1945
Hudson Shore
This book is dedicated to

MRS. MARSHA VAN HOESEN TABER

the director of our school. We all have loved
playing and working with her in the past years
and are sad to be losing her this year. To her
we wish much luck and happiness in the future.
EDITORIAL BOARD

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The Editorial Board wishes to express its thanks to Peggy Gross for the time and energy she gave in working on the Yearbook.
EDITORIAL

Soon, all the students, undergrads and faculty will be leaving Hudson Shores. Physically, at least, we shall be separated. Spiritually, however, we will often be together. We shall think back to the many good times we have had, learning, singing, dancing, picnicking and partying together. Also, we shall think about and attempt to use the knowledge which we have gained here.

Because of the time we have spent at Hudson Shores discussing the origin and value of labor unions, the problems they have faced and solved, and the ones which they are facing now and may have to face in the future, we are better prepared to join those who are working and will continue working towards the solution of these problems.

We deeply appreciate the many ways in which our stay at Hudson Shores has enriched our lives. We thank Hilda Smith for making the Hudson Shores Labor School possible.

This year the Editorial Board thought that it would like to have in its book, in addition to information about the school of '45, a section devoted to experiences before and after Hudson Shores. Because most of the alumni did not answer the letters which were sent to each one of them, this section is of necessity, made up mostly of experiences prior to Hudson Shores.

We hope you will enjoy reading this book as much as we enjoyed compiling it.

[Signature: Rose Young]
GREETINGS

This is the twenty-fifth summer session of our school. It is the oldest resident summer school for workers now existing in this country. Starting as the Bryn Mawr Summer School for Women Workers in Industry, it moved to West Park in 1939. Today it welcomes as students men and women workers from a wide variety of places and industries and a small number of college undergraduates. In addition to the regular six weeks school described in this book unions and other groups hold special institutes here. By the end of the summer about six hundred people will have attended some session or other at Hudson Shore.

As this twenty-fifth session closes, I reluctantly say good-bye to the school. It has been one of my happiest summers. The enthusiasm and intelligence of the students, faculty, and undergraduates has made the school a splendid one. I hate to go, but I am glad that the school will be in the hands of two of the most capable and far-seeing people I know—Margaret Wood as Director, and Rhotta Arter as Assistant Director. It is also in the hands of its students. All of you who have studied here know that Labor's tremendous problems can be solved only by clear thinking, knowledge, and hard work. It is our job to help build Workers' Education into a strong, unified movement. It is a hard job and it calls for perseverance and courage. But from what I have learned at Hudson Shore, I know it can be done.

Martha Taber
THE FACULTY SPEAKS

You have been warm and generous in your expression of gratitude to us for what you have learned here and what Hudson Shore has meant to you. We want to express here our thanks for what we have learned from you. We have seen again that people of different races and creeds can live together happily and without fear or prejudice. We are reminded that by exchange of experiences and discussion of problems we can each grow in understanding of each other and our world. These are things that cannot be learned too well.

Perhaps at no time in history have these lessons been more important. We would like to give you a message of cheer, comfort and peace. The days that lie ahead will be full of hope and promise, but they also will be full of danger and stress. What we have learned here can be applied in our communities and in our world. Our hope for all of us is that we may have the faith, the understanding and the will to help make it so wherever we are.

Martha Taber
Margaret W. Westley
Margaret Wood
Stella Cooke
Chetta M. Anton
J.B. Greig
Undergrad Message

In June, we undergrads came to Hudson Shore Labor School. We were not sure of what our duties would be. We did not know what the other people here would be like. We came, not knowing just what to expect—hoping for the best, and expecting anything. Each undergrad was mystified and, yes, even afraid, when she tried to think of what a group of workers would be like. What did we know that you, as a group, would know? Certainly we knew nothing about the problems of the labor group. We wondered "What is Hudson Shore? Is it just a school for adult and busy workers?—A place of learning?—Three houses by the side of the road?" We discovered that these are the things it is on the outside, but that—if we look beyond that—we may find more important things.

We have learned that education can be a weapon—a powerful one for good, a weapon for action that can build a new country. We have seen that cooperation brings happiness, and that unity brings strength. We have realized that education includes "doing" as well as writing in notebooks. Before we came here the labor movement was just another "thing" to us. At Hudson Shore it has become so personal that "our hearts swell as our minds" join its uphill fight. Yes, we say, we were conquered. From the time the first group of students arrived, when we were met with smiles and friendly eager "Hellos", to the last tearful hours, when we dreaded the arrival of Perkins' taxi, we have been discovering (and now we really know) what Hilda Smith meant by "Hudson Shore, a home, a school, a dream".

Ellen J. Hilles
Barbie Heinrichs
Evelyn Alimichuk
Rebecca Gross
Betty Byfield
Jane Hatman
Robete Holmes

Mount Holyoke
Vassar
Smith
Radeffer
Bryn Mawr
Connecticut College for Women
Vassar
I do not mean to suggest by this title that there are not more than two roads to happiness, or that either one is certain to produce the desired result in every case. Human nature is too complex for such simple generalizations. However, I have traveled these two with joy and happy companionship, and I describe them to you with the belief that you, too, will have similar experiences.

The first one is the more difficult and harder to discover, but I believe that you have been on it in the Hudson Shore Labor School. We may call it the Democratic Way. There is happiness in any group where everyone respects every other, where there is mutual esteem and friendship, where everyone has a voice in all that concerns him, and may question freely and express opinions without embarrassment. There is no "superiority" due to position, heredity, race, religion, or opportunity. This does not mean that there is no real superiority resulting from special abilities and special training. But real superiority is often undiscovered, and is best developed in a democratic group. I suspect that in most groups, family or labor union or school or army, that there is no such democratic attitude as I have described. The "superiors" may be the owners, or the bosses, or a group at the top. They are not happy, because they are hated and know not why; because their decisions are not wise, since they are not the product of the whole group. The "inferiors" are unhappy because they hate the "superiors"; because they are suppressed; because their latent real superiorities are never brought into action. If you want a further description of the Democratic Way, I recommend Eve Curie's "Journey Among Warriors," Harry Ward's "The Soviet Spirit," and John Hersey's "Bell of Adano."

