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Human Relations

II

Human Relations

CONCEPTS AND CASES IN CONCRETE SOCIAL SCIENCE

II CASES

Hugh Cabot ▪ *Joseph A. Kahl*

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Preface to Volume II

AN UNDERSTANDING of human relations grows out of the intimate relationship between observing social facts and thinking about them in an organized way. Without detailed observation of stubborn, complex facts, we tend to let our theories run away with us. And unless facts are organized and analyzed, they may seem a meaningless confusion. Consequently, we have arranged our book in two parts: Volume I offers ideas about human relations that have helped many people in creating for themselves an organized way of thinking about this field, and Volume II offers case material — "raw" facts — which can test the ideas. This testing can be carried out by the individual reader in the privacy of his study; better still, it can be done by small groups where people help each other.

The Introduction contained in Volume I offers suggestions, developed out of our experience, for the integration of concepts and cases. In addition, it might be useful here to answer a persistent query: Why not have a list of questions after each case to stimulate discussion? Although such a list is common in many books of source material, we believe it is out of place in this particular context.

In the first place, it tends to remove one of the most stimulating learning experiences of students: the discovery of the multiplicity of questions that can be asked productively about the same "simple" social situation. When a group of people react spontaneously to the material, their diverse points of view come out — to the amazement and stimulation of them all. We would not want to inhibit this process by suggesting that particular questions are "right" and all others irrelevant.

In the second place, a list of questions would necessarily grow out of our conceptual prejudices. Yet the cases are free of those prejudices (except for the selection of what is included); they are direct reports in everyday language of events that have actually happened. They are "true" and not illustrations of any particular theories. Students can read them with their own theories in mind. Teachers whose prejudices differ from ours can use the cases in the context of their own conceptual approaches. Questions formed by us after the cases would only stand in the way.

We recognize that teachers who have not yet taught a class by the discussion method, such as we have outlined in the Introduction in Volume I, justifiably feel that questions would help them get started. Yet we have found that once they plunge into this new activity they find strength in its freedom. When students are allowed (perhaps we should say "forced") to ask their own questions about data, they always prove more observant and more original than either they or their teachers had suspected. The teachers will find that the discussion of cases, in the way we have suggested, will raise plenty of "good" questions both in their own minds and in those of their students.

H.C.
J.A.K.

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Human Relations

CASES IN CONCRETE SOCIAL SCIENCE

CASE 1

*Robert Kelly (A)**

ROBERT KELLY was a student at Humphrey College. The college, situated on a large and beautiful country campus, was one of the oldest colleges for men in New England. Because of its established position, it received applications for admission from the ranking students of many of the best schools in the country; the student body therefore tended to be a highly selected group intellectually, economically, and culturally. The students placed much emphasis on the college traditions in campus life. Among the most important elements in their social life were the fraternities, although boys were not allowed to pledge before their sophomore year. Since Humphrey was a relatively small college, the faculty, particularly the advisers, were able to know the students fairly well.

Assistant Dean Harris, of the college's administrative staff, had been introduced to Robert Kelly by a letter from Kelly's father. Mr. Kelly had written it in the summer of 1936 in reply to the Dean's standard request for information about incoming students. The letter read:

My dear Mr. Harris:

Robert is a good, healthy, normal, active boy. He is generally well-liked and those who know him say that even his family don't always appreciate all his good points. Everybody likes him and he can pretty near always get the other fellow to do what he wants. Of course, he naturally gets uppity sometimes and that gets under your skin.

You can't tell him to mow the lawn and expect that he will clip the edges too, without you tell him particularly to do it. I suppose when he grows up he will be more responsible.

We have brought our children up to be good Catholics and follow the teachings of their religion exactly. He is as honest as the day is long. He isn't a real student but has a real flair for knowledge. You never think he is making an effort to study but when you come to find out about it, he knows practically everything about a lot of things.

He reads the most of any of my children. All my children had jobs during the depression, and I think that speaks for itself. I am very proud of their record.

My daughter is a switchboard operator during the day, which is a very demanding job, and then comes home and takes care of her home and family at night. Still she finds time to do things for her friends. She is the most popular hostess in her neighborhood. That is the way my children are.

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At the suggestion of a friend of the family, Robert took a job instead of going to college here in Boston. He has saved at least $35 every month while he has been working to pay part of the expenses at Humphrey. By Sept. 15, he will have saved over 350 dollars and that is an education by itself.

I have always told Bob (we always call Robert Bob) that he really has to like the other fellow before he can get along with him. I think that is true in sports and in life equally.

I am trying very hard not to be prejudiced and to give you a true picture of my son. I hope this letter is satisfactory. It is not so well put or very good English, but you will have to excuse that as I never had a chance to finish grammar school.

That is why his mother and I are grateful to you for giving Bob this chance to rise above himself and really make a big success out of his life. We hope he will be a credit to Humphrey College and to the ideals his family have always taught him.

Tendering you my deepest appreciation for what you are doing for Robert, I am

Yours very truly,
/s/ George H. Kelly

Mr. Kelly had worked in the education department of the City of Boston but was retired. He owned a small home in Dorchester where the family lived on his pension of $90 a month. Both of Bob's parents were born in the United States of Irish immigrants. Bob was graduated from a large public high school, second in a class of 205. His high school adviser had written that Bob applied for the Senior Honor Society as a junior, and was refused. He had then gone to his adviser and with him planned a program of extracurricular activities; as a result of his broadened program, Bob had been admitted to the society at their next election. He soon became boy leader of the society and was commended by his adviser for his skill in organizing activities.

As a result of this letter and recommendation, Mr. Harris had been eager to meet Bob. When college opened in the fall of 1936, however, the Dean was too rushed to see all the freshmen. Several months passed before they had occasion to meet. When the boy went to the office on a routine matter, Mr. Harris took the opportunity to talk with him briefly. He found Bob large and somewhat awkward, slow in movement and speech. Throughout their conversation Bob blushed deeply and scarcely raised his eyes above the floor. He spoke in a very low voice, sometimes so low that Mr. Harris had difficulty in following his words. The fact that Bob smiled at moments that seemed serious to the Dean, then suddenly erased the smile from his face, also was disconcerting to the Dean, since these constant changes in expression seemed to him so unrelated to the conversation at the moment. The boy said he was happy at Humphrey and assured the Dean that he was getting the most out of his college experience. When asked whether there were other members of his family in college, Bob replied in his hesitating manner, "Not now. Uh — my brother Donald went to college at night school for a year and a half. He is very ambitious. He is an automobile salesman and doing pretty well."

"What do the others do?" Mr. Harris inquired.

"My brother Walter is with a big department store in New York, uh — working as a junior executive. He finished his high school education at night school. He is interested in world affairs and business, and reads a good deal. My sister

Ruth is the happy-go-lucky type. She is by far the most social one of us all. She has to plug for what she gets and she doesn't look much ahead. She is as smart as the rest of us, but she didn't have the educational advantages."

"Your mother must be pretty proud of that record," the Dean replied.

"I guess so," Bob replied. "Uh — Mom is wrapped up in her family, and now that both my brothers and my sister are married and I am away at college she has a hard time making the adjustment. Mom is a rather reserved and sensitive person. She doesn't easily make new friends and join new activities. She — uh — always depends on my father because he takes the initiative. Pop retired five years ago, so he and Mom are together all the time. Pop is 'on the go' constantly. He is a likable person and has lots of friends. He had the same job for thirty years, and no one could say a word against him. Sometimes he said he — uh — he wished he weren't a supervisor of attendance — that's really a truant officer — because he hated being strict with kids and making them stay in school when they didn't want to."

In the spring of his freshman year, Bob was summoned to the Dean's office to discuss the renewal of the scholarship which had brought him to Humphrey. In this interview the Dean learned that Bob's father had died very suddenly during the winter. Bob told Mr. Harris that his expenses for the academic year were $450 in addition to his scholarship, which covered tuition. Of this, he earned $350 himself, and his mother contributed $100 from her pension. "Can you get along on that slim margin?" Mr. Harris asked. "I suspect it costs some of the students two or three times that much."

"Money isn't everything," replied Bob. "I — uh — sometimes I feel that I am better than they are because I am getting more experience. I have a job, an extra-time job; I work eighteen hours a week to help pay expenses."

"What does that do to your social life?" Dean Harris inquired. "Does it leave you time for any activity?"

Bob admitted, "Well, it does cut in pretty much. Athletics, for instance. I've had to give that up — uh — completely, I mean, because I never have any time for practice — even, the swimming team. You know, I was kind of a, a big shot in high school, but now that's out. I don't mind too much. I get a kick out of the little things in life. I like the work here. I've — uh — I've never had as much as most of these guys, so I can't exactly miss it."

"Do you have time for any activities outside of study and your job?" Mr. Harris asked Bob.

"Well," Bob thought a minute. "I go to a lot of the college activities, like, well, the evening lectures and interclass debates. I did quite a lot of debating in high school; was president of the Forum. I have a date about once a week, at least, and — uh — go to a dance or a movie. So far I have been taking a different girl out each time. Last summer I was on a farm and on Saturday nights we went to square dances."

Bob's grades were above average and his adviser had described him as "an attractive lad with considerable ability. His work should show consistent improvement." The scholarship was renewed, and Bob returned to Humphrey in the fall of 1937 for his sophomore year.

Mr. Harris also remembered next the story which he had pieced together from Bob and James Hollis, a classmate, of a week end that the two boys had

spent at the Kelly home. Jim came from a small Midwestern city, and his background, though cultured, was rather provincial. Bob was eager to "show Jim the sights of Boston."

"It's lucky my brothers aren't home or you would have to sleep with me." Bob told Jim as they were walking up from the trolley stop. They turned in to a small frame house whose pointed roof made it look twice as high as it was wide.

"Mom, we're home!" Bob shouted, throwing open the door. They stepped directly into the living room and Jim glanced quickly around the room. He had time only to note the many-colored flowers in the carpet, the "suite" of big, overstuffed chairs, and several vases of pink crepe paper flowers, before Mrs. Kelly came in and Bob introduced her.

"Now, you boys run right upstairs and get washed up," Mrs. Kelly said, almost before acknowledging the introduction. "I've got a real nice dinner fixed for you, and I ain't going to have it spoiled by keeping it waiting."

When they came down again Bob led the way into the dining room. Finding it empty, he started to say something, then stopped and proceeded into the kitchen without a word. Mrs. Kelly was standing over the stove. "You sit right down, boys," she said, nodding in the direction of the breakfast nook where the table was laid. "I'll have the roast on the table in a jiffy." After dinner they all carried their plates to the kitchen sink and helped Mrs. Kelly with the dishes.

Leading the way back into the living room, Bob turned on a light; Jim noticed for the first time the silk lampshades with the beaded fringes. Bob, too, watched the heavy beads swing back and forth for a moment, then turned to Jim, "Do you — uh — do you feel like bowling? We have a game in the basement — and, uh, a punching bag and some things."

"Yes," Mrs. Kelly interrupted, entering the room just in time to overhear the last remark. "Pop always told me if I could see what he saw on the street corners, I would know how much better it was to have our boys playing in their own cellar than on the streets. That's why we got them things most kids don't have, like a punching bag, to keep 'em in. Why don't you go down for a while?"

At midyears of his sophomore year Bob was discussing with Mr. Harris his choice of a major subject. He told Mr. Harris that he would like to major in political science, since he wanted to go into government service. Asked what particular field of government interested him the most, Bob hesitated. "Well — uh — some kind of government administration, I guess. I think it would be interesting to be a city manager, for instance. They — uh — they get a chance to decide how the city should be run, and . . ."

"How did you happen to pick that?" Mr. Harris asked him. "Is it because of the courses and professors you have had here, for instance, or possibly because your father worked for the city?"

"I've had the idea for a long time — since before I came to college, in fact. Pop was always interested in civic affairs but — uh — I don't really think that's what got me started on it. I think it probably came from some of my activities in high school, like debating and the political science club."

Mr. Harris brought up another consideration. "Have you any contacts in municipal administration? How do you expect to start on this kind of career?"

"No, I haven't any contacts, but — uh — I haven't in any other field, either, except in a store at home where I worked this summer. The president sort of well, sort of took an interest in me, and I think he will help me when I am ready for a job. I thought I would take the civil service exams when I get through college. I will probably have to do something like that for a few years and then I'll get into politics, if I get the breaks, that is."

"Politics, hmm. What aspect of it particularly attracts you?" the Dean asked.

"Well, nothing particularly, I guess. I suppose I am most interested in the labor question."

"That's a pretty complicated matter," Mr. Harris commented. "How do you feel about all this trouble between the unions?"

"Uh — I — uh — well, it's pretty much of a mess, I guess. Something certainly ought to be done. I don't know just what, but somebody ought to do something. That's . . . that's one reason I wanted to come to college. I wanted to find out what the whole thing is about. I felt I needed the best training I could get to fit myself for helping to solve our country's problems as a holder of public office."

"You would like to do something that would benefit the country, then," the Dean summarized.

"Well yes. The service angle would be nice and — uh — make a job more perfect."

"You mean if you were offered a position with a better salary, the question of a service profession would not be a controlling factor? Like business or something?" Mr. Harris suggested.

"Well, of course, if someone offered me a job with a swell salary I wouldn't toss it away. Yes, I might like business. Not just working in a store, though; I wouldn't want to rearrange things on counters. Some kind of manufacturing concern might be interesting. I think I might like selling; it's kind of fun to persuade people to buy things. One summer I worked as a guide at the World's Fair and it was sort of a challenge to talk people into letting you show them around. You meet a lot of people that way."

"What do you mean by a good salary, Bob? How much would you like to make?" Mr. Harris inquired.

"Well, not so much by some people's standards, I suppose. I'd like to make about $5,000 a year, so I could own a nice little house somewhere, probably in a suburb. I'd like just enough so I could support a wife and a couple of kids. I suppose up to a certain point it doesn't make too much difference what kind of work I do, just so I can have that."

Although Dean Harris saw Kelly much less frequently in the next two years, he continued his education at Humphrey College with extensive scholarship aid. His major subject was political science.

