quiet. I told them briefly of the playground hours, the game closet, the books waiting in the library. Hastily I sorted out the children who wanted to try out gymnastics from the ones who wanted to read, improvising a schedule for the various groups. Excitement could be held no longer. We all rushed out to the sunny playground, where swings and basketballs were waiting. In the nick of time, my three volunteers trotted into the yard, college undergraduates who had undertaken to help with playground games. Soon dodgeball was in full swing. The Center was officially in operation. I breathed a sigh of relief.
I enlisted my mother and my aunt as volunteers for several afternoons a week.

My aunt undertook cooking and sewing classes for the little girls, also for a few small boys who insisted on joining.

The children enjoyed these activities but often they seemed to get too tired, and to want to sit listlessly on the steps. Obviously, they had had little to eat for lunch. Most of them, coming from some distance to school, brought a pickle and a hunk of bread, munching them as they rushed around the playground at recess. I reported these facts to my committee. Immediately they were interested. "Hot school lunches!" The word soon went around. Could we serve them at cost? What would the authorities think of our plan? We consulted the principal, going carefully around the building to pay her an official call, rather than using the way I had discovered through the dark passages of the cellar. She was interested, though skeptical.

"You can try it," she said. "I don't know how many parents can give their children money for food. No, I don't believe the school teachers would be interested. They like to get away from the children at lunch."

Having secured this slight encouragement, the committee decided to go ahead. A carpenter lent some long boards and horses for trestle tables. More folding chairs were added from our slender fund for equipment. A cook was found, and a simple menu - soup and crackers - decided on, at an inclusive price of three cents. Every morning from eleven o'clock on the steam of boiling soup - bean and tomato, bean and celery, but always bean - filled the kitchen, and floated over the low partition to my office. At twelve promptly, the forbidden door between school and center was opened by the official key in the hands of a teacher, and the children marched in, circling the room to file past the table where soup and crackers were served. From fifty to one hundred children were fed each day, the process accompanied by a frantic search for lost pennies, the collision and crash of camp chairs, folding up beneath too vigorous diners, and an occasional deluge of hot soup, as a slippery bowl fell to the floor. One teacher was put in charge and marched up and down in a military fashion to preserve order - a proceeding I resented but was unable to change. Gradually, we found, the teachers too came in to purchase a bowl of soup, sometimes eating in my little office, sometimes going off with their steaming bowls to some distant fastness of their own. I tried to get acquainted with these neighbors from beyond the forbidden door, finding them polite but uncommunicative, suspicious of the Center and all its doings.

As time passed, and our lunches proved more popular, we varied and expanded our menu, until the entire list of dishes, if one were greedy enough to eat them all, required the total purchase price of fourteen cents. The income from the lunches covered all cost of food. Our cook was delighted, and spent her leisure hours devising new combina-
tions of stewed fruit, soups, cereals, and desserts, and in making up
detailed penny accounts. As a neighbor, she was interested in all the
affairs of the Center, and gave me much advice while her soup or cocoa
was boiling.

"You ought to have something here for older boys," she said often.
"My boy - he's in high school now - kicks up his heels after school,
and hangs around the house, but don't know what to do with himself
half the time. Some of them boys are so rough I won't let John go with
them; they get in trouble all the time with the police. Every church
has put them out of the young peoples' clubs so now they hang around
in the back lots and shoot craps."

I listened with interest as she talked and stirred her big steaming
kettles. So far, all I had seen of the older boys was their heels,
as they raced out of the playground after hurling stones at our
windows.

The committee seemed pleased with the success of the school lunches.
Soon, other activities were added to the Center program. A little
kindergarten was started. A night school for Italians who wished to
study English had been organized by the men in the neighboring college,
and now asked for space in our rooms. Ten women asked that they might
use the rooms for a Women's Club, for sewing and recreation. From
three in the afternoon when crowds of children raced out of school,
to eleven at night or later, the place was full of people. My mother
complained about my schedule.

"If you work all the afternoon and every evening, you should stay at
home in the mornings," she said repeatedly.

But this I found impossible. It seemed necessary to have a few quiet
hours in the office for writing and telephoning, for consultation with
committees, and to prepare the place for our daily activities. For
the first month or two I had no help except that offered by my willing
family, and by a handful of irregular volunteers, undergraduates from
the college. I was my own janitor, hauling chairs and tables to set
up the room for the school lunches; transforming it again for the
kindergarten at one o'clock; making another rapid change at three to
prepare for gymnastics, handwork and children's clubs; clearing the
room again and sweeping it before the evening activities.

The children helped me with enthusiasm, sending the chairs skating
along the floor, and dashing after them at top speed. At intervals I
slipped downstairs to poke the decrepit furnace, or to shovel coal in
the vain hope of producing a little heat to thaw the icy atmosphere
above.

In view of this lively program calling for all the energy I
possessed, I was charmed to meet Philip, the stocky Italian
whom I was finally authorized to engage as a janitor. His cheerful red 
sweater, out at the elbows, was to me an enchanting sight, as he strolled 
around the Center in a leisurely way, and discussed the work. Even 
though he would always rather discuss it than do it, I thanked my stars 
for Philip. His round red face shining with steam, he stood in the 
door of the kitchen, watching our cook prepare the school lunch and 
giving her recipes for Italian cooking.

Since that time, though I have never seen Philip again, I have often 
thought of him, his zeal for education, his flowery, grandiloquent 
phrases, his kindly spirit, and his passion for talk. The atmosphere 
he created in the Center was one of lofty thinking and high endeavor, 
although to my mind, he could have done more work. But though the 
dust rolled in every corner, I enjoyed Philip and the dark-eyed friendly 
Italians whom he gathered in the Center.

The Night School which most of these men attended was one of the first 
community activities to be given rooms in the Center, and met twice a 
week through the winter. While officially Italian, it included Span-
iards, and a few Filipinos. Graduate students from the college offered 
their service as volunteer teachers. I struggled to discover for them 
the best methods of teaching English to foreigners, and to supply them 
with all available material on the subject. Each hour of laborious 
reading, writing and spelling was followed by a period of singing, where 
one teacher stood beside each student, helping him to pronounce the words 
of the song as he sang. As some of our students were engaged in the 
neighborhood to take care of furnaces, there were one or two expeditions 
into our cellar, to identify the shovel, broom, ashcan, and other furnace 
equipment.

While we had a growing attendance of men in the little Night School, any 
attempt on my part to interest Italian women was discouraged by the men 
of their families.

"No try," they said smiling. "They stay home, take care baby, cook 
supper."

One day I set forth with a young Italian girl as interpreter, determined 
to learn the situation for myself. Up and down the narrow back streets 
we went, stopping at every house. We chatted with the smiling inarticu-
late young mothers in the dooryard; or in the parlor, with mothers and 
children gathered around, told the story of the Community Center and 
what it might offer them. As a result of our tour, ten women decided 
they would like instruction in English, if teachers could be found to 
go to their homes. Twenty-two children could be sent to a kindergarten, 
if they could be gathered up every morning and returned. A chorus of 
friendly farewells went up from the little group clustered in every 
doorway, as the matter was excitedly discussed.

Our little kindergarten, when finally organized, was a delight. Seldom 
have I felt as happy as on those sunny mornings when the circle of thirty 
children, with their friendly young teacher, were singing and playing
games outside of my office door. Each child's personality was of interest to me and I soon became as familiar with their ways as was the teacher herself. The sweet shrillness of their voices lightened my struggles with accounts and committee lists. As I heard the singing, I felt distinctly more cheerful.

"Daffodil, daffodil, won't you appear?  
Summer is coming, and springtime is here."

Or that more haunting tune, with a minor strain:

"Baa, Baa black sheep, have you any wool?  
Yes, sir, yes, sir, three bags full.  
One for my master, one for my dame,  
One for the little boy who lives down the lane."

These blithe melodies, and others from the kindergarten hours, hummed through my head, as I went up and down the village street.

As these various activities developed at the Center I found that I was entering new experiences at home. Professor Kingsbury, I soon learned, had a wide circle of personal and professional friends, many of them outstanding in the fields of social work or teaching. Many of these men and women came to the house, for a day or longer, sometimes to speak to the graduate students, often to confer with the Professor about some of her numerous committees. At the table or around the Sunday evening fire, the talk ranged over many topics of economic or political interest, the Professor herself and her guests speaking with intimate knowledge of many matters about which I had always been concerned - labor conditions, international affairs, political theories, the changing world of education and social progress. These conversations, in which my own share, because of comparative ignorance, was usually that of a listener, seemed to me an opportunity to learn matched only by the best graduate seminar. I listened eagerly to the experiences and views of these men and women, thinking of the long road of hard work they were prepared to travel for the achievement of their far-reaching social purposes, and hoping that sometime I too might speak with such an assured grasp of present day facts, and such a clear vision of the future. My mother and aunt too valued this opportunity to meet these public-spirited and experienced leaders.

It was at that time that I first met Jane Addams, and heard her tell of Hull House and of her part in the movement for international peace. There in the Professor's living room, crowded with students on Sunday afternoons, I also met Dr. Katherine Davis, later superintendent of Bedford Reformatory; Mrs. Arthur Falconer, experimenting with her model institution for delinquent girls in Pennsylvania; Lillian Wald, of Henry Street; Mary Anderson, of the Women's Bureau; Frances Perkins, later to become Secretary of Labor; Dr. Alice Hamilton, patient worker in industrial disease; Jean Spahr, a founder of the college settlement
in New York; Anna Davis of the Philadelphia Settlement; Grace Abbott, later chief of the Children's Bureau; Eva Whiting White, leader in Boston's community centers; and many others. Among the men too, who came as the Professor's guests, there were many who had led the way in social pioneering and to them too I listened with interest. But it was the women who held my special admiration for I knew that what they had done, each in her own field, had laid foundations for younger women, like myself, who were trying to follow their leadership, and to learn from their experience. As I gathered flowers for Jane Addams' room, or fixed a hot lemonade for Dr. Anna Davis, I thought with appreciation of the rare chance I was having to know these women.

To the Professor herself I turned for advice on all affairs of the Center. She encouraged me to think that I could in time meet the needs of our conflicting factions, and bring them into some sort of harmonious relationship, to carry on the work.

Anxious to help me in every way at the Center and to make my work easier, the Professor suggested that I learn to drive her Model T Ford. It was one of the early models, requiring unlimited exasperated cranking and once under way, a delicate hand on the throttle, if one were to avoid stalling the engine. One trip I remember with especial pleasure. On a hilly road to the city, the gas had run low. The ingenious Professor, however, turned the car around, and we sailed triumphantly up every hill, backward. The gas, it appeared - what was left of it - flowed to our advantage under these conditions. I have not forgotten the startled expressions of passing motorists as they saw our crablike progress.

Things mechanical were outside my sphere of comprehension and I avoided them so systematically that I felt sure I could never master the art of driving. Patiently, the Professor explained the inner construction of the engine, lifting the hood and pointing out to me the internal mysteries. This intelligent method, she soon realized, did me no good. I could not grasp the mechanical principles involved, and felt it useless even to try. A simple trial and error method was all that remained. After a week of lessons, when I set out by myself in the car to the Center, the family assembled to see me off. My destination was six blocks away.

"Telephone when you get there," begged the Professor anxiously, as I cranked, and leaped around to catch the spark before it died.

With a jerk I backed out of the yard, twisted the wheel and was on my way to the village. Sitting very straight, clutching the wheel, cold shivers in my spine, I managed to reach the main street without catastrophe, and turned in at the Center. A crowd of children received me nonchantly. Little did they realize what a feat I had accomplished!

From that time on, Kilty, as the car was named, was a constant companion.
Except for occasional trips to town, the Professor put the machine at my disposal. Whether it helped me more than it hindered was often a question. Sometimes there was a series of catastrophes; Kilty blowing out one tire after another in one afternoon; Kilty refusing to start, Kilty being temperamental about cranking, even in warm weather. But at those times when all was well, the triumphant pilgrimages we made up and down the village, and far off into the country, speeding along at twenty-five miles an hour, compensated for all my difficulties.

As the activities at the Center continued to increase, more and more of the college students were drawn in as volunteer assistants. At frequent intervals I met with them for conferences. I searched the city library for suggestions on community work but found little material. Our Center, it seemed, was one of the few pioneers in this field. Seven women from the town offered their services and were immediately put to work, collecting books for the rapidly growing library, organizing the kindergarten, studying the question of girls' clubs.

To use so much eager interest in the most effective way was my constant problem. With the college students a schedule presented difficulties. To find the right person, and to use her for a certain activity at a time when she and also the children could come required ingenuity in planning. The students had a way of dropping out, and sending a casual substitute, trusting that thus every need of the situation would be met. Gradually I tried to set a standard of work for these indispensable volunteers, and very gradually, they responded. From the day of the first irregular helpers, till that time three years later when over one hundred volunteers were carrying fifty activities of the Center, the question of organizing these assistants was always a pressing one. It was not until I found myself in demand as a speaker at college meetings when volunteer service for students was being discussed, that I realized we must have accomplished something, in helping these enthusiastic but inexperienced workers to gain some knowledge of community organization. For some girls undoubtedly, this training proved to be the intial step toward more systematic professional work.

After the Center had been opened for a few months we could hardly keep pace with the requests from different groups for room for their meetings or for new activities. I tried various experiments to meet these requests, not all of these ventures proving successful.

With each new experiment, disastrous or successful, I became more and more puzzled as to how such a community organization should be run. Was there not a legitimate reason for asking the school board to take over certain of our activities, for which the need had been proved, such as our Italian night school, the school lunches, the playground and the kindergarten? Why could not the township authorities themselves support a public library, the need for which was indicated every day in our crowded little room with its rows of worn books? With our
ceaseless efforts to raise money, it was obvious we could never raise enough to keep up with what the community wanted, as expressed in the daily requests we tried to meet. I knew little except theoretically of government departments, tax supported schools, or what could be done to bring about results in social betterment through public agencies. I knew however that our Italians had tried to petition the school board for money for a teacher, but that they had never been able to guarantee an attendance of twenty people required by the law before such action could be taken. I determined to find out in just what way we could appeal for at least a moderate public fund for certain activities of interest to the schools, thus putting to the test the school board's reiterated but still unproven statements that they wished to cooperate with the Center.

To come into our building on a typical Saturday morning that winter gave even the casual visitor some idea of the many kinds of needs met by the Center. One rainy day I entered to find a play rehearsal in one side of our big room; a handicraft class in the other; a little boy taking a violin lesson in the kitchen; a committee meeting in my office; a game of checkers on the cellar stairs; quoits in the hall; and a story hour in the library. By the door I stumbled over a brown paper parcel, heard a frantic squawk, and found a chicken, left by one of the Italians for the club supper. It was no wonder our chairman remarked:

"The community is so thick that you can't see the center!"

Once a month the Negro Methodist Debating Society assembled in the big room for a meeting. One evening I was invited to be the guest of honor, and sat on the improvised platform, a large bouquet of carnations, the gift of the club, on my lap. The chairman, a tall black man, arose to announce the topic of the evening. He read it out in dignified tones:

"The subject for tonight is: Resolved, that it is largely the fault of men that women are so little respected."

With interest I listened to the debate, amused with the contrast between the topic of the evening, and the respect shown by the members to me as the guest of honor. The arguments surged back and forth, all couched in the highest oratorical terms, and bearing little relation to the facts of the case. At the end, with responsibility for the hypothetical situation pinned firmly on the masculine sex, the meeting adjourned, the members filing past me to shake my hand, and thank me for the use of the Center. It was with interest that I watched these Negro groups taking an active part in our program for at first they had been suspicious, and were reassured only when they found they were given equal consideration with all our other members.

Heavens! What a job! In a moment of enthusiasm, our committee had decided to hold an exhibit of pictures, copies of classical paintings loaned, with the best of intentions, by some educational agency. I
had imagined the pictures as small, suitable for pinning on a big screen. When they actually arrived, ten great packing cases stood in the hall, blocking progress for the kindergarten children who struggled to make their way through or over these wooden mountains. With the aid of Philip and a gang of college volunteers, we attempted to attach the monster paintings to our walls. For almost a whole day we toiled, with ladders and wire, to find methods of hanging the pictures. Either they were travel-weary, and their patent fasteners worn, or else our walls had peculiar slippery qualities of their own. Whatever the reason, just as we were fastening a Rosetti on one wall, a Murillo fell with a dull whack on the other side of the room. Every time I came into the room another picture had tumbled. "Art, indeed," I thought bitterly, just let some of the enthusiasts on the committee come and try to make these miserable paintings stay up.

But on the day of the exhibition, the charms and curses of the hanging committee must have had some effect, for hardly a picture had left the walls. School children with their teachers, women's clubs, groups of Italians and Negroes came to inspect the pictures. Everyone was full of congratulations.

"One of the best things the Center has done," was the general opinion. "So important for the children to see such good copies of such good paintings." "We should really do this once a year."

I had heard vague tales of art classes in which adults with little education were given instruction, allowed to take their own pace, expressing their own ideas in color, or in clay. Something of this sort I felt sure would have been of more interest to our neighbors from the back alleys than these elegant paintings, their subjects so far removed from anything they knew in daily life.

It was the spring of 1917. My mother and aunt had returned home, after their novel winter of community center activities. I missed their constant interest and help. My mother intended to rent our New York home, for the sake of additional income, and was looking for a house in the Greenwich Village neighborhood, near the settlement where my sister was employed. My brother was helping to build wooden ships for government use in the war.

In addition to the regular Center activities, war work was in full swing in our crowded rooms. Four conferences were held, with the help of a state demonstrator, on food conservation and clothing, attended usually by more than two hundred women. A knitting machine was presented to us. Twenty black women came to the Center every evening to knit, the one who first got the use of the machine being regarded with envy by all the others. In dealing with all the extra work I was elated with the promise of an assistant. To struggle with the supervision, often the actual details of twenty-five activities, was exhausting. Five hundred people came regularly once a week to the Center, and another five hundred used the building once a month.
I interviewed several applicants for the new job. One was a tall, fine looking woman with gray hair, and an evident sense of humor. The fact that she seemed to know a great deal more than I did about community work appealed to me, although I wondered whether I should not rather be an assistant to her. Finally engaged, she went about her work in a business like manner, taking charge of the night school, the women's clubs, and the girls' section of our activities. Soon, Mrs. Mallett had won the friendship of the older women, and had become acquainted with the night school men. With a feeling of relief, I went home for my vacation, leaving the summer activities, including the crowded playground, in her capable hands.

I returned the next fall to continue my work.

One night I was in the little kitchen making milk toast and cocoa for my supper. A bitter wind was howling around the Community Center. On the giant slide in the playground, the iron chains clanked in the gale, giving out a metallic chime all their own. Long afterward, the clanking recalled for me the chill and loneliness of those bare rooms in the brief interval between the afternoon and evening classes. As I stirred the milk and turned the toast, I felt a deep discouragement, almost despair. The days were long and hard, I felt I could not stand the sight of another ragged little boy or another meeting of the women's club. The chains clanked and shrieked. I had been on my feet all day helping serve school lunches, out on the playground supervising games most of the afternoon, cleaning the library, setting up chairs for the evening meeting. My committee was cordial and gave me every encouragement to try anything I wished, but it was pioneer work. There was no time to plan, not enough help for the growing activities, and very little money.

Would I ever be able to control the gangs of young ruffians who even that afternoon, raiding the Center, had broken the furniture, and would probably try to break up our evening meeting? Only as a last resort would I call the police, I decided. These boys had been in trouble with them for months, and had been put out of every other gathering place in town. In whatever direction I looked, I felt surrounded by high walls of difficulties. Gloomily I ate my supper, and washed my dishes. If only the wind would go down! The windows rattled and the chains clanked more wildly. Suddenly like a pistol shot, a stone flew against the kitchen window, with the sharp clatter of falling glass. Swiftly I was out the back door and around the building. Only a mocking giggle from the fence floated back from the young raiders.

Boys, boys, boys! While the little boys thronged our rooms, taking part in every activity from gymnasium to cooking, these big boys obviously scorned the Center. A few of them at times hung around the door, rushing off with shrieks and catcalls when I invited them in. I had tried to talk to others on the back fence of the playground, as they waited for little brothers and sisters to finish their swings
and go home. Certain individuals made a practice of looting ice cream freezers standing ready for parties, and lying in wait for the more orderly citizens of Boydom on their way home.

My mind was full of boys in general, and certain resentful memories of boys in particular, as I went down once more to ponder on the basement. Here were two large rooms with concrete floors, the furnace glowing in its corner, and plenty of windows above ground. Why not partition off the furnace, and invite in the big boys, to make the rooms their own? Where could I find a club leader? Could any gang of boys, however violent, be able to wreck this bare place? Would they be willing to use the rooms, on my invitation? With these and other questions in mind, I decided to consult the chairman of our committee.

As was natural, when the matter was decided, and the rooms had been made ready for use, it was the mildest members of the gangs who responded to the invitation. Sure, they'd like to use the rooms. Could they play basketball upstairs? The one thing some of the fellers wanted was a place for basketball. Thinking hastily of our one large room, with all its limitations, I promised that they should play. But it would mean wire guards over the lights, and protection for the windows. Did they want to go to work as a club and earn the money for this equipment? The center could offer nothing except the room, for it had no funds to spare. The advance guard sent to interview me retired, looking serious, to consult the others. Soon they were back. Yeah, they'd see what they could do, give a minstrel show, mebbe, and raise the money. When could they start? And where was the room they could use for club meetings?

The Eagles, as this first club announced themselves, went into action. Meeting with a young man who had been selected as a volunteer leader, they soon had their club organized. The son of our school lunch cook, a quiet, serious boy, was elected president. In rapid succession, meeting followed meeting; rehearsals were called, and the minstrel show became an actual fact, bringing families and neighbors to the Center as audience. With the small fund thus acquired, the boys purchased a ball, baskets, and heavy wire to protect windows and lights. Soon the guards were up around the lights, and every window was sheltered behind a grating. The first basketball game, on a Saturday night, crowded the Center, small boys perching on top of the school lunch supply closets, and mothers and sisters clustering in the doorways. The Eagle basketball team was soon known to fame, conducting a series of games which to their smug satisfaction the Eagles usually won.

The ease with which the Center had assimilated the Eagles, its first club of big boys, had not prepared me for the encounters which followed. Soon I discovered that many boys, considered undesirable by the lofty Eagles, had been excluded from membership, and were clamoring for a club of their own. Without waiting for an invitation, they took possession of my office one evening, to discuss the matter with me. Here
I saw at once, was the motley collection of overgrown Irish, Italian, and black boys who from the earliest days of the Center had made my life difficult. Every one of them I knew was a terror to the police of the district, and many, as I had been told by the self-righteous Eagles, had been "up before de judge." Dan, a hulking young Irishman, had evidently been chosen as spokesman. He began in a belligerent fashion:

"We hear that yous here at the Center let them other fellers have a room in the basement. Ain't we got as much right as them to come in here? What about lettin' us have a place to play pool?"

A place was possible, I remarked mildly, but they would have to keep it in order themselves, and get their own pool table. The Center had no funds for equipment. If they thought they would like to get a club together, I could offer them a room, and if they wished, I would try to find them a leader to help them organize. Perhaps they would like to come to my house some night and talk over the whole question. "Sure," Dan muttered, looking around hastily at the others to see whether he was safe in accepting. A date was settled, and the delegation filed out.

Scrubbed till their faces shown, with worn clothes from which arms and legs seemed to extend indefinitely into space, ten boys appeared at my house on the appointed evening. Solemnly they removed their caps, and sat down gingerly on our antique chairs. They glanced around uneasily, undecided whether it was not the part of wisdom to escape before too late. They were stocky young Italians, with pink cheeks; and one handsome young mulatto boy, evidently the leader of the gang. To ease the tension of the occasion, I plunged into discussion of the new club. I had found a leader if they wanted some help; the room would be ready. One of the committee knew of a second-hand pool table they might buy cheap. At the mention of the pool table, the stiffness in the group thawed. They began eager conversation, soon forgetting all about me in the ensuing argument. Accompanied by jeers and hoots, the process of organization went forward, and by the time the crullers and cider were served, every member of the new club seemed to feel thoroughly at home.

Thereafter, every Wednesday night through the winter, pandemonium, sifting up through the floors, indicated that in the basement a business meeting was in progress. I went downstairs. Around the second-hand pool table, bought with the first funds of the new club, the members were gathered. They were evidently wrangling over a name.

"Basement Bats! Basement Bats!" shrieked one faction.

"Whiskey Rebellers!"

"Furnace Frolickers!"
Then Dan rose, a bit solemn with the weight of thought within him, but 
every inch of his more than six feet conscious of inspiration.

"I say we'd oughter call this gang "A Way Through Life," he submitted 
with decision. "Because that's what we gotter be." His suggestion 
grew unregarded.

"We'd oughter have a real historical name," ventured someone. "Somepin 
to do wid this state, or - you know, wid America."

"Keystone!" screamed Jerry, the young mulatto, climbing rapidly to the 
top of the lockers and jumping up and down in his excitement. "Keystone! 
Keystone! Keystone!"

And whether by virtue of his lofty position, or his lung capacity, far 
outlasting the howls and shrieks of every boy in the room, Keystone it 
was. In short order the club proceeded to an election of officers, and 
Jerry was made president.

One night soon after, I paused in horror at the door of the big room. 
The boys' clubs, now four in number, had gathered for their first Coun-
cil meeting, as the next step in a program of orderly government. But 
this evening the room was in an uproar. I had a vision of Philip in 
full pursuit of one of the boys, lashing out with a belt as he chased 
him around the room. Dan had a chair in his hand and was swinging it 
rhythmically over his head, striking anyone within reach. Jerry was 
on top of the school lunch closet, his favorite perch, shrieking with 
extermination. Everywhere was a tumult of arms and legs, and the room 
was full of hoots and hubbub. Now Philip grabbed the window pole and 
was charging the whole crowd. I sailed into the thick of it, seized 
on Philip, and sent him and his pole whirling out the door. Vainly I 
called for order. The boys streamed howling out of the building. A 
pool of blood on the floor indicated that there had been at least one 
bleeding nose.

Knowing their usual outside haunts, I followed in the wake of the shriek-
ing mob down the street. Soon they were around a corner, in an open 
pasture at the end of a side street. Here I was able to find out what 
had happened, as they milled around, climbing up and down the fence 
rails and howling at each other. All the clubs, it seemed, had been 
invited to use the swimming pool on the estate of a neighbor, a long 
hoped-for privilege. Now it was discovered that no blacks would be 
admited. Jerry, the president of the Council, was black. In the 
ensuing argument, Jerry, as president had been hooted down by a faction 
of boys who wanted to use the pool in spite of this stipulation. I 
looked around for Jerry, but he had disappeared. Jerry, I learned, had 
had his nose broken by Dan's swinging chair and had gone home. His 
family I knew were not sympathetic with the Center and trouble was 
bound to follow. I left the gang of boys in the fence corner, buzzing 
with argument, and although it was almost midnight, decided to call on 
the family of Jerry.
Jerry was sniffling on the couch, holding his nose, when I entered the house. His wrathful family glared at me. They all began to talk at once. I gathered they were about to call the police and have me arrested. I explained what had happened. Gradually some degree of calm was restored in the excited family. No, they had not called the doctor. Yes, I could call one if I wished. The doctor, once secured, plastered Jerry nose, and made him comfortable for the night. By that time, the family and I were on speaking terms, if not actually cordial. Yes, they supposed Jerry could come back to the Center. It was a better place for boys than the street.

Next day I tried to find Jerry, suspecting what the fight over his presidency would mean to him. I could not locate him in any of his usual haunts. He did not come to the Center. He was never at home. Then one day, coming into the school yard, I saw a dark form lying face downward on the grass.

"Jerry!" I called.

He hunched his shoulders, but would not look up. I sat down beside him on the grass. I realized that it would be no use then to discuss what had happened. It was enough for him that his own gang had turned against him. I knew how hard he had worked to build up the club, and hold the boys together. Now the fact of his color had for the first time become an issue. To his sensitive spirit, nothing I could say would improve the situation.

"Jerry," I said, "the little boys are coming for their party. Do you suppose you could come and help me bring in the freezer and serve the ice cream?"

"Sure," he grunted, getting up slowly.

His eyes were swollen, and his cheeks streaked with tears. Soon he was digging the ice cream with the big ladle, and shouting directions to the crowd of little boys clustering around with their plates.

From that time on, Jerry became my right hand man in the Center, taking charge of the game room, and looking after the playground in the intervals between volunteers. The big boys he avoided. While he worked hard, his spirit was broken. No longer did he talk brightly of medical school, or what he hoped to do with his future. Completely discouraged with the hard fact of race prejudice, he lost all ambition. Perhaps he could manage to take a course as a druggist, he muttered indifferently. But when the time came, and he had finished high school, even this opportunity seemed beyond his hopes.

"Have you decided what you are going to do, Jerry?" I asked him once, when he was helping me straighten the books in the library. "If we put some thought on it, perhaps we could find some way for you to go to medical school."
"Don't bother about that," he said listlessly. "There's a job open at the station, driving a taxi. I guess I'll ask 'em if I can have it."

Jerry had evidently lost all hope of finding his rightful place in the world. I thought often of the tragic look in his eyes, as he put away all thought of medical school and faced the reality of his existence. Nothing I could say of the achievements of Negroes in all professional work could change his mind. The bitter problem of his race in America had come home to Jerry, transforming him from a gay, ambitious boy, full of enthusiastic plans, to a passive, morose youth, whose future offered no hope. For his sake I too felt bitter in remembering race hatred; thinking how often Jerry's situation must be duplicated among our black citizens; wondering what we could do at the Center to create racial understanding.

As our numbers grew, we found our doings of interest to the press. An enterprising reporter from a city paper visited the Center and interviewed me. The next day her article, with my picture, furnished amusement for all at the Center. She had evidently been struck with our efforts toward self-government among the unruly boys.

"Kid justice brings woe to youthful heart, but is mighty force for youthful honesty," the headlines read.

Her closing sentence I regarded with derision.

"The Center had been brought to a high degree of social efficiency. A pioneer in this field, the Center has brought a return in healthy, happy childhood, courteous, patriotic young men and women, and a common feeling of neighborliness and friendship among all."

If only it were half true, I thought, having in mind the warring factions among the boys, the suspicious attitude of our school board, the quarrels in the Women's Club. But the Community Center did look well in print.

In the midst of this publicity, I received a letter from my mother which said she had caught a little cold while out for Christmas shopping, and had gone to bed. Four days before Christmas I went home, to the old Colonial house the family had rented for the winter in Greenwich Village. I found a trained nurse installed in my mother's room. Pneumonia, she said. Mother was cheerful in greeting me, but her flushed face and hollow cough frightened me. As I joined the others in last minute preparations for Christmas I struggled with my feeling of alarm. It was bitterly cold, that winter of 1917, coal was scarce, and the old fashioned furnace worked none too well. In fact, it had once already that winter caused an alarming blaze in the cellar ceiling, which my brother had put out before the fire engines came. We burned open fires in every room. The depression of the war hung over everything one did. War songs were heard everywhere. "Keep the Home Fires Burning" echoed in my mind as I piled on wood, and went down cellar to look at the furnace. The doctor came twice a day. He was cheerfully non-committal.
All the good nurses were in France, and he admitted that the only one he had been able to find for mother was not an expert.

On Christmas eve, we trimmed the living room with greens and hung wreaths in the windows and on the front door. No one went to bed. The doctor was there all night. I dozed on the stairs outside mother's room. At midnight I made coffee and took it up to the nurse. From across the street in the Italian mission, a brass band blared Christmas carols till I was maddened with the noise, but mother did not hear it. The doctor came into the hall.

"Better go to bed," he said kindly, "there will be no change for awhile." Exhausted, I tumbled on a couch. I woke as a clock struck five and hurried to look at the nurse's chart. I could have shouted my relief. The ominous red line of fever which had mounted every day had suddenly dropped. Uplifted with joy, I hurried down to the pantry to make coffee. The nurse came in.

"Will you come upstairs, all of you," she said gently.

Mother was dying. The sudden drop in her fever which I had thought hopeful, had meant approaching death. She did not look at us again. Across the street the Mission chimes rang out "Oh Little Town of Bethlehem."

Immediately after the funeral, we were forced to think about wedding preparations, for it had been decided that my brother's approaching marriage should not be postponed. Within a few days after the wedding I went back to the Center. Here a willing volunteer had taken my place, and Christmas parties were still in full swing.

Work, work, work. I wanted nothing else, for I felt my mind was deadened. All activity seemed alike to me, as I went ahead with the next job in hand, not caring particularly what it was. Superficially cheerful, often hilarious, I could not think of anything I really wanted to do. I avoided the college people, who seemed ready to be sympathetic. At the Center I put in three sessions per day, going home only to deal with piles of letters, and business connected with my mother's affairs. I tried to drug myself with work, in order to sleep.

I could not believe that I would not see my mother again. Everything I had done all my life had been so closely related to her purposes and desires that I hardly knew how to go on without her. Her quick understanding and discerning criticism, together with her unfailing belief in me, had been the background of all my tapestry of living. I missed her as my constant companion at home; missed our hours of reading together, her ready interest in all my affairs, her laughter. There seemed nothing left to laugh about, now that she was gone. In our country home especially, her personality was reflected in every corner; the rooms she had planned with such care for detail, every copper jar, every fireplace tile which she had chosen and delighted in. For more than two years after her death I could not go to our home in the country.
I was sick with longing for the place, yet could not bring myself to travel up the river, so poignant was the thought of return without her. It was not till long afterward, when constant hard work had somewhat drugged surging emotion, that I could go home with anything approaching equanimity; with some sense of her continuing presence in the place she had loved.

At the Center, a swift succession of activities mercifully filled my mind. Our work expanded, with ever increasing needs. For more than a year our big rooms had been crowded beyond normal capacity. I longed for space to expand. I had looked with hopeful glances at the Milestone, a charming old house three blocks from the Center, advertised for rent. Our committee, always ready to be convinced that the Center had wider opportunities ahead, decided to rent this house, and the lease was signed. We proceeded at once to move in. Here we transplanted our offices, the little library, and the growing activities of girls' and women's clubs; leaving the hordes of boys in partial possession of the big rooms at the Center. Our school lunches, kindergarten, night school, general lectures and entertainments continued there.

The Milestone, so-called because in the yard was one of the early stones marking the highway to the city, had an air of faded elegance, but more important in our eyes, large sunny rooms, space for a caretaker, and plenty of closets. My office was in a front room upstairs, with windows on the main street. Here I disposed our shabby office furniture and set up our typewriter. Downstairs the library was soon installed in the big room, while another room on that floor was reserved for the women's clubs. On the top floor we inspected the four small rooms, deciding how each might be used for the various girls' clubs which had become identified with the Center. After our crowded quarters up the street, this new spaciousness was a delight. We proceeded to make use of every corner immediately. My time, now divided between the two places, was somewhat difficult to manage, but to have the Milestone I felt was worth a sprint up and down the street.

For caretaker, we engaged our old friend, Mrs. Morris, who for two years had been the moving spirit in the women's club. A fine looking, silver-haired Englishwoman, she took care not only of the house, but of everyone who worked in it, appearing late in the evening among us with cocoa and crackers, or offering refuge in her kitchen when clothes and wet feet were to be dried. Her schedule of work did not prevent her from taking a leading part in the British American Club, a unique organization with a membership of seventy, and an average attendance of almost two hundred. It was she who gathered together a group of women to make curtains for our offices, and served them tea while they sewed; she who planned Welsh nights and Scotch nights and Irish nights for the members of the club, arranged horn pipes and jigs, and an evening of British songs. As the presiding genius of the Milestone, we turned to her for comfort in trouble and never failed to find her spirit sustaining.
Because of the growing number of activities, my longstanding request for additional help was given favorable consideration by our committee. I found a children's worker, to take charge of all the handicraft classes, the playground, the school lunches and the kindergarten. Her special training met a genuine need with our hordes of youngsters, who immediately responded to her quiet friendly manner. To watch her walk onto the playground, with its mobs of shrieking, quarreling children, and immediately produce order and harmonious play never failed to fill me with admiration. I wished I had her help long before, during the difficult period of organization. The fact that she was in charge of the children at the Center left me more free for the activities which were soon filling the Milestone to its doors, and for the boys' clubs, with their roaring turbulent citizens which I thought it well to reserve for myself, enlisting several young men as volunteer assistants. Soon the pleasant old house was as full to the threshold as the always crowded Center up the street. Every activity seemed to increase daily in the number of people who wanted to be included. Our little library especially kept me in a constant state of perplexity, wondering where we could put all the books and the people who wanted to read them.

I was especially interested to see the library grow, hoping in time to secure for it financial support from the township officials. As the only library within the boundaries of our town, its possibilities seemed unlimited. High school children came at night to look up references for their next day's classes. Our illiterate Italians spent hours turning over pictures, or spelling out simple stories, as practice for their English classes. The Medical Society, an impressive organization, asked for space for their collection of books. Members of the faculty from nearby colleges found that our fiction, biography or travel was of more recent vintage than what they could find in their own stacks. Negro women called for books on child care, stimulated by suggestions from the visiting nurse. As the core of an educational program, I was eager to have the library developed to the point where public funds would seem a logical necessity. The day when I was invited to appear before the township commissioners, to state the needs of our library, returning joyfully with the promise of a substantial appropriation from the public funds, was an event to be remembered that second winter. When only a few years later a special gift was given by one person for a library building, with modern equipment and a trained staff, I rejoiced that our original battered collection of twenty books, had been the fertile seed of a genuine public library, growing and expanding to meet community needs.

During that year, 1918, the work of the Center seemed to lead step by step into the depths of problems created by the war. Taking the lead as usual, our energetic committee decided to establish a canning center during that war summer, to save the surplus fruit of the neighborhood. A fragrant steam enveloped us all. Gas stoves had been installed down one side of the big room, another sink put in, and twenty-five women came regularly to help with canning. Strawberries, cherries, plums, raspberries, peaches, apples, and all kinds of vegetables were peeled,
stemmed, pitted, chopped and slashed for the big kettles. Bushel baskets of vegetables, gathered in the war gardens by the school children, appeared at our door every morning, delivered by a force of volunteer truck drivers. Empty containers were piled high in the yard, and lined the hallways inside the Center. The canning center was supposed to be within doors, the playground out in the yard during those summer months. But often these two activities became confused. We plucked kindergarten children out of the empty kettles, and rescued baskets of fruit from devouring mobs on the playground. At the end of the summer, the children were still alive, and eight thousand cans of fruit and vegetables were ready for consumption.

Many of my friends were in Europe and wrote letters filled with echoes of excitement and danger. Marian had been near the front line. Cara was serving in a canteen in Boulogne. Grace's hospital had been bombed. In comparison the work at the Community Center seemed dull beyond description. I had a vague feeling that by staying at home I was missing all first hand knowledge of the greatest crisis in history, and that probably nothing would ever make up to me this lost opportunity.

On the other hand I was honest enough with myself to know that I feared a trip across the ocean with the menace of torpedo boats, and that my mind was relieved to realize that I was needed at home. Or at least I thought I was needed, as one organization after another was left with a depleted staff, and more work had to be done. Like most of my generation I had grown up believing war was necessary, and that when it came I must do my share. The growth of pacifist sentiment did not begin to affect most of us until too late for any active protest when it was needed. Like other well-meaning and unthinking people in the United States, I bought Liberty Bonds, gave support to the four-minute speakers sent out through every community, and watched the papers anxiously in the hope that the Allies would speedily win. I did not, however, feel estranged from my German friends in this country, who I realized were having a hard time. I felt little personal concern in the war, as my brother had been rejected because of his eyes, and had turned his energies to ship building.

There was no use, I decided, in even thinking of service abroad, or of pleasant duties on a college campus, for it was plain that I was urgently needed at home. An epidemic of influenza was sweeping the town. Every family had at least one case of the disease.

In the Center rooms we started a kitchen, from which hot food was sent out to those households where no one was well enough to cook. Women offered us their cars and service as chauffeurs to deliver the hot containers up and down every street. As the epidemic spread, more far-reaching forms of relief seemed necessary. The Medical Society appealed to the Center and to the Red Cross for help in opening some sort of emergency hospital for the most serious cases. It was decided to establish such a hospital in a large empty hotel building.

At the time the decision was made, I was forced to drop most of my community work, in order to take care of Dr. Kingsbury who had developed
a serious case of influenza at home. Our cook was taking care of illness in her own family. It was impossible to procure any help in the town, so all the work of the house as well as the actual nursing of the patient fell upon me. I was glad indeed that I had had the course in Home Nursing in our village at home, as I found myself doing all the routine duties of a sick room.

One night in November we were awakened by the fire siren followed immediately by shrieks of whistles and the clank of every bell in town. With a sense of overwhelming emotion I realized that the war was over. To my mind, which had grown accustomed to war psychology, with its feeling of horror and suspense as the normal thing, the change was abrupt. I felt as though after an interminable period in a dark tunnel, stumbling, pursued by shapes of night, I had suddenly come out into a place of radiant safety. I could not hold back my tears.

As soon as Dr. Kingsbury was convalescent and could sit up by the window in the afternoon, I turned my attention to work at the Center. My efficient committee, I found, had filled all gaps in my absence; the food kitchen had been enlarged, and work was well under way at the emergency hospital. As an example of community cooperation, the hospital was a demonstration of what could be done in a short time. Masons, plumbers, and carpenters gave their services. Fifty college students offered spare time to scrape the walls and apply whitewash. The first day I went back to work was devoted to superintending these young people at their new job. When the supply of scrapers gave out we borrowed knives from the minister's house nearby. Cots were loaned by another college; volunteer scrub women, kitchen assistants and waitresses, were enrolled, and scheduled for regular work every day. The Medical Association and the Red Cross together took charge of arrangements for patients, but the rest of the organization was left to the Center and its committees, under the direction of our capable director.

Within five days after work had begun in the old building, the ambulances rolled up with the first patients. These had been needing hospital care for days, and were very ill. I was given work as a nurse's aid, and helped to care for several women with pneumonia. Completely enveloped in a long white uniform and with a gauze mask over my face, I made beds, carried trays from the diet kitchen, cleaned wards, and helped to make the patients comfortable.

As the worst of the epidemic passed, and Dr. Kingsbury gained in strength, President Thomas of the college, in her generous way, insisted on sending us both for ten days to Atlantic City, to recuperate; Dr. Kingsbury from illness and I from an overdose of hard work. Settled in the same hotel where my father had died when I was a child, I had a nightmare recollection of that entrance hall, the elevators and the stairs. After weeks of cooking and scrubbing in blue gingham aprons, or hospital work in sterilized influenza gowns and masks, I could not at first feel at home in the luxury of good clothes, abundant meals, easy chairs and leisure. We spent many hours sitting in the sun at the far end of the
pier, close to the water, the Professor gazing at the sea, and I reading aloud. One afternoon we went to see Dr. Anna Howard Shaw, the suffrage leader, who was in a convalescent state after double pneumonia. We discussed her book, the Story of a Pioneer, recently published.

"Do you know," said Dr. Shaw, "I've never read it. Every time I take it up it gives me a feeling as though I were going down fast in an elevator!"

Although I was well aware that the demands of our existing work were incessant, far beyond the capacities of our small staff, I listened with interest to a new call for help. Could I manage a third Center in addition to our two buildings?

A dilapidated little house at a cross roads about a mile away had long been used as a reading room for the neighboring community. Here along narrow streets lived many Italian and Negro families, and others who could not afford the better houses in other sections. Now it appeared, the committee in charge of the Reading Room wanted us to take over its administration, using the building for a community center to serve its own neighborhood.

At the request of the committee, I went down to inspect the building. Outside it looked battered and shabby, needing paint. Inside it was equally forlorn. There was one big room, one little one, a fair sized gymnasium, and a basement which might be used. Faded strips of curtains outlined the dirty windows. Furniture was falling to pieces, locks and panes of glass had been broken. A handful of worn books stood in a corner labelled "Library." A few broken dishes and dirty glasses were on the shelves above an old gas stove. Outside, a bare field had been worn to a diamond for baseball. Inside and out, the prospect seemed dreary. What could one do in such a place? I suspected that to take it over would necessitate a new committee, another set of volunteers, money for equipment and a great deal of time for supervision. The new venture sounded almost impossible. But my visit to the shabby little building had excited my imagination and I was eager to see what could be done. It was finally decided that we should annex this new Center.

The work at the little Reading Room was fun, I decided, compared with the daily round of difficult activities at the Center. The new program required swift dashes in the car between one Center and the other. As I rounded the last curve and drew up at the door of the Reading Room, I never knew what I should find. Usually a crowd of poorly clad children waited impatiently for the doors to open; sometimes a delegation of tall young Negroes came to discuss the baseball possibilities; or Italian women with babies in their arms gathered to inquire about the kindergarten which we had just established. If we had little equipment at the Center, there was even less at the Reading Room. We became skillful in producing box furniture, making a few yards of cheesecloth serve for both curtains and costumes, improvising playground equipment from boards and barrels. Aside from our own staff, vibrating between the
two villages, our mainstay for the Reading Room was an old Irish janitor, who had been in charge of the building for twenty years. Alone she had attempted to do something for the children who came to read the tattered books. Jealous of her status as sole guardian of the Center, she resented new methods. But she knew her neighbors, and when I consulted her as to the needs of the community, gave me spicy accounts of the various factions. In everything we did, we tried to include her, and give her part of the responsibility. In time she lost her suspicion of us, and spoke with pride of what we were trying to do. Once I overheard her conversing with a neighbor, another Irish woman.

"They kinder acted funny to me at first, but sez I, they're young. But now, lemme tell you, I've got 'em used to my ways and we get on fine. Them gals come to me for everything."

During the spring of 1918 there was constant talk in the town of a soldier's memorial. Many of the local boys had gone to France, some of them not to return. Up and down the streets were windows of the Gold Star mothers, with their sad emblems of bereavement. A committee of citizens had been formed to consider an appropriate memorial. There was talk of an elaborate memorial gateway, and of a monument.

With calculated perseverance, I had gathered folders on "living memorials," of all sorts, so that when the discussion was ripe, I might be able to turn the thought of the Memorial Committee in this direction. Our buildings were overcrowded. Several organizations were searching for additional space, and for more permanent offices. What more appropriate, I thought, than a soldiers' memorial to establish a permanent community center, with its own building and an endowment for upkeep?

On the day when the decision was made in favor of a community building as a memorial, the Center Committee, our staff and I rejoiced. A piece of corner property with a large, old-fashioned house was for sale on the main street of the town, suitable in every way, it was decided, as the headquarters for the Center, the nursing service of the Red Cross, the Federation of Churches and the Civic Association. A campaign committee was formed, and headquarters established in the old house across the yard from the Milestone. A campaign manager, efficiency in every line of her straight back, was engaged to help us raise the necessary funds. Teams of volunteer workers were organized, meeting every day at a luncheon to report progress in securing subscriptions. In a whirl of intensive activity for three weeks, the community raised the money, and the fine piece of corner property was bought.

I looked at the new building with unbelieving eyes. Was it possible that after all our work, and our constant difficulties, the community had really gathered itself together and acquired a permanent home for the Center and its activities? Even now, in June, a few clubs had been transferred to these new quarters, and a temporary housekeeper put in
charge. I went into the building, where in the room set aside for the library, some little boys were playfully wrestling. The new caretaker, a gaunt, elderly woman with a serious expression, appeared in the doorway.

"Boys!" she intoned. "You must be quiet. Don't you realize that this building is a memorial to the dead?"

Her attitude will soon change, I thought with amusement, or else it will drive everyone away from this living, growing organization, where life was to be enriched with all the opportunities the Center could offer. Such a memorial as we had chosen for our soldiers meant turbulent activity, children's laughter, education in its fullest meaning for young and old. Even a sour caretaker, appointed because of pressing financial need rather than for her social attitude, must soon be affected by the living vitality of this undertaking, evidenced by the fact of this new building.

Having proved the need for such a Center and built up to this point the interest of the community, there was no reason, I thought, why we should not make a further effort to secure public funds from the school board or the township officials for certain activities which seemed to have a legitimate place in our tax supported institutions. Later when I had the satisfaction of seeing our school lunches, the playground and the kindergarten, as well as the library, recognized as the legitimate permanent activities of public school or township authorities, I knew that our foundations had been well laid, through the hard work of many men and women; staunch and determined community pioneers.

Yet in spite of the undoubted effectiveness of our three years' work, and the victorious establishment of our activities in the new community building, I could never quite shake off the feeling of apathy which clouded all my thoughts with a veil of neutral gray. Even though more than a year had passed since my mother's death, it was always in my mind, creating a dull ache of loneliness, whatever I did. What was the matter with me, I wondered? I felt hopeless, detached, impersonal. I might have been a casual visitor from Mars, I thought, for all the interest I could take in the affairs about me. Guests coming and going in the house talked endlessly of things industrial and political, matters of real concern to me always, Yet their conversation left me cold, bored and indifferent. "How interesting!" they reiterated earnestly. I wondered why they should care so vitally. The relief of suffering, the abolition of poverty and the struggle for social justice still seemed to give the only meaning to life. And yet those great objectives seemed far away. Although I felt them imperative, I regarded them as remote and impersonal. Nothing seemed to fill the future except work - and then more work. While I was willing to do any amount of it, I did it every day with little joy in the doing, and no hope in looking forward.

In my loneliness and apathy, I felt that I could not turn to anyone outside my family for friendship and understanding. Surrounded by warm friends and many acquaintances, I realized that each one cared for someone else more than me. I longed for a friend of my own, with whom I
should come first, not second; yet realized that perhaps something in
my own attitude toward people would always make such close associations
impossible. This attitude was once bluntly described to me by a college
classmate:

"You always give one the feeling that the cook or the cab driver, or the
stranger you met on the train, is just as important to you as any of us."

"That's not quite true," I protested feebly at the time.

In a way I knew it was true. I did care for these casual acquaintances
as human beings, although not to the degree I cared for my own friends.
I realized, however, that if it were a matter of my time and effort,
I would probably make little distinction among them all. While this
impersonal, friendly regard for all people might be essential in such
work as I was doing, making me genuinely concerned with each individual,
I was aware that it might be irritating to those who wanted to claim my
time for a more intimate personal relation. I did not know how to alter
an attitude which seemed instinctive, although I had undoubtedly failed
in personal relationships. I remembered with amusement my family's
efforts to find me a "bosom friend" when I was in high school, and my
own lofty resentment of any overtures at friendship from my classmates.
College, I knew, and the years since college, had been far happier than
that period in which I had done my best to repel friendly advances.

Although I had no conscious feeling of hostility to men, and indeed was
working closely with many of my own age at the Center, my relations with
them had always been based on our common professional interest. It
apparently never occurred to them to seek my companionship outside the
realm of boys' clubs or community lectures. Busy as I was, I was not
in the least depressed by this absence of male companionship or by the
evident lack of marital prospects.

In fact, to visit some of my own married classmates did little to paint
marriage in glowing colors for me. The proportion of entirely satisfac-
tory husbands, it seemed, was small, to judge by my impressions of
the men themselves and by the evident lack of understanding between
husband and wife which I often witnessed in casual incidents. True,
I often envied my friends their comfortable sense of an established
home, and especially their growing families of charming young children;
safe, in a healthful environment, as contrasted with my poorly clothed,
underfed youngsters at the Center. If ever I could plan where I would
be for more than a year, I reflected, and had sufficient income, I
would adopt a few children. This idea seemed more and more desirable
as I looked to the future and realized that marriage had become more
and more an unreal, hypothetical question. Each year I watched the men
I knew marry other women, and found that I did not care.

That spring, the President of my College asked me to come to see her.
Over teacups in her little sitting room, she told me that the Trustees
had decided to offer me the position of Acting Dean. I knew the college and the town, she added, and had been doing much to bring them together. Would I accept? Excited with the thought of these new possibilities, I promised to consider the matter. The Center was well established, with a building and land of its own and an effective organization. It seemed pleasant to think of returning to the campus, to a new and interesting position. I decided to accept.

And yet for all the apparent success of the Center, I had long been conscious of opposing factions which portended a stormy period ahead. One group of business men in the town, suspicious of all dealings with the college, had during the three years of college and center relationships resented the fact that a college woman had been chosen as director and that we had used a large number of college students as volunteers. It was the old familiar situation of "town and gown," partially overcome by the interest of the majority of our citizens in the Center itself. Now that my appointment to the position of Dean at the college was announced, and I had resigned as Director at the Center, one faction of townspeople had determined to rescue it forever from all college influence. The crisis I knew would come at our annual meeting, when the slate for officers was sure to be challenged by these men, including as it did those townspeople who valued the help of the college and wished to keep this connection.

Nervously I went to the meeting, held in the Fire House, for the sake of being on neutral ground. I took a seat in the middle of the hall; no longer on the platform, but a private citizen of the community. I felt an atmosphere of hostility in the crowd. The retiring president, a builder who had stood by the Center faithfully for three years, arose to preside. Reports were given, routine business transacted. Nominations for officers were presented. An ominous silence! It was obvious that the name of the proposed president, another business man, sympathetic with Center policies, did not satisfy the critics.

Suddenly, before I knew what was happening, I heard my name called loudly from the back of the room, caught up by someone near me. What was it now, I wondered, an open attack in the meeting?

"Nominated for President," I heard the chairman boom. "Other nominations?"

A silence; and then another voice from the rear.

"Make it unanimous!"

As the vote was taken, I hardly knew where to look. People were shaking my hand, murmuring their congratulations. I was not sure that it was a matter for congratulations, to be elected, even unanimously, at such a stormy period of our Center’s history, to continue the difficult task of bringing together college and town. I tried to look cheerful.
Even though I was leaving the Center, and the new Director, an experienced, charming woman whom I myself had recommended, was about to take over my work, I was destined, I thought ruefully, to be in the thick of these familiar controversies another year. In going back to the pleasant campus, where life as I imagined it in the Dean's office would be comparatively peaceful, I could not turn my back entirely on tumultuous little boys, plaintive Italian mothers, or the urgent responsibilities of conducting and financing the Community Center. Yet in my heart I was glad that the community still wanted to claim a share of my time.
CHAPTER 7

A DEAN’S JOB

In September 1919, after a brief vacation, I returned to the college to begin my new duties as Dean. I held this office for three years. I had spent many hours during that summer in an effort to understand the complicated academic regulations set forth in the college catalogue, and becoming familiar with the names and school records of the hundred or more entering Freshmen. I studied the list with interest, trying to imagine the personalities of these young women, for whose guidance I was so soon to become responsible.

Back on the campus, I was immediately made aware that my position in college circles had changed, for those who greeted me were evidently impressed with my new dignities. It concerned me to discover whether the pedestal on which a Dean was apparently elevated would prove too lofty for natural friendly relationships with faculty and students. I had no wish to be isolated in the rarified vacuum suggested by these cordial well wishers as the only suitable atmosphere for a Dean.

During my first two years in this office I continued to live with Professor Susan Kingsbury, head of the Social Economy Department, in her house on the hill, with my Aunt in charge of all household arrangements. The following year, when the Professor was on her leave of absence, my Aunt and I moved into the spacious house usually reserved for the Dean.

To be back on the campus seemed to offer a quiet, pleasant life, in comparison with my frantic trips from one end of the township to the other, in pursuit of community needs. I was glad too to have more time than during my busy three years at the Center to become acquainted with the college students. Those who had helped me as volunteers at the Center gave me an especially cordial welcome to the campus.

I began to explore my new quarters. My office in the administration building was familiar to me from my Freshman days. Previously I had entered it only to consult the Dean at stated intervals, after a long period of anxious waiting in the hall. To me the large sunny room with its fireplace and dignified furniture held the subtle aroma of many student interviews, some of them legends of my own college years. Painful conversations on the subject of conditions and failures in examinations were associated for all my generation with this room. Here too we had met the Dean on matters of state with student government committee. This could never be an ordinary room to me. With some trepidation I tried the golden oak desk chair, opened all the drawers, and peeped into the files. Following the tradition of the College I slipped into my black academic gown, with its long sleeves.
I felt a stranger in a familiar world which suddenly had been transformed into something unfamiliar.

Then I spent several days trying to learn my new duties. In a small college such as this, of about four hundred undergraduates, the duties of the Dean included many responsibilities which in a larger institution were allocated to a staff of advisors. I knew that I was responsible for advising undergraduate students on their academic work, helping them plan their courses, directing their choice in line with their interests and abilities, and in general acting as a guardian angel to those who fell by the academic way. This section of my new work meant individual interviews at least once a year with all four hundred students, and frequent conferences with the struggling sisterhood who found themselves in academic difficulties.

The Health Department, I knew, was to be in my charge. I went to the Infirmary to confer with the doctor and the nurse and was confirmed in my opinion that this department was well administered in their capable hands. All matters of excuses for illness, absence from college, involving work to be made up later, inquiries from anxious parents, plans for the physical education department, and the gymnasium fell under this general division.

The Appointment Bureau, I recalled, was also firmly entrenched in my office, and under my official wing, with its files of alumnae wanting jobs, and jobs wanting alumnae; neat files which as I was to discover later were deceptive in their alluring possibilities, bringing me only bewilderment in my effort to fit the two lists together.

A maze of student organizations were supposed to consult with the Dean on all affairs of state. To arrange the calendar of college events fortunately was not considered my job, but many intricate questions leading up to the final schedule of meetings and entertainments were brought to my attention. Officially the President was responsible for all matters affecting the student organization for self government, always considered the major responsibility of the students themselves; officially I was consulted by the hour on matters of policy in self-government affairs. Among other organizations which conferred with me at intervals were the committees in charge of religious activities, the social service program, college plays, the intercollegiate peace movement, the fresh air camp, the Philosophical Club and the Maids’ Sunday School.

Finally there were faculty meetings and faculty committees, on many of which I was required to serve; committees on health, on hall administration and menus, on the award of scholarships, loans, and academic honors, on relations with the alumnae and with the outside world. In the absence of the President I became the presiding officer at faculty meetings; fortnightly affairs, held in addition to many special meetings.
This bare outline of my new responsibilities gave no conception, I soon learned, of the various matters which were actually referred to the Dean's Office.

Aside from my new duties I felt entirely at home on the campus. The atmosphere of the college was free, friendly and democratic. Its traditions were those of the Quakers, setting a high standard of academic freedom, liberality of thought, and social justice. Honest, independent study was taken for granted, as was also the right of the students to be considered mature human beings, and to make decisions on their own affairs. The size of the college made possible small classes, a high standard of work and much individual help from the faculty. A graduate school, bringing women from colleges and universities in this country and abroad, created an atmosphere of serious advanced study on the campus, and helped to give the undergraduates a conception of scholarship, from the first day of their Freshman year. Such a conception had been traditional with many alumnae of the college as a result of their upbringing by President Thomas, a pioneer in the field of education for women, in women's suffrage, and an outstanding spokesperson for the right of women to win recognition as scholars, and as active citizens in public service.

The campus with its gray, vine-covered buildings and maple trees gave a setting for this small world, in which four hundred women and a staff of teachers and administrators enacted their dramas of work and play, achievement or failure, some of them of miniature importance, others significant as affecting the lives and thoughts of the students themselves and of many other people beyond the boundaries of that green campus.

I began to settle myself in my new office and to feel at home there. The President had told me that I might engage two secretaries, one for general work, another to assist with the Appointment Bureau for the alumnae. After a number of interviews with candidates for these positions I thought myself fortunate to find two college women, who seemed to be well qualified for this work. In the course of the next three years these assistants were put to the test through many vicissitudes, always proving their ability and personal quality.