But one may live in an undemocratic group and still find happiness. Much unhappiness results from the fact that most of us are limited to a small region and to a small group of people. Few of us can cross the continent, climb mountains, go to college, get away from others. Therefore, little things seem big. People whom we see too much of get on our nerves. We might like them if we saw them less often, but we hate them. There is, however, a road to happiness under these circumstances. Let us call it the Road of Glorious Vistas.

Let us go to the top of a high building in the city, or to a quiet place in the country, and watch the moon. Let us learn what those gray areas that we call "The Man in the Moon" really are; why the moon changes its shape from night to night, and what it would really be like to visit. Let us look at the stars and get acquainted with the bright ones, so that we recognize them as they return from month to month. Let us learn what they are, and, more important still, how we know. Our earth becomes a very, very small planet, absolutely invisible, and our sun itself appears as a dim star, from the nearest star. Let us travel from star to star, to the most remote, and then beyond our universes, for such there are.
Or, let us go to the Museum of Natural History in New York City and find out how we know that man has evolved from lower animals throughout a half-million or more years. Civilizations have existed for only a few thousand years. It has taken man many hundreds of thousands of years to emerge from a primitive state to the very beginning of civilization. And before there were men, life was evolving for millions and millions of years from one-celled microscopic forms. And before that? It is a thrilling story, this story of time.

Or let us, with the help of classes and books, study the history of mankind, not just the history of England or the United States, but of India, of China, of the Balkans, of all mankind. Let us know who are the great and who, the harmful. Let us learn the causes of the terrible disaster that mankind is now experiencing. Then we may become active in advancing human welfare, and we, too, may become great when we appreciate greatness.

It is not necessary to go to college to travel this Road of Glorious Vistas. College girls, if they wish to be fully happy, clear-thinking and useful citizens, will want to study the elements of chemistry, physics, geology, astronomy, biology, and the history of mankind, which includes economics and sociology. They can, if necessary, dispense with the study of languages, mathematics, and much literature for the sake of greater values. But too often courses in science and history are so specialized that they demand them and search them out, whether he goes to college, to evening classes, or to labor schools. If this Road of Glorious Vistas intrigues you, I would recommend Bertram Russell's "Conquest of Happiness."

I hope that you will travel these roads, and find in them something better than happiness: shall we call it a useful life and peace.

Louise Brown
July 23, 1945

The Editorial Board
Hudson Shore Labor School
West Park, N.Y.

Dear Friends,

It was gratifying to get your letter wanting to know "What have you been doing since your good times at West Park?", for good times they were! I too wish I could be there again this summer.

All year Hudson Shore has been the high-light of my talks and memories. My picture postals of Smith House, Aberdeen, The Lounge, snapshots of the faculty and students have long ago become dog-eared from much display.

Here in Washington? Well, last month we formally opened our union library at headquarters. Miss Hashekin's talk on the importance of a library was directly responsible. I came home and got to work on it.

About my work. I am still a "coder" for the Federal Government. My position is called statistical clerk. My work is coding data, compiling and computing statistics.

In March, I joined the Howard University branch of the Red Cross Motor Corps. I am now a full-fledged member doing ambulance driving, home service and various other details.

I hope everyone is enjoying their summer at Hudson Shore as much as I did mine.

Sincerely,

Bernice R. Williams,
Sec'y Treas., Ladies Auxiliary
Brotherhood of Sleeping Car Porters, Wash., D. C. division.

Dear Hudson Shore,

I was so happy to receive your letter, and I think it is a great idea for the editorial board to check up on alumnae. It should be very interesting to see what has happened since we all were together a year ago.

My story is quite simple. Like most of the undergrads last summer, I had another year to finish at college, and spent last year in Wellesley and Boston.

This summer I have been living at home in Warren, Pa. I have a job in the record room of our local hospital. When I am not working, I find that picnics and hikes are good sports for summer out in the country.

I wish I could tell you more definitely about my plans for this fall. I have applied for work with the Red Cross, and now I am waiting a little impatiently, for them to make up their mind. I don't know what part of the country that work would take me to, just wherever there are military hospitals I guess.

I wanted to write you, even though I had to be late, just to say, "thank you for writing me, and I hope you have had as lovely a summer as we had last year."

Sincerely,

Patty Knapp
Greetings Girls,

I do hope that you have found your surroundings, school, and fellow students to be quite as thrilling as I did during the two summers I attended Hudson Shore. Beauty you could only read about in books is there. Congeniality and cooperation is something you have heard about but never experienced until now. Friends from the board of directors to little Eileen are all yours. These are the things that have made every student shed tears when the end of the term arrived.

Since leaving the school last summer, I have been very busy with various activities. Some of them were as follows:--lecturing to the wives of unorganized employees in Newport News, Va., helping to plan a weekend YWCA conference in Wilkes Barre, Pa., serving as senior hostess in the USO, working as a volunteer for OPA, attending the little National Convention sessions of the YWCA, and others that space prohibits mentioning.

My biggest thrill of the year was the opening of the new $100,000 colored YWCA here. Picture, if you can, the struggle to raise that amount in the month of July '43. But we did, as hot as it was. Then the anxiety of waiting for the building to be completely remodeled from the roof to the basement. Finally the day arrived and the keys were handed to the Committee of Management and we now proudly possess one of the finest Y's in the U.S.A. Seeing is believing, so drop in whenever you come to Baltimore.