Robert Kelly (B)

EARLY in June 1940, Assistant Dean Harris of Humphrey College received a request for information about Robert Kelly, a member of the graduating

class. The inquiry was from the admissions office of the college's Graduate Institute of Political Science. While the college had, as compared with many metropolitan universities, a small graduate school, it did have an endowed and well-recognized graduate school of political science which every year admitted a few especially qualified students for advanced study. The classes, many of which were on a seminar basis, ranged rather widely over matters of political science and took up such varied matters as the political theories of great thinkers from Aristotle to John Dewey, the legal systems of such contrasting countries as Russia and the United States, and such other matters of importance to government as the forms of city, state, and national charters and constitutions and the economic resources of important regions and countries. The Institute, which had a somewhat separate character from the college, was known for its liberal tradition; several of its faculty and its dean had been at various periods active members of one or more of the so-called New Deal agencies.

The inquiry from the admissions office asked Dean Harris for his reactions to certain questions that had been raised by Kelly's adviser in a letter to the office. The office was at the time making its scholarship awards for the next year and was considering a substantial award to Kelly. The inquiry stated that it was clear that Kelly could not take up the work at the Institute without such aid, which Dean Harris already knew. Excerpts from the letter by Kelly's adviser were enclosed and read as follows:

> I am inclined to wonder . . . if it would be wise for a boy of Kelly's humble background to take up graduate work in the field of public administration. It may be difficult for the boy to go back home with a graduate degree and achieve his political ambitions without severing family ties, and being the kind of person that he is, he may never be able to do that . . . Is the grind worth the possible chance of success . . . ? Isn't it possible that the culture of Humphrey and the associations here serve to make him unhappy with his own station in life?

Feeling that he had not been able to establish as close a relationship with Kelly as he would have liked, Dean Harris opened Kelly's folder and reviewed in it correspondence, records, and particularly his notes of conversations based on the incidents described above in "Robert Kelly (A)." Mr. Harris realized that he had seen little of Kelly in the latter's last two years; Mr. Harris did not regard this fact as unusual, since freshmen and sophomores had always seemed to take up most of his time in the usual run of his office's work. Kelly's grades had continued near the top of his class.

On commencement day, which occurred before Dean Harris had answered the inquiry about Kelly from the Institute's admissions office, Mr. Harris saw Kelly twice. On the first occasion he was with his mother, whom he introduced to Mr. Harris.

"How do you do," Mrs. Kelly said. "I'm so glad to meet you. You're the Dean Bob talks about. Gee, ain't it swell! He finished cum laude. Bob don't tell people that, but I tell everyone. I'm his mother, and I think it's too good to keep. I been dreading coming up here with all these swell people, but you know, they ain't no different from everybody else. This is the happiest day of my life!" Mr. Harris looked at Bob, but his face was expressionless.

Later that day the Dean encountered Bob alone and stopped for a word with him. "Well, Bob," he said, "now that you have finished the course at the college, how does it seem to you? Has it fulfilled your highest expectations?"

Bob grinned. "Well, yes, on the whole. I haven't done everything I dreamed about doing, of course. I guess things can't be expected to work out entirely the way you plan them."

"It's a rare occasion when they do. What sort of thing were you thinking about?" Mr. Harris replied.

"Oh, a lot of little things mostly, that I had to revise my ideas about. I don't suppose clubs and activities like that are really terribly important for a fellow's education. It's mostly because I took part in so many things like that in high school that it was pretty much of a blow to be on the outside here. It's been a wonderful experience to be here, though, sir. I certainly do thank you for everything you've done."

"I understand you've applied at the Political Science Institute. I take it your interests haven't really changed much," he said.

"No, sir," Kelly replied. "I'm still interested in labor questions, and politics seems to me to be the best way to approach them. I am looking forward to the work at the Institute. The jobs I could get around home didn't appeal to me even though Dad's name still counts for something."

At this point their conversation was interrupted. Dean Harris, after urging Kelly to look him up whenever he was around, hastened off to keep other engagements.

A few days later, when Dean Harris sat down to write the Institute about Kelly, he was still undecided what to say.

CASE 2

*Riley Hall, Myer College**

ON MAY 2, 1945, Julia Damon was trying to decide how to deal with a situation that had arisen in her hall. Miss Damon, a recent college graduate, was the head of a dormitory at Myer College for girls. The position was a somewhat anomalous one in that her responsibilities were not clearly defined. The duties of the head of the dormitory overlapped, on the one hand, those of the dean's office and, on the other, those of the student-government organization which handled matters of discipline. The student-government rules required that all girls should be in the dormitories by ten o'clock or else should sign out beforehand, indicating their destination and the hour they expected to return. In accordance with regulations, the doors were locked at ten o'clock and the head of the dormitory admitted girls arriving after this hour. The girls then recorded in a "late book" the time of their return. Thus, the housemistress had informal supervision of the late book. Sometimes, moreover, she herself handled minor infractions and irregularities connected with it instead of turning them over to student government, the customary procedure.

A problem involving such an irregularity was troubling Miss Damon. Two seniors in her hall, "Tex" Farner and Faith Gantling, had come in five minutes late the night before. In checking the book, however, Miss Damon found they had signed in on time. Ordinarily the procedure would be simple: a word to the hall representative would set the student-government organization in action. The Student Council would reprimand the girls for their irregularity in recording the time and would mark against them the minutes that they were late. Whenever girls had been fifteen minutes late, either on one occasion or from several combined, they were fined. This method of dealing with the problem did not involve the head of the dormitory and was entirely impersonal.

Miss Damon also considered the advisability of ignoring the incident entirely. Tex Farner and Faith Gantling were seniors entering a difficult period as they approached their comprehensive examinations, which would start in two weeks. Being five minutes late was not considered a serious offense. Furthermore, according to the records, the girls were signed in on time and therefore unless Miss Damon took some action the incident would pass unnoticed.

But neither of these possibilities satisfied Miss Damon, for she had been worried about Tex and Faith for some time. She recalled a number of earlier incidents involving these girls which had caused her concern.

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April 1945. It was a warm spring day and the steps of the hall were crowded with girls sitting out in the sunshine smoking and waiting for the mail. A few were in the lobby reading the morning papers, and one of these, Tex Farner, was smoking, Miss Damon observed when she came through. "You'll have to move outside with your cigarette, Tex," she said. "You're not allowed to smoke in here, you know."

Tex glanced up with a scowl. "Just a minute," she replied impatiently; then she took a long, deliberate puff and slowly ground out the cigarette against the heel of her shoe. With that she returned to her paper, holding the dead butt conspicuously between her fingers. Miss Damon walked on.

March 1945. Miss Damon picked up her telephone and listened to the irritated voice of the college bookkeeper repeating, "Will you *please* get Miss Gantling to come in and sign that check she gave us. I haven't been able to close my books for February because she doesn't show up."

"I know," Miss Damon replied, "I've talked to her every day this week. I'll see what I can do."

Faith was not in her room, but Miss Damon met her crossing the campus an hour later. "Faith," she accosted her, "have you been in to straighten out that check yet? You know it's holding up the whole show."

"Oh, yes, that," Faith said, snapping her fingers. "No, I haven't gotten around to it. I will do it sometime though." She started off slowly in the direction of the town.

"You come with me," Miss Damon ordered. "We're going to pay a call on the comptroller," and taking her by the hand, she led the grumbling Faith up the steps of the administration building.

February 1945. The hall was full of excitement over the winter "formal." There had been much discussion about the wisdom of having a dance, but in the end the majority had voted for it, and now the girls were busy in arranging for the orchestra, making the decorations, and attending to the myriad details involved. Through it all Tex and Faith had remained aloof and at times slightly scornful. Tex had refused to be on any committee, saying she had run the tea dance in the fall and that was enough. Both girls made caustic comments in the dining room to the effect that the eager beavers could always invite their fathers if they couldn't find dates who satisfied all requirements, including leave.

Tickets were slightly more expensive than had been expected, for many of the girls were not going to the dance because the men they would ordinarily take were in distant Army camps overseas. The committee economized wherever it could, figured refreshments closely, and hoped to make expenses.

On the night of the party the dining room was cleared for dancing while refreshments were served in the smoking room. More couples than anticipated had arrived; the hall was bright with decorations and the evening clothes of the girls. A chaperon, handing Miss Damon a cup of punch during intermission, remarked that the Myer girls rated a chorus of whistles when they got all prettied up, and Miss Damon agreed that it was quite a show. Sud-

denly Miss Damon became aware of a jarring note. In the midst of a small group of dancers stood Faith, wearing a sweater and baggy tweed skirt. On her feet were broken-down huaraches which she had taken to wearing when Miss Damon had asked her not to go around barefoot. Tex Farner was just making an exit, clad in a shirt and her customary blue jeans.

Going over to speak to Faith, Miss Damon was waylaid by Connie Bruce, who was chairman of the refreshments committee. "What in the world can we do about the refreshments, Miss Damon?" she asked. "There won't be enough to go around, even during the intermission. Tex and Faith ate a whole plate of sandwiches and drank up a lot of punch before anybody got down here, and with all this crowd there would scarcely have been enough anyway. Oh, honestly, how could they be such stinkers!" After calming the seething Connie, Miss Damon hurried upstairs to the kitchen to see whether the chef might have any supplies that could be used to fill in. When she returned to the smoking room, Faith had left. Feeling sure that the committee would handle the matter the next day, Miss Damon did nothing more about it.

January 1945. "Where is Dexter now?" Miss Damon asked. Faith had come down to see her the day Christmas vacation ended, and the two were having tea. "Is that off again or on again?"

Faith hesitated. "He's in the Philippines — and it's on again," she said. "Gee, Julie, when you can't get along with someone and can't convince yourself you can get along without him, what do you do?"

They had traveled this ground before. Having met Dexter only briefly, the housemistress knew the boy chiefly from hearing Faith talk about him; her impression was that he was handsome, witty, talented, spineless, and highly unstable. Miss Damon veered away. "Tex is 'off again,' isn't she?"

"Yes, how did you know? She hasn't told anyone but me that her love life is on the rocks."

"My efficient agents," Miss Damon laughed, but she was not thinking of "agents." In her mind she heard the forced laughter Tex had developed lately. The latter had once been the confidante of the younger freshmen, but now Miss Damon had noticed they avoided sitting at the table with her because of her biting remarks. Miss Damon had overheard one of them consoling another: "My dear, of *course* she's a cat! That's why she said it. You have to admit she's awfully funny about it."

November 1944. "Busy, Julie? May I come and have my cigarette with you?" Tex inquired from the doorway.

"Please do," Miss Damon responded. Tex closed the door behind her and it slammed a little in the November breeze. "I just *had* to get away a bit," she exclaimed, throwing herself on the couch. Miss Damon, seeing that Tex was very tense, made light conversation for a few minutes and waited for her to relax. Suddenly the girl sat up. "Damn it, Julie!" she burst out. "If another girl asks me about that deferred chem exam, I'm going to push her teeth in. I flunked, and I don't care who knows it, but they don't need to come around

and ask me about it. They just want to find out if I'm going to stay in college now that I can't graduate. It's none of their damn business, the vultures!"

In her junior year Tex had taken chemistry to fulfill the science requirement at Myer and had "conditioned" the course. This meant that she could obtain credit for it only by an examination in the subject the next fall, that is, at the beginning of her senior year. Since she had failed that examination, in order to qualify for a degree she still had to make up the work either by going to summer school or by taking an extra year at college. In any event, she would not be graduated with her class.

September 1944. Tex and Faith appeared in Miss Damon's door. "We're starting the year with a little gaiety, Julie," they announced. "Someone just gave us three tickets to *Bloomer Girl.* Come with us. If we leave right away, we can have dinner in town, so let's go. You don't even need a coat. It's Indian summer." When they returned to the hall that night, Faith went directly to her room, but Tex stopped at Miss Damon's for a moment. During their conversation Miss Damon remarked, "Your summer sounds like fun, Tex, but all that social life must have been a little hard on you. You seem pretty tired — not in very good shape to start the year."

Tex paused. "I guess I am tired," she admitted, "but it wasn't the activity that wore me down. I'm pretty worried about my mother, Julie. She has angina, and you know how treacherous that is."

"Tex, I'm so sorry."

"Well, she'll probably be all right for awhile, anyway. She declares she's going to see me graduate, and my mother is a very determined woman.

"You see, Julie, not many people know this, but my family doesn't have any money left. One of my brothers is putting me through college; that's the only way I could come here. That's why it's so important for me to get through. All four of my brothers are through professional school and have already started practicing — except Andy. He just started on a fellowship at the Mayo Clinic. Isn't that super? And both my sisters are married; so that leaves me. Mother thinks when I graduate from college at least I'll have something to fall back on.

"But I know a man who has angina — has lived with it for years. You never can tell. If mother is well enough next summer, we're going to Canada. Mary Lou was there this summer — oh, dear, I have a message for Mary Lou; I better rush up and see if she's still awake. See you in the morning."

February 1944. Faith and Tex were hostesses to about ten classmates at a farewell party for two of their friends. The party was given in Miss Damon's room, since the girls were not allowed to smoke in their own rooms. One of the girls was leaving college to join the WAVES, while the other was marrying a serviceman. Amid considerable hilarity, the girls who were leaving presented to the other girls a service flag with two blue stars, which Tex accepted for the group. Tex and Faith stayed with Miss Damon for a few minutes after the guests had left.

"I certainly am going to miss Ellie," Tex remarked. "I've never known anyone more congenial. We've had the sort of friendship you find only a few times in your life. You know how it is when you have a friend like that. There's a sort of shorthand in talking with them because they understand your point of view or your mood without any explaining."

"That doesn't surprise me," Miss Damon said. "Ellie has that quiet manner that often goes with great understanding."

"She does," Faith agreed, "and she puts it to use. She was in one of the first Nurses' Aide groups, and she has done more volunteer work than almost anyone on campus."

"Yes," Tex added, "but she's not always so quiet. Have you ever double-dated with her? She's a riot. She could muster more men for a big dance than anyone in the hall; Ellie doesn't know there's a manpower shortage."

"What about Brownie?" Faith put in. "Everybody's going to miss her."

"Yes," Tex agreed. "She is the happiest girl I've ever known. I've never seen her depressed. You could always count on being cheered up by her."

"Well, of course, you know why that is," Faith laughed. "Brownie has the most practical religion you ever saw! She never gives it a thought until she gets in trouble about something. The minute that happens she goes tearing off to church and that is all there is to it. She's wonderful!"

"She certainly is a refreshing person," Faith said, "and I guess most people thought so because there was always a crowd in her room. I wonder where the clan will gather now that she has gone?"