With an unsteady feeling of plunging into unknown dangers, I opened my office door for the first Freshman interviews. To help these hundred or more students decide on their courses occupied most of my time for the first ten days. The so-called "Freshman week" when concentrated advice was administered to the Freshmen, undistracted by others on the campus, had not yet been invented. The Freshmen arrived with the other students, and took pot-luck in the academic and social whirl of appointments and entertainments. Freshmen with mothers or relatives were interviewed first, as a matter of courtesy, while long lines of those without relatives waited in the hall.

There were shy or effusive Freshmen, some embarrassed to meet a Dean in the flesh; others with an air of sophistication, conducting the inter-
views themselves, with little help from me; tall, rosy, athletic girls from country schools where hockey and basketball were considered part of the curriculum; pale, studious ones from city high schools - a procession of youth, many for the first time venturing nervously away from the family circle.

The mothers also were nervous and so was I. One of them looked at me in dismay, murmured something about not knowing that Deans were so young, and was obviously reluctant to leave her daughter to my inadequate care. Their solicitude for their daughters and their anxious flutterings in discussing courses moved me. I thought of my own mother, and of my first day at college, when I sat in this same room and was interviewed by the Dean. With a vivid memory of my terror, and the comfort that day of my mother's presence, I tried to be gentle with these mothers, to reassure them, and to promise them many things which their anxiety seemed to demand. Yes, I would send a notice immediately if she became ill. No, I would probably not be able to see her every day. Yes, I would try to remind her to get enough sleep, but she would have to do her part by occasionally going to bed.

If I had ever thought that these first interviews would settle the Freshmen in their courses, I was soon to learn better. Half the class at least came hurrying back within the first week, full of academic woe. Biology was not at all as they had imagined it. They didn't care for earthworms, and the microscopes made their eyes ache. They had never enjoyed microscopes at school, and so far there seemed to be nothing but microscopes and earthworms in Biology. Couldn't they change? The English seemed a lot more elementary than any they had had in school, and did they have to start writing little paragraphs all over again, when they were quite ready to write poetry and plays? As for Latin and Greek, the other usual subjects for Freshmen, only a few who did not realize the inescapable clutch of the classics in the college program came back to suggest a change. After such futile protests the Freshmen went grimly to class, terrified and debonair, determined as a group to put their best foot forward, and confessing their bewilderment and discouragement only after some weeks of struggle, in the privacy of my office.

I sympathized with their struggles, remembering my chagrin in my first college classes, when my record at school had seemed to count for nothing, and my most exalted efforts left me always within range of severe criticism from my instructors. Was it a normal hardening process, I wondered, essential in developing the mental stamina of these young women? Or could more be done to induct them into the mazes of the college curriculum with less wear and tear on their emotions? I had heard many discussions of college requirements; arguments about the need of more advanced courses and more electives; rumors that certain colleges were abandoning hard and fast requirements entirely, leaving the student to chart her own course through the rocks and shoals of independent study. I did not yet know what I thought on these matters.
Most of the Freshmen had taken it for granted that they were to go to college; some I suspected would not make too much effort to maintain a high standard of work. In comparison with the girls I had known in New York clubs, or at the Community Center, struggling for a meager education through night schools and intermittent evening classes, these college students seemed to me wards of good fortune, gifted by circumstances with opportunities denied to the rest of the world. Yet these girls, I could see, did not think the privilege of a college education called for a special thanksgiving. Perhaps some of them knew the sacrifices their parents had made to send them to college. But even these girls probably did not realize that thousands of others, of their own age, in factories, stores or workshops, would have given up their most treasured desires in exchange for a chance to study for four years. Could I make the college students aware of these other girls? Could I bring them together in some way to get acquainted, and learn to understand each other? In my own college days, I had not even read the newspapers, and had had little interest in affairs beyond the campus. Would these students of a younger generation display more concern than I had with what was happening outside college walls, and do more to fit themselves for wider responsibilities? As I watched the Freshmen, wrinkling fair brows over their schedules, or setting out lightheartedly for their first encounter with hockey, I wondered to what extent they would prove themselves able to meet the responsibilities of a complicated, machine-made society, and set new patterns of living for their own generation.

But future responsibilities with which the Freshmen might become acquainted did not concern me so immediately as a few urgent matters of their first weeks in college. It was obvious for one thing that few of these charming damsels had any sense of time. Was it possible for them to acquire it? Certainly few preparatory schools had instilled in these particular Freshmen the art of planning their free hours. Many girls accustomed to having their lives ordered by constant bells were entirely lost in the atmosphere of college freedom, where no one told them when to study. In the absence of concrete suggestions, many failed to study at all, and were brought to a cold realization of that fact only when in terror they faced the first quiz. In trying to keep up with assigned reading the Freshmen found themselves floundering again, for most of them had not acquired the ability to read quickly and to get the gist out of their reading, or to take useful notes.

College students and college courses were very much the same, I thought, in succeeding generations. Again, in considering the problems of the Freshmen, I realized more strongly than ever the need throughout all education for some coordination of subject matter, so that each course would not be considered as separate from all others as though it were a planet revolving in interstellar space. I remembered my own surprise and pleasure when for the first time in graduate work I became conscious of the connections among the various subjects I was studying - ethics, psychology, literature and history. Was it possible to draw together
a group of teachers for the consideration of these important relations? Supposing some plan were found, which would unify and illumine the Freshmen's curriculum, what would be the starting point of instruction? I had heard of orientation courses as experiments elsewhere, but knew little of their possibilities. I determined before the following year to do what I could to inform the students of what each course contained, and to consult the faculty as to whether more could not be done to draw their courses together. The modest experiment we tried that year when a number of the college faculty met interested students in advance of registration to discuss the content of their proposed courses brought instant appreciation from the students, although some of the faculty seemed to consider it a waste of time. I heartily wished that students and faculty together, or committees from both groups, could confer on these and other curriculum problems. But this democratic method, to be put into practice much later, had not yet won the approval of the faculty. They continued to sit in solemn conference on the curriculum, while the students who took part daily in the process of instruction, were left either to criticize or extol their classes, without any recognized channel for the expression of their often pertinent and constructive suggestions.

Later, when in the summer schools for workers, these vague educational theories which floated through my mind in the Dean's Office were put to the test of trial and experience, I was able to speak with more certainty of their educational value, and to realize the tribulations of applying them to a classroom.

Once the students were registered for their classes, and the long series of interviews of those first weeks had dwindled to a thin line of students searching for crumbs of academic information, I began to discover some of my other duties. The Dean's Office, I soon learned, was the catchall for campus problems, of major or minor importance.

The demands on my time during one typical day in the office presented an amusing variety, as I read over my notes of urgent requests. Would I force the students of an irritated professor to stay in their seats till the dot of one o'clock on Friday, and not sneak out of class ten minutes early to catch the 1:08 train for town? Would I please turn up at the college service on the following Sunday and introduce the bishop? Had I any theory as to the present whereabouts of the wheel chair belonging to the infirmary? I had not the ghost of an idea, I assured the anxious nurse. Had the Freshmen borrowed it to use as a Roman chariot in their recent carnival? Again, I had to express complete ignorance. The nurse departed in search of the Freshman stage manager, hoping to find her chair in the remains of the Roman holiday.

Material needs of the college as well as spiritual were sometimes insistent. The Directors of Halls met with the Business Manager and with me to consider the decrepit state of the college buildings. It was a gloomy meeting. Every hall on the campus, it appeared, needed extensive repairs
if the students were to escape the dangers of leaking roofs, falling plaster and defective plumbing. I looked on with admiration while my friend the Business Manager pricked the most inflated balloons of proposed expenditure and listed a modest minimum of imperative repairs, reminding us all again of the financial stress of the college and the need for economy. The pessimistic meeting broke up in a buzz of conversation. I murmured to the Business Manager some lines from a jingle I had composed to describe her complicated duties:

"There's a leak in the roof; please stop it with lead,
For three homesick Freshmen were washed out of bed;
And if you have any spare time on your hands,
We will call later on with some trifling demands."

When later my inquiring friends asked me, as they often did, "Just what does a Dean do?" I thought with amusement of one of these days in the office, when a rustling, buzzing line of faculty and students waited in the hall, and apparently no far-fetched problem was considered outside the legitimate scope of the Dean's Office.

Some matters seemed to call for more serious consideration.

Did the Dean care to take any action in the case of Miss W. an official chaperon of the college who had been seen smoking in the dining room of the Hotel Plaza in the city, surrounded by her young charges, all virtuously abstaining from tobacco? Did the Dean realize that the very sight of Miss W. puffing her cigaret had a bad moral effect on the students and on the public, aside from the black reputation created by this scandalous incident? I too at that time considered this a serious breach of college regulations, on the part of our chaperon, and thought it necessary to talk with her earnestly about her conduct. She assured me that she had come to see the magnitude of her offense, although she had taken it lightly at the time, and that never again would she disregard the standards of good breeding.

The stately aunt of a Sophomore settled herself firmly in my office, evidently prepared for an earnest conversation about her niece. What was my personal opinion, she asked anxiously, about the college philosophy courses? Were they not upsetting to the minds of the young? I hoped privately that they were, and was inclined to state publicly that the minds of the young could do with a few judicious jolts, for the sake of a liberal education.

The philosophy courses which had been of such interest to me in my own college years that I had decided to do major work in this department, were similar I knew to those given in every college. Our students, however, were fortunate in having a particularly brilliant teacher, who related the process of philosophical speculation to daily life, giving a modern significance even to ancient theories of the universe. I had always considered these courses of importance in teaching students to broaden their scope of knowledge, learning what people of all ages had
thought about themselves in relation to the universe. This type of
study, I thought, gave the student a sense of the human race pondering
in every age on questions still significant to the modern generation,
developed reasoning powers and expanded imagination. Perhaps I had
misjudged our unruffled Sophomore, and underestimated the capacity of
our philosophy teacher for making even the dullest students think.
Perhaps after all she had had some faint stirring of mental processes
in this awakening course.

From consideration of the philosophy courses my train of thought was
suddenly switched to the political parade organized by the students.
Republicans, Democrats, Socialists, Prohibitionists and Independents
had all been canvassing the college, adding each recruit triumphantly
to their ranks with much noise and excitement. The parade was to take
place that night. As I was standing on the steps of the lecture hall,
a man appeared with a short whip in his hand.

"Beg pardon, Miss, but did you order two elephants?" he inquired in a
matter of fact way, as though asking about a package from Wanamakers.

And there actually were two elephants, swaying placidly in the roadway
under the trees, prepared to take part in the parade as official repre-
sentatives of the Republican part.

Thus my duties always seemed to vibrate between ludicrous and serious
questions. I was concerned with the pressing needs of certain students,
overtaken by illness or with scanty financial resources during their
college course.

One-third of the undergraduates had received scholarships or loans, or
were doing something to earn money. The task of our committee was to
distribute the loan fund to provide for the most urgent necessities.
Following that, I considered it part of my responsibility to make some
more far-reaching plan for the numerous students who were obviously
overwhelmed with family burdens.

It had always been characteristic of the college that the students as
a whole made no distinctions among themselves for wealth or poverty.
A democratic spirit prevailed, and seldom had I known snobbishness to
exist because of financial status. Girls who were under financial
stress and for that reason were assigned rooms at the lowest price had
often held important college positions, elected by their classmates for
ability and personal integrity. Many of these students from poorer
homes had also won the highest academic honors. Yet in spite of the
attainments of our scholarship and loan fund students, I regretted the
necessity for the bitter struggle they had to make for self support,
along with their college work. Often these girls broke down physically,
seldom however in their college work. The whole question was involved
I realized with our whole economic system; the unfairness in distribu-
tion of opportunity characteristic of our society, and the severe
handicap put upon those ambitious, hard-working girls, who were determined to educate themselves as a means toward helping their worried families.

Another type of student struggled with academic work for entirely different reasons. These were the debutantes whose mothers had insisted that they "come out" in New York or other cities, as a condition of their enrollment in college. Often maternal insistence was amply fortified by the desires of these butterfly students themselves. These misguided young people attempted to carry a full schedule of college work, and from October till Christmas or later, to go home every weekend for parties or dances. The combination was hardly ever successful except in the cases of those few brilliant students who could glance at their notebooks the night before an examination and know the courses by heart. For the majority of the debutantes a loss of health or a steady decline in academic grades was sure to follow. A plan to restrict weekend absences was put into effect at about this time.

This was only one case of the many which had come before the faculty Senate, the highest court of decision on academic matters. In reviewing the results of the Mid-year examinations they had decided to drop fourteen of my pet lame ducks, Freshmen and Sophomores who had worn tracks to my office all the fall in hope of strength and good council. The results of their negligence or lack of mental stamina had now proved disastrous. Perhaps it would have been better, I considered, to drop these woeful stragglers earlier in their college year, or not to have admitted them at all. Each had been given her chance of academic survival and had failed. I pleaded with the Senate for another chance for a few other students, tottering on the brink of dismissal, in view of their heavy family responsibilities or temporary ill health. The Senate relented after hearing my reports.

Then I had the painful duty of writing to the families of the unfortunate ones, and to them, to break the news. In most cases it was not necessary to summon these students, for fearing the worst and suspecting the date of the Senate meeting, they had been haunting my office doorway for a week and sliding past me in the hall with hunted looks. I felt sorry for them, realizing that in some cases the college system rather than the individual student had been to blame for their failure. But in most cases, I admitted dismissal of these casual seekers after knowledge was entirely deserved.

Not all the faculty meetings had the tragic implications of the college Senate that august court of last resort. In the absence of the acting President, Helen Taft, who during one of my three winters was away most of the time seeking endowment, I presided at faculty meetings where matters of academic routine were discussed. That winter there were long meetings to consider revising the requirements for the M.A. and Ph.D. degrees. I dreaded presiding at these conferences, which extended late into the night, in a room where the faculty hunched themselves in rows behind the students' desks and I on my platform, in the red velvet
chair borrowed from the President's Office as a matter of ritual on these occasions, felt equally uncomfortable. My colleagues were outwardly kind in making allowances for my inexperience in the college office, my lack of technical knowledge of parliamentary law and my evident desire to hold them to the point of the discussions and adjourn as early as possible. In my student days I had sat in the classrooms of many of these college teachers, listening to their severe or kindly remarks about my work. It was a little hard on them, I reflected, to have as presiding officer one whose papers they had scribbled over with censorious comments in her fledgling days. I appreciated their politeness to the Dean, even while I suspected that they were often chuckling over or resenting my administrative mistakes.

The discussion itself of standards for advanced degrees left me with a conviction that these requirements were artificial in the extreme. Often a brilliant student who could not adapt herself to the rigid system of seminars and examinations failed to pass. Others with a parrot-like memory and little intellectual grasp sailed over the hurdles of this academic race track with greater ease. I had witnessed in my year of graduate study the breakdown, physical and nervous, of some of the Ph.D. candidates who could not stand the strain of the incessant, meticulous work necessary to prepare for the written and oral examinations. Others had come within sight of the degree, only to find themselves barred by some technicality. There were many men and women whom I had known in social work who were leaders in public service, brilliant, original individuals, who could never be considered qualified for the Ph.D. degree, because they had not confined themselves to one narrow branch of learning. Could there not be other standards to measure sound scholarship, based on broader requirements than those of the average college faculty?

These speculations were never expressed aloud, as I sat through the tangle of regulations under discussion by the faculty meeting. Motions were amended and amended again, leaving me dizzy in my attempts to interpret intricacies of parliamentary law as I understood it - my interpretation not always agreeing with that of a belligerent professor, who took issue with me on this matter, and with every one in the room on other questions. As the discussion proceeded, I watched him with ominous fascination becoming more and more angry till he reached the boiling point and exploded into a torrent of inarticulate speech. All in all the meeting was a difficult one, but at last it was over. I went home thankfully to bed.

As I came to a better understanding of the functions of the Dean's Office, I recalled my conclusions of that earlier year, when I had acted as warden of one of the halls, that the Dean should use the help of these wardens in academic advising. I was finding that to give adequate time and consideration to conferences with four hundred students on their courses was impossible, in addition to other work. Often a girl would come to the office concerned with some minor detail of registration, but on further investigation, this detail might prove to be the technical pivot on which her degree hung, involving her four
years of work and her whole future status as a graduate of the college. I was appalled to observe with what a slender margin of safety some of these students, ignorant of their danger, were planning their courses. There were so many chances for a mistake in interpreting these meticulous regulations that I nervously went over each interview in retrospect, sometimes sending again for the student in order to revise the information I had given her. An error on my part might I realized cost the student her degree, or force her to postpone graduation for another year.

These routine interviews often led into situations more serious than a twisted technicality. Often the girl who came to inquire about a condition examination or a routine absence excuse from classes casually mentioned some other matter which plunged me at once into a vortex of action. Sometimes I discovered from her chat that she had probably been exposed to scarlet fever; or was so exhausted from hard work and many family responsibilities that she seemed on the verge of nervous collapse, ending the interview in tears. Often I found a financial situation which was the cause of her anxiety, a complete lack of necessary funds which in certain cases drove her to the petty thefts with which every institution is familiar. When the students had nothing else on their minds they always wished to discuss what they should do after college; a discussion leading into all the intricacies of professional training, and the courses which might serve as an introduction to it.

With these serious contingencies, growing out of even the most routine interview, I felt a heavy physical and nervous strain in the long hours of student appointments. In desperation, I thought again of the wardens in their halls, concerning themselves for the most part with those matters of hall management which I had always considered should be left to the capable housekeepers. Certainly the wardens knew their own students far better than could a Dean in her general office, and should be in a far better position to advise them on academic and personal matters. I consulted the President on the plan I was ready to propose, that I should consider the wardens my assistants in student advising, meeting with them frequently to determine general policies, but leaving to them intricate matters of detail, and recommendations as to action on each problem. The President promised to suggest this proposal at the next faculty meeting, and to give time for discussion.

At the meeting I outlined the new plan, strongly urging the faculty to consider it. Immediately there was opposition from some of the older members. Didn't the Dean feel capable of advising the students? inquired one professor sarcastically. I felt perfectly capable of continuing what I was doing, I replied, firmly, but did not think that with all I could do over long hours each day, I was giving the students the help they needed.

"Coddling them!" I heard someone mutter in the front row.

"Trying to teach them to stand on their own feet!" I remarked to the room in general, "and that takes more time than making every decision for them."
A reluctant skeptical vote finally authorized me to proceed with the new plan. Disregarding the buzz of criticism I heard around me on the campus that next week, I joyfully called a meeting of the wardens, and outlined for them their new duties. They were more than pleased to be trusted with larger responsibilities with the students and to escape from under the burden of hall repairs, bills for broken teacups and the thousand and one details of housekeeping for which they had been held responsible. The housekeepers gathered unto themselves all these troublesome matters, rejoicing in their new title "Directors of Halls" and everyone seemed happy. As the plan worked out in practice, I found that my time was freed for the most serious student and faculty problems, and that, as I had hoped, the wardens proved intelligent advisers, knowing each student more intimately than I had ever been able to do.

There were always a number of other matters however falling within the scope of the Dean's Office, which I could never seem to settle with equal satisfaction, or with the complete approval of the students. One of these puzzling affairs was the matter of hygiene lectures.

Pursuing this difficult subject further, I tried to discover what we might do to meet the evident needs of certain students for mental hygiene. This was comparatively an unexplored field at that time and I hardly knew where to run for help. Finally I invited a well known woman physician who had had training in psychiatry to meet with our health department and with the wardens, for the sake of our own enlightenment.

At this meeting I was shocked to learn that one-third of the physician's patients were recent college graduates, and to recognize in certain students the symptoms she described, indicative of first stages in mental disease. For the first time, I understood the attitudes of some students who had seemed belligerent among their classmates, or on the other hand had been so timid that they had failed to make friends at all. Both these attitudes we learned were related to mental stress, and might lead to serious mental breakdown.

After the physician had gone, our health department discussed what might be done to help these students, and to make the college as a whole aware of mental hygiene. It would not be wise, we decided, to have a series of general lectures on this subject, as they might suggest symptoms to many susceptible listeners. It seemed better to deal with special cases of erratic conduct individually, by arrangement with some specialist skilled in treating the sick mind. I was not convinced that this solution was the right one. It seemed to me that to the average college student some understanding of her own mental processes and her social relationships might be given, in a way which would not be alarming, but would help her make a normal adjustment both in college and afterward. Later in the workers' schools we experimented with discussions of mental hygiene, never with altogether satisfactory results. While many students welcomed an opportunity for this new knowledge, others became upset and unhappy. The whole subject I realized needed much further study. The question of hygiene lectures was the subject of at least one of my chapel talks, although I guessed that my advocacy of instruction had little effect on the students.
These chapel talks for which I was responsible came three times a week, for exactly seven minutes. A hymn, a prayer by the college chaplain and then I spoke. At first I dreaded these mornings when I had to speak pungently on some topic of interest to the whole college, timing my remarks to the shade of a second to end just before the nine o'clock classes. After I lost my sense of panic in addressing the college from my official position, I often found myself at a loss for a suitable topic. I rang the changes from current events, to matters of college administration. Once a week at least I reserved for myself the privilege of telling the student body what I thought of them, more or less frankly. At least once a week, they did something to merit such home truths.

In addition to the undergraduates, other groups in the college asked for some help from the Dean's office. For many years, the students themselves had given desultory instruction to the colored maids in the college, meeting them in small groups for evening classes in English, arithmetic or other subjects. The committee of students responsible for these classes asked me to help them make a more systematic plan for the winter. This I was eager to do, for I knew many of these employees personally, and had watched their struggle for education. Indeed many of them had applied for work in the college chiefly because they hoped to take advantage of these classes.

Just at this time, we were fortunate in having as our guest one of the leaders of the British Workers' Education movements, Albert Munabridge. Together we arranged a meeting for all the college employees, the maids and porters in the hall, the Italian gardeners on the campus, the carpenters, electricians and plumbers who for years had repaired our buildings. These workers met one evening in the college chapel, with our guest from England as the speaker. He told them of the thousands of workers in Great Britain who attended classes, of the resident workers' colleges, and of the effect of this educational movement on British labor and politics. His simple genial manner won the sympathy of his audience, for many hands, black and white, clapped vigorously. Then I spoke of our new classes in the college, the possibility of a clubroom for those employed, calling for an expression of opinion on the proposed plan. Immediately there was a hearty response, and arrangements were made to register students the following week.

These registration periods, which I conducted, gave me a chance to talk with our employees about their needs and desires in education. For the first time, perhaps, I realized that a student's educational needs did not always coincide with his desire for classes, a truth from which I was to draw further conclusions later. Some who asked wistfully for psychology could hardly read or write. Others were longing for commercial education, even though their limited elementary schooling would have been a severe handicap on the position of stenographer or typist. The registration blanks showed a wide range of previous education, from no formal schooling at all to high school and normal school graduation.
Some women had come to the college to work while waiting for teaching positions in Negro schools and colleges in the South. As registration was completed it was evident that there was general interest among these workers in the new classes, for over a hundred had enrolled.

My next task, with the help of the student committee, was to enlist the interest of some of our faculty in teaching these workers. Previously, students only had volunteered for teaching and no attempt had been made to secure the help of the college faculty. When told of the new plan and asked to assist, a number of them responded eagerly, promising to give at least one night a week from their already crowded schedules. At an afternoon meeting of the maids who were free to come, plans were made for furnishing the large airy basement room in the lecture hall which I had arranged to use for a clubroom. A trip through the college attics brought to light some furniture which could be used. A sewing machine was presented by an interested neighbor, and a committee of the maids made gay yellow curtains and covered cushions for the wicker chairs. Soon the room was ready. A collection of recent books, a victrola, and some pictures were added. Here some of the classes met in the evenings, led by members of the faculty, with undergraduates and graduate students acting as tutors for those men and women who were too backward or too diffident to take an active part in discussions. English composition, grammar and spelling were popular, as were also classes in poetry reading, American history, current events, and hygiene. One of the older maids who had been a dressmaker volunteered to teach others how to make their own clothes. A dramatics club was started, which later gave some spirited little plays before the whole college.

This, my first genuine experiment in workers' education, which later was to fill my whole time for many years, added a new interest to my work in the Dean's office. I did not know enough of methods of teaching adult workers to do more than connect the teacher with the class, leaving the group to labor along as best it could. Our faculty too were unfamiliar with the educational needs of these workers, and often I know gave instruction far beyond the limited understanding of their earnest but puzzled students. The workers however seized the new opportunity with enthusiasm, accepting instruction of any sort with deep appreciation. The little school flourished during my three years in the Dean's Office, and was continued in a modified form by succeeding generations of college students.

For me, these classes contributed practical experience in a new field related closely to what I had been doing in New York and at the Community Center. I found a deep satisfaction in thinking that not only our undergraduate students, but also every maid and porter on the campus was having a chance for education. The fact that opportunities were so unequally divided to the advantage of those fortunate girls who could study for four years, made me feel no less satisfaction with our efforts to start these classes. The men and women who came out of the kitchen, the
power house or the carpenter's shop for a brief hour of instruction
every week felt no resentment of this situation, rejoicing in the new
classes during the limited leisure permitted by their schedule of
work, and I, hurrying over to the clubroom for a conference with
these workers and their teachers, did not stop to analyze the economic
system or its educational by-products.

In the fall of 1919, following the Professor's departure on a leave of
absence, my aunt and I moved into the Dean's house at the edge of the
college grounds, with a view from the back windows over rolling slopes
of the green campus, to the gray towers on the hill beyond.

I was delighted in this house, with its comfortable, sunny rooms,
plenty of space for our household and for numerous guests, and its
terrace bordered with lilacs bushes and forsythia. Hastily accumulat-
ing my share of the family furniture from New York, we moved in before
college opened. George and Bessie joined our household, a black couple
whose winter with us was one long series of spirited marital squabbles,
but who nevertheless met with equanimity and hard work the emergencies
of our kaleidoscopic household.

Three teas a week at my home were included in my schedule. How those
students ate! In ten minutes they swept all before them. Tuesday,
Freshmen and Sophomores; Thursday, Juniors and Seniors; Sunday evening,
a free-for-all, faculty and staff, with music when I could find someone
to play. We poured tea till our arms ached. George replenished cookie
plates and sandwiches. The student teas were taken as a matter of
course, but the Sunday evening affair was an innovation. I discovered
members of the staff, minor instructors, librarians, and secretaries
who led isolated lives in the faculty houses. These lonely souls
seemed to appreciate our Sunday evening parties. Some of the aris-
tocracy of the faculty, the full professors and their wives, hearing
the music and laughter, drifted in. It had never been customary to
 mingle professors and stenographers at college affairs. I watched
with interest as my guests took stock of each other in our living
room, deciding whether to retreat with dignity or to stay and enjoy
the party. Most of them stayed.

I was amazed but somewhat impatient to note these social distinctions on
the campus, which I had never suspected as a college student. They had
come into existence gradually, I supposed, through no fault of any one
group. Fresh from the democratic atmosphere of the Community Center,
where if there were an aristocracy, it consisted of those who did the
most hard work for the common good, I could not feel at ease in a
college reception to which some members of our college community had
not been invited. Those left out of more formal affairs seemed to enjoy
coming to our Sunday night parties, which I also enjoyed as much as
anyone.

In addition to the student hordes to tea, and these evening gatherings,
we had a constant stream of guests for luncheon or dinner. During eight
weeks of normal college life we counted all those who shared a meal with us, finding that we had entertained over two hundred.

As the winter of 1919-1920 went on, the college became more aroused to the need for endowment. A campaign had been planned during the previous year, and was now in full swing. To my dismay, this necessitated many trips for the Acting President, who was in demand as a speaker. Her absence left many general duties to devolve upon me, among them the entertainment of the college’s eminent guests.

They came in a long series of overnight or weekend visits, accompanied by reporters, who wished to take photographs of all concerned; the eminent guest by himself, surrounded with admiring students, or standing at ease chatting with the Dean, in a spot where the tall college tower could always be included in the picture. Newspaper men and women made themselves at home in the reception rooms and in my office. Some of their proposals seemed fantastic. They desired to photograph the Acting President picking daisies in the cloister garden, where no daisies grew even in June—certainly none in January when the photograph was arranged.

The whole business of raising funds for education seemed to me to distract the college from education itself. Without constant publicity, I had been told, there would be little hope of bringing the needs of the college before the public. And yet newspaper methods seemed to detract from the dignity of an educational institution. I knew the struggle all the women’s colleges were having to secure support, and wondered whether a time would ever come when college executives would be free from the strain of money raising, and able to devote themselves to their primary business as educators. In the meantime our publicity department in a whirl of special events attended by reporters, did its best to make the world aware that the college existed and that it needed endowment.

But the eminent guests I usually enjoyed.

For me, the most delightful event in the succession of distinguished visits came on the evening when I was asked to entertain Robert Frost, and sat with him by the fire, listening to his clear, discerning analysis of education, art, poetry, philosophy, and religion. I gazed with interest at his tall figure, the gray bushy hair and the strongly lined mobile face. I was familiar with his poems, and had always wanted to meet this rare poet. As I sat across the hearth from him while he spoke of his New England boyhood, and of his country neighbors, I delighted in his quick sympathies and insight. In our discussion of worldwide problems and of the necessity for bringing about understanding among nations, I was reminded of the line of his poem:

"Something there is that does not love a wall."

If Robert Frost could have his way, I thought, there would be no barriers to keep people all over the world from knowing each other. I considered
myself fortunate to be with him for this long quiet evening by the fire.

As the endowment fund progressed I as well as the Acting President was in demand as a speaker for the college, as well as for those other meetings where a Dean was always considered an asset - women's clubs, social workers' conferences, discussions of high school curricula, and many others. Often I was terrified to find myself on the same platform with such experienced speakers as President Wooley of Mt. Holyoke, Dean Comstock of Radcliffe, Dean Gildersleeve of Barnard. These college officials did much to relieve my nervousness by their friendly manner, and their evident approval of what I had to say. Yet such meetings were always ordeals for me, and I felt my knees knocking together as I sat on the platform before I spoke, my mouth dry, and my mind empty of all pertinent remarks.

An important event of each spring was the annual Conference of Deans, held in some convenient city. At these meetings I found myself the youngest person present and certainly the least experienced. Again, the cordial attitude of these older women reassured me, giving me confidence to think that I had something to contribute in these meetings. Usually I spoke on curriculum questions and on student government. This latter subject was especially near my heart, an interest reminiscent of my own college days, revived in my present position. I had always considered our undergraduates happy in their freedom from faculty regulation, for our tradition had always been one of genuine student responsibility in matters of conduct. I was interested to learn that the freedom we had taken for granted seemed to shock many of the representatives from other colleges, where students were led by an official hand through a bewildering maze of petty restrictions, equal to those in the strictest boarding school. Once again, I blessed the wisdom of our President in establishing a tradition of adult responsibility for her students. In comparing my own work with that of other Deans, I was struck with the fact that I was one of the few women in this position who had been given supervision of academic work. Usually such lofty matters were assigned to the faculty, while the Dean became a glorified chaperon, her days full of petty permissions and the enforcement of trivial requirements. The fact that I could speak from first-hand experience of advising students on their courses, of curriculum committees, and of the desirability of giving students some share in planning their college work seemed to raise me to an enviable position in the eyes of these older women. After I had spoken they often crowded around me to ask questions.

One day as the last patches of snow disappeared from the campus and cherry trees began to bud, I found it hard to remain in the office for long hours each day. On one gay spring morning, all the windows were open and the Dean was feeling averse to any form of work! At just this propitious moment a group of Juniors strolled under my window, and contrary to the usual formality in dealing with Deans, shouted up at me. They were going wading, it seemed, in the creek in the woods.
Would I come along? Casting a guilty glance at my hard-working secretaries and the list of appointments on my desk, I slipped down stairs and out into the sunshine. How pleasant this was, I thought, as we tramped through the fields to the edge of the woods, and how different from the usual student affair where the Dean was invited to stand in line and shake hands. These were unusually intelligent students to realize that the Dean in her office was a human being and occasionally liked a little idle fun.

Each week I spent some unprofitable hours going over the Appointment Bureau records, trying to match at least a few of the positions open with applicants applying for jobs. It was almost impossible. Our secretary had done all that could be done, and my afternoon spent in scanning the records brought no results. How could one take a girl trained in horticulture, who would be "willing to do light camp work for the summer if necessary," and fit her into a position calling for "mature experience in case work, and ability to type, if possible?" I turned over the cards in despair. So many applicants and so many jobs open, but no two that could be fitted together, so far as I could see.

A series of telephone calls to vocational bureaus in the city brought no results. Dictating a flock of letters to teachers' agencies, prospective employers, and eager applicants, I closed the Appointment Bureau files and went home to dinner. Constant speculation on the subject of vocational counseling, plans for rearranging the curriculum, conferences on the needs of various professions brought me no nearer a solution of the problem. As I fell asleep that night the tantalizing record cards shuffled themselves before the eyes of my mind.

"Pleasant personality, no special training."

"Requires a woman of vision, ready to carry responsibility."

"Can't go farther west than Chicago."

"Must be able to work with trustees."

What would be the ideal system of alumnae placements I wondered. Was it true, as someone had told me, that most well qualified candidates placed themselves, or registered with larger bureaus, leaving the less able students to fall back on the college office. This I could not believe, as I noted many excellent candidates on our list. Perhaps a college should not attempt to conduct such a bureau, but refer all applicants and placements to skilled, experienced personnel workers in some general employment office. My previous experience in the Public Employment Bureau in New York did not offer any solution for this pressing problem. When we actually made a placement our whole office staff rejoiced, wondering by what happy accident the unexpected had been accomplished.
Along with the duties of every day, I was constantly aware of a fundamental need, which the college system did little to meet. Dissatisfaction with college policies bubbled up overnight. Rumors swept the campus. Could nothing be done to create some clearing house of opinion on general college matters? Useful suggestions made by students or faculty were often lost sight of in the clamor of conflicting opinion. Would a college council, I wondered, made up of the presidents of the leading student organizations, together with members of the faculty and administration, provide such a clearing house of public opinion, and lead into more effective channels of action on college affairs? I discussed the idea with the President, who was willing to give it a trial. Invitations were sent out to the four important college organizations and to the four classes. The eight student presidents gathered solemnly one night at the President’s house with representatives from the faculty, the health department, and the college administration. In that big circle around the fire we gazed at each other, dimly aware that this meeting marked a milestone in college history. Matters of general concern to the college were discussed, in the hope of finding some solution. College fees, curriculum changes, health department policies, plans for scholarships, intercollegiate relations, and other matters were given an airing, and recommendations made for suitable action through the various organizations or offices concerned. The plan as outlined proved to meet a genuine need in the college, for the council continued, and is still an important feature in the college.
During my third year as Dean of Bryn Mawr College in the winter of 1920-21, the President, H. Carey Thomas, had been abroad. Returning before Christmas, she told us of the visits she had made to some of the workers' schools in England: Ruskin College, at Oxford, and several others, where she had seen men and women from factories, mines and farms studying together with the help of university teachers. I had heard of the British movement for workers' education, and was eager to learn more of these schools.

"There is no reason why the same thing should not be done in the United States," President Thomas remarked firmly. "Every summer there are empty college buildings all over the country. They might well be opened for use as workers' schools."

This idea, she explained, had come to her in the Sahara Desert. She had later visited the English schools as a result of her new interest. In her own vivid way she told us the story:

"One afternoon at sunset I was sitting on a golden hilltop, in the desert, rejoicing that British women had just been enfranchised, realizing that American women would soon be politically free and wondering what would be the next great social advance, when suddenly, as in a vision, I seemed to see that out of the hideous world war might come a glorious aftermath of international industrial justice and international peace if only your generation had the courage to work as hard for them as my generation had worked for women's suffrage. I also saw as a part of my vision that the coming of equal opportunity for the manual workers of the world might be hastened by utilizing the deep sympathy that women now feel for one another. The peculiar kind of sympathy that binds women together seems to come only to those who have not been free. It belongs at the present time to all women because of their age-long struggle, which is not yet over, for human rights and personal and civil liberty. Then with a glow of delight I remembered the passionate interest of the Bryn Mawr College students in fairness and justice, and their intense sympathy with girls less fortunate than themselves; and I realized that the first steps on the path to the sunrise might well be taken by college women who, just emerging from the wilderness, know best of all women living under fortunate conditions, what it means to be denied access to things of the intellect and spirit."
This, it appeared, was the substance of the President's bold new plan; that the Bryn Mawr buildings should be used for two months in the summer for the further education of women workers in industry. These factory workers, she explained, had had meager opportunities for education. With further study under the right conditions, they would, she believed, have a strong influence among other women workers, supplying much-needed leadership. She was eager to have Bryn Mawr College lead the way in this unexplored realm of education, not only for the sake of the women who might attend, but also to influence other colleges to open similar schools.

Sitting with her by her library fire that winter day, Professor Kingsbury and I listened eagerly to her tentative plans. This discussion of the possible use of the college campus for young women from the factories made a direct appeal to me. For three years before I had been in the college office, acting as advisor to the students, most of whom had come from comfortable homes. During these years I had not been able to forget those other girls I had known in New York, girls who had not always had enough to eat, and whose home background offered little security or happiness.

I waited with intense interest as the President unfolded her plan; as I began to understand all its implications, and the possibility of reconciling two conflicting interests of my own, my college, and my work outside the campus.

That year, as in other years immediately following my mother's death, had been for me a period of mental and spiritual blankness. I lived each day as it came, enjoying many of its events. Still deep within me I felt a feeling of apathy which I did my best to overcome. Like a gray cloud, indifference veiled my outlook.

But I was stirred in spite of myself by the discussions of the proposed school. The President, I knew, had laid her plan before meetings of the Trustees, the Faculty and the Alumnae of the College. On the whole their response was sympathetic. She then asked Professor Kingsbury to consult several women leaders in the labor movement, and to draw up a more detailed outline of curriculum and other matters for consideration. A date was set for a preliminary conference.

Looking back on those early discussions after a period of fifteen years, it is obvious to me now that the responsive interest on the part of our college groups was based on a generous desire to see the college useful to women handicapped by lack of education rather than on any conception of the objectives of a workers' school. To most of us who helped organize the Summer School, the implications of workers' education and its relation to the organized labor movement were unknown and unsuspected.

These implications were not unfamiliar, however, to the small group of women labor leaders whom President Thomas invited to attend our first
conference. These women, formerly workers in industry themselves, had attained positions of wide influence in the trade union movement and in the National Women's Trade Union League. Like myself and others of the college group, these leaders of women were stirred when the President explained her proposal.

"We have been hoping for years that the women's colleges would offer such an opportunity to women in industry," they said. A resolution passed by the Women's Trade Union League at its convention in 1916 had outlined such a plan, but so far nothing had come of this request.

Implicit in this first conference was the realization that any school for workers on the campus must be a cooperative venture between college women and industrial workers themselves. The confidence between the groups which became an element of strength in the growth of the school for fifteen years, was evident at this early meeting. There in the great living room of the Deanery sat some of the college trustees, men of Quaker tradition and liberal outlook, college professors and Bryn Mawr alumnae, active in educational and social movements. Completing the circle around the fire were the women from the labor movement, coming from factories, union offices or picket lines to give of their experience and practical wisdom in planning the new school. A few other women were there also, from the Young Women's Christian Association, the State Department of Labor, and other organizations closely related to the problems of industrial workers.

It was interesting to see how members of each group were ready to give way in matters of opinion to those who had more expert knowledge. When it came to a matter of educational policy, how certain courses should be taught, and what material should be included, the women workers on the committee immediately said, "You will have to decide that. We know nothing whatsoever about it."

On the other hand, the choice of courses to be offered was largely decided by the wishes of the women workers. The course in the appreciation of music, for instance, was included at the urgent wish of the workers themselves. On matters of selecting students, the day's schedule, and living arrangements, the opinion of the workers was eagerly sought by the college members of the committee. But in the discussion of the recreation program, unexpectedly, the workers had no advice to offer.

"We don't know anything about it," they declared.

One leader of hundreds of industrial workers, herself a product of child labor, said, "We never had time to play."

So to the college members fell the task of planning a play program, offering for the first time a normal outlet in recreation to workers ignorant of the very meaning of the word.
Many fundamental policies were unanimously adopted at this first committee meeting, and though modified from year to year have since proved foundation stones of the organization.

The national character of the school, drawing students from all over the United States, the inclusion of a certain number of women workers with the college group on the committee—these two groups after the first summer would become equal numerically—; the choice of the first subjects: economics, English, history, literature, hygiene, science, and the appreciation of music; the adoption of a plan of small classes and a tutoring system; the age limits for students between eighteen and thirty-five (with preference given to those between twenty and thirty); the interpretation of the term, "industrial worker" as a "woman working in industry with the tools of her trade, and not in supervisory capacity." These policies became the basis for all further development in the Summer School.

The conference members seemed to realize that they were taking part in an event of historic significance. With this exalted emotion, nevertheless, everyone was soberly aware that the task ahead was no easy one, and that to establish a workers' school on the college campus would require courage, patience, and understanding.

In the early stages of these plans I had been eager to know from the first mention of the "Summer School" whether I myself would have an active part in it. Because in the deepest sense, I cared so much to know the answer I was afraid to ask. My college work, I knew, would keep me busy till the middle of June. What chance would there be of helping with the new school for the next two months?

The Professor came to my rescue. "Of course you must be here," she said repeatedly. "Your experience is just what we shall need."

Finally my suspense was relieved by the President herself. Knowing my strong interest in her plan, she asked me whether I would act as Director, with the help of an Advisory Committee of which, in the absence of the President herself, the Professor would be chairman. I accepted promptly.

An Executive Secretary, Ernestine Friedmann, a woman who had had long experience with industrial workers and opened many new doors for them in education, was engaged. Established in a corner for an office, she went to work, organizing committees in industrial sections, preparing publicity, outlining plans for raising scholarships. Like a shaft of sunlight through my dark mind, the thought of the school illuminated my days.

Except for the year 1925, I spent every summer for thirteen years on the Bryn Mawr campus as Director of the Summer School. Winters were given to intensive finance work, to visiting local committees in every part of the country, speaking, interviewing faculty and prospective
students, and working with committees on budgets, curriculum and admissions. Gradually certain policies and people became part of the school organization. Many of the same teachers returned from year to year. Former students sent along their younger sisters, or their nieces. Finances remained a constant problem, unfluctuating in the anxiety they caused the Director and the hard-working local committees.

Looking back on those thirteen years I realize that the practical necessity for meeting day-by-day questions of the school itself, and the long pull of organization and finance work for eight months in winter, gave me the actual detailed knowledge of industrial workers, of administration and teaching methods which since have served as a solid foundation of experience in future undertakings. I believe that my intimate acquaintance with hundreds of women industrial workers, and my growing insight into their experience and attitudes served me as the most fundamental and useful education.

This process of self-education tested my equanimity, courage and common sense, as the tides of Summer School life surged around me, winter and summer, leaving me often confused, fatigued, almost in despair. Yet during my darkest periods of uncertainty, my conviction grew that this type of school, having its roots in basic economic and social problems and reaching industrial workers through education, might, if well developed, be used as an instrument of social change. Nothing I had done previously seemed to me so fundamental as effecting these changes.

In addition, I was aware that my acquaintance with hundreds of women in industry was effecting change in me. With a growing appreciation of their urgent economic and educational problems, and the courage with which they faced them, I could no longer be apathetic. Knowing that they cared so intensely about matters of social concern, I was ashamed to remain indifferent. My spirit once more revived. I looked out into the world with new eyes. I had my own part to play in fulfilling those great social purposes to which our industrial workers had pledged their lives.

By the first week in June 1921 the school was ready to open. Two dormitories, with the lecture hall, library and gymnasium were set aside for its use. The undergraduate assistants, arriving early, had shifted furniture, left by the college students, until the rooms were approximately equal in equipment. The faculty had assembled for a preliminary meeting.

With intense excitement I waited for the students to arrive. What would happen in those next two months? I made a final tour of the buildings to make sure that all was in order, looked in at the office where students were to register, and then waited nervously to greet the first arrivals.

They came from the far West, those first girls, - Seattle, Portland and Tacoma delegation, with a California representative reported on
her way. As train after train pulled in, girls appeared in the office: a group of New York garment workers; a Philadelphia milliner with her mother and two sisters who came to see the college where Mary was to spend two months; the southern group, timid and tired with their first experience of sleeping cars and night trains; textile workers from New England, some with Scotch or Irish burrs; telephone operators from Cincinnati; a waitress from Colorado; Russians in khaki knickerbockers and blouses who had hitch-hiked to Bryn Mawr; Scandinavians from Minnesota; an Italian dressmaker rejoicing to find other Italian girls in the School, and hurrying off to telegraph her mother this reassuring discovery; Lithuanians, Poles, Pennsylvania Germans mingling in the halls with mountain whites from Kentucky, Canadians, Rumanians, Czechoslovaks. Laughing or sober, from near or far, they thronged into the office, were greeted and given their room assignments while the baggage piled mountain-high in the hall. With the help of an undergraduate guide, they went off to find their rooms and identify their roommates.

Assignment of rooms was always according to a very definite School policy. Girls from the same cities were never put together. Friends were ruthlessly separated. But co-religionists were put together as roommates, union with union members, non-union girls together. Girls of the same trade from different parts of the country often found themselves in the same double room. The general plan was to give every girl some new contacts, and at the same time not to place her in a position where through too pronounced antagonisms or differences in experience she would be unhappy or out of her element.

In several cases it became necessary to find a roommate for a lonely girl who, having always slept with four or five other people in a room, found herself alone at night. Sometimes this terror was extreme, as in the case of a young southern textile worker who had never lived outside of a brightly lighted town. The dark campus terrified her. Each night at dusk she went to bed and put her head under the blankets. Only her growing interest in the stars, and a promise that she could see them through the big telescope on the lawn, made her forget her fright.

Once the students were registered and at home in the rooms, the school assembled for an opening session. At this meeting I read to them part of the 38th Chapter from Ecclesiastes:

"All these put their trust in their hands
And each becometh wise in his own work.
Yea, though they be not sought for in the
council of the people
Nor be exalted in the assembly
Though they sit not on the seat of the judge,
Nor understand the covenant of judgment,
Though they declare not instruction and judgment
And not be found among them that utter dark sayings
Yet without these shall not a city be inhabited.
Nor shall men sojourn nor walk up and down therein.
For these maintain the fabric of the world,
And in the handiwork of their craft is their prayer."

I felt deeply stirred during this open meeting. The girls listened to the reading and to the music which followed, many of them sitting during the music with bowed heads. I told them something about themselves as a group, their trades, districts and nationalities, and what we hoped the school might mean to them and to their fellow workers.

"We walked in and found everything ready for us," one thoughtful girl remarked, "but this school didn't just grow on this campus. What happened before we came?"

Every detail of these preparations was of interest to the workers—the efforts of the district committees in finding students and raising the scholarship fund; the interest of the college administration in planning the use of buildings and grounds; the work of the men on the campus, the maids in the halls, to make everything ready for the school. The students listened attentively, always eager to assume responsibility in carrying on the organization which was theirs for the summer.

Following the opening meeting, adjustments of the first days were difficult for all students. Under a surface manner of eager enthusiasm and joy in opportunities of the school, many a student hid timidity, a lack of confidence in her ability, and a grave fear that she would not be equal to the tasks ahead. Only in talking with each girl individually, in a quiet office interview, or in her own room at night, did these fears become apparent. To say that these students were terrified at first with the new and strange situations in which they found themselves is not an exaggeration. They were afraid of the teachers, of other students with diverse ideas, of the classes, of the strange rooms and unknown buildings. After these fears became articulated, one by one they were dispelled. Accustomed to long hours of monotonous work in a factory, sitting or standing in one place, under strict and often violently harsh supervision of a foreman, students of the summer school at first were almost afraid to move without asking permission.

"May I go to another hall after dark without asking someone" was a frequent first timid question. During the whole eight weeks, it was impossible to persuade the majority of students to sit elsewhere at meals than in certain particular chairs. In those special seats they felt at home, and nowhere else. This, I realized, reflected their customary attitude toward their own chairs in the factory, often adjusted to their special requirements, and therefore important to the factory worker. One girl from a small company town in the South
was, I discovered, afraid to accept my casual invitation to "come to
tea" with the rest of the school on the campus. She thanked me shyly,
then disappeared in the opposite direction. Later, when I came to
know her, she confessed that she had read about "teas" in the society
columns of papers, but thought good clothes and good manners were
always required and she feared that she could not qualify for the
party. When she discovered, later, students and faculty in shorts or
knickerbockers chatted comfortably together while they consumed quarts
of iced tea, her confidence was restored and she joined the others.

The last word in evidence of this lack of confidence came from a
young Russian whom I met in the corridor on the first day of school.
She stopped me in the hall:

"Miss Smith, have I your permission to take a little wash?"

These incidents served to strengthen my belief that administration of
our country's industrial system had quelled the spirit of the woman
industrial worker, as well as breaking her body and warping her mind.
With no voice in the affairs of her own industry, with fear inbred in
all her relations with boss or foreman, she had become dependent on
others to tell her what to do and dared not act for herself in new
situations. But soon this attitude, typical of many students during
the first week of Summer School, changed to one of joyous acceptance
of their freedom and delight in new responsibilities.

In the infirmary when the students had their medical examinations,
other facts were discovered. Many girls were undernourished, the
doctor reported. Many showed traces of industrial disease. The
effects of extreme fatigue and nervous anxiety were obvious. In
spite of the preliminary medical examination at home, before candi-
dates were accepted, almost every girl was reported as having a
curvature, or something the matter with her feet. Dentistry was a
pressing need, and for many girls, examination by an oculist.

There were a few abnormally stout students; a condition due to long
hours when they sat at machines, improper food and little exercise.

These medical examinations embarrassed some timid girls, who had
never before encountered the white robes of the infirmary. Many
refused to remove their clothes and put on these voluminous draperies.
Many girls, however, welcomed the chance to have a thorough medical
examination by a doctor whom they could trust. Their tales of patent
medicines and quack physicians were in some instances close to tales
of witchcraft. They expressed quick appreciation of the doctor's
advice and usually did their best to follow it.

Our physician told me that the whole school showed the results of long
months of overwork and insufficient food.
"I should like to put the whole school to bed for two weeks," she added, "before the girls start their classes. They are so tired."

But this suggestion, I knew well, would be entirely against the wishes of our students, who could hardly wait for classes to begin.

The effect of systematic exercise, good food, and relief from mental anxiety was marked in the course of two months.

One student, coming up later in the term from her corrective work, exclaimed, "Gee, I feel good! If this school hasn't done anything else for me, it has emancipated my body."

With the beginning of classes, new tribulations awaited the students. The same lack of confidence was apparent. They knew only too well their handicaps in education. Their past experiences in elementary school had not inspired them with the joy of learning, taught them how to concentrate, or done more than give them a sense of futility and defeat. They feared coming into the school classrooms that this experience might by repeated, and that once again they would fail to meet a rigid academic standard. In spite of their evident nervousness, however, they responded with eagerness to the first call to classes. One teacher reported that they rushed with equal enthusiasm to the library to find the first short reading assignments.

So socially-minded were these industrial workers that in the midst of the despair of those first two weeks many students came and offered to give up their places to "girls who could do better," thinking it not fair to remain a day longer if the School was to be disappointed in the results of their efforts. We assured these students that no other industrial workers "could do it better," and encouraged them to believe that a way out of the morass of discouragement was in sight.

As the classes progressed, students lost their fears. They found that teachers were not lecturing from platforms, but sitting with them around a table, or gathering them under a tree on the campus; that they themselves were encouraged to tell of their own experiences and express their own opinions as part of the classroom work; and that while every day understanding grew, the process of learning was pleasant and informal, leading them on to wider knowledge. Their deep pleasure in discovering that they could do the work was reflected in the happiness of the teachers and staff, who, faced with complex classroom problems, joyfully hammered out new methods of teaching to meet the needs of these eager but uninformed students.

One day early in the term I was leading a group of girls through various buildings on the campus, explaining the college and describing the life of the "winter students" (as our girls called our undergraduates). On entering the library I looked around to find my flock had
disappeared. My campus tourists, as one, had rushed to a worn collection of Greek and Latin texts in an old bookcase, and were enthusiastically spelling out titles, touching the backs of the books with reverence. They seemed disappointed when I explained that this particular collection would be of no use to them, and pelted me with questions as to the whereabouts of their books. Our librarian reported one year that before any classes had been scheduled or any reading assigned, the students had thronged the library and taken out over a hundred volumes.

As we entered the reading room, I observed two of our students engaged in a ceremony near the marble bust of President Thomas, the founder of the Summer School. Their manner was serious, their voices clear in the open spaces of the library.

"Miss Thomas, I thank you for this school," said one girl fervently.

"In the name of Miss Thomas, I accept your thanks," replied the other with equal solemnity.

Leaving my students in a cluster on the grass, I returned to the halls. In the first room on the corridor, a bare little room with bed, bureau and one chair, I noticed Anna, a dark-eyed little Syrian, who had just arrived with her battered suitcase. She greeted me shyly.

"I have never in my life slept in such a beautiful room," she added, in her low sweet voice.

I remarked that it was very bare.

"Not bare to me," she said earnestly, "for here at the window a leaf looks in."

Then she went on meditatively:

"I think all peoples should live in such beautiful rooms. Then there would be no revolution. I think filth makes revolution. In fifty years perhaps there will be such rooms for everyone."

"Let's make it tomorrow," I said, and she laughed.

Like Anna, the more thoughtful girls were often depressed with the remembrance of their own fellow workers at home to whom such an opportunity as two months on the Bryn Mawr campus was denied.

"It isn't fair," said one girl earnestly, "I shouldn't be here, when my sister and all my friends are in that factory at home. It's so hot and noisy there, and here I am, taking a walk on this quiet grass."

One evening, in visiting a girl who had shown signs of nervous strain all day, we pursued this same theme further. She had come to the school with a bad cough, which was gradually disappearing.
"I think I must go home," she said. "I can't justify it to myself to be here in this beautiful place."

"Have things at home been very bad lately?" I inquired, as I measured out the medicine the doctor had ordered.

"Not only lately," she replied, "but ever since I can remember."

"Perhaps we shall all learn ways of making them better," I suggested.

"Yes," she replied earnestly, "changes will come, but they will come too late for us. I know that my mind is warped and I cannot think straight. My little sister at home in the factory used to be a healthy kid. I can't bear to think of her, she is so thin. We want the changes now."

I comforted her as best I could, gave her cough medicine, and secured her promise that she would not leave the school without consulting me. She finally decided to stay.

By the end of the summer, it was reassuring to see the change in physical strength and renewed mental courage of this despairing girl. She knew now that certain movements existed, designed to bring about better conditions for all workers. She felt she could soon find her place in one of these community organizations. No longer hopeless, she faced the future with determination and renewed courage, conscious of the fact that she had found friends, and roads to new knowledge.

She was only one of the hundreds of women workers to whom the school gave new hope, during that first period of thirteen years.

Sometimes, however, the road to new opportunities was a long one, as in the case of Irene. She had worked for years in a pickle factory. She was a slender dark girl, recently married, American born, from Ohio. Early in the term after a series of special examinations, our doctor had pronounced her tubercular. She ought to leave the school and go immediately to a sanitarium. Early one morning I went to her room to tell her.

She pleaded with me not to send her to a hospital. If she had to leave the school she would go back to work immediately.

"I have felt tired for years," she said quietly. It was nothing new.

She went on to describe the conditions in her plant, the night shift, when she worked in a cloud of steam, a hot vapor clothing her in sweat; then the long walk home in winter, coming out from that tropical atmosphere to the bleak sidewalks with their icy gales. She had never been able to buy a warm coat.

"It was all I could do to feed myself and my young husband. Yes, he
too had tuberculosis, developed after years of work in that same plant, I took care of him in the daytime and went to work at night. If the doctor said I'm sick now, I guess I must have taken the disease from him."

After suggesting that someone should help her pack, I left her on her window bench, quietly wiping her eyes. As I crossed the campus on my way from her room, I suddenly found I was crying. Hastily, I secluded myself in a clump of fir trees and wept without restraint. I was overcome with the thought of the unadulterated courage with which Irene and her fellow workers faced the mighty barriers created for them by an unknowing society - barriers to health, to normal, happy living, to economic security.

How did they do it I wondered for the hundredth time. Of what strong moral fiber were their spirits woven to give them these qualities of high endurance, poise and determined courage? I longed to break down the barriers for Irene and other girls, to open the doors to a new society where they could walk in the assurance that the bright road of health and opportunity was open before them.

Irene left the school to stay for a while in a small hospital at home until sanitarium care could be arranged. Her friends among the faculty raised a special fund for her to go to Saranac, where eventually she recovered. Work was found for her as an assistant in occupational therapy, work which she thoroughly enjoyed and could do well. Never, the doctor had told her, could she go back to the factory. In spite of years of her tender care, her young husband died.

Although it was always easy to talk with any of our industrial workers alone, to bring a group of them together immediately caused emotional sparks to fly. Acute differences of opinion, expressed in all degrees of heated argument, often with angry outbursts of tears, were based on differences of race, previous education, geography, political theory, economic situation, religious background, home life and industrial and labor experience. Clash of opinion was not only between girls of different trades. It existed also among workers in the same trade from different parts of the country, and among union workers belonging to opposite factions of the labor movement. Controversy burned itself out toward the end of the term when a spirit of understanding glowed more brightly.

"Bryn Mawr has given me a new definition of internationalism and a new feeling for the word 'tolerant'," wrote one, a cigar worker from a southern factory. "At first I thought my mother would have a fit if she knew I was going around with the cotton mill girls. Now I see they are just as nice as anyone else, and I am trying to get them to come to our club. I got acquainted with a lot of Russian girls, too, and learned a lot from them. One trouble with us is that we have no immigration."
Two students, one a mountain girl from Tennessee and one a Russian, lived one above the other. Both were musical, but antagonized each other during the first two weeks by the strains of southern ballads and Russian folk songs which mingled as they floated out of the windows and up the stairs. The southern girl called on her neighbor to desist, as the foreign songs she considered unpatriotic to the point of dangerous sedition. When her request was ignored, she pinned an American flag on her door, and sang her southern ballads with twice her former fervor. After a few weeks' feud, her Russian neighbor from above appeared one day at the door, with a guitar under her arm, and a polite request that she be taught the words of some of the old-time melodies to which she had been forced to listen. The first lesson was followed by another; then she spent time teaching the southern girl the haunting Russian airs, until by the end of the school period amicable duets resulted, to the great satisfaction of both singers.

As I walked across the campus one afternoon I heard a hubbub of angry voices from a group of students under a tree. Suddenly a girl with straggling yellow hair sprang up and came toward me. It was Amelia, a young tobacco worker from one of the Southern States. She was angry to the point of tears.

"What's the matter, Amy?" I asked.

"They say there ain't no God!" she burst out furiously, choking back a sob. "But ain't I prayed God to let me come to school? And ain't I here? How can them Russians say there ain't no God?"

I comforted her as best I could, assuring her that she had a perfect right to her own opinion, and that she must not let other girls upset her with their religious views. I then tried to tell her something of the history of the Jewish students, their generations of persecution, their contribution to American life through a high devotion to education and their conception of human brotherhood in some more idealistic order of society. She listened intently.

"Gee!" said Amelia. "I reckon some of them furriners might be worth knowin' after all."

If the students felt the need of gradual adjustment to each other and to novel situations, the faculty during those first years was equally bewildered. Only a few had had any experience teaching industrial workers or working in labor organizations. Most of the teachers were astonished by the students' zeal for learning, their frank questioning and their deep suspicion of the purposes of teachers in this kind of school.