My very best regards to the staff, for it was they who helped inspire me.

Well that's all,
Rosa Burrell '43, '44

The Amish of Lancaster

As time marches on, so do people and customs. The Amish segregated themselves from the world. Many of you here at Hudson Shore may doubt that these conditions exist, but they do.

Coming into a small section in Eastern Pennsylvania near a town called Lancaster one finds a group of people called the Amish. Their dress is very different from ours as they all dress alike. Women wear bonnets, black long dresses with an apron of blue, green or purple. Men's suits are always black, with high collars on their coats, bow ties, and wide brimmed hats. Youngsters are also dressed as parents.

The fall season is when they generally marry. If a family has a daughter they'd like to marry off, a blue gate is placed in front of the house. Then the line of suitors start. Generally it's the family that does the approving, the girl doesn't have very much to say.

They do not join in outside recreation such as movies, dances, but have enjoyable times among themselves. Churches are usually held in their homes where someone from the group is then selected to preach the sermon. They don't approve of education very much but do send their children to rural schools nearby.

They are a very quiet and peace-loving group and are always ready to help one another. Though these people are unified among themselves, they have not yet learned world unity.

Helen Hotlack
My Experiences Before and After Joining a Union

My story begins almost two years ago when I started to work in the dress industry. The factory had just started to operate and, for the first several months, there were only a few girls working. As time went on, new girls—both experienced operators and learners—came to work there. Most of the experienced operators who had worked in union shops previously attempted to get the girls together to form a union. This was not successful because most of the operators were married women who were planning to work for only a short time. Months passed and the war continued. These same women decided to stay on the job until peace time. This meant that there were enough operators in the shop and the employer could not hire anyone else. He wanted to employ experienced operators to replace the many learners. In order to make this possible he started to practice discrimination, so in that way, girls would become disgusted and leave of their own accord. He lengthened the working day. This meant that everyone was compelled to work overtime. Girls were working 12 hours a day, sometimes without even a lunch period; they had to eat while working. A group of girls were asked to come in on Sundays, and, when they refused, were punished by having to do all the least desirable work.

When some women told him that they could not work overtime because of household duties, he set up power machines in their homes, where they did home work after working eight hours in the factory. Another method he used was keeping piece rates low so that a girl could not earn more than the fifty-cent per hour minimum.

Action started in January 1945, when the girls realized that they could not stand these working conditions any longer. The first thought that came to every girl's mind was to join a union. We contacted the District Manager of the ILGWU, and told him that the girls were going out on strike and would like to join their union. A business agent was sent down and, after all the girls signed Union Cards, a contract was drawn up. The next step was presenting the contract to the employer. He signed it without hesitating too long, since he realized that every girl had walked out of his shop.

Since then, in these past six months, not only have our hours changed, but also our working conditions have improved and our wage earnings have increased. The payrolls show that every girl earns more than her fifty-cent minimum; some reach $1.25 an hour. We work no more than forty-eight hours a week and there is no more home work.

Benefits and Vacation with pay have been granted for the first time.

All of this the ILGWU has done in six months for its members. We hope that, by working and struggling together, we will gain much more in the future.

Ann Hodakoski
My Personal Experience in Nazi Germany

For generations we had lived in Germany as Germans, fighting for the country and it's life, whenever necessary. When suddenly in 1933 we were declared foreign to all the things we knew.

In his book "Mein Kampf" Hitler had made his program very clear. Somehow people took it very lightly, in fact laughed about it. However, they changed their minds very fast, when soon after he got into power in 1933, they found that he had every intention of carrying his program through.

One of the first things he did was to dissolve all trade unions and put their leaders and most active members into concentration camps. People were urged and sometimes forced to join the Nazi parties, if they wanted to retain their jobs or get new ones. The Workers' Front was set up instead of labor unions and every so called Aryan worker tried to join it, in order to work.

The Jewish organizations were allowed to continue their activities for a little while, but soon were restricted, that meant no more uniforms, and every group had to register with the Gestapo at least once a week in advance. The registration had to have the place, date, speaker, subject and group with their titles. Each meeting was attended by a Gestapo agent. If for some reason or another, they didn't start in time, or two people wore the same cloth, which would be considered a uniform, they simply broke up the meeting and ordered the leader to report to the Gestapo Headquarters. This was an unpleasant feeling, because one was sure to get in, but never sure to get out.

Restrictions did not only apply to organizations, but to every form of life. No Jewish worker was allowed to work in a non-Jewish place, unless he was essential and not able to be replaced. Doctors, lawyers, in fact all kinds of professions were included in this law. Restrictions went even as far as all public places were concerned, except for parks, where two or three benches would be painted yellow for the use of the Jewish population.

Public schools still remained open for everyone. Highschools, however, were limited to those Jewish children, whose father had been fighting in the first world war and received the Iron Cross first class, but scholarships were not given to any of them.

One of the most horrible experiences I went through was Nov. 9, 1938. On Nov. 9, 1938 a Jewish fellow attacked the German Ambassador in Paris. During the night from the 8th-9th, trucks went around in every city dragging all Jewish stores, breaking the windows, and stealing everything they could get hold of. All synagogues were set on fire and men rounded up and put into concentration camps. It was a pity to see men hiding in woods, going to hospitals to see if there possibly wasn't anything wrong with them, so they could stay there for a while and be secure. Others would hide in closets, or stay with Gentile friends of families that had no non living there. All this was only possible in a big city. In small towns where practically everybody knew everybody else, this was not possible.

The men were usually released after four to six weeks, their hair shaved off and completely broken down, even afraid to talk to their own families. Others never came home again. Their families were simply notified that this particular person died of a heart attack. Another punishment was a heavy tax on all Jewish capital.