"What clan?" Tex answered. "We're the only two left of the eight who were really our gang in our freshman year."

"What became of the others?" Miss Damon inquired. "You've certainly had a high percentage of casualties."

Tex enumerated them slowly. "Joan Baer is taking nurses' training in New York. Joan was my roommate my freshman year, but I was really closer to Bobbie Downs. Bobbie, alas, flunked out; she was too busy being a 'deb' to have any time for studying. I will never forget her coming-out party; it was the most fun I've ever had in my life. I stayed with her that week end."

Faith broke in at this point, continuing the list of those who had formed their group as freshmen. "Jane Frye was one of us, but she transferred to Stanford last year; she came from San Francisco. Myer was sorry to lose her; she would probably be president of student gov next year if she had stayed. And don't forget Sally. She's really responsible for our being in Riley."

Tex agreed, "Yes, she was, especially you. We all started out in Morris Hall, Julie; then at the end of our freshman year we decided we would rather be in this hall so we applied for a transfer and luckily we all got it. All except Faith, that is. She wouldn't even apply; she said we were crazy to leave Morris. Then in November last year Sally got sick and had to leave college, and so we finally persuaded Faith to take her room."

"Connie Bruce and Martha came over from Morris at the same time," Faith said. "We used to see a lot of them. I just realized how little we have actually done with them this year."

"Martha's a drip, and somebody ought to tell her to cut her hair," Tex broke in. "Come on, Faith, we have to tear if we are going to get dressed before dinner." Turning to Miss Damon she added, "Betsy is taking us to

Othello as a peace offering after that little scrap we had. We'll stop by for a cigarette and tell you about it when we get back."

Thoughts concerning such incidents passed through Miss Damon's mind as she considered what action to take about the two girls' failure to record their tardiness.

CASE 3

*The Michaelson Family**

COMING OUT of her house one morning in early April 1946, Claire Keefe met Ruth Michaelson, who with her parents and two sisters had recently moved into her grandparents' home two houses up the road from the Keefe's.

"Good morning," Claire said falling into step with Ruth. "Are you beginning to get settled?"

"Oh yes," replied Ruth. "We're as settled as we'll ever be here! Do you get this bus every morning?"

"Usually," Claire answered. "Sometimes I'm lazy and get the 8:15, but the 7:55 gets me in a little ahead of the mob."

"Well, it will be nice to have company mornings," Ruth observed. "I have to get up at the crack of dawn here! When we lived in Cambridge, I used to leave home at 8:30 and be in the office at nine o'clock easily, but no more!"

"Doesn't your sister go to town every day, too?" asked Claire.

"Yes, Jane goes to business school just down the street from where I work. But she's sick. She hasn't been able to go in all week. She hasn't felt right since we moved here." Ruth continued after a pause, "Mother isn't very well either."

"I'm sorry to hear that," said Claire. "But moving is pretty tiring, especially for mothers. Perhaps Jane and your mother will feel better after they've had a chance to rest up. I understand your grandfather is improving since you came to live with him. We are all relieved to hear that."

Ruth made no comment. At the corner of the street the girls joined a group already waiting for the bus and conversation became general.

Claire did not think of her conversation with Ruth until several days later when her mother remarked at dinner that she had called on the Michaelsons that day.

"How are they?" Mr. Keefe asked.

"Well, Grandpa Michaelson seems much better to me," his wife answered. "But Grandma certainly isn't very happy. She tells me she hasn't been able to eat *anything* since the junior Michaelsons came to live with them."

"That reminds me," commented Claire. "I met the oldest granddaughter, Ruth, on the way to work the other day. She said her mother and Jane hadn't been feeling well since they moved in over there. She didn't seem too happy herself. Do you suppose they've all got the bug?"

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"I think they are allergic to one another," observed Mrs. Keefe. "So far as I can see, no one wanted this living arrangement at all."

"Well, then, how did it come about?" Mr. Keefe wanted to know. "Someone must have engineered it."

Mrs. Keefe reviewed the family history as she had known it in the course of twenty-five years as a neighbor of the Michaelsons.

Mr. and Mrs. Carl Michaelson, Sr., had bought their home on Cedar Lane in Canton, Massachusetts, in 1919. Their oldest son, Carl, Jr., had just been returned from France to an Army hospital near Boston where he was convalescing from a critical leg wound sustained at Verdun, and the Army doctors had advised the Michaelsons that his convalescence might be lengthy even after his release from the hospital. With the idea that the "country" would be a better place for a convalescent, Mr. and Mrs. Michaelson, Sr., therefore sold their house in Boston proper and purchased the Canton house.

Canton, a suburb of Boston, was a completely residential town having large stretches of woodland and open fields. Though Cedar Lane was one of the oldest streets in the town and consequently well built-up, it was a dead-end street completely surrounded by woodland. All the houses on both sides of the street backed into woods. The zoning laws of the town at that time prohibited any but one-family houses. Renting was uncommon in the town. All the houses on Cedar Lane were occupied by their owners.

When the family moved to Canton, only their youngest child, Henry, was still at home. He was a senior in high school. Their daughter, who was the middle child, had been married during the war and was living in New Hampshire.

Carl, Jr.'s convalescence was very slow. His leg wound left him with a slight limp which at first he seemed to resent seriously. Moreover, he suffered from recurring periods of despondency, and the family found itself in an almost continuous state of upheaval, moving his belongings from one part of the house to another, trying to find a room he "liked." For more than two years, Carl made no effort to get a job. Finally in 1922, a friend of the family offered him a job in his shipping firm. According to his mother, Carl accepted it with "very little enthusiasm." At that time, he was twenty-nine years old.

Carl had been working only a few weeks when he began to date one of the secretaries in the office. They became engaged that Christmas and were married the following June. Years later Carl's mother told Mrs. Keefe that she had been very upset at the time.

"Carl wasn't ready to get married," she said. "Elinor came from a nice family — the Woods in Braintree — but she had never kept house and never had to contribute anything at home. Not that they were wealthy, you understand, just in moderate circumstances like ourselves — but Elinor was the youngest in her family. Neither Carl nor she had saved anything. They moved into a duplex house in Belmont. It took practically every cent Carl made to pay the rent and other expenses, but nothing seemed to bother them, neither bills, sloppy housekeeping, nor three children in five years!"

Mrs. Keefe recalled that Mrs. Michaelson had first told her the story at

the time her youngest son, Henry Michaelson, died of pneumonia in 1936. Henry had graduated from the Massachusetts Institute of Technology and was a moderately successful engineer. He had never married and had continued to live in Canton with his parents, who were extremely proud of his achievements. Mrs. Michaelson especially never tired of telling her neighbors what Henry had said about this or that, and his parents had consulted him on all family matters.

Henry's premature death at thirty-four years of age was a tragic blow to the Michaelsons. Their outside interests, which had always been confined primarily to the local garden club and to church work, were curtailed severely. They continued to attend services regularly at the Congregational Church, but Mr. Michaelson resigned as an officer after having served for ten years. Mrs. Michaelson dropped most of her work with the ladies' organizations, in which she had been very active. For the better part of a year she was under her doctor's care, and she told her friends that she had been warned of a slight heart condition and was told not to "push herself." Both Michaelsons were described as having "aged ten years" in the months immediately following Henry's death.

It was rumored around the neighborhood that at various times both the elder Michaelsons and Henry had helped Carl financially. Although Carl had held his job, he had made no spectacular advancement, and he never seemed to have the funds to meet emergencies. He had moved several times, always renting his houses, a practice which his family deplored. During the depths of the depression, when Carl had to take a severe cut in salary, he moved his family to an uncle's farm in Bedford. Since his uncle for reasons of health had to spend six months each year in the South, Carl and his family took care of the farm and lived rent-free for several years. The uncle died in 1941.

To the surprise of the Michaelson family and their friends, Carl's uncle did not leave him the farm. The uncle's will provided that the farm be sold, the proceeds pooled with the rest of the estate and divided among the heirs. Carl was visibly disappointed, according to his mother. His family was well established in Bedford and enjoyed the life there, and he told his parents that he hated to uproot them. He did not mention, however, the possibility of buying the farm himself.

In 1941, Carl Michaelson rented a house in Cambridge. He and his family were still living there in January 1946 when Carl Michaelson, Sr., had a serious fall in the cellar of the Canton house, which resulted in a partial paralysis of his right side. Mr. Michaelson at that time was seventy-seven years old and had been retired for twelve years. His wife was seventy-three, and her heart condition had grown worse in recent years. Since the war the Michaelsons had not been able to keep full-time help, primarily because they were living on their savings and could not afford to pay the prevailing wages. Thus they were living alone in Canton at the time of Mr. Michaelson's accident.

Dr. Sims, who had been the Michaelson's family doctor for twenty-five years, told Carl, Jr., that his parents could not live alone in the Canton house. He indicated that Mr. Michaelson's "fall" had been a slight shock and that there was always the possibility of a second. Mrs. Michaelson, Sr., had been

so upset by the accident that Dr. Sims had sent her to bed for a week. He told Carl that his mother's heart would not stand too much excitement and that his parents should not be left alone.

Carl talked the matter over with his wife, Elinor. She immediately suggested that the Michaelsons, Sr., come to live with them. The house in which they were living in Cambridge had four bedrooms. Although each of the Michaelsons' three daughters had a room to herself except when they had company, their mother felt that two of the girls could double up permanently. The sun porch could be converted into a guest room. Both Carl and his wife felt that such an arrangement could be entered into with a minimum of upheaval. Cambridge was near enough to Canton so that old friends of the Michaelsons could come to call. The house was not nearly so isolated as the house in Canton. Mrs. Michaelson, Sr., could shop, go to church, and even go to Boston with little effort.

The week end after Carl's talk with Dr. Sims, the Michaelsons, Jr., went out to Canton and told Mr. and Mrs. Michaelson, Sr., about their plan. Mr. Michaelson, Sr., who by this time was able to sit up but could not walk without aid, said nothing when Carl, Jr., told his parents his plans. Carl's mother, however, protested vigorously. She declared that she would not move out of the Canton house for anyone. The move "would kill Carl's father." "He was going to spend the rest of his life in Canton." Cambridge was "too noisy." Carl's wife told a friend the day after the discussion that Mrs. Michaelson, Sr., had intimated in a number of different ways that Elinor and Carl's household was entirely too crowded and noisy for them. Elinor said also that she dwelt at some length on Mr. Michaelson's need for quiet and for special food which she could not prepare in "another woman's kitchen" without being a "nuisance," and finished by saying that she and Mr. Michaelson were too old to lose their home and that someone would simply have to be found to stay with them in Canton. Her husband, when appealed to said, "Whatever your mother says."

Carl wrote an account of the talk to his sister, Lillian, in New Hampshire. She was a widow with one son, Bob, who was still in the Army. Carl thought she might be willing to return to Canton to live with her parents. Lillian answered that her daughter-in-law, Ann, was living with her pending Bob's return, and since Ann had not been very well and was just getting back to normal, Lillian did not think it wise "to uproot her." Moreover, she wrote that she had been away from home for thirty years and felt it would be a major adjustment for everyone. Lillian added that her mother had written her making the same suggestion, and she planned to come down the following week to make "her situation" clear to her parents.

A week after his sister's visit Carl called Dr. Sims and asked him to drop by the Canton house to see his mother. "She insists she doesn't need you, but she's got herself so upset over this family situation I think her blood pressure must be 200."

"Why, what's the matter with the family?" Dr. Sims asked.

"Well," Carl said, "Mother and Dad won't come here to live; Lillian won't

come down from New Hampshire to live with them as Mother suggested; and I finally suggested that we go to Canton to live. Elinor says she'll do it only as a last resort, and Mother says nothing at all about it."

"What about your father?" inquired Dr. Sims.

"He seems to be about the same and says very little. But I don't think he'd mind whatever arrangement was made," Carl answered.

Dr. Sims phoned Carl that evening and told him that something would have to be done. The nurse he had on the case was leaving the end of March to go on another case. Such part-time help as was available was not reliable and in any event would not "sleep in." It was most important to have someone there at night.

That night Carl and his wife decided to move to Canton, and the next morning at breakfast broke the news to the girls. The youngest, Peggy, who was a senior in high school, announced that she could stay with a friend in Cambridge that term so she wouldn't have to change schools again so near to graduation. Jane, the second daughter, burst into tears at the announcement and fled to her room, declaring herself unable to go to business school that day. Ruth, the oldest, made no comment but hurried off to work without finishing her breakfast.

Carl Michaelson's family made preparations to move to Canton the first of April. Every member of the Michaelson family at one time or another told Canton neighbors his or her version of the "hectic days" preceding the move. Elinor Michaelson and her mother-in-law spent hours going over the Canton house deciding how it should be "divided." Although there was only one kitchen, Mrs. Michaelson, Sr., insisted that the two families were to live together as separate families; they should purchase, prepare, and eat their meals separately. She announced that she did not approve of washing machines or refrigerators in the kitchen. Though Elinor thought the basement too damp for laundry at any time and the back pantry too cold in winter to keep opening the door in order to go to the refrigerator, the washing machine went to the cellar and the refrigerator to the back pantry. Mrs. Michaelson, Sr., found it extremely hard to choose a bedroom for herself and Mr. Michaelson. The room at the head of the stairs on the second floor had always been theirs, but she thought the constant "tramp" of feet by their door at "all hours" would make it impossible to rest. She considered moving to the third floor, but discarded that idea because the three flights of stairs would be too much for "father." She decided that the den on the first floor could be easily converted into a bedroom. They moved out the living room furniture and moved in the bedroom furniture, only to find that the doorways were blocked and the ventilation was poor. The furniture was moved back upstairs. It was finally decided that, if the three girls took the rooms on the third floor and used the back stairs, their grandparents could keep their own room. Mrs. Michaelson, Sr., insisted that the third-floor rooms be carpeted from wall to wall, since she was sure that the girls would "forget" and "tramp" overhead. Mr. and Mrs. Michaelson, Jr., were to occupy the other large bedroom on the second floor. The two smaller bedrooms were to serve as a guest room and a sitting room for the Michaelsons, Sr. The den downstairs was to be a dining room for the senior Michaelsons, and they were to retain the original living room which adjoined it. The dining room and "back parlor,"

much smaller than the living room, were to belong to the Michaelsons, Jr. The reception hall divided the two areas and was "neutral" territory, except that the children were to use the back stairs after five o'clock in the afternoon.