One first-year teacher wrote to a friend:
"Never, never in so short a time have I myself learned so much. It was one of the most difficult experiences I have been through. More than once in my first two weeks I should have bolted for home had I allowed myself. The first meetings with my classes, with their absolute candor when they were not satisfied, kept my heart beating with excitement. To the end I never went to class but with my 'heart in my mouth.'

"For the first week or so I did not feel sure I was going to get hold of them. I have never had such uncertainty about any other classes. Indeed, it was not until close to the very end that I knew that I had hold of them all. I had just begun to be able really to teach when my time was up! The coming to school had cost them so much. Many of them had given up their jobs to be away. Others had for some time ceased the support of their families, (making sacrifices and risks which we barely sense), so that they cared almost terribly what they got, and were determined to get it - or know why they failed to. As a result, all other teaching seems tame in comparison to teaching a group who care like that."

Each year we appointed a certain number of assistants to help the instructors. A third group were the undergraduate staff members. They came from eastern women's colleges, and were with us for a double purpose - to learn something at first hand of a workers' school, and to do all the odd jobs on the campus.

One of these college girls acted as our postmistress; another ran our battered car for errands, and transported our guests; three were assigned to the swimming pool; one helped in the library. All of them took shifts of office work, answering telephones, guiding visitors through the school, helping students to get information. These undergraduates were carefully selected by a committee in each of their colleges and were chosen for their ability in some recreation field, for their interest in this opportunity and for qualities of leadership. Returning from the school to their own colleges, they helped to raise scholarship funds for the school.

Our industrial workers often came to feel sincere affection for these more privileged students who had, they knew, four years on the campus where the workers stayed only eight weeks. In turn, the undergraduates learned to respect the mental ability of the industrial workers and their zeal for learning; to admire their courage in adversity and to value them as friends.

Sometimes, it is true, the background of experience in the two groups was so different that at first each looked on the other as inhabitants of a different planet. Even with some training in college economics, the undergraduates had much to learn from the workers. We warned the
college girls at first to listen, rather than to question the students about their own experiences. Ignorant questions, often asked in good faith, were sometimes misunderstood, and caused the two groups to be suspicious of each other. Such questions came back to the faculty and to me at all hours of the day and night.

One evening as I locked the door at midnight, after a late party, I found a wide-awake undergraduate, the youngest, waiting for me in the hall. She had evidently been listening to workers' discussions on the campus.

"Miss Smith, just what is the matter with our society," she inquired anxiously, "and who is it that organizes the labor movement?"

As the clock struck twelve we plunged into these fundamental questions.

But midnight conversations alone did not educate our undergraduates. Each college student was required to read material and attend one economics class each day, in which the workers' industrial experiences were discussed from every viewpoint, with comment and theory presented by the instructor. These classes filled undergraduates with amazement.

"I never saw people eat up classes, as these girls do," commented one undergraduate, coming out exhausted from a two-hour economics session. "It makes me feel ashamed to think that I've had three years of college, and never stopped to think it was a privilege."

I always wished that the opportunity to know the summer school and its students might be offered to many more girls from the "winter colleges," as our students called them. To see our undergraduates become aware of their economic world through the eyes of our industrial workers, and begin to consider the part they might later play in social reconstruction seemed to me an education invaluable for any college student.

Each year I visited classes two or three mornings a week. Many classes were held out-of-doors under the trees or in the library cloisters. Trips to museums, to factories, to legislative hearings or union meetings supplemented classroom discussions.

In classrooms, where the students sat around a long table with the instructor as one of the group, I slipped into an empty chair near the center of the table, where I could watch the students' faces as the discussion progressed. Often a student chairman would be in charge of the class, the instructor literally taking a back seat, and leaving the leadership of the discussion to the young worker. I was always impressed, often as I observed, to note the intent atmosphere. Everyone leaned forward in an attitude of eager attention, interested in every word spoken. Even on the hottest days the atmosphere was brisk. One day in the first summer when an ill-advised instructor had cut his class, protesting students rushed to the Summer School office, all
demanding indignantly that they be given time to make up that lost hour of work. This incident contrasted strangely with similar episodes in college classes where, in the absence of the professor, the students watched the clock until the magic moment when they could legally escape.

Here was no formal atmosphere of academic instruction. These workers knew that the matter under discussion was of vital importance to them and they did not intend to miss a word. At intervals their frank challenges to the instructor or to other students would punctuate the discussion:

"But it don't work like that in our shop, Mr. S. We don't have no law like that enforced."

"So you say, but I can tell you about one time in my union . . . ."

"I wish she'd shut up. I want to hear what the teacher thinks, not what the girls think. They don't know no more than I do." (This whispered to me as one argumentative student threatened to monopolize the discussion).

Even the most advanced student could profit by first-hand experiences from industry, as reported by these workers, supplementing and checking economic theory with actual events from factories, workshops, picket lines and union meetings. Often an instructor, with the help of students, would compile some of their classroom discussions, recorded by a stenographer, into written form. This pamphlet material always proved of interest to the students and of great value to other classes.

One advanced class was busy with a statistical study they were making of the first job of every girl in the school. This study was one of a series conducted each year to help the students learn something of the processes of research and statistical methods.

Members of this class interviewed each girl in the school, filled out a schedule of information on the chosen topic, compiled the material, and learned the use of statistical machines. Later this series was published by the United States Department of Labor Women's Bureau; pamphlets on "Changing Jobs," "The First Job," "Wages," and "Unemployment" followed in order. These studies gave the industrial background of our students year by year, measuring economic trends among this group of women workers, relating them to the larger problems of women in industry as a whole. Everyone in the school was interested in these reports.

During the first years of the Depression we knew that many students had come to the school undernourished and that in returning to their own communities, many had nowhere to sleep. To see the statistics of their wages threw light on their bitter struggle for existence. Forty-four percent of our one hundred women, during the whole year of 1932, had earned less than $400.00. Only thirteen percent had earned as much as $800.00
In the history class a chart of civilization in the form of a pyramid was under discussion. The comments showed the students' utter lack of historic perspective or any sense of time. To them, events fifty years ago or three hundred thousand were alike in their misty vagueness.

One girl inspected this chart carefully, studying the pyramid, and noting the fact that the Egyptians were listed on the lowest line.

"But why did the Egyptians live in the basement?" she asked in bewilderment.

Passing through the lecture hall, I stopped in the social science workshop. In this cheerful room students could always be found, bending over relief maps they were making in clay, studying intently the big atlases open on the table, or poring over census reports in an effort to discover the facts of their own industries. This room was an experiment.

I watched a textile worker from New England as she carefully drew lines on the chart illustrating changes in her wages, her hours, and the number of her looms over a five-year period. Her hours had gone up, it seemed, and her wages down, while the number of her looms had increased each year. She looked at the finished chart intently.

"I knew something had been happening to me," she remarked, "but I never realized just what it was before."

Here in the social science workshop, with its facilities for simple statistical work, map making, painting and modelling, many students for the first time discovered what was happening to them in industry, and tried to find out why. Those girls especially who had difficulty in reading found the workshop hand work a road to learning. An exhibit of workshop products on display on the walls during the last week included a survey of city government in pictorial form; a map of the United States showing the employment of Negroes in industry; another of textile centers; a model of a workers' theater; posters suitable for publicity in workers' education; a charcoal drawing of a steel mill, recently visited by the school; a chart showing the various countries supplying materials for a shoe, another illustrating plans of unemployment insurance in European countries. I gazed at Fannie's chart with startled interest. "Bank Khrashes" it was headed.

Fannie came up to explain. "Someone told me it was spelled wrong," she said, "but I think I'll leave it anyway. A crash seems so much more powerful with a K!"

The instructor in charge of the social science workshop was a many-sided genius at improvisation, helping the students to analyze the problem at hand and use simple materials in portraying it in graphic form.
The science room, another informal workshop, presented special problems. Each year, I thought we would make sure that all equipment arrived before the school opened, and each year I found myself hunting frantically for missing articles which had not arrived. Lacking equipment for the science room, we borrowed microscopes and a big telescope (we did not use the college laboratories). Livestock, if not borrowed, had to be bought, in order to give the room facilities for the elementary style of biology. Cages with frogs and turtles, guinea pigs, moths and butterflies were part of our collected equipment. Finding enough clover for the guinea pigs occupied one of our undergraduate assistants some time each day.

These science courses, like all others, were experimental. Given a group of students without the least elementary knowledge of the world they lived in, an instructor was sure of an ignorant but fascinated audience. Science instructors attempted to give an elementary knowledge of astronomy, physics, chemistry, and biology, based on the development of the earth and of life on the earth. When such a coordinated course was first proposed, some academic teachers assured us this could not be done with any satisfactory standard of instruction. Later, when this course had proved itself to be of the greatest educational value to the students, these same college professors, after visiting the classrooms, commented:

"Such a course should be given in every college for every Freshman!"

In one particular classroom, the class was intent on a discussion of evolution versus the Garden of Eden. Sallie, a Russian-Jewish garment worker from Chicago, listened intently. Then she spoke earnestly to the teacher:

"But this great force, changing everything all through your story, couldn't you call that God?"

Sallie's question illustrated once again the range of interests pertinent to instruction in the summer school. An instructor was called upon to deal with topics from the field of religion, philosophy, ethics, anthropology, social psychology, as well as with more familiar matters of the economic system and the labor movement. If he attempted to confine himself to the narrower field, the students became dissatisfied, and confused. They desired to know and understand the most remote realms of human knowledge, a field of inquiry far beyond the scope of eight weeks. Yet the discussions of every classroom often touched on these more remote questions, relating them to the topic in hand.

In the same classrooms, one question was often repeated, especially during discussions of evolution.

"How long ago was that?"
"Oh, three hundred thousand years," answered the instructor, as she explained the pictures of primitive life.

"How did they take photographs of them early animals?" demanded one student, and another added with conviction, "Well, it shows you can afford to wait. What's this labor movement compared to three hundred thousand years?"

Often the Southern girls would protest even the mention of this unfamiliar theory. Later they would usually come to a reluctant acceptance of its implications.

"It sounds so good that I have to believe it," said Birdie, brought up in a company town with a Baptist church and Sunday School, "but it goes against everything I have ever been taught."

Another puzzled Southern girl, a textile worker from a small mill town, propounded a question to her instructor, "If the world is cooling off as you say," she began, her whole manner one of scientific inquiry, "what is going to become of hell fire?"

In connection with the science classes, we had a series of moving pictures, selected by our instructor. One he announced was to be on the subject of the "Heavenly Bodies." Mary P., an Italian girl from Brooklyn, stopped me on the campus to inquire about this lecture.

"Is it going to be pictures of saints and angels?" she asked hopefully.

New knowledge gained day by day with its accompanying reactions of resentment, bewilderment or puzzled interest was reflected in conversations at meals, or in the corridors at night.

"Well, I tell you, I'm no mammal!"

"I liked everything in the museum but my own skeleton, and that nearly killed me."

One Italian girl wrote daily accounts of her science lessons to her father, and reported joyfully that he had written her five pages of questions all about the sun, moon, and stars.

This comment came from one foreign-born girl, seriously handicapped in English.

"Science is like music. It is international. I may not be able to do English but you don't have to know English to understand science."

Every attempt was made by the science instructors to help the students understand the idea of a universe. One year the class made large pottery balls, to represent the planets in their proportional sizes, measured
off appropriate stellar spaces, and put the planets up on rods for all to see.

One day I visited the public speaking classes. Several girls, I knew, had been unable to eat breakfast that morning, so alarmed had they been at the thought of rising to their feet before this small and friendly audience. In spite of previous help from patient tutors, and constant reassurances on the part of the instructors and fellow students, the ordeal of that first speech cast a gloom over the best part of the week for many. The girl who courageously marched up to face the class and without a complete breakdown struggled through those halting sentences deserved every bit of the hearty commendation given her by her instructor and classmates.

"Did she make a point? If so, what was it?"

Kindly criticism, analysis of strong and weak points in logic, structure and expression did much in the course of two months, and this actual classroom practice was supplemented by practice in forums, at assembly meetings, and in the constant campus discussion.

When a girl found herself in a minority, with her ideas of long-standing trampled on, her prejudices held up to ridicule, it would have been surprising if the most inarticulate students could have kept quiet. But after the first few weeks, anger gave way to good-humored argument, and the girl who first had been afraid to lift her voice in a crowd concluded that her opinion was as good as anyone's and that to express it was only fair to herself and to the groups she represented.

On the other hand, the articulate girl who was too sure of herself began to realize that perhaps she had not secured all the facts to back her opinions, that other girls who disagreed with her so violently may have had some other information; that a glib tongue was not the only thing needed to confound one's adversary in an argument. So each group profited by contact with the other, and those first terrified classroom sessions became a forum of interested and fairly able speakers, eager to measure up to the standard set by the class itself.

Allied to the classroom work were other activities, related to the life of the school.

Our school paper, "The Daisy," a mimeographed journal published once or twice during the school term, was the cause of bitter controversy each year. If the school was not broken up into warring factions over the name of this sheet, it was distressed with the wails of some disappointed contributor whose poem, article, or story had been rejected by the editors. This editorial board was composed of five students, with two English instructors acting as advisors. As the editors found it difficult to read the authors' pencilled, scrawled or cramped mis-
spelled handwriting, it became necessary for many contributions to be typed by some hard-working undergraduates.

Laboriously the Editorial Board read and rated each contribution, toiling on hot afternoons in their editorial room at the top of the lecture hall where the public was not admitted. Eager young authors with smudgy papers haunted the stairways, and bitter was the lamentation if every literary offering was not accepted. My own part in the annual fray was to act as school censor, reading the final compilation in the light of its effect on the public and on any roaming reporter. It was seldom necessary to suggest any changes, and I was often impressed with the high literary quality of the finished magazine.

My official relation to the paper turned into an emergency first aid service when I had to comfort disappointed authors, or assuage angry ones.

One day I found Barbara, a chubby little German girl from Milwaukee, weeping in my office, her rejected article wet and crumpled in her hand. She had worked hard, I knew, but the English language was still beyond her reach, so far as literary expression was concerned. Lacking a handkerchief, I produced a clean dustcloth from my desk, and mopped her flowing tears. I had a sudden inspiration.

"How would you like to try an article which could be printed in a real newspaper?" I inquired, explaining that the journal of her own Amalgamated Garment Workers Union might consider some story about the school, written by one of its own members.

Barbara looked at me hopefully through her tears. Hunting up an English teacher, I explained Barbara's ambition. The instructor promised to help her prepare an article on her experiences at school. Barbara smiled, for the first time that day. The article, written and revised, was immediately published by the labor paper. Barbara, always accompanied by the clipping, went about for the rest of the summer with an air of a successful author, beaming on the world.

Glancing through these summer school magazines, it is of interest to note the contents of the articles: "Waste in the Coal Industry," "My First Job." "Days on Ellis Island - the Immigration Station of New York." "Psychology in the Summer School Curriculum" - a plea to have this course continued; "Union and Non-union Shops;" "Negro Literature and Art" - by a Negro waitress from Philadelphia; "Milady's Hat" - by a New York milliner; "The Retreat of the Russian Army" by a thin little Jewish girl who had seen her family massacred in a pogrom and who herself had hidden in a cellar for a week before she could make her escape.

About ten days after classes were underway, it was my custom to arrange an interview with each girl in order to make sure that she was properly
placed in her classes, and had favorable conditions for learning. One of our staff and I divided the student body for these interviews, which always took more time than we allowed. For a full week of invariably hot afternoons I sat in my office, while one girl after another came and went. Twisted mental attitudes, religious struggles, serious family problems, depths of ignorance and bewilderment were all revealed during these interviews. Usually, with few exceptions, the students were delighted with their classes.

"I never knew a teacher could be so friendly," said one New England shoe worker. "They weren't like that in public school. They always made me feel I had no right to say what I thought. Here you can say anything you like, and the teachers will listen to you, and even talk with you about what you think."

In another interview, the student was a young American-born worker from the Pennsylvania Dutch section of the state. She pasted a small label on spools in her factory. We discussed the science course. She was enjoying it very much, she said.

"I had a little science in grammar school," she added, "but I didn't learn much. I thought from that course that science was nothing but plumbing and bugs. The other night I looked through the telescope and saw Jupiter. My little job won't ever seem so small to me, now that I've had a look at one more world."

Stella, one of the most brilliant girls in the school, a golden-haired Russian, answered my first questions about her classes, then plunged into a more serious matter.

"Will you please tell me just when I shall be able to make up my mind for always?" she asked anxiously. "I hear one idea, then I hear another. Maybe too, one is opposite to the other. How shall I know? How can I understand? I do not feel comfortable in my mind to change it all the time. I want to find something I can believe forever."

"You never will," I assured her, "that is, so long as you keep your mind ready to learn new things, you will always be learning, and changing your thoughts."

She looked at me in dismay. For at least two hours we discussed the whole matter of educational and social philosophy. I wished I had been wise enough to illumine the grave problems of her everyday life, to show her some immediate solution for her underpaid father, her nervous mother, and her wild little brother, who had twice been arrested by the police. The best that I could do was to point out the process of mental growth which might eventually lead to greater wisdom and hopeful channels of social action. The world of the school went on around us. Bees buzzed in and out of the open windows of the office, voices called across the campus, the fragrance of linden blossoms floated in on the warm wind.
Finally Stella arose to leave the room. She took my hand, looking at me earnestly.

"I begin to understand," she said. "I will be no longer unhappy if I cannot think just one thing. I will not be afraid to grow."

Through the long, hot afternoons the interviews went on. Garment workers, milliners, silk weavers, electrical workers, upholsterers, pastry cooks, telephone operators, waitresses, workers on wood and metal, came and went, each girl a vivid personality, an individual refreshingly honest in her comments, meticulously anxious to give accurate answers to my questions, often overcome with emotion in trying to tell me what the school meant to her and what she hoped to do later in helping her fellow workers to find new opportunities. Phrases from these conversations are fresh in my mind from the notes I kept at the time:

"I just love economics. I didn't know you could love anything at the age of 40."

"We will not forget this school. This is our treasure. We hold on to it."

"I'm beginning to understand. I'm just getting enthusiastic about getting more into me."

"I wrote a short story for my English class and it turned out to be a poem. I never thought I'd write a poem."

"I didn't know a depression was on. When I heard certain things in class, my hair just flew up."

"In public speaking, I still fall to pieces when I get up there. My one idea is to get down."

"My English teacher said my composition was good. This is the first time anyone ever praised my work. Our boss never praises our work."

"Gee, I found it wonderful to help make a relief map. You could feel the whole country with your fingers."

"These are the only interesting days I ever had unless you can call trouble interesting and I've had plenty of that."

"I've had offshoots of psychology before, but never understood what it was about."

"In history I am learning how civilization began and how it accumulates."

"Here I have found a place for myself. I feel I am not just a part of a piece of machinery."
"I got a poem out of the Dean's garden. It made me feel of God."

"I couldn't go to high school, though you might say I went through high school. My mother scrubbed the high school building every night and I used to help her."

"Thank you for coming in," I usually said, as each girl left the office. Celia, a lamp shade worker, paused, looking back at me with a smile in her dark eyes. "Likewise! The pleasure is mine," she replied.

Another series of interviews with the faculty was necessary in order to effect various adjustments indicated by my conversations with the students. Here a girl was evidently beyond her depth in economics. Could she be given additional help or put in a less advanced class? In some cases special health problems were related to class room difficulties, such as that of the nervous, fatigued girl who had a genuine panic each week in the public speaking class. Should a student with great ability and wide experience in her Union be given more advanced work, or do independent study? How could we lighten the schedule of the weaker students? Here was a student utterly confused because her instructor in history used such long words.

Esther had tried to explain her difficulties. "There's no use that man using his high astronomical language on me," she had said plaintively. "My spirit soars up after it, but as for myself, I'm entirely unaware."

Vocabulary was always a problem, not only in classrooms but in assigned reading. How would we help these eager students to learn to read with facility? Confronted with the simplest material, they were bewildered with unknown words, lost in the ideas presented, and discouraged in their efforts to concentrate. Libraries were of no use to the average industrial worker. They could not find suitable books, and they could not read what they found.

"I understand every word on this page," one student assured me, "but I cannot understand the sentences."

The summer school students did not know how to skim, and did not attempt to learn, disapproving of what seemed to them a superficial method. Every word had to be clear to them before they were willing to proceed. This thoroughness was typical of these worker students whatever they attempted.

Sometimes there would be twenty words in a paragraph which they could not understand. Each brief reading assignment - and we had learned to make them brief - meant long and laborious hours with a dictionary. Some students, I almost believed, slept with these ponderous volumes under their pillows, so closely were they attached to their persons.
Tutors and assistants did their best to clarify the assignments, often reading aloud, to groups of students in the quiet evening hours of the supervised study period - known to the students as the "superficial study hour." Discouraged with their efforts, some students gave up all attempts to read, relying on the spoken word for all their information.

"Why should I read?" protested one of the best students in the science class to her instructor. "I understand every word you say, and if I don't, I see you on the campus and come and ask."

Gradually, however, most students lost their terror of print, and began to get enjoyment from their reading. We struggled to help these workers, as a factory group, learn how to use books, magazines, and newspapers. The reward of this struggle came later when many girls reported they had joined libraries, had learned to enjoy books, and to use them in their search for knowledge.

Outside of the classrooms and library other activities related themselves to the students' discussions. All were interested in experiments in drama. I usually found myself responsible for dramatics. I enjoyed helping the students plan and carry out several dramatic events every summer, spontaneous and informal, but nevertheless having value because many scenes were the direct reflection of industrial experience. A trade party, to illustrate the various kinds of work represented in the school, came early in the summer. Later came a more elaborate festival on the subject of international peace, with folk songs and dances.

Informal skits, dramatizing the colorful events of campus life, Fourth of July parties, and short scenes related to classroom work were often given. On the last night the lantern ceremony given in the cloisters at dusk symbolized the purpose of the school. Each student lit her lantern at the fire of wisdom and carried the light into the darkness beyond.

My recollections of these events are tinged with an excitement reminiscent of my own college days, and rarely experienced elsewhere. Would the undergraduates remember to get the vines for the stage? (One year the entire gymnasium was draped with poison ivy by one of these zealous but ignorant assistants.) Would the sun and moon the electrical workers had manufactured as the only rivals to their industry, stay up in the cambric heavens, or fall on our heads as in the last rehearsal? Would the Russians remember not to talk all at once in the garment workers' drama? Or would they become sulky and refuse to talk at all? Was there enough kerosene on hand to soak the faggots on Wisdom's altar so that the fire would spring up at the right moment?

When the properties were all at hand, and everyone in a pleasant holiday humor, nothing could be more enjoyable, I thought, than these
dramatic events. Everyone had a part in them. Small groups of girls took the responsibility for planning these festivals, collecting costumes and properties, rehearsing songs or dances.

Without stage, scenery or curtain, the brief scenes were produced, the young stage managers announcing the title and the place; after the scene was acted, the audience discussed its merits, and criticized its faults. Often these scenes, further developed in the light of this friendly criticism, were reenacted and recorded by a stenographer as the basis for a longer play.

I remember some of these spontaneous scenes; an evening in Union Square; three old women in a flop house; a day in a union shop; in an employment bureau; an east side market on Saturday night; a picket line in the milliners' strike; a scene on Ellis Island; an arbitration hearing; an unemployed girl in a rooming house; company for supper; in the subway; an eviction. Characters lived briefly on the improvised stage: the nagging foreman, the employment manager, the state inspector, the business agent of the union, the evicted woman. Watching these simple scenes, as portrayed by the industrial workers who had lived them before they acted them, I felt a renewed sense of the struggle of these workers for decent living; a sense too of the unestimated contribution they could make by interpreting the needs of this submerged industrial population through the vivid medium of labor drama.

In preparation for the more formal Trade Party, many students tried to collect material to illustrate the work they did at home. Sometimes I was called in to help secure the necessary articles. One girl asked me to write to her employer for a set of pink false teeth to illustrate her work.

Another day at school tea, I found a crowd of girls surrounding Bessie, a textile worker from Georgia. She held a small machine in her hand, and was moving her thumb up and down on it.

"I reckon you all ain't seen this here thing," she remarked. "Every time I move my thumb this little thing ties a knot in the thread. That's all I do all day in my mill - just move my thumb up and down, as I walk up and down the spinning frames."

She had done this work since she was nine years old, she explained, working now eleven hours a day. She had sent home for this little machine and was proud to display it to other girls.

Whatever else the students might be doing, music on the campus always brought an immediate response. Every noon the school met for half an hour of an assembly period. At this time students or faculty spoke briefly on matters of interest to the whole school. And we sang. The singing was hearty and tuneful. Many of the girls were musically
gifted, and while they had had no training, had sweet voices. For some years a music course was a special feature of the curriculum, a course based on the development of folk music, including a series of concerts by professional musicians and a school festival of folk songs and dances. A number of labor songs was always included in the singing hours, songs from many sources, gathered by the girls themselves.

I remember these assembly periods when, guided by a spirited leader, the full volume of song swelled and echoed through the big room: "Deep River," "Warmeland," the haunting Swedish folk song: "Ballinderry," with its Irish lilt, "Bread and Roses," and "To Labor," the last a special favorite:

"Shall you complain who feed the world
Who clothe the world, who house the world?
Shall you complain who are the world?
Of what the world may do?
As from this hour, you use your power
The world must follow you.

Stand all as one, see justice done
Believe and dare and do."

Another favorite of the whole school was the Negro anthem, first sung to us by our Negro students the year their race was admitted. The beautiful melody and the aspiration of the words always impressed the school, and gave a solemn character to the singing.

"Stony the road we trod
Bitter the chastening rod,
Felt in the days when hope unborn had died.
Yet with a steady beat
Have now our weary feet
Come to the place for which our fathers sighed."

Great was the happiness of the school on the day when Edith, a gifted student, who could play anything by ear and improvised by instinct, produced both the words and the music of a new labor song. The significance of the song and its composer moved the students as they sang it tentatively in the assembly period, Edith leading the music on the piano.

"We shall be free
When we understand
The strength, the power, the glorious hour
That lie in our hands.
That hour will come
With our unity;
We'll make the machines that enslave us
Obey us.
We'll be free!"
Sometimes at night there was a special program of violin music. It was dark there in the cloisters. Over the bulk of the shadowy towers a few stars clustered. In the clear starlight sat the students or stretched at full length on the warm grass. The violin sounded the first strains of "Largo." For an hour or more the musician played, while the school listened entranced. I looked at the faces near me: Katie, a hunchback, whose courage had impressed us all; Mollie, who had come to the school just after a long month in jail, for picketing; Emily, who had been on the verge of a nervous collapse when she came, as the result of a cruel speed-up in her textile mill.

Here for an hour the past was forgotten. Relaxed, silent, intent, the Summer School listened as the violin was played with skill and beauty. I longed to have that beauty enter into the lives of those women workers not only for a passing evening hour, but for all their bitter days to come. The school was such a brief interlude, I thought, in comparison to the long years of their restricted, hard-working lives. And yet perhaps through the school these women who listened to the music might learn to transform their own lives and the lives of others.

Each year the climax of the music program was the International Peace Festival. At this time the whole school, in costumes of different nations, took part in an evening of folk songs and dances, preceded by the reading of the "Salut au Monde" by Walt Whitman.

"I see ranks, colors, barbarisms, civilizations,
I go among them, I mix indiscriminately,
And I salute all the inhabitants of the earth."

As the songs and dances with their gay or plaintive melodies came to a close and each student had done her share in this vivid festival of nations, it was easy to understand that for these industrial workers there was reality in this event. An idea greater than any they had known dawned in many minds, and for the first time they felt themselves united in a new international consciousness.

To see one of these festivals gave the best answer to the question frequently asked, "What do you do in the school in the way of religious observances?"

Given the character of the school, I usually explained, any formal observances, arranged as part of the school program, would do more to promote dissension than to foster a spiritual atmosphere. We had girls of all religious faiths, and of none. There were Southern Methodists, or Baptists, for whom a Sunday School had to be found immediately in order that they might not break their record of perfect attendance for fifteen or twenty years; Roman Catholics from Southern Europe - Italians or Poles - who attended an early mass each Sunday; Scotch Presbyterians, or Congregationalists from New England; a few orthodox Jewish girls, and the more numerous unorthodox, who considered themselves emancipated from all religious affiliations and beliefs.
Our school policy therefore, was to allow freedom of worship, encouraging attendance at nearby churches, but to omit from the schedule of the school any formal religious service. The school, I felt, in its social purpose, and its international character bore every mark of spiritual adventure. To foster understanding among its students and faculty, and to unite them in the great purposes of social and economic reconstruction always seemed to me the truest expression of the religious impulse common to all humanity. Our evening of poetry and music, our hours of friendly discussions contributed to this feeling of spiritual purpose, in whatever we did.

There were, however, concrete instances of definite religious interest. On the first Sunday of the term we arranged to have undergraduate guides pilot the students to the nearby churches. The Jewish girls usually asked to be taken to the Friends' Meeting. Once having attended, many went back for the meeting each week. Perhaps, I thought, something in the atmosphere of the hundred-year-old meeting house among its great trees, quieted the restless spirits of our Jewish girls, bringing them comfort and peace.

Echoes of these various currents of school activities might be heard any day on the campus, where groups of students gathered on the grass:

"I said to my boss..." "wanted me to sign the yellow dog contract..." "overtime work, and no more pay..." "punched the time clock..." "there wasn't no guard around my machine, and so..." "The foreman sez to me..." "my father and my brother were out of work..." "me mother was awful sick that winter..." "the day we landed at Ellis Island..." "the business agent wasn't no good and he..." "them fumes was terrible in that factory..." "I ain't never heard of that law..." "and so my wages were cut again."

Through all the discussion of industry and its everyday conditions ran a thread of intense interest in the school.

"I never knew we lived on a Planet." "She showed me Jupiter through the telescope..." "my teacher said 'if you don't know I'll help you to find out!'" 'I ain't never spoken before in a roomful of people and I guess I was scared..." "I tried to write a little poem and she said..." "I never knew all those things about my own state. I just thought..." "When I go back I'm goin' to join the union because in my economics class..." "I'm takin' some books home to the other laundry workers..." "I'd like to start a little library in my town..." "No one can get up now and tell me what to think. I've learned to think for myself."

Tying together these strands of campus life, the process of school administration presented many novel problems, rarely found in other types of institutions. From the first year of the school, democratic government had been part of the original plan. The problem would have
been difficult enough had the school been an isolated unit, with only itself to consider. But given its location on a college campus, which in many respects resembled a public park, in the midst of a conserva-
tive community, every lightest action on the part of students or faculty became of interest to our neighbors and to the press. Visi-
tors thronged the campus, including government officials, editors, college presidents, teachers, men and women from the labor movement. These guests visited classrooms, attended forums and entertainments, gathered with the students at meals or on the grass for informal discussion. The white glare of publicity accompanied everything we did, a glare burning to intense brightness whenever events at the school were related to some event of importance in the world outside - an indus-
trial dispute, a legislative crisis, a strike in the neighborhood.

To give to students and faculty the individual freedom for which the school stood, to conduct classes where controversial subjects were daily discussed, and at the same time to safeguard the school itself from malicious or distorted attacks resulting from the practice of individual freedom, this became the central problem of administration, one which was never solved.

In this democratic government a council composed of elected representa-
tives of students and faculty served as the central clearing house on matters of policy, and as an executive committee in carrying out the regulations formulated each year by the school. The questions brought to the attention of this council, and often referred from the council to the whole school, were unlike those which usually concern a school administration.

Could students from the school take part in a labor demonstration in Philadelphia? Should they send a telegram of sympathy in the name of the school to a group of striking longshoremen on the Pacific coast? What should we do for certain girls who had nowhere to go when they left the school, no jobs in sight, and no money even for a night's lodging? Should the school arrange a trip or a series of trips for the students to go through a nearby steel mill? Would it be advisable for a group of girls to visit a coal mine? What should we do in the case of Negro girls who were not allowed by the ushers to sit with the white students in a moving picture house? Should this be discussed in a meeting of the whole school? Should the school boycott the movies? What speakers should we invite to supplement the work of the economics classes? If students left school to take part in strikes, how long could they be away and still manage to make up their school work? Should they come back at all? Was it wise for them to ask other girls from the school to picket with them? In case these girls were arrested, what was the responsibility of the school?

One year, the Reading, Pennsylvania strike was the center of interest. Students belonging to the organization on strike took an active part on picket lines, and in organizing the shops. Others went to observe
the demonstrations, in which apparently the whole town took part, under the sympathetic supervision of the police. During 1932, the summer of the bonus march, when thousands of unemployed workers converged on the national capital, the students were eager to start on the road for Washington to take part in the demonstration. Only a vote of the council, gathered for a special meeting, kept them on campus. The long-shoremen's strike in San Francisco, while too far away to draw interested participants, drew the sympathy of the school, expressed by many individuals in the form of letters or telegrams.

This keen interest in current labor events was often puzzling to college neighbors, who could not understand the vital concern of these workers. A gentle elderly couple invited me to dinner in order to tell me that if the school would omit all discussions of economics, "which," they said, "cause so much unfortunate controversy," they would be glad to endow for us the games of archery and croquet.

"Why should students who come here for eight weeks care what is happening on the Pacific coast?" asked another of these neighbors.

That they did care so intensely made the work of every classroom significant, holding together the conflicting factions in the school through their common interest in labor.

In 1927, the trial of Sacco and Vanzetti as reported in the papers was followed anxiously by the whole school. These men, from the workers' own group, a fish peddler and a cobbler, seemed to our students to symbolize the struggle of the workers for justice. Seven years they had been imprisoned, awaiting trial. On the day the men were convicted the school was plunged into the depths of grief. A demonstration parade was to be arranged in the city. Some of our students planned to take part. Like wildfire, the news swept through the school. The school should march in a body, it was insistently proposed, carrying banners to protest the executions of these men. This sort of group demonstration in the name of the school had always been against the policy of the Board of Directors of the school itself. I called a school meeting for a discussion of the whole question. The demonstration, it now appeared, was to be under communist auspices. This fact had not been clear to all the students who were prepared to take part.

The school meeting was a stormy one. Finally it was decided. Students were free, if they wished, to take part as individuals in the protest parade. The school, as a school, was not to take part, and no school banners - supposing they could be made - were to be carried.

The day of Sacco's and Vanzetti's execution was a day of black gloom for the school. Several girls left their classes, weeping uncontrollably. Many could not eat. Heart-sick, the students watched the papers, going to the village for the latest editions, hoping that at the last moment a reprieve would be granted. When there was no longer hope,
their despair was real and moving, not only because the two brave men had gone to their death, but in the opinion of many, unjustly sentenced.

Because of the controversial nature of these questions calling for group decision, it was never an easy matter to take an intelligent part in the government of this workers' school. It called for a student's sense of proportion and a tolerant spirit, quick wit in emergencies, balanced judgment, an understanding of human qualities and purposes. It is obvious that such characteristics were not present in a group of 150 people all the time. In spite of the efforts of the council to act promptly and wisely on various matters, storms of controversy often swept the school - storms which blew away only after free and frank discussion of the issues involved. At such times emotions ran high, changing swiftly through all phases of perplexity, irritation, and outraged feeling. Often buffeted by these turbulent cross currents, I longed for solitude and time for quiet thought. Usually neither of these could be found and my decisions had to be made in the midst of the raging conflicts of the campus.

In every crisis, the solution of the immediate problem resulted from the students' own realization that school policies were actually in the control of the whole group. Student and faculty vote on school issues during the summer was decisive. This sense of true control invariably brought with it a desire to weigh the issue, to bring every fact to light. With this desire came a feeling of deep responsibility.

Nothing affecting the school was hidden from students or faculty. They were aware of the attitude of the public, of the college trustees, and of neighbors in the community. They knew the financial status of the school and from what sources the money came. They realized the significance of any extreme action and realized also that they were free to take what might seem an extreme stand on any question, if in their opinion the issue warranted it. The Director always had power to suspend action voted by the school if, in her opinion, it became necessary to consult the Board of Directors. In the thirteen years during which I acted as Director, it never seemed to me necessary to delay carrying out the wishes of the school in order to consult the Board. In every crucial case, where precipitate action in accordance with a surge of factional opinion might have wrecked the school, full discussion on the part of the whole group always resulted in well-considered final decisions. Often, however, I found it wearing to endure the suspense of these stormy periods of indecision. Once the matter was brought to a conclusion, I felt as tired as though I had gone through a long ordeal of physical endurance.

Sometimes the process of reaching these decisions was exhausting to all concerned as well as to me. Although many of our students were active in the organized labor movement, few of them had had experience in presiding at meetings. This ignorance was due perhaps to the fact that
in most unions official positions were held by men only. Whatever the reason, it was the exceptional worker who had any idea of parliamentary law, or the orderly conduct of a meeting.

Our first student gatherings therefore, were often tempestuous. A seething roomful of one hundred industrial workers, of assorted beliefs and opinions; a bewildered and irate student chairman with a hammer for a gavel, and no hope of getting through the business of the evening before bedtime. During one stormy meeting, I remember, the smallest girl in the school was appointed sergeant-at-arms, by unanimous consent, and marched up and down the aisle in an attempt to keep a semblance of order. Having lived through one such experience, the more thoughtful students were ready for instruction in parliamentary procedure, and eager to have it enforced at their meetings. In contrast, a small minority of students knew parliamentary law only too well, using it for their own political purposes, to confuse the meeting or to delay action. Usually after a few weeks, to the gratification of all, orderly meetings took the place of those first evenings of bedlam.

Among the complex administrative questions, it surprised many people to learn that the conduct of the students in the school never created a serious problem. Before the school opened we had been warned by many prophets that we might expect serious breaches of convention, if nothing worse, from industrial women.

It is safe to say that no more serious-minded students ever occupied a college campus. The larger majority each summer was not interested in all the distractions of a college town. They had come to Bryn Mawr to study, and intended to make every moment count. Their sense of the value of property was also unusually marked, and the college equipment received the best of care.

Hardly a book was lost from the library and during five years nothing was reported stolen. The students had a spontaneous appreciation of beautiful things, and no inclination to destroy or mutilate them. The exceptions were so few that the simple rules made by the students seemed hardly necessary. Each year, however, the self-government association was organized, and drew up regulations for community living. The simple regulations which usually resulted from that first student meeting varied from year to year. They were concerned chiefly with matters of health and safety in safeguarding some quiet time for study; and in setting up an organization for the halls of residence.

Interesting situations developed each year, testing this self-governing organization. One year noisy groups of young men from the town annoyed the girls going in and out of the campus, at the station, or on the streets. The students, highly indignant, solved the problem by drawing up a new series of regulations, and inviting to a meeting representatives of the men's organization in the town. After this meeting when the serious purpose of the school was explained by the students, the men themselves volunteered to patrol the streets and stop these annoyances. Within twenty-four hours peace and order were restored.
New regulations within the school itself became more effective than the old ones, recognizing the fact that in a group of one hundred students some would undoubtedly wish to meet men during the summer. It soon became apparent that there were only three girls in the school who wished to use the new freedom of action given by the rules. These three students appeared one evening with three of the men from town, introduced them to me as Director of the school, went off for an evening at the movies, and were escorted home to the door of the dormitory by closing time. The new atmosphere of freedom in normal companionship was a relief to these girls and to the whole school. From that time on through the summer, these three young men for all practical purposes joined the Summer School, attended every entertainment, were found in discussion groups on the lawn, and took part in the campus life whenever their three student friends were free to entertain them.

While problems considered difficult turned out to be simple, as in the case of these troublesome neighbors, other unexpected matters became surprisingly complicated. Many of our difficulties arose from meetings where an outside speaker was scheduled. After several turbulent afternoons of these meetings, I learned to give speakers a full description of the school and its purposes in advance, and some idea of the students' background and opinions.

Even after this preparation I remember some disastrous occasions. In one case a speaker had painted a black picture of the South, speaking ironically, as though seeing conditions through the eyes of an ignorant Northerner.

Unfortunately, our southern students took this humorous speech literally. Late that night I heard sounds of lamentation from the top floor corridor, and went up to investigate. I found a cluster of weeping Southern students, surrounded by their friends, Russians, Italians, and Negro girls, all volubly offering sympathy and a series of dry handkerchiefs to stem floods of tears. All together, they tried to tell me what was the matter.

"That man calls himself a Southerner!" shrieked Birdie through her sobs. "I'd just like to tar and feather him! I'm so mad I'm all swoll up, jest like a pizened puppy."

Through the clamor I tried to explain what our speaker said; that he had not intended to ridicule the South or its people. But my explanation did little good. As the storm of weeping was stilled, the indignant girls agreed that I should write to the speaker, tell him there was some misunderstanding - to use a mild term - of his lecture, and invite him to come back and explain himself further. This I did, but the visiting lecturer, doubtless hearing of the calamitous effect he had produced, failed to appear. I then called a meeting of the Southerners, where one of our instructors, a Southerner himself, gave them his own less humorous interpretation of southern conditions.
There were many other meetings of interest to the whole school which did not arouse such tense emotion; forums on unemployment, attended by over two hundred men and women from the Philadelphia labor movement; a reproduction of an arbitration hearing in the garment industry; another meeting on social security; others on civil liberties; on the textile industry; on international peace; on the N.R.A. codes.

A crashing thunderstorm continuing several hours marooned our two hundred guests in the gymnasium on the night of the unemployment conference. The meeting had brought to the campus fifty more people than we had expected for supper, and the food had given out. Hungry and wet, our guests waited while we arranged emergency care for them in nearby hotels. I drove the last contingent to shelter and food, while the storm banged and flashed over the campus and branches of trees crashed across the streaming roadways.

Our Negro delegates, who found they were refused admission in the hotel dining rooms, dejectedly returned to campus for a late, hastily improvised supper. Although filled with indignation over this incident, which evidently was not surprising to our Negro guests, I could never succeed in breaking down these racial prejudices in our neighborhood.

These heavy thunderstorms complicated my life every summer. While the lighted candles in the halls reassured the girls, they did not add to my mental comfort. Late at night, I made the rounds of the corridors, cautioning the students about fire, making certain that every candle was in a safe place.

In spite of days like that of the unemployment conference when catastrophe seemed to fill every hour, there were many pleasant interludes in the summer school term.

Every Sunday the faculty arranged a breakfast party of their own, at which different members prepared the meal. These were leisurely, delightful occasions, sometimes under a tree on the campus, or in the woods beside the stream, with a fire for bacon and sausages. Here for once in their busy week, the teachers and administrative staff had a chance to talk with each other, and to get further acquainted. Sometimes these breakfast parties turned into informal faculty meetings for the discussion of courses, or the formulation of recommendations to be sent to the Board of Directors, a board on which the faculty were represented.

Sometimes informal events became tinged with sadness. Such gatherings were the "unit picnics" where a group of twenty girls composing one of the classroom units arranged an evening around a campfire in the woods, or in one of the college gardens. These were times of friendly talk, of poetry and singing, of sunset light over the woods, and the call of thrushes. Once there was an hour of fairy stories, supplemented by the foreign-born girls with tales of customs and legends among their own people. As they talked, I could almost imagine the "little people"
dancing in an airy ring around an ancient thorn tree in Ireland, or see the ghost of some mailed warrior haunting the street of the mountain village in the Tyrol from which Lesa's family had come.

As unemployment gradually increased during the depression a visitor at one of these picnics was often impressed with the contrast between the gaiety of the students as they cooked their picnic supper, and the incidents which they related of conditions at home.

Velma's soft voice sounded through the dusk in the listening circle of girls, seated or sprawled on the grass around the smouldering fire:

"I went to my girl friend's house," she was saying. "While I was there a man came to turn off the gas because the bill had not been paid for a long time. They asked him to wait till the dinner was cooked, and opened the oven to show him. They were cooking a little dog they had found."

Rose at my side turned to me with a shudder.

"I don't know what I'll have to eat when I go home," she said. "I was out of work for seven months before I came to school. I always stayed in bed till noon so that I wouldn't feel so hungry. Then I went out and measured the streets in the uptown garment district. I sat in the Pennsylvania station at noon or in a department store. If I found work, I got a ten cent lunch. In the afternoon I walked downtown, and measured the streets in the downtown garment district. When I could not pay for my room I sometimes slept on the floor with two other girls. Some nights I rode all night on the subway. When they put me off one train, I took another. I slept a little sometimes."

Rose, the doctor had told me, had been thinking of suicide before she came to the school. No wonder, I thought, as I listened to her story there by the fire. Only the school had saved her. Her mental strain was so evident that we had arranged treatment for her with a psychiatrist. Unable to change her living conditions after she went home, the most skillful psychiatrist could not hope to help her attain mental stability. When she left the school, we arranged to have her live for a while in a settlement, where a friendly head worker agreed to keep her occupied and to give her board. This interlude of security, however, could not counteract the ordeal of insecurity and semi-starvation she had been through. When we heard news of her again, we learned with horror that she had thrown herself in the river. The police had failed to reach her in time.

Hearing this news, I was overwhelmed as often before with a feeling of grief and helplessness in the face of world-wide disaster. What could be done in two months for such victims of a disordered social system? Our best plans for Rose had failed. No one had even tried to plan for hundreds of other girls. Sucked under by the turgid currents of unemploy-
ment, they were lost, beyond hope of restoration to normal living. Our meagre efforts to help counted for nothing, I thought, compared with the need, reflected each summer in the lives of our own worried, courageous students.

Unable to solve these sad problems, I turned to gay events of the recreation program. Once or twice a week I was called on to conduct folk dancing, an hour of festivity which I always enjoyed because my pupils regarded it as unmixed pleasure. My groups were often large, and as new-comers appeared each night, progress in skill was uneven. Many students, unaccustomed to any form of organized recreation, found it hard to follow directions, simple as I tried to make them. I was always amazed each summer with the lack of muscular coordination of many of these industrial workers, even those with brilliant minds. Accustomed to use of their hands or feet during long hours of rapid, monotonous motion, they were entirely unused to those activities which called for quick, coordinated response of mind and body together. Some girls indeed could not respond quickly enough to these directions to follow the changes of a simple folk dance. Others, endowed with a natural grace and swiftness of motion, flung themselves into the dances, caring little for accuracy but creating an impression of gay, artistic abandon, delightful to observe.

Under all this gaiety, however, one felt the deep anxiety of the students in regard to affairs at home. What was happening to their families? Would jobs be waiting when the school term was over? How were their mothers managing without the help of their wages? Would the unemployment of the last year continue, or would there be some hope of finding work? One night at a school party, Leah, in a gay costume, was doing for us one of her wild Russian dances. A student caught her arm, as she whirled past, and thrust a telegram into her hand.

She read it quickly, her face growing white. Coming over to me she whispered, "It is my mother, over there at home. She now is sick, and has no food to eat. How can I send money, when there is no work?"

Controlling herself immediately, but with tears in her eyes, she motioned the musician to play. With a swift leap, she flung herself into her dance.

Not only the students within the school, but former students joyfully returning to visit, introduced complications in school life. As the school grew older, the problem of visiting former students became more pressing. Many would have liked to come for a fortnight or more, during periods of unemployment, but visits of a few days only were allowed. Other girls arrived without notice, bringing relatives and friends, to whom they showed with pride the rooms they had occupied in the school. Sometimes a former student, hitch-hiking to a distant state, would appear, brown and grimy from the road, to visit her school friends.
I remember one hitch-hiker, Myra, a girl from Colorado, who had been working in the east and was on her way home. At first glance I was shocked with the change in her appearance, and her evident exhaustion. From a pink-cheeked, vigorous girl she had changed in two years into a thin, white-faced shadow. Her work as a waitress in cheap restaurants had meant long hours of work, crowded quarters, and a wage so low that she had had little food beyond scraps from the tables. In spite of her protests, I persuaded her to stay at the school until our physician could examine her. As I had suspected, the verdict was tuberculosis, in an advanced stage. We collected a special fund, made provisions by wire for sanitarium care in Denver, her own city, and sent Myra home by train to fight toward a distant recovery.

Although we always had many visitors during the school term, the entertainment of guests never became such an acute problem until the first years of the depression. Relatives of the students, from old grandmothers to babies in arms, coming for a Sunday afternoon visit and staying through the evening, grew hungry in our midst. The students could not afford to pay for these guests in the dining room. Neither could the school from its limited budget feed them all without charge. Often we found that the students brought food surreptitiously to their families from the table. For several days in one instance, a student had housed her sister and her small niece in her room, taking them food from meals whenever she could. Sometimes men visiting the girls on Sunday had nowhere to go for the night, and no money for lodging. A number of these boys had spent forlorn days in breadlines and were obviously destitute. One had hitch-hiked from a textile town in the South in the hope of finding work, and had stopped to see his sister, a student in the school. He expected to spend the night in the railroad station. On his sister's urgent plea, I found a bed for him overnight in an empty guest room. The house director next morning was disturbed to discover this arrangement.

"We can't run a boarding house for homeless men," she said with complete justification. And I admitted that we could not.

Hungry and homeless guests became so frequent that the school council decided to raise a special fund for food, from those in the school who were able to contribute. For the rest of the summer, certain guests of the students were quietly provided with a meal. So long as our fund lasted, the students were happy to know that they could bring these hungry visitors into the dining room.

Not only with our guests, but with our students themselves, the matter of food was one on which our House Committee spent much thought. To arrange a menu for hot weather, satisfying the various tastes of industrial workers from every part of the country, and with every variety of custom and tradition made the work of our house director difficult. Strict vegetarians who had brought their own cabbage or raw carrots to the table; Jewish girls accustomed to a heavy starchy meal; southerners who had lived mainly on pork and greens, all found it hard to
adjust themselves to our more balanced diet. Russians who ate little at the table made up for their lack of nourishment at evening parties, where they consumed boxes of smoked herring and a great variety of pickles sent from home. Aside from these special cases, most of the students ate heartily, as though famished, as indeed many of them were.

On the first night of school, the students invariably looked with astonishment at our simple supper. One girl remarked that she had not seen so much food for two years. Another, a young mother from a mining town who had left three children at home, broke down at the supper table, weeping into her napkin:

"I jest can't eat this meal, when I think of them three children going hungry," she sobbed.

It was a constant pleasure through the summer to see the gains in health made by many of our students, the rapid increase in weight when half starved girls were given enough proper food.

In the dining room too, one might observe the interest of our Negro maids in the summer school. Often between meals, they gathered to hear current news of the school, and of the workers' education movement. To know that the school gave an opportunity to their own race for education cemented the bond of sympathy between these domestic workers and the industrial workers who came each summer to the campus. At parties in the gymnasium the spirituals sung together by the two groups of Negro workers delighted the whole school.

Twice a week in the evening, the faculty conducted classes for the maids and porters, who welcomed a chance to learn more English to discuss current events, or to become acquainted with elementary science through an evening with the big telescope on the lawn. To know that one of their own number, a domestic worker, might apply for the school course and be admitted as a student gave an added significance to the work of dishwashing and cleaning in the school. When a Negro girl who had been employed in the college as a waitress was admitted as a student, our friendly maids considered it a banner year in school history.

Outstanding in school history also was the tenth summer, 1930. That year a special anniversary festival was given by students and faculty, and an ambitious plan to raise an endowment fund was concocted. Unlike the usual college student, these workers were not content to accept what the school had to offer without understanding clearly where the money came from, and under what conditions it was accepted. In school meetings each year I explained to the students the various sources of our funds, the reasons why people gave, and the share the former students had taken in raising money. Each year the students in the school began to plan eagerly what they could do to help. The idea of an endowment fund caught fire, and swept the campus into financial activity. The council members canvassed each classroom unit, reporting the results to the business office.
"Everybody wants to give money to this fund," reported one indefatigable collector. "My class wants to see this school endowed, and I think we will get eleven dollars."

With this eleven dollars, and a few similar contributions from other classes, the endowment fund was launched under the stately title of a "Foundation for Women Workers' Education." Students and faculty adding to this infant foundation, soon brought the amount up to $700,000, a sum significant not for its monetary value, but for the rush of spontaneous enthusiasm with which it was raised.

This milestone in school history marked the end of a decade which, with three years following when I was still Director, recorded many changes in the Summer School. Some of these changes were brought about by action of the Board of Directors, faculty, or students; others reflected trends in the world of industry and labor.

The type of students changed during these thirteen years. The students of the first few years, from 1921-1924, included a large number of recently arrived immigrants, girls who had come from Southern Europe two or three years before applying for the school, and whose use of the English language was still fragmentary. Most of these girls - Polish, Ukrainian, or Russian, had had no more than a few months of schooling. Many of them from Jewish families had had only second hand instruction from a brother or cousin fortunate enough to have been sent to school. Their clothing was poor, their whole appearance downtrodden. Their bodies appeared wasted, and their minds embittered. For these girls, the school proved a salvation, physically and mentally, as they came to know its purposes, and responded to the new opportunities they found.

As immigration in the United States was restricted, recent immigrants were rarely found among incoming students. Instead, the girls were of foreign parentage, had come to this country when they were children. Others had been born in the United States.

Among the students of earlier years, few were found who had attended high school for even a year. More recently, with state child labor laws, it became common to find one or two years of high school work recorded on the application blanks. These girls were healthier, better dressed than the first students. The effect of high school experience upon American-born workers was often to create a feeling of superiority; a belief that, having sat in a high school classroom, education had been achieved. In comparison with other girls with little or no formal schooling, the high school group were sometimes less aware than the others of practical industrial problems. Marking this trend in the school, one could rejoice in the extension of education for these children of industrial workers, even while wishing that more schooling had made them more aware of the world in which they were living.
In the first years of the Summer School, there was a sharp conflict each summer between students who were union members and those who were not. Bitter antagonisms were expressed in heated terms by both groups. Later, political antagonisms began to overshadow those of union and non-union workers.

For a period of several years, socialists and communists were antagonists in every school forum, in the classrooms, at meals, around the evening teapots in the dormitory rooms. Then within these political parties, the many splits into smaller factions were reflected in the school and antagonisms burned at white heat over matters of internal organization. With changing tactics of these parties, waves of new interest or reaction could be noted in the school. Each year a school forum, or a series of meetings brought some representative leaders from each party, as well as from other political groups, to present every brand of political theory. These meetings always occasioned the liveliest discussion, lasting often till late at night.

Two definitions from students' papers reflected these conflicting opinions.

"A conservative," wrote one girl, "is a person of few ideas carefully expressed."

Another wrote on her paper:

"A radical is a person going to extremes, continuing constantly, annoying others."

With the establishment of the N.R.A. codes and their stimulus to organized labor, the bitter feeling on the part of the unorganized girls in the school toward union members translated itself into a genuine interest in trade union organization and the protection it could give to workers. To know that the Federal government had recognized the right of collective bargaining, and that workers in every part of the country were joining unions encouraged these more timid students in their new interest. By the time the codes were fairly well established, the majority of applicants for the summer school were union members, some of them only just enrolled in the organized labor movement.

With the beginning of the codes, also, a new interest in legislation and in government was felt in the Summer School. Formerly, the more thoughtful girls had pinned their faith on organization alone, discounting anything that could be done to protect the workers through legislation. Reports came into the school office of former students who had taken an active part in local campaigns, interviewing legislators, studying proposed bills, giving testimony at legislative hearings. A new tool had been placed in their hands, these girls evidently believed a tool whose edge must still be sharpened for use, but which might be employed by workers to good effect.
Education as another tool for labor also came to have its place. Each year the students' interest grew in curriculum questions, methods of teaching, plans for organizing local classes. As witnessed to the value of workers' education, one hundred or more students each year departed to their own communities, to put into effect what they had learned in the classrooms.

In some parts of the country, new facilities for recreation and new emphasis on leisure stimulated the students' interest in physical education and in play. To know that the games and sports to which they had been introduced at school might be practiced at home gave impetus to this side of the school program. Formerly many students had shown little interest in these activities, devoting themselves entirely to their books and tutoring periods.

The Board of Directors of the Summer School attempted to put into practice the most modern conceptions of educational theory. From a curriculum made up during those first years of unrelated short courses, the school progressed by 1927 to an integrated plan of instruction, the so-called "Unit System," which has been in effect ever since. By the unit plan, the school was divided into five groups of about twenty girls, the division based partly on their facility in reading. To each group an economist and an English teacher were appointed, these two instructors with an assistant attempting to unify instruction for each student in the group, and to make sure that she received sufficient individual help to assure progress.

This plan, while having certain disadvantages in making each class a little separate school in itself, proved to have the great advantage of unifying the content of courses for each student, and brought about a close working relationship among the teachers. Although not the "integrated paragons" facetiously suggested by the faculty, these teachers came to understand the value of correlation and an appreciation of related fields of knowledge.

This unit plan was effective in meeting the educational difficulties of a short course - eight weeks, and a student body with little elementary background but a burning enthusiasm for learning. Experiments with content of courses tended as time went on to confine discussions to topics most closely related to the students' own experience, approaching these topics by the road of their immediate interest. Relating instruction to the most urgent problems of these workers' own lives - unemployment, social security, labor organization, legislation - each economics class became a forum in current affairs. To give historical background for these immediate problems was always an imperative question each summer, never completely solved. Along with curriculum experiments went new plans for the use of psychological tests; new methods of registration of students, to ascertain their interests and abilities; new emphasis on visual education, with its opportunity for chart making,
mode's, maps and diagrams; and on creative expression through labor
drama, writing, music and the dance.

While by no means alone in its experimental work during this period,
the Summer School served as a novel laboratory for testing educational
theory and method, forging new plans for curriculum and teaching in an
atmosphere of white-hot enthusiasm. The general trend of curriculum
change was always in the direction of making the school of greater
value to its students in an ever widening circle of social responsibility.

In another respect changes might have been noted in the school; in its
strengthened, independent organization. Continuing from its first year
as a cooperative venture with the college, the growing interest of
faculty, students, and district committees meant that the school grew
as a separate entity, as well as an organization closely allied with
the college. The first ten years laid the foundations of a national
organization with well defined policies, resulting from the experience
of those pioneer years. It was not hard to trace in later years the
effect of this national organization in widening the scope of workers'
education through the establishment of other schools.

That the students were aware of the school's value was shown increas-
ingly each year, as they returned to active work in their own communi-
ties.

"What is the effect of the school?" was a question frequently heard.

The most telling answer to this question was always to be found in
letters from former students, talks with them, and reports from
those who were associated with them in trade unions or industrial
clubs. There was no doubt that, for the majority of women workers,
the two months of the school term had been the turning point in their
lives, the stimulus toward further education, and toward wider usefull-
ness among other industrial workers.

An agent of the Women's Bureau of the United States Department of Labor
expressed these results of the school when she said that, in the course
of her travels for the Bureau she had called on a number of former
students of the school to supply facts about their own industries, in
connection with research studies.

"And they know a fact when they see it," she said. "They speak with
less prejudice and with better understanding of all the issues involved
than the average industrial worker.

"And moreover," she added, "they all seem to be doing something to help."

From the viewpoint of the students themselves, one letter from a gar-
ment worker sums up what they have felt about the school.
"It was light when my feet touched the soil of the campus. It was light again when girls of different parts of America and from various industries addressed each other in an old-friendly way. It was light when the dark heavenly bodies were pointed out and introduced. It was light when the strange sounds of foreign language became familiar and sweet. It was light when the teacher and pupils analyzed the control of wages and the means of production.

"It will be light, strong, and warm, light for humanity."
CHAPTER 9

MORE SCHOOLS FOR WORKERS

For the two years 1921 and 1922 I carried general responsibility for the Summer School while I was still in charge of the Dean's office at the college. With its development as a winter organization, as well as a summer term, it seemed necessary to decide just what part in it I wished to take. The Board of Directors of the school was, I knew, considering the employment of a full time director, and was beginning to interview candidates for the position. Before this matter was settled, I had come to the decision that if I could be released from the Dean's office, I would prefer the work of the Summer School. By this time I felt sure that my place was in the school, with its industrial workers struggling for education, rather than in the more academic confines of the college office.