In all these years it had become quite clear that there was no future for the Jews in Germany. Everybody tried to get connections to other countries, begging for help to get out of Germany. It was very difficult. Countries closed their borders, or quotas were filled up. In most cases families had to separate not knowing when they would see each other again.

Ursula Keinski
Introductory Note:—Marie Galera spent much of her childhood in Mexico, where her father was a physician. She wrote very interesting stories of some of her early experiences there. Her interest in workers as a group began there, and has been carried through to beneficial use in her activities as a member of the ILGWU. We regret that space does not permit including here the whole article she wrote for us. The Editors.

My Trip to Mexico

Not so long ago, I decided to return to Mexico, and see once more the beauties of my father's land. The road to Mexico City is a winding one through the mountains. You find yourself climbing through vast mountain ranges. The beauty of the scenery is breath-taking; for each mountain seems to have a color and personality all its own. They seem to be of all hues. At times they look as though huge green carpets had been carelessly thrown, and each carpet were a different shade of green. The ascent into Mexico City takes 28 hours from the border. Mexico City is 7500 feet above sea level. At times you find that you no longer look up to see the clouds but, instead, you look down.

The entrance to Mexico City is a beautiful one, as the first things that greet your eye are her two faithful volcanoes, the Iztaccihuatl and Popocatepetl, or the "Xtla" and the "Popo" as they are affectionately called. The "Xtla" is the volcano of the sleeping woman. The formation of the top of the mountain resembles a sleeping woman, and as the mountain is snow-capped, she looks as though a shimmering white veil had been thrown over her as she slept. Next to her the ever faithful "Popo" wears a snow-capped head, towering, ever watchful over his sleeping bride.

As you enter the city you are greeted by the monument to Mexico's independence, a huge white stone monument with Mexico's emblem—the eagle and the serpent at the top. Mexico City is known as the city of palaces. This is due to the fact that in it may still be found many of the old palatial houses of the conquistadores.

We stayed in Mexico City for several days to accustom ourselves to the altitude. Then off we went to Puebla to take our bus for Oaxaca and the Monte Alban and Mitla ruins of the Zapotecs and Mixtecs Indians. We arrived a little late at the bus station; so we found no available seats. This seems never to phase a Mexican driver, if he has two square inches of space on a bus he has room for you. Finally, after looking around for a while, he found an empty oval can for me and a mail bag for my friend, and we were off. The scenes on the way once again were wonderful. Each town varies in architecture. The vegetation keeps gradually changing as you descend from high levels to sea level. Sometimes the color of the earth varies and you will find that at times it is red, others a light sea green, and sometimes a bit yellow. After 14 hours on this bus, we, tired and sore, arrived at Oaxaca. I felt I never wanted to see an oil can again and my girl friend said she did not care if she never got a scrap of mail again.

Oaxaca is a small sleepy city. Its houses are new and sturdily built. We soon found out that this was due to the fact that they have many earthquakes; every now and then the city is razed and they build it anew. The main interest in Oaxaca today is the Mitla and Monte Alban ruins. These were discovered, I believe, by Lindbergh on one of his flights through Mexico. As he pressed he noticed that the vegetation and topography of the land was different from its
surroundings. Mexican Archaeologists decided to excavate. You can well imagine their joy and surprise finding large tombs filled with gold, silver, jade and onyx. Seven have been opened but there are still many more to be excavated.

Milta is the other tomb. This tomb has beautiful wall designs made of fitted pieces of stone. These pieces are fitted together and not plastered. The designs are very much like those of the Egyptians. In this temple one finds the pillar of life—a stone pillar at one of the entrances. You put your arms around this pillar and the distance in inches between your two hands determines the years of life you have left.

The next day we left Cuxte and returned to Mexico City. We felt a little sad, but we knew that our lives had been enriched by the beauty and wisdom of this old city full of vines and ancient homes.

Marie Calera

First Nighters

Four of us entered the deserted and quiet bar-room seeking a cool glass of beer and a quiet hour of getting acquainted. Names had to wait until after the pleasure of those first few gulps of beer which came, as was proper, with the satisfaction of "slapping" into the feisty head.

Before we had time to find out more than the names and unions represented four more people came in; strange faces but friendly smiles. Another table was pulled up so we could all be together. Four more beers were "coming up", and four more names were to be remembered, provided people did not change seats too rapidly.

The bang of the screen door ended all hopes for even a moderately quiet evening of beer. That time we added three tables to our line-up. The newcomers got their own drinks. As the first nickel was dropped into the juke box, another group of new students made necessary the addition of more tables and chairs. We found it impossible to remember names—even those of the original group.

The tempo increased rapidly and soon reached a high pitch. Continuous dancing, laughing voices, tinkling of ice in many glasses, and the haze of cigarette smoke all combined to create friendly confusion. While jitterbugs stomped, two students of the original four became deeply involved in reconversation problems—and beer. At the other end of the tables, two of the clothing workers discussed (almost shouting to be heard) the differences between their unions, and between the CIO and AFL. Everybody seemed happy.

The idea of quietly getting acquainted as everyone entered into the spirit of the occasion.

Too soon it was time to go back to the Smith House and to get some rest before tackling more seriously the problems of labor. On the way to bed, as we were going through the large living room, several of us were shanghaied into joining the "HSLS Zoo" by imitating some animal. Even so, lights were out and everyone was asleep by eleven o'clock (we hope!).

Thus began the week of July 28th for twenty-eight students from seven states, representing clothing, steel, auto, and other industries as well as mail order and domestic workers.

Lloyd Estes
Dear Miss Arter,

It takes more than intuition
To see one’s bright position
On a complicated case such as this
I have a little suspicion
(As you can see I’m no physician)
We should examine the condition.
(The approach of the statistician)

It rained at our institution
Till students felt their constitution
Needed a cheery substitution—
(For classes)
In the brief time of class transition
And from the first rain to the next one
There was time for foot transportation.
(From Smith to Aberdeen).