Just preceding the arrival of her son's family, Mrs. Michaelson, Sr., packed away a considerable amount of china and bric-a-brac. She stored the excess dining room and bedroom furniture which was in good condition in the extra room on the third floor and secured the door with a padlock. The furniture in poor condition she gave to the Morgan Memorial, a nonprofit institution in Boston that refurbishes old furniture, clothes, shoes, and other articles for sale at token prices to the needy. Elinor Michaelson arrived just as the Morgan Memorial truck was loading two chests of drawers which she felt could have been repainted and used in the girls' rooms. She commented on this to her husband, who said, "Mother said when she told me the Morgan Memorial was coming that you wouldn't want any of her old stuff, she felt sure."

On the first of April when Carl and his family moved in, Mr. and Mrs. Michaelson retired to their second-floor sitting room, as Mrs. Michaelson said, "To be out of the way and out of the drafts." She emerged about four o'clock to prepare a light supper and carry it upstairs on a tray, commenting that the excitement had been too much for "father."

CASE 4

*Jinny Stover**

DURING THE first week in April 1944, Miss Mildred Cary became increasingly concerned about a situation that had developed in the Stover family. The nine-year-old daughter, Jinny, although she did not appear to be ill, had been crying and refusing to go to school. This state of affairs had lasted for more than a week, when the parents appealed for help to Miss Cary, a friend for many years. Because she did not feel competent to give advice, Miss Cary, on Tuesday afternoon, determined to consult her friend Dr. Parker, who was professor of psychology in a nearby college. She had great confidence in Dr. Parker and hoped that he would be able to offer some constructive suggestions.

Miss Cary explained to Dr. Parker the situation that had arisen in the Stover family and her own connection with it. She related that on the preceding Thursday evening Mr. Stover had called her to thank her for the birthday gift which she had sent Jinny. Since she knew that the family had moved within the past few weeks, Miss Cary inquired how all of them were enjoying their new home. Mrs. Stover replied that they liked it very much. She added, however, that she was having trouble with Jinny.

"She has been crying intermittently for about ten days," the mother explained. "She won't leave me, and I can't get her to go to school. I am becoming rather discouraged, since I can't get at the cause. I have been to her teacher and find there is nothing wrong at school. Some days I think the child is homesick; some days I feel that she is getting a mother complex."

Mrs. Stover went on to say she had also talked with the school principal, Miss Gorham, who told her that everything was going all right. She said that Jinny was popular with the rest of the children and suggested that both the child and mother might be tired. Miss Gorham expressed regret at the situation but suggested that the problem was one that the mother could handle alone. Finally, Mrs. Stover said that if the matter did not clear up in a day or two she might call Miss Cary again to ask the name of a psychiatrist or someone who could give her helpful suggestions.

Continuing her account to Dr. Parker, Miss Cary related that the week end passed and early Tuesday morning Mrs. Stover called her to say that the situation had become really serious. Jinny was continuing her crying spells; each day she cried until she fell asleep from exhaustion. She woke in mid-afternoon and seemed quite normal, only to repeat the same performance the following morning. A psychiatrist seemed the only answer to the mother, who

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by this time was at her wit's end. Miss Cary promised to do what she could to find suitable help.

After consulting several friends who might know the psychiatrists in the city, Miss Cary eventually secured the name of a doctor, and in the early afternoon called Mrs. Stover. She learned that during the morning Jinny had finally told her mother the source of the difficulty. Asked again, "Why don't you want to go to school?" Jinny replied, "Mummy, if I go to school I won't be able to do my arithmetic, and if I can't do my arithmetic, the teacher will slap my face and make me cry. If I cry I can't eat my lunch, the teacher will make me sit in a corner."

A more thorough investigation assured Mrs. Stover that the story was accurate and that such an incident had taken place at the time when Jinny had first refused to go to school and had begun her daily crying spells. Mark, the twelve-year-old brother, had heard the story on his way home from school the day it happened. When questioned, he exclaimed, "Why, Mummy, I thought you knew *that*!"

"Now," Miss Cary concluded her story to Dr. Parker, "that's the problem. Of course, both children were adopted — Mark was two months old and Jinny three weeks when the Stovers took them. Both the children have known for years that they were adopted, but I believe that situation has been handled very well. This is the first real trouble they have had with the youngsters. Mrs. Stover is terribly upset, although now at least she knows what started the difficulty. But I don't understand it; I am not even sure that it is a psychiatrist who is needed now. What do you make of the story?"

When Miss Cary had finished, Dr. Parker asked, "I wonder why Jinny kept the story from her parents for so many days? Is this telling us something about the mother-child relationship? The incident that happened at school explains everything except why she did not tell her mother about it sooner. Did the child feel secure at home? Maybe because she was adopted she needed more reassurance and affection from her parents."

Dr. Parker's remarks "made sense" to Miss Cary, who had known the Stovers intimately for about twenty years. Jim Stover came from a sturdy Vermont family of strong moral fiber but somewhat unbending personalities. His parents' way of life left little room for an open display of affections. They dealt with all problems in a stern, stoical manner and considered that the only place for a mark of affection was behind closed doors; certainly not before the children.

Jim had married a girl of quite different background. She came from a home which during her childhood had been happy and companionable until her mother died. Later her father remarried, and, although he was devoted to his daughter Catherine, her stepmother had made home life rather difficult. Catherine and Jim had met while both were in college, and they were married soon after graduation. The marriage was a success in spite of the fact that the young Mrs. Stover found it somewhat difficult to understand the Vermont diffidence and coldness which she found present in both her husband and his parents. Jim Stover became a very successful business executive. As he advanced to increasingly responsible positions, his office duties consumed more and more of his time. He also became very active on committees in the suburb where they lived and spent many evenings at meetings.

Both Mr. and Mrs. Stover had desired children. When they found it was impossible to have any of their own, they agreed to adopt one. They adopted Mark when he was two months old; in no time he was an integral part of the family. Mrs. Stover found in the baby an outlet for her affections, and he brought added warmth into the home. Three years later, they also adopted a three-weeks-old girl. In a few years the Stovers noticed that the father was turning more and more toward the small son, who, of the same type of Vermont background, had the characteristic temperament and was developing into a lad of rather exceptional abilities. The father and son found much in common, and Mrs. Stover frequently remarked that her husband was very proud of Mark, but confessed that he just did not know how to handle little girls. It was very obvious that Jinny always turned to her mother and usually did not even notice her father's return from the office in the evening. The two scarcely knew each other. The little girl, always affectionate and sensitive, seemed to lavish all her attention on her mother.

Jinny and Mark played nicely together and were on the whole quite close. The family had recently moved into their new home, but since it was fairly near their former one, the children continued to go to the same school and see their friends. Mark was in the seventh grade and Jinny in the fourth at this time.

It was because of this background of the Stover family that Dr. Parker's remarks interested Miss Cary, and she determined to pass them on to Mrs. Stover. When she did so, Mrs. Stover responded almost immediately. She said that she realized she herself bore a large measure of responsibility for the insecure feeling that Jinny might have at home. She related to Miss Cary that, during the previous summer, her mother-in-law had succeeded in persuading Mr. Stover, as well as her own parents, that she must bestow less affection on Jinny; unless she did, the grandmother feared that the child would develop a "mother complex." Pressure from all these people became so strong that she finally decided to follow their advice. From that time on she had made a concerted effort to withdraw from the child and to show as little affection as possible. The adjustment had been very difficult for Mrs. Stover, because she was naturally affectionate; in her attempt to right the situation, she now realized, she had gone to the other extreme. For instance, when Jinny occasionally came to her with minor troubles, especially if tears accompanied them, Mrs. Stover very coldly told her to go to her room until she could control herself.

When Mrs. Stover talked over Dr. Parker's comments with Mr. Stover, they both realized for the first time the application to their own family's situation of the general statement that adopted children may need more affection than one's own children to make them feel wanted and secure. Mr. Stover remarked that Dr. Parker's was "the first constructive criticism we have ever had on bringing up our children." He pointed out to Mrs. Stover that any insecurity which they had created for Jinny had recently been supplemented in school, since a new teacher had taken her class in the fall at about the same time that they had reduced the display of affection at home. Furthermore, he pointed out, the time of the recent upset at school coincided approximately with their move to a new house, when both neighbors and surroundings were strange to Jinny.

In talking over what steps they should take to restore Jinny's feeling of confidence and security, the Stovers resolved, first of all, to do what they could at home. Mrs. Stover very easily and happily returned to the affectionate handling of Jinny, and the child's response was immediate and spontaneous. The effort for her father was more difficult, but, with his wife's not too obvious suggestions, he began to plan little excursions, even before Jinny returned to school, such as taking short walks with her after work. Within a few days, "Daddy" had become a person who was watched and waited for at dinner time each night. Jinny reacted beautifully to this new attention from both parents and constantly made remarks such as: "Daddy, you *do* love me, don't you?" "Oh, I am *so* happy!" And, "*Why* did I cry so hard and not want to go to school?"

When she saw how well Jinny was responding to more sympathetic treatment at home, Mrs. Stover decided she could now attempt to clear up the school situation. Since she was anxious to have Jinny return to school as soon as possible, Mrs. Stover suggested that they invite Miss Read, the teacher, to their home for tea. Jinny was agreeable to this plan. When Miss Read arrived, Mrs. Stover was purposely not ready to receive her and asked Jinny if she would answer the doorbell. Jinny rushed enthusiastically as usual to the door. She ushered Miss Read into the house and asked her to take off her coat and sit down. Just as there was a momentary lull and slight sign of embarrassment on both sides, Mrs. Stover appeared. She asked Jinny to go out and get the things ready for tea. While Jinny was in the kitchen, Mrs. Stover told Miss Read the story as given by the child.

Miss Read admitted that she had been very unwise in her handling of the situation. She said that she had taught for many years in a public school, where she ruled her large class of children with an iron hand. This present year she had come for the first time to teach in a small private school, where she had seven children, three boys and four girls, under her control. When she took over the class, she had given them an intelligence test and found that Jinny's IQ was next to the highest in the class of seven and was also relatively high in comparison to the general averages. In Miss Read's mind this meant that Jinny could capably do all the work her teacher prescribed, and she need not be concerned with her.

As the weeks passed, Jinny repeatedly came to her for help with her arithmetic, and, remembering that the child's IQ was high, Miss Read told her to go back to her seat, saying, "You can *do* your arithmetic if you *want* to!" She felt Jinny to be a willful child who needed discipline. Miss Read said that she was having trouble with other children in the class, and that one morning when Jinny appeared late for school and *then* asked for help with her arithmetic she lost her temper.

Mrs. Stover explained that evidently they had both been in the wrong in understanding Jinny. She said that she and her husband were trying to help Jinny at home and she hoped for the teacher's coöperation.

When Jinny appeared with the tea tray there were a few moments of slight tension. Miss Read then said, "Jinny, I am sorry that I have been cross with you in the past. When you come back to school, if you need help with

your arithmetic, I want you to come and tell me. I won't ever again tell you to go back to your seat and sit there until you finish it."

Jinny hesitated a moment and then looked up at her, saying, "Honest? Do you mean it?"

"Yes, I mean every word of it, Jinny," Miss Read replied, "and if you want any help before you return to school, I hope you will call me up."

The next morning Jinny did not cry as usual, and her mother asked her whether she was ready to go back to school. She replied, "Mummy, may I please have one more day to think this over?"

"Yes, you may, but would you like Mark to bring your homework to you when he comes home?" Mrs. Stover responded.

"Well, Mummy," Jinny replied, "the teacher said I could telephone her if I wanted to know anything. Don't you think it would be nice if I called her?"

Later in the morning she did telephone for the next day's lesson. The following morning she got up cheerfully, asked whether she might wear her white socks to school, and started off in a very happy frame of mind. During the day two of the boys in her class apparently got out of hand and the teacher spoke sharply to them several times. She came up to Jinny, however, and explained, "These boys are acting very badly, Jinny, and I must speak crossly to them, but I'm *not* cross at you." Jinny came home radiantly happy and looking forward to a play which was to be given at school the following Monday.

On Monday a slight cough and sore eyes seemed sufficient reason for her not returning to school. On the following day there were no tears, but when schooltime came Jinny refused to go. Since Jinny's teacher was coöperating and the home situation was improving, Mrs. Stover decided to see Miss Gorham once more. Upon learning that a psychologist had been consulted, Miss Gorham became very indignant and asked that she be allowed to handle the case as from that day. During the next few days she gave Jinny a series of aptitude and placement tests, while Miss Read helped the child make up the three weeks' work she had missed. Two weeks later, with this continued attention, Jinny seemed to have forgotten the incident and went regularly to school, as in the past.

About the middle of the following year, Mrs. Stover again had occasion to speak with Miss Gorham, the principal. The latter admitted that all the children in Jinny's class had been badly prepared in arithmetic and had developed a hatred of the subject which the school was finding it difficult to overcome. The fifth-grade teacher was particularly capable and understanding, however, and Miss Gorham felt there was definite progress. She added that Jinny's work was improving markedly; if her arithmetic marks continued to go up she would be on the honor roll by the end of the term. At this time Miss Gorham remarked that Jinny's self-assurance had also increased noticeably. For instance, at a recent school program she had volunteered for a part, which she performed with unusual poise.

About this time, while a guest in the Stover home, Miss Cary noticed that there was hardly any feeling of tension among the members of the family and that they had a particularly good time together. Mr. Stover had also given up some of his outside activities and was spending more time with his wife and children.

CASE 5

*Mu Nu Fraternity**

DANNY KEITH looked incredulously at his roommate. "Mu Nu! You, Ken! Well, of all . . ." Then he collected himself. "Nice going, Ken. Mu Nu is tops. Congratulations." With that Dan walked out of the study.

Dan and Ken were sophomores at Humphrey College, one of the oldest colleges for men in New England. Because of its established position, the college received applications from the ranking students of many of the best schools in the country. The student body therefore tended to be a highly selected group intellectually, economically, and culturally. Situated on a large and beautiful country campus, Humphrey placed much emphasis on the college traditions in its campus life. Among the most important elements in the social life of the college were the fraternities, although boys were not allowed to pledge before their sophomore year. Since Humphrey was a relatively small college, the faculty, particularly the advisers, were able to know the students fairly well.