Looking back on the period before the opening of the school, I became conscious of the fact that, during its two turbulent sessions, I had become a different person. My lethargy of the former period, following my mother's death had been pierced by the vivid realities of the workers' school: my spirit shaken into life by acquaintance with its students. Their struggles to live and to find opportunities for education had developed in them a quality of moral fiber which made my own frequent lack of courage shocking. That they could care so much what happened and be so deeply concerned with the welfare of their fellow workers contrasted sharply with the fact that for several years I had not been able to care about anything at all.

These workers were determined in their efforts to bring about a better world for all. Their faith in the school, as an instrument toward this purpose, and their evident belief in me, made me feel strongly that I must do something to help them; that I must make the school, if I could, a living realization of their hope. In trying to do this I found that I needed every particle of mental alertness, perseverance, and understanding I could muster. To gain these qualities even to a small degree meant forgetting the past, and pushing on to meet new tests of courage.

Having reached my own decision as to what I wanted to do, I still had to settle the matter with the President, and to lay my application before the Board of Directors of the school. With my usual feeling of trepidation in discussing any crucial matter with one so rapid in her thinking and definite in her conclusions as President Thomas, I approached the matter of my release from the Dean's office. The President agreed that I could no longer continue to hold both positions, and was willing to present my resignation to the college trustees. When they finally accepted it, my mind was relieved. Many of my friends warned me that I was making a serious mistake to relinquish a secure position, with its own dignity and prestige, for all
the uncertainties of a pioneer experiment such as the workers' school. I laughed at their concern, assuring them that to have a part in this new venture was exactly what I wanted. It had been a difficult decision to make. I never regretted it.

Our Summer School office was in the basement of one of the dormitories, in two small rooms adjacent to the practice rooms of the musical undergraduates. Our clicking typewriters blended with the melodies and discord of the four pianos, usually all played at once. While the practice rooms were supposedly sound-proof, the fact that all the windows were open nullified the architect's benevolent plan. Fortunately my ears became so inured to the mixed strains of fugues, barcarolles and preludes, that I could dictate letters, interview callers, or write articles in comparative mental tranquility. The disadvantages of the basement rooms were somewhat counteracted, in my opinion; for in case an unwelcome caller approached down the hall, I could — and did — step easily out of the window.

There were other immediate changes when I resigned as Dean besides moving from my spacious, sunny office to the little basement rooms. I gave up a delightful college house where I had been living, and began to seek a new home. This I found six miles away from the campus, a white house on a breezy hilltop overlooking the valley at Strafford. The approach to the house was through a strip of woodland, and over a bubbling little stream. I was delighted with the remoteness of the place, the airy sunny rooms with their open fireplaces, the porch looking out to the distant hills. There I settled down, my aunt, and Ernestine Freedman.

A new member was soon added to our household, Sophie, one of our summer school students. She was a German girl, born in Russia, who had come to the school from a shoe factory in Chicago. Sophie had done exceptional work in the school. Through the interest of a friend, she had been given the chance to go on to college, and was that winter preparing for entrance to Wisconsin University. A small school in our neighborhood offered to give her free tuition, and to arrange individual tutoring for her. While she was studying there she lived with us. She was a stocky, fair girl, with straggling yellow hair and pink cheeks. Coming to this country when a child, she had gone into the factory soon after and had been working at her trade ever since. She was avid for learning of all sorts and plied us with questions about her studies. That year she packed into her courses what was equivalent to four years of high school work, beginning algebra and geometry, Latin and French, and continuing her work in history, English and German. At the end of the year she entered the university with a brilliant examination record. Her good record at school continued at the university, where she won several prizes for English essays, graduating with honors. Soon after, she married and went with her husband, a Filipino, to his native islands. Later they established a vocational school, one of the early experiments there.
That winter of 1922-23 there was plenty of snow on the surrounding hills, and some time in my days for hilarious hours of coasting. There was time too for long drives in the car, and for walks along frosty lanes, where the hedges hung with crystals and the icy ruts crinkled under one's feet. As spring came, it was pleasant to know that we were living so near the woods; to search for the first crocus, among the brown leaves, or discover the rosy blossoms of arbutus.

Several times a week there were events at the college which we attended - lectures, concerts, or meetings. I sometimes made the six mile trip back and forth to the college three times a day, driving swiftly along back roads to avoid highway traffic. At the house, a succession of guests came and went, college faculty, summer school students, committee members whom we sheltered for a night or a weekend.

In the office the work seemed to expand each month. Our secretary cheered me by reporting new subscriptions each week, new evidence of interest in many parts of the country. Letters from many cities showed that the students of the first two years had fulfilled our hope by the effectiveness of their efforts to interest others in the school, and by assuming new responsibilities in trade unions and industrial clubs.

From other sources too we learned that the school was making a place for itself with the public and in the educational world. Alumnae of the college who had visited the school had spoken enthusiastically to their friends of its teaching methods, and its social purpose. A college President appeared in our basement office to inquire into the possibilities of establishing a workers' school on his own campus. Men from the labor movement, trade union officials and others, asked me why such a school had not been organized for men, as well as for women, and suggested that coeducation might be desirable. Reporters and editors who had formerly been hostile to the school, produced more favorable articles.

To all the papers the fact was significant that for the first time in the United States a college had arranged a special course for industrial workers. The movement was compared with workers' education in England and in other countries. Labor papers gave space to enthusiastic reports of the school from members of trade unions, and mentioned the possibility of sending other applicants. An attack on the school by a special writer in a labor paper for being "a bourgeois institution masquerading as a labor college" where ignorant tutors were "trying to make ladies out of fearless and experienced labor leaders" was answered in a spirited fashion by one of the union students who thought that the school had helped her in union work.

During this period, much of my time on the college campus went into conferences as to the future organization of the school. That first summer, the more thoughtful students had been deeply suspicious of the school and its purposes. They could not understand why a college should launch such an experiment, and doubted its value for workers.
They were sure there must be hidden an attempt to spread capitalistic propaganda underneath the surface. By the end of that year, their first puzzled question, "What is the purpose of the school?" had changed to more practical ones:

"Who controls the Bryn Mawr Summer School, and how should it be controlled?"

Stormy sessions that year had resulted in a recommendation from the whole school, faculty and students, that one-half the controlling committee should be representatives of women workers themselves. This recommendation had caused me many troubled thoughts. Believing in it as I did, and convinced that the whole future of the school depended on such an equal division of control, I was equally convinced that the college members of our group would never accept it. That crucial meeting of the Summer School board, however, in the fall of 1921 had brought about complete understanding between college and labor members. One of the leading students of that summer, a buttonhole maker, had that day at a luncheon discussed with President Thomas her own ideas on education, finding that they coincided with those of the President herself. Convinced after this conversation that the workers desired a liberal course related to their own problems, rather than propaganda in favor of any one viewpoint, Miss Thomas herself had proposed the motion that fifty percent of the members of the Board should be elected by the former students of the school. The unanimous vote on this important matter cleared the way for a more responsible control, shared equally by college representatives and women workers. By the end of the second summer, on the recommendation of the faculty, two summer school instructors, elected by this group, were added to the Board.

In the summer of 1924 our Executive Secretary was fortunate in securing a fellowship to study workers' education in Scandinavia. I decided to join her for the trip abroad, in order to have a long postponed vacation and to see something of the European workers' schools. The Board of Directors of the school arranged a leave of absence, appointing in my place Clara Taylor, an experienced, able woman to serve as Acting Director for one year.

I explained my doubtful state of mind to the President, and was relieved to hear her say that I might leave the future undecided, till almost the end of my year abroad. If I were not really needed on my return, I thought, there might be time to consider what next I wanted to do. The school for the present was in good hands. Turning my back on troublesome budgets, tedious committee meetings, interviews with applicants, reporters and prospective teachers, I stepped thankfully on the boat for Europe and a whole year of freedom.

The delights of that year I shall long remember, as we travelled slowly through Europe, staying longest in those countries where workers' education was deeply rooted in the educational system - Germany, England, Sweden and Denmark. We had neither time nor money to go to Russia, although we watched with interest the boats sailing from Stockholm across the Baltic and wished that we might go.
After three months of pure vacation in France, Spain and Italy, we arrived in Germany in midwinter. Snow lay deep in the pine woods near Meiningen as we climbed the path to the school for women workers. The German madchen, coming from farm and factory for a four months' term, were busy with their books and out-of-door work. Here my interest was caught by the Herr Director's plan of integration of curriculum material, centering discussion on certain topics from the fields of economics, literature or history.

In the classes the girls were listening intently, with that same eagerness I had often observed in our own Summer School students. The students gazed with interest at the pictures we had brought of industrial workers in their classes and scenes of American factories. Outside the classroom windows showed a vista of pine woods, the dark branches weighted down with snow.

At a little school in Leipzig, which we next visited, young men from the factories were living together in an apartment with their teachers, working during the day and studying at night. Food, as in other German schools, was none too plentiful. Supper consisted of boiled potatoes, without butter. The rooms were frigid on that January day, for coal was expensive. But if the students had not enough food or fuel, they had done what they could to make their school attractive, painting murals for their classrooms, decorating their bare wooden furniture with many-colored designs. Proudly they showed us their woodcuts of industrial scenes, their small volumes of poems. One little book, the "Blossoming Hammer," was a collection of poems written by a young miner, a boy with blue eyes and flaxen hair, whose ribs almost pierced his thin body. But half-starved and shivering with cold, these young workers were not discouraged.

These evidences of artistic expression on the part of industrial workers interested me, as contrasted with the almost complete lack of such expression by workers in the United States. As I listened to discussions of economic theory, and its application to the Germany of the future, I knew that these young workers were devoted to the cause of labor, and far more experienced than our students in methods of trade union organization and political action. Was the door to artistic skill and appreciation to remain closed to our American workers, or could they too find a way to open it, as had these German students?

Leaving Germany behind us, we arrived in England for two months of spring. As a contrast to snowy forests and icy streets, Canterbury with its April mantle of cowslips and bluebells seemed a happy town set in a heavenly valley. We travelled northward through blossoming fields, to visit the workers' schools in London and Birmingham.

Although spring in England was pure joy after our bleak winter, I was almost as depressed as in Germany with the condition of the workers in those northern industrial towns.
To see people setting forth from Birmingham for a picnic on a bank holiday made me want to weep. I looked along the seats of the tram, which had been blocked with traffic, and saw cripples, deformed boys and girls, emaciated men and women, children with inflamed eyes, and faces covered with sores, their clothing almost in rags. Patiently the passengers sat for almost three hours in the blocked car, evidently giving up all hope of their picnic, as time passed and still the car did not move. If this were a holiday crowd, I thought, what must be the appearance of these men and women at home?

In the workers' schools I tried to understand the apparent contradiction of what I had seen and the progressive legislation and political labor action characteristic of England. It was a slow business, I concluded, to pass laws and organize political parties. The effect of these movements apparently had not yet reached the depressed population of these barren exploited towns. Did the people themselves protest these miserable conditions?

The remark of one social worker was illuminating:

"In England," she observed, "the workers are free, within the group."

This last phrase seemed to give a key to the situation. The social system which separated the British workers so sharply from people of other occupations still assured them freedom within limitations - "within the group." But supposing, I thought, they could never achieve real freedom and opportunity without breaking down these social barriers? Could the workers' schools furnish leadership for this release?

I studied the schools with interest, against the background of visits to industrial towns. I soon realized that they were different in many respects from the few workers' classes I had seen at home. The workers in the trade union school at Birmingham had a more homogeneous background than our mixed group of foreign-born and American-born people. In England elementary schooling had been fairly uniform. These students seemed well versed in English history, current political questions, problems of the labor movement. Their teachers in tutorial classes, or in resident schools such as Ruskin, Woodbrook or Fircroft, seemed to take it for granted that the worker-students could understand university textbooks and that a lecture would not go over their heads. The classes were often a mixture of professional and industrial workers, men and women from many occupations. Instruction in the whole workers' education movement in England, I realized, was on a more advanced level than would have been possible in an American workers' school. At home the workers' lack of educational background and vocabulary complicated every classroom hour.

While visits to these English schools and talks with leaders in education and in the labor movement illuminated for me the history of workers' education, I did not feel convinced that the English plan should be followed in the United States.
On the day the Bryn Mawr Summer School opened, in June of 1925, we were waiting at a small Swedish railroad station, where we had alighted from a train, to visit the Brunsvik Workers' School. In the distance was a blue lake, and a clump of white birch trees. Hedges of lilacs in full bloom surrounded the station, and bordered the country lanes. Along one of these roads came a farm wagon, drawn by a white horse. A boy dressed in black knee breeches and a short red coat over a white blouse jumped down from the wagon. He had come to meet the girls arriving for the school, we learned from his broken English. We could ride back with him in the wagon with their bags.

To be waiting for women workers to arrive for school on the very day when our students were arriving at distant Bryn Mawr made me homesick. These Swedish workers, climbing down from the train which had just pulled in differed in every way from those other students. These girls were all fair-haired, with striped woolen aprons, flowered kerchiefs and white caps. They had come from various provinces, from farms and factories. As they chattered together, laughing over their adventures by the way, I thought of our more prosaic looking workers and realized that the purposes of the two groups were much the same. Swedish workers and American workers were coming to school on this same June day to learn what they could of the world they lived in; to carry back something of value to other workers, and to the movements in which they believed.

That evening, in the raftered dining room, hung with spruce and pine branches, and gay with scarlet, green and yellow tables and chairs, we showed the students by means of a magic lantern the postals and photographs we had brought from America. My talk about the workers' school at Bryn Mawr was given with the aid of an interpreter, Mrs. Hesseloren, a distinguished member of the Swedish parliament. Eagerly the girls questioned us about life in the United States and the situation of the workers' schools.

"How much money does the United States government give to the Bryn Mawr Summer School?" was a frequent question.

Reluctantly I had to admit that the school did not get a cent; that in America workers' education had no government support.

There was an atmosphere of beauty, freedom, and happiness in all these Swedish schools. Comfortable buildings, often on some beautiful estate, the gayly painted settles, with tables of polished natural wood, hand-woven table cloths and curtains, and dishes of hand-wrought copper and silver, all spoke of a nation whose people emphasized beauty and the development of personality more than material gain. Every railroad restaurant was as beautiful as a fine studio, with its woven hangings, copper and silver coffee service, and great jars of lilacs. Every cottage home was furnished with these beautiful articles, all made by the people themselves, and sold through government agencies. I felt as though I had stepped into some land of Utopia, where I was living five hundred years in the future.
The people themselves, as well as their schools and homes, seemed to me to express a rare conception of free and harmonious living. To "destroy one's peace of mind," seemed to be a social crime. Each individual was a person, valued for himself, and for what he could contribute to the social whole.

We landed in New York in September of 1925. While I was abroad I had sent in my resignation as Director of the Summer School. The Summer School might well continue without me. When I thought of the endless committee meetings, finance calls, complex situations and clashing personalities, I had no desire to return.

I thought also of my leisurely months abroad as having taught me a new philosophy of living. The men and women whom I had met in Europe seemed to have leisure for friendly conversation, reading, music and the out-of-doors. In comparison, my own years since college seemed disordered and fragmentary, lived at top speed; hours snatched from work for recreation, play always cut short by impending work. The art of leisurely living with the fine savor given it in Europe seemed to me desirable for its own sake as well as for the sake of greater freedom of spirit, and reflective thinking. I doubted, however, whether this art could ever be practiced with grace and skill in our urban United States.

After a year abroad, I had almost forgotten what it was like to live in America. Surrounded by a welcoming family as I left the boat, I realized with a shock the filth, clatter, and rush of New York. My first days there did not lessen my consternation. Streets were strewn with accumulated rubbish. Voices were shrill and harsh. I was jostled on every corner. Everyone seemed keyed to a high pitch of intensity with which I was no longer in tune. Women rushed into committee meetings and out again, the first arrivals departing before the last members had come. Outside the city I was shocked with the ugliness of the countryside, disfigured with gaudy signs, road stands, and shabby wooden houses, some of them almost falling apart.

"This is America," I thought soberly, "I have never really seen it before."

I did not like what I saw. Could anything be done to change this prevailing ugliness to beauty?

Settling myself for a few days at my college club, I began to consider what I should do. My aunt was at home with my sister. For the first time in my life, I found myself footloose, without a definite plan. With no salary in sight, I thought I should first find a cheaper room for my period of contemplation. That this would not last long I felt sure, as I heard of various schemes in which, it was indicated, my help would be welcome.
On the top floor of a rooming house on Lexington Avenue, in the Murray Hill district, I found a room. It was scantily furnished, but clean and sunny. I looked out over the roofs of the old Murray Hill mansions to a western sky pierced by the pointed towers of the skyscrapers. My window at night framed the lighted golden ridges of the Radiator Building.

No sooner had I moved in and unpacked than I found myself ill with influenza. After sending a hasty message to my doctor and being assured that I was not about to die, I settled down to dull days in bed.

Recovering from my illness, I began to enjoy my new freedom in the city. For two months I had a leisurely existence, punctuated with the preparation of a few articles on the European workers' schools, visits to friends, autumnal trips into the country. After Christmas, it was decided, my aunt and I would go to Florida, in order that she might escape the severe northern winter. Our sojourn in that state disappointed us, as she was taken ill with bronchitis. We reluctantly took advantage of a friend's insistence that we consider her home a temporary hospital.

On our return to New York I began to give serious consideration to that idea which for many months had been tantalizing me, a plan to use our country home for a workers' school.

Talking over this tentative suggestion with my family, I found them entirely sympathetic. My brother had established his own home for his growing family on a Maryland farm, and my sister's work with children's agencies had taken her into the South. The house, they agreed, should not stand idle. To use it for a workers' school would be appropriate, considering my mother's constant interest during her lifetime in having our home serve as a general community center for our village.

I had definite ideas what sort of school this should be. I knew well many industrial workers who, following the summer school course, were ready for more advanced work, in order to fit themselves for the responsibilities of community and labor leadership. A few of these girls who had attended Bryn Mawr had gone on to college, special scholarships having been raised for them by interested friends. In the colleges these workers had maintained an excellent record, some of them indeed capturing literary prizes, and attaining the honor of Phi Beta Kappa. It was evident, however, that it was not a four year academic course, including Latin and higher mathematics, which these girls needed. Older than the usual students when they entered, they felt out of place on the campus. Their interests were more serious than those of the average freshman, who seemed to them frivolously wasting an opportunity for education. Moreover, examinations were unknown ordeals, often terrifying to those worker students. They
could not understand the system of grades or competitive examinations.

Finances, too, were an anxious and incessant burden for these girls. Even with the help of scholarships it was necessary for them to spend many hours in outside work as waitresses or in a factory; hours which should have been spent in study.

It seemed evident that there was need for a school where able women from the Summer School could continue their studies, with teachers who had a sympathetic understanding of their interest in the world of industry and labor.

The Brookwood Workers' School, coeducational, was the first year-round workers' school of this type. There, however, the women were usually in the minority, and little attention had been given to their special educational problems. The Director of Brookwood, A.J. Muste, when consulted, was enthusiastic about the possibility of a new school for women workers, and encouraged me in making plans.

On the high boat deck of the ship returning from Europe the previous summer, I had written out a statement of purposes for our new school. These purposes, only partially carried out in the four years of the school's existence, seem to me now to show the direction in which my thoughts were turning. I included in these purposes my strong belief in democratic principles of control, freedom of teaching, the needs for international understanding; the latter conviction strengthened and made more vivid by my recent year in Europe.

Deciding that spring in New York that the best way to launch a new plan was to begin discussion of it, a group of women from the field of education and of the labor movement were invited to attend a conference on the proposed school.

For several weeks I was at home in the country, preparing for this conference. Two of my friends, girls who had become interested while in college in the affairs of the Summer School, came to West Park to help me. Letters were sent out, plans prepared and duplicated, rooms cleaned and put in order. Posters which I had collected in Europe were mounted, and hung on bare walls.

All through these weeks I felt an extraordinary happiness. To think of the new school gave me a sense of adventure to come. Knowing the industrial workers of the Summer School, I knew how they would value such a chance for further study. The beauty of the river country would, I felt sure, make a direct appeal to these girls. I rejoiced to think that now, after so many years, the house which had been dear to my mother and father, and which they had built and rebuilt, would again be filled to capacity, and put to a useful purpose. This knowledge seemed to underlie everything I did to prepare for the school, and contributed to my deep happiness.
The day arrived for the conference: Memorial Day 1926. The house was shining, its casements open to the May breezes, fragrant with locust blossoms. Beyond the windows, the river flowed, vividly blue. The big living room was ready, copper jars full of lilacs and iris on the window ledges. The cars we had borrowed were sent to the ferry to meet the conference members.

These men and women almost all had had experience in organizing and conducting workers' schools, either from their positions as leaders in the labor movement, teachers, or students. A few others had shown their interest in this new venture by serving on a small but important finance committee, which had already discussed raising the first year budget. On the shady porch overlooking the river we had our meetings, for two full days, serving meals to our guests in sections, outdoors and in.

Every prospective policy of the school was decided. It was to be an eight months' term, more advanced than the summer course, for women industrial workers. They should be asked to pay something toward the cost of board and tuition. Instruction would be given in the social sciences, in natural science and in English; literature, composition and public speaking. Admission requirements were determined, salaries were discussed, a constitution drawn up, including a statement of purpose, and a tentative budget outlined. The Board departed, each one, I am sure with the consciousness of taking part in a new venture, which might in time prove significant to workers' education.

And then - three years elapsed before the actual opening of the school, a delay caused by complete and apparently permanent lack of funds.

Whatever I might be doing, during those next three years, I never forgot that some day the folder of plans, budgets and conference minutes which represented all that existed of the new school would be translated into actual fact. Then the "Vineyard Shore School for Women Workers," as it had been named, would at last come true.

In the meantime, I was faced with more immediate decisions. The Board of the Bryn Mawr Summer School had, I knew, been discussing reorganization, and the transfer of the Summer School offices to New York. Now in the summer of 1926 I learned for the first time that the Board had not yet taken action on my resignation. I was still officially on leave of absence.

The new President of the college, Marion Park, who had succeeded Miss Thomas on her resignation, wrote me during the summer to ask whether I would return to the school as Director.

This I decided to do. The school which I had helped to start five years before, where I had served as Director, was still one of my chief concerns. Even though I suspected that I would regret this decision, I felt glad that the Board wanted me to return.
Preliminaries were soon decided. The office would be moved to New York, as soon as I could find a place for it. Certain representatives of Bryn Mawr decided to resign their places on the Board, in order to make room for a few women from other colleges, who might in turn, it was hoped, spread interest in workers' education to these institutions. A new business manager was to be engaged, a new finance committee organized.

As the one condition of my return, I had said that I could not undertake to raise funds. The Board had agreed that I should not be considered responsible for finances. Later I often recalled this solemn pact, thinking with amusement how little it had meant, as opposed to our urgent need of money, and the fact that as Director I could not hope to escape an active part in finance work.

One of our former students, Matilda Lindsay, an engraver, who had been a leader in the first year's school, was appointed as Executive Secretary. Her wide experience among women workers and her knowledge of labor organization made her well fitted to this position. I was delighted to know she would be with me.

Edna Winslow was appointed as our new business manager. She and I searched the lower part of the city for suitable offices. In the Murray Hill district we found many desirable and undesirable rooms, the most suitable ones always too expensive for our slender budget, the cheap ones impossible from the view point of light, space, or essential heat.

Finally we found some large empty rooms, in a four-story red brick house, formerly an elegant Murray Hill mansion on Madison Avenue.

It did not take long to decide that, for our purposes, the third floor rooms were admirable. Signing the lease, we waited anxiously for our office furniture to come by truck from Bryn Mawr. Soon after, my aunt and I decided to rent the second floor rooms, and our business manager and a friend of hers moved into the top floor.

For several years we continued to expand these arrangements until we had a foothold on every floor of the old house. As the needs of the winter organization increased, we rented additional office space. Our students soon discovered that the bare basement might be converted into a clubroom for their alumnae organization, and assumed part of its moderate rental. On the first floor, the enormous front rooms, formerly drawing and dining rooms for some long-departed family, were borrowed at intervals from our good-natured landlord, for a series of parties, student dances, bazaars, and entertainments.

Little by little, the old mansion took on every feature of an active community center. My own living rooms, as the first to be reached when one climbed the long stairs, were only too accessible. Long after the office above was officially closed for the night, inquiring students, or applicants for the school knocked at my door. Saturdays
and Sundays, the workers' days of freedom, were never without official business. Telephones rang, doorbells clicked, telegrams and packages arrived. The students, I realized, regarding us all as friends, would have thought it strange had we refused to see them when they came on urgent matters. They were always apologetic in asking for time, yet they were often in desperate need of help.

Once it was a young factory worker, Anna S., who rang my bell late at night and climbed the long stairway, to tell me a tale of eviction. She thought she would have had the rent that day - it was a month overdue, and her landlady had waited. Then she was suddenly laid off. Now it was the slack season in ladies' dresses, and no hope of steady work. She had looked for a place to sleep, but her friends seemed to be away. While I made up my extra cot for the night, I talked to Anna. She was the sixth girl I had met that week who had lost her job. Yet the papers were all talking of prosperity. Prices were high. Everyone seemed to be buying what was needed. Why should there be unemployment? Anna stretched herself wearily in the clean sheets and remarked that most of her friends were out of work too.

Another unexpected guest came early one morning. I answered a knock to find Theressa at my door. She was one of our New England students, an Italian girl. I was surprised to see her in New York, and at that hour. Evidently she was exhausted. She sat quietly in my big chair and told her story, while I started preparations for breakfast. Her father had beaten her and turned her out of the house. She had come down from Boston on the tourist coach, and had had no food since the previous morning.

"What is the matter?" I asked.

She had wanted to go to a workers' class she explained, and her father had refused permission. When she insisted, he had seized a chair and beaten her across the back. She showed me the bruises on her arms and shoulders. She would have left home before but there were six younger children and she hated to leave them. But now she could not stay at home; she was afraid. Could I tell her where to find a job in New York? And was there a place where she could sleep? No, she had no money. She had just enough for her carfare to New York, that her mother had given her without telling her father.

As I put a soothing lotion on her bruises, purple against her golden skin, I thought of the many Italian girls I had known who had been virtually slaves in their own households, forbidden to go out alone, forbidden to hope for further education; restricted to a dull round of housework and family burdens until the day they married men chosen by their parents. At the Summer School, our Italian students - those emancipated souls who were allowed to come - were often accompanied by their mothers, and left in our care only after a thorough parental
inspection of the school and its staff. No other girls seemed so bound by family tradition or so in fear of family disapproval.

After breakfast Anna and I began to plan. A few telephone calls secured her a room, on the promise of a week's rent in advance. The rent was drawn from our slim emergency fund. Anna was a skilled neckwear maker. Perhaps she could find a job in a New York shop. Scanning the addresses I had given her, with my notes of introduction tucked in her purse, Anna went out to look for work. She was successful in finding it. Like that of many other girls, it lasted a few weeks, till the slack season. What then?

There was no answer to this question as girl after girl lost her job, during that so-called prosperous year of 1927. I read the papers to discover any hint of what was happening, but except for a few articles in the journals of social work, reporting unemployment, nothing was to be found except glowing accounts of the boom in industry, the rising tide in the stock market, the increased wealth of the nation.

My winter work was not only with the students of the school. Increasingly the Summer School became extremely popular with the teaching profession. College professors and graduate students with no teaching experience, asked for places on the staff. Teachers weary of public schools systems came to inquire, having heard of the free informal atmosphere of the school, and the experimental nature of its teaching.

But our places were limited, and year by year, former members of our staff returned to fill them. This continuity in teaching we welcomed, even while realizing the value in any experiment of bringing in new personalities, trying new methods. In order not to miss capable teachers, therefore, I interviewed many applicants for these positions, attended college classes where I could observe actual work, and tried each year to arrive at sound conclusions in this difficult matter of faculty appointments.

At intervals through the winter, our Board or special committees met for the discussion of school policies. One phrase I learned to hate during this period - "the time is not ripe." It seemed to me that if I heard this sentence once more at Board meetings or conferences I should arise and throw bricks. How could the time be unripe, I thought, for any undertaking urgently needed for human betterment? The very fact of need, interpreted in our organization as the need for education among wage earners, seemed answer enough to a proposal. Financial difficulties I well understood, and took into account. But, once these were overcome, I could see no reason for holding back merely because in the minds of certain timorous folk the "time was not ripe."

This was the argument used to divert me from my proposal that we should lend aid to the Wisconsin Summer School, started by interested groups
at Wisconsin University in 1927 and now appealing for a working agree-
ment with Bryn Mawr in the interests of a more unified program. To my
mind, our recently reorganized board, and our transfer of the school
offices to New York had all been in the direction of an expanded program.
Now that the first request leading to expansion had come, our Board hung
back. Its final decision, to give assistance to Wisconsin if it did not
involve financial responsibility, did not satisfy me. This cautious
stand seemed to me to contradict the whole purpose of a more far-reaching
unified plan; a group of schools strengthening each other through
extension of public interest and a common purpose in securing finan-
cial support.

Following the proposal for a more united plan of work with Wisconsin,
we received another request for cooperation, this time from Barnard
College in New York City.

The Dean of Barnard, Virginia Gildersleeve, asked me in the fall of
1927 to come to the college to discuss this proposal. She had, it
seemed, been interested for years in the Bryn Mawr School, and had
hoped that a similar plan might be developed at Barnard.

I was immediately interested. I thought of the applicants for Bryn
Mawr each year from New York City who could not be accommodated in
our school. I thought also of the many New York workers who could
never hope to leave home, because of family responsibilities. Why
not a school in the city, to meet the needs of these industrial
workers?

From the point of view of numbers of women employed, New York City
was a logical place for such a school. Thousands of women were
employed in the city on men's, women's and children's clothing, furs
and hats. Although there were a large number of workers' classes
under trade unions and other organizations, a school had never
been organized to give more systematic courses than offered in the
usual evening class. Moreover there might be certain advantages in
a school where the students would be closely in touch with their own
labor organizations during the school term, and where the work on the
campus might be made the center of an extension service to workers'
groups.

One afternoon I went to see Dean Gildersleeve in her home on the Bar-
nard campus, talking with her by the fire while her two black Scotties
made friends with me. I agreed with her that Barnard might well initi-
ate a new kind of workers' school in New York City. The college had
no dormitories to offer, but could place at our disposal classrooms,
offices, library facilities, a gymnasium and a big roof for recreation.
I was excited with the thought of this new plan, and eager to discuss
it with our Board of Directors, in the hope of winning their sympathy
for this interesting phase of expansion.
To my great disappointment, our Board refused to sponsor this undertaking, believing it would be unwise to become responsible for another school when finances for Bryn Mawr were in a precarious state. As in the case of Wisconsin, I held on the other hand that a new school would bring added interest among new groups, and that two ventures in this field would in time strengthen each other. But our Board was adamant, and I returned to Barnard with only an offer of unofficial cooperation. On my own responsibility I undertook to give personally whatever aid I could, and to help Barnard College organize some kind of a controlling committee for the new workers' school.

This task was not difficult. Those with whom we discussed the plan responded at once. Representatives of Barnard College and Columbia, together with seven women in industry, former students of the Bryn Mawr School, made up this new committee. Dean Gildersleeve acted as chairperson.

The organization of this Board of Directors for a new school was, I believed, deeply significant in workers' education. For the industrial women on the Board, it meant a new assumption of responsibility for workers' education. Formerly, older leaders in the labor movement had been appointed to such committees. For the first time, these younger women, who themselves had had practical knowledge of one workers' school, were asked to take an active part in making plans for a new one. They gave of their experience for the benefit of other workers. These seven girls took their new responsibility seriously.

So did their families. Camilla's mother, an Italian woman with a large family of younger children, hired a car for the afternoon, and setting out from her tenement home in the depths of Greenwich Village, with her family packed around her, drove up to Barnard College. She had decided she must see the institution where Camilla was serving on such an important committee.

At the first meeting of this Board, plans were rapidly prepared. The Dean and the members of the Columbia faculty were evidently astonished to hear the mature opinions expressed by the women workers, and to realize that on matters of educational policy their views were so well grounded in experience.

There in the Dean's pleasant living room, the Barnard Summer School became an entity. It was to be a non-resident school, we decided. The term of the school would be for seven weeks in summer. Two meals a day were to be included in the tuition scholarship, and work and play would be planned from 9 A.M. until 9 at night. The courses would be similar to those taught at Bryn Mawr, but more definitely related to the actual problems of women workers in New York City. In addition to the scholarship, it would be necessary, the committee thought, to pay each girl a small subsidy toward her living expenses at home. Otherwise, we all believed, we would not be able to fill the school.
Girls who were working and paying board at home would not be willing to apply for the school if it meant cutting off their families from that board money, however small the amount might be.

From that time, for seven years, until the Barnard Summer School was merged in the more general workers' education movement of New York City, Dean Gildersleeve acted as an able far-sighted leader and as active chairman of the Board of Directors of the new workers' school. Ernestine Friedmann, who had launched The Bryn Mawr School as its first Executive Secretary, was appointed Director.

Our downtown office served as a general clearing house for Barnard, Soon, applicants for the new school began to appear.

A trim, attractive girl came up the stairs one evening, with a straight, elderly woman just behind her. Eagerly the girl inquired about the Barnard Summer School?"

"How long is the term? How much will it cost? What can you study?"

I explained that the school would run for seven weeks, that a scholarship was provided to cover expenses, and that current economic problems formed the basis of the course. I produced an application blank, the girl looked at me in surprise:

"Oh, it's not for me, it's for mother," she explained. "Mother has just finished the seventh grade in evening school. She must go on with her education."

Mother smiled beamingly, tucking the application blank in her worn purse. She was fifty-two, she said. She had come over from Germany with her family of small children; worked first in a worsted mill, then ran a news-stand on a street corner. She had just received her seventh grade diploma for evening work in the public schools. The girls had rearranged all their summer plans in order that she might go to school. They were good girls, both telephone operators.

Mother was later admitted and went through the summer school course, learning gradually to adapt herself in the midst of the younger, vociferous groups of Russian and Polish students, and maintaining a fair standard of classroom work. At the end of the school she appeared one day in the office, asking to see us.

"I have saved a hundred dollars," she began immediately. "This I wish to give to the school."

I protested, for I knew that she and the two girls had all been unemployed, and that there was little prospect of immediate work. In spite of my protests she opened her purse, and produced the money, in grimy ten dollar bills.
"That school, it must go on," she said earnestly. "I learned a lot there. Take this for some other old ladies who might like also to learn."

For several years, following the opening of the Barnard Summer School, my own experience with it consisted of attendance at the Board meetings, where I acted as general adviser on policies; an attempt to organize finance work for the school in winter; and visits at intervals during the summer term.

These workers were a more homogeneous group than those we had known at Bryn Mawr. At Barnard, the students were largely foreign-born, almost all of foreign parentage. Most of them were Jewish or Italian but in the school as a whole there were often sixteen or twenty different nationalities represented. As a group they had little knowledge of America beyond New York. They had landed at Ellis Island and found homes in the poorer sections of the city. Their lack of educational background and of English made it necessary to adapt the teaching to these limitations. Experience with democracy was almost entirely lacking, as most of these workers had come from countries without traditions of representative government. Often these girls possessed a strong international viewpoint without the corresponding knowledge of history or government which might have illuminated their recently acquired belief in a brotherhood of nations.

As I sat in these Barnard classrooms, where trucks and trolleys rumbled and crashed outside, and heat hung over the buildings I thought of the Bryn Mawr summer school with its green lawns, and wished I might transport these girls to a green and quiet place to study. The weekend each year when the Barnard School visited Bryn Mawr, driving down in a large bus, became for both schools memorable occasions. To see the two groups of students together made me realize the steady growth of the initial experiment. Although the two schools were so different, the groups of students were alike in their common interests, and rejoiced to become acquainted.

Always as a background for the Barnard School, one was conscious of these girls' homes, their trade union organizations, their political affiliations. Whole families, from grandmothers to little boys and girls, came to the entertainments or general meetings of the school. Union officials were frequent visitors at forums or classes. Each week students attended meetings of their own unions, returning to the school next day with news of the latest developments in the trades to which they belonged – millinery, garment, neckwear, fur or upholstery.

If these girls did not have a spacious campus, they made good use of what space they had out of doors. The big roof with its gay umbrellas, its green tables and chairs was a delightful place for study or rest,
Girls sitting there for several hours became as brown as though on a beach in midsummer. Once a week in the evening a forum discussion was held for men and women from the labor movement, who welcomed the chance to meet and discuss the problems of the city's industries. Often two hundred people gathered on the roof for one of these forums.

For seven years, the Barnard School was a feature of the summer campus at Columbia; then merging with the general workers' education program in New York. Industrial workers went out from the school into the industries and organizations of which they had been hardly separated during the school term. The teachers returned to their college classrooms with a new appreciation of what education might mean, and with a vivid recollection of fresh, informal teaching methods and eager students.

Two of the summer students, a garment worker and a milliner, both Russian-Jewish, went on into the winter undergraduate courses at Barnard, with scholarship aid. The Dean agreed to admit them without examinations, and to let them study for one year, in the hope that they would be able to maintain the required standard of work. By the end of the year they were both well above it.

By their senior year, their reports showed that they had done outstanding work in Economics and English, and were eligible for Phi Beta Kappa. Yet in reading their brilliant record in academic work, one realized behind the record the severe economic test they had endured. Money for weekly expenses beyond their scholarships was nearly always lacking. Both girls had worked several nights a week and on weekends as restaurant waitresses. Both had carried many home responsibilities. Could success in college work compensate them for the anxiety and the physical exhaustion of those four years?

Again I thought of our long delayed plan for Vineyard Shore.

In connection with these two girls, I became aware of the attitude of many industrial workers toward opportunities of this kind. These two students were almost ostracized in their own groups because they had gone to college. Their fellow workers cynically regarded them as lost to the labor movement, seeking their own advantage instead of sharing in the struggle for labor standards. In vain I tried to make these young and bitter critics reserve judgment until our two college students had finished their courses and had had time to prove their undoubted interest in the affairs of labor. These other girls were right, I thought, in anxiously arguing that no one should be lost from labor's ranks, when the recognition of a labor movement was the major issue. Were they also right, I wondered, in losing faith in their fellow workers, who had chosen another longer road, to prepare themselves for the great tasks of social justice?

One of these college students became a teacher; the other a research worker in the field of economics. Travelling this new road of educa-
tion, their first concern was still with industry; their first allegiance to the labor movement.

In order to give our former students more active help than through correspondence, I made several trips each year to different parts of the country, attending conferences with our industrial workers, meeting new applicants, and stimulating lagging finance committees to renewed efforts.

After a journey in 1928 to the Pacific coast and back, I thought myself qualified to write a handbook for committees entertaining speakers. To my jaded mind, these committees, charming as they often were, had a lot to learn.

Sometimes as I stepped off a night train, and longed for a quiet room and a bath, I was met by a hospitable committee chairman, who insisted on taking me sightseeing as we drove through the city. Against my better judgment I inspected public libraries, murals, and monuments, knowing that before night I should have to speak at three meetings, interview applicants, teachers and reporters and stand in line at a reception. Often in the period of buzzing conversation before an address my pleasant hostesses besieged me with questions about the school; wringing from me, in answer to these premature questions, every fact I intended to use in my talk. Once a well-meaning hostess insisted on bringing up other women to be introduced while I was in the dressing room combing my hair. So seldom could I get time to eat when I was to speak at a luncheon or dinner, that I learned to snack elsewhere before appearing at these functions. Usually I was asked to speak while the dishes were being cleared, and learned to make my plea for workers' education amidst the clash of plates and the scurrying of waiters.

In meetings of private schools, where I hoped to raise a scholarship or two, I would often be asked to lead a religious service before I spoke, and to select the hymns. And, more times than I can count, I sat through dreary business meetings of women's clubs, sometimes for an hour or more before I was called on to speak; listening to resolutions, hearing treasurers' reports, or watching balloting for a club election.

In larger meetings where I was one of a number of persons enthroned on a high platform, I almost collapsed from weariness as one speaker after another arose, spoke, and ran over his allotted time. When I was introduced, the rows of faces before me had melted together into one hazy cloud, and I was trembling from fatigue. Fixing my eyes on the last row of dim faces, or the very top of the gallery, I began to speak, hoping that my voice would reach this distant horizon.

While I had much practice in public speaking during these years, I always regretted that I had no real training in this art. Especially when I found myself on the same platform with distinguished speakers;
Frances Perkins, later Secretary of Labor, President Morgan of Antioch, Newton Baker, and others, I wished that I too could approach my subject with their direct, easy and effective flow of words, expanding it to a convincing climax. Whatever ease and conviction I displayed seemed to be a matter of luck, rather than skill.

On arriving in Chicago, I was immediately surrounded by a nervous Summer School committee, in their hands a printed document published by an employers’ association to bring discredit on the school. For the best part of the day, I worked with the chairman to compose a suitable answer, giving the facts of the school. I arranged to have this article distributed to Chicago contributors, who even at that moment, our chairman indicated, were firmly closing their pocket-books, and tearing up her appeal for funds.

Even this agitated committee was reassured when I succeeded in getting a promise of $5,000.00 a year for three years from a Chicago foundation, the Rosenwald, on condition that we raise an equal amount, to extend the educational services of the Summer School. Exhilarated with this triumph, I went home to report my success to our Board of Directors and to discuss with them the details of our new plan.

With my precious $5,000.00 in hand, symbolized by a letter from the Foundation outlining the terms of this generous gift, I asked the Board for permission to organize a special education department, to give assistance to our own teachers and students, and to other schools which had been established following in general the plan of Bryn Mawr - Wisconsin, Barnard and the Southern Summer School. Our close working relationship with these other schools made me realize that their needs were similar to our own, and that they would probably welcome a clearing house on all matters of educational methods and materials; working together on plans for local classes.

To take charge of this new department, Eleanor Coit was added to our staff, a woman who had had training in research, and was familiar with educational work among women in industry, through the industrial clubs of the Y.W.C.A. Our Education Department, started that year, became a permanent feature of the Summer School organization, expanding in usefulness to many individuals and groups.

In the fall of 1927 when I resumed my work as Director of the school, I also undertook a part time job as educational director of the New York Women's Trade Union League. Many of our Bryn Mawr students had come from these classes, and had returned to them for a period of winter study. To take charge of them would, I thought, give me another type of educational experience and allow me to become better acquainted with these New York City workers.

The Trade Union League was housed in a tall four-story residence on lower Lexington Avenue. The house was full, from morning to late at
night, with women workers, teachers, labor leaders, members of legislative and educational committees, trade union organizers. The improvised classrooms on the first and second floors were used for many other purposes in the course of the week. The League had pioneered in union organization among women in the city, in workers' classes and in labor legislation. To be closely associated with it meant an education for me in many phases of labor problems with which I was not yet familiar.

During the middle of September, I arranged registration for applicants to classes. The educational committee had decided that the courses that year should include English, elementary and advanced science, literature, economics, current events, pottery and dancing. The details of organizing these classes had been left to me. The students were asked to pay $2.50 for ten classes.

I soon discovered that to conduct a resident school on a college campus, with all its difficulties, was far simpler in many ways than to operate a sound educational program for city workers in evening classes. Try as we might to plan classes which would meet the needs of these individual students, the plan was constantly upset by many factors in the lives of these working women.

As the winter went on, interest in our classes brought many new students - Italians, Poles and Russian Jews always in the majority, as they were in the whole industrial population of the city. I became accustomed to running up and down the long stairs of the League house, to interview applicants, confer with teachers, attend classes, and make sure that equipment and materials were on hand.

The winter's experience defined for me all the obstacles to workers' education in a large industrial center. And yet for the great majority of workers, I knew, the once-a-week evening class was the normal type of education, the best they could manage. Much might be done, I thought, to improve these opportunities.

Questions crowded my mind. Could colleges and universities in the city take part in providing classroom facilities, and salaries for teachers? What should be the place of the public schools in relation to workers' education? Why were all workers' classes in New York centered in the mid-town district when the workers themselves lived in the distant Bronx or in Brooklyn? These women spent hours and much needed carfare travelling back and forth to classes. Could not some of the settlements open workers' classes in those neighborhoods where these workers lived, as the educational settlements of England had done? Could leaders of the various labor and educational organizations offering classes for workers in the city come together sometime to confer on a new geographical plan?

My attempt to call such an informal conference, to discuss this matter, and other questions of a more coordinated educational program met with
little response from these busy executives and teachers. There was keen competition, I remembered, among these organizations both in securing teachers and students. I had been warned that their leaders would not willingly come together to make any frank disclosure of their plans.

When only three people out of the twenty I had invited even replied to my letter, I came to the conclusion that some other way must be found for the better integration of classes in New York City. I did not know the answer to this question, or to the many other urgent ones which kept presenting themselves to my mind.

In the meantime I fumbled along with my classes at the League, knowing that our students needed all the help we could give them, and wishing each day that I could make this help more effective.
CHAPTER 10

WHAT DREAMS MAY GROW

In the midst of these activities at the League and in the Summer School office, I could not forget that the plan for a new school at our country home was still in abeyance.

Each time I journeyed to West Park, I looked again at the various rooms, planning just where our future students would sleep, where economics classes would be held, how my father's workshop could be made more useful for the science classes. Additional space I knew would have to be secured, as well as an adequate budget, if the Vineyard Shore School, looking so well in the plans drawn up by our new Board of Directors, were ever to become anything more than a lot of papers in my office file.

I considered every means for expanding the capacity of our home, to accommodate at least twenty students. An ancient farmhouse further down the lane to the river lured me on a tour of inspection. Floors had rotted, and the roof leaked, doors and windows sagged with age. And yet, during this period, this rickety little cottage constantly occupied my thoughts, as I tried to think how it might be remodelled for our use.

While many people seemed glad to hear of our plan, I felt a cautious withdrawal of interest when active responsibility on a finance committee was suggested.

It was not surprising. To these non-committal well-wishers, I must have seemed rash in pushing on to new undertakings, before those already launched had been well established. Looking back on this period of rapid development, I am sure that their hesitation to cast in their lot with us was justified.

In spite of the reluctance of these acquaintances, I was immensely cheered with the turn of events in 1928. Then our vague plans for the proposed school at Vineyard Shore were brought sharply into focus, and given an aspect of reality.

One of our Summer School instructors, Louise Brown, then a teacher of science at Wellesley, became interested in the possibility of a new workers' school. She had herself been impressed at Bryn Mawr with the need for further education of even our more advanced students, and by their lack of opportunities for continued study. Visiting her one summer, I was introduced to her old friend Ellen Hayes, formerly professor of mathematics at Wellesley College, a woman of seventy-five. She was vigorous in mind and body, with years of experience in education and full of strong enthusiasm for social reconstruction.
Louise Brown, Ernestine Friedmann and I gathered in Miss Hayes' garden at Wellesley, for a picnic supper of eggs and bacon, with grapes from Miss Hayes' own vine. Sitting there by the fire as twilight changed into night, we talked eagerly of what might be done at West Park. Miss Hayes was full of hope for the new plan.

"I'll come over and help," she said. "I always did want to live on the Hudson River."

Soon after, these two Wellesley women did come to see our river country. Immediately they began to plan. Our family property, while it included a large house, was small. The river shore below our house, we found, and the strip adjacent to our property on the road, could be purchased from a neighbor. Before another six months had passed, Miss Hayes and Miss Brown had purchased this tract of river land and were drawing plans for a cottage in which they intended to live.

A little to the south of our property, we discovered, the old Aberdeen place was for sale. Here in my childhood had lived two sisters, of Scotch and Huguenot ancestry, who had named the place after their Scottish home. An old wooden house, with tall white columns toward the river, had stood for years on this property. The place included thirty-six acres of the river shore, with woods, beaches and a brook. There was also a vineyard, and down by the river's edge in the woods, a stone cottage over a hundred years old and decidedly out of repair.

It was this property that my sister and I decided to purchase, taking over its substantial mortgage. This impulsive action, which I instigated, seemed only natural at that time, when money was not hard to secure. The need for an enlarged property was urgent, in order to start the school. Since then, with the closing of the school in the depth of the depression years, and the depletion of all available funds, I have wondered at my rashness in making this proposal. Not that I have really regretted it, for as in the case of all beautiful things, the half-ownership of this lovely land, with its tall fir trees, its woods along the river, its dignified, if dilapidated, house, has given me joy. If this pleasure at present is well-tempered with anxiety about the taxes and mortgage interest, my original feeling of satisfaction still remains to cheer me whenever I visit the place.

For two summers my sister and I made an attempt to run an Inn in this venerable mansion. With a housekeeper installed, one of our students to act as waitress, and a neat sign on the road, we waited for our guests. Our cow was pastured conspicuously on the front lawn, subtly suggesting, we hoped, the idea of fresh dairy products. But in spite of the cow, the sign and the sunny, large rooms with their newly painted furniture and gay cretonnes, the rush of tourist trade did not meet my expectations. A number of elderly men and women came from the city for their vacations, seeming to enjoy our hostel. But by the end of summer the account books showed a substantial deficit.
As I compared our experience with that of other inns along our highway, I concluded that the only way to make such a place successful was to pack every room full to overflowing with beds and guests, and to do our own housework. Our large rooms, arranged for only one or two people, wasted much space. We often were forced to turn away a crowd of transient guests because we had no available beds. This financial failure discouraged me from other commercial ventures, though I still believed that under more favorable conditions of room arrangement and personnel, the Aberdeen Inn might have amassed a small fortune from the indifferent tourists who so often whizzed maddeningly past our alluring sign.

By the purchase of the two tracts of land, with the additional houses, we had acquired sufficient accommodation for twenty students in the proposed school. But where was the money to run it?

For an answer to this question I turned to some of the friends of workers' education in New York. Mrs. Courtland Barnes, for many years active in social organizations, and identified with the interests of the women workers, to my delight said she would try to raise the necessary funds.

This of course was at the height of the boom period. Bank balances were fat, and growing fatter. Subscriptions were generous - unbelievably generous in comparison with those of the lean years to follow. Encouraged by the interest she discovered and the first subscriptions secured, Mrs. Barnes within a few months gathered together our first year's budget for the new workers' school.

To remember how she did this is like remembering a golden dream. She invited some of her own friends for tea, and secured contributions. With another interested woman, she sent invitations to thirty or more liberal business men for a luncheon downtown. I was invited to speak. Most of the thirty men responded, some of them bringing their wives. Workers' education was explained and a student from Bryn Mawr's school spoke also, in her own vivid fashion, of the workers' need for further education. Subscription blanks were passed, and in a twinkling, a sum of $20,000.00 was pledged.

A similar luncheon was arranged by Louis Wiley, of the New York Times, where Sir Aubrey Simmons, head of the British Board of Education, and Lady Simmons, were the guests of honor. Again, I told the story of these workers' schools, and again, new interest brought new funds. I felt a warm glow of appreciation to Mr. Wiley for his active help.

Soon there was enough money to justify opening the new school. In this new fund were the contributions which the workers themselves had given, or secured through workers' groups. From the first mention of the new plans, former students of the summer schools had worked indefatigably to raise funds; often sacrificing money for clothes or food in order
to send a subscription for the new school. In a special way, they felt this venture was their own particular responsibility and very near their hearts. Our Board of Directors, organized three years before, met again, rejoicing, to make more detailed plans.

In October, 1929, with our first year's budget assured, the first women workers arrived at Vineyard Shore. It had been hard for our new admissions committee to select them, so many girls wanted to come. Yet because our final plans had been made hastily, contingent on the completion of the budget, it was not possible that first year to find more than fourteen girls who could risk being absent from their work - or from the hope of work - for as long as eight months. I comforted myself with the thought that Brookwood, our neighboring workers' school, had started with eight students.

This group of ours was well selected. It included a number of brilliant students who had attended the Bryn Mawr or the Barnard Schools, with a few who had never had the experience. There was a New England shoe worker, already active in her union; several textile workers, one of them to become later a leader in her international organization; a hosiery worker from Philadelphia; three garment workers, Russian and Polish, from New York; an electrical worker from Pittsburgh who since she had attended Bryn Mawr had persistently organized workers' classes in her own valley. Most of these girls I knew well, regarding them as my friends. Each was happy in the thought that she had been chosen in this first group for the new school, and was ready to do her part to make it a success.

It had been so long since the original idea had been conceived, and such a tedious process of finance work and planning had gone into this period that I could hardly believe this fragile little dream of ours had taken root and borne blossoms. For some time I was startled into a feeling of pleasure whenever I saw the new linen, marked "Vineyard Shore School," or opened a book with our new bookplates. I still could not recover from my sense of surprise in the reality of this venture.

But the girls' grins were reassuring, their pleasure in the place evident to all. I found them in the garden, sniffing the day lilies; standing on the upper porch over the river, silent in the moonlight; or wandering around the house looking curiously at the many articles which my mother had brought from abroad. Immediately they wanted to know about our home, and its builders; the village in which they would be living; how the people of the community earned their living. Full of eager questions, the students gradually settled themselves in their new school home.

In adapting the place for the purposes of the school we made few changes. Students and teachers were divided between the two house for living quarters. My father's workshop was ideal for the science classes, with his tool bench and chemical closet where he used to develop his photo-
graphs. His old Franklin stove was still there, often used on cold winter days. On his little porch, high above the river, the telescope was set up on starry nights, giving a wide sweep of the heavens for observation. New bookshelves in the upper hall provided space for the general library, while a growing collection of economics and history books was placed on new shelves in the other house. The living room in our own home made an ideal place for English classes, the stairway furnishing a ready-made platform for public speaking. One end of the thirty-five foot room had been fitted by my mother with a curtain-pole and adjustable curtains, for dramatics. On holiday nights the rugs were rolled back, leaving the tiled floor for folk dancing or games. One could hardly have imagined a house better adapted to the needs of a school, where the building itself was sturdy, fit for hard use and a crowd of people could be easily absorbed.

It was golden and scarlet October when the girls arrived. Gradually they adjusted themselves and classes started, often in those Indian summer days, out-of-doors. Then another process of adjustment began, between our students and our village neighbors.

We invited these friends in, soon after our opening, to meet the students and teachers and to inspect the school. At this gathering, to which came many of the men and women I had known since childhood, we attempted to explain the purposes of the school and to win the sympathy of the villagers. Always friendly to our family, as we had always been friendly to them, these native residents of Dutch and Huguenot stock were somewhat uneasy to note the presence of foreign-born girls in our group: Russians, a Mexican, a swarthy Lithuanian, that Negro girls had at first not been included was due to my own awareness of local prejudices, and my unwillingness to subject our students to the petty persecution which had been the fate of several Negroes who had previously attempted to live in our township. Very shortly afterward the Bryn Mawr Summer School and the other affiliated schools admitted black students.

Our girls, however, by their innate courtesy at this party and their vivid explanations of their own trade processes, soon won the friendly interest of our neighbors. The fact that these students were wage earners seemed to create a bond in common with our villagers. Gradually overcoming their prejudice and suspicion, they soon showed a sympathetic concern for the school and a pride in having it in their locality.

The only exception to this attitude occurred one year, fortunately after the school had been closed. Looking out of her window, one of our instructors noticed a flame lighting the lawn by the river. The flame grew brighter, gradually spreading into the ominous symbol of the fiery cross. The Ku Klux Klan, in its local form, had taken this method of warning us that our school activities were not acceptable. This
experience, while alarming at the time, had no aftermath, perhaps due
to the fact that I reported the incident promptly to the state police.

During the four years existence of Vineyard Shore, I visited the school
almost every weekend, meeting with students and faculty, joining expedi-
tions to the woods or river, leading folk-dancing or spontaneous drama-
tics at night. As a contrast to my week of work in the city, these
trips proved refreshing, and on Monday morning I returned with new
vigor to the office. Ernestine Friedmann combined a heavy schedule
of economics classes with responsibility for general administration.

While my spirit was revived by being with these students and teachers
in this healthful country atmosphere, it was continually cast down
again by the physical difficulties of rural life in winter, with two
old houses needing constant repair. Whatever else was going forward
in the school, I was always conscious of the gloom of our faithful
caretaker, who for twenty years had struggled with our family plumb-
ing, furnaces and water supply. Like a Greek chorus, through all the
episodes of that first winter, he poured forth invective and black
forebodings. The students took these physical deficiencies with good
humor, laughing at cold rooms, smoking fireplaces, lack of water.

"Why do you give us bath towels every week when we can't wash?" they
inquired with amusement.

We used some of our funds for a new furnace and another artesian well,
in the hope of rectifying our major calamities. I longed for the day
when these material matters would be settled and my time would be
freed for educational questions. But that day never arrived.

It was a joy, however, to see certain material results. With the help
of several interested friends, the most necessary repairs were made
on the old stone cottage by the river, and seven students went there
to live. They themselves scraped and waxed floors, painted walls and
furniture, tore out poison ivy, and burned endless piles of rubbish.
One of our students, a shoe worker, risked a loan to the school of
her entire savings, $500.00, in order that the much-needed new roof
might be assured. The renovated house, with its casements open to
the river and woodland fragrance blowing through, became a center of
school activities. There the students made the rope stools and the
brushes by which they enthusiastically hoped to support the school.
There they gathered for evenings of singing, or reading aloud. Even
though this contingent of students had a long, slippery walk up icy
hills in winter for classes and meals, they always enjoyed their
remote cottage, and considered it a pleasure to live there.

The Vineyard Shore students, that first group of fourteen and the
subsequent classes of sixteen, twenty-four and thirty, were busy
people. Except for the cooking, they were responsible for all house-
work, scheduled for each student an hour a day, and supervised by
their own House Committee. After a solid morning in class - economics,
science or English – followed by dinner and dish washing, there was
a period of recreation, usually spent by the girls on long walks
through the woods, or coasting and skating in winter. Another two
hours of study – classes or preparation – came late in the afternoon.
Finishing the supper dishes by seven o'clock, and with a few minutes
free for music and dancing, the girls returned to their books for a
long evening of work, broken twice a week by current events classes
and on Saturday evening by folk dancing, dramatics or a neighborhood
party. Usually before bedtime a group gathered around the telescope
on the upper porch.

The schedule, unlike that of the ordinary school, allowed two or more
hours for each class, an unbroken period without the necessity for
changing the content of discussion; this plan giving satisfaction to
all in the results achieved. Committees of faculty and students were
responsible for all general school policies, and for matters of
curriculum, teaching and recreation. Both groups in the school
selected representatives to the Board of Directors, bringing first-
hand experience of school problems into their discussions.

The classes at Vineyard Shore resembled those at the workers' summer
schools, except that they were rather more advanced, requiring more
independent work. The more able students far outstripped the usual
standard of college undergraduates, due probably not only to their
ability, but also to the methods of teaching used in the school.
Freed from hampering academic routines, these students became accu-
tomed to handling original sources on United States history and the
labor movement, as well as secondary statements of opinion. The work
demanded concentration, critical thinking and an open-minded approach
in the search for truth.

All through the day one could observe the keen interest of the students
in their classes. Because they had been shown a fossil fern, hidden
in the crack of a stone, every girl in the school lugged home rocks
and boulders from miles away, in the hope of finding another fossil.
On one of my trips to the school a group of girls met me at the
station platform.

"Our boy friends won't be out tonight," remarked Reba, an electrical
worker, as we walked up the hill.