But, lacking complete imagination
They demonstrated slow stagnation
In processes involving celebration.
(Quite unreasonable, say we.)

The point in deliberation
Is should three rule the situation
Without thought of cooperation?
(Who says?)

We, now four, went into operation
Only after brief consultation—
Forgotten the rightness of majority domination.
(A point which most union members observe.)

Am I wrong in brief conclusion
That we’ll be accused of bolshevism?
More incentive for a good solution.
(What is the verdict?)

Sent with my love,
Barbie Hinrichs

Love Me?

Yes, No

In deep concentration
On the cause I revolve.
LINING UP HUDSON SHORE

H is for hearts that are hopeful and happy.

U is for united - that's how we stand.

D is for democracy (now we know just what it means).

S is for strength gained through "solidarity forever".

O is for organized, the best thing to be.

Now this isn't the half of what we've learned here.

S is for simplicity and friendly smiles.

H is for humor; there's a good supply here.

O is for opportunity to make life-long friends.

R is for remain; how we all wish we could,

Experiencing forever the life we've known here.

Ellen Hillis

A Prayer of Praise

Thou who hast provided for the needs of man since the creation of the world: who hast given man leadership when it was needed: Thou didst give to Israel the leadership of Moses, when its people were in bondage: Thou didst give to America Lincoln to pave the way for a democratic nation. And to this nation, yea, the world, the leadership of a Roosevelt. Thou who didst inspire the Smith family to settle in this spot where nature declares Thy glory in the quiet flowing river, the breeze in the tree tops, the singing of the birds, and the gigantic rocks where contentment dwells. Thou didst inspire Hilda Smith to be a blessing to labor. We thank Thee. We desire to forget the unjust dealings of man to man. We pray that Thou wilt hasten the day when the Fatherhood of God, and the brotherhood of man will be accepted and proclaimed the world over.

Nora Fant
Ironic it seems that my gaze should focus
at intervals during the day,
on a stately mansion across the Hudson
where the Vanderbilt family
used to play,

Where came the capital for the building?
From us... by extortion... through selfishness—pride.
Who are the people living there now?
Nothing left of them.
They've died.

I gaze at the workers' faces about me
lined, unflinching. The palms
of their hands by toil worn,
the skin on their back—their property,
of all but the "glint in their eye"
They've been shorn.

I weigh both sides—to evaluate.
God ends my mental strife.
"Their monument is built of stone;
yours is built
of life."

What is wealth but richness within us?
What is power but strength of mind?
These beyond all time endure.
We are the prosperous ones,
I find.

Jan Whitman
WORKERS' EDUCATION - 1945

ACT I

Introduction

Narrator: Tonight we give you a newspaper. In it you will find a wealth of experience. Many who went before us have left their imprint on its pages. You, too, are writing in its columns. It is the story of workers' education. It is not in the headlines, but in the back pages and buried between the lines.

First turn to a little section way back by the crossword puzzle. It is headed "One Hundred and Fifteen Years Ago Today."

Scene I (The chairman comes to the table at the front of the room and conducts a meeting of the Workingman's Party in 1830. They discuss the Party's platform and pass a resolution favoring free public education.)

Scene II

Narrator: Long before there was a national Labor Movement in America, little local groups were meeting to discuss their problems. Many wanted to learn to read and write, and only a few scattered groups had as yet been able to organize to better the conditions of workers in industry. Organization proceeded slowly. Membership increased in prosperity and disappeared with depression. Gradually the idea of a national Labor Movement spread, but many attempts failed before there was an American Labor Movement.

First Reader: Obituaries! The National Labor Union - born 1865, died 1872. Among the causes for its death was the fact that city union groups were not ready to take an interest in national affairs. More education was needed. Survivors. City central bodies, some weak national unions, and local labor libraries and classes.

Second Reader: Obituaries! The Knights of Labor - born 1869, died 1895 after a prolonged illness. Causes of death - competition from the young and vigorous A.F.L., lack of knowledge of collective bargaining, public antagonism - the public had not learned that a labor movement could run peacefully. Survivors - The A.F.L., now strong enough to carry on nationwide organization, a number of national unions.

Narrator: But still the movement was weak. Many trades were not organized at all and women, especially, were hardly touched by unionism. The Women's Trade Union League was formed in 1903 to concentrate on this problem.

Scene III

Narrator: 1921 News! A new school is started. Miss Hilda Smith, Dean of Bryn Mawr College, discusses the plan with President H. Carey Thomas. (Miss Smith and Miss Thomas are seen at a desk talking together.)

Miss Smith: This is what I have always wanted, Miss Thomas, a school for women workers. The Women's Trade Union League has been asking for it since 1916. And now we can go ahead with it right here at Bryn Mawr.
Miss Thomas: Yes, Miss Smith, we will call it the Bryn Mawr Summer School for Women Workers in Industry. We must call together a group of active women to give us advice on the program. One thing I am sure of: Women need a great deal of training before they can be active citizens. They have not had the opportunities that men have. Soon they will be able to vote, but until now they have been second-class citizens. They must study all the Social Sciences. Let's give them a chance!

Narrator: The editorial pages show differences of opinion about this plan. The Labor press itself is not all agreed. One Labor paper says:

First Speaker: Watch out! This wealthy women's college is serving the interest of employers. It may try to teach our women reactionary views and mislead them into anti-union activity. We do not want college women in our organization. We want good socially conscious workers.

Narrator: Another Labor paper disagrees:

Second Speaker: This is just what we need. How can we keep a good organization unless we are continually adding members who know what it is all about. Some day our women will come out of the sweatshop, and some day Labor will be a real force in this country. We are hungry for more knowledge.

ACT II - Scene I

Narrator: News: New York City, June 1921. Among the many workers who are going to the new Bryn Mawr Summer School is Frances - garment worker.