A little later that afternoon, Ken came into Dan's room. "Danny, about this fraternity business, you don't mind, do you?" Ken asked hesitantly.

Dan replied unsmilingly, "Mind? Of course not. Why should I?"

"Well," Ken stumbled on, "it's just that you seemed to favor Mu Nu quite a lot all along. I sort of assumed that was the fraternity you would have chosen to pledge."

"Well, O.K., so I do mind," Danny admitted. "It's all very well for you to be elected but what's the matter with me? Am I black or something?"

"It was a surprise to me, Dan," Ken said. "I certainly thought you would be tapped. You knew Bruce Boynton at school, didn't you? I should think he could fix you up, anyway."

"Fix me up!" Dan exclaimed. "He fixed me up all right. He probably blackballed me. Yeah, that must be what happened. Boynton and his crowd blackballed me."

"What makes you think that?" asked Ken.

"It's just like them," Dan retorted. "The other day I was standing on the steps of the libe talking to Smith, that short fellow who works part time in the reserve room. He stopped to remind me that the copy of Keynes I have out is overdue. Boynton came by and cut me flat. He probably thought I had been beating the books with that 'commoner.' I haven't seen him since to say anything about the incident. That probably did it. The Juniper crowd handed

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me a dirty deal in prep school, and they're just trying the same thing at college."

Ken whistled. "Blow hot, blow cold! You certainly change your opinions with your mood. What makes you feel so bitter about those fellows?"

Dan considered a moment, and then replied, "They were the cocks of the walk when I first went to Juniper. That was my position at home and I, little innocent, expected to be taken right in by those boys at boarding school. They soon disabused me of that notion! I didn't know anybody at the school when I went there and it took a long time before I made a single friend. My first two years at Juniper I went to all the faculty teas by myself. Don't think I wanted to go. It would have been a reprieve to stay in my room rather than admit I had no one to go with. The boys used to stand around in little groups and whisper cracks about my coming alone. The fall of my first year there Boynton and a couple of his crowd built a hut out in the woods near the school. It wouldn't have hurt them to ask me to come along. I lived right next to Boynton so he saw me often enough; but they never gave me an opening. I used to hang around the edges of the group listening to their plans as long as I could stand it. Then I would go up and hide in my room again. I spent a lot of time alone in my room for fear the others would see how homesick I was and laugh at me."

"I don't understand why they didn't cut you in on the crowd," Ken said.

"I never really understood it myself," Dan responded, "but I suppose there was some justification for their attitude. Those fellows come from the very best families in the East, Long Island socialites and Old Boston and so forth, and I suppose there was no reason why they should have accepted a Middle Westerner they had never heard of. Besides, they're a bunch of bright boys; they had it all over me in just about every way. Athletics, for instance. I was little and puny, even shorter for my age than I am now. I didn't have a prayer in sports. That made me the butt of all sorts of jokes. You don't know how lucky you are, with your build."

Ken interrupted him. "Dan, for heaven's sake pipe down!" he exclaimed. "You're always talking about your deficiencies. Look at what you've got! You have brains; you have plenty on the ball when you're out with a bunch of fellows; you're no Clark Gable but you'll pass. What more do you want? It's only this Juniper crowd that gets you all tied up in knots, and I tell you they're not worth it. Anyway, you must have worked in with that clique somehow, since you still see Boynton here at Humphrey."

"Well, the last two years at Juniper were better," Dan admitted. "I had some kind of footing with the boys, anyway. A few of the fellows accepted me, but a lot of them still talked about me behind my back. Most of the boys at the school were either my friends or my enemies. The few who were my friends — that is, I thought they were my friends — are the fellows in Mu Nu. That's why I was so anxious to pledge that fraternity, but I guess I was a fool to count on their help. It seems as though there are only three or four men in the whole college whom I can trust."

"Why did you come to Humphrey if you didn't really like the fellows you knew were coming?" Ken asked.

"Well, Ken," Dan thought a minute and then continued, "you know I've planned ever since I can remember to go to medical school, but I don't be-

lieve a man can be a good doctor if he has only a scientific background. I feel that a doctor should have a broad, liberal education and an especially good foundation of general knowledge. I wanted to come to Humphrey because it puts so much emphasis on cultural factors. Of course, I wanted to make social contacts, too, that would benefit me later, and in general win the respect and friendship of a large circle of men. College was pretty satisfactory the first year, and I feel as though I am making some progress toward those ends — except the last, the respect and friendship of a great many men. If I can't even make a fraternity, I'm not doing so well on that, am I?"

"I'm sorry, Danny," Ken said. "I had no idea you felt so strongly about this."

Danny stood up. "Strongly! It's the most important problem of my life."

Dan Keith was the younger of two children. Dorothy, his sister, who was three years older, was educated in schools in Connecticut and in Europe and married when she was very young. Dan was tutored at home for a few years and then went to a private day school in St. Louis. He was taken to and from school by the chauffeur; if he went out to play, a governess either accompanied him or watched him from a window. When he was not allowed to go to the movies with his friends, he protested that his parents were treating him like a baby.

At fourteen Dan went East to Juniper, one of the oldest and most exclusive of the preparatory schools for boys. During his first two years at Juniper he was near the top of his class scholastically; in the last two years his grades were less outstanding. He explained the lower grades to his father by saying that he had had less time to study because he had participated in more social activities. At the same time he admitted that he might unconsciously have tried harder the first two years as compensation for his inferior position among the boys, but denied that he was aware of such a motive at the time.

Dan Keith's father, who was an alumnus of Humphrey College and a member of Mu Nu, was engaged in the investment-banking business in St. Louis. When Mr. Keith's firm lost heavily in the crash in 1929, the business was saved largely through the investment of Mrs. Keith's money. Mr. Keith somewhat resented this circumstance, particularly because his wife maintained control of her investments. Mr. Keith began to drink heavily and Dan, accompanied by the butler, was frequently sent to his father's club to bring Mr. Keith home. As he grew older, Dan strove to keep his father "on the wagon." At one time Dan told his father that if he were ever drunk again he would have nothing more to do with him. While Mr. Keith did not stop drinking entirely, he became much more moderate.

In the middle of Dan's freshman year at Humphrey, in 1938, his mother died. Her death did not constitute a shock to him, since he had been prepared by the long period of her illness and since he was not particularly close to her. Dan went home for the funeral, but within two or three days he returned to college and resumed his normal activities. Until she became an invalid two or three years before her death, Mrs. Keith was a very active woman, greatly admired for her work with a number of charities in St. Louis.

When Dan first came to Humphrey, he lived in a suite with two other boys. Although they had no open rift, Dan changed roommates his sophomore year. One of the new roommates was Ken Andrews, a tall, handsome, athletic

boy. Ken had a friendly, easygoing nature, and the boys were soon on a friendly footing despite the fact that they had known each other only slightly at the beginning of the year. Ken was prepared by St. James School but knew the boys from Juniper casually.

CASE 6

*Ida Geneva**

IN 1940 A RESEARCH PROGRAM in department-store problems was underway in a large department store in New York. The research group were members of a university staff and were not employees of the store. They interviewed many of the salespersons, always explaining that the conversations were confidential and would not be reported to officials of the store. What follows is a report of one such interview.

Miss Geneva came in. The interviewer asked her if she would like a cigarette; she said that she would. There was a short pause, and the interviewer asked her if she understood what the study was all about. She asked to know more about the study; the interviewer interpreted it, said that the researchers would like to know what happens in the various departments, and asked what she thought of as her job.

Miss Geneva: My job of course is selling. It is very interesting work. I like it very much. I try very hard, and I do all I can to please my customers. I try to give them good service, and I think I do. I think you find some people who are very interesting. Some of the customers want to tell you all about themselves. I had one customer who came in yesterday; she told me that she had a Humbolt bag that had belonged to her grandmother. I don't know how many years ago it had been. She was very proud of it. She treasures it. She and her mother and her grandmother had all shopped at Humbolt's. For some reason her grandmother had saved this bag. She said that in the old days Humbolt's had been a dollar store. Do you think that could be true? I didn't know. But I thought it was awfully nice of her to feel the way she did about Humbolt's. It gives you a nice feeling someway. I try to spend as much time with the customer as they want me to spend. And I always try to get clothes for them that I think will suit them. Since I've been here, I've had customers come back and ask for me. I didn't realize that they asked for me, but the floorwalker told me that they do. I had a Mr. Dixon last week. He came in and asked for me. He always gives me a good sale, about $15. I try to give him good service, and he knows me, and comes back and asks for me. Last week when he came in he was in a hurry. He was pretty hard to work with. He was cross and disagreeable. He left without buying a thing. He came in again on Monday or Tuesday when I wasn't in and asked for me. He told Miss Lasky that I usually waited on him. He gave her a $12 sale. A few days after he had been so disagreeable he came into me, and gave me a $15 sale, and apologized for the

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way he had acted the day before. I said: "That's all right. You probably had something worrying you," and he said that he had been in a hurry, he didn't really have time to shop; but I knew that something had been wrong with him. He said that he had wanted to apologize to me because I had been just as nice to him, though he was cross and disagreeable. My time wasn't wasted because he came back and gave me the sale. I think you find that happens a lot of times. I feel that I have a job and I must do my job as well as I can. After all, I represent Humbolt's. People should think well of Humbolt's, and just because I get tired of working with the customer, that's not the kind of service that the customer should have. There was a woman in here the other day. I had waited on her before Christmas. I just came in before Christmas. I was hired on a temporary basis. I was let go after Christmas, then brought back again, let off again, brought back again. They say now that I may be able to stay. This woman came in. She was very sunburned. I said, "Oh, you must have been away." She said, "Yes, I was in Florida, December, January, and February." She couldn't understand why Humbolt's didn't have an exclusive shop down in Miami. She likes Humbolt's things so much better. She thought it would give them a chance to sell more merchandise. They could send some of the girls from here down. It would give them a chance to have a vacation while they were working. She said that everything costs so much. She doesn't like the things as well either down there. She always gets her bathing suits at Humbolt's. She thinks it would be a very good idea if they opened up a small exclusive shop. I wonder why they don't. I told her that I didn't know why they didn't. But they probably thought that it wasn't worth while. I never think that the time I spend with a customer is wasted time. I don't mind because I think they will come back. I'm the newest girl in the department. One of the girls who was here has been laid off. I think she was laid off because her volume wasn't so high. She was an awfully nice girl. But I couldn't imagine why they laid her off and kept me on. She had been here longer than I had, but I spoke to the girls about it, and they said she wasn't able to sell as well as I was. I was able to make more sales, and that's what I'm here for. Every day I come in and try to do better than I did the day before. I always think I'll top it. Of course, I don't always do this. You can just somehow tell when you come in in the morning whether it will be a good day or a bad day. I usually think I'll know, but I set that goal for myself.

Interviewer: Is there much talk of volume in your department?

Miss Geneva: No, you don't hear any at all. No, I don't think there is any. They are awfully nice though. They do try to give you a word of encouragement if you've had a good day. You turn in your books at night; if you've had a good day, they let you know about it. A little encouragement is a help. The assistant buyer or even the buyer will let you know if you are doing well. They will say, "Miss Geneva, you've done very well today." Little things like that. We can usually tell if we've had a good day.

Interviewer: If you haven't done well would they say anything to you about it?

Miss Geneva: No, no. They don't say anything. I really consider Humbolt's a grand place to work. You have nice hours, nice pay, and people are nice to you. I think it is fine. I was just to a meeting, a C.I.O. meeting, before I came down here. I can't understand this talk about unions. I don't know what it has

to offer. I don't know what they think the union can do for them. We have nice hours, we have nice pay, as much as they can afford to give us, and I don't know what else you can want. No, I don't like unions. I would quit my job before I would stay with a store that had a union. They said today that you would have to join the union. If they get 51 per cent in, everyone else will have to join. Mr. Kranus, the president of the store, gave us a very nice lecture on it. He said that it didn't make any difference to Humbolt's whether we joined or not. We could join if we wanted to, we didn't have to if we didn't want to, but he said that they were partly organized. I asked the girl what departments were organized, but she wouldn't tell me. I would quit my job before I would join a union. Why should I pay my money to someone when they don't have anything I want? I have a job with pretty nice hours, pretty nice pay. I'm hired to sell and I work very hard and I try to do everything I can to do my job right. And as long as I do, the store doesn't complain. I don't think they will complain if you do your job right. I say if they have a union it will hurt us. Then the store won't watch us to see how we're coming along, and the union wouldn't be here to watch us. How would they know who was doing well. They are going to let you go if you don't do your job right anyway. The union can't make them keep a person who isn't any good. Then the store can't keep you when they haven't any business. This girl told me that instead of laying you off, though, you would be kept on all the time. They say they'll get you an increase in pay, but if they did, the union would take half of it. No, I can't see it. I don't like anything about it. This girl told me that the furniture department and the china departments had unions, and they were getting $27 and $28 a week. Well, I told her that they must be better able to sell than we are. Maybe the kind of selling they're doing is harder than what we are doing. Don't you think that there must be something like that? The girls selling up in the gift shop, she said, didn't deserve any more money than we did, but I said that the kind of thing that they were selling was probably harder to sell. You have to know something about what you're selling to really be able to sell. You have to know more than the customer, maybe the customer doesn't know something, and maybe you don't have what she wants, and you have to be able to make her thing that what you have is as good as what she wants. Why sometimes they even like it better. I had a customer the other day who came in wanting a blue dress; I showed her a little yellow dress and said, "I will let you look at this until I can find the dress you want, but I thought this one might please you." She decided that she liked the yellow dress better than the blue. I said: "You don't have to take it; I'm going to get the blue dress for you." Later she told the floorwalker that she thought I was a very good salesperson and commended me. The floorwalker asked me if I knew who I was selling to, and I said no. It turned out that it was Mrs. Jolms, Mr. Kranus' secretary. Oh, I felt grand about that. That is really something. But it does make a difference in what you're selling. No, I can't see unions, and I'll quit my job before I'll join.

Interviewer: Have you known any people who belonged to the union?