"Who are your boy friends?" I inquired, wondering what complications
were ahead if the village youths had become attentive.

"Oh, Mars and Jupiter and all that gang," answered Reba.

In the English classes there was the same intent interest. Helen
Lockwood of the Nassar faculty, formerly an instructor in the Bryn
Mawr School, advised on the work of the English department, with
several other teachers from time to time associated with her. Her
approach to workers' courses in literature, composition and public speaking proved of great interest to the students, who for the first time became aware of literature and language as instruments of workers' history in the past, and as being important tools for the workers today.

In spite of the diversity of nationality, occupation and opinion among the students, the atmosphere of the school was harmonious, the long days packed to the last moment with spirited interest. It was a pleasure to me each week, when I returned to the school, to observe the change in these workers. Thin bodies had filled out, drawn, anxious expressions had disappeared, and color bloomed in pale cheeks. Just as noticeable were the changes in mental attitude, the new awareness of underlying causes in the economic world, the more hopeful belief in the possibility of social change, brought about through education and organized effort.

As in the other workers' school I was impressed again at Vineyard Shore with the selflessness of these industrial workers, who with so little of their own, were always willing to share that little with others.

A box of clothes had arrived from Vassar College - just what we needed - warm skirts, sweaters, galoshes and woolen gloves. The executive committee of students and teachers had decided that they should be distributed to those girls who lacked warm clothing. Walking up the woods road one bitter December day, I noticed that Millie, a thin little milliner, tramping beside me, was wearing a flimsy black silk skirt.

"Why didn't you ask for a warm wool skirt?" I inquired. "There were several of them in the box."

"Oh, but you see, I have a skirt," Millie assured me cheerfully, looking down at her fluttering silk one. "Let them skirts be handed out to the girls who ain't got no skirts at all."

It was not only warm clothing that our Vassar neighbors contributed, but a warm interest in our affairs, and a substantial sum of money for the school each year. All through the spring and fall of those four years it was usual to see Vassar students dropping in to classes, joining our students for tramps in the woods, or for a picnic on the beach. In their turn they asked our girls to the college for occasional plays or concerts.

At first the tension of these college visits proved overwhelming for some of our students. They regarded the college girls on their own campus as creatures from another planet. Their warm friendliness could not always dispel the attitude of suspicion with which they were regarded by some of our more radical students.
"Why did we come over here?" muttered one of these girls to me, separat-
ing herself from the gay crowd at tea in the Vassar dormitory. "What
have workers to do with these college girls? We have nothing in common."

"Oh, yes you have," I assured her, telling her of the support given
by college women to the workers' schools and their growing interest in
the labor movement.

But she was not convinced.

When however the college students were our guests, the atmosphere
cleared. Our girls, feeling thoroughly at home, welcomed all the
visitors enthusiastically and always took pride in showing them the
school.

One year, when finances were especially low, we hit upon a plan whereby
our students might earn part of their board, by serving at Vassar as
waitresses and laundresses. Our girls, we thought, might study four
months and work four months, if the college authorities were willing.
The students were eager to try this plan, for they had always tried
to pay part of their expenses at the school. Since the first year
they had been unable to do so, due to increasing unemployment. The
college undergraduates were equally enthusiastic about this proposal.
Dr. McCracken, the President, when consulted, was open-minded and
ready to experiment. The final decision, he said, would depend on
those in actual charge of hall management. These members of the
college administration we were unable to convince. They were doubt-
ful of the practical aspects of our proposal, and finally vetoed it.
This was a severe disappointment to the students of both schools, who
had set their hearts on this method of gaining support for Vineyard
Shore. The Executive Committee of students and faculty received the
news sadly, realizing that a permanent plan for support had disinteg-
rated before their eyes, leaving the school still teetering on the
edge of financial uncertainty.

This ever-present problem of financial support was not the only one
with which the school government dealt. As at Bryn Mawr, situations
arose within the school, calling for wisdom in the process of demo-
cratic government.

A few of our students, communist sympathizers, did not identify them-
selves with the school, refusing to take any responsibility on student
committees.

"I'm not a member of this school," emphatically declared one of these
students. "I'm a member of the communist party."

"If you're not a member of the school you shouldn't be here at all,"
was the blunt reply of a more conservative student.
This attitude of aloofness, culminating in the resignations of two communist students who had been elected to the Executive Committee of the school, did not please the other workers. At a stormy meeting, the other members of the elected committee also resigned, protesting that in a new venture like Vineyard Shore, every girl must take a responsible part in the government or the school could not go on.

I was asked to call a meeting of the whole school, to explain the attitude of these outraged committee members. After two hours of discussion, new nominations were made and the same committee was re-elected. This time the reluctant communists consented to serve, taking their part for the rest of the year in school affairs with cheerfulness and ability. By the end of the term, they evidently felt as much a part of the school as all the other girls there, who on their side had come to appreciate the keen intellectual powers and the idealism of this turbulent minority.

These early years of building the school organization brought definite changes, made necessary by the depression period. No longer could our active finance committee call together hundreds of people for bridge benefits or secure single subscriptions of a thousand dollars. It seemed necessary by the end of 1930 to make some other plan for the school, or close it entirely. In any case an eight month's term seemed no longer possible.

Fortunately, the situation was saved by a cooperative arrangement with the New York Unemployment Relief Committee, a private organization, under the chairmanship of Mrs. August Belmont, which was attempting to meet the rapidly growing relief needs of industrial and professional women. This committee agreed in 1931 to pay the expenses of twenty industrial workers at Vineyard Shore, at the rate of ten dollars a week apiece. Even with this substantial help the budget was always an anxiety. Our three teachers at the school first cut their own salaries, then went on a volunteer basis for a whole term, in order to relieve financial pressure for the school.

The new group of students was carefully selected from among over two hundred and fifty possible candidates from the relief office. They had obviously reached the last stage of destitution and were willing to go anywhere for the sake of three meals a day. An attempt was made to find mentally able, interested girls. It was a constant miracle to those who selected these students, that, chosen under these conditions, they should have proved themselves so well when put to the test in the school.

Certainly their appearance was discouraging. Many of them had no baggage at all, beyond a few toilet articles. Others carried their scanty wardrobes in tin breadboxes. In spite of careful medical examinations, these workers showed the sad effects of little food, enforced idleness
and mental anxiety. A few of them, it was found later, were never able to regain mental stability after their long period of nervous strain.

As they looked around the school buildings and out to the blue river, they could not seem to believe that for four months, they were to live in this beautiful place, free from the anxiety of securing food and shelter. Their emotion was painful to watch, as one realized all that was in their minds. But like former students, they adjusted themselves, and were soon taking a joyous part in classes, and in winter sports, their first experience in either activity.

In spite of the welcome boost given by Mrs. Belmont and her committee, in the summer of 1932 it was evident that for lack of funds the school would have to close. The Unemployment Relief Committee no longer had funds to offer. As a last hope, a combination was made that summer with the Barnard Summer School, also scraping the bottom of a depleted treasury. By adding the two meager funds together, it was possible to give the Barnard applicants a chance to come to Vineyard Shore for eight weeks.

During that period, and late into the fall, our students and staff made a desperate effort to save the school. Hundreds of jars of grape jam and jelly were produced from the fruits of our own vineyard by our indefatigable housekeeper and her student assistants, to be sold in schools, colleges and local tea rooms. Dozens of stools were made by the girls under the direction of Marguerite Gilmore, our versatile secretary, to be placed on sale in friendly colleges throughout the east. Letters were sent out in all directions in an attempt to gather even a small budget toward another term. But in spite of these determined efforts, there would never be enough money, we sorrowfully decided, to reopen the school.

On the closing night the students gathered in the dining room for a final banquet. Gloom enveloped us all. We tried to sing cheerfully, and to speak of a remote future. In my talk to the students I tried to instill some courage and hope in them and in myself. But it was a sad affair. During the four years of the Vineyard Shore School, its students and faculty had come to feel a deep affection for the place, a conviction that such a school was needed, and a sense of comradeship in a joint undertaking, to which the whole group had contributed. To close the school was a tragedy for us all. I could not bear to face the last solicitous questions of these workers, as to any possible future. There was little hope, I knew, of saving the school. I felt a sense of personal failure in that I had not been able to raise the necessary funds, although dimly aware that a world-wide depression had much to do with this catastrophe.

Out under the tall elm trees, that last evening, the students produced a simple festival of workers' education, expressing their desire for a
new world, reconstructed through their own united efforts. As they passed slowly across the grassy stage, and down the road to the woods, each girl carrying a glowing lantern, the strains of the school song floated back to the audience on the lawn:

"What dreams may grow, as young vines planted in the spring,
Their roots thrust down in deepest soil of truth,
Till workers all the fruits of understanding bring,
Borne from our borders in the hands of Youth.

Oh, Vineyard Shore, give courage out to all who need.
Let right increase and justice be instilled;
Till life is strong, by powers of joy and knowledge freed,
So Vineyard Shore, your dream may be fulfilled."

During this period, the movement for workers' summer schools had extended in other parts of the country. A group of interested teachers and workers in Wisconsin had decided in 1924 to initiate a new school in connection with the State University. Partially supported by funds from the state legislature, and with the full cooperation of the State Federation of Labor, this school for men and women, with Alice Shoemaker as its director, gradually developed into an important center for workers' education in the west. The fact that the Wisconsin School could call on state funds, for at least part of its budget, made me envious. I wished that other workers' schools might in a similar way be sure of this more permanent type of support.

Another venture, this time in the south, was of interest to us all. There a few energetic women under the leadership of Louise McLaren, together with some industrial workers from Bryn Mawr, had opened in 1927 a small school for women workers at Sweet Briar College in Virginia. This school, moving later to North Carolina, using various places as buildings were available, reached women workers from the textile, tobacco and garment industries of many southern states. Later girls who had attended the southern school for a first year course of six weeks, often came for second year work to Bryn Mawr.

Another workers' school was started in California owing its existence to the determination of several former Bryn Mawr students, who had interested other groups in supporting this enterprise. This school at Occidental College later moved to Berkeley, drew men and women workers from the whole western coast, thereby automatically stopping Bryn Mawr applications and scholarship funds from these states.

As one school after another opened for industrial workers, we began to receive urgent requests from office workers who were excluded from these various places.

"We want to study too," these girls said plaintively, as I met them at conferences or in the Business Girls' Departments of the Y.W.C.A.
"You're making a big fuss about industrial workers."

An indeed, as they spoke of their work at mimeograph and accounting machines, I realized that there was little difference between their monotonous processes and the work done in factories by industrial women.

After these strong hints from office workers themselves that some plan was needed, it was decided that through our Summer School organization we should explore the possibilities of helping this group. A committee was appointed to investigate the need, and make recommendations.

Many questions were immediately raised. Should office workers be enrolled in one of the Summer Schools for industrial workers, either to join classes with industrial workers or in a special group? If they were admitted at Bryn Mawr it seemed probable that the office workers' group would not be assimilated in the school, because of their longer period of previous education, and their comparative ignorance about economic and labor problems. Moreover, I realized that the two groups, office and industrial workers, often felt mutually distrustful of each other, the office workers assuming an air of superiority; the industrial women on their part considering that as producers their work was more significant than that of girls engaged in commercial processes. Most persons familiar with the two groups agreed that they did not mix.

As finally recommended by our new committee, a separate school was started for office workers, opening in 1933 and for two years borrowing buildings from Oberlin College in Ohio. Later the school moved to Pennsylvania and then to Chicago, with later years at Sarah Lawrence College near New York. About thirty women, the lower-paid workers in commercial houses, gathered at the school for a month each summer under the direction of Eleanor Coit. Their courses, centering on the office worker in the economic world and including social literature and ethics, proved effective. Going back into their own communities, the students showed a new awareness of community responsibility, giving a new impetus in many places to the Office Workers' Union, to labor legislation, and to local evening classes among their own groups. In time, our committee believed, the office workers and the industrial workers might meet together, and find they had a common purpose in education.

As one school after another started, following the Bryn Mawr experiment, my own work became more complex. In every district except New England, where only Bryn Mawr committees were at work, two schools and two sets of committees were carrying on winter activities. Each new school established reduced the number of subscriptions for Bryn Mawr, diverting local interest.

It was not only other resident schools which made our district work more complicated, but also the fact that our committees expressed a
growing concern with local evening classes, reaching more workers than could ever hope to come to Bryn Mawr for the longer, more systematic course. This expansion and evidence of greater local interest was just as it should be, I thought, even as I contemplated the shrinking list of Bryn Mawr subscriptions. It was obvious however that each unit must find its place in the wider movement, and that the various schools and classes should not be competing for students and funds. In this pattern, the residence school should supplement the local evening classes.

Other matters seemed almost as pressing as a tangled finance situation. Certain questions of educational policies affecting all the resident schools should be, I thought, dealt with by a cooperating group. What was the best plan to follow in advising second year students? Material for teaching was needed for all the schools. Could pamphlets and outlines be prepared in a central office and distributed where needed, at less expense than when each school attempted to meet its own needs? Certain equipment belonging to one school - our sixty microscopes at Bryn Mawr, for instance - might be used at another school, or in local winter classes. In trying to build up a pioneer movement, in a field where criticism and misunderstanding accompanied everything we did, would it not be a help to all the schools to have a well-directed publicity plan, through which articles might be prepared for leading newspapers and magazines, describing the schools and interpreting their joint purposes? There was also need, I thought, for a general study of school budgets and finance methods. Turning these matters over in my mind, I went through the summer of 1928 dreading the complications of winter organization under the conditions which had developed locally, as the result of all this new interest.

A proposal for a coordinating organization, to act as a clearing house on the affairs of all the schools, resulted from these gloomy cogitations. This new plan suggested that each school should elect two representatives to a central coordinating committee, which should attempt to furnish an advisory service on district organization and supply educational material. This plan was accepted by four schools, Bryn Mawr, Barnard, Wisconsin and Vineyard Shore. Later the Southern School also joined.

The history of the name of this coordinating committee shows the rapid growth of the resident schools and the changes brought about by each new development. First it was proposed that the organization be called the "Resident Summer Schools for Women Workers in Industry." This title was accepted and stood for two years or more. Then a new challenge came. The Wisconsin School decided to accept men and immediately requested the central organization to omit the word "women" from its title. Then the Barnard School was opened, not a resident school at all but on a non-resident plan.

"Please omit the word resident," begged members of the Barnard group.
Vineyard Shore followed, the youngest school of the group, with winter courses—not a summer school. "Summer" would have to go from our depleted title. We thought we had made an end of these constant changes, until, with the opening of the School for Office Workers at Oberlin, it became necessary to drop the word "industrial" from our name.

So, shorn of all qualifying adjectives, the central organization in which these various schools were represented became simply: "The Affiliated Schools for Workers," omitting all references to summer or winter, resident or non-resident, men or women, industrial or other groups.

So rapidly did these events take place in the course of the five years between 1927 and 1932 that it seemed to me committees were constantly at work, rewording and amending our well-worn constitution; at intervals scrapping it entirely, in favor of a brand-new one; outlining a fresh plan of organization to meet our rapidly changing needs. I worked over so many different documents of this kind that sometimes it seemed to me I did little else but write preambles and draw up by-laws! But the Affiliated Schools for Workers, with its strong Educational Council of experienced teachers and industrial workers, under the direction of Eleanor Coit, proved itself in time an effective clearing house, and while always limited in funds, was able to clarify policies, study teaching methods, prepare materials and stimulate local classes in connection with all the resident workers' schools.

While my mind was often occupied with these national problems, with all the difficulties of unscrambling local work in the rapidly extending movement, I often had the pleasure of seeing new developments near at hand. New York City itself stirred with new plans, in which we were asked to help.

One of these had originated as the result of a conversation on the Bryn Mawr campus in 1928, on the last day of school. Many of the students were leaving with no prospect of work ahead. They were dolefully talking of this matter:

"If there only were some classes in the day time!" exclaimed Ella, a Hungarian dressmaker from New York. "Even if I'm working, I'm on a five day week and could study on Saturdays. And I'd like to do it. You'd feel fresh, if you could begin to study in the morning as we do at Bryn Mawr. In the city, you are so tired when you go to classes that you have to prop your eyelids to keep awake. It's a real luxury to study in the day time."

The other girls agreed.

Returning to the city, I remembered what Ella had said. Could we conduct classes in the day time for these workers? Could classes be adapted to the needs of our more advanced students for training in independent
study, following the usual once-a-week evening class? How could we pay teachers? Where could such classes be held?

I determined to discover the possibilities of help from Columbia University. Several of the faculty there had for years been good friends of the workers' schools, taking an active part in the Barnard Summer School. President Butler himself was sympathetic.

My interviews at Columbia were encouraging. I came away with the promise of a small fund of several hundred dollars. President Butler had been much interested.

"I know all about these things," he said, "you know I'm a union man myself."

I must have looked startled. He went on to explain that he held a card from the Mason's Union, as he was called upon to lay so many corner-stones for public buildings.

Dr. John Coss, Director of the Summer Session, promised to give time to the proposed committee, a promise he generously fulfilled. A new committee composed of representatives of labor, students and faculty from the Summer School, and representatives from Columbia launched the "Workers' Morning Classes." A volunteer secretary registered applicants, collected books and secured free classroom space in a nearby public library. The classes met twice a week, three hours on Saturday morning for discussions, and again on Wednesday evening for tutoring and supplementary work in English. Men and women were enrolled. The students were delighted with the plan, with the teachers we found for them, and with the actual classes. Soon we received a request for a longer term - twenty weeks instead of sixteen.

Economic history formed the basis of the curriculum, together with allied courses in English, and science, the latter dealing with the development of the machine. The standard of systematic work was high. Students were much in earnest. They struggled with assigned reading, wrote reports, and spent Saturday afternoons at the museum for the study of the art of the colonial period. The members of the Columbia faculty were impressed with the students' attitude toward these classes, their earnestness of purpose, and their undoubted ability.

Not only our students, but also the University and our own staff learned much in connection with these new classes. Questions of publicity, registration and finance were all different from the usual extension class to which the University was accustomed. At first I found it hard to convince these academic men that we could not announce the classes three months in advance, as in their usual courses. The topics for our classes could not be determined until we had gathered our students, and learned what their special interests were. It was also hard for
the University group to understand that workers would never read a few lines of fine print in a black and white printed folder. Publicity, I assured them, must be of a different, more vivid type, giving a simple, clear statement of the classes, and must be distributed where workers gathered. The suggestion that the classes might be held at Columbia and that an office might be established there was also discussed, until it was clear that this would be inconvenient for all concerned, and that a familiar spot near the factory districts would be preferable. The University professors were evidently amused by our methods in making plans, which probably seemed to them flexible to the point of chaos. But they agreed to stand by us and watch these new methods work.

"I can see we have a lot to learn about workers' education," remarked one of these men.

"Columbia can lead the way in extending it," I suggested, thinking of all the facilities of the great University, and the previous cooperation given by many of its staff to organized labor in the city. Why should there not be hundreds of workers, instead of only fifty, enrolled in these classes?

But the fifty were on the whole regular in attendance. Before the first term of sixteen weeks was well over, there was no doubt that this venture was a success.

Friendly cooperation with Columbia in connection with the Barnard School and the Workers' Morning Classes led to another offer of help on the part of the University.

The first year of the depression, with the steady decrease of subscriptions for all the schools, made it impossible to continue renting offices in the old brick mansion on Madison Avenue. In a moment of inspiration, I consulted our chief friend among the Columbia faculty, Dr. Coss. Once before he had spoken of the possibility of an empty building for workers' classes, and we had gone so far as to inspect it. Now the need of space was imperative. There was still an empty building, it seemed. Dr. Coss soon arranged with other college authorities for the use of rooms in this building.

Immediately I went down to see it. The building at 35th Street and Second Avenue was formerly a dental college. The spacious rooms assigned for our use faced a small park where children played. A nominal rental only would be charged, to cover expenses of heat and light. Rejoicing in the reduced budget, the staff of the Affiliated Schools made plans to move early in the fall of 1931.

At about this same time on one of my frequent finance trips to New York in the middle of the summer, I had met in the subway Mary Van Kleeck, Director of Industrial Studies at the Russell Sage Foundation.
As my former supervisor at the School of Philanthropy, she had always shown a friendly interest in my work. In the roar of the subway, as we hung side by side on straps, she asked me a startling question.

"Supposing you could get the money," she began, raising her voice above the roar, "what would you do with $80,000?"

I gasped, clutching the strap for support.

"Don't ask me unless you really mean it," I shouted in return. "I can think of several things I'd like to do with it, and I don't want to get up my hopes."

She went on to explain that the old College Settlement, started as a pioneer venture in Rivington Street by a group of college women was about to change its plan of work. It had been decided by the Board, with the advice of the Welfare Council, that the settlement was no longer useful in that neighborhood. Many neighbors had moved to the Bronx or Staten Island, and houses were standing empty in those once over-crowded streets. If the settlement were to continue its usefulness, some new plan must be found for the organization.

Getting up to push through the crowds to an exit, Miss Van Kleeck urged me to think about this question - I did not need to be urged - and said she would like to meet with the settlement board of which she was chairman, when I was ready to present a plan.

I sank back into my seat, overwhelmed with my thoughts. As ever, I found myself exhilarated with the idea of new opportunities, quite forgetting that new mountains of work would have to be climbed. Contrasted with this first feeling of excitement, I often found myself bumped sharply down to earth, confronted with gigantic obstacles. Even then, in my later stages of despair, a faint glow of that first exaltation still illumined the plan in retrospect, shedding a rosy light over all the difficulties, and giving me courage.

All the way back to the campus that night, I turned over in my mind what I could suggest as the best use for this money.

"Eighty thousand dollars," rumbled the wheels of the train.

Back in Bryn Mawr and tumbling into bed in my cool, tree-embowered little room, I murmered happily as I fell asleep:

"What would I do with eighty thousand dollars?"

Next day I thought I would discuss with our students the best use of this fund. I knew by that time what I wanted to do with it, but I was eager to have their opinions. On a hot night on the top of the gymnasium, I put the question to them:
"Supposing in a big city you had a large sum of money to spend in workers' education," I began, "what would you do with it?"

The students were immediately interested.

"More classes in economics," they suggested at once. "More classes in the labor movement!"

"As it happens, in this city," I explained, "those classes are already organized. Anybody can find one to attend. Isn't there anything else you think industrial workers would like to learn, or any other use they could make of some money?"

The girls gazed at me seriously. Beyond the roof of the gymnasium, there was a crimson sunset, the dark woods and rolling hills stretching on either side of that bright strip of sky. Clear lights from the west illuminated the students' faces.

Then timidly the workers ventured suggestions, putting them forward one after another almost as though they had no right to think of anything but the daily struggle for bread-and-butter, in which they were all engaged.

"What about poetry?" inquired one girl softly.

"What about some painting?" added another.

"Or more music?" suggested a third.

Knowing the typical attitude of industrial workers and of most leaders in the labor movement toward such "frills," as I had often heard them called, I was more than interested in this response to my question. If these workers believed that they had a right to explore fields of creative art, the typical labor opposition to anything but economics and labor courses might in time be overcome. Eagerly the students discussed these proposals.

If they had read my mind, they could not have hit more accurately on the plan I had intended to propose. Perhaps by long association with these workers, I had learned to read their minds; to realize their hidden longings.

For several years, I had watched these students in their first attempts to write poetry. I had sat with them as they listened to concerts at the school, and observed them at classes in music appreciation. A forum on leisure time one summer had further illuminated my awareness of a closed world of beauty which these workers had never explored. At this meeting, several of our faculty had discussed various phases of leisure time; the extension of leisure as with the increase of invention the shorter working day came in industry; literature as the
outgrowth of experiences of the people; the place of culture in the life of any nation, and what workers could contribute to a national culture.

Following these talks by the faculty, our students had spoken. Several had broken down with emotion, with the thought of these unknown fields of knowledge.

"I knew I was missing something," said one of our garment workers, choking back her tears, "but I never realized what it was before."

With all the exaltation of that evening on the roof, in the glow of the sunset, the students did not fail to face the real facts of their own desperate situation.

"Don't talk to me about leisure," said one girl bitterly. "I ain't never had an hour to myself as long as I can remember. Give us some leisure time first, and then we'll decide how to spend it. Now, I ain't got nothin' to decide about."

An another added from hard experience:

"If they git to cuttin' our wages when they cut our hours, I don't want none of that there leisure. You can't eat a lot of spare time."

Following this discussion, I remember at a picnic with one of the classroom groups, which included three girls from Europe. The question was asked each one:

"What do you and your family do in your spare time?"

A girl from a small Pennsylvania town spoke first in reply:

"We've got an old car, so we all pile in, and we just go and go. We don't never know where we're goin'. We just go and go."

Other American girls nodded their heads in agreement. Few had read anything except newspapers or light magazines. The Russian Jewish girls in the large cities had attended many concerts and lectures.

In contrast to the sparse cultural life among industrial workers of America, the three girls from Sweden, Denmark and Germany had other stories to tell:

"We go out in the woods and read poetry or act plays," said the German girl, "and we have a village opera," she added.

"Music, poetry, reading together," added the Scandinavians.

Thinking of these various discussions I was more sure than ever that our students who had answered my question about the new funds had
aimed straight at a fundamental need of industrial workers when they mentioned art, music and poetry. Cheated out of their heritage of beauty, almost unaware of what they had lost, these workers still had a glimmer of another world, remote and yet close to their drab one of the machine; made possible by that very machine which was gradually creating leisure for all.

By the end of the summer term, I was ready to present a plan to the Board of the College Settlement.

I went first to see Mary Van Kleeck. Why could we not start a workshop, I inquired, where industrial workers might receive instruction in creative arts? The usual art schools were beyond their means; the instruction too advanced for them. Let them experiment for themselves, with the help of skilled teachers. I mentioned the development of workers' art in many of the European schools, where I had found woodcuts, paintings and volumes of poetry, all produced by industrial workers. In this country, I had found little or nothing of such artistic expression in workers' groups. The rush of American life was not conducive to art in the evening, especially if one were a factory worker, battling fatigue after long hours of work, speeded up by a machine. Could the Board of the College Settlement consider establishing a modest workshop in the creative arts? I pulled out my detailed plans, including a budget for the first year.

Miss Van Kleeck was immediately interested, and promised to call her board together to consider the proposal.

"And the eighty thousand dollars?" I murmured. "When would that be available?"

The funds, it appeared, were potential, representing the value of the old settlement buildings in Rivington Street. The buildings should be sold, it had been decided, and the money put into some new loan on which the Board could agree.

My heart sank. Could those buildings be sold? And if not, where could we find new funds for this venture?

I had been wise, I told myself, not to have set my heart on this mythical eighty thousand dollars. I knew very well, however, that I had done just that.

With my unfortunate tendency to regard liabilities as assets when I first heard of them, my spirits rose again when I was told that in addition to the college settlement buildings and organization, we would also fall heir to a sixty acre farm, Mt. Ivy, used for many years by the settlement for fresh air work. I had visited this farm on its breezy hilltop in the Ramapo Mountains, and was immediately filled with enthusiasm in imagining what one could do with such
a place. The fact that there was no money to run it unless we could sell the city buildings at the optimistic figure the Board had quoted did not prevent me from enjoying the thought of this beautiful opportunity.

The meeting with the College Settlement Board was full of surprises for me. Knowing the devotion of these women to the settlement, as carried on over so many years of useful work, I did not believe they would decide to substitute this untried scheme of mine. During the discussion, however, it was plain that the first purpose of this broad-minded committee was to meet present and future community needs, rather than to cling to traditions of the past. These men and women listened with attention to my proposal, soon after voting to accept it.

After that plans moved rapidly ahead. A director was found for the new Art Workshop, Mabel Leslie, a former industrial worker who for years had been associated with the labor movement and with workers' education, and who had recently returned from a period of study of workers' movements abroad. In Europe she had become interested in the possibilities of creative art for workers and was eager to try an experiment here. She immediately started the search for suitable rooms, preferably in the midtown district of the city, where thousands of women workers were employed in garment and millinery shops.

Two large rooms were secured and approved by the Executive Committee of the Settlement. The old buildings downtown were advertised for rent or for sale. Again, as so often before, we went through the laborious processes of reorganization, drawing up a new constitution and bringing together the reorganized Board for its first meeting. Some of the former settlement group remained to work with us, and other new members, teachers and industrial workers, were chosen to serve. Of this new Board of Directors I was elected chairperson.

It was obvious that finance work would have to begin immediately, for the settlement's funds were well tied up in real estate. Publicity was to be sent out to groups from which students might be drawn. Teachers were to be found and equipment for classes gathered. With energy and enthusiasm the reorganized Board and our new director set out upon these difficult tasks.

Many of my associates in the Summer School were critical of these plans.

"Such classes will be only an escape for industrial workers," they remarked. "They will attract the superficial people with no feeling of social responsibility. The more thoughtful ones will not want to spend time on anything but active work in the labor movement, and that is what they should be doing. Economics is the thing they should be studying, not art."
I deeply resented the attitude of these critics, mostly college women, in attempting to force the individual into prescribed roads of action, as the only way out of our industrial problems. Was there to be no freedom of choice for the workers? My own friends were free to choose their work and plan their leisure as they wished. Why should they force our students to follow one path, in making their contribution to society? Was everyone fitted to be a labor organizer? I knew well that labor leaders themselves would have laughed at the thought.

A dim conception of the labor movement of the future hovered in my mind - a movement whose leaders, educated for new purposes, would be concerned not only with the bitter struggle for union recognition, as at that time and since, but also with wide social responsibilities; with the enrichment of life for the individual and the community. Some of these younger women might well begin to interpret the far reaching functions of labor through actual experience now in creative living. Certainly in our ugly machine age beauty was needed in the lives of all.

Moreover, I thought, such forms of art as music, drama, painting and modelling might well express the most fundamental experiences of these workers in industry, and, through an appeal to the imagination, interest the public at large in the significance of the labor movement. There must be room in the workers' world of the future for the poet, the artist, the musician. An interest in these forms of expression need not preclude a social consciousness. Indeed, such an interest, illuminated with imagination and ability, might contribute something which economists and reformers might well use in any attempt to build the world anew. With so much talent hidden in the industrial group, was all life to be in terms of statistical tables?

Challenged on these dim theories, and forced to think about them and put them into words, I found myself deeply stirred. I could not bear the thought, I discovered, of living in a world where individual freedom was so limited that all who are interested in the social structure, and wished to improve it must follow one road of achievement. Perhaps my own sense of loss in having had so little time for creative adventures, except in the prosaic field of organization, made me feel more poignantly.

And yet, from acquaintance with our worker-students, I knew well that art for art alone, remote from actual experience in the industrial world, would never satisfy them. Social consciousness, like a strong thread of intention, ran through everything they did. How could this tough fiber be woven into the warp and woof of creative expression, until the completed tapestry of experience would be a thing of beauty, strong for use?

As I watched the development of these new classes I felt encouraged to see that many ways had been found to relate artistic interest and
unused talent to the fabric of our economic world. The seventy-five
women workers who registered that first winter - seven hundred others
were turned away - most of them factory and office workers, found them-
theselves in cheerful, gayly painted rooms, where pamphlets on labor
questions, legislation and magazines of social purpose lay near at
hand, together with clay for modelling, pots of paint and brushes,
easels, stage settings, and properties for the drama class. Our
new students seemed to appreciate this combination of opportunities.
Eagerly they welcomed the suggestion that at intervals in class work,
economic discussions might give them a wider understanding of their
own experiences as workers, and enrich the possibilities of creative
art. Trips were planned to visit factories, wharves, community houses,
public markets, and government bureaus.

Mechanical questions were soon worked out. The students would be
asked to pay $25.00 for the winter's work, one night a week of
instruction, with the privilege of using the rooms at other times
for their own independent work. For those girls who could not pay,
scholarships were to be raised. Students and teachers were soon
represented on the Board of Directors, as was the custom in other
workers' education enterprises.

To visit the Art Workshop on any night of the week gave me pleasure.
Here before my eyes was the scene I imagined; workers coming from the
factory, sometimes having supper together before they came, gathering
for instruction in painting or modelling; reading their first poems
or articles for criticism in the writing class; planning simple
dramatic scenes, based on their own industrial experiences, and learn-
ing the techniques of acting and production. The teachers were care-
fully chosen not only for their skill as artists but also for a social
point of view and an experimental attitude toward teaching. They became
enthusiastic about these new classes, which seemed to stimulate artistic
expression, and free the imagination of the students, always keeping
before them the economic world of which their daily work in factories
and offices was the foundation.

The subjects chosen by the girls for their work in clay were varied
and interesting. The first night of the modelling class, one student,
a bookkeeper, produced a large clay duck. The next week, five life-
like little ducks paraded after the large one on the mantelpiece.

"I was raised in Iowa, on a farm," explained this student. "I fed
ducks and dressed ducks for years. I know just how a duck feels."

Sometimes the teacher assigned subjects for modelling. "Leisure"
brought a collection of little clay figures made by the girls at
home; the unemployed man on a park bench, dejection in every line
of his slumping back, the sailor and his girl in a dance hall, and
many others. "Work," assigned for the subject of another lesson,
again brought out an interesting variety of ideas. A small girl
tying her shoe, a seamstress bent over her sewing, a strong figure
of a blacksmith at his anvil were all added to the collection in
the modelling class.
The industrial workers, it appeared, were somewhat afraid to experiment in painting. They seemed to feel more confidence in joining a writing group, in drama or modelling. The best poems and short articles from what came to be known as the "Writing Table" were compiled later into a mimeographed magazine. In the drama class, their sense of actual experiences in industry as the basis for drama brought about the production of some well-constructed, vivid little plays, such as "Two Girls in a Dress Shop," "Company to Supper," "A Scene in an Employment Bureau." Skylines of roof tops, charcoal drawings of factories and smokestacks, still life studies of fruit, flowers or jars, scenes from the street, the shop, the union meeting, all appeared on the walls of the Art Workshop, the products of these classes.

Another question connected with the Art Workshop was soon presented to me, as chairman of the Board. What should we do with Mt. Ivy, the farm in the Ramapo Mountains which we had inherited with the College Settlement organization?

By the following year, we were ready to plan a summer program for adults, who could pay a moderate rate of board. So the "Mt. Ivy Holiday School" came into being. This school offered instruction in art and science. Girls from the Workshop enthusiastically enrolled for a summer term, and brought their friends. Helping to plan the courses and administration, taking more and more responsibility for operating the camp, these girls have grown up with this pioneer experiment and are now the mainstay of the organization. In open air workshops they painted happily or worked in clay; learned something of elementary science through the surrounding woods. As in the winter, informal discussion groups in current events, covering economic and labor problems were part of the summer course. At last after several years the Director reported that Mt. Ivy was covering its own expenses, and that the Board might count on its future usefulness.

During one of my frequent visits to the offices of the American Association for Adult Education, to confer with Morse Cartwright, the Director, on the perennial subject of future grants for workers' schools, I was surprised with his suggestion that I might go to Cambridge, England that summer of 1929, as one of the fourteen American delegates to the World Conference of Adult Education. The expenses of the trip were to be paid by the Adult Education Association. I accepted with delight.

Sailing in August after the close of the Bryn Mawr school, I found the conference ready to open. There were about four hundred delegates, men and women, representing twenty-six countries. The meetings were held at the art school. I found lodgings in a small hotel nearby. Presiding at all the general meetings was Albert Mansbridge, of the British Workers' Educational Association, whose earlier visit to Bryn Mawr while I had been Dean had stimulated the college classes for employees. His genial personality created an atmosphere of friendliness among the diversified group of delegates.
To look around that great hall was to print on one's mind a picture of a world-wide movement. There was a Hindu woman, in a long scarlet robe. Next to her was a fair-haired young man from Iceland, his whole appearance suggesting a Viking. An Italian and a Japanese were across the aisle. Germans, English and Americans were in the majority. Many addresses were translated into English. Outside the meetings, the delegates met informally in little groups, drank coffee between sessions, strolled along the crooked streets of Cambridge or punt ed on the river.

Here is the adult education movement! I thought. Schools and classes must be as different as the people assembled. I felt I had much to learn from these meetings.

Every type of instruction which might be of interest to the adult population seemed to be included. There were people concerned with everything from prison education, to the cooperative movement.

At best we could only listen to descriptions of different types of work, in the general meetings, coming together later in small meetings for discussion. Yet even in these small groups, it was difficult to arrive at a common understanding of purposes. It was as though we all were speaking different educational languages, even though we understood actual words and phrases. With little attempt by the conference to define the scope of the movement, or to analyze its purposes, it was impossible to do more than touch on educational method. The best one could do was to express friendly interest in the undertakings described, and hope to learn something from the conglomeration of reports.

I had been asked to speak at two of the meetings, one presided over by Frau von Erdb erg, a leader in German education. I was disappointed in my hope that workers' education might be discussed, for immediately following my talk three other people were on their feet all eager to tell of their work. For the next hour the discussion ranged rapidly from illegitimacy in India, to women's suffrage in Poland, and agricultural classes in Spain. The final touch of irrelevance was contributed by a rugged old labor leader, who spoke with feeling, and at length, on the general subject of the "bonny babies of Britain." I was amused to think that in this gathering I could ever have expected consecutive discussion of anything.

In the beautiful garden of Sydney Sussex the delegates were all invited to a garden party. Arriving rather late, the last one indeed, I found myself at the top of a flight of stairs into the garden. To my consternation I was announced in a hearty ringing voice by the butler. The guests below as one man craned their heads to see this personage whose arrival was heralded so conspicuously. As usual, I wished that I in my travel-worn clothes could have matched this elegant occasion. Recovering from this magnificent entry, I enjoyed the thin bread and butter and the little cakes in that garden of flowery borders, old yew trees and box hedges.
This party was a pleasant change from the meals we ate in the hall of Trinity College, where the typical British luncheon of cold meat, boiled potatoes, marrow and gooseberry tart with custard, was followed in the evening by the typical British dinner of hot meat, boiled potatoes, marrow and gooseberry tart. Sometimes it was apple or plum tart, but it was always boiled potatoes.

At the table I tried to understand the friendly remarks of my neighbors, in all varieties of broken English, as they undoubtedly struggled to understand me. To talk with these men and women gave me pleasure even when I did not entirely understand them. I felt that with the support of such an international group, anything might be possible, even a far-reaching plan for world peace.

I wished however that our group had included not only the leaders but at least a few of those adult students for whose sake this great conference had been planned. Why not bring a few students from the adult education movement into the conference and let them speak for themselves? Teachers and executives might well learn something of educational purposes and methods from the students for whom these thousands of schools and classes had been planned. But this startling idea I knew would not be popular and I did not venture to suggest it.

As the conference had voted to ask each nation or group of nations to elect five people to the reorganized council of the World Association, the seventy Americans present met at luncheon one day to elect their representatives. Newton Baker, former Secretary of War, presided.

This was an amusing meeting. The nominating committee presented a cut and dried list of five men for the Council. At once there was a murmur of dissent from many of the women. One of them arose, explained that she thought at least one place on the American delegation should be held by a woman, and nominated me. There was a painful pause, as it was obvious that if one woman were nominated, one man would have to withdraw. As it had been previously stated that these representatives must be free in the summer to attend European meetings, I arose and withdrew my name. When the matter of the meetings had been clarified, I was urged to let my name stand on the list, as it seemed probable that after the Summer School I would be able to attend late in the summer. The final vote was for Dorothy Fisher of the Parental Association, who was often in Europe, as our representative, with Linda Eastman of the Cleveland Library and myself as alternates. I observed the pensive air with which some of the men present listened to this discussion, similar to many I had heard in other organizations. In spite of the progress made by women in professional work, it was still necessary, it seemed, to remind a World Association of their existence.

After two weeks in Ireland with friends, lounging in green meadows beside the Blackwater river, and exploring lanes and crooked streets, I sailed with some of the other delegates for New York.
One day the steward came to shut our portholes as the ship ran into a storm.

"Joost in case of a BOOMP, you know," he explained.

I often recalled this alarming phrase in the next few years, when after a terrific bump, the workers' schools tried to keep themselves afloat, and on an even keel.
Even before the depression with its disastrous consequence for the Vineyard Shore School, I had been forced to spend a large part of my time in finance work. To raise money for educational organizations is always difficult, trying the courage and patience of those school or college executives responsible for this never ending task. To raise funds for workers' schools, which are challenged by the public as to their very right of existence, requires even a greater degree of those qualities, plus endless ingenuity. I never enjoyed an hour of my intensive finance work, but I never for much more than an hour could dismiss it entirely from my mind. Long before the depression, I was heartily tired of finance meetings, lists of contributors, calls to solicit funds, publicity leaflets, benefits, and finance teas.

"Why did I ever take on a job where I had to raise money?" I asked myself for the hundredth time, realizing in my desperation that this was the fate of the executive in every educational or social organization I knew. It was all very well, I thought, to talk glibly in board meetings of "finding a national finance chairman." So far it had proved impossible to discover this mythical creature.

Hating the whole dreary business of finance I hardened myself to refusals, learned to smile when a prospective donor graciously offered to give one-tenth of the contribution I had expected, and rang aristocratic doorbells without yielding to the temptation of walking rapidly away from my appointments. Again I thought of my firm announcements to the first summer school Board, that I would not be responsible for money raising, ironically followed by thirteen years of concentrated finance work.

In my efforts to gather necessary funds each year, I could have anticipated every argument presented against workers' education; answered every question in advance. I seldom heard a new criticism, but the old familiar ones were repeated till I was weary of them all.

"Doesn't it make the girls discontented to come to such a beautiful place and then go back to the factory?" was asked me in every city I visited, at every meeting.

"You see, they are discontented before they come to the school," I explained. "They are discontented with all the bad conditions in their industries. But they are proud of being producers, and industrial workers. The school seems to give them courage and new hope. It makes them think that some of these bad conditions can be changed; that they themselves can help to make industry better for other workers."
"Don't you find that it is difficult to deal with the radical element?" was a frequent timorous question.

"Yes, and with the conservative," I would think to myself, explaining aloud that we believed girls from the more radical groups were stimulating in the school, and like the other students, could learn much from the teaching.

"What do the girls do afterward? Do they advance themselves, get better jobs?" was usually the next inquiry.

"That is not the purpose of the school," I would explain, perhaps for the fourth time that day. "This is not a vocational course, and it does not lead to better jobs. There is no promotion in most industries. We try to give the students a wider understanding of industrial and social problems, and hope they will make some intelligent use of education in solving them."

Most of my prospective contributors were women, many of them with wide social interests, and a clear understanding of what it meant to be an industrial worker; others with only the vaguest knowledge of current affairs, or of any world outside their own round of social engagements. While I waited for these women, I had a chance to examine their beautiful drawing rooms and libraries, admire their matchless tapestries and Chinese rugs, and sniff the fragrance of great bunches of roses or snapdragons. I ventured to talk while I was waiting with some of the decorous butlers and prim parlor maids; attempts at friendly conversation which often seemed to alarm these well trained robots. In the luxurious rooms I thought of our girls at their machines in crowded factories, or in their equally crowded rooming houses of tenement homes. I knew that many of these wealthy women had at heart the same matters which concerned me; which were also of vital interest to these very workers - a more equitable distribution of wealth, a better life for all.

Often I took with me for these meetings or interviews one of our industrial workers, in order that she might tell her own story of the school, and of the workers' needs in education.

Accompanied one day by Olga, a beautiful Polish milliner, I went to a luncheon meeting in one of these uptown mansions. Olga had been in the Bryn Mawr School the summer before, and had impressed us all with her brilliance and charm. Before coming to America she had seen her mother killed in a pogrom, and had barely escaped herself. In this country, she had supported a family of little sisters and brothers on her meager, seasonal wages. She had an eager interest in all things of the mind.

As we sat down to luncheon with ten other women, Olga glanced at the paintings on the wall.

"They remind me of Winslow Homer," she remarked, going on to tell of some recent exhibitions she had seen.
The women at the table glanced at each other in surprise. A milliner, with an interest in art! Turning to Olga, they questioned her about her work, and her experience in industry. Some of the questions were quite personal. Knowing of the genuine interest of these women in the summer school, I attempted in a quiet moment after luncheon to explain to Olga the background of our hostess and her friends, assuring her they did not mean to pry into her affairs. Olga listened to my explanation.

"I understand," she said. "I've met people like these before, in books. I know they didn't mean to make me feel uncomfortable. But then, I never thought that women of wealth and education were necessarily vicious. To really understand wealthy people you'd have to know a lot about their lives, and I don't think I'd care to."

Olga, I knew, was unusually broad-minded in her attitude toward these women of wealth. Not all of our industrial workers would have shown the same understanding. How odd, I thought, to have Olga feel patiently tolerant of these women, while they regarded her as an alien in their midst, whom they were doing their best to understand. Was there no strong bridge of common interest and appreciation, to span this economic and social chasm? Could workers' education serve as such a bridge?

On another occasion I was accompanied by a clothing worker to a meeting of the Consumers' League. We sat listening to a speaker who told of the work of the League, its efforts toward legislation, its fight for industrial standards. Our student was to be the next speaker. Glancing at her, I saw to my surprise that tears were in her eyes and she was fighting for control. She faced the meeting, and struggled to speak.

"I'm crying, she said simply, "because I have just been listening to your report. I never knew there was such work going on. I didn't know that anybody cared what happened to us in the factories."

That industrial women were on the whole so ignorant of the efforts of other women to help them solve acute economic dilemmas was partly due to the fact that the two groups hardly ever met. In many cities I had tried to induce civic and social organizations to use volunteer service from our eager students, who were so ready to help. But everywhere the story was the same. These organizations held their meetings in the daytime, when our factory workers were at their machines; or else arranged luncheon or dinner meetings where the price of a meal was prohibitive for these girls. Rarely were committee women outside workers' groups willing to plan evening or weekend meetings when workers might have been free to come. Once, I remember, a women's organization had invited one of our students, a textile worker, to tell of conditions in her industry. In the midst of routine business, she had been forgotten and was never called on to speak. This girl who had worked for hours preparing her talk, lost a day's wages and paid her own carfare was overwhelmed with chagrin, believing that in some way she must have failed to please the committee, that she had been so ignored.
Scanning the whole range of community organizations, private and public, I seldom found a man or woman from the ranks of industry or the labor movement on any controlling boards of public schools, libraries, museums, or recreation commissions. These public agencies, whose facilities were so much needed by workers to enrich their own scanty leisure, never enlisted the help of these citizens who might have contributed rich practical experience, and an honest, socialized viewpoint. How could they ever become an active responsible group in any community, I wondered, thinking of our efforts to make them responsible in school affairs, if they were shut out from all experience of leadership in civic life?

These interviews left me exhausted. I often supplied myself with a bar of chocolate after they were over, hoping that courage would revive with a bite to eat. But often I felt completely disheartened, as I left these beautiful offices with their views over the harbor, their mahogany panels, and polished furniture. How grateful I felt if my prospective donor listened sympathetically to my story of the school, even though at the end he refused to contribute.

But not all of our finance work was carried on in the homes of wealthy people. Much was being done by industrial workers themselves. There was nothing our students did not consider, as a means of raising money. All over the country, groups of former students were meeting to consider ways and means. Movie benefits with tickets at a quarter, cake and candy sales which netted twenty-five or fifty dollars, dances where alas! the expenses, sometimes ate up all the profits were arranged by the students, with heated discussion of details, election of committees, and brisk sale of tickets among workers' groups.

A small volume, "The Workers Look at the Stars," composed of poems by the students of the Bryn Mawr School, had been published one year, and was being peddled by our faculty and students for the benefit of the Vineyard Shore School. This little book proved extremely popular all over the country, the sale netting over $400. I often read some of these poems at finance meetings, to school girls in their assembly periods, and to college undergraduates, never failing to impress my audience with these records of experience, written often with deep emotion, by industrial workers. The little volume was prefaced by four lines - her first poem - which a garment worker had brought me:

"I would like to write a poem,
But I have no words,
My grammar was ladies' waists,
And my schooling skirts."

This effort to sell the products of creative writing was followed by a more ambitious attempt, equally successful, to get orders for new volumes by Willa Cather and Thornton Wilder, who generously autographed many copies of first editions for the benefit of Vineyard Shore.
Before the depression finance work occasionally had had its exciting moments. In a taxicab speeding down Park Avenue to the office I was exhilarated one day with the thought of my last interview. I could hardly believe it. I had been promised a five thousand dollar subscription! What this would mean in terms of scholarships and necessary travel I could imagine. My charming hostess had been easily convinced that the Summer School merited her interest to the extent of this generous gift. I could hardly wait to get back to the office, where I knew a hardworking finance committee was gathering. I burst upon them breathless, trying to speak calmly as I told my news. They received it with gratifying amazement, accompanied by congratulations. It was indeed a glorious moment, even in that era of prosperity. Never again did we receive so much in a single contribution from an individual.

More often my finance committee instead of offering congratulations, would question the list of names I had laboriously collected, in the hope that at least a few of them would come to life as the magnificent donors we so seldom found. Painstakingly we examined the lists, adding new names to our well worn card catalogues, jotting down pertinent information as to how each person might best be approached.

One of our most experienced committee members tossed aside my new lists with a gesture of despair.

"I don't know where you found these names," she remarked, "but they are worth exactly nothing. This is the world's worst list of non-contributors. Everyone is notorious for withholding subscriptions."

After all my effort to be helpful to the committee I felt discouraged. But this was so often my state of mind at these meetings that one more drab episode seemed only normal.

It was 1930 and there were long breadlines in the Bowery. Seven million people in the United States were out of work. At the moving pictures, cartoons of "Mr. Fear and Mr. Courage" were displayed, to point the economic moral that it was everyone's duty to spend money freely. Where the money was to come from, the cartoon did not say.

One morning early, the whole Saul family, just that minute evicted, appeared at my door. The two girls had attended the summer schools. Their mother, a stout Russian Jewish woman, was in a panic of apprehension, and two younger children, I could see, had been crying. Our exhausted emergency fund was resuscitated by means of some hastily collected contributions, and Mrs. Saul departed to rescue her furniture from the sidewalk and to find a home for the night. Our two students were apologetic.

"The whole family was setting there on the sidewalk crying and we didn't have no place else to go."
Emergency aid, I realized, would not go far in the case of this family, or any other. Something more fundamental was needed than the few dollars we could give.

In a flourish of finance work for all the schools, our Board decided that we should adopt an ambitious plan of our Finance Committee to engage the Metropolitan Opera House in Easter week and give a benefit of Parsifal. Could we ever dream of selling out that vast place? I wondered, as I heard plans discussed. But due to the determined initiative of Mrs. Alfred Hess, our New York finance chairman, and our Business Manager, the tickets were sold, every one. On the night of the performance there were 800 who bought standing room, adding a substantial sum to our income from the opera. The story of the schools was told in a large folder distributed to all.

I looked around the great auditorium, to find our many friends. Most of them, I noticed, were in the highest galleries, while the boxes and orchestra were occupied by men and women in evening dress who had been willing to pay for the more expensive seats, in order to benefit the school. Madame Ohms was the prima donna. After the strain of preparations, with the anxiety of not knowing whether we would clear expenses, I could not sit through the performance. Retiring to the lobby, I met one of our students, a garment worker, who had made her way down from the top gallery, evidently with the same idea of relaxation. The first act was just over.

"How did you like it?" I asked.

"I couldn't stand grandpa and the boys in that first part," she confessed, referring to the long drawn out scene we had just witnessed. Then she inquired in honest amazement,

"Why do you suppose any of these people want to buy tickets for this show?"

This brilliant affair, to the gratification of all concerned, cleared about $13,000 for the workers' schools; a dazzling sum which glittered in our treasury and gave us much satisfaction.

This was not the only benefit of that period. In Philadelphia there was an ambitious affair, to which the lovely dancer Argentina attracted a large audience. For Vineyard Shore two musical comedies were taken, one featuring Will Rogers, the other Fred and Adele Astaire.

As before, my nervousness about these performances was extreme. Would the seats be sold? Had we prepared the most appealing article on the schools for the statement we were allowed to insert in the programs? Had the newspapers been given sufficient notice? Would the shows themselves shock any of our numerous critics?
I sat in one of the stage boxes, during Will Rogers' performance, trying to enjoy the show. The audience I could see was certainly enjoying it. Everyone was delighted when Will Rogers appeared before the curtain and in his slow drawl spoke of the workers' schools and what they had accomplished. At his insistence, I arose to reply to his good wishes. Once the strain of the occasion was over the aftermath was pleasant, as students, teachers and other friends of the schools surrounded us, expressing their pleasure, and inquiring anxiously about the gate receipts. These two benefits helped that year to save the situation for the Vineyard Shore School.

It was 1932 and the dark wave of the depression had engulfed the United States. If money had been hard to raise before, it was impossible then. Every subscription blank came in with a regretful note, sometimes with a check half as large as usual, usually with no check at all. Special committees of our Board studied winter and summer budgets, cutting them to a bare subsistence level, often, I thought, below it. A handful of friends came to our finance meetings, but their faithfulness could not fill empty treasuries. Several large gifts were contingent on our raising equal amounts, a task which seemed beyond the realm of possibility.

As I walked down Second Avenue to the offices every morning, the depressing aspects of that dirty street, darkened by the elevated and roaring with the noise of passing trains, reflected my own mental depression. I did not mind gambling on my own future, but I felt deep responsibility for the salaries of our staff. Each member I knew, had obligations for family support and was entirely dependent on what the school paid. I dreaded going to the office, to another day of anxious glances. Each week we conferred on necessary expenditures. Most industrial workers whom I knew were unemployed. To talk with them daily was to add to my burden of helplessness and futility.

Walking up and down Second Avenue that bleak winter of 1932 through the ice and dirty slush, passing shabby men and women and cold, crying children with pinched white faces my nerves seemed highly strained. To cheer myself I sang under my breath:

"Who's afraid of the big bad wolf?"

That ridiculous song, with its gay little tune and its reckless refrain seemed to steady my nerves, as I went to face another hopeless day. Was this perhaps the marching song of despairing thousands that year of the depression - thousands who with bravado sang of out-worn hope?

One day a committee member returned from a finance meeting in the suburbs, full of enthusiasm over the interest displayed by the women she had met. They had discussed the school for almost two hours, she said. The girls' talks had gone well and the club members were full of questions.
"And how much money did we get?" I inquired anxiously.

"Oh, we won't get any money now," she answered, with no decrease in her enthusiasm. "Perhaps, within the next five years, they may vote to contribute a scholarship. But they're all so interested."

I looked glumly at my desk with its piles of bills, its letters from subscribers regretting they could not give. "Perhaps next year." Would the schools be in existence five years hence, I wondered, or even next year?

How long could any organization survive under such conditions? I knew well how it was done because every organization in the city was in the same situation. Staff members were given leave of absence without pay, or went on a volunteer basis. Telephones were taken out, stenographers dismissed. Trips were cancelled. Orders to the printer were delayed indefinitely. All plans could be made only a few weeks ahead, and were liable to change without notice.

To live through blank periods when nothing happened - nothing encouraging - became a matter of course. Day after day the mail came in with no checks, or only minute subscriptions. The landlord, although paid to date, politely inquired about our rent for the months ahead. Our auditor visited us, and looked depressed, pointing out a fact which I realized only too well, that we could not go on without new funds.

And yet, as a matter of humble pride, we never had a deficit. If money did not come in, we cut down our expenditures.

Yet with all we could do, we could not keep the treasuries full when contributions were diminishing steadily. I spoke at numerous meetings, and wrote articles for newspapers and magazines, as did also many of our chairmen, faculty and students throughout the country, in the hope of striking some unexplored vein of interest.

Sometimes the juxtaposition of these meetings was amusing, as when I spoke in the ballroom of the Bellevue Stratford one afternoon in Philadelphia, to a gathering of well-dressed women, then, catching an express to New York, appeared in an ill-lighted downtown loft in the evening, to address a meeting of threadbare Anarchists, at the invitation of one of our students. To both groups I explained the purposes of workers' education, and appealed for funds. The response in both meetings was exactly the same, a complete absence of contributions.

In another meeting at Hartford the next week at the Kiwanis Club, after being ushered in with a brass band, I reconciled myself as I talked to seeing one member after another falling asleep. These fruitless meetings were typical of many others during this period of general consternation and anxiety.

In the office we struggled with various kinds of finance letters. One appeal, consisting of 1200 letters to a selected list, actually brought
in $2000 toward the amount required to match the Rosenwald fund, all
$5 to $25 gifts.

As the depression became more widespread the character of my finance
calls somewhat changed. I felt among the wealthier women on whom I
called an attitude of nervousness and uncertainty which I had not
noticed before. Some of them seemed to welcome my story with more
sympathetic interest; others regarded me with a new hostility.

"You can't have it both ways, you know," remarked an elderly woman,
one of the wealthiest in the city, who received me in a spacious draw-
ing room filled with museum treasures and adorned with hot-house flowers.

"You can't ask for subscriptions for all these philanthropies, and then
take our money away from us in taxes too. I never expect my children
to have what I have had," she went on thoughtfully. "Changes are com-
ing, I know, and I hope they will. I lie awake often at night wonder-
ing what my real duty is, with all this money. I went to Russia last
summer to see how they did it but I am not sure what I think. Only
I believe that changes should come soon."

In my role as interpreter between women of the upper East Side, and
women workers of the factory, I found myself feeling deep sympathy for
both groups. Whether living in a Park Avenue mansion with every luxury
or standing beside a machine for long hours each day, returning to a
tenement home at night, it was evident the two groups had much in
common. To both it was plain that something was wrong with our society,
and they wanted a change; one group accustomed to generous gestures,
sometimes accompanied by social vision; the others, those women of the
factory, conscious through anxious bitter days of hunger that a new
world was needed, and that they themselves must work to create it.

For months during this period I had recurrent dreams, all related
apparently to money raising. I was struggling to swim in swift rapids,
a loaf of bread floating before me, always just out of reach. I was
driving on the edge of a precipice, frantically twirling the wheel
as the car plunges over the edge. I was pushing my way with a load
on my shoulder through a great dim slave market, full of wretched men
and women, some in chains, to a point where a tall broken ladder reached
up through a hole in the roof. Step by step I tried to pull myself up
the ladder, the rungs of which cracked under my weight. I fell back-
wards into the miserable throngs below, and as I wakened, felt the
heavy chains snapped around my wrists.

Perhaps a psychoanalyst would have given some more personal interpreta-
tion to these repeated nightmares. To me, they seemed such a direct,
thought distorted reflection of all my harried waking hours and my strug-
gle for money that any other interpretation would have seemed far fetched.

To add to my mounting anxiety that winter, some of our Board of Directors
and others began to insist that we should close the schools, or else
perhaps concentrate on the one at Bryn Mawr, the oldest and best estab-
lished. To this proposal naturally the other schools could not agree, nor could I, except as a last desperate measure. Money saved by closing one school, I protested, would not necessarily be given by our subscribers to another. Vineyard Shore was the particular target of attack, when the cry was heard "Close the schools!" As the youngest in the group, this school was in the forlorn position of Cinderella, except that no fairy godmother appeared with a magic pumpkin coach to transport this ragged little sister to the ball. But in spite of the logic of our critics, I clung desperately to the idea of keeping the school open, knowing it was more urgently needed than ever for the unemployed women it might enroll.

Instead of closing schools, I thought, there was every reason, apart from finance, to think that the organization should have been expanding. At about this period, a growing interest in education might have been noted among the men who worked in industry. Except for the Wisconsin School, the schools belonging to the affiliated group had enrolled only women. Now we began to get requests from trade union men and others in New York City - mostly carpenters, printers, electrical workers and even from the needle trades - that we admit them to the Barnard School. Their sisters and friends were enrolled, and they saw no good reason why they should not enjoy this same opportunity.