(Frances and Helen seated at table eating. Frances leaning her head heavily on her hand.)

Helen: What's the matter, Frances?

Frances: The same thing. I am beginning to doubt I am a human being. Fourteen hours a day spent in a place like a Turkish bath for wages that barely keep one alive. I am tired of complaining. I want something to do about it.

Helen: So who's stopping you?

Frances: Who's stopping me? Not even the boss. It's the workers themselves. I can't get the girls in the shop interested. They're the ones who are suffering but I can't get them to do anything about it. What's the matter with the people?

Helen: They're afraid!

Frances: Sure, they're afraid. But why? They couldn't be much worse off. I tell you, Helen, I need help. I'm only one person. I just don't know enough to get them organized.

Helen: They are afraid of the bosses.

Frances: Yes, I know these girls are not class conscious. If I tried to talk to them about the union they would say, "So what!"
Helen: Remember that school we ran was opening in Bryn Mawr, Pennsylvania? That might be just what you want. Why not try it?

Frances: Boy! I will. And you'll see some ACTION when I get back.

Scene II

Narrator: News! Wheeling, West Virginia, June 1931. Among the many workers attending the new Bryn Mawr Summer School is Dorothy

Dorothy: (Rushing down the stairs) Mal Mal They've accepted me! Can I leave the end of the week?

Ma: But that's so soon. I guess you have to be there on time.

Pa: What's the girl talking about?

Ma: Dorothy's going to take her vacation at the Bryn Mawr Summer School.

Pa: School! What does she have to go to school for? How long is she going to be gone?

Dorothy: Oh Pa. There is so much I always wanted to learn. I'll be gone eight weeks.

Pa: Eight weeks! What can you learn that will take you all that time? You know enough now. You've got a job, and you can keep house. What else do you have to know?

Dorothy: I want to know what makes it rain, and why the trees are green, and why the water can be turned into power at the mills, and all that's going on in the world, and how we came from monkeys.

Pa: Good Lord! They're preaching the devil to her. My girl, you won't leave this house.

Ma: You didn't tell me this, Dorothy. I thought it was a believing school.

Dorothy: I'm going to learn the truth about things. This is going to mean a whole new life to me.

Scene III (As Narrator reads, a student points out places on the map.)

News! 1922. The Wisconsin School for workers is established.
News! 1929. The Vineyard Shore School is opened in West Park, N.Y.
News! 1933. Two new schools - the Office Workers School in Chicago and the Highlander Folk School in Tennessee.
News! 1933. Miss Hilda Smith, former Director of the Bryn Mawr Summer School is brought to Washington to set up government programs for workers education all over the country. This program sponsored by the W.P.A. is to run for ten years.
News! 1939. The Bryn Mawr Summer School moves to West Park, New York. Hilda Smith's old home. Here it can broaden its activities and carry on institutes for a number of unions and special groups. (Song: "Hudson Shore")
Scene IV

Narrator: Turn to the Book Review Section. Here is a review compiled by the students at Hudson Shore Labor School. It is called "Workers' Education Today". We cannot tell you all the many kinds of workers' education it speaks of; in unions, in resident schools, in Y.W.C.A.'s, in universities, in workers' schools and classes in most of the large cities.

Narrator: Education for active citizenship. We go see our Congressman and educate him, too. (Spotlight scene at loft of stage - workers showing petition to congressman persuading him to vote their way.)

Narrator: Health Education: This mother knows that her children's health must be watched continually. The nurse, too, knows that there are many important things everyone should know about health. (Spotlight scene of mother with children visiting clinic.)

Narrator: Consumer problems and cooperatives are studied. (Spotlight-Co-op Store.)

Narrator: All sorts of educational and social activities are carried on. (Workers enter in costume representing various activities - pantomime singing, dancing, reading, etc.) The most important thing about these organizations is that they bring us all together in a unified, cooperative whole. (Workers join hand together.)

Narrator: Groups of people of many kinds come together at Hudson Shore. Unions send individual students, or bring institutes of their own. College undergraduates come to learn about the labor movement. And our faculty and guest speakers learn as well as teach. Here they come - one by one - they struggle off the West Shore Railroad - And Hudson Shore welcomes them all! (Workers enter with suitcases, each marked with the name of union or organization that sends students to the school. They are greeted by person representing Hudson Shore.)

Scene V.

Miss Smith comes to the front of the stage and says:

This is the twenty-fifth year of this School. Tonight you have seen how it grew up as part of the Workers' Education Movement. We all know that it is a hard struggle to carry on this movement. There is much to be done. There are millions of people all over the country who have not been touched by workers' education. By coming to Hudson Shore you have become part of this movement. Now it is your responsibility. It is up to you to show others why education is important, and to spread it far and wide so that all people will learn and work together.

(All sing "To Labor")

THE END
It is amazing what a difference merely getting acquainted makes. When I arrived at Hudson Shore, the introduction of my fellow students was a bit confusing. I had expected an informal gathering, but not so many representatives from different kinds of unions, and the thought of the under-graduates almost sent me home. I thought to myself how could I ever compete with under-graduates, when I am only a working person.

My interview with Mrs. Taber, the director, made me understand that discussion with others makes subjects much more fun and illuminating. Mrs. Taber said that an individual at Hudson Shore Labor School was not expected to adopt or be committed to anything except the desire and opportunity to know and understand.

All of this was successfully carried out in our classes of Economics, English, and Dramatics and by the speakers from various unions who came to the school.

All teachers gave technical and advisory assistance. This was done by frank discussions and questions concerning one another's points of view. In Economics such questions were discussed as: why a labor union is valued by the worker, what difficulties the employers found in dealing with unions, and vice versa, helpful and harmonious relationships of employers and unions, and many other important social and economic affairs of the nation which brought out a world of information and many helpful insights toward the future.