Miss Geneva: I hear about it on the outside. I hear a lot about it. It doesn't do you any good. You go on strike for someone who has lost a job. Some girl or some boy. There probably was a reason or the person wouldn't have lost the job, but then everybody else has to strike for that person. When you strike

you're on your own. You're not getting paid. I'm independent. I'm independent in business. I come in and do my job and I let the other fellow do his. I don't bother them, and they don't bother me. I know I don't want to strike for someone else. Maybe things have been a little hard for me, and I've learned to be a little independent. I'll do a lot for people, but I don't see why I should do that. We always used to eat at the Brass Rail. That place has been on strike for two years. They have excellent food there. The prices are right, and it is a nice place. But you don't like to go into a place where there are people walking up and down talking about it. I know they treat them all right, for if they didn't, the people would quit their jobs. They wouldn't stay if they weren't treated right. And I understand from the waiters there that the conditions are nice there. But yet they strike. I'd quit my job; no, I won't join a union.

Interviewer: Do you know any other people who belong to unions?

Miss Geneva: Yes, I know some girls who work in a silk laboratory. They get along very nicely. They have very nice positions. Theirs is the A.F.L. — anyway, it wasn't the same as the C.I.O. The lithographists belong to that, and they seem to have the only decent union. They get very high wages and they keep them up there. Of course, it is worth it to them to belong to the union. That's a fine union. And I think that is all right, but they couldn't raise our wages. They pay us as much as they can. And I can't see any reason for it at all. No, I would quit my job first. I try very hard and I'm doing a pretty good job. I've gotten more charge accounts started than anyone on the floor or in our department. The senior floorwalker in our department spoke to me and said that I was doing very nicely. So did the buyer and the floorwalker in our department. I'm independent, and I stick to myself. I let the other people do what they want to do, and I do what I want to do.

Interviewer: Was it hard for you to get in with the girls in the department when you first came in?

Miss Geneva: I always let other people do what they want to do, and I do what I want to do. It wasn't too easy to get to know them. One thing happened that I didn't like. One day one of the girls in the department told me that I was getting too many sales. I was taking other people's sales away from them. I was terribly hurt about this. I didn't like it at all. I went to the floorwalker and told her I was turning in my book, that I wouldn't stay. I couldn't stay if they felt that way about me. She said that that was ridiculous, that I should stay. I went to every girl in the department and asked her if she thought I was taking other people's sales. They said that I wasn't. I told them they could go to my customers and ask them if they wanted to wait for me or not. I would never take a customer that was someone else's. But if customers come in and ask for you, you say you're busy, and they say they'll wait, I think that is between the customer and me. I try to be courteous to them and get them the things they want. I know how you feel if you don't buy the thing you want. I think it is my job. But I certainly don't want anyone to think that I'm taking business that isn't mine.

Interviewer: Who was it that said you were taking other sales?

Miss Geneva: Miss Warsaw. That's who it was. Of course, I've never spoken to her since. I don't know why she said it anyway. She said I was getting too high volume, and I guess she thought I was taking some of her customers, but

I wasn't. I love my work. I like anything I do. I can't do a thing if I don't like it. I like to wait on customers. And I'm pretty quick. It is nothing against the other girls if I get high volume. Some people like to sell, and some people don't. They can't understand how I can run around as much as I do. They say, "Aren't you dead when night comes?" I say, "Yes, I'm tired." Because sometimes I am tired, but I'm not always tired. After all, if I've worked all day, there is some reason to be tired. I really was going to quit. I couldn't stay if the girls didn't like me and thought I was taking their sales. I'm independent, but I like to have people like me. The floorwalker said that I was foolish, she would take care of the whole situation. I was doing a good job, but that didn't make any difference to me. I'd leave. I didn't know whether I would be kept on or not. I was hired on a temporary basis. Miss LaRue had been here longer than I had. And she was laid off. I really thought they would keep her and not me, because she had been here longer than I had. But apparently she wasn't as good a salesperson. I always joke with the girls. I say each Saturday, "Well, I wasn't laid off today." And they always say, "Oh, you know you won't be laid off, you're too good a salesclerk. You're too valuable to the department." I joke with them. Of course, the senior floorwalker said something to me about staying. They were satisfied with my job. I, of course, haven't told the girls that anyone talked to me. I keep on every week joking. As if I didn't know I would be kept on or not. I felt bad when I heard Miss LaRue had left. I came in Monday morning, and I asked one of the girls where she was. She said, "Didn't you know? She has been laid off." I said, "That's a shame. I'm sorry to hear it." And I was. She told me that it was Saturday night she was laid off, but I hadn't heard about it, and I hadn't seen her.

Interviewer: Whom did you go to, to find out where she was?

Miss Geneva: Miss Miller.

Interviewer: How did you happen to ask her?

Miss Geneva: I rather like her. And I knew that she and Miss LaRue are friends. I felt terrible about it. Miss Miller said that I shouldn't, as I was a better salesperson than she was. I guess I was, as I had higher volume, but I hated to see her leave. She had been here longer than I had. Miss Miller is a very bright girl. She went to college. They were quite good friends. I work hard, I try to do my job well. And I guess they knew it. I don't consider time spent with customers as wasted.

Interviewer: What do you do outside the store?

Miss Geneva: I like a lot of things. I like domesticity. I like all kinds of sports. I like to play tennis and swim and ride. I like good clean fun. I like the simple things of life. I enjoy simple pleasures and simple tastes. I go with a lovely crowd of people. We all like the same thing. I hate night clubs; I don't care for them at all. I like to be outside and out of doors. My friends get together; we talk about politics and books. We talk about a lot of things like that. We have fun doing things together. Most of them are college people and very bright. Some of my friends live in the Village. They will all come to my place and we will discuss things. Or go out for rides. Then come back to my house, and I serve tea and sandwiches, or something. I have one friend who drinks a lot of cocktails. She can buy them for herself; she has a lot of money, but she would drink as many as seventeen cocktails. I went to her one day and told her she was disintegrating. She shouldn't drink so much. She went to her

doctor and found out she'd ruined her health. I found out later that it was just an escape. Sometimes a crowd of us will go to the Biltmore and have dinner and dance. We like nice things, the theater and music; I have a number of friends. And I always enjoy having them come to my place.

Interviewer: Do you live alone?

Miss Geneva: Yes, I do. A lot of my friends think it is funny, but I prefer it that way. They think I would enjoy it more if I didn't, but I don't believe so.

Interviewer: Does your family live here?

Miss Geneva: I lost my mother some months ago. I really have no one. I'm all alone. I have a kid sister. And my father is in Philadelphia. But I am pretty much alone. We moved to Philadelphia several years ago. Then I decided that I would come back to New York. I went to parochial school here, and I have my friends. I had two girl friends who have no parents. Their mother is dead, and they were left with a house. I could always visit them. They made me welcome there. I came up here to visit one time and told my father that I thought if I could get a job I'd stay. I got a job, so I stayed. I came to Humbolt's. I always try to save a little money and get along as well as possible. I guess that's why I'm independent.

Interviewer: But when it comes to business, you feel you shouldn't mix business with your social activities?

Miss Geneva: It is not exactly that. I know some of the girls in the department. We get along pretty well. But after that Warsaw affair, I thought that it was best to keep on being independent. One day, Miss Allen asked me why I never had lunch with the girls. I said I didn't know. I thought possibly they didn't like me. And she said that I was foolish, that they did. I mentioned the fact that I had been to all the girls at the time the trouble came up. They had all been very nice about it, but I had been a little worried that it would hurt me. She told me I was foolish — that I was just a good salesperson, better than some of the rest of them, and they knew that, but that didn't mean anything. Miss Allen's an awfully sweet girl. She's been out to my place.

Interviewer: How did that happen?

Miss Geneva: She heard me say one day that I was moving. I said something about living alone, and she said that she would be glad to help me move. I told her that that wasn't necessary; I had plenty of friends that didn't have to go to business. And they could stay home and move my things for me. She said that she would be glad to. I told her that I would like to have her come out some time if she would like to come. But this time it wasn't necessary. She asked me how I got so much energy for my work. She wanted to know where I got all my enthusiasm. I told her that I felt good when I came to work. That I can get a kick out of a lot of things. I love to get up in the morning and go out and see the grass and the trees. Why, I get a kick out of smelling the dew on the grass. I couldn't live in New York. I don't see how they do it. But I get up in the morning. And see the dew on the grass and smell it, it makes me feel good. One time I made a slip, and Miss Allen found out my age. One day someone was in the department, and something was said, and she said, "Oh, she's almost as old as Miss Geneva." Ever since then, I've teased her about my age. I tell her I hope she has my energy when she is my age. I tease her about it and say, "Oh, when you're my age . . ." I live out in Flatbush in Brooklyn. One night I said something about where I lived, and Pat said that she would

like to come out, so I invited her. We had an awfully nice time. I fixed her a light supper. It wasn't anything much. My friends never can understand how I can do so much. We will go out at night for a ride, then come to my house, and I'll fix food. They can't understand how I can do it so quickly. I never want anyone to help me. I can do it better myself. We all pitch in 50 cents or something and buy it. I can make a bacon and tomato sandwich before you can say Jack Robinson. We had a nice supper, though it wasn't so much. The fellow I go with has the biggest, loveliest grocery store. It is new and the biggest in the neighborhood. I can call up and he will send what I want right up to me. He sends me things. I just fixed a little supper out of some things he'd given me. Then some of my friends came in, a few of them. She seemed to have an awfully nice time. The next day Miss Volga told me what a good time Pat Allen had had at my house. I asked how she knew, and she said she had telephoned her from her house. All the girls have commented on it. And I've told them that I would like to have them come out sometime if they would like to; I didn't know they would like to.

Interviewer: Are any of the girls in the department particular friends?

Miss Geneva: Miss Allen and Miss Volga. They are very good friends. Neither of them has any family. They go around together a lot. Miss Solomon and Miss Handel are good friends. They're part-timers. They went to Hunter together. Then there is Miss Jones and the head of stock. The other two part-timers are good friends too. I guess that's about all.

Interviewer: If you invite them out to your house, will you invite them all?

Miss Geneva: Yes, I like all the girls.

Interviewer: Would you like to have Miss Warsaw?

Miss Geneva: I would invite her if she wanted to come. But if a person doesn't like me and treats me the way she did, I don't care particularly about seeing her, but if she wanted to come I would have her. She has been out sick for a week. They took up a collection to send her flowers. I gave to it. But she can feel the way she wants to about me.

Interviewer: Who would you have?

Miss Geneva: Miss Volga, Miss Allen, and Miss Warsaw if she wanted to come.

Interviewer: How about Miss Jones?

Miss Geneva: Oh, I always forget Jonesy. She is the mother to us all. We go to her about things. I know one day Miss Volga told me that I shouldn't open up any more charge accounts. I had opened up enough for a year. I know I've opened up a lot. And I couldn't help saying something about it. I would come in the morning and say I was going to open up a charge account. And if I had I would say so that night. They thought I shouldn't open up so many. It showed the rest of them up. I said that it was no reflection on them. But they wanted us to open them up. So if I had a customer who didn't have one, I would try to sell it to her. Point out the good features of it. How they can get better service. It is quicker. They just telephone or write in and not worry. Then if they want a lot more information, I take them to the floor-walker. Miss Allen asked me how I opened so many. And I told her that I didn't do anything. I just told the customers about it.

Interviewer: Do you open up as many as you used to?

Miss Geneva: I suppose so.

Interviewer: I mean, do you open up as many as you did before she mentioned it?

Miss Geneva: I guess I did slow up a bit. But when I realized how important they were to the store, Mr. Kranus told us how much it helped business, that people were more apt to shop here if they had their charge accounts here, I did want to try it. Jonesy found out about this, and she said for me not to worry about it. She was nice about it. But I try as hard as I can every day. They don't seem to understand how I can do as much as I can.

Interviewer: How do they know how much you do?

Miss Geneva: Miss Allen usually asks me how much I have. Miss Volga always asks her what I have. Miss Volga never aks me though.

Interviewer: Do you think that's because she's jealous?

Miss Geneva: No, she's a very good salesperson herself, that's why. But Miss Volga tells Miss Allen what she has, and then I ask her. She tells me that Miss Volga asks what I have. We really have a very nice bunch of girls. They are all interested in things, some of the same things. Oh, what time is it? I must go, I'm supposed to be out at 4:45. I must run. I'm late now.

Interviewer: I'm sorry, thank you very much.

CASE 7

William Fay[1]

IN 1940 A RESEARCH PROGRAM in department-store problems was underway in a large department store in New York. The research group were members of a university staff and were not employees of the store. They interviewed many of the salespersons, always explaining that the conversations were confidential and would not be reported to officials of the store. One of the interviews went as follows:

Interviewer: Tell me about yourself and your job.

Mr. Fay: Well, I suppose I might as well try to begin at the beginning. I come from New Hampshire. My father is a contractor up there, in Gorham. Do you know where that is?

Interviewer: Well, I think I do, roughly. It is somewhere in the north of the state, isn't it?

Mr. Fay: That's right; it is up near Berlin.

Interviewer: Is your family up there now?

Mr. Fay: Yes, they are. My mother and father are both up there now.

Interviewer: Have you any brothers and sisters?

Mr. Fay: Yes, I have five half-brothers and sisters. They were my father's children and I have no real brothers and sisters. You see, my father's first wife died and he married again. Now he is administrator for them. He runs the farm for them.

Interviewer: Were you brought up on this farm?

Mr. Fay: Oh no. We never lived on a farm. We always lived in the town. My father runs the farm, but we have never lived there. He isn't really a farmer; he is more of an administrator.

Interviewer: Did you ever work on the farm?

Mr. Fay: Oh yes, I have done a lot of odd jobs around. I never worked really steady like, but I have done a lot of different jobs in different places. When I got through high school I went to work for the First National meat market in Gorham. I worked there in 1933 and 1934, and then I broke a leg. That set me back a whole lot. I was out a year. And when I got better, I went to work for O'Brien Brothers. Outdoor advertising. I had a maintenance job there. But of course it was just a summer job. I saved some money though: I didn't think that there was opportunity for me to show myself to best advantage up in New Hampshire, and I wanted to come down to the city. So in the fall — let me see, I think that was the fall of '35, yes, that's right — in the fall

[1] Copyright, 1947, by the President and Fellows of Harvard College; HP70.

of '35, I came down to Fitchburg, Mass. I had an uncle there, and I looked around that town for a job. Jobs were pretty scarce then, but my uncle happened to go to his lodge meeting very soon after I arrived, and one of his lodge brothers was the manager of the ten-cent store in the town. He said he had an opening for a stockman. That would have been a permanent job. The only trouble was that the manager had already written his head office telling them that he needed somebody, and so when they finally sent him up someone he had to let me go. I think he would have written into his head office again if my uncle had asked him to, because you see they were lodge brothers, but I wasn't too sure that that was what I wanted in the first place, so when the regular man came I left. I stayed there the rest of the winter and went down to Boston in the early spring of '36. I tried to get jobs with lots of different companies. I thought I would get a job with the United Fruit Company, but they didn't have any openings. I got pretty discouraged and went to New York on the chance that there be something doing there. My money was running pretty low. And I stayed out with my half-sister in New Jersey. I tried everywhere in New York City for a job, but there were no openings. And I can tell you I got pretty discouraged.