"What about lettin' us go to school too, as well as the women?" they urged. "We're all out of work."

I met with a group of these men, to discover just what they wanted. They were interested, it seemed, in the same type of course offered to the women. It would be harder I knew for the men to go to school for seven weeks. To sacrifice wages for this time would be impossible for men who were the main support of their families. If unemployed, as most of these men were, full time courses at the school would leave them little chance to look for work. A part-time course might therefore be necessary. There would be the same need for scholarships and for a subsidy to cover incidental expenses as in the case of women students. In all this discussion it was evident that these unemployed men wanted to do all they could to pay their own way. They suggested the possibility of earning something toward school expenses by working as waiters at night, if jobs could be found, or peddling newspapers on the Columbia campus.

Encouraged by the sympathy we expressed with their proposal, the fifteen men who had met with us went off enthusiastically to find others who might be interested. In a week the chairman of the group was back to report joyfully that forty-five were ready to enroll in the school.

I canvassed the colleges and universities in the city, City College, Columbia, New York University, and Hunter as well as such institutions as the New School for Social Research, to discover even a modest sum for scholarships for these workers, but with no results. Presidents, Chancellors and Deans were sympathetic, but their own funds were short and nothing could be done.
It was a keen disappointment to these workers and to us to hear the final report on the whole situation; that because of dwindling funds, the Barnard School had to be reduced in numbers that year, instead of expanded, and that their applications would have to be refused.

But in order to encourage these men, I told them of the recent conferences held at Haverford College in Pennsylvania, at which a few of the Bryn Mawr Summer School faculty and I had proposed to the Dean a plan for a men's school on the college campus. These conferences led a little later to an institute on labor and international affairs, carried out as a cooperative venture between the Society of Friends, Haverford College and the trade unions of Philadelphia.

Following my conversations with the New York men in regard to the Barnard School, I tried to put some thought on the whole question of workers' education during a period of unemployment, and to gather opinions from others who were confronted with this same question. Those who discussed the question with me, including workers themselves, seemed to disagree. Some maintained that the unemployed worker, uncertain as to his next meal, could not settle down to a study program. Others thought that a long period of enforced idleness offered to workers an unexampled opportunity for study, and believed that classes could be made effective if adapted to certain conditions of unemployment. The term of classes would have to be short - a month or six weeks - terminating soon enough for the worker to take advantage of any favorable turn in his own trade. Classes each day would have to be so arranged that the worker could go out and look for a job. It might be possible, my consultants agreed, to plan an educational program for those men and women who knew that they would be unemployed for a certain definite period, providing that some assistance could be obtained in the way of scholarships or small subsidies. On the other hand, the worker who did not know from day to day whether or not he had a job would find it difficult, almost impossible, to concentrate on systematic study.

This whole question of classes for unemployed workers would, I thought, bear further study and experimentation, to prove the case one way or the other. Flexible classes arranged for short terms with no expense for destitute workers might prove practical. Later, experiments showed that they were, and that many unemployed workers welcomed such an opportunity.

"It's not just bread and butter you need, but food of another sort, food for your mind and spirit," remarked an unemployed dressmaker.

Each year over the weekend of Washington's Birthday, a conference on workers' education was held by the Teachers Union at the Brookwood School. These weekends were pleasant, although usually cold and snowy interludes, when teachers, students and executives from workers' schools and classes, with men and women from the labor movement, gathered in the big white
house on the hill at Katonah, New York. Each year some of our students from the Bryn Mawr and Barnard schools were admitted to Brookwood for the winter course, so that upon arrival I found a number of these girls ready to welcome me. There were always teachers also who had had experience both at Brookwood and in our summer schools.

During the two days of the conference, reports were given of the various schools and classes; policies and teaching methods were discussed. Usually the Brookwood students gave a labor play for the conference members on Saturday night, when the large room with its windows opening over the wooded valley was transformed into an informal theater. These plays, often written by the students themselves, gave vivid pictures of episodes in their own lives; scenes from strikes or union meetings, employment bureaus or arbitration hearings. Spontaneity was encouraged, and often when lines were forgotten, the improvised remarks of the actors set the audience rocking with mirth. Stirring labor songs, in which the conference joined, followed the play. Before bedtime, parties in the students' rooms, with tea, crackers and jam, brought out much discussion of workers' classes throughout the country, of political questions and matters of immediate concern in the labor movement. To be in this school with its hard working, alert students and faculty gave one a feeling of hope in the realization that these young men and women were training themselves for active work in the labor movement. Like students at Bryn Mawr and in other workers' schools, their spirit was one of determination and deep responsibility for future action.

The discussions at these meetings changed year by year with the trend of the times and with new labor and political alignments. At first I found that the Bryn Mawr School and the others modelled in general on this plan were looked upon with suspicion by many conference members, who considered them interlopers into the legitimate field of workers' education in its relation to the labor movement. Our schools, these delegates thought, associated as they were with colleges and partially controlled by them, could never be free from capitalistic propaganda. When in time the schools in the affiliated group and its central staff proved their understanding of fundamental policies in workers' education, and their genuine interest in labor, this attitude at the Brookwood conferences began to change. I no longer felt an outsider at these meetings, knowing that from our experience those who had been associated with the workers' summer schools had a definite contribution to make to the larger movement. In this movement, it was grudgingly admitted, there was a place for the independent school. Eduard Linde-
man in his brilliant analysis of trends in workers' education at one of these conferences, did much to establish for these summer schools the right to take part in workers' education as interpreted by labor.

Another conflict I discerned under the surface of these discussions was in regard to curriculum. Our experiments in the summer schools with science and art, and the Women's Trade Union League's venture with pottery classes were ridiculed by some of the delegates, as beyond the legitimate scope of workers' classes. Again the label "frills" was applied to this type of instruction.
The year when Louise Brown, our science teacher from Vineyard Shore was given a place on the program, to present the need of workers for instruction in science, marked for me a red letter day in the history of these stormy meetings. The recognition given by the conference to her clever and fundamental presentation of this topic was echoed in the pleasure of the women workers who had in her classes studied astronomy, physics and biology and who realized how these courses had illuminated industrial problems.

In a later conference the topic Labor Culture was boldly announced on the program, and a whole day of discussion given to the place of drama, art, music and creative writing in workers' schools and classes. Times had changed, I thought, rejoicing in the broad scope of education opening before us; knowing well that whatever they studied, these men and women from industry would emphasize only those facets of instruction with practical value in approaching their desired goals of social reconstruction.

Following the summer school term in 1931 I had been at Vineyard Shore for a month of so-called vacation. At that time we were still hoping to raise funds for the little school, so that repairs to buildings were in the process and plans for the winter discussed. My month at home was further complicated by the urgent needs of several students, who sojourned in our home following illness.

Esther, our Danish student, had shown puzzling symptoms during the summer, and before sailing for home was with us for special medical tests in the nearby city. Mollie, a southern textile worker, who had attended Vineyard Shore the previous year, had spent most of the winter in a New York hospital, with sleeping sickness. This serious disease had been checked, but we were still anxious to know if her recovery was permanent. Nora, a former student of the summer school, whom we had employed there as an assistant, had shown every evidence of melancholia in an acute form, and had worried me all summer. Special treatments with a psychiatrist had done little good. I had decided to bring her home, knowing well that to go back to her own family and to her work in the shoe factory would impede any progress she might be making. In the normal atmosphere of our home, with its opportunities for quiet, sunshine and sleep, Nora began to improve, and before long was again her happy, useful self.

My anxiety about these three students, all of them needing careful supervision, was tempered by my pleasure that another student, an electrical worker whose whole interest was in the out-of-doors, had been admitted at my request to a special school for horticulture, and given a scholarship. Her farm life at home had given her practical experience and her science courses had illuminated her keen desire to understand agricultural problems. Two years in this horticultural school showed a record of excellent work, and she graduated; returning to her farm to give it scientific treatment and make it support her family.
For several days, my three patients and I went into our fragrant vineyard to cut our ripe grapes. This interlude of each autumn I usually enjoyed. There among the green vines, ruffled with a September breeze, the heavy purple bunches were hidden. After they were cut, they were taken by our caretaker to the grape juice factory six miles away, from which a tidy sum was sent us in return. Over the windy tops of the vines, the river shone and danced in the clear light. I looked across the vineyard, to stretches of fields and woods beyond, wondering if ever I could see this lovely land without a feeling of deep anxiety. Could we ever save the school? As I thought of the winter ahead with little money in the treasury, and taxes, insurance and mortgage interest to be paid, as well as running expenses, my pleasure in cutting grapes turned into a melancholy feeling of hopelessness. Until financial questions were solved it was impossible really to enjoy anything.

As always, my aunt was the pivot on which the affairs of our complicated household revolved. No emergency could destroy her poise. With the students who were ill she ministered to physical and mental needs, making sure that there was nourishing food for depleted bodies, contributing bits of sound common sense for the comfort of distraught minds.

Making final arrangements for our three improved convalescents to return home, I started on a finance trip to the western coast. Our committees, working hard on scholarship funds in the face of advancing tides of depression, had all asked for help from our office. Before the end of the summer school, I had planned meetings, and finance conferences all along my route to the coast. This trip lasting two months gave me much to think about, filling in my gaps of ignorance as to the actual situation throughout the country, the progress of workers' education and the labor movement.

Going out through Indiana, St. Louis and Kansas City I heard my first stories of depression in the west. In St. Louis a courageous woman printer, who refused to accept the situation without action, had given up her home to be used for a shelter for unemployed girls, finding herself besieged with applications. A social worker in Kansas City told me of the rapid increase in prostitution among young girls, desperate in their efforts to find food for themselves and their families.

I arrived in Denver on a golden October morning, with the air like sparkling cool spring water. There for a week I attended meetings, spoke to women's clubs and to labor organizations, visited mines, factories and workers' homes. The incidents of this visit are still clear in my memory, as they seemed in their universal application to give significance to my whole trip.

In Denver as in other cities, I became aware immediately of the depressed financial situation. Our former students, most of them out of work, were giving time to the city for a survey of unemployment, a useful job with which they all were glad to help. They assured me proudly that in Denver the unemployed were not all sitting idly in the railroad stations, but were helping the city in this way to discover the extent of its problem. The relief orders for groceries, however, which these girls and their
families were receiving failed to meet their need for nourishment. Some babies in these households had been living almost entirely on beans.

With our hospitable chairwomyn, Mrs. Kassler, in whose home I stayed, I drove around the city for my appointments, and up into the surrounding mountains. Outside the city, with its parks and rows of trees, the plain was golden with aspens, fields of corn and ripe pumpkins. Snow peaks rose from wooded foothills, through which our road climbed. Returning from one of these beautiful drives, I attended a meeting of the Labor College, at the Community Church, where to my surprise my name was glittering outside in electric lights.

One evening our chairman took me to visit the famous Opportunity School, a pioneer in adult education. Its principal, Emily Griffiths, a former night school teacher, had conceived a new plan, and had been appointed by the city to carry it out. Here any person could find an opportunity to study almost any subject, at a time convenient for himself. In the day and night classes that year over 4000 adult students were enrolled. The curriculum included such a variety of classes as English, lip reading, citizenship, cake decorating, taking spots off clothes, and machine designing. Miss Griffith's desk, an old roll-top affair, was near the front door in the hall. Over it was the motto of the school, a hand-made sign in crooked letters, "You can do it." There was a fixed rule that if any student fell asleep in class, he or she was to be covered with a coat and allowed to slumber in peace.

Why could not our whole public school system, I wondered, adapt itself to public needs in education as the Opportunity School had done? In every city there was some call for a flexible plan of instruction, related to the actual needs of the adult population, with classes scheduled to fit the scanty leisure of wage earners. I was glad to know of the hundreds of visitors who came to the Denver school; hoping that through their interest this excellent plan would be extended.

Leaving Denver on the night train, I arrived in Portland on the morning of the second day, spending the quiet interval of travel in preparing finance letters to send back to the New York office. After hours of Idaho sagebrush, I was entranced to awaken on the second morning in a mountainous country of tall fir trees, broad rivers with lumber afloat, and snow capped peaks on the horizon.

In Seattle and Portland during that next week, I spent my time visiting former students of the summer school, seeing their factories, interviewing people for contributions to scholarship funds, speaking at women's clubs, colleges and trade union meetings. Here too I visited several progressive schools for children, and wished again that we could in workers' education adapt their plan of relating instruction to actual life, and their informal methods of teaching. Remembering my own school days, when I sat behind a desk for long hours and recited formal lessons, I envied these free and happy children, reading, painting, weaving, learning mathematics and languages all in the most delightful ways. I was especially charmed with a large wall map of the world; made by the
children. In the map of each country was set a small cardboard window, through which moving pictures were shown depicting the life of the people in each land. Children who had looked through these miniature windows of the world, I thought, could hardly be satisfied later with a cramped provincial view of international relations.

Seeing our former students in their factories and organizations, I was again convinced of the fundamental value of our schools in the lives of these industrial workers. New classes had been started, new responsibilities undertaken.

Ida, a laundry worker, told me of her efforts to induce her employer to introduce better sanitary and safety provisions in her steam laundry where 500 girls were employed. She had learned through hygiene classes at Bryn Mawr, she said, just what was necessary to maintain a standard of health in a factory. Failing to convince her employer, she reported the unsanitary conditions under which these workers suffered to the State Department of Health, asking for an inspection. After the inspector's visit, the employer was forced to establish rest rooms, provide fire exits, install more toilets, and renovate the dirty lunch room; the improved conditions rejoicing the workers employed.

Marie had organized a new industrial club. Katherine had planned and put into operation a cooperative association among the rabbit breeders.

In many of these far western meetings I was impressed with the growth of public interest in workers' education. Governors, officials of labor departments, college presidents, trade union leaders and school superintendents came to our meetings. Heads of civic organizations and of settlements expressed their belief that economic education was a necessity for all and offered their help. On the other hand, this general interest was shot through with the many conflicts I could discern beneath the surface. Feeling between capital and labor, between conservatives and radicals was evidently growing more tense every day. Everyone with whom I talked - waiters, taxi drivers, school teachers, committee members, industrial workers - immediately began to discuss economic and labor questions: wages, taxes, the unrest among the longshoremen on the coast, the depressed condition of the lumber industry.

Another day of snow-capped peaks, shining rivers and tall fir trees, as the train took its way through the mountain passes of Montana, brought me to St. Paul for two days and then to Chicago. There I found myself immersed in student meetings and intensive finance work with our committee. There too I met Thornton Wilder, the writer. He had just come from his office in the University where one of his graduate students, a young man, had fainted from lack of food.

This incident corresponded to what others told me of the depression in this city. Children fainted daily in the public schools. School teachers had been unpaid for six months. Five hundred people a day were besieging
one of the 24 relief stations. The milliners in our group of former students told me that their wages had been cut from 30 cents to 18 cents for each hat they made on piece work. Often they reported for work at 7:00 a.m., then sat idle all day, receiving a rush order perhaps at 5:00 p.m. which kept them busy all the evening. Seventy banks had failed. Over 6500 families were cared for by private relief agencies, each social worker being responsible for 164 families, instead of the 64 normally assigned.

I became more and more depressed with what I saw and heard.

One effect, however, of the growing depression among my own college friends I thought was hopeful. No longer were they indifferent or preoccupied when I told them of conditions I had seen among industrial workers. Many college women had been forced that year to take their children out of private schools, skimp on clothes and food, move into the factory sections of the city and postpone insurance and taxes. For the first time the industrial workers' struggle for security meant something to these more fortunate women. To hear that even in prosperous years, two million people in the United States had been unemployed at last had significance. Would their own distressing insecurity be the door to a wider understanding, leading to some effective social action by professional groups? In England, I knew, the interest of professional men and women had strengthened the labor movement, contributing to the progress of a labor party. Here in the United States, the aid of professional people like myself and my friends had often been regarded with suspicion by most labor leaders, who evidently had preferred to do without assistance from outside their own ranks. Had the time arrived when industrial workers and professional folk might work together in the common cause of social justice? The experiment at the summer school of a joint undertaking between these two groups in education encouraged me to think that in time this bond of understanding might be strengthened.

Back again in New York, I reported the impressions of my trip to our Board, then revived my finance work in the city.

Once more I tried to secure grants through the Foundations. Till that time the American Association of Adult Education had been generous in an annual grant to the schools. Now this Association, supported by funds from the Carnegie Foundation, was forced to reduce all grants, ours included. But for a few weeks at this period my hopes were high, as I labored over new plans, following the suggestions of various members of our Board and theirs. These statements appeared to my mind like a shifting kaleidoscope, as budgets were drawn up, then cut down; schools were included or taken out; an elaborate plan for expansion, suggested at first, was transformed into a modest appeal based on a minimum of active work. The final statements were sent in to the Foundation; they were, we heard, referred two months later to a subcommittee; reported back; considered again; rejected entirely. Funds, we were told, were almost depleted.
Gloomily I accepted this decision. I had expected little after all these months, yet was dismayed to know the worst. During these protracted periods of intensive effort the hardest thing, I thought, was to work on as though one had any faith in results; encouraging others to work, neglecting no detail, yet convinced of futility before one even started.

In all, sixteen foundations were approached that winter, their executives interviewed, detailed plans and budgets drawn up for consideration; changes made in order to adapt our proposals to fit the scope of their specific purposes. If we could not get a general grant, would any foundation consider special funds for medical work in the schools? For pamphlet materials? For Negro or foreign scholarships? For the study of psychological tests? For conferences of teachers? Studying several volumes of reports of these foundations, I tried to interpret every phase of our current program as within the scope of their avowed purposes. Yet with the utmost ingenuity, and dozens of appointments with smiling, non-committal executives, I still could secure no definite promises of immediate or future support. Every foundation reported depleted funds and increased appeals.

The variety of their reasons for not contributing to workers' education interested me. Some foundations apparently gave only to new and unique experiments, cutting off support abruptly if these experiments showed any signs of being so successful that new funds were needed for expansion. Other foundations seemed to contribute only to going concerns, excluding everything which had not proved its usefulness over a long term of years. One or two foundations seemed to veer rapidly from one of these policies to the other and back again. Unfortunately the workers' schools for which I was appealing seemed to fall somewhere between the exciting first stages of a unique experiment, and the assured but more prosaic status of an established undertaking. We could hardly be considered in either category.

It seemed there were other quirks to learn about these august bodies. Some boards of Trustees liked plans, budgets and reports to be succinct and concrete, wasting no time in reading; other Trustees preferred full details, with elaborate charts, financial reports and auditors' statements. By the time this mass of material had been prepared, discussed and presented, to sixteen foundations, our office staff and I had almost ceased to care what happened to it. Expecting little from these laborious efforts, I tried to be philosophical about the usual barren results. Sometimes when my hopes had been raised a trifle above the average level of despondency by a friendly talk with one of these foundation officials, I found it hard to be cheerful when the final decision was adverse.

Whatever else was afoot in our offices, general work in preparation for the summer schools went steadily on. Application blanks were sent out, prospective faculty interviewed, committees organized and reorganized, preparatory classes and work with former students pushed steadily on. In case by the time summer came, there should happen to be any money in the treasury, I did not wish to be found without a well organized school!
Students' application blanks coming in from every part of the country each spring helped to give me new courage in the long struggle for funds. Reading these blanks and the letters which accompanied them, I knew that whatever the effort to keep the schools open, it was well worth making, if through the schools these courageous workers might find new opportunity and hope.

I read again a few statements from these applications:

"I always thought there was no hope for a person who had not finished high school. At last someone has given the ones from grade school a chance."

"I wish to state the fact that I am a poor speller," wrote one girl—like all others making no attempt to put her best foot forward. "But I ask you to consider the fact that for eight years, since I was fifteen, I have been working in industry, with no chance to get an education."

"Please let me know how much this scholarship will cost for I want to pay what I can."

"Here is my application but as I have had one year at school already, I don't want you to take it if it means keeping out any first year student, who never had a chance to go."

"I am desirous of studying as much as possible of most any subject that comes up. I wish to attend all classes, respectfully yours."

Former students often wrote to make application for their younger sisters. In one family five sisters in succession had attended the summer schools, and later sent along a niece or two. Room was saved each year for a group of five foreign students from Europe. I always looked with special interest at these applications. Usually English girls, Danes and Swedes were accepted. Before the political changes in Germany, girls from that country had also been included. One year a Dutch girl had been found.

Through all these years of building up a new organization, watching parts of the structure fall to pieces, and trying to build it up again, my life outside the office was inextricably bound up with the workers' schools. Even when in 1931, I decided to escape crowded conditions in the red brick mansion, and find a home outside, my evenings and week-ends were rarely free from some urgent matter connected with school affairs.

On East 39th Street, off Third Avenue, in a house with a brown stone front, I found the third floor vacant. The tidy exterior with its window boxes of petunias attracted me, contrasting sharply with other ancient dwellings on this somewhat dilapidated street. Here my aunt and I established ourselves in two large rooms, and their adjoining alcoves. Our kitchen windows looked down on a narrow back yard, which, I found, my energetic landlady kept filled with flowering plants.
To move away from the building with our offices did not result in much more freedom or privacy. Students soon found their way to our apartment, with as urgent matters as before in their minds. But if I had had more time, or had lived in a more remote place, I felt sure that during this black period of anxiety I would have had little heart for diversion. As it was, I felt fortunate if for a brief hour or so each day I could stretch myself on a couch, for quiet reading - and only the most engrossing fiction could hold my attention. Beyond the pressing need I felt every day that the schools should survive, to be alone was my only desire. But quiet spots were hard to find. As a substitute, I tried to forget my work in an occasional evening at the theater, or in the weekly classes of the English Folk Dancing Society. Concerts, I found, only stimulated anxious thought. But the classes with their delightful evening parties, and annual festivals, where four hundred dancers for a whole afternoon swing through the gay or plaintive rhythms of old England, proved to be re-creation in its truest sense. By dint of regular attendance for several years I became fairly expert, although never reaching the degree of smooth proficiency of the most skillful dancers. While following the lively dance patterns of Newcastle, the Old Man of Ballingley, or Baste to the Wedding, my mind was swept clean of gray cobwebs of worry; the doors and windows of my spirit once more flung wide to the sun, wind and music.

At home our attempts at modest entertainments very often made me more conscious of the economic situation. My aunt and I frequently arranged tea or evening parties for our staff and its guests, with whatever students might be in the vicinity. Cookies and crackers vanished at an alarming rate as plates were passed among our hungry unemployed workers. One evening, I remember, our invited student guests, a group of laundry workers, failed to appear; word coming soon after that these girls had been arrested that afternoon for picketing and at the time of our party were all in jail.

At about this time in 1932 I received an unexpected invitation from the Commissioner of Education in New York State, to speak before the Convocation of the State Education Department. I prepared nervously for this meeting, my first audience of government officials. In Albany I looked around with interest at the large auditorium, regarding with special curiosity the row of dignified elderly Regents who sat on the platform.

Here in the flesh were the Regents! It was they, I remembered, who had set so many heartbreaking examinations for every high school child in the state. There on the platform was an educational standard personified. I gazed at this imposing row with respect and wondered what these men were really thinking about. Could I ever interest them in my story of the workers' schools and their need for support?

I was introduced by the Commissioner in what to me was a novel way as a "native of New York State, and a life-long resident." Never before, I realized with a start, had I put any emphasis on the fact that I had been born in New York and had lived there all my life. Now in this
gathering I realized it was an asset. I spoke as well as I could, trying to live up to what was evidently an honorable record of citizenship. Later as I came to know the psychology of public bodies and state officials in all their local pride, I was amused to think with what surprise I first discovered my civic identity.

My address was cordially received. During the convocation meetings I met many of the local superintendents of schools, and tried to answer their questions. Most of them, though polite, were suspicious of the type of education I had described. A few seemed sympathetic, and ready to help, if ever they had sufficient funds.

A little later, I had another and more informal meeting with the imposing Regents of New York State, this time when I appeared before them to request the incorporation of the Vineyard Shore School. Hearing soon after this meeting that a few of our former subscribers had moved to Washington, I determined to visit that city, in the hope of renewed contributions from these generous friends.

Rapidly exhausting these possibilities, with only small contributions as a result, I secured appointments with one or two persons to whom I had letters of introduction. I would at least begin the long process of learning how public funds were secured. I went first to present my notes to Senator Hull, later to become Secretary of State, and to Senator Wagner. My long walk through the Senate office building to find these two senators gave me my first sight of congressional offices.

In Senator Wagner's office I felt immediately at home. After securing the advice of this friend of labor on financial matters and his promise of several helpful introductions, I ventured to ask him about the progress of the unemployment legislation in which he was so deeply interested. I had followed in the papers the progress of his three bills; on the extent of unemployment; to establish a system of employment exchanges; and to provide insurance for the unemployed.

Senator Wagner gave me a detailed account of this legislation. He was evidently disheartened with the opposition he had encountered in Congress and felt that he had only a slim chance of success for these important social measures.

"I am maddened and discouraged by all the people who tell me I am exaggerating the situation," he said, in his vigorous direct way.

Recently he had returned from a trip to New York where in every crowded district he had seen the breadlines of hopeless impoverished men. But President Hoover did not believe the time was ripe for legislation. I felt a deep sympathy with Senator Wagner, as I heard this familiar phrase. He too was fighting as I had done against the sentiment of those people who reiterate that maddening slogan of futility, "time is not ripe."
I wished that in some way I were able to help him in his fight for these urgent remedial measures, and said so. He looked at me with a smile.

"Just keep on with workers' education," he said.

Following these calls in the Senate office building, I saw Alice Barrows, in what was then the United States Bureau of Education. From her long experience with the public schools, she advised me to approach certain liberal school superintendents, interest them in workers' education and ask them to apply for Federal funds to carry on local classes. She warned me that this process would be a long one, but that in the end it might prove useful. My interview with Dr. Cooper, the Commissioner of Education, was also illuminating. His interest was apparent, but to his mind the immediate problems of finance for the public schools must come before any new ventures.

Even though my interviews with these officials brought no immediate hope, I believed that in time the way might open again to gain public support for workers' education. I had heard rumors of state funds which might be appropriated for various types of adult education in Wyoming, Texas and New Jersey. In the last state the institute established by the Workers' Education Bureau at Rutgers had attracted interest both in the labor movement and among state officials. I determined to look into this whole matter further, whenever the immediate bread-and-butter questions of school budgets had been settled.

How soon Federal funds would be available for workers' education, I could not guess. If I had any idea of such a turn of events, I would have dismissed it as fantastic, given conditions as I knew them in the United States.
AN OFFICE IN WASHINGTON: FEDERAL FUNDING FOR WORKERS' EDUCATION

Early in August, the Summer School on the Bryn Mawr campus had come to an end, with a record of educational accomplishment, a satisfied group of students and faculty, and a completely empty treasury. Going over accounts in the office, after the school had departed, our business manager and I had come to the gloomy conclusion that few of the delayed subscriptions could be counted on, and that after we had paid outstanding bills, nothing would be left toward winter expenses.

Unless the school organization could be carried on, there would be no hope of a summer term the following year. The growing number of winter activities, travel, conferences and local classes under the direction of the Affiliated Schools would also have to be discontinued, unless a winter budget were in sight.

Faced with the figures, which bore out our worst forebodings, we decided that immediate expenses must be cut down. Until finance work could be started in the fall, our three executives agreed to give a period of volunteer service as the only alternative to stopping the work completely. We decided to take out our telephone switchboard and give up several rooms we had been using as offices, to save expense of light and heat. With reluctance, we also decided we should be forced to dismiss our three stenographers.

As a desperate gesture, which, I was sure would lead to nothing, we scraped the bottom or our treasury, to find carfare for a trip to Washington.

For six months we had been seeing newspaper reports of federal funds, allocated by the government to relieve unemployment. Several members of the summer school faculty, visiting Washington that summer to attend code hearings had come back with more or less definite information about this relief money, leading me to believe that through government sources there might be a bare possibility of securing help for our workers' schools. I felt ignorant of the exact situation in Washington at that time, and of the departments controlling this fabulous rumored wealth.

The trip to Washington cost at least $16 for carfare, we estimated, and another $15 for hotel bills and meals for two or three days. Were we justified in spending this amount from our slender balance on this trip - a gamble on fortune which would undoubtedly leave us just where we had been before - practically bankrupt?

We decided to arrange the trip to assure ourselves that every means of continuing the school had been exhausted, before we curtailed the organization.
I arrived in Washington on a very hot afternoon in the middle of August. Conscious of my slim fund for expenses, I set forth at once to arrange appointments with certain officials whose names I had heard mentioned in connection with the relief administration.

I think back on that series of interviews with deep appreciation to the men and women who received me so cordially and listened to my story, making many practical suggestions which later bore fruit in achievement.

From these talks I learned that while federal funds could not be used for the support of private schools, our workers' schools or any others, yet there was a strong possibility that in the new program of emergency education, using unemployed teachers, the experience of these schools might be of value, and our national organization be called upon to assist in the local development of new adult classes. During my two weeks stay in the city several department heads with whom I talked had also suggested that I myself might stay in Washington to help work out these new plans.

These interviews, lasting over a period of two weeks, culminated in a telegram I received after I had returned home.

"Please report for work on Monday."

The message came from the office of Harry Hopkins, recently appointed as head of the Federal Emergency Relief Administration. It amused me to think that while I had gone to Washington in the hope of getting help for the workers' schools, the only result so far was this invitation to give help in a new national program.

I was in Harrisburg on business for the Summer Schools when this message arrived. With my mind in a turmoil, I went out to walk by the river. I could not believe this was happening to me. There was no question in my mind but that I wished to accept this appointment. While it would not mean immediate help for our schools, I realized, it might mean the extension of the broader movement in workers' education. To have the Federal government even contemplate giving support to this pioneer movement seemed an amazing fact in itself. I wanted to have a part in these new and exciting developments.

The next day while still in Harrisburg I found myself plunged immediately into my new duties, although I had little idea of them. There was to be a conference of State School officials, with others, from the new Federal Relief Administration, to plan the Pennsylvania relief program. Our Summer School chairman, herself a member of this official conference, insisted that I should attend.

"You've been appointed in Washington," she insisted, "and Pennsylvania needs your help at once."

I joined the group, feeling embarrassed to do so. I felt as though my official position were still wrapped in cellophane and I did not dare
break the wrapping. I found that I could not possibly answer the ques-
tions asked me by these state officials, all related to various Washing-
ton policies. Finally I begged these men to let me listen to their
discussions, explaining that I was such a very new Federal representa-
tive that my advice could hardly be of value.

The meeting was of great interest to me, however, for the officials
were friendly, and their talk of unemployment in the state gave me my
first knowledge of the gigantic task ahead of the Federal Relief Admin-
istration.

Without any interval for packing, I went to Washington the next day.

I was assigned to work in the Emergency Education Division of the
Relief Administration on the staff of Dr. Louis Alderman, the Director.
During my two weeks stay in the city he and I had discussed at length
what might be done to open new opportunities in adult education, by
putting to work unemployed teachers, recent applicants for relief.
It was finally decided that this new division of ours was to admin-
ister relief funds for 40,000 of these teachers, securing the coopera-
tion of the public schools in organizing an extensive program of
adult education. I was appointed in charge of the Workers' Education
section. Provision was also made for classes in parental education,
illiteracy, general adult education, vocational training and children's
nursery schools. Before the end of the year over two million people
were enrolled in these emergency classes.

I resigned as Director of the Affiliated Schools for Workers, and pre-
pared to concentrate on my new responsibilities. In New York my former
staff carried on the work of these schools, and succeeded in raising
new budgets, with Eleanor Coit as Director of the general organization.

I was given a desk in one of the dozens of rooms in a long corridor of
the Interior Building where Dr. Alderman had his office.

Soon we moved across the street to the Walker Johnson building, the
headquarters of the Relief Administration. At that time there were
about fifty people employed on the Washington staff.

A large room on the seventh floor designated the "field room" was
headquarters for the field representatives when they were in the city
and for committees, stenographers, and messengers. Here I found a
desk top not quite covered with papers and was given a corner of it
for myself. Dr. Alderman also found a little space in the general
confusion. Our secretary, engaged only the day before, set up her
typewriter on a chair between us.

The room was always in a hubbub, with people coming and going, the one
telephone ringing almost continuously, committees arriving to find seats
on unopened packing boxes which clustered in every corner. Then, as
later, there were never enough chairs. If I left mine for a moment,
it was appropriated, and I found another as best I could. Into this whirlpool of activity flowed a stream of callers. Usually I offered each one in succession my only chair, perching on a corner of the desk while I talked.

But once again, a swift overnight move, with its attendant confusion, extricated us from the hurly burly of the field room, depositing us in the comparatively quiet backwaters of the fourth floor. Here to my great pleasure I found I had not only a desk to myself, with a telephone on it, but also a whole room. Our little staff of three rejoiced and once more unpacked and settled down to work.

By this time I was more and more puzzled to know what I was supposed to do. I had not yet received directions as to my exact responsibilities. No one knew, I could well imagine, how this vast complicated relief business was to be operated.

There were 12 million or more unemployed people in the United States. Given this huge problem, it was no wonder that at first the wheels of administration had to turn slowly, in order that those executives responsible for progress might be sure of the direction in which we were to move.

Before long a conference with the staff of the Administration gave me the assurance that within the general scope of relief policies I was free to make my own plans and carry them out. But I was entirely in the dark as to how to do this.

Hardly a school superintendent in all the country had heard of workers' education. I was sure that any officials who had heard of it disapproved. There was no machinery in the school system for initiating and carrying out new educational plans involving the discussion of controversial economic topics by workers, and the control of these classes in cooperation with labor. Lacking local machinery, I feared that initiative on my part would be only a futile gesture.

Just where was I to begin?

If this were to be a genuine workers' education, as understood by the labor movement and by our own summer school groups, could it survive under government auspices?

Many of my own friends were sure that it could not, and were frankly disapproving when they heard I had accepted a Washington appointment.

"Sold out to the government!" was the muttered comment I heard in several conferences where labor leaders and teachers of workers' classes had gathered.

And one labor organizer who had long been friendly to our workers' schools remarked seriously:
"One of two things will happen. If you work with the government, you'll have to promote only an attenuated superficial program which won't be a workers' education at all. If you start the real thing, your appointment won't last long."

These comments made me feel that in spite of the friendly reception I had received in Washington, I must move carefully to make sure that I was not compromising on the fundamental policies considered essential in workers' education. Some clear statement of these essentials seemed immediately necessary.

By dint of earnest inquiry among my colleagues in the F.E.R.A., undoubtedly all equally bewildered, I discovered that several departments were issuing bulletins to State officials, outlining important policies in the proposed emergency education program. Why not draw up a similar bulletin on workers' education and distribute it to the States?

I drew up such a bulletin, including in it specific statements of essentials - freedom of teaching and discussion; the close relation of workers' education to the labor movement; the necessity for workers to have a major share in the control of their own classes; the right to collective bargaining.

When I presented this bulletin for approval, I was encouraged to find that these statements coincided with the purposes of the men responsible for the relief program.

"That is exactly the sort of thing we brought you to Washington to do," said one of these executives heartily.

Once my bulletin had been approved for mimeographing I knew that further action would be needed if it were to be put into operation. Without a good deal of local interest, I felt sure this statement of policies would be lost among all the mimeographed bulletins received in every state and local office. But without anyone interpreting workers' education in the states, how could school superintendents understand the purposes and methods of these classes?

In this connection I thought at once of the nationwide organization of the summer schools, their 2000 former students, their faculty and district committees. I sent a circular letter to students and faculty, telling them that government funds could be secured for unemployed teachers if workers wanted to apply for them. To the Affiliated Schools chairmen I wrote more specifically urging them to call on certain officials in each state, and to ask their cooperation.

These letters were soon followed by others, to trade unions, the Y.W.C.A., Industrial and Business Girls' Departments, to their Negro branches, and international institutes, to settlements and community houses. These letters all said the same thing in different words:
"Here is your chance to get teachers paid from government funds for workers' classes. Send your request to the state officials."

No sooner had the bulletin and our circular letters reached the States than events in the Washington office began to move rapidly. No longer did I sit at a neat, empty desk, and wonder what to do. Mail began to pour in. A few School superintendents wrote to express interest in the bulletin and to say they hoped to start workers' classes. Trade unions and community organizations responded with immediate requests for help. Unemployed teachers by the hundreds wrote to ask for jobs, either in the state programs or in the Washington office. Our stenographic force was doubled - from one person to two - to deal with our increased correspondence. Everything seemed to be needed at once; training for teachers, material for study supervision for the classes.

Immediately, in this mass of correspondence several major dilemmas stood out in bold relief. In spite of their requests for teachers, trade union members were obviously suspicious of all attempts by the public schools to start workers' classes. They were afraid of the type of control which some school boards have exercised over free discussion of economic questions. Moreover, they did not believe that relief teachers from colleges or public schools would be able to hold the interest of trade unionists, who wanted a frank analysis of labor problems based on a wide knowledge of all the facts.

On the other hand, most school superintendents were not sure they wished to open their buildings for workers' education. If industrial workers were interested they should be told to come to the regular night school classes, or enroll for vocational training.

"Why special classes for workers?" was the question repeated in one form or another in many letters from school officials. The answer could be found, I knew, only if these officials were willing to sit down with workers themselves, and hear their plea for classes they could understand, related to those urgent economic questions they wished to discuss. The superintendents' letters implied that our office was promoting a dangerous form of class consciousness, when we urged separate instruction for workers.

Other questions arose from the very nature of the relief program. With all its uncertainties, how could we be assured that the teachers we might train would be continued for these classes? Their assignment depended primarily on their need for relief. Teachers who were practically destitute would find it hard to concentrate on teaching. Would they be so worried that no good work could be done? Could teachers whose only experience had been in the formal system of the public schools adapt their methods to the flexible informal plan of workers' education? Would even the best qualified be familiar enough with the experience of industrial workers to discuss with them what they wanted to know about industry and the labor movement?
In every aspect, the plan which we were proposing seemed doomed to failure. To offer government cooperation to trade unions and other workers' groups, given the conditions of a relief program, seemed at this period a fantastic proposal. When one added all the uncertainties of carrying out plans with public school officials who did not know even the meaning of the term "workers' education," the difficulties ahead seemed too numerous for success.

In spite of my anxious speculations, however, there was no doubt that something was happening. The mounting correspondence in our office showed that our bulletins and letters had at least made people ask questions. In addition to the mass of general correspondence, much of it irrelevant to our purposes, we began to have specific requests.

One morning two electrical workers from Pittsburgh came into the office.

"We represent 60,000 electrical workers," said one of these delegates earnestly, "and we want teachers right away!"

On another day a young Hungarian woman appeared, with a similar urgent message from 20,000 organized garment workers in upper New York State. To her as well as to the electrical workers I explained our relations to the state officials in assigning teachers, and promised to take up their requests immediately with state superintendents of schools. I warned them, as I did every workers' group during this period, that they themselves would have to take an active part in the selection of teachers, or else they could not hope to find anyone qualified to help them. It was a satisfaction later to learn that both these unions had been able to find the teachers they wanted.

To think of the wide opportunity open to us, as represented by the figures quoted by these visitors, made me more eager than ever to get our program under way; more aware of the obstacles.

I often heard my friends discussing the advantages and disadvantages of government service. Some of them employed in emergency administration were looking forward to the time when they would return to private employment. Others had become deeply interested in the possibilities for public service. I agreed with this latter group in their desire to know more about government from the viewpoint of practical administration. To the people who argued that government departments by their very nature could not be efficient, I wanted to reply, "Why not?" The government departments with which I was acquainted seemed no more inefficient than many private agencies I had known. Their degree of efficiency, I knew, depended largely on the people in charge of them. Many of the men and women I had met in Washington offices seemed to me expert in their detailed knowledge of their own specialized fields, and far sighted in their vision of what government, well administered, could do to strengthen the economic and social foundations of national life. To work in a government department, no matter what technical restrictions seemed to impede one's progress, gave me a feeling of spaciousness and mental freedom.
I spent three weeks in Philadelphia, soon after my appointment, in order to study one local situation in detail. To understand the effect of Federal policies, one had only to stay for a while in some city or town, to see what actually happened when regulations were put into operation.

The unemployed teachers in Philadelphia, were already applying to teach in these emergency classes. I found the Director of Extension busy interviewing a number of these candidates. He asked me to help.

After some hours of interviews I was able to select ten teachers who seemed to have qualifications for usefulness in adult classes. Only two of these, I thought, would be able to do effective teaching in worker groups. For the most part these teachers were obviously disheartened, exhausted physically, and worn with anxiety. Yet, their faces brightened as they discussed the new classes, and the informal methods of teaching they involved.

One evening, a group of representatives met with the school officials, to discuss opening worker's classes. By the end of the evening, there seemed to be a common understanding of purposes among the various groups involved. I tried to describe all the difficulties of the program. I warned the school officials that undoubtedly there would be criticism. Yet, in spite of all the difficulties, by spring twenty-two classes had been opened in the public schools of this city.

One of these school officials, to whom I had described all the complications of these classes looked at me seriously.

"Well, I guess I am not afraid of a little social dynamite," he remarked.

In a northern state, my talk with the state school superintendent gave me news of unexpected by-products in workers' education.

"I have not been able to start workers' classes," he said, "but I have taken all your material on workers' education and am using it in my conferences with high school superintendents. So in our state, methods of high school teaching are beginning to change."

If workers' education methods could be useful in high schools or any other branch of public education, I thought, so much the better!

Whenever I returned from a trip I found accumulated mail in my office. There were also usually new bulletins of relief procedures, some of them bewildering. I was still very ignorant as to the ramifications of the relief program.

Outside the office I began to get acquainted with the city. To live in Washington I found was pleasant. I was glad to be in such a green and tree-planted place, after the leafless vistas of Manhattan. I enjoyed too the fact that street cars were seldom necessary and roaring crowded subways unknown. The people I met seemed friendly, ready to welcome strangers.
After a few months at the Allies Inn, I found rooms in an old red brick house in the center of the city. I sent for my furniture, and soon felt at home in this pleasant old mansion. My aunt was with me each winter.

It was a stirring period in which to live in Washington. I read two, sometimes three papers a day to make sure that I was keeping up with events. The development of the N.R.A. codes, in which many of my labor friends had a personal stake; the codes discarded, following the long awaited decision of the Supreme Court; the new developments in the Tennessee Valley; public works, housing, rural electrification, the resettlement administration, cooperatives and subsistence homes; the settlement of strikes by the labor department; tangled international affairs - in all these headlines, articles and editorials I absorbed the gist of the day's news, each day reading some item of special interest in connection with our workers' education program.

At the office our little staff was expanding. I was authorized to appoint an assistant, to take charge of materials for classes, records and to help in general administrative work. Secretarial assistance was added, and we were given an additional room.

At about this time I decided to propose to my superiors a plan for a conference on workers' education. I knew enough then of the difficulties in this Federal program to be able to state them to others. New opportunities I felt sure were ahead. I felt in need of concrete advice as to the direction in which the work should be developed.

I was happy when the proposed conference was approved. This to me was an exciting event - the first conference on workers' education ever to be called by the Federal Government.

Our conference was held in February 1934, with Dr. George Zook, then Commissioner of Education, in the chair. He and Miss Frances Perkins, Secretary of Labor, both addressed the meeting and took part in the discussion. About 75 people attended, representing the organized labor movement, teachers and students of workers' classes; colleges, and universities; government departments. After luncheon, small groups discussed in detail questions of training teachers, relations with labor and with the public schools, the need for supervision and for suitable classroom materials. Many differences of opinion were brought into the open, differences which to my mind indicated the vitality of this movement. But whatever the opinions of various factions, all agreed that workers' education must go forward, and that in offering cooperation to labor in this field, the Federal Government had made an encouraging start.

Before long, one State after another had appointed supervisors in workers' education. With the organized workers in each State, we tried to secure men and women for these positions who would understand the purposes of the labor movement, and give union groups the educational help they needed. On the whole, these state supervisors proved them-
selves able administrators, interpreting workers' education to state and local officials; selecting and training teachers, speaking before union meetings; supervising classes and distributing materials for teaching. Pennsylvania was the first to appoint such a state official; California a close second. By the summer of 1936 twenty-eight states had appointed supervisors in workers' education and others were contemplating such appointments. In addition to these state appointments, a large number of teachers, many of them trained in our centers, were given responsibility for local supervision in cities or rural districts.

Each year, a conference of our state supervisors was called, the first in the winter of 1934, in Chicago, the next year Washington. To hear reports of new classes, new interest among organized workers and local officials, gave one a sense of a living, growing enterprise, enlisting the active help of many people.

Many local reports were of great interest to us all.

In New Orleans the yellow taxicab drivers were attending classes, meeting late at night after the drivers had stopped work. Textile workers in North Carolina had also scheduled their classes to fit in with the night shift in the mill towns; meeting at five o'clock in the morning, before the workers went home to breakfast. In Kansas, a small rural town closed all its stores on Friday afternoon in order that clerks and owners together might attend an economic forum. In another town, this time in Texas, the mayor, and three township officials, formerly members of the boiler makers' union, had formed a class and had drawn in their fellow officials. A class in New Mexico was conducted in Spanish. Housewives in every state were studying cost of living trends and discussing their common problems as consumers.

From reports of the state supervisors, it was clear that our teachers were showing good courage under constant attack. In some places, no sooner had a class started in a public school building than complaints were made by some local organization or by the school board.

"No controversial discussions in public schools!" was the cry of these civic bodies.

With little warning, the class would be discontinued and the teacher dismissed, in spite of the protests of the workers attending.

One young teacher, in desperation, found an old car, strapped a blackboard on the back, and set up his class in a nearby stretch of woods, whether his students followed him for their regular classes in economics and labor problems.

A teacher in Arkansas had reported a rural class:
"I met my first class last evening. I drove ten miles over a rough country road, through a dreary rain to a poor three room farm house. There in the kitchen I found a double half circle of chairs placed around a crackling wood fire. A kerosene lamp on the mantel lighted the bare walls. By 7 o'clock the chairs were filled with work hardened men, their faces brown and worn from sun and dust, their eyes anxiously searching mine for some explanation or sign of hope. At first somewhat suspicious of 'schoolin,' fearful of showing their ignorance, and self conscious in expressing their ideas, they soon thawed and were deep in a discussion of the Bankhead Act."

It was encouraging to learn of the changing attitude of school officials toward this type of instruction. Resolutions brought in at the meetings in 1935 of the Department of Superintendents of the N.E.A. showed the trend of opinion in this group. They emphasized the need for economic education in the public schools and came out strongly in favor of free discussion of public affairs. Adult Education conferences showed the same significant change in public opinion, as economic education came to have an important part in all the discussions.

In every supervisors conference, these significant reports preceded the discussion on urgent problems, varying from year to year, but usually bringing out the same pressing needs: more qualified teachers; extension of teachers' training; provision for more adequate supervision; more material for classes; more help from the Washington office in the form of bulletins; definitions of procedures, visits from the Federal staff.

It was promising to note at these conferences from year to year the clearer understanding of purposes and methods; the determination of these supervisors to give their teachers the help they needed; and their evident desire to lay a foundation for a more permanent program of workers' education with state and federal support.

As I had always thought of workers' education as adapted to the needs of factory workers in industrial centers, I noted with interest the growth of this movement in rural districts. Farmers and their wives apparently wanted the same opportunity to discuss economic questions in simple terms related to their own lives. Rural school houses and farm homes were turned into adult classrooms for these new groups. In Kansas, Wisconsin, Minnesota and in several other states, special training centers were organized to help teachers understand rural problems, preparatory to assignment to these classes.

One day a delegation of five leading members of the Farmers Union from four western states appeared in my office, to discuss the whole matter of finding teachers for the local groups of this organization. The leader of the delegation was a rugged elderly farmer who looked as though he had been carved out of his native granite.
With the promise of full cooperation through our workers' education program, this interesting delegation departed. The classes organized that year seemed satisfactory to all concerned and were extended rapidly throughout agricultural states.

When I first went to Washington I had been asked to draw up some plan for the relief of unemployed women. The proposal I outlined suggested a plan for resident schools and camps for this group.

In April 1934, a conference was called at the White House, at Mrs. Roosevelt's suggestion, to discuss these proposed plans. There were about a hundred women present; representatives of government departments, of women's organizations, trade unions and industrial clubs.

Every aspect of the new plan was discussed; the need for relief of unemployed women in every part of the country; the proposed plan of selection of candidates and of teachers; the curriculum, including instruction in home economics, health and hygiene, current economic problems of interest to unemployed women, vocational counselling and recreation.

Outlining these general policies, I tried to point out that in each school, unemployed women might learn to govern themselves on a democratic basis, and to study their own problems, in the hope that later on returning home they might contribute leadership among other women in their own communities. Each school, I thought, should become a social and educational laboratory for experimental work in each phase of this rounded program.

Before the meeting adjourned a resolution was passed, favoring the organization of resident schools and educational camps for unemployed women.

Then events began to move rapidly.

A letter describing the new plan was sent to every state relief administrator. Within a fortnight at least half of these officials had expressed their interest in the plan and had asked for federal funds. Empty college or school buildings were borrowed, as well as camp sites, and unoccupied summer hotels. From Maine to Florida, from New Jersey to Oregon, unemployed women were selected from relief families; directors were chosen; teachers appointed; plans for business administration determined. During the summer and fall of 1934 twenty-five schools and camps were in operation, providing an opportunity for normal living and education during a two months term for 2000 women. The following summer, in 1935, forty-five more schools were organized bringing together 3000 more girls. More than 700 unemployed teachers were given work.

During those two years I was able to visit a number of these schools and camps. In every place one was immediately struck with the overwhelming need of constructive assistance for unemployed women. To see
a group of girls assemble on the first night of any school, was to receive an immediate and tragic impression of the results of unemployment. Thin, emaciated girls (most of them under twenty-one years of age), they were overwhelmed at the sight of a simple supper on that first night.

Many girls showed symptoms of long fatigue, exhausted nerves, and mental strain; many expressed tense anxiety in leaving husbands, fathers, or brothers unemployed; thankful, however, to relieve them of the burden of another person to feed for the summer. All were bewildered in trying to understand what was happening in their own lives; why they were out of work, what the government could do to help them, but above all, what they could do to help themselves. All expressed a strong desire for reliable advice on occupations for which they might qualify, vocational training, and the first steps in trying to secure jobs. Above all one was impressed with their courage, almost the courage of desperation, in facing an uncertain future for themselves and their dependents.

They came from all parts of the country, these helpless victims of poverty and depression; from many different backgrounds and experiences, from city slums, run-down farming communities, dreary textile towns and lonely mountain shacks. In one western camp, where many of the students were part Mexican or Spanish, very few of the girls had ever slept on a bed or in sheets.

With this background of physical depletion, mental anxiety, and confusion of mind, it seemed at first almost an impossible task to adjust these women to a program of community living and systematic study. Yet this task was accomplished again and again, by the determination, faith and wisdom of the directors and teachers concerned, and by the spirit of the women themselves.

To visit a camp even two weeks after its opening was a revelation of new possibilities and new hope. Expressions had changed. Students had begun to show the effects of good food and sleep. The atmosphere was electric with interest. Above all, many discouraged women, sure that nothing could ever happen to lift them from despair, began to gain confidence in their own abilities, and in what they could accomplish for themselves and others.

"I can't be thankful enough that I could get to go to this school," said one southern mill worker. "It's not only that I'm getting enough to eat for the first time in three years, but I begin to think of myself as a real person again."

I remember with special interest a visit to a camp near Butte, Montana, where girls from the mining towns had been enrolled. Leaving the city at sunset, I saw a striking picture; the mine shafts black against the copper sunset, the crimson peaks of the high mountains around. The whole scene reminded me of a fiery copper cauldron.
I found the camp some miles from the city, in a grove of tall spruce trees. The Director had done well in giving these girls systematic training in health and home making, helping them understand their own problems in a mining community, supplying personal advice and vocational information. The girls, at first suspicious of all attempts to win their confidence, had finally responded to the trust imposed in them, regulating their community living in a mature and sensible way.

These schools and camps showed a fascinating variety. In North Dakota an old Indian school was used and the girls were all from Indian families. Their magazine sent to our office contained articles signed with Indian names, "Red Bird," "Little Cloud," "Wind of Dawn" and others. In New Mexico, pictures of the camp showed dark Spanish girls engaged in cooking and sewing, or in their recreation period giving an evening of Mexican dances in costume. In Florida the camp was on the sea shore; in Utah in a remote mountain canyon. Through the southern states special schools were opened for Negro women, who were also scattered through all the northern schools.

Coming back from a trip to visit these schools I read with interest the reports of Directors from every part of the country, letters from unemployed women asking for a chance to attend, newspaper articles commenting on this experiment. On the whole, these articles and letters showed that in many places the results were undoubtedly good. The girls who had attended, and were back at home seemed to have a new outlook, a greater sense of community responsibility, better understanding of what they could do in finding work or local opportunities for education. To help them use the new knowledge and skills they had gained was still the task of the state relief administrations. In every mail the letters repeated:

"Give us more schools for unemployed women."

At the time that the first group of these schools were started, an equally urgent problem was always before us, the need for trained teachers. Every report from the states, every visit made to local classes showed this to be an immediate necessity, if the classes were to survive an experimental period. With the best of good will, teachers who had had only academic experience, or had dealt only with children, were entirely unprepared for the vigorous discussions of current economic problems in workers' classes. Many classes started, only to disintegrate because the teachers were not qualified to deal with these questions. The workers enrolled lost interest and soon drifted away. Such disastrous experiences served only to strengthen their inherent conviction that the Federal program had nothing of value for them. On the other hand, some of our teachers, with a background of reading in labor problems and a natural interest in them, proved themselves unexpectedly successful when plunged into classroom discussion, extending their own knowledge every day by coming to know their worker students.

In the summer of 1934, by a special authorization for the use of funds, 500 teachers were brought into interstate training centers for six weeks
courses in workers' education, followed the next year by 1200 more.

To organize any undertaking which disregarded state lines was only asking for trouble, I soon discovered. If it had been difficult to unravel red tape for the administration of funds in any given state, it became ten times as difficult when a group of states was involved. Harried by the need for quick action, if we were not to lose the empty buildings available in colleges and universities, we could only proceed slowly in dealing with all the technicalities involved. The ideal situation for a training center, I decided, was exactly on the line between two states, with a door opening on each.

The decision on location of the centers was made first on the basis of the need for teachers. Although hundreds of letters requesting teachers had been received from industrial centers, there were many others just as urgent from agricultural districts.

There were many difficulties in organizing these training centers. The selection of teachers to attend was supposed to be undertaken by the school officials, although final approval rested in every case with the Director of the center, a person chosen from our Washington office. This plan which looked well on paper, did not always work out successfully in practice.

In spite of careful instruction as to the kind of people we wanted, teachers were selected often on the basis of need, with no regard to their qualifications for teaching workers' classes. Many applied, I am sure, for the sake of three meals a day during those six weeks. Others hoped that this training would give them advantage in finding a better paid job afterward. In a number of cases a local school superintendent would yield to the insistence of some local politician, and recommend for training someone who had been useful to him in a local election.

It would have been difficult, whatever the plan of selection, to find applicants from among the unemployed, certified by case workers as eligible for relief, who were also interested in workers' education and familiar with this type of teaching. Some centers had more than 400 applicants; others barely enough to complete their quota of thirty-five or fifty students.

As I visited many of the forty-five training centers during those two summers, I was often amazed at the good results of this unsatisfactory method of selection. To watch the change in the teachers during the six weeks course was to witness a release of personality, a quickening of interest, and a change of mental attitude in many of these men and women.

"This is just what I've been waiting for all my life," said one woman, who had for years been teaching arithmetic in a public school. "I always knew I had a lot to learn about teaching, but I never expected to have such a good chance to learn what was happening in the world."
The background of these teachers was diversified. Some had had years of experience in public schools or universities; others, just out of college, had never taught at all. In every group was a sprinkling of industrial workers, who had had practical experience with labor organization, but little knowledge of economic theory or of teaching methods. A few of these were workers who had attended one of the resident summer schools, Bryn Mawr or another. Four of these schools accepted small groups of unemployed teachers, for a special training course during the school term.

The general plan of the training centers included regular courses in American economic problems and the history of the labor movement; government in relation to the workers; current events; and a special course in methods of teaching in workers' education. Besides the director, who usually taught the course in methods, two instructors were appointed in each center, an economist and one other to cover certain phases of instruction. The teachers in training usually occupied pleasant dormitory buildings on a college campus, borrowing also from the institution classrooms; a room for a library, and a social science workshop; the latter used also for research and for the preparation of visual material for classes.

In every center, each hour of instruction or conference was turned into a practical demonstration of methods used in workers' classes. There was little use in urging the teachers to conduct informal discussions in their classes if all their own experience had been with a lecture method. There was little formal lecturing; much informal discussion, experiments in labor drama, visits to trade union meetings, arbitration hearings, and government departments. In the course of the summer the teachers prepared outlines of courses and publicity material suitable for the workers' groups to which later they would be assigned; for the miners of southern Illinois, the oil workers of Texas, the textile workers of southern communities, or the automobile workers of Detroit.

It was illuminating to observe how each group of teachers reflected typical attitudes of the public in different parts of the country. Many teachers at first were suspicious of the freedom characterizing all the classroom discussions. Accustomed to repression of opinion in many public schools, they could not understand at first that a frank statement of what one thought would be encouraged. Some considered it rude, apparently, to disagree with an instructor or with each other. Others when asked for their own opinions, found they had none to give. With the exception of a small group who had had practical experience with industrial workers, the majority of the teachers were entirely ignorant of economic or political theories, current legislation or the labor movement. Even the most elementary class in current events proved a novelty to some teachers, taking them into unknown fields. If these men and women were typical of those who were teaching in our educational systems, I thought, they had a lot to learn about the world they lived in, before they could hope to interpret it to their pupils.
It was encouraging, however, to see many of the teachers waken to new ideas. Most of them worked hard to assimilate what the centers had to offer. Only a small minority were unfit for teaching of any kind, and went indifferently to classes, neglecting all opportunities to learn.

Each director found that administration included much personal advice to the teachers in training. In spite of medical examinations, a number of teachers arrived too exhausted to work. Often the relief wage of $18 a week given to each teacher to cover board and lodging expenses, was stretched to pay living expenses for an entire family who arrived with the enrolled applicant at the training center and found living quarters nearby. No director could forget that during the first year of the training centers, this was three-fourths a relief program, and only one-fourth training. But as a result of careful individual work, the level of health was raised for the whole group, mental horizons were broadened, and new courage gained from the sense of companionship in a common adventure.

As the teachers from these centers extended the program into many new districts, I realized with increasing certainty that to conduct workers' education under the auspices of the federal government was to invite attack. Every critic of the administration, as well as certain organizations and newspapers, objected to this type of instruction, on the ground that it was another name for dangerous radicalism.

"Federal funds used for red schools!" was the usual heading.

During the summer of 1934 when the first group of training centers and educational camps for unemployed women was under way, these attacks were directed against our program in several parts of the country at once. I felt as though I were responsible for an educational program for so many little volcanoes, one after the other exploding under bitter attacks. I could see no hope of continuing the classes, unless other groups rallied to our defense.

Often the criticism was specifically of our book lists. These were compiled in accordance with a recognized policy in workers' education -- a policy which should hold good, I thought, for all education -- of listing all material simple enough to be used by our worker students; representing all viewpoints on economic and political questions.