English provided specific suggestions and discussions on technical methods of putting out good literature, rules observed in a good discussion, the correct use of grammar, how to do public speaking, and the study of parliamentary procedure which was of great importance, as all groups use the system for the transaction of business.

When we leave Hudson Shore, each one of us has attained a realization of her responsibilities. Each individual learned enough to attest the seriousness of economic and social problems.

Lue Vada Allison
Some of us were sitting around discussing Hudson Shore and the backgrounds of the people who attend the school. We were all union members and shop workers—neither youngsters nor oldsters. One of the group—a seasoned union member—was heard to say:

"These youngsters will not be good in labor unions. Unions need people who have had at least ten years of good hard experience in shops and plants. It's this kind of person who makes the best organizer and leader."

We have done a great deal of talking and shouting about education for the union membership. "They lack interest", we say. "They won't come to meetings". That better way to arouse interest is there than to have some already union educated people in the membership to try to inspire the other workers in the shops.

These youngsters' knowledge may be a help to the labor movement. Perhaps, by being examples, they, in turn, may refer other workers to a place like Hudson Shore.

Learning first to work and play suitably in groups is a primary must at Hudson Shore. The general atmosphere is conducive to the kind of living fit for democracy. Also, working in mixed groups helps to relieve wrong impressions about other people and to prepare a worker to go into industry with a more solid understanding of people in general. Knowledge of the mechanics of unions and their functions also makes for an easier participation in the workers' organizations.

Getting the information about our economic structure from labor's point of view helps them to make constructive decisions about criticisms of economic and political issues.

Furthermore, these young people tend to be open-minded. Their ideas are not yet cemented. Through them it may be possible to speed the realization of some of our hopes for the future world.

June Estes

A Good Experience

The President of my local union showed me a circular leaflet by Miss Peggy Wood concerning Hudson Shore Labor School. After reading it, I decided upon spending my vacation there. These are my reactions towards the school. When I arrived, the informality and good fellowship immediately gave me a sense of "make yourself at home". The three large buildings are fine examples of American architecture. The site overlooking the Hudson River and the large spacious lawns relax me.

Thanks to Mrs. Tabor, director of the school, I was inspired by listening to her guest speakers, people who are constantly working and fighting to help our country overcome these bad traits. My fellow students are men and women in various fields of work. They come here from Penn., Conn., West Virginia, Florida, Washington, D.C., Illinois, New Jersey, New York, and Mass. We talk and discuss our local problems, and exchange ideas which are helpful. The two classes in English and Economics are instructive and informative. Miss Arter and Miss Craig teach well.

I have been in contact with good people sincerely interested in helping Democracy work more efficiently and have benefited by this experience.

Louis Stackler
What Hudson Shore Has Meant To Me

I consider my opportunity to come to Hudson Shore one of the finest in my life. For the first time in years I've really stopped to think things through. This experience in thinking and trying to arrive at definite solutions for the problems of everyday living has been invaluable.

Here Economics has really become alive as we've found ourselves searching for answers. In the past, I've watched my earnings dwindle rapidly, receiving increases in pay and seeing them go even faster. I had a vague idea of why this happened. Now I'm able to explain some of the plans by which we hope to obtain economic security. This means security for everyone, for we are social beings and every day we become more dependent on one another.

The English class has brought back the fundamentals of the use of our language. The study of parliamentary procedure has been important and the practice of its use in class and in the Model Union Meeting impressed it indelibly on our minds. Public Speaking showed me how dull and slow-witted I've become. It made me realize how important it is to use any faculties which we may have or else the ability is lost. When I think of myself and multiply by thousands of workers, I see that adult education is a large field for development.

I found the study of words especially enlightening. It was almost incredible that one word could draw a different picture for ten out of every twelve people. This proved that we must use words which make a clear picture of what we say.

I've learned through Dramatics class that a point may be put across in pantomime which might be lost if it were merely discussed.

I've enjoyed the speakers who have been here. Each one has told us something important in his field. In the Y. we've talked about unions to a small extent. I've read about unions and thought they were a good thing. Now at first hand, I've learned what they can do and how much more they can accomplish with every person interested in his own and his brothers' welfare.

I feel that I can return to Rochester fired with a firm desire to help improve conditions of those around me. I feel better fitted to carry out this obligation.

Jane A. Richardson

Responsibility

When I was asked if I could take a week off to come to Hudson Shore I was, to put it mildly, pleased. I considered it a great privilege. After some thought I saw it also as a great responsibility. I am sure there are many workers who are as interested as I in the things to be learned at Hudson Shore, but who lack the opportunity I have been given. I shall go back with the determination to pass on some of the benefits I have derived from this school, and shall try to fill whatever place is chosen for me in service to my fellow workers.

Carrie Gregory
Why I came to Hudson Shore Labor School

The name Hudson Shore Labor School is made up of four words, but for me it has only one word. It expresses delight.

Everybody is asking me why I am already here for the third time. I should be almost an expert on labor questions, however every year I learn something new, and the old memories are still with me.

Hudson Shore Labor School is like a second home for me and the student body is my family although it changes every year.

Isn't it nice to have sisters all over the world. I have this feeling especially when I receive so many letters at Christmas from the students.

The warm reception of everybody which Hudson Shore Labor School gives to the newcomers makes everyone feel good. There are no differences among us as to color and creed. I wish the ideals of Hudson Shore may spray out to the whole world.

Betty Brandeis

The Spirit of Hudson Shore

One month ago, after having finished my two years work at Columbia, I said to myself that I would never look at any school again. Working during the day, studying at night and writing papers over the week-ends was quite a heavy schedule. Yet, here I am again, a happy member of the Hudson Shore family, sitting in classes, writing papers and trying to do some reading on the side.