Interviewer: How long were you down here before you did get work?

Mr. Fay: Oh, I guess six weeks or more. I went to an outdoor-advertising concern and applied. When they asked me what sort of work I had done before, I told them of my work as a maintenance man for O'Brien Brothers. Well, the man there just laughed at me. He said they were not hiring any little guys like me. He wouldn't take on any one that weighed less than two hundred pounds. I had tried Humbolt's three or four times, but I never could get here early enough. They would tell me to come back the next day or the next week. Why, I would wait outside of the store until the doors opened and then I would come rushing into the store and run up to the employment department, just over behind us, and find a long line, and I would get in line, but they would never get to me. They would just put up a sign saying "No more wanted" and we would all have to go. I don't think I ever really did figure out how that special entrance to the employment department worked. Well, I had a friend downtown and I went to see him. You never get anywhere without pull. If you have a little drag it makes all the difference in the world, and I started on November 28, 1936.

Interviewer: Why do you say you never get anywhere without pull?

Mr. Fay: Oh, I don't know, I just think that's the way things are.

Interviewer: Well, did this friend help you to get a job here?

Mr. Fay: Sure, he knew a buyer up on the sixth floor. And he got in touch with him, and I was just hired in a flash after that happened. I had been around to the store three or four times but no soap. And this buyer got me a letter that let me right in, and before I knew it I was hired. I started in Canary Birds. The Christmas rush was starting then. Of course, I was told that it was just a temporary job. But after Christmas I went up to the White Sale, and from there I went to the Garden Sale, and then to Camping Goods. Then I went to Oilcloth. And from there I went to Paints, and then back to the Garden Sale, and then Cameras, and then Hardware. I guess that's the complete picture. And you know where I am now, I'm in Power Tools.

Interviewer: Well, you've been in a lot of departments, haven't you?

Mr. Fay: When I stop to think of it, I guess I have. I never realized how much I moved about. I should be in Gardens now. And that just burns me up.

Interviewer: Why aren't you in Gardens?

Mr. Fay: Well, you see, Haigis is out; he is the man in charge of Power Tools and they gave Jones, the man who is with me in the Power Tools section, the job there as a Head of stock, and they were going to give me a job there too. But of course, now with Haigis out, somebody has got to stay down in Power Tools. It just got me mad. I went around to the floor superintendent and told him I ought to get $2.00 more. You see, if I were in Gardens, perhaps at the beginning I wouldn't make as much money, but the only thing that keeps me from going is because Haigis is out sick.[1] That isn't any fault of mine. I was there last year, and was all set to go again this year. I ought to be getting more money anyway. But the floor superintendent said no, I wasn't coöperative. I remember one day Haigis asked me how much money I was making. Of course, I don't know what he gets, but he certainly did look surprised when I told him what I was getting out of it. I get $21 a week now and the pool, but of course that doesn't amount to anything. But the assistant floor superintendent wouldn't give me any more money and wouldn't even see why I felt the way I did. But it made me sore when he told me I wasn't coöperative. Because earlier, Miss Wilson in the personnel department told me that the reason I couldn't have a raise was because I hadn't stayed anywhere long enough. Well, that I think is a damn lie. And then the buyer said that the only thing that prevented me from getting a raise was that the department budget wouldn't permit it. Well I ask you — Miss Wilson says too short a time, the buyer says not enough money, and the floor superintendent says not coöperative. One of them must be wrong. Gosh, I can talk to you this way, but there is nobody else that I can. I almost told the floor superintendent what I thought of him. I was so mad I didn't care whether they fired me or not. But I sort of kept myself in. Of course, we've got too many bosses anyway. What would you do if you had five people bossing you, telling you different things to do? You'd kick, wouldn't you?

Interviewer: Who are these five people?

Mr. Fay: Well, there is the buyer and the assistant buyer, Mr. Black. Of course, he took Mr. Grant's place; you know I liked Mr. Grant, I liked him real well, but I'm glad he's gone. Mr. Grant gave too many orders. He would say: Now do this, do that, take this down, change that display. And what could you do? And then there are the two floorwalkers in our section, and then there is Cohens, the stock head. Gosh, I feel sorry for that poor guy. You know what he gets? He gets $27 a week. He does too much work. You know there were three men who used to do the job that he is doing alone now. He can't sleep, and he dreams of the store night after night. Well, who wouldn't? Can he ever get to be a buyer? I wonder. I doubt it. There is no future here. Only college men get ahead.

Interviewer: Why do you say that?

Mr. Fay: Well, look at me. I haven't made any progress. You can't get anywhere without specialized knowledge. I've got a brother-in-law; he could get

[1] Clerks assigned to the Garden Sale were guaranteed their average weekly earnings but had an opportunity to better these earnings because of the commission-payment system used in the garden section.

me a job with the Consolidated Edison Company, but it wouldn't be fair to him or the company. You have to have specialized education, and that's what I'm going after right now. I'm going to night school now. Taking courses in electricity. When I get through that maybe I can get a good job. I just don't think they give you an opportunity to express yourself here. I've got another brother-in-law who works for the Telephone Company. I should like to get into the maintenance department here. I never did really want to sell very much, and now I know that I don't. There is too much pressure in big business. Big business just drains you dry and then throws you out and lets you rot in the gutter. And then there are pressures from others. You know that you have got to have a bigger book than the guy next to you. And that keeps you pushing all the time, and it just isn't healthy.

Interviewer: Why do you have to have a bigger book?

Mr. Fay: Because you would get laid off when the time came. The guy with the lowest book leaves first. We had a funny experience over in Oilcloth, when I was over there. There was a young fellow who was being transferred from stock. They told him they would give him six months to make good selling. Well, we all knew that they were putting the pressure on the kid, so we didn't mind at first, but he just turned out to be the worst sort of grabber I have ever seen. Of course, we call it grabbing and the buyers call it hustling. But it is all the same thing.

Interviewer: What happened to the boy?

Mr. Fay: Well, I guess I might as well tell you. They stepped on this fellow. Whenever they would see him going up to a customer, two of them, that is one on either side of him, would start moving along the counter and they would just squeeze him out. That's literally what they did. And they would work fast. Of course, the customer thought something funny was happening, but they never know. The clerks would both say, "Can I help you, madam?" It wouldn't make any difference whether they were waiting on somebody else or not, they would just excuse themselves for a moment and squeeze him right out. They did that for almost two weeks, and did it hurt his volume! He finally petitioned for a transfer. And I guess the store was glad to give it to him, because his volume had gone way down. And nobody could figure out why, but we knew.

Interviewer: Do you know where he went?

Mr. Fay: No, I don't. I left the department about the same time, and I haven't seen him since. Maybe he didn't make the grade. It wouldn't surprise me.

Interviewer: Do you have people anything like that in the hardware department?

Mr. Fay: Sure we do. Not exactly the same. But Miss Isaacs in Polish, she never takes any relief. She runs a book around $200 when the other people are $150 or $175. I don't know why nobody objects to her. Of course, all those girls in Polish get me mad, but I think she gets me madder than anyone else. Whenever a customer comes in and says they want a 25 cent screwdriver, they all say, "That gentleman over there will help you," and point to me. And sometimes it takes quite a little while even to make a sale of a screwdriver. But if a customer comes in and says she wants to buy a mail box that might cost $8, do they call me over? I guess not. They just say, "Certainly, I can

help you." They step right out from behind that polish counter so fast you can hardly see them.

Interviewer: Can you tell me anything more about Miss Isaacs?

Mr. Fay: Oh, if we really got sore, we would send her after all the little items, and she would get so burned up that she wouldn't know what to do.

Interviewer: Does Mr. Genoa ever come out from behind the polish counter?

Mr. Fay: Oh, but that's a different thing. First of all, he is a man. And secondly, it is part of his job. Especially now that we're shorthanded, he is expected to come out. I'll tell you something that happened just before I came up here. I was just completing a sale that ran to about $40 when I saw a man come into the department. I stepped up to him and said that I would be with him in just a minute, and he said, "Thank you very much, I'll wait." Well I just closed the other sale and was just about to go over to him, but Genoa had started out and he arrived just a fraction of a second before me. And you know he sold that fellow a $35 lathe. There I could have had $75 on my book with no trouble at all.

Interviewer: How do you feel about that?

Mr. Fay: Well, of course I was disappointed. But it really doesn't make any difference, because he is supposed to come out. Of course, I don't believe I'll get another sale like that today, but it's all right. You see, he used to be out here working anyway, and then he got into some sort of a jam, I don't know just what it was. Maybe his volume wasn't any good, and they put him over in Polish. Of course, he and Borre are a regular team. They get along swell together. But there are some things that happen in this store that I just can't understand. I know for a fact that more than twice they have been firing on the sixth floor and hiring in the basement, and on the same days. Can you beat that? They even had some clerks on the sixth who had worked in the basement, worked in the very departments that they were hiring for, and yet they were letting them go and getting in green people downstairs. They have just given us a new man in Power Tools, and what a honey he is. He doesn't know a screwdriver from a monkeywrench. Of course, he is only a part-timer. But I think they could have picked a little better person than that. This fellow just doesn't know anything. I don't even believe he knows a bolt from a nut. He has never had a tool in his hand. Now if they had picked somebody who had a little experience before, it would make it much easier to train him. But with this kid we have just got to begin with fundamentals. If they are willing to take on a person like that and do all the other things that they do around the store, do you wonder that we worry about our jobs? Those people just aren't responsible, and because they're so unresponsible you can never tell what they're going to do next. Of course, maybe I'm too young for business. I don't know. I wish I did know what I should do. I try to do my best, but I don't get anywhere.

Interviewer: Do you live here in the city?

Mr. Fay: Yes, I live up on 85th Street, right near Riverside Drive. I've got a pretty good room up there, but by the time I pay for my room and pay transportation up and back, I haven't got much left over.

Interviewer: Do you have to send money home?

Mr. Fay: No, I should say not. If I had to do that I couldn't afford to work

here. Of course, my evening school costs something. But I just barely squeeze by. They ought to pay us more, or at least give us some feeling that we will have our jobs for a little while, because I always feel that I should be trying to put by something, and that makes me scrimp and save. I don't know when I enjoyed talking to anyone so much as I have to you. Sometimes I talk this way to a man who is at the tobacco counter. He used to be up in the same rooming house that I formerly lived in. But we both moved, and I don't see as much of him now as I used to. I know someone over in Cedar Cabinets that I talk to sometimes. But of course I've never been able to talk to anyone quite the way I've talked to you. I wish you would tell me just what you think of me. What do you think I ought to do?

Interviewer: Well, I don't think I'm in a position to tell you what to do. I do want to try to impress on you, however, that what you have told me will be kept entirely anonymous. I gathered from what you say that you are rooming by yourself now, and I want to try to prevent you from going home tonight and saying, "Why in hell did I talk to that guy so much?" If you haven't anyone to talk things over with, you sometimes get to turning the thing over in your mind and making more and more out of it. And I want to make sure that you feel perfectly certain that what you have said will be kept anonymous.

Mr. Fay: I understand and I just want to thank you again for listening to me the way you have. Perhaps when the study is over you will tell me what I can do.

CASE 8

*The Fentons**

ON A HOT AFTERNOON early in June 1947, Bill Fenton let himself into his house and dropped his books wearily on the front-hall table.

A junior at a college in central New England, Bill lived with his wife Marjorie and their son David in a small two-family house about a mile from the campus.

Bill and Marjorie had been married at the end of his freshman year. Although both their families were of only moderate means, the parents had agreed to finance the young couple on a modest allowance until Bill finished his education.

In the spring of Bill's sophomore year, the Fenton's son David was born. Marjorie's mother came on for the event and remained with them for the balance of the school year. They returned with her to her home in the Middle West for the summer months. Bill's mother paid them an extended visit in the fall of 1946, and in December his father joined them for a family Christmas at the young couple's home.

Marjorie was sitting in her favorite chair drawn before the open window, drinking a coke. The baby was playing in his pen in the middle of the living-room floor.

Bill sank onto the couch, loosened his shirt, and said: "Gee, that was a terrible German exam this afternoon! I don't see why sociology requires such a lot of German. Three hours! And what a day for it! I thought I'd never get through it."

"It's sure been awful," Marjorie replied. "The baby's laundry almost did me in. There hasn't been a breath of air stirring all day. I swear it's never as hot as this at home even in August. The Middle West may be cold in winter but it doesn't ever get this hot in summer. David hasn't stopped fussing. He wouldn't eat, wouldn't take his nap, and I finally had to take him out in the carriage. That carriage has always been too heavy for me to push."

Bill took another drag from his crumpled cigarette and said: "I don't know what good it did me to cram for that exam. I'll bet I didn't any more than get by. I can't figure out what they were thinking of when they put the exam together. You'd think I'd know some German after three years of it, but you'd never have known it this afternoon. I'll bet they got every technical term they could find into that last question."

"I never had any trouble with German," Marjorie said. Then the baby

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began to pound with a wooden mallet on the floorboard of the pen. With a show of impatience, Marjorie went over to him, took the mallet out of his chubby fist, and placed it out of his reach. David turned good-naturedly to another toy and began to play happily again.

"This has been an awful day all right," Marjorie said, returning to her chair. "I had to call Mr. Schultz again to fix the pilot light under the hot-water heater. Nothing like that ever went wrong with our oil burner at home. I don't see why I should have to take care of it. You know I'm scared to death of it."

"Yeah," Bill replied. "Pete's wife has the same trouble. It's always going out. You know it's beyond me. I don't know what to do about it. Pete thinks he did well in the exam, and I've always known more German than he has."

"Oh, Mildred called today," Marjorie said. "She and Pete wanted us to come over tonight to celebrate. You'd think they didn't know we can't afford a sitter. They've got a whole gang coming in and we're stuck here as usual. It would be different if Mother was here."