With more experience I lost my first nervous fear of these attacks. I came to realize they were beneficial, bringing out into the open the actual facts of these schools, and giving wide publicity to their policies. Letters from trade unions, settlements, colleges and universities and many other community groups assured us of their sympathy in our battle for free discussion. The classes grew in numbers, more school and relief officials expressed approval, and more letters were received from workers' organizations, urging us to continue, and promising their support.
It was strange to think that in the United States, a country founded on the cornerstone of individual liberty and freedom of opinion, one still had to fight for this constitutional freedom. Until this right was established, I thought, and recognized by all, education in its most fundamental form, the understanding of public affairs, could never develop far in our country.

In the fall of 1934 our offices were again in the process of moving. Twice within a period of three months we moved, leaving our quarters in the Walker Johnson building, first for the top floor of the old Auditorium on 20th Street, then for improvised offices in the basement.

Here we all learned new lessons of concentration in the midst of chaos. Day and night, carpenters, electricians, telephone men, plasterers and painters were at work in this ancient building. Partitions were going up all around us, to separate departments; carpenters were pounding or sawing; desks were never in the same place for one whole day; plaster fell from the ceiling, loose wires tripped one's unwary feet, ladders were propped against every wall. Despairing of quiet concentrated work during the day, I came back at night, only to find a new shift of busy workmen, and everything in a slightly different stage of confusion. I thought with longing of my quiet office in New York, with its rugs, wicker chairs and pictures; privacy and comfort which I never experienced in any Washington office.

After several months of work in the beehive of the Auditorium, we were moved again, this time to a small building on G Street and 13th, formerly occupied by a store. Here at last we settled down, once more unpacking our library and boxes of supplies, and adjusting ourselves to other inconveniences, but at least our division had the little building to itself, free from crowded conditions, and from carpenters and painters.

As our program developed, our final figures showed 10,000 industrial and rural workers reported in our classes. After another six months, there were 33,000; by the end of another year 65,000. We did our best to interpret the statistics received from the states.

Immediately the question arose:

"What is a workers' education class?"

In the first reports, all kinds of miscellaneous classes were listed under this heading, and cheerfully reported to our office; classes in "personality," modelling, aeronautics, citizenship, reading and writing, safety on the highway, soil improvement, Esperanto. There were also many border-line classes somewhat more related to economics and labor problems. In these cases we wrote directly to the state official concerned, to ask for a full description of these classes, the people attending, the method used in teaching.
Our numbers fell as we ruthlessly slashed these reports, leaving only those classes which were composed of wage earners and had some relation to their economic problems. To supplement these reports, we sent out a questionnaire to our teachers, to discover if we could what their teaching problems were, how their classes were organized, what methods they used in the classes. These reports were encouraging, showing on the part of the teachers a better understanding of methods, and a steady attendance in the classes.

A typical fortnight in the office as recorded in my notes shows a tangle of problems, which must be settled promptly, before mail piles up and necessary interviews accumulate. Never are we free from the pressure of work characteristic of these emergency government departments. In a field such as workers' education, which continues to arouse fresh interest and constant criticism, this pressure is often heavy.

In the information department, an exhibit of posters and pictures of workers' education was sent to a state federation of labor convention, at the request of trade union officials. Charts and maps prepared in social science workshops were being duplicated, to show this method of teaching economics. A bibliography especially planned for teachers of rural groups on all aspects of the farm problem was approved for mimeographing. Radio talks and moving pictures were requested from several state supervisors. Another urgent message asked for a speaker at a New England conference of trade unionists and teachers, and for a rush order of materials to be displayed at the meetings.

In the course of this typical fortnight a number of people from other government departments came and went - all people with whom we were working on certain phases of the program; the usual number of job seekers were interviewed and listed in our application file; there was a staff meeting, and an evening party at my home for a Swedish leader in workers' education.

By the end of our third year of work a definite question occupied my mind. Where was this program tending, and in what direction should it go?

We had come through all the changing policies of a relief program, into the full swing of the Works Progress Administration, with its policy of "jobs, not relief." Our relations with the schools and with the labor movement had been strengthened in each state. Teachers were more aware of the problems they had to meet, and were able to teach more effectively. We had survived and even profited by the constant attacks of newspapers and certain community organizations. Our supervisors in several states were assisting with the new forums developed by the Office of Education, thereby cementing our natural tie of common interests with this department. We had been given a recognized place in the whole emergency program, and were at many points integrating our work with classes for illiterates, with parental education,
recreation and general adult classes in economics. In several states there was talk of legislation to make adult education in all its branches an integral part of the educational system. Could we look ahead to this more permanent program?

While it was always interesting to speculate on the future, I believed that speculation would soon be turned into actual fact. Roots of local community interest in workers' education had struck down, so that there seemed no doubt that the flourishing little tree which had been planted would continue to grow. In time, I could imagine, adult education would give special consideration to wage earners and to those many other groups whose need for a full understanding of economic affairs was equally urgent. When that time came there might be no need for a special workers' education program. There would be strong local advisory committees, on which workers' organizations would be represented, to give assistance to the public school officials conducting these classes. With changes in educational method, fast coming in all schools and colleges, the instruction program would be more closely related to the daily lives of these adult students, and be more directly applied in their own communities.

The wider aspects of workers' education were also of interest. With a world in turmoil, there seemed every reason to consider an international conference, bringing together teachers and workers who for many years had carried on schools and classes, and who could perhaps profit by a general discussion of their common problems. Such a conference might prove an instrument in progress toward world peace. A tentative plan for such a meeting had been drafted, and was ready for discussion.

Looking back on the three years in this government department, with all the years before, I could trace the growth of this educational movement, from small beginnings, to this time of new hope and new promise. I was glad that with many others, now a growing number, I had had my own part in it.

On one of the government buildings, I saw an inscription, which seemed to express my own feeling of hope in the days ahead:

"What is past is prologue."
In the fall of 1943, I was in Chestertown with my brother's family for a weekend. On Sunday night I had a telephone call. It was from Howard White, a man whom I had known for several years, who had always shown an interest in workers' education. I knew that he was in charge of some programs in housing. To my surprise, he asked me if I would take charge of Community Services in the War Housing projects in Public Housing, on his staff. This program, I knew, affected thousands of workers in defense industries, all over the United States. In the housing projects, the Government had constructed 400 Community buildings, most of them, Howard said, tightly locked and never used by the tenants. I accepted eagerly and arranged to talk with him the next day in Washington.

At that time Public Housing had offices in the Longfellow Building at M and Connecticut N.W., a modern building of ten stories. In the little park at the corner, Mr. Longfellow's statue in bronze presided over a bus line and streams of traffic.

I made my way to the 6th floor and discovered the suite of rooms where the staff of Community Services had office space. Howard White was there, introduced me to the members of the staff, and showed me a small corner room which was to be my office. He gave me a short briefing on my new duties and left me to discover what they meant and how to perform them.

This was not easy. It did not take long, by the grapevine, to realize that I was not entirely welcome in this office. My chief assistant, I learned, a man who had been there for several years, was hoping to be put in charge. Naturally he was disappointed to find that someone else had been given the position, moreover, a woman! The rest of the staff consisted of another man, with long experience in housing, two women administrative assistants and a secretary. I tried to make friends and to discover what each one was doing, or was supposed to do. It was obvious that I had a long way to go, with my lack of housing experience, to be accepted in the little group; even a longer way to give anything like competent leadership in the program. As a starting point I began reading voluminous reports, Federal, State and local.

I listened carefully to the office conversations around me, hoping to pick up some hints of how we could best help the war workers in these housing projects. But most of the discussions I heard, or took part in were related to technicalities of all kinds: laws in funding local housing projects, site requirements, policies of maintenance, rental regulations. Where did authority rest in each case, with the Local Housing Authority, the housing manager, or ultimately Congress? I
heard little mention of the tenants, and their interests, except in cases of evictions for non-payment of rent.

From talks with members of the staff, I gathered that unless I could understand these and other complicated technical matters, any efforts I might make would be discounted. Ignorance, it was implied, would be no excuse.

Rather desperately, I decided to call a staff meeting, for discussion of nothing but housing regulations; an analysis of these technical questions which loomed so important to this staff. The people, and their needs, would just have to wait.

During a dull and difficult weekend, I applied myself to studying the mass of housing laws and subsequent regulations, and their interpretation in different parts of the country, by different local Housing Authorities and Managers. Out of this tangle of legal and administrative red tape, I sorted out the technical requirements that seemed to be the most important in our situation.

I requisitioned a blackboard with plenty of chalk, set aside a morning for a meeting and asked the staff to attend. For two hours or more I conducted a discussion, based on these technical matters, using the very language of the laws and regulations. I was corrected, put straight, agreed with, and in every case noted the staff's suggestions, recording them in their proper places on the board. Little by little, I could feel the atmosphere changing, growing more cordial. There was even a faint hint of respect for my efforts to understand these regulations, and to interpret them so that we all were talking about the same things in the same way. When that understanding had ripened into confidence, I hoped we could get around to the people in the war housing program, what they needed, and what we could do to meet their social needs.

The Washington Office, I learned, was only the pivot for this national program, the place where laws were interpreted, standards set, and when possible, an advisory service supplied to the regional offices and local Housing Authorities.

There were, I learned, seven Regional offices for the Public Housing Administration. In each, one member of the Regional staff was responsible for Community Services, and since it was a war period, the duties of these men and women were chiefly related to services in War Housing.

It was evident that I must get acquainted with this Regional group, and work with them closely, if we were to reach and affect the local projects, their managers and tenants. It was not long before my request for a conference of these Regional representatives was granted, the funds allocated, and a two day meeting scheduled in Washington. I looked
forward to meeting these representatives, whose functions were very like those of a field staff for this program. During the two years of my own association with it, I felt a growing appreciation of their good help, their kindly advice and criticism; especially of their intimate knowledge of their own Regions and what was involved in housing war workers during a critical period. From this little group, I still count several good friends.

Our two day conference was illuminating, as good, I thought, as a graduate seminar in housing, with practical discussions by these regional experts, and our staff. The series of recommendations they drew found their way at last to the appropriate higher officials, and were given due consideration. Since carrying out these recommendations was for the most part, a matter for Regional and local action, I did not think that delays in Washington, or high level refusal to act on these recommendations were serious handicaps to progress. Given the enthusiasm and proven ability of this Regional group, many obstacles vanished as we encountered them, and new opportunities were discovered.

War Housing: I gradually learned what was included in this term; how many houses, near what war industries, the types of houses, for single families or apartments, the number of trailers and their use, women’s dormitories, and 400 or more community buildings, built with Federal funds, and, for the most part, locked up.

On one of my first field trips, to the Middle West, I ventured to approach the manager of one of these housing projects, to ask whether he would open his community building for the hundreds of war workers living in the project. He was shocked at my question. I have always remembered his reply.

"Lady," he said, "if I opened my community building, the people would just be in and out of it all the time."

"Isn't that funny?" I inquired mildly. "That is exactly what it was built for." By the end of my two year appointment, and with the consistent help of many regional and local people, most of these buildings were open and used constantly by thousands of war workers.

Thinking back to my three years of community organization in the town of Bryn Mawr, I compared our building then - a large room and two small ones, poorly heated and scantily equipped, with the large attractive and convenient community buildings in the war housing projects. Most of them had spacious auditoriums, with stages, well equipped kitchens, rooms for libraries, day care centers, classes and committee meetings, store rooms and offices. Comfortable furniture, gay curtains and modern lighting made it a pleasure to carry on activities in such buildings.

Once the plans were made and the buildings were open, the schedule of activities was an odd one, fitted into the shifts of the war industries
and the brief leisure of the workers. Dances were often scheduled for three o'clock in the morning, when women workers came off the swing shift. Before they could settle down to sleep in their dormitories, it was evident that some period of relaxation was needed. Long hours of dangerous work, making bombs or ammunition, often punctuated with explosions, left these workers tense and nervous. Many of them said they could not sleep. When they did they were too tired to wake.

With some willing volunteer at the piano, or a record player, an hour of fox trots, waltzes or lively ring games served for fun and relaxation.

The dormitories to which these women returned were usually two stories high, with small separate rooms, a common sitting room, and a small suite for the matron in charge. The Housing Authority had appointed these matrons "for the duration." They came from varied backgrounds, with or without the experience needed to supervise this changing population of women workers. They dealt with the physical and social needs of the residents as best they could, calling in a doctor or a nurse when needed, evicting noisy and troublesome tenants, trying to get professional advice for pregnant women, unwed mothers, and new born babies. My talks with the matrons about the possibility of some self government plan in the dormitories usually fell short of the mark. "That sort of thing won't work with this riff raff," said one matron. Her attitude, I found, was similar to that of the local sheriff who patrolled the grounds at night.

One day I asked him to let me see his report. There was a list of names on one side of his report sheet of the night before, with his charge against each woman. "Drunk and disorderly" was the usual one, followed in the last column by the sheriff's action in each case. I read the report with interest. After each name the sheriff had written his solution to the problem, "Gave her hell." "Gave her hell." "Gave her hell."

Wherever I have lived, I have always been aware of the danger of fire. This fear was constantly with me in the housing projects. Could girls living on the second floor of our dormitories manage to escape through the small windows, even those with access to a fire escape? Many of these tired workers seemed almost drugged with sleep, and it was hard, the matrons said, to rouse them in time for their shifts in the factories. Would they hear a fire bell?

Our thousands of trailers, with their single exits, seemed even more like fire traps. Many families lived in trailers where the small oil stoves had exploded, and escape was impossible. Trailers were used for community laundries, for libraries, for day care centers, with dozens of little children enrolled.

Our Corps of Engineers, I knew, were working desperately to install a second exit in each trailer. But these temporary homes were moved
around so fast it was hard for the engineers to catch up with them. Sometimes, even when a fire was not the problem, we had a trailer crisis. Once, in visiting a housing project in the West, I received an urgent long distance call from Washington headquarters. A convoy of trailers, said an indignant voice, had taken the wrong route and were stuck in a tunnel, where the roof was too low for their passage. Held up behind them was a delegation of Army brass in a long line of official cars, each one seething, I imagined, with furious generals determined to pass. With relief, I turned over this problem of logistics to the Army engineer in the project I was visiting, hoping that his expert knowledge would find some solution.

In every aspect of activities on the housing projects, we had the full cooperation of local social agencies. Undaunted by all the difficulties with managers, tenants and lack of equipment, they sent volunteers to meet many of our needs.

Boy Scout leaders gathered boys after school, supervised playgrounds, clean up campaigns, baseball games and picnics. The Girl Scouts were equally helpful. A nurse they sent to visit the dormitories discovered one of the women trying to take a bath in a little handbasin in the bathroom.

"Why don't you use the tub?" asked the nurse. Later she came back to find the same girl on her knees by the tub, trying to splash the water over her body. Many children coming from cabins and shacks in the South had never seen stairs and were afraid to try them. Again, our homemaking aides gave elementary lessons in stair climbing. Volunteer librarians arranged our small supply of books, and taught a few tenants how to give them out in library hours. Leaders form the Y.W.C.A. or settlements organized recreation, provided musicians and artists for interested groups, supervised the tenant hostesses who served refreshments at meetings and evening parties. Four year old vandals, I learned, were problems in many projects - and running children often burst through our thin walls.

Maintenance men from gas and electric companies were among our most useful instructors. Confronted with strange kitchen equipment, the tenant housekeepers were often at a loss, did not know the danger of leaving the gas on, or an overheated oven. Blowing a fuse and having the lights go out often started a panic. While overseeing the daily use of equipment, the project maintenance men took on a variety of unassigned responsibilities. One of these self-appointed volunteers made a practice of filling his pockets with flower seeds, and handing out packages as he went his rounds. I remember his delight as he told me about the morning glory seeds he had distributed that spring; later seeing the lovely blue blossoms in many little gardens.

During these two years in Public Housing, I spent much of my time travelling, usually by train. One trip, however, was by boat, to
Norfolk, Virginia, to visit war housing in that area. A young woman from our staff went with me for the overnight trip. Neither of us had noticed the hurricane warnings posted along the Potomac. As we steamed down the river, the wind rose, rain fell in sheets and we spent a tumultuous night battling the storm. My companion had a stateroom on a lower level, and soon came up to report that the water in her cabin was over her ankles. While not so flooded, my cabin too was soon afloat. No one went to bed that night, but waited tensely for morning, when comparative calm prevailed. Driving around Norfolk to visit several housing projects, we still faced strong gales, almost tipping the car off the road. That evening, deciding to go to the movies, we found the city streets flooded. A tall Marine appeared as we hesitated at the curb, picked us up in turn, and landed us safely on the other side.

If I dreamed at all, during those years, it was always a dream of little white houses; climbing a mountain side, sprawled on a desert, a war industry near by, belching clouds of smoke, machines pounding and roaring. Crowds of workers coming out going on their various shifts. Munition workers, ship yard workers, welders, parachute makers, workers on assembly lines in electrical plants. Men and women going home to little white houses crowded my dreams.

One of my early assignments was to visit a housing project near a ship yard in Maine. Glancing into the yard as the men were coming home from work, I was pleased with the gay colors of the hulls of vessels, the derricks and trucks, and the tool houses, green, orange, red and blue, a motley rainbow of construction.

In talking with the Public Housing officials, I learned that there was to be a community meeting that night, to which representatives of the tenants, a group of ship yard workers, had been invited. The discussion was to center on summer plans in that area. I was invited to attend the meeting.

The first to arrive were six ship yard workers. I talked with them while we were waiting for the meeting to start. These men had come off their shift of work at 6:00, they said, had been home, washed and shaved, changed their clothes and hurried to the meeting in the center of town. "What about supper?" I inquired. "No time for that," said one of the men. "We just came along so as not to be late."

Finally the group gathered, with a young minister as chairman. Community representatives from the Y.M.C.A., the Community Chest, the Rotary Club, and several other organizations gathered around a long table. The chairman presented the subject, the development of a summer recreation program in which all interested groups could take part. For two hours various possibilities were discussed, a well informed social worker taking a leading part in the discussion.
The six ship yard workers were clustered at one end of the table, their faces intent with interest. Several times one or another opened his mouth to speak, but was never given a chance. I looked at the rest of the group. No one so much as glanced at the ship yard workers, at the other end of the table. They might have been as invisible as they were inaudible. Finally one man managed to catch the Chairman's attention, with a suggestion that an island in the area be used for summer recreation. He was given no chance to finish his remarks. "Too expensive," snapped the social worker, and turned the discussion in another direction.

The six men rose at the end of the meeting, politely murmured good-byes and left the room. I managed to speak to the Chairman. "I wonder why those ship yard workers came," I remarked, "and whether they will ever come again." The Chairman looked bewildered. "What do you mean?" he asked. I explained. "I never thought of that," he said.

A leading sociologist had written an article on public housing. Her words were taken seriously in housing circles, so seriously that one of our top chiefs called a staff meeting to hear the article read aloud. I attended the meeting. The gist of the article compared the tenants in a housing project to passengers on an ocean liner. So long as they arrived at their destination, the writer concluded, they did not care how the vessel was run. Tenants in the housing projects, therefore, were not concerned with the management of the project, so long as they found living conditions fairly comfortable and convenient.

With all my heart, I questioned this conclusion. Knowing many industrial workers in the resident schools, and my more recent acquaintances in housing projects, I realized their deep sense of responsibility, expressed in many ways at meetings of tenant associations. "The housing may be temporary," one tenant had said, "but our lives are permanent and we care about what happens in this housing project." There seemed to be little use in challenging the theory in the staff meeting as it was evident that every word in that article was taken as truth. I resolved, however, to put this sociological theory to the test of actual experience.

Soon afterward, my schedule took me to Willow Run, the housing project near Detroit, where some thousands of industrial workers, mostly auto workers, were living at the edge of the Ford plant. I picked my way along the muddy streets to the office of the Housing Manager. I said I would like to talk with some of the tenants, and he directed me to an office of the Auto Workers Union in that area. I found a group of ten or more men, relaxing after their shift in the plant. Gradually I opened up the subject of their responsibility as tenants in the Housing Project, and their own feelings about it. "I know you don't have much time," I said. "Perhaps you don't want to go to all these meetings with the managers."
Their response was immediate and to the point. "If we have only one hour a week," said one of the men, "we want to be in on what is happening. And what's more, we want to help make it happen, in the right way." In the realistic atmosphere of that union hall, I could almost see the theories fly out of the window.

In the hope of winning more support in solving the obvious problems of the housing project, I arranged an appointment with one of the personnel managers of the Ford Company, next door. Could the firm do something about paving the streets deep in mud? The man with whom I talked was obviously not interested. He listened, with a frown, and gave me an abrupt dismissal. "No," he growled. "This firm is giving them all jobs, and they shouldn't expect us to do more. I don't see how you can expect the Ford Company to be responsible for the streets, too."

An invitation from the West Coast came to our office, from the Regional office of Federal Public Housing in San Francisco. I was asked to go out there, to help with a series of management-tenant conferences, proposed by Dick Mitchell, who was in charge of community services in that region, comprising five Western States. Travel arrangements were made, correspondence completed and one afternoon in June I boarded a plane for the overnight flight to California. This was my first long flight, and while I found it delightful, with its changing cloud scenery, I still was not relaxed. To one like myself brought up with horses and carriages, with slow journeys on slow trains, to be in the air was not entirely a tranquil experience.

During that war period, the planes took more passengers and less fuel than usual. At every stop that night women in white overalls came out to service the planes. We landed thirteen times to refuel.

As we came near Chicago, over Lake Michigan, an unusual cloud effect was built up on both sides of the plane. We seemed to be flying through a narrow valley, between tall formations of purple and gold, each one resembling a gigantic woman. Like a regiment of Amazons they stood, their cloudy garments of purple fringed with brilliant golden cloud tatters. For almost twenty minutes we flew between their two rows, tall guardians of the sky, menacing or protective? I have never forgotten their serried ranks.

In my ignorance, I had always thought of Kansas City as flat. To land there at night, and to take off after refueling gave me a new idea of its hills and hollows, beautiful swirls of light, following the hillside curves. I did not feel sleepy, but must have dozed, for, as dawn came over Texas, I found that we were flying through a sea of fluffy pink clouds, the sunrise lighting each rosy puff. The landing in San Francisco seemed a prosaic ending. There I was met by the Mitchell family, Dick, Vera, and their son, Richard, a boy of eight, and taken to their home. As the car sped down the highway, I felt impatient. Why doesn't it take off and go up? I found myself thinking. What a primitive vehicle!
Four conferences had been arranged on the West Coast, Dick Mitchell told me, the first ever planned for management and tenants together. This, I realized, was a risky experiment, for I had heard and read of the traditional hostility between these groups in public housing. Even mentioning tenant associations to a housing authority manager usually brought the comment: "Gripe sessions! Nothing but gripe sessions!" And here we were about to bring them together, to discuss their common problems, in the hope of arriving at some kind of mutually acceptable solutions. The old residents, on the fringe of every war housing project, also had to be considered. From some of them I had already heard the war workers characterized as "Riff raff, scum of the earth!" And yet, so far, our efforts to draw in the local social agencies to help us plan and supervise tenant activities had been fairly encouraging.

In discussing our plan of action in these joint conferences, Dick and I decided to experiment with a simple wall chart, divided into three columns. The first one was headed, "Management decides these things," The third column, "Tenants decide these things," and the middle column was plainly labelled, "These things cannot be decided except by conferences between management and tenants."

At the first conference assembled, the tenants' representatives came in hesitatingly, settling themselves on one side of the room, glancing over to where the managers had taken their places. There was a sprinkling of Regional and Federal representatives. A Regional official explained the purpose of the meeting, pointing to the large cardboard chart on the wall, and calling for discussion. I held my breath. Would this plan work, or would we leave the meeting as confused and hostile as the atmosphere seemed now?

"Rents," murmured a man in the group of tenants. "Why do rents keep going up? The manager just raised the rents in our project."

The discussion immediately blossomed. Congress, it appeared, set the rents in public housing. The managers did not make the decision. This came as a surprise to the tenants.

The managers, it appeared, had a complaint. When the tenants elected their officers, they kept the names to themselves, never telling the managers who the tenant representatives were. The group decided that the election of officers belonged in the third column as the responsibility of the tenants. But after a long and heated discussion, it was agreed that it also belonged in the middle column, a matter of legitimate concern to the management. If this plan could be carried out, the group concluded, a normal channel of communication between management and tenants would be established.

In northern California, the local Housing Authority scheduled a luncheon for the Regional and Federal representatives. This was no ordinary
luncheon. The tables were beautifully decorated with flowers, women were given orchids, the menu was elaborate. I found myself sitting next to a Housing Manager, an elderly man. As with all the others, he had been notified of the conference and asked to invite representatives of his tenants to attend. In the conference that morning it was obvious that they were not there.

"I can't believe that your tenants are any less intelligent than the tenants in other housing projects," I remarked mildly. The manager turned and glowered at me. "What do you mean?" he growled.

"They're not here today," I pointed out, then dropped the subject. He turned to face me with a frown. His face was red, anger in every line.

"They'll be here next time," he muttered emphatically.

In that project, I stayed for two nights in a comfortable apartment. My neighbor, a young woman from the deep South, knocked on my door and invited me to breakfast next morning. She was a welder, she said, her husband on the assembly line in the munitions plant. They had got permission from the local rationing board to spend the money for gas and had driven to California in their old jalopy. She served a good breakfast of grits and bacon, then brought out two small jars of jelly. "This here's dewberry jelly," she said, "and that's mayhaw jam. "I brought them from my own garden. They seem to taste like home."

In 1945 the war ended. The period immediately afterward, as I remember, was taken up with staff meetings, correspondence, proposals related to the disposition of our 400 Community buildings and their equipment. The war workers themselves were often kept on in the war industries, during the period of conversion to peace-time production; or scattered to their homes and began looking for other jobs. Since I was far below the policy making level, I was involved only incidentally in the change of plans.

Those that I remember best were reflected in the correspondence with State and local housing departments, and proposals to turn over the community buildings to local officials, who in turn transferred many of them to social agencies to use for recreation centers, offices or libraries. Many of the buildings, however, were demolished in the general clearing of war housing sites.

Another program to which I was distantly related, through office correspondence, was the movement to send prefabricated houses to European areas bombed during the war. These included a section of Normandy, used for the invasion, and families of fishermen left homeless after the war. In Norway, other fishermen needed housing, after the German occupation. So large consignments of prefabricated houses were shipped, ready to use on that devastated coast.
Other plans were in the air, all of interest to me. Housing for the elderly was being discussed, still in its early stages. Since I knew what was being done in our division for furniture and equipment in public housing, I was asked to sit in on conferences with architects. The questions emphasized in those meetings were the need for electric outlets at a level convenient for old or handicapped people, the design for kitchen cabinets which did not require ladders to reach the top shelves, ramps for wheelchair tenants, convenient and easy-to-reach fire exits. I was surprised to realize that thousands of houses had been built, with no consultation by the architects with the housewives, old or young, who expected to live in the houses and use those kitchens.

Through all these years, I had kept closely in touch with events in workers' education. In 1942 the WPA had been terminated, and over 2000 teachers dismissed. Classes in 35 States were left without teachers, and soon melted away. There were rumors of new university programs, starting partly as the result of the interest which the universities had expressed in helping us train our teachers during the depression. Wherever we had contact with University leaders interested in carrying on a workers' education program, we advised them as the first step to call in a committee of trade unionists, to make sure that the curriculum and methods of teaching were in line with the objectives, and well-tested methods of workers' education. But the future, so far as I was concerned, seemed vague and uncertain.

Then there was an unexpected turn of events. A group of seven women who called themselves the Special Services Committee had for several years been interested in various educational projects, including what we were trying to do in workers' education. The Chairman, Mrs. Margaret Smith, had become a good friend of our staff, often dropping in at the office to talk over our tangled affairs.

After the end of the war, she came to me with a remarkable offer from the Special Services Committee, in line with what we had hoped for years; a program of workers' education entirely free from the relief requirement our teachers had suffered from the WPA, and the initiation of a new Federal program in the U.S. Department of Labor. The Committee offered a grant of $20,000 to help finance a start toward this objective; specifically to organize a national committee, to develop a new workers' education service with State and Federal funds, eventually to be sponsored by the Department of Labor.

After discussions with leaders of the organized labor movement and with Government officials, I decided to resign from the Public Housing Administration and work on this proposed plan. The assurance from Mrs. Roosevelt that she would launch the proposal in a White House Conference comforted me in making this decision.
"No," said the Senator's secretary, with a fleeting smile. "I'm afraid you cannot get an appointment with him this week. He may be in for a few minutes later, but tomorrow he has a committee meeting and then has to preside at a hearing. And he is leaving early for a dinner engagement in Alexandria. Next week he will probably be flying home for the primaries. Why don't you just try to call him off the floor? He's over there now."

"CALL HIM OFF THE FLOOR!" My heart sank. I had often heard a casual reference to this procedure, which struck me as high-handed to the point of discourtesy. But, nevertheless, I had been reassured by those whose opinion I trusted: "Everyone does it. It's really the only way to get them, you know. They don't mind. Send in your card by the usher. If they're too busy, or making a speech or something, they just don't come out. But sometimes, well, you know, it's not too exciting in there. They may be glad of an excuse to get away from the chamber."

I took the elevator to the basement in the Senate Office Building, made a false start to find the subway (there seemed to be two long corridors going off at right angles to each other, both labelled "To the Subway"), retraced my steps for a good quarter of a mile, and dropped exhausted into a seat for the two minute ride on the single-track railroad between the Senate Office Building and the Capitol. Another elevator, and up one flight to the floor of the Senate.

A friendly youth at the desk in the hall agreed to take my card to the Senator. He handed me a small card to fill out. I scribbled my name and organization. He ushered me into the reception room, outside the Senate Chamber.

It was like stepping into the room of a Renaissance palace. Crystal chandeliers sparkle in the light from the long windows. The decorations are ornate, from the elaborate mosaic floor, in blue, gold, red and brown, to the embossed gilt ceiling. At one end, three Colonial statesmen, one of whom I recognized as Washington, stare rather blankly from the wall. At the other end, an enormous gilt mirror hangs above a marble fireplace. In among the golden rosettes of the ceiling are paintings of Flora and her court; cupids play with the American eagle; cherubs surround other mythical goddesses in the gardens. The only modern object in the room is a bronze head of Cordell Hull, seeming a little ill at ease among the goddesses and cupids, though perhaps no more so than the blankly staring Washington and his friends. At the right of this room, in the rear, a door marked "Private" opens for a glimpse of a comfortable looking lounge, where only the feet of the eminent may tread. At last, here was the boy who had taken my card, searching the room for the right person to whom to report his findings.
I hailed him tentatively. Yes, I was the right one.

"The Senator regrets. He does not wish to miss part of the debate."

My card was handed back to me courteously. I put it in my pocket and went out. In spite of myself I was elated to find that there was no time to try anyone else that day.

This is the story of an actual Bill, S.1390 and H.R.4078, to establish a Labor Extension Service in the Department of Labor, sponsored by the National Committee for the Extension of Labor Education. It is representative of union and non-union workers, of industrial and white collar workers, of universities and other educational bodies, and is backed by all branches of the labor movement.

Three of us, including myself, carried full-time executive work on this legislation. Ernestine Freedman, an economist and an experienced teacher and administrator in workers' education helped to develop plans from the stage of nebulous ideas, thrown out casually in some committee meeting, to the point where they could be used as blueprints for systematic action. She worked with legal experts in compiling material for the Congressional sponsors, when they were studying the policies and method of operation to be incorporated in the Bill, and followed through the intricate analysis of their subsequent revisions. In addition, she managed the office, planned financial strategy, and arranged a long series of conferences and committee meetings.

The Steelworkers Union released their research director, Frank Fernbach who from practical experience knew the educational needs of industrial workers, in their own organizations and in the community, and was familiar with techniques of workers' education.

In drafting the bill, we got as much additional expert help as we could. Kenneth Meiklejohn, a lawyer from the Labor Department, assisted on the legal aspects. J.C. Turner devoted himself to the drafting of the bill along with Ernestine Freedman and Meiklejohn. We wanted the labor education program to be set up through a labor advisory committee which would consist of a joint committee of labor and university people in every state, appointed by the governors, with federal funds going through these councils to be allocated to the universities. We wanted it made very clear that in the states, the governor should appoint a council fifty percent labor people and fifty percent academicians.

Paul Sifton from the United Auto Workers, an experienced lobbyist, coached our committee on the methods of lobbying.

No lobbyist can begin work officially in Washington until the proper forms have been filled out. When the forms for my registration as a lobbyist arrived, I examined them with interest. Apparently I was to
make a quarterly report, to be filed in duplicate with the Clerk of the House of Representatives, on forms A, B, C. A similar report was to be sent to the Secretary of the Senate, and all forms were to be properly notarized.

The provisions of the Lobby Act passed in the 79th Congress are clearly stated: The law requires that "any person who shall engage himself for pay or for any consideration for the purpose of attempting to influence the passage or defeat of any legislation by the Congress of the United States shall before doing anything in furtherance of such object, register with the Clerk of the House of Representatives and the Secretary of the Senate and shall give to those officers in writing and under oath, his name and business address, the name and address of the person by whom he is employed, and in whose interest he appears or works, the duration of such employment, how much he is paid and is to receive, by whom he is paid or is to be paid, how much he is to be paid for expenses, and what expenses are to be included."

Heavy penalties are attached to this law: "... a fine of not more than $5,000 or imprisonment for not more than twelve months, or both such fine and imprisonment." If any such guilty individual attempts to lobby within three years after the date of his conviction, he faces even a rougher sentence. This would be a felony for which the penalty specified is a fine of not more than $10,000 or imprisonment for not more than five years, or both!

The blanks are long, with plenty of space for the "total sum of contributions made to or for such person during the calendar year." Our list of contributions was almost lost within its yardage, and when it came to the "Grand Total of all contributions to date of filing for calendar year," the adjective "grand" was almost embarrassing.

The week my secretary was away getting married was the week one of those reports fell due. It was a depressing period. I had forgotten all about it, and in the rush of wedding preparations she had forgotten to remind me, so no blanks were sent in. Suddenly waking up to this fact, I struggled with the blanks and rushed them down by hand to the Clerk's office in the House and to the Secretary of the Senate, with a special note of explanation and apology. Both official staffs remained calm. No F.B.I. agents approached me, no handcuffs clinked in the distance. Apparently our exemplary record up to date had saved us, or else, more likely, the operation of this particular law was still in a state of imperfection, and no one was aware of the fact that these important blanks had failed to arrive. Perhaps, I thought, the minute volume of our activities, and the tiny "Grand Total" of our contributions and expenditures as reported each quarter had given Congress the impression that as a group we were too insignificant to bother with - certainly beneath notice as genuine criminals, subject to fines and a prison term.

In reports of other legislation, I had often read the simple statement, "So the Bill was drafted." In the case of our particular bill, this
process, as I observed it, was far from simple. It involved many conferences with our Congressional sponsors, who had asked for full information as to the need for these services. Major policies of course were long debated, and so was the placing of a comma, or the phrasing of a minor definition. Facts and opinions were collected from many sources, and presented to these four men.

A subcommittee of nine people representing all major labor groups met at frequent intervals to discuss the educational services they thought were important to establish for their own members. The nine were never all there together, but all were as individuals generous with their time for consultation. Having gathered from every possible source the opinions of many people about the main provisions of the Bill, the process of sifting them out and gathering legal opinions went forward. Every question that might be asked by Congressional sponsors and inquiring legislators was carefully considered. The final draft of the Bill was determined by the Congressional sponsors.

The legal experts consulted were patient, and evidently amused, as the tides of opinion swept their major suggestions in one direction or another. They wanted to meet the well-considered wishes of our sponsoring group which served as a clearing house for the labor organizations. On the other hand, they were determined to save us from our own mistakes, if they could. They seemed impressed with the fact arrived at only after many tedious conferences that the official bodies in the organized labor movement had reached an agreement on all major policies to be submitted to the Congressional sponsors of the measure.

We were impressed too, because in the midst of conflicts in the labor movement, agreement on anything seemed a miracle. But, the lawyers pointed out, we must not let this shining phenomenon blind us to the dull facts of life.

"It's fine that you have reached an agreement with all these groups," one lawyer remarked, "and you are certainly to be congratulated. But you see, what you have agreed on now is undoubtedly illegal. And it would probably be unconstitutional."

At this stage of proceedings, there were ten different versions of the Bill, one rapidly succeeding another, each version identified as authentic by means of some particular paragraph or clause, like the hospital stamp identifying some new-born baby. It was difficult to keep everyone informed of these rapid changes, and when the committee met for discussion it was sometimes evident that its members were discussing entirely different versions, each one slightly different, and every difference important.

"Didn't you get the last draft we sent you last week?" we would anxiously inquire of an earnest but bewildered committee member.
"Oh that," he would reply. "Oh yes, I saw that. But I didn't read it. I thought it was just another copy of the draft I had seen before."

Even our Congressional sponsors got lost among the versions. One day, to our amazement, the Congressional Record reported that on the previous day our Bill had been introduced in Congress by a sympathetic sponsor—but the Bill he had introduced was not the up-to-date version, but the next-to-the-last.

Whatever happened to this premature infant we never discovered. Other events followed so rapidly that this particular catastrophe was soon lost sight of, as far as we were concerned.

There was also a lot to learn, I realized, about the statement, "A Bill was introduced." For instance, we became aware that the process is quite different in the Senate and in the House. In the Senate, a member who is inclined to support any legislative proposal can secure a co-sponsor from the other political party, and in amicable agreement the two can introduce the same bill, bearing both their honorable names. Such an agreement immediately gives the bill a bi-partisan character, removes it from the arena of political controversy, and is considered ideal. We not too modestly reported that our Bill had been co-sponsored in this manner, and received congratulations on this achievement. The Bill was sponsored by Senator Thomas, a Democrat, and Wayne Morse, a Republican.

In the House, however, there are no co-sponsors. In that body, any Representative who is interested in a piece of legislation can introduce an identical Bill, under his own name. We were gratified to find men and women in the House who were immediately willing to attest their sympathetic interest in this way. There were fourteen identical Bills in the House hopper, all duly reported in the Congressional record. To add to the confusion at this stage, each of these Bills had its own number, and each was referred to by the friends and acquaintances of the Congressman who had introduced it.

The number of the Bill, I soon learned, became its official identification tag. It identified the Congressman introducing it; the title was comparatively unimportant. In every letter, in every bulletin from the office, the Bill's first numbers in the Senate and the House were featured. We came to feel an affection for these particular figures, as having a certain magical quality of their own. "Just ask for a copy of S.1390," we advised our friends and well-wishers. "Or H.R. 4078. It's the same Bill, you know."

I quickly found that a Bill is of interest to government departments during its earliest stages. "Better get busy and see one of those guys," advised one of our watchful consultants. "You can't just ignore the Bureau of the Budget."

"Get busy!" Did he think that I had been sitting with my feet up? (I only wished I could!) There was no wish to ignore it, I replied,
only one could not do everything at once. I would get an appointment immediately. But just where did the Bureau of the Budget fit in; at what stage would any recommendation it might make take effect? And how?

I was given a lecture then on the functions of this important arm of the Federal government. Detailed procedure was outlined for me in words of one syllable. Nothing could happen, I gathered, unless approval of this Bureau was received. I thanked my instructor and hastened to put his teachings into effect.

The result was encouraging. One more hurdle out of the way. The Bureau said guardedly that it might give a favorable report on the need for a Labor Extension Service, when the time came.

There were several other Federal agencies that could not be passed over, if opposition were not to develop later. One by one I checked them off my list. Sometimes, after getting an appointment, I went to call, accompanied by an impressive committee that represented every branch of the labor movement. At other times I went alone, for the sake of a less formal discussion. In every department I found interested officials, most of them inclined to be sympathetic and ready to promise cooperation.

All through this process I found my previous years in government service of value. At least I understood the need of working through "channels"; the protocol among divisions and subdivisions; where ultimate authority rested. And everywhere I was impressed, as so often before, with the tradition of public service in government departments, the desire of officials to be helpful, and the store of expert knowledge which many of them possessed.

At last the date had been set for hearings on our Bill in a subcommit- tee of the Senate. This event, which we had been hoping for and working toward for months, was actually to take place. The realization gave me a feeling of shock, a sinking sensation at the thought of encountering the unknown. Every detail, I understood from talks with my more experienced legislative friends, would have to be worked out in advance. This was usually done in consultation with the chair of the Senate Subcommittee and with the clerk assigned to that particular group.

Once this important date had been set, we went into a huddle with our own executive committee. As usual, these busy people could spare little time for a protracted meeting. The first-comers had left before the late arrivals appeared, so a consensus was difficult to obtain. But we were used to that, and were quite prepared to repeat the business of the meeting at frequent intervals, in the thick of the office traffic. From among the many people who had said they wished to testify, lists of witnesses had been prepared in advance, added to or deleted, as various suggestions had come in. The Clerk of the Senate Committee had asked for a conference on the list.
With no funds with which to pay for travel, we were limited to those friends of workers' education who had asked to be heard and could secure carfare through their own organizations, or pay it themselves. It would be advisable, we realized, to have a representative group, from every branch of the labor movement, from interested colleges and universities, from employers, from community leaders. How many could be heard in the five days allotted? In what order should they appear? Would leaders of union organizations not officially on speaking terms agree to forget their differences and appear on the same day? Or should they by assigned judiciously on days as far apart as possible?

I put my question to the friendly Clerk in the Capitol. From the depth of his experience, he gave me a series of valuable hints and warnings.

"Don't overcrowd the schedule," he begged me. It was all very well to have a selected list of people ready to appear as witnesses, but I must remember, in allotting time, that the Senators present would take up at least the same amount of time, probably a lot more, for their questions to each witness. I looked at my long list. It would certainly have to be cut down. Should we omit one or two of the leading university presidents, or shorten our list of educational directors from the labor movement - key people in this pioneer field, each with his own contribution to make? Could we do without someone from the field of conciliation who knew what was meant by good relations in industry, one main purpose of the Bill, and could describe them at first hand?

While I was hastily revising the list in my mind, the clerk was giving me other instructions. There must be 75 copies of all testimony, he said, and each document must be in his office 48 hours before the witness was to appear.

"What length should these be?" I inquired, having a vision of the overworked old mimeograph in our office, and our secretarial staff of two.

"The written testimony can be any length," he answered, "but when they speak, tell the witnesses to be brief and stick to the point. And don't have everyone making the same points. The Senators get awfully bored with that sort of thing."

I came away from this interview in a daze. The ideal witness, I concluded, would have the following qualifications:

He would send in his written testimony on time (and if a perfect lady or gentleman, would arrange to have his 75 copies mimeographed in his own office, and would not unload the job on us).

He would be willing and able to abandon his written script and speak from the heart, informally, and to the point.

He would be able to stand up under cross-examination, be pleasant and calm and convincing in the face of possibly irritating questions. Above
all, he would KNOW HIS STUFF, present it in a vivid and interesting manner, and KEEP THE SENATORS AWAKE.

I came also to the conclusion that all concerned would be gratified if most of the scheduled witnesses never turned up at all.

Another shock, one I should have been prepared for but somehow was not, was the fact that within the allotted hours we must allow time for the "Opposition." An ominous word, and a terrible thought. Those opposing this legislation must also have their day in court.

Would the hearings be continued, I asked, if the tale could not be told in the time allotted?

It was very doubtful. This same Senate Committee had several other hearings slated for the same month. The Senate Committee itself would determine how much time to allot to each side of the question.

Could we know in advance what opposition witnesses there would be?

Probably not. At this stage of the arrangements no one knew.

We looked with appreciation at the well-worn mimeograph machine lent by the Auto Workers' Union and installed in one of our upstairs rooms. The rumble and clash became a daily feature of life in the office, reminding us pleasantly of the money we were saving by doing our own work. The material poured out - bulletins for a mailing list of 5000, reports, minutes and copies of articles or lists - and piled up on every available vacant surface. Then a call would go out over the telephone to friends who had volunteered to stand by in emergencies. In varying numbers from two to ten, they would appear for an evening of duty. Under the expert direction of an official of a labor organization who was a former gloveworker, an efficient system was established around our large table, in something resembling the rhythm of factory work. Folding, creasing, stuffing, sealing, stamping - the bulletins flew along this amateur assembly line, and were deposited in big cartons, ready for the mail.

The strictest interpretation of "lobbying" does not include the wide range of activities in which I found myself engaged: publicity, both through articles and radio broadcasting, and through numerous reports, bulletins and flyers; money raising, continuous and essential if work on the Bill was to go forward; conferences with cooperating groups, most of them requiring a talk on this particular subject, all of them calling for packages of materials to be distributed to the members. Deadlines of all sorts confronted me daily, with never enough time. All these activities, however, were in the long run for the purpose of securing a favorable vote from Members of Congress; directly, because they might read certain reports and memoranda, or indirectly by informing their constituents of action which might be taken in their home states.
As the months went on, it became apparent that the lobbying job, in the narrow sense of the word, was, for reasons beyond my control, the one on which the least time could be spent. With all the will in the world, on my part, to talk with Members of Congress, they could be caught only at long intervals and held for only short ones, barely enough for a brief conversation.

Indeed, I wondered why it was generally said that the Members of Congress feared the lobbyists, when, if my case was an example, they saw them so seldom. It seemed to me that they had little to fear from my colleagues in this field or from me. Perhaps it was because both the Committee and I were new and unknown to the Hill. It may be that others, more experienced and well known, did succeed in arranging the frequent, satisfactory interviews I usually failed to get. In my mind, I ran through the list of my most recent appointments. Two minutes in a corridor, five minutes in an office, a providential meeting with a Senator on the little subway car between the Capitol and the Senate Office Building - these slight contacts seemed the best I could do. More often I was conferring with a Congressional secretary as to the remote possibility of an interview, or cooling my heels in the Senate reception room or House corridor, waiting to see if the desired gentleman would appear or would disappear via that always baffling, seemingly always available "other door."

Again I puzzled over the best method to use in such a situation. There is no straight and narrow way to successful lobbying. The path was very broad and the chances of doing the wrong thing at the wrong time in the wrong way were very high.

As the time approached for the Senate hearings to begin, I had all the uncomfortable sensations of a person about to go over Niagara Falls. There was no way to stop the process we ourselves had started. The current of events was too swift. Whatever happened, we must go through with this. On a rapidly approaching day I should have to appear before that rostrum of the Senate Committee and speak my piece. Could I be vivid, concise and convincing, all at the same time? Should I read my written testimony, in order to make sure that I covered the necessary points in order; read only a part of it; abandon it entirely and give them the stuff extemporaneously, straight from the shoulder?

As the fatal day drew nearer, I decided to seek out the Hearings Room in the Capitol, to see what it was like; then go to look at the one in the Senate Office Building, since I did not know which one would be chosen. Both had a terrifying aspect, even when empty. The circular bench where the Senators would sit seemed immeasurably lofty and remote; the table for the witnesses a place for the lowest of the low. We had been told that we should be permitted to show a movie of an institute for workers on a college campus, as part of our testimony. Just where, I wondered, would the screen be hung? There seemed no suitable spot except over the portrait of a stern Colonial gentleman on the side wall. Would we be allowed to remove him or cover him up? As I gazed
into his steely, painted eyes, I felt that either solution would be disrespectful. We were to see a preview of the film that afternoon. The movie operator, sent by the union concerned, wanted to inspect the electrical arrangements in advance, and I had obtained permission for him to do so. But the whole affair seemed full of dangers and difficulties, and I wished heartily that it were well over.

"Here's what you have to do," our faithful and experienced consultant had urged. "Be sure to have someone take notes every day on the questions asked by the Senators. Write those up every night, together with all the answers given by the witnesses, and be sure to have this stuff in the hands of the new witnesses next morning, so they'll know what to expect and what has been said."

This sounded clear enough and sensible, but as hearings went on, it involved long hours of evening work for our office staff, sometimes till one o'clock in the morning. Along with these briefs for witnesses there were also transcripts from the Clerk's office to be corrected and returned immediately. Many witnesses, hastily departing for trains or planes, asked us to make sure that their testimony was correct, and gave us a few scribbled notes of some of the errors they wanted us to watch out for.

The first day of the Senate hearings arrived, a gray morning in February. I was pleased to find a well-filled room, with many familiar friendly faces. It was always a good idea, I had been told by one of our many advisers, to have a hearing room well filled. Members of Congress were then aware of the fact that the legislation under discussion was important to the people concerned and that the Bill had friends and well-wishers.

The Senate Committee had seven members. I knew their names by heart, their states and their general voting record. On the rostrum on this particular morning, three of the seven had taken their places - the Chairman, who I knew had a reputation for fairness and honest dealings, and two others. The Chairman rapped with his gavel. The crucial five days of the hearing had begun.

First to appear were our sponsors, men of dignity and weight, one from each political party. The responsibility they had assumed was real and heartening. As we had been told over and over by our anxious legislative advisers, "This is the sponsors' Bill." To hear us refer to it even casually as "our Bill" evidently made these experienced advisers nervous. Not a comma must be changed, they pointed out, not a shade of meaning altered without the approval of these fourteen gentlemen in Congress who had so wholeheartedly agreed to make this proposal their own. We were fortunate to have their genuine interest and full understanding.

The two Senators presented the case for the Bill, clearly and eloquently, and spoke of their own firm belief in its purposes. For an hour or more they were questioned about the general policies outlined and the proposed method of operation. I glowed with pleasure at their replies. These men, I thought, were statesmen of the highest order in their vision and
grasp of administrative principles. They related the Bill to the needs of the country as a whole, to other Federal and state legislation, to the functions of the Federal Department most concerned, in this case the Department of Labor.

They were followed in turn by the two sponsors from the House, who gave equally sound, far-reaching testimony, each from his own point of view. These men also, I knew, had made a thorough study of the Bill and its implications. They were not speaking by rote, but from their own experience and conviction that this proposed service was much needed.

Finally the Secretary of Labor testified with competence and sincerity as to the need for the Bill and its relation to the work of his Department.

Then for five mornings and two afternoons other witnesses followed. I came first, as chairman of the sponsoring committee, then the other officers. In succession appeared labor leaders, officially representing their own organizations, from every branch of the labor movement - a total membership of about 15 million men and women; college and university officials and faculty; federal administrators, personnel men. From one of the universities that had carried on experimental classes and institutes for industrial workers came a truck driver and a steel worker, to tell how their local unions had benefitted by these labor education classes. As one bit of testimony we showed the moving picture of these same steelworkers in their institute on a college campus. The Senators seemed to enjoy this as a change from the long hours of spoken testimony.

All this was carried on in an atmosphere far from peaceful. There was constant rustling and whispering, and movement of chairs. Reporters came and went, casual visitors wandered in, took a look at us, concluded that they were in the wrong room and hastily departed. Among these was one patriarch with a long white beard, keen blue eyes, and long white hair, who settled down among us for a half-hour, looked more and more bewildered, and then also went out. Clerks of both political parties were busy, meeting the needs of the Senators, handing them material, calling them out for interviews or telephones. Our 75 copies of testimony for that day were piled neatly on a table, available for anyone who wished to take one. I only hoped that no fatal errors had crept into these important documents, which had been prepared by each witness, or had been copied and mimeographed in our office.

The Senators too were a changing group, varying from one, the Chairman, to an impressive row of six. With many other obligations and another set of hearings that same week, these men were more than busy. I marvelled at their patience, as they listened to the witnesses, hour after hour, day after day, always with courtesy and an evident desire to understand all the purposes and technicalities of our proposal. The cross-examination was, of course, extremely trying for us, but it was carried on by the Senators in the same spirit of open-mindedness and a determination to get at all the facts, from every point of view.
To listen to our carefully selected witnesses giving their own opinions on this Bill brought many surprises, not all of them agreeable. How could that man give such an inaccurate statement? Did he really think the Bill said that? The facts were just the opposite. The many controversial issues inherent in this proposal were brought to light, well mixed with personal opinions, and dished up to the Senators for what they were worth. But the testimony as a whole seemed to us (a group of course prejudiced in favor of the Bill) to bring out an impressive series of arguments for its enactment. The much-dreaded opposition did not develop to any alarming extent. At the end of the last day we were surprised and pleased to have the Chairman of the Committee congratulate us on the caliber and experience of the witnesses and the way their testimony had been arranged. "There was no duplication," he said kindly, "and everyone was brief and to the point."

As spring days passed, the suspense of waiting for any action in the Senate Committee became very trying. What were they doing with the Bill? The hearings had ended in February. We knew that several Senators had been concerning themselves with revisions, and that the Clerk of the Senate Committee had been asked to take a hand in compiling the report, when it was ready. Would they never take a vote?

At last, almost at the end of May, the telephone rang. The Bill had been reported favorably, first by the Subcommittee which had held the hearings, then by the full Committee on Labor and Public Welfare. There had been a substantial majority vote. The report of the Committee was being printed and we would receive a copy soon.

After the long strain of uncertainty, there was general rejoicing in the office. The Bill had not died in committee, at least not in the Senate Committee, the fate of so many other Bills. What might happen in the House Committee, still pondering the matter, was anyone's guess. My own was pessimistic.

When the report of the Senate Committee finally arrived, we read every word with interest. A copy of the Bill was included, with a careful analysis of its purposes, and the suggested plan of operation. At the end was a strong recommendation which of course delighted us:

"It is the considered opinion of the committee that the extensive hearings and investigations on this subject have disclosed the existence of a need for a federally financed labor extension program national in scope, the satisfaction of which is of utmost importance and concern to many millions of our citizens, and that such hearings and investigations have provided a basis for intelligent legislative action with respect to the satisfaction of that need.

The Committee on Labor and Public Welfare, therefore, reports S.1390, as amended, and recommends and urges its prompt enactment."
The good news of the favorable attitude of this Senate Committee did not, however, during that long period of suspense, make us forget the need for immediate action to secure a date for hearings in the House. This date was finally set for an April fortnight, by the Chairman of the Committee on Education and Labor, and we were so notified. The Subcommittee on Education would hold the hearings, during that period, on four mornings each week.

Many persons had already expressed their desire to testify in favor of the Bill. The Clerk of the House Committee had a list of these eager witnesses and so did I. We compared our lists and revised them. In conference with the Congressional sponsors, it was decided that we use our office as a clearing house and decide which witnesses were to appear and when. Others could be asked to send in their statements for the record. Those who wished to appear in opposition would, of course, send in their requests to be heard directly to the Chairman of the House Committee.

These plans were well along when the telephone one morning brought bad news. Probably the second week of the House hearings would have to be cancelled because of pressure of business for the Committee. In any case, I was reminded by the Committee Chairman, the second week's schedule had been only tentative. I agreed. But the problem presented was a serious one. To compress into four days - actually four mornings - the witnesses scheduled for eight, seemed almost impossible. All had been asked, tentatively, if they would be ready to testify. Those who had indicated their willingness were ready to spring into action at a word from us. The list had been carefully compiled to produce a nice balance and variety in the testimony.

The slashing and selection had to be done, however. With a gloomy awareness of what the next month's telephone and telegraph bill would be, I settled down for a series of long distance calls; expensive, but urgently necessary. Reaching the witnesses who had asked to be heard was a time-consuming and an uncertain process.

Gradually, the witnesses were straightended out, scheduled for a definite day, shifted when an emergency at home made it necessary for them to change. Everything happened to upset the plans. The wife of an important labor leader was taken to the hospital. Cross off his name. Another witness, from the field of arbitration, went to the hospital himself.

Then we had a flurry of requests for substitutes. If the witness who had planned to come could not get there himself, he said he would send a substitute. Sometimes he volunteered the name of his representative; oftener we were left wondering until the last minute who would appear. And in this case the last minute was too late. The name of the substitute, I was told, should be given to the Chairman of the Hearings Committee before the first session, so that there would be no confusion.
"Confusion!" I thought bitterly. "Why not let the Committee Chairman and the Clerk share a little of my confusion? There is plenty to go around."

The only bright spot in the situation was the fact that for some reason the House Committee required only 35 copies of the testimony from each witness, instead of the 75 requested by the Senate. Also, we were informed by more experienced legislative folk, we could use some of the same testimony that had been presented in the Senate hearings. "Just change the date and the general heading."

Within one week, two of my fellow lobbyists assured me that our Bill was "slated to pass in this session." These magic words failed to excite me. I had no indication that so much progress had been made, and doubted whether it could be in the months remaining before Congress adjourned. Still, as I tramped along on my routine chores, from one corridor to the next, these words had an extraordinarily pleasant sound in my ears.

Once more the process of hearings which had become familiar to us in the Senate, started in the House. A larger group of Members of Congress assembled this time, since this was a larger committee than that in the Senate. They took their places on the circular platform in the office of the Chairman. A table for the witnesses was below. Again, friends and opponents of the Bill gathered, reporters looked in briefly, copies of the written testimony were arranged on a side table for anyone who wished them. Again, testimony was presented by the witnesses, twenty-five of them, and they were cross-examined in turn by the Congressmen present, usually eight or ten in number.

At one point, the Committee was waiting for one scheduled witness, an educational director from an international union, who was delayed in coming from New York. We learned that his plane had been grounded for bad weather. The train he took instead was very late. One of our staff members volunteered to meet him at the near-by station, to make sure that he found the hearings room promptly. In the meantime, the Committee good-humoredly allowed us to fill in the gap of thirty minutes or more with something in the nature of an educational filibuster, an expanded extension of his remarks by one of the witnesses, who improvised a vivid discussion of workers' education and its methods. Finally, my straining ears heard running footsteps in the corridor outside. The door burst open, our missing witness dashed in, and was rushed to the stand. His testimony was given effectively if somewhat breathlessly. He was questioned briefly and the session adjourned. I drew a long sigh of relief.

It was the day before the final hours of these hearings, and I was worried. There were too many people scheduled as witnesses for that day. We could not possibly get in the six who wished to appear. Could the hearings be extended? We had told the Chairman that we would not ask for extra time. Perhaps someone would drop out, though this seemed
a slim hope. For reasons which could not always be stated, I felt that I could not ask any one of the six to withdraw. Moreover, their testimony was needed to round out the record. I faced that gray morning with anxiety. I had a vision of frustrated witnesses and annoyed Congressmen. Was there any way to save the situation?

Upon arriving at the hearings room, I found that the plot had thickened. We were not even to have the time that had been allotted. The President had asked for a joint session of both Houses of Congress, in honor of the anniversary of Cuban independence. There would be a parade and bands. Also the first baseball game of the season was to be held that same afternoon. The President was to throw in the ball. If our hearings ran over into the afternoon it was very doubtful whether any members of Congress would attend.

How could we expect to compete with a ball game? I realized that we couldn't.

The Clerks of both parties, consulted separately, were kind in offering advice in my dilemma. The only trouble was that their advice conflicted. Another complication: a new Chairman of the Committee would preside that day, someone with whom we had had no previous dealings.

"Watch the door for the Chairman," advised one of the Clerks. "Ask him what to do."

I established myself where I could see both doors at once, while the arriving witnesses hovered around me, eager to know just when they could come on and when they could get away. In the light of their desire to help and all the inconvenience they had overcome to get to Washington, I could not bear to tell them that probably they would not be heard at all.

The Chairman appeared, not the one I had been told to expect, but still another Congressman. I hurried over to have a word with him. He was friendly and at once offered a solution to my troubles. Yes, the Committee would have to adjourn early, he said, for the President's speech in Congress, but the Committee might be willing to continue the hearings in the afternoon. Could I hold some of the witnesses over? I resolved to rope and tie them if necessary. "But the baseball game?" I murmured. He implied that he thought we could count on a few members of the Committee. Whether he too meant to restrain them by force until we were finished, he did not say.