What is it that draws students to the school from all over the country? What is it that makes them come again and again? Sitting in classes while the sun is shining and worthy of a leisurely walk in the woods or along the river is no great pleasure. However, at Hudson Shore there is more than just classes and study. It is the spirit of the school and the friendships that grow out of it that make us come again. It is this spirit that we try to carry home to our shops and offices, to our community and organizations. It is this spirit that binds us together in a lasting friendship and makes us wish to come again.

Louise Brandeis

Departure from Hudson Shore

The day you are to leave has arrived all too soon. Slowly, you walk down the broad Smith hall stairs. Slowly, for you want to see and remember every nook; the venerable old grandfather clock, who first announces the time of day with a sweet lilting melody followed by grandfather's solemn tones, deng, deng; then the living room with its quaint fire place, above which is written, "Here dwells content". Such lovely words, they seem to set your heart at ease, your soul at rest.

Thoughtfully you walk out onto the porch down to the end that overlooks the river. You say farewell to the rolling lawn that meets the trees, which in turn reach down to meet the river, the marriage of nature's forests and her waters.
You return and walk down the porch steps to the solemn tree, standing by the porch; the serene old tree, the lovable tree. He is the one who knows all our secrets. He has heard all our conversations. He knows us well and there he stands, strong and tall knowing all and saying nought.

We say farewells and off we go. We turn for one more look and there she stands, the beautiful old house, who seems to smile and say, "Goodbye, Godspeed and do come back again."

Marie Calera

What Hudson Shore Has Meant To Me

Hudson Shore will always have a cherished nook in my hall of memories. Giant fir trees and sturdy oaks, winding drives and velvety lawns overlook a timeless river to hold your thoughts at bay. There is peace, at Hudson Shore; Nature in her majesty proclaims it so. Racial background, and racial differences are blended into one harmonious symphony as if this one untainted spot, this hallowed piece of ground, was a garden of peace indeed.

There are many varied opinions, represented by people who differ even more; but petty hates and smallness of character are dwarfed by nature's grandeur. We are awakened to a new pity for those who strive to rule by force, and our respect deepens for those who control by kindness and wisdom.

The world is now on the threshold of a new era. May there never arise the tyrants that we have conquered. May those of us at Hudson Shore go forth a little wiser, a little broader in our scope of thinking, a little stronger and more hallowed by our contacts at this School.

Juanette Smith

My Second Visit to Hudson Shore

I could not say "No" when I was asked if I would like to spend another week at Hudson Shore. Having been here a year ago and having had such a wonderful time singing, dancing and learning, I decided to come.

I wondered if it would be the same as last year; I knew the school would be the same; The faculty might be changed; but what would the students be like?

Last year we were discussing such topics as the Union, no-strike pledge, and how Unions were cooperating in the war effort. We compared freezing of wages to the steady rise in the cost of living, ceiling prices on commodities, subsidies and so forth. All were matters of immediate importance to us here at home.

What are the students of '45 thinking about?—Post war planning, reconversion, the Murray Bill. We are wondering how war time industries can convert to peace time industries with a minimum of unemployment. We are wondering if the fear of inflation and depression can be banished forever by a strict adherence to the Murray Bill, if it is passed. All of these thoughts tend to look into the future, to seek the good and welfare of all of us in time to come.

The class of '44 thought more in the present tense, '45 more in the future tense.

Rose Hess
United Nations on the March

The sun and the stars are all ringing
With song rising strong from the earth,
The hope of humanity singing,
A hymn to a new world in birth!

United Nations on the march,
With flags unfurled,
Together fight for victory
A free new world.
Together fight for victory
A free new world.

Take heart all you nations swept under
By powers of darkness that ride,
The wrath of the people shall thunder,
Relentless as time and the tide!
Chorus

As sure as the sun meets the morning
And rivers go down to the sea,
A new day for mankind is dawning,
Our children shall live proud and free!
Chorus

Words by
Harold J. Rome

Music by
D. Shostakovich
Meadowland

Onward, ride onward! Men, onward over steppes and meadows,
Over the fields of green, and rolling plains
We fight in our country’s army.
So smile though we’re parting, and bravely send us on our way now—
We will return to you as heroes all.
Remember it’s our country that is calling.

Farewell, my darling! Good-by until a new tomorrow.
Hold back the tears and cheer us on our way,
We fight together in our country’s army.

Hudson Shore

(Tune: "Londonderry or Danny Boy")

Words: By Hilda Smith

Where maples grow and fir trees climb the rocky ledge,
Where waters shine in pool and mountain stream,
Beside a road that follows a blue river’s edge
Stands Hudson Shore—a home, a school, a dream.

Oh Hudson Shore! Send 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, Hudson Shore, your dream may be fulfilled, fulfilled.

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 Hudson Shore! Send 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, Hudson Shore, your dream may be fulfilled, fulfilled.
TO LABOR

Tune: Old Maryland
Page 176 - Old Favorite Songs - Wanamaker

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, the world may do?

As from this hour you use your power
The world must follow, follow you.
As from this hour you use your power,
The world must follow, follow you.

The world's life hangs on your right hand
Your strong right hand, your skilled right hand,
You hold the whole world in your hand,
See to it that you do, you do.

Or dark or light, or wrong or right,
The world is made, is made by you.
Or dark or light, or wrong or right
The world is made, is made by you.

Then rise as you ne'er rose before,
Nor hoped before, nor dared before;
And show as ne'er was shown before
The power that lies, that lies in you.

Stand all as one till right is won,
Believe and dare, and dare and do;
Stand all as one, see justice done,
Believe and dare, and dare and do.
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Hudson Shore Labor School
West Park, N. Y.

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Byfield, Betty A. (Bryn Mawr '47)
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Cooke, Stella
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Leahey, Mrs. Ellen
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