The days of the 80th Congress were nearing their end. Would the subcommittee of the House ever act on our Bill? It seemed doubtful, even though we'd already just completed five days of very good hearings in the House, and we felt that we were well along. We were ready then to go to the floor of the Senate where we were sponsored by Senator Aiken. And the Clerk said, "Well, we're going to re-open the hearings, Miss Smith, to hear the opposition." And I was puzzled. I said, "What opposition?" because up to that point we hadn't had any opposition.
We'd had employers testify for us because naturally they would prefer to deal with well-informed union men around the tables, negotiating a contract, rather than with ignorant ones. So I was really puzzled: "Well, he said, "General Motors wishes to appear against you."

Soon we found out what happened.

We had two hundred classes sponsored by the University of Michigan. This was only one of the approximately thirty universities which were doing something to support this bill and assist the unions. Arthur Elder was the director of the program, and he was on our committee. One day, a young man, Mr. Striker, appeared and asked the teacher if he could visit the class. Well, all our classes, all through the W.P.A., were open to the public. And so the teacher said, "Why, of course, you can come in." The class was on inflation that day. It was a rather mixed group, people from the unions as well as some people from Bell Telephone. There was a pamphlet in the room, put out by the Auto Workers Union. It had a cartoon of the President of General Motors, and was critical of the large salaries of General Motors executives. The pamphlet had been brought into the room, but was not being used in the discussion. Mr. Striker picked up the pamphlet, put it in his pocket, rushed off to the governor and complained that we were all very subversive. And then he also went to the congressional committee to complain about the workers' education program.

So the hearings were re-opened, and this young man was there who had really been a spy and six of their big executives. Well, that hearing room was packed that day. Everybody got wind of this, and everybody turned out. It was a crowded hearing room. There were about seven men on the committee, Nixon being one of them. He didn't take much part in this. I remember he was coming and going all the time to the telephone. But Devlin was one of them from California, and the only friend we had on that committee was Lazinsky who was the chairman, from Michigan. The others were really hostile critics supported by the General Motors Company.

Well, I was the chief witness that day, and I had prepared testimony as well as I could. And I was quite prepared for this attack on radical activity, but to my great surprise the whole tone of the questioning changed. I had one advantage; I asked their permission to stand up, and that brought me level with them. Usually all that you could see, you know, when you sat down at a table in a little well was the tops of their heads! But that day I think I stood there for over two hours and a half.

The form of their questions was quite different. They opened up on me in this way. They said, "Well, now, Miss Smith, you were in Germany in 1925. You visited those wonderful German schools . . ." They were putting words in your mouth, you know. I said, "Congressmen, I didn't say they were wonderful." He said, "Those schools supported Hitler didn't they?" I said, "No, they opposed Hitler." I remember in 1925 visiting those schools, and at one place I know we lived for several days on cold boiled potatoes which was all they had to eat. So they weren't so wonderful at that time. And then they just roared at me, "And now having
visited those wonderful German schools..." And again I said, "Congressman, I didn't say they were wonderful."..."You came back to this country with a plan of starting a regime like Hitler's in the United States." So I smiled pleasantly and said, "No, I had no such idea." Of course, you can't be funny, and you can't be fresh. You have to be very polite.

Lezinsky then took a hand, and he called on this Mr. Striker who was the man who had been sent in by General Motors into that classroom. And he said, "Now, Mr. Striker, did you pay your own expenses to come here and testify against this committee?" The young man mumbled, "No." This was all before I came on; this was the first part of the hearing. He said, no, he hadn't. And then Mr. Lezinsky just shouted at him, "Then who did pay your expenses, Mr. Striker?" And he mumbled again, "The General Motors Corporation," so it was very clear who he was.

Well, then Mr. Lezinsky took a hand, and he said, "Now I want to ask you some questions, Miss Smith." He said, "Were you ever given an award?" I said, "Yes." He said, "Who gave you that award?" I said, "The New York City Board of Education." "And what was the award for?" he shouted; this was all shouting. I said, "It was for services in adult education." "And what did you get with that award, Miss Smith?" And I said, "A silver medal." And that was the end of the hearing.

What happened then was very disastrous out at Michigan because the Regents, except for one Regent... Mr. Conible stood by us, and he was the brother-in-law of Margaret Smith who had given us this money and been our friend. Mr. Conible voted to continue the program. The other Regents voted to close down the program. They fired forty teachers, and they disbanded two hundred classes all over the state. Arthur Elder, who was the director of the whole program, I remember, came to me, and said, "Well, you see, we made a mistake. We never should have written this bill to include the universities. The universities have let us down." I said, "Michigan has let us down. The universities have not let us down. The others have not let us down. Michigan's let us down good and hard."

And then Arthur Elder lost his job, and he seemed to get very emotional. He'd always been a very good friend who was on our committee, but he thought it wise, I think, to get the ear of Matt Woll and a few people in the A.F.L. And in 1948, they drafted a rival bill calling for the same service in the Labor Department but with no relation to the universities, just run from the federal Department of Labor.

And I knew, of course, that no congressman was going to vote for a bill that would by-pass his own state and put all the control in the federal office. It meant that this other bill didn't call for any state councils, nothing to do with the universities, just run by the Department of Labor.

Of course, when we got back to the congressmen who were our friends, they said, "Well, now, what's happened? You said right along you have
united labor support. Now we have two bills. So what?" As I remember, we spent three years trying to reconcile that breach. I had long talks with Florence Thorne. I saw Mr. Green. I saw Matt Woll. And the bill was in; two bills were in, different bills. And the congressmen had very good reason to be confused, and they were. And that was the end of the legislation, right then and there.

It died in committee. It was killed in committee.

In spite of our disappointment, we believed that a solid foundation for future action had been laid in the two sets of hearings in Senate and House Committees, leaving with us the two thick volumes of testimony. These documents alone represented a treasure of information, original material in a field of education still comparatively new in the United States. We had to be satisfied to let the matter rest there for the present, and make new plans for the future.
CHAPTER 15

MY YEARS IN OEO

When in 1964, I learned that a new program had been initiated by the Federal Government and that a new bill was before Congress, its objective to eliminate poverty, I was immediately on the alert. Would it be possible for me to get a foothold in this new program, which seemed to be the logical sequence of what I had been trying to do?

My appointment in OEO was brought about in the fall of 1964 by two old friends, Tom Cosgrove and Hyman Bookbinder. I found to my delight that my application was supported by letters from Esther Paterson, Director of the Women’s Bureau, Department of Labor; Mary Switzer, Chief of the Rehabilitation Program, HEW; and Abner Silverman in Public Housing. On January 1, 1965 I reported in at the old Colonial Hotel at 15th Street and Rhode Island Avenue where the Government had taken the whole building for the new agency. It was exciting to hear the telephone switchboard operator answer incoming calls, "Opportunity! Opportunity!"

I was duly sworn in by one of the personnel officers, and found that I was assigned to the Training and Technical Assistance Division of the Community Action Program. From what I had read of the OEO, Community Action seemed to be the main stream, since its objective was to put down roots in local communities, and attempt to coordinate the drive against poverty.

Every Saturday several hours were scheduled for training of new staff members. While many of the topics were familiar to me, the novelty of the OEO program, in all its intricate relationships required a fresh approach, new interpretation and understanding.

The training sessions were broken up into groups of 20 for discussion. The leadership was experienced and skillful. Starting with the local community, one of the first serious topics covered the process of putting together a community action project; the analysis of the poverty area, the choice of priorities, the detailed plan proposed, its budget, personnel and process of evaluation. Knowing many local communities as I did, I could imagine the tangle of relationships among social agencies and government departments which some earnest committee would have to straighten out before a plan of action could be implemented. It was only later, when I was asked to read and summarize applications for federal grants, that I could relate those training sessions to what actually happened in a local community; sometimes with little relation to the model we had studied, but usually reflecting the deep concern of local residents, their determination to learn the new techniques required by OEO legislation and use them on behalf of the poverty areas which they had learned to identify.
In 1965, when I was appointed to OEO, I found that my grade was 13. This seemed to me fair, although I knew that I had qualified for Grade 14 a few years before, in Vocational Rehabilitation. During my seven years in OEO, I have never been given advancement within the grade, which seemed to be routine procedure for everyone else on our staff. I inquired about this from the Personnel Office and learned that at my age, on what was called a "Temporary Exceptional" appointment, this step-by-step upgrading was not permitted by Civil Service. Probably some cautious administrator was afraid that a person of my advanced years would not live long enough to complete an assignment, and therefore should be content with a lower grade on a strictly temporary basis. I often heard vague reports from some of my associates about meetings of the "Senior Staff." "How old do you have to be, to be on the Senior Staff?" I inquired. No one attempted to answer this frivolous question.

Whoever reads this chapter will realize that my assignments during these years have been fragmentary, varied, usually difficult, never dull. This final impression, I am sure, will show what I have done or attempted to do had little continuity. Except for last year, I was never given a long-range assignment. The only continuous theme for these seven years is the fact that all my work was related to OEO, its purposes and programs, in many diversified episodes: field trips, conferences, reports, speaking and writing; the assignments involving people of many kinds: Government officials, community leaders, trainees in community action, labor leaders, foreign visitors and university staff.

Twice I tried for an appointment which might have given me a broader opportunity to use my past experience in organizing a national program. When I learned that there was a vacancy for an appointment as Director of the Program for the Elderly, I decided to apply. I put together a summary of my former experience in this field, including three years in two state jobs, one in New York and one in Connecticut. I hoped that my seventy plus years would prove an asset. In the Connecticut job, I was on the staff of the State Commission for the Elderly. This job was terminated after a year because I broke my hip. When I learned of this similar opening in OEO I secured letters of recommendation from both State Commissions and filled out the usual blanks, but nothing came of my application. It was neither accepted or rejected, simply ignored, without comment. When a little later Miss Genevieve Blatt was appointed to this program for the Elderly, I attended her installation party and was relieved to know that someone with her experience was to be in charge. I introduced myself and said that I would be glad to help in any way I could. I appreciated her cordial response.

My other attempt to find an opening where I could serve the agency on a higher level of administration came in 1968 when I learned that someone was to be appointed as liaison with the official Labor Movement, AFL-CIO. This I thought would take me back into a familiar field, my 30 years in workers' education, where I knew many of the Union leaders.
I spent some time getting out letters to these top officials, asking whether they would be willing to recommend me for the position. In every case I received cordial endorsements, and permission to use their names as references. Again I heard nothing. Then I heard indirectly that the position was not to be filled. It was not until 1969 when I asked to go into the Appalachian area to report on the Labor Leadership project sponsored by the University of West Virginia that I had a direct connection with leaders in my former field of workers’ education.

The next year, 1970, I was appointed Project Manager of four Labor Leadership projects (New England, Texas, Appalachia and Minnesota), just at the point when the OEO funds were about to be terminated. I had not known this, of course, when I undertook this assignment.

During my seven years in OEO I have worked under nine Directors of the Training and Technical Assistance Division. Each of these executives had his own methods of conducting the business of the Training Division. All of them, I knew, felt deeply responsible for developing the program and supervising the staff, which varied year by year with changing tides of finance and administration. In general, the relations of these directors with the staff were friendly and each made it clear that we as individuals were free to call on them for help at any time. They in turn at our staff meetings encouraged free discussion and did what they could to clarify current policies for us.

In those earlier years, there were approximately 38 people on the staff of this Division. When in 1968, a new policy was adopted, known as "Regionalizing," many functions of the Washington office were turned over to the Regions, including the allocation of grants. With reduced responsibilities there were cuts in Washington. During my last years, there, the Training staff consisted of seven people, each with a definite assignment to a Region as an adviser.

1965 Work With the Job Corps

During the depression from 1934-1938 I was responsible for the development of a Federal program of camps and schools for unemployed women. As a result of my experience, I was immediately interested in OEO plans for a Women's Job Corps, to supplement the Job Corps for Men. This dual program was authorized in the OEO Act of 1964. After my first contact with the Job Corps officers, I was asked to meet with the staff of both programs. I sent a request to the Roosevelt Library for a loan of my reports and pictures of the previous federal program. During one long afternoon, I met with the Job Corps staff, listening to the outlines of their new plans, answering questions about the depression forerunner which was similar in many respects. I tried to relate that experience to current problems of unskilled unemployed young people in OEO, new applicants for the Job Corps.
My hope of an assignment on the staff of the Women's Job Corps, my own special interest, came to naught. I turned my attention to the Men's Job Corps, and there found the way open for a short period of work, at the request of Paul Roberson, one of the new staff. He asked me to review the instruction Handbook to be sent out by the Washington office to Directors of the new Job Corps Centers. What interested me most was that except for one brief referral to a vague plan that sounded like self-government, the instructions were all in terms of Discipline, with a large "D." Knowing from past experience in the workers' schools and the previous program for unemployed women that this approach was futile, leading only to trouble, I wrote a new chapter for the Handbook and submitted it to Mr. Roberson. I outlined the reasons for a genuine self-government plan in the Job Corps Centers, and suggested a step-by-step method of organizing a group to carry out a plan effectively. I also discussed some of the possible reasons for failure and suggested some practical remedies.

Several weeks elapsed and I heard nothing. When I inquired if my suggested chapter was to be used, no one seemed to know what had happened to it. Perhaps since some of the Job Corps Centers had been turned over to the Forestry Service, the pertinent material from Washington had gone with the young men. Strangely enough, three years later, my article was published in the Job Corps magazine with no editorial comments.

1966 Arkansas

The "Arkansas Democrat" for January 17, 1966, carried an article with the headline "State Leading South in Poverty Programs". A report from the OEO that same year noted that by the census figures, Arkansas ranked 19th among the 50 states in the number of poor, but ranked 13th in the amount of federal funds actually allocated. A copy of a form letter from Governor Orval Faubus, of June 7, 1966, notified all concerned that there would be "a new facility in the state to train personnel for community action programs." The new program was scheduled to open on June 27. Previous to that date, the Governor said, the new staff would be given a three weeks period of in-service training, with the cooperation of the regional office. Dr. Earle Evans, with long experience in community organization, was to be the director. Calling on local groups for support of the new training opportunities, the Governor added, "Every effort will be made to ensure that this program is both practical and helpful."

A strong endorsement for Dr. Evans reached our office in a letter from the Field Director of the NAACP, L.E. Bates. He noted that Arkansas had faced the race problem realistically and that much of its success to date with OEO programs could be credited to Dr. Evans, a black minister who had organized work in several counties where race problems were most acute.
I was invited to attend a meeting of local Community Action Directors where policies of selecting and placing applicants for training were thoroughly discussed. The list revealed a varied group with backgrounds and experience reflecting a wide range of interests: a few college graduates, pastors of local churches, servicemen from the Army and Navy, industrial workers, truck drivers, share croppers, nurses' aides, department store clerks, teachers and one mayor who had led every drive in civic affairs.

The questionnaires had been answered carefully and in detail. Evident in all these applications was a strong interest in the anti-poverty program, often spelled out in terms of their own family background and struggle for education. Equally evident was their desire to help, to be part of this new movement, which seemed to promise hope in their long struggle for achievement. Most applicants reported large families of children.

The Arkansas Training Project in OEO was sponsored by Ouachita College in Little Rock. Dr. Evans and I spent one morning there, talking with the President, at that time Dr. Phelps who, I was told, had attended the Wisconsin School for Workers, one of the early developments in labor education during the depression years. Knowing this, I felt sure of his sympathy and understanding. He introduced us to three faculty members, a sociologist, a psychologist and a political scientist who were scheduled to take part in the new training program. With Dr. Evans' help, I tried to give them some idea of the trainees they would soon be meeting, their limited formal education, their work experience, and their eagerness to help. Knowing the difficulties of an academic vocabulary, I urged these professors in meeting our group of trainees, to use plain English. In other words, Dr. Evans and I tried to establish a channel of communication in advance between these teachers and their new students. The next day I was distressed and amused, when the young sociologist appeared in our first classroom. "Did you ever see a sociologist?" he asked cheerfully. "You are looking at one now. They all have Ph.D.s you know." The trainees looked down their noses and said nothing. I never knew whether he later succeeded in winning their confidence; this was a bad start.

That next week we covered about a thousand miles in Eastern Arkansas visiting nine county offices. We talked with members of each staff and tried to discover from each what special kinds of training they were interested in, for themselves, for members of their boards or for local committees.

In several county offices, the staff were involved in bookkeeping. To my inquiry about the training program, these men and women pointed out that bookkeeping instruction was their most pressing need. Dr. Evans went into action immediately, and a bookkeeper was added to the teaching staff in Little Rock, proving himself indispensible at this early stage of OEO organization.
My schedule listed an overnight stop in Hot Springs and a visit to a Senior Citizens Center, organized by Mr. Edward Doulin under OEO. As one of the first centers for the elderly in the state, the Director had his hands full. It was a pleasant place with simple, comfortable furnishings. A special luncheon was being served that day, prepared by several elderly women. They gave me a warm welcome and a delicious lunch. The Director had kept in touch with me, during these later years, sending me his reports and welcoming the material on programs for the aging, which I sent him from time to time.

1966: Staff Plans For Training

In several long staff meetings, the whole question of leadership training was discussed. Dr. Herman Niebuhr, of Temple University in Philadelphia, had been engaged by OEO to analyze the need for training for Community Action, report on current training programs, and make recommendations for a thorough and extensive training plan. These staff meetings brought out the fact that in contrast to the obvious need for training in a new and experimental field, there was little evidence that systematic training programs existed.

For four weeks, Dr. Niebuhr and his staff had visited Regional Offices and OEO projects in every part of the country. In the nation-wide effort to implement the OEO Act of 1964 and get the program started, the need for training and possible resources for training had been overlooked. Confusion was partly inherent in the Act itself, with its scant mention of training and its purposes. Only about ten Community Action committees had applied for training grants. When in Regional Offices or local projects the subject of training had been discussed, there was still further confusion. The usual question went unanswered, "Training for what? By whom? Training of trainers? Of board members? Of para-professionals? When, where, how?" The question "why" had an obvious answer.

After an analysis of the problem in those long meetings, I for one was left with a sense of a vast vacuum of opportunity, related to the evident concern for an effective program on the part of thousands of local people. The fact that so little training existed in the face of urgent need seemed to offer an exciting prospect for constructive group action, in Federal and Regional Offices and in the growing number of local Community Action Programs.

1966 New York, Programs for Old and Young

The National Council on Aging had a contract with OEO to open local centers for the elderly on a national plan, so our office wanted to have someone at the opening of their new Headquarters at 24th and
Park Avenue, an old office building. I was asked to go and found my way to the seventh floor, to very attractive rooms. A number of people with whom I had worked in Albany and in Hartford were at the party. I had a long talk with Geneva Mathison, the Director whom I had known slightly for several years. Through its regional offices and field representatives, this organization has channels for reaching many elderly people, enlisting local community support, and establishing centers where educational and recreational activities are available to all corners. Another long-range objective of the National Council is to use the experience and good will of elderly persons in all kinds of community services. Since I had always urged participation in community services by the elderly, not only for them, I could appreciate the objectives and methods of the Council. Some years before I had written a pamphlet in Albany on Education and Recreation for the Elderly. This I was told, has been listed by the Council as required reading for local groups. As it is hard to find a copy of this pamphlet now, I asked the librarian if she would lend me one. But her search brought no results. She did have copies of an article I had written for the state of Connecticut, published in 1959, "Community Services by the Elderly." This had been widely distributed.

1966 On the Block in Harlem, New York City

A large volume was placed on my desk, a report of Block Organization by OEO in Harlem, one of the most congested areas of New York City, with a large black population. In recent years many Puerto Ricans had found homes there. A memorandum from our Training Director asked me to read a carefully thought-out plan, training for young people, who were being assigned as block workers in an area of Harlem. Each worker was required to live in the block to which he was assigned. The objective of the program was to help the tenants in those apartments to study their own immediate problems of health, housing, education and recreation, and eventually try to take action as a group. The Block Workers had had a few weeks of intensive training on Harlem, its people and its problems, and in methods of group work. I liked what the Director said to the young people in training:

"There is no one perfect way to block working, but all follow the same basic principles. I urge you to remain open to learning, and remember how you learn, because that is the way the people on your block are going to learn. Don't give up on anyone. They will not do anything unless they really want to. You can provide the setting, but you have to start with the realization that someone wants to do something, until the group is moving, the whole community is moving. Challenge the people to ask what they want for themselves, because when you start with that, gently and slowly, they will be learning about themselves and what is around them, and become more"
confident. I am glad that you are here. I don't think we can promise you any salary beyond the end of August. That's the way it is and that's the way it's always going to be on this project. It is very hard for us to get funds. Our whole thinking is that we should go full tilt until we get funded. Most of us will keep on anyway. And I think that sooner or later we shall get some permanent funds: until then, don't let it bother you."

Bill, one of the block workers had chosen a block squashed in with high buildings, tall, half toppling tenements, garbage-littered roofs and passage ways. The street seemed to be squeezing itself to get through the debris and looming shadows. There were nearly 3,000 people crowded into less than a 2,000 foot strip of pavement. There was no sense of cohesion or community. There was nowhere to begin. Bill decided to start from the worst building in the block, not the worst physically, but the one where the tenants' attitudes were the worst, the most hostile and apathetic.

"In building 207, all the tenants said the same thing. They were sick and tired of the building and all wanted to move. They had junkies and drunks in the hallways; their little kids knew all about drugs; a little four year old girl had been shot while she was playing on the stairs. The yard behind the building was full of garbage and full of rats. When I asked people about meetings they said I was crazy. They didn't dump garbage, it was the guy next door. The people did not know each other and said they did not like each other. Gradually a few agreed to come to a meeting. At first only two came, at the fourth meeting there were thirteen."

Step by step, they worked out a plan and decided on a petition asking the city for more police protection. Where should we take the petition? And who will do the talking? For an hour we sat going in circles, unable to decide anything. Finally there were 110 signatures on the petition.

"For the first time," wrote Bill, "I sensed the feeling among the tenants that we were a group, that there is a unity and the beginning of a feeling that we can rely on each other. 'It almost feel like a family,' said Mrs. G."

"An appointment for a meeting with the Police Commissioner came next. A delegation of nine went to his office. They chose Mrs. G. to talk. We had to wait for half an hour in the Commissioner's big office. The group was very quiet, very nervous. Exactly on time we were shown into the inner office and seated around a dark wooden table in posh chairs. The Commissioner came in with the Chief Inspector. The meeting lasted about 30 minutes. The Commissioner informed us that we would have a special policeman on the block the next day, with two shifts, that the building would be patrolled to keep out the addicts and that his office was available for any complaints about 'the service.' None of us
expected such ready agreement. When we walked out of the office people seemed shocked. This was the turning point for our group. The next day there was a policeman on the block. We had made it. No one believed we could do it. Even the talk has changed. Instead of hearing everyone saying I won't or I can't, now I hear 'perhaps we could.'"

A visit from the Precinct Police Captain is described by one of the block workers:

Captain: "Who's the Director of your group?"

Tenant: "We're all the Director."

Captain: "I mean, who is your chairman, who is going to speak for you?"

Tenant: "We are all going to speak."

Captain: "All of you?"

Tenant: "All of us."

1966 Women's Talent Corps, New York City

The Women's Talent Corps was organized under Community Action Title IIA of the OEO Act, and was started in September 1966 "as an institution to train women recruited from low income neighborhoods in New York City for career opportunities in community service fields."

The organizing committee believed that women with limited education but with an intimate knowledge of poverty areas could be trained as non-professional assistants to professional staff in schools, hospitals, social agencies and neighborhood associations. Incorporated under New York State as a non-profit organization, the only entrance requirement being the ability to read and write, recruiting 120 trainees annually, the Women's Talent Corps in 1966 was in full swing. I visited it in 1967 at the invitation of one of the training staff, Ann Cronin. She had directed her own personnel bureau, and I had worked closely with her in Washington during the depression. Mrs. Audrey C. Cohen was the Director.

Six weeks of general training was the first step for the trainees, three days a week, four hours a day, covering the background of city health education and welfare departments, and private agencies. This was followed by four to eight months of supervised work training in the field, with assignments to the trainees by cooperating agencies. A staff of experienced individual trainers or "coordinators," professional women with experience in community services, worked closely with small groups of trainees, as liaison with the agencies and counselors.
A later report indicated that the Talent Corps was swamped with applications for training, from women of every kind in the poverty areas. The coordinators had been kept busy discovering job openings, or creating new jobs where the need for services had been demonstrated by public and private agencies.

Within two years, men were admitted to the Talent Corps, in answer to many requests from men's organizations. In 1971, the project was accredited as a junior college by New York State. The Department of Labor had provided annual grants for several years and was the sponsoring federal agency.

In 1972, 100 trainees a year were being admitted for the two year course. There is usually an enrollment of 60 for the second year, with the high school equivalency program. It is still the practical combination of a work-study schedule, and 85 percent of the students are black. In these later years, the group has included many applicants from Puerto Rico, reflecting the population changes in New York City.

I visited this project in its early days, and my interest has been sustained as I have watched its development. I believe that if this type of project were initiated in OEO, it might well become a pattern for training men and women from poverty areas, black, white, red and yellow, to take a responsible part in their own communities, in opening career opportunities for many others.

1966 The Tentsers in Lafayette Park

About eighty sharecroppers from Mississippi had arrived in town, coming up from the South in old cars and busses. Someone along the way had contributed sleeping bags. The new arrivals were given permission by the National Park Service to put up tents in Lafayette Park, opposite the White House. Churches volunteered to take in some of the old people and children and to supply some hot food.

These men had lost their jobs in the cotton fields, when the cotton picking machine was introduced. Many of them had been evicted from their homes when they registered to vote. In the hope of getting some action in Washington, they took to the road. A number of their leaders, black and white, were in and out of our building for several days, coming into our offices for advice. I managed to get a few appointments for them with an official on the eighth floor, the seat of OEO authority. One young man, Tom Griffin, sat down at my desk for a talk. I asked him if he would come and have supper with me and he accepted. I was glad my larder was well stocked that night; Tom was hungry.

He asked me if I would go down with him and meet some of the Tentsers in the park. I said I would be glad to go, but pointed out that I had nothing to do with OEO finances and could do little to help the Tentsers.
"Everyone is so angry with the OEO," he said, "that anyone coming down in a friendly way would help." "All right," I said. In the dark it was hard to distinguish the three low tents in Lafayette Park. My escort crawled into one of them, and brought out several black men to meet me. For more than an hour we stood around and talked. There was no place to sit down.

One man remarked, "We sent a telegram to our neighbor across the street," (pointing to the White House), "but he didn't reply."

Standing there we discussed the housing situation in their area of Mississippi. Since they had been evicted from their homes, they were living in tents. They had approached several officials in the Federal Housing Authority. They had ambitious plans, they told me, for persuading some industries to come into their locality in the hope of regular jobs.

That week dysentery broke out in the camp and several Tenters were taken to the hospital. As Easter approached, the group decided they wanted to go home. Several Congressmen met them during that last day and saw them off. Mr. Shriver, OEO Director, sent a team, including Mr. Berry, the head of Community Action, to confer with the Governor of Mississippi.

Occasionally I received a bulletin called "Strike City" from Mississippi, showing tents, with short articles on what the tenters hoped would be plans for jobs and better housing. But so far as I could judge, the situation with this group of sharecroppers was still acute. No report ever reached me giving the result of the OEO conferences with the Governor.

1967 National Councils

In the fall of 1967 Mrs. Charlie Swift borrowed me to help her work on the National Councils of OEO. I moved to the eighth floor. From the familiar fifth floor this elevation seemed a complete change. This was the floor where all the top officials had their offices, a region remote from ordinary folk, with an atmosphere of power and high level administration. Tom Cosgrove, my old friend, was in charge of the National Councils, including the Women’s Advisory Council, Business Men’s Council, the Labor Council, the Council of the Elderly and the Legal Council. These I had heard about. I was soon told about the CRACS, the Community Representative Advisory Council, men and women from poverty areas who were actively serving on local committees of OEO. Although no definite assignment was given me, I soon discovered that I could make myself useful in several capacities, working with Mrs. Swift on matters concerning the women’s organizations, taking a hand in a
conference with the CRACS, sitting in and taking notes in the meetings of the Labor Council.

Several conferences had been planned and there was much preliminary work to be done. I drafted innumerable letters for Mrs. Swift, which usually she approved with only slight changes. As her distinguished callers came and went, she always made a point of introducing me. There were articles to be drafted for her many speaking dates, minutes to be summarized and reports to be prepared.

That winter we were all busy preparing for the annual conference of the Women's Advisory Council, to be held for three days in May. About 100 national organizations were members of the OEO Council. At least 300 delegates were expected.

The night before the conference opened, a bus driver had been killed in his bus and all the drivers were on strike. This complicated arrangements for the volunteers and for me, as some of the Head Start mothers and the Upward Bound students from out of town expected to come by bus. To add complications, this was the week of the Poverty March, and already Resurrection City had put up its tents on the Mall, bringing in hundreds of impoverished people. The city was in turmoil, officials trying to protect it, many people expecting the worst. We had already lived through the riots following the death of Martin Luther King, Jr., seen the flames from upper 14th Street, watched the headlines for news of looting and arrests. Although my apartment was nowhere near the riot section, I got an odd feeling living under a curfew for several days, looking out my window and seeing empty streets, with only a few military patrols passing by. What a background for a Women's Conference!

I attended several of the workshops, and all of the general sessions. One luncheon panel was of special interest to me; fifteen women, all of them holding public office; members of Congress, of state legislatures, several women made a special appeal to the women in the audience to consider running for public office. "You are so much needed," they said.

The final meeting of the Women's Advisory Council was planned for the discussion of recommendations from the delegates. It turned out to be an emotional experience for many of them. A number of women had gone downtown to see Resurrection City, then in full swing. They came back to the conference and one of them asked for the floor. "You all should go down and see Resurrection City," she said earnestly. She had obviously had a moving and illuminating experience.

Another delegate, a young black woman from the Middle West, obtained the floor. She spoke decisively, addressing the large meeting. "I don't think we should all rush down and see Resurrection City," she said. "It isn't a zoo, you know. We should go home and see what is happening in our own towns, then do something about it right there." The final resolution was passed in this form, unanimously.
Our office drafted and sent out a questionnaire to the 300 or more delegates asking them to analyze the conference, and to make recommendations for any further meetings. Replies came in promptly from all over the country. It was part of my work to study and summarize these replies.

Almost all the delegates had had something to say about the plan of the conference, with comments on the various workshops, speakers and general meetings. The majority of women wrote of the great personal value of the meetings. In one way or another, they said that the best thing about the conference was the opportunity to meet women of other economic groups, minority groups, to get acquainted and to learn what they were thinking and doing. More than one delegate added, "I have never talked with anyone from another group before," "I learned they don't want charity," wrote another. "They want jobs; they want to be useful in their own communities."

1967 Communications Workers' Materials Project - Wisconsin

The Educational Director of this union, Holgate Young, wrote to invite me to act as a consultant during the union's Materials Project at the Workers' School in Madison, Wisconsin, scheduled for July. The Steelworkers' Union that same month was conducting its institute there, and arrangements for my visit were cleared with Fred Hoeher, the Education Director of that union. With both groups, my purpose in planning this trip was also to discuss the CAP program and urge further union cooperation.

The Materials Project was experimental; its purpose to prepare a series of new materials for use by union staff and education chairmen, in training programs with officers, shop stewards and members. From 35 applicants, eight persons were chosen to do this work of materials preparation, in cooperation with the School for Workers at the University of Wisconsin. Materials to be developed included fact sheets, discussion questionnaires, teaching outlines, flip charts and other aids. Each participant had a project assigned and was responsible for its completion. The project covered seven weeks' residence in July and August at the University of Wisconsin, visits to CWA educational projects in local areas, and testing of materials following the resident session. Specialized training methods such as audio-visual education, programmed learning, electronic devices and discussion methods were to be demonstrated.

When I arrived and was shown to my room I wondered whether by mistake I had come to a day care center for little children. In my corridor, tricycles and stuffed animals were in evidence and diapers were drying on the hall banisters. Later I discovered that the group enrolled for the project had been told they could bring their families and a number of them did. The first discussion group I attended concentrated on resources for babysitters while parents were in conference.
The eight participants in this project had had teaching experience in public schools, vocational classes or in workers' education, and some contact with the labor movement as members or union officials.

Since I had been asked to discuss methods of workers' education and group participation, I conducted a demonstration of this with the eight people gathered around a long table in the classroom; asking them first how to plan the two hours scheduled for this and then following their suggestions as to topics to be discussed. Throughout the discussion, which was free and vigorous, they contributed from their experience and I filled in from mine. A tape recording was kept of these two hours. Later I was asked to tell the group about my trip to Appalachia and the work of the unions there in the OEO programs.

In addition to the group meetings, I was asked by Mr. Young to help individual members of the groups with their writing projects. Three of them asked me for such help on an outline for legislation, methods of organizing and first meetings with new members.

I made an appointment with the young man who was working on the legislative outline. He was an experienced organizer from an eastern state, effective in his union, but with little formal education. I found him in the depths of despair searching the dictionary to find definitions of some new words he had heard in the meetings, terms often picked up from sociology, psychiatry or government departments.

"Never mind the dictionary," I said, "Just use your own words. You know what you want to say."

"Yes, I do," he said, "but I thought I had to bring in all those words the other guys have been using in our meetings, and I don't know what they mean."

"Just forget them," I said. I shall not forget his expression of relief.

In each class I was introduced and spoke briefly about the CAP and OEO programs and what labor could do to help. The Director of the School, Robert Ozanne, was on leave of absence, and Norris Tibbetts was acting in his place. He had been one of my assistants in Washington, and his wife, Alice, an undergraduate assistant in the Hudson Shore Labor School. These old friends welcomed me to a dinner in their home.

Katherine Conroy, the CWA Regional Representative from Chicago, joined our group and introduced me to Mrs. Kathryn Clarenbach, the Chairman of the Governor's Commission on the Status of Women. With her I visited the State Historical Society, where some years before I had deposited a large collection of the records of the early workers' schools, a compilation made possible by a grant from the Adult Education Fund of the Ford Foundation. We were given a warm welcome by the librarian, Miss Josephine Harper, and by one of the archivists, Richard Ernay.
They showed us the original 75 gray file boxes, containing this collection. I was pleased to learn from Miss Harper that my collection was often used for research by teachers and graduate students, containing as it did, original source material of one of the pioneering programs in workers' education.

1968 Community Representatives Advisory Council (CRACS)

On January 23, 1966, Sargent Shriver announced the organization of a new Community Representatives Advisory Council in OEO. The 28 members, all Presidential appointees, represented every area of the country, four from each of the seven OEO Regions. Local community action agencies selected them, many already serving on their local boards and Councils. As Mr. Shriver said, they represented a cross section of the 35 million poor in the United States. He added:

"The formation of the Community Representatives Advisory Council is a major step in our continuing search for effective implementation of the statutory requirement that those who are poor, and who represent the poor, should be deeply involved in participation in all aspects of our programs."

The basic purpose of the new Council, he explained, was to advise OEO on the most effective ways to obtain participation of the poor as advisors, staff, evaluation volunteers, and administrators. He pointed out that already 27 percent of the 600 or more community action boards included representatives of the poor. More than 30,000 jobs, he said, had been opened up to this group.

During the organization of this Council and its first meeting, my work was still in the Training Division of Community Action. By the time I had been transferred to help with the National Councils, plans for the second national conference of the CRACS were well underway. For the next two years I had an active part in the Council's program.

At the time of the second conference, Mr. Bertrand Harding had succeeded Mr. Shriver as Acting Director and addressed the first meeting, an all day affair. He gave the delegates a comprehensive talk, in simple terms, of the history of OEO legislation, actions taken by Congress, and a summary of the yearly appropriations. The members of the Council listened intently around the long table in the conference room.

"Well," said Mr. Harding, "I have been here for two hours. I think I'd better go back to my office." A black woman from the Middle West spoke. "Please Mr. Harding," she said, "please sit down again and listen to us." He did. Then there was general discussion of the questions on their minds, reflecting their own home situations in poverty areas, and their deep feeling of responsibility as members of their local Community Action Boards and committees.
They disliked the idea that their areas would be "represented" by others, who might not be residents of those neighborhoods. "We don't want to have anyone represent us," several others chimed in. "We want to represent ourselves." The suggestion that they might be called "residents" rather than representatives evidently pleased them. They were anxious to learn just how they might be channeled into poverty areas, and how the allocation of those funds was decided.

The week before the conference, some public relations OEO office had issued a "policy sheet" especially designed to inform the members of the Community Representatives Advisory Council on matters of OEO procedures. I had read this long document carefully. As often before in perusing government directives, I realized that because of the vocabulary and difficult phrasing, the members of the Council, most of them with little formal education, would find it very discouraging to try to read and understand this document. As usual, I protested, and was unofficially encouraged to try my hand at revising it in simple, direct terms. This I did, and submitted my revision to the office where it had originated. Upon inquiries later as to what use would be made of these instructions, I learned that the original had been submitted to a wide group of individuals and organizations, and 200 replies with suggestions of changes had been received. I realized, of course, that much of the phraseology was legal and could not be altered. But aside from that reason for using the original phrasing, it seemed to be a waste of time and money to write and distribute a policy sheet which many of the group for which it was intended could not read or understand.

1969 Coordinated Resource Centers

Through my field trips, conferences, reports and correspondence, I had become increasingly aware that the methods of training used in Community Action were often inadequate, both from the viewpoint of the trainees and from that of the supervisors and consultants. I thought, with appreciation, of what I had known of training in the workers' schools, and in the Training Centers for unemployed teachers during the depression, where those in training carried a responsible part in planning, adjusting the schedule, evaluating the results. Always the groundwork for discussion was laid by the trainees themselves, through an analysis of their own experience; learning to apply it to larger situations in a community, with their wider implications.

When regional reports came into the T&TA office in OEO, the staff was asked to read and comment. I was given a long series of documents from one OEO Region. As I read it, I became more and more unhappy. This proposal seemed to be a perfect example of bureaucracy in action; the long line of authority reaching from the Region to the state office, down one step to the field representatives, to the local Community Action Board, and the project director, finally at long last containing some mention of the people at the grass roots; rather an ominous mention, I thought, as this document seemed to contain a veiled threat. If the
local Director did not conform to the plan of higher authority, he might be asked to resign. This whole approach seemed to me wrong, a reverse of what a genuinely democratic plan would be, with an awareness of the grass roots in the local community. I was distressed at what the people at the neighborhood level must be thinking.

I drew up a one page comment on the report, a definite criticism of the approach, the weight of overhead authority and the apparent neglect of grass roots opinion. The only immediate result of my critical report was in invitation from my chief, Paul Cain, to read the other nine reports from OEO Regions. Some of these, I found, were more to my liking, showing a genuine attempt to work with the people for whom the projects were designed.

I talked again with Paul Cain, telling him of my concern about the methods of OEO training and my hope that some changes could be brought about, to make the training programs more nearly an outcome of a broader, more democratic plan, with methods better related to the needs of the individual trainees. Paul was immediately interested because he, too, had been critical of many of our training projects. We began to talk in terms of a few demonstration centers where methods of training could be worked out in practice, evaluated, and reported on for wider usefulness in OEO.

Paul then took the plan a long step forward.

"Every federal agency," he said, "is interested in training: Agriculture, the Labor Department, HEW and others. Why not try to establish a coordinated training plan with them, perhaps a few communities that might be called "Resource Centers." He went on to speculate, "There would be only a small OEO staff. The training would emphasize the resources of the whole community, and how they could be used in the development of local community training programs, leading to effective community action." I was immediately delighted with the possibilities.

As a first step, he suggested we should get together with small committees from other federal agencies, ask them what they thought of this idea, and whether they would cooperate if OEO developed such a plan. I was asked to arrange these small committee meetings. Soon afterward we met representatives of Agriculture Extension and the Labor Department in two separate meetings.

There was an immediate response from their representatives. The discussions were enthusiastic, the cooperation promised realistic. Immediately every group had suggestions of pressing needs for training, in areas of the country where a coordinated plan seemed to be needed.

Establishing the necessary contacts was a problem in itself, sometimes with solutions that seemed almost magical. For some time we had been trying to reach the key people in the Office of Education, an agency which would probably respond. But the appointment we hoped for apparently was impossible to arrange.
Then, on a flight to Denver, where our staff was to attend a training conference, I found that my seat mate on the plane was the very official I had been vainly trying to reach, Mr. Timothy Wirt, from the Office of Education. After we had chatted and identified ourselves, he agreed to an improvised staff meeting in the rear of the plane, with Paul Cain and others of our staff. Mr. Wirt was immediately interested in our plan for Coordinated Resource Centers, and promised cooperation. He suggested that this kind of joint effort was urgently needed in Harlem, New York, where black leaders are being trained for local work. On our return to Washington, Mr. Wirt assigned two of his staff to meet with us, to continue this discussion.

In Denver, Paul Cain and I met for a whole evening with two members of the staff of the University of Illinois at Carbondale, where a program of training in community organization was well under way. Certainly the doors of opportunity were wide open there, and cooperation with the University was assured.

Representatives of the Farmers' Union, meeting with us on our return to Washington, pleaded for help in an area of Missouri where the union was organizing cooperatives. Suggestions from our own staff in the Rural Division pointed out the need for assistance in rural Maine, in South Carolina, and in Mississippi. I remember this discussion with special interest, as one of the rural experts turned to me and inquired, "Just how far would you go in this program? Would you take up pig insurance?" From what I read, I knew that this was a live topic of interest in many rural communities. "Why not?" I said cheerfully, "if there is a group which wants to study it."

Encouraged by the general response we had from these other federal departments, and the pressing needs outlined in our various meetings, we seemed ready to take the next step; to decide on one or two demonstration centers where I could be assigned to work with the local groups on a Coordinated Resource program and report results.

Then the blow fell. Soon after, Paul Cain reported briefly that this plan was not approved by policy-makers on the eighth floor. He gave me no explanation, and evidently had had no full explanation given him. Regretfully I filed our plans, with little hope of resurrecting them.

1965-1972 Background Sketches

During my seven years in OEO the program was carried on against a background of demonstrations, protests, and riots; the People's Poverty March, Resurrection City, picket lines at the Capitol, at the White House, at the front door of our offices on 19th Street. Once I remember there was a picket line of about 80 ministers circling in front of our building. On another day a group of amateur actors from the University of Pennsylvania put on a short play at noon with a dramatic scene of a
battle in Vietnam, complete with an improvised airplane of three students, one with a realistic drone, dropping imaginary bombs on the population.

During such episodes, the guards were doubled in our lobby, sometimes the elevators were stopped and the stairs barricaded. Usually a small delegation of the demonstrators were permitted to go up to the eighth floor for a conference with one of the top executives. Once at least there was a "sit in" for several hours in one of the eighth floor offices, a report on which was sent to us all a few days later. One day the Agency received a bomb warning and went into action in what seemed to us an odd way. After five o'clock that day every executive found a memorandum on his desk, "We have received a bomb warning. We are searching the building. If we find any evidence of a bomb, we will evacuate the building."

During the riots in 1967, we had 800 fires, 3,000 arrests, 12,000 troops in the city. Later, tourists made a point of visiting the riot areas and were always shocked to see the boarded-up shops and the acres of rubble.

The effect of the riots in Washington was widespread. The elderly black woman who came to clean my apartment once a week was in the process of buying an overcoat for her grandson from one of the shops on upper 14th Street. The shop was burned to the ground with everything in it, and was not insured. My friend was in the middle of her installment buying and of course lost the coat and all her previous payments. Instances of this kind were reported daily.

Excerpt from a letter in the summer of 1968:

"For the past month we have had Resurrection City near the Lincoln Memorial with its hundreds of Poverty Marchers in wooden shacks. Many of the churches took in some of the people, and there were huge contributions of food and clothing. The weather was vile. Three straight days of rain left the place a sea of mud. Our Director suggested that some of us might go down and talk with small groups of the Marchers. He advised us to have our 'emotional refrigerators' in order, as he said many of the people were hungry and bitter. He added that it would be a good idea to hear what was happening at the grass roots in this program. I signed up to go but at that time the mud was so deep that visitors were not welcome. Soon after, the City moved in police, evacuated people, arrested 300 who were demonstrating at the Capitol and tore down the shacks. Then the trials started. Plans to carry on the demonstrations perhaps with boycotts in many cities are now making headlines."
1970  A Project Manager

For the past two years I had followed the development of the Labor Leadership Projects in OEO, but had had no real connection with them, except for my trip to Appalachia in 1967, when I reported on the training program for union members, sponsored by the University of West Virginia. I was aware that there had been a good deal of correspondence between the University of Massachusetts and our training staff and that an old friend, Bill Kemsley, was in charge of the OEO project there. I had no direct knowledge of tentative plans for similar projects in Texas and Minnesota.

Then I was told that I had been appointed Project Manager of these four Labor Leadership Projects and proceeded as best I could to put together the scattered information I had found about them, and to learn what a Project Manager was supposed to do.

The four projects involved a wide range of territory, state and university relations, and active cooperation, when possible, with the organized labor movement. The general objective of the program was to strengthen the ties between OEO and the Unions, to train Union members to take part as volunteers in their own localities on Community Action Boards and Committees.

The plan included the following projects:

- Appalachia - 13 states, sponsored by the University of West Virginia
- Minnesota - 4 states, sponsored by the University of Minnesota
- New England - 6 states, sponsored by the University of Massachusetts
- Texas - 10 states, sponsored by the University of Houston

An instruction sheet dated April 7, 1970, and headed "Project Management" was brought to my attention. I read it carefully in the hope of finding out what my new duties would include.

A Project Manager was defined as a "designated individual within the Office of Economic Opportunity assigned the responsibility to delegate the authority for the centralized management of a particular headquarters project of the agency."

So far so good. The next paragraph took me farther afield into the method of operation, "to plan, control and direct projects in order to insure that they possess the performance capabilities required by approved program plans and within the resources allocated to specific projects. Budgets, I thought grimly, and hoped that some financial expert would be on hand if I had to deal with them directly."
The next section outlined the qualifications of a Project Manager, and I read it with misgivings. "Sufficient grade and organization stature" were mentioned. I was well aware that in these respects I could not measure up. "The grade should be commensurate with the magnitude of the task." The selection of the Project Manager, it was stated in the next paragraph, "should be on the basis of his general intelligence, judgment and proven willingness to make decisions. He should become the visible center of project authority and information with his career affected by his performance." I was not sure whether I could meet all these requirements. At my age, then 82, I decided I need not worry about my performance affecting my career, what was left of it.

1971 Advisory Council on the Elderly

In the fall of that year I was asked to act as a weekend hostess for the National Advisory Council on the Elderly, a group of about 30 people due to arrive Friday afternoon. Rooms had been reserved for them in an apartment house on "N" Street, not far from the OEO offices. I said I would be glad to help. I stationed myself in the lobby of the apartment house to receive our guests. For hours no one came. Then a few elderly men and women arrived by taxi from the airport. Evidently there had been some confusion about the address. One woman had lost her baggage, and until ten o'clock that night I tried with the help of the National Airport to track it down.

Then there were two long days of meetings in a nearby conference room at Dupont Circle. Several officials of OEO from the top rank addressed the meeting. I looked around the long table at the attentive group. But as I listened to these friendly talks, full of government jargon, at least one with a few French and Latin phrases thrown in, I could see that our guests were confused. One woman from the Middle West wept quietly into her handkerchief. She was the manager of a small public housing project for the elderly. When it was time for discussion, she said, "You'll have to excuse me for crying. So many people have cried on my shoulder, that I can't help it."

In the course of the next two days, there was much discussion, many reports of the sad conditions under which these men and women, their families and friends had been living, most of them, obviously, on inadequate incomes. Their appreciation of the conference was evident, with the opportunity it gave them for the first time to meet government officials and explain their needs.

In November the following year, the second White House Conference on Aging was scheduled. I found myself appointed as a member of the Mayor's Committee for the District of Columbia.

One of the conferences was at Catholic University. The Committee I found, consisted of about 200 people, mostly elderly, many of them on
crutches or canes, a few in wheeled chairs. We were registered and listed our preference for the afternoon workshops. Recommendations from this group had been formulated in a previous meeting, and sent in with those from every state, to the organizing committee for the White House Conference on Aging. Since during my year as Consultant to the Commission on Aging in Connecticut, I had been responsible for collecting recommendations from groups of elderly people, for the former White House Conference in 1961, this committee work seemed familiar to me. I noted that some of these current proposals were identical with those brought in ten years ago, apparently with no action since.

In November, the three thousand delegates to the White House Conference gathered at the Washington Hilton for three days. I decided to attend the section on the Elderly Poor, as more nearly related to the OEO in all its implications. Two old friends of mine were in charge, Ollie Randall with whom I had worked closely in New York State, and Jack Ossofsky, from the National Council on Aging, the discussion leader of the group. For almost two hours I listened, and felt that I had learned a lot.

I had always been pleased to learn when Social Security was going up, thinking that this would benefit many of my elderly friends. In this meeting, the report of such increases brought a sharp protest. I learned that when Social Security went up, state benefits went down; the unemployment compensation, welfare payments and aid to the blind. An elderly woman sitting behind me brought in a resolution which was passed and sent on to the Conference for consideration; that the state benefits should be dropped, and one channel for benefits for the elderly be established, adequate Social Security.

This group adopted another recommendation; that instead of large conferences with thousands of delegates every ten years, there should be annual conferences, each one taking up a specific topic of special interest to the elderly; adequate income, health, housing, legislation, community services. It seemed obvious to this group that focusing attention on one topic each year would result in more effective action afterward. For the rest of the two hour session, I listened to the discussion around me, finally catching it in the form of four poems. I sent these to Ollie Randall and to the National Council on Aging and was pleased to have a request from Jack Ossofsky, to use them in the local bulletins of that organization. Somehow, the poems appeared at Barney House, one of the settlements in the Northwest of Washington. From the Director I received a framed copy of the poems, with a citation from Mayor Washington. This pleasant surprise was followed by an invitation to lunch at Barney House, where I met the staff and learned of their neighborhood activities, for young and old. I was also asked to attend a meeting in the Labor Department auditorium where a large group of elderly people were gathering for a program, including a gay scene from "Hello Dolly," with six women in Victorian costumes dancing and singing. About 50 citations were given, mine among them. To my surprise, my name was called a second time, by the D.C. Director of Recreation, Joseph Cole, and I went to meet him. He handed me another piece of parchment, with a twinkle in his eye, and murmured "Two!"
1972 What Happened Next?

This question, reiterated at frequent intervals following a work assignment never brought any real response or explanation. In the training Division staff meetings I often heard the word "feedback" and came across it in numerous reports. I never could learn where this "feedback" went, so far as my own work was concerned. I knew only that this mysterious process never fed any facts back to me. After each unit of work - a field trip, a conference, individual interviews - I was naturally interested to learn what had happened next. Did anything come of all those recommendations I had brought back from state and local communities? Were the same people I had met still in charge? Was the follow-up work planned for the OEO trainees effective? How were they getting along in their assigned jobs? Were the hundreds of packages of materials I had sent out ever received? If so, how were they distributed, if at all? Were they still piled unopened on someone's official desk?


1972 Federal Service in Retrospect

I am often asked, "How can you stand all these years in the Federal Government? It must be so frustrating!"

"It often is," I reply, "and it's just as frustrating in business, social work, the labor movement, in any kind of work where a group of people are trying to accomplish something together. If you are going to let frustration get you down, you're better not start." I often quote President Truman who must have been asked this same question. He answered, "If you can't stand the heat, get out of the kitchen."

In spite of perennial discouragement, there is something about the Federal Government that has made my work enjoyable. I like the feeling of spaciousness I have found in Federal service, the bigness of it, the fact that Federal action has its repercussion all over the United States. I am fascinated with its complexity, its tangle of Federal, State and local relations, the diversity of the programs it covers, the wide effect of Federal legislation for socially constructive ends when enforced with justice. I have great respect for those Federal employees who think of their jobs not only as a means to earning a living, but as links in a chain of accomplishment toward a distant goal. They seem to realize that if the day-by-day process in their work is right the goal may be left to take care of itself.

I know of no greater excitement than on a field trip to discover that something you have done in a Washington office is actually being put into practice in a local community and used effectively; a suggestion carried out, some material read and applied, a policy discussed in staff meetings which has been adopted and actually seems to be working; and it is
especially delightful to learn that a demonstration project, an experiment in community affairs, initiated in Washington after Regional consultation, is being adopted as a pattern in similar situations in a wider area of the country.

I have always been glad that in my former work I had had experience on three levels of government, local, state, and Federal. As a citizen of my own township on the Hudson, where once I ran for Town Supervisor - and was defeated - then in two state jobs, New York and Connecticut, in programs for the elderly where I learned about the interplay, political, administrative, and financial, between the Federal government and the states. Years in Washington offices in several Federal agencies, were supplemented by five rigorous years as a registered lobbyist, in an attempt to establish a Labor Extension Service in the Department of Labor. When I was appointed in OEO I felt that I had arrived and found a place there by the hard way.

These years have given me the sense of being at home in a Government office, any Government office: the standard familiar furniture, the drawers that stick, notices and posters in the halls, the long lines in the cafeteria on a rainy day, the guards in the lobby, the troop of cleaning women coming in at closing hours. And all the other people: people coming and going, staff and visitors; a conference gathering in one room, a job hunter being interviewed in another, quiet hours in the library, shouts and laughter at a farewell party. And as an undercurrent, of which I am more conscious during these last official days, a sense of far reaching purpose, broken down into small individual work assignments, all in a warm atmosphere of friendship.

I knew how much I was going to miss it all; "Hi, Hilda! How you're doing?"

1972 A Farewell Party

In the early spring of 1972 I heard a rumor by the familiar grapevine, that there would be many cuts in OEO and that probably my year-by-year appointment would not be renewed. This did not surprise me, as I was approaching 84, and had often been questioned as to why the Civil Service "Mandatory Retirement" at an earlier age had not been applied to me. I never understood this regulation and did not trouble to investigate it. Every year on January first, I waited to see whether I would be reappointed. So far I had been.

Brooding on this new rumor overnight, I decided to resign before I was terminated and sent in a formal letter of resignation, fixing the date as March 15. This, I thought, would give me time to finish my last assignment, which I had suggested myself; a narrative of my seven years in this agency. But I did not know that my office was to be moved twice
in the first two weeks of March, with the usual process of clearing desks, packing cartons, and trying to find papers afterward. As the moving men appeared to move me, I indicated three large scrapbaskets of trash and said I would leave them. "Oh no, Miss Smith," said Anthony Jones, an old friend who had moved me dozens of times before. "The trash goes with you." My new office was just around the corner, and I rapidly took possession of a small room, trash and all. Soon after I received a note from one of the top officials, accepting my resignation and thanking me for my services. Since my writing was in its final stages, I decided to finish the narrative as best I could. After my resignation date of March 15, I was assured that I could still use the office, and proceeded to do so until the carpenters took the walls down around my desk in order to create a large conference room. Then the traffic was so heavy and so noisy that I took all my papers home, in the hope of finishing there.

In March, Esther Moore, one of our staff, approached me to say that I was to be honored at a formal dinner and please save the date, May 15. I did not feel happy about this, and was relieved to hear later that there had been a change of plan and then an informal afternoon party was being arranged on May 25 in the eighth floor conference room.

What a party that was! The long table was decorated with flowers, in the middle a large punch bowl and plates of snacks. Over it there was a flowery scroll with the caption, "LOVE AND MISS SMITH CONQUER ALL." The room was full of people. I was surprised to see Sargent Shriver there, the first director of OEO. A beautiful poster designed by Peter Masters with a border of pansies had been signed by about 250 people who were attending the party.

John Clark, Chief of the Policy Development and Review Division, was the master of ceremonies and a delightful one. With a straight face he read a series of fictitious letters of congratulations, one from the Shah of Iran, another from Vice President Spiro Agnew. A little later in the party, a special messenger appeared at the door with a real letter from the Vice President, followed the next day by one from President Nixon. Mr. Wesley L. Hjornevik, Deputy Director, presented me with an "EXCEPTIONAL SERVICE AWARD," a large parchment beautifully bound in crimson leather.

Frank Pernbach of the Steelworkers' Union was the speaker and told of my work in the labor movement and in government. He and I had worked closely together for five years as registered lobbyists, in an effort to establish a Labor Extension Service in the Department of Labor. Mrs. Ella Munyon, the elderly flower vender at our corner, appeared with a beautiful white orchid which she pinned on my dress, a ceremony accompanied with much picture taking. Every former OEO director had sent me a letter, I discovered. Bernard Harding, Donald Rumsfeld, Frank Carlucci; and from two men with whom I had been associated in Community Action, Don Wortman and Paul Cain. I was pleased to see that Bill Skidmore, my recent chief in the Training Division, had come to the party. To my regret, Bob Curry, my present chief, was away.
From the Senate I had cordial letters from Senator Javits, a fellow New Yorker; Senator Frank Church, Chairman of the Senate Special Committee on Aging; and Senator Hubert Humphrey, an old friend, formerly our Minnesota State Supervisor of workers' education during the depression. Friends in the labor movement had written cordially of our long association: Walter Davis, Director of the AFL-CIO Education Department; George Guernsey, Assistant Director of the Education Department; Kenneth Meiklejohn of the Legal Staff; and Jack Edwards, Vice President of the United Auto Workers. From the groups of elderly I had worked with came letters from Robert Blue, Vice Chairman of the OEO Advisory Committee on the Elderly; and Ollie Randall, a long-time associate in New York State and a recognized expert in this field. Several letters came from the elderly themselves; men and women with whom I had sat through a series of OEO conferences. During the week before the party our Public Relations Division had asked me to talk with several representatives of the press and soon after clippings came in from all over the country. These accounts were sympathetic, if somewhat puzzling to me, I had never realized that I had been a "New York socialite," as one paper reported.

After the party that night, Phillip Sanchez, our OEO Director, took me to dinner in a Georgetown restaurant. This gave me a chance to get acquainted with him, to realize his friendly personality and his deep interest in the OEO. As a boy in a migrant camp in California, he had had good reason to understand what it meant to be poor. His later career had, I realized, given him a wider knowledge of the long-range purposes of OEO, and a grasp of possible methods to attain them. I liked what he said about the agency, "I hope and expect that the OEO will still have some shining hours." He and his friendly chauffeur, Claude Amiden, escorted me home, loaded down with my trophies, my citation, posters, the large volume of letters and a long box beautifully wrapped which I discovered later contained a flowery patch work quilt stitched by hand, from Mrs. Partridge, an elderly black woman, the mother of one of our former secretaries, Pauline Bolton.

The hard working committee of our staff who organized this grand send-off were Esther Moore of the Training Division; Tom Cosgrove of the National Councils, Alice McPadden, Liaison Officer, Private Resources Division; Val Pinson of the Migrant Division; and Peter Masters of the Graphic Division. When after the party I questioned Esther as to how the committee had rounded up this long list of letters from the White House on down, she merely replied in a dignified way, "We have contacts." A few days later in the office mail I received a substantial check, a farewell gift from the staff. My thanks were printed in the next number of the "Communicator;"

"To all the staff of OEO and every generous friend, This letter cannot really show the thanks I'd like to send. No matter that I have resigned, or how the story ends, Retirement never was designed to part me from my friends."

This whole occasion was memorable, truly, for me, a "shining hour."
TO OEO

For years we've worked in OEO
A changing population.
And every one of us, I know,
In spite of consternation,
Anxiety and some confusion
Usually comes to this conclusion:

We are aware that OEO
Has many faults - (conceded) -
And yet we'd hate to see it go;
We think it's really needed.
And though we grumble and complain,
Yet in our hearts we know
That each of us is glad to have
A part in OEO.