"Gee, I'm hungry. I didn't eat much before that exam," Bill said.

"Don't you ever think of anything but eating?" Marjorie exclaimed. "Can't I even take time to finish a cigarette and drink a coke? I've got to put the baby to bed too."

"Gee, Marjorie, I know it's been a tough day, but I've never seen you this upset before. What's the matter?" Bill said. "Why don't you let me help with the dinner?"

"You help!" she retorted. "You're just in the way in the kitchen. You can help with the dishes afterwards. You can't even put David to bed without his crying the rest of the evening."

"Aw, come on," Bill said. "Davy was cutting a tooth last week when I put him to bed. It wasn't my fault that he was fussy."

"Your mother says she's never seen anyone better with a baby than I am. I never in my life had to work the way I do around here." Marjorie exploded. "I'll bet I don't have ten minutes a day to myself! Mother was plenty worried about me when she was here. I no sooner get you off in the morning than I have to take care of David, do the laundry, the marketing, the dishes! And then it's time to take the baby out, and I no sooner get home than it's time to feed him, and by the time I get the lunch dishes done, he's awake from his nap! There's just no end to it!"

"Gee, Marge, I do the best I can," Bill said. "I can't do any more than I do around the house and carry a full schedule besides. You know we decided I was going to carry an extra course this year so I could finish up next mid-years if possible. We talked it all out! I know it's been hard for you this spring since my mother left, but I couldn't change my schedule by then."

"Well, it was easy enough to plan it," Marjorie replied, "but I seem to be doing all the work. I never thought it was going to be as hard for me as this!"

"I know," Bill said. "It has been tough on you. And I'm sorry. But we only have a couple of weeks more before we go to your mother's."

"But we can't go to Mother's!" Marjorie replied, nearly in tears.

"What do you mean?" Bill asked.

"Dr. Tickner says that it's going to be too much for Mother to have us! I

had a letter from Dad this morning, and he says she has to have an operation!" cried Marjorie.

"Oh Marge," Bill said, walking quickly over to her chair and putting his arm around her shoulder. "That's awful! The last time your mother wrote, she wasn't even sick! What did your father say?"

"Well, he says she's going to be all right," Marjorie answered. "But I know she won't be. Dr. Tickner is going to operate on her day after tomorrow, and she's never even been in a hospital before. All of us were born at home. She's never been sick in all her life. Oh, Bill, I don't know what I'd do if anything happened to Mother."

"I'm sorry, Marge," Bill said. "What else did your father say?"

"Well, you know Dad," Marjorie replied. "He doesn't say much. The letter's upstairs, but he didn't really tell me anything. He wouldn't want to worry me. Just that she'd had a sharp pain and he called Dr. Ticknor and that he said she had to be operated on right away. Of course, Dad says she'll come through all right but that she'll have to take it easy for a long time. I wish I could believe him."

"I know what," Bill said. "Let's call them up right now so that you can talk to your mother."

"Oh that would be wonderful, Bill," Marjorie said, patting the hand on her shoulder affectionately. "But let's wait till after we eat. It won't take me a minute to finish dinner."

"That's fine," Bill said. "I'll put the kid to bed. And then I'll be down to set the table."

CASE 9

*The Goodenoughs and the Wellses**

IN THE SUMMER of 1948, an English couple, Sarah and David Wells, and their three boys paid a five-week visit to Virginia and Henry Goodenough at the latters' summer place on the Maine coast. The Goodenoughs had four children, an older boy, ten; two girls, eight and six; and a younger boy, four. The Wells boys were six, eight, and ten.

David Wells, a regular officer in the Royal Air Force, was currently stationed in Canada. At the end of World War II, he was in command of a heavy bomber wing. Previous to that time, he had been in planning work "at very high levels." When he was at college, he was on the fringe of Moseley's Brown Shirts but later came to look on that activity as an embarrassing youthful episode. He had joined the Air Force because, in addition to following family traditions, it promised him a "better chance to see the world and have more time off for what I wanted to do than anything else I was qualified for."

Sarah's family were colonial planters in the tropics. As a girl her residence alternated between England and the Far East for periods of varying length. Soon after she was twenty, she broke away from her family, took a secretarial course in England, went to Cairo, and got a job with an intercontinental air service. She was working at this job when she met and married David. Before their first child was born, they made several round trips between Cairo and London, mostly by automobile. Sarah, especially, considered travel the most interesting part of living and resented the times when the age of any of their children made travel awkward.

Sarah Wells and Henry Goodenough had known each other briefly before either of them married. They had corresponded infrequently, usually at Christmas, for seven or eight years. During the war, Virginia and Sarah had written to each other regularly, and Virginia and Henry had sent food and clothing packages to the Wellses on several occasions. When the Goodenoughs learned that the Wellses were to be stationed in Canada, they invited the English family to spend a summer vacation with them.

In the course of the Wellses' visit, the Goodenoughs became interested in the contrasting ways of life of the two families. Virginia and Henry talked about the differences a good deal to each other and realized that they always decided that "their way was best." Neither of them had been able to talk about the differences with Sarah and David. The latter talked easily about

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their ideas and their family but seemed, to Virginia and Henry, "to go on the defensive" about comparisons and to be even more sensitive when differences were pointed out.

To the Goodenoughs, the differences in the two families seemed to come up in four or five ways. One of the most frequent was at mealtimes. Virginia let the Goodenough children eat with whatever implements were easiest for them. For example, the younger ones ate almost all their food with a spoon. A fork seemed for them a good deal harder to handle. In contrast, David and Sarah Wells carefully regulated whether their children were using spoons or forks, according to adult etiquette.

As another example, the Goodenough children's clothes were kept in their rooms. They had general instructions to put on whatever they wanted each morning when they got up. Virginia insisted only that the clothing be clean and that it be appropriate for the weather. The Wells children went each morning to their parents' room, where each was given the clothing he was to wear for the day. Each boy had received a color at the time of his birth. Sarah tried to buy clothes of matching patterns in the boys' three different colors so that she could keep them in matching sets each day. On some occasions, the Goodenoughs noticed that if one of the boys got wet and had to change his clothes, the other two changed, also.

On returning from the beach one day, the children had all piled out of the car, some taking their wet swimming trunks, some leaving them. Henry called to one of his children and to one of the Wellses to come back and get what each of them had left. The Goodenough girl did, and the Wells boy did but said, "*We* are not supposed to look after our clothes. Mummie does it for us." The Goodenoughs believed that Sarah's attitude toward the boys' clothing sprang in part from clothing rationing during the war, when, as she put it, "If I hadn't looked after their clothing, they wouldn't have had a thing."

The Goodenoughs were interested — and impressed — by the extent to which David Wells played with his children. He was most active both in suggesting things for them to do and in participating with them, whether this involved tag, swimming, long walks, or just general roughhouse. David clearly enjoyed these activities. Sarah made it plain that the reason he did it when he was at home was to relieve her. In England, a "Nannie," a girl about Sarah's age, looked after the children and did some of the housework. In America they could not afford a servant, and Sarah felt greatly tied down. Consequently, David took over the children all he could to give Sarah time for the reading, sewing, and writing letters which she enjoyed. On the other hand, the Goodenoughs provided their children with space and equipment for playing but expected them to play by themselves to a much greater extent.

Sarah and David were ardent sightseers and were constantly taking their children and sometimes the Goodenough children to various historical sites in the neighborhood, some of which the Goodenough children had not seen. The Wellses talked often of an automobile trip across the United States they planned for the next summer. Plans for the education of the Wells children included sending them to an English "public" school to board as early as possible. Several times the Wellses stated that they looked on the school as the most important training ground both for "book learning" and for learning

how to get along with other people. The Goodenoughs expected the latter to be accomplished in their family life as well as at a public school in their home town.

Once Sarah Wells commented unfavorably on the number of "rules" the Goodenoughs had in their house. The Goodenoughs did not agree with this characterization of their family life. The "rules" stemmed from a single and, to them, important concept of family life which, they realized, they expressed in a variety of ways. Basically it was, "Don't make work for other people," on the one hand, and "Take care of your own things," on the other. The Goodenoughs realized that this basic concept had many ramifications. For example, such activities as running through the house and leaving rugs scattered around was frowned on. Jumping on chairs and sofas and leaving slipcovers disarranged also was discouraged. Virginia and Henry knew that in the minute-to-minute rush of daily living, they often made "Don't run in the house" sound like an absolute prohibition by forgetting to add, "It's all right if you straighten up afterwards." Besides there were many times when, from Virginia's and Henry's point of view, "Don't run" was much easier to enforce than "Straighten up afterwards."

Eating with a spoon rather than a fork also was related to this over-all concept. The problem of balancing food on a fork for a younger child meant more food spilled on the floor — and more work for somebody. The Goodenoughs believed that some such concept as this was necessary in a large family with no servants, unless the parents were to give all their time to working for their children at the expense of their own interests.

In all these everyday affairs, the Goodenoughs were impressed with the extent to which Sarah and David Wells organized activities for children, often setting aside their own interests and pleasures to do so. It was as though the Wellses felt it essential to children's development that parents personally assist in a maximum of the children's activity. While the Goodenoughs took the Wellses' behavior as evidence of devotion to their three sons, Virginia and Henry had different ideas about what was important to children's development. They believed that it was most important for children to be able to look after and to amuse themselves. By orienting their family life to this concept, the Goodenoughs obtained greater freedom for their own interests and enjoyment. This, in turn, they felt was important for their children.

Thus, while they were impressed, the Goodenoughs also were annoyed at the Wellses' behavior. David's strenuous activities with the children made it easy for Henry to feel — and for his children to point out — that David did more with his children than Henry did with his. In addition, the Goodenoughs did not want Sarah and David to feel that the latter had to "look after" the Goodenough children; yet if David was doing something with his children, the Goodenoughs were with them too.

One morning Sarah's eggs and coffee got cold at breakfast while she supervised her children's getting off to the beach. She was late because she had not been able to find a towel and bathing suit for one of the Goodenough girls. Sarah's comment on what she had been doing interested the Goodenoughs, for, although their daughter with only occasional urging had regularly found her own things all summer, the Goodenoughs realized from this incident that she would have loved to have someone do it for her.

In spite of the major differences in the Goodenoughs' and the Wellses' points of view toward family life, only minor frictions, such as those mentioned, developed during the 1948 visit. The Wellses were anxious to come back the next year, and the Goodenoughs were glad to invite them.

In the summer of 1949, the Wellses made their projected trip from Ottawa to Lake Louise and to several parks in the western part of the United States. On their return East, they stopped at the Goodenoughs' for a three-week visit. When they arrived, the Wellses were most enthusiastic about their trip. Sarah said that for the first time she had begun to realize the differences between the United States and England. As she put it, "I don't see how your country can be governed. In England you can assume that the leading paper or perhaps the leading two or three papers will be read by somebody who has direct contact with every important group in the country. In this way you can be sure you will have unified public opinion or at least the opportunity for achieving it. In your country this is completely impossible. I don't see how you can do it. Why, you could never have come into the war if it hadn't been for something like Pearl Harbor."

Henry Goodenough felt this comment reflected on a large scale the same general concept of society that the Wellses demonstrated on a small scale in rearing their family, that is, the necessity for a strong central authority. Nevertheless, Henry believed that Sarah's making the comment was evidence that America was having some effect on her.

This year the Goodenough children had joined a "day camp" swimming and sailing class, supervised by the older boys of the Robbins family, neighbors at the beach. The Goodenoughs had arranged for the Wells boys to go into this class. When the Wellses had been in the swimming class for a few days, Sarah said to Henry with several members of both families present, "Here is something I really wish you would do for me. Would you tell the Robbinses that our boys aren't to jump in the water unless they want to? The boys tell me the Robbinses are insisting that they do it, and I don't want them to."

Henry hesitated. From the intensity with which Sarah spoke, he fully realized that this was a matter of some concern to her. He and Virginia so frequently refused to handle such problems for their children, however, that Henry was afraid if he did so for the Wells boys, it would seem "unfair" to his children. He and Virginia expected their children to handle such things for themselves. They had often suggested to the children what they might say but had left it up to them to work it out for themselves. Henry knew that jumping in the water was an important "prestige" act among all the children in the community. Considering the differences that he and Virginia had observed in the two families' ways of life, Henry was puzzled about how to answer Sarah.

CASE 10

*The Seiton Family**

"IT'S NOT TRUE," Mr. Seiton said one day in June 1945, as he struck the table sharply, "so let's not have any more nonsense about it."

Graham Seiton was a large man with a booming voice and infectious laughter. Although he had retired from business three years before, at the age of sixty, he still looked like a man in his prime. His manner was vigorous and his approach to problems was typically direct. His aggressiveness had perhaps been one of the factors accounting for his steady success, after having been graduated from Yale. When he retired, he was vice-president of a large company manufacturing electrical goods as well as a heavy stockholder in several other businesses. He had also raised a family of four children who had become the focus of his life. As a family, they were a particularly congenial and closely knit group.

The oldest son, Tom, was especially close to his father. Mr. Seiton sometimes complained to his wife, Jenny, that the boy depended on him a little too much for his own good, but he frequently boasted to his friends about how much his son consulted him on important problems. He used to say it kept him young trying to see things from his son's point of view. When Tom was ready for college, for instance, Mr. Seiton thought he might be more successful at a small college. The boy insisted, however, that he wanted to "follow the Yale tradition"; Mr. Seiton could not help being pleased, and no other college was considered. Although Tom had by no means done brilliantly, he got through and his father took him into his own business. Mr. Seiton had thought over the prospects which he could offer Tom, either in one of his own companies or through his friends, and concluded that the Milk Processing Company, a small family corporation producing canned and dehydrated milk and milk products, offered the greatest opportunity. Tom accepted the position quietly but, as Mr. Seiton had expected, he worked in well.

After Tom had been with the company for about six months, Jenny inquired about the boy's adjustment to the job. "Great, Jenny! There's no need to worry about him. Why, he came in today with plans for a research project he wants us to take on. He has it all figured out. He wants to breed cows, Jenny! I don't know where he ever saw a cow, unless it was in some of those biology courses he took at Yale. Seriously, he wants to take over a couple of farms and experiment with breeding a herd whose milk has certain properties

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which make it particularly good for processing. It's pretty technical, and you wouldn't be interested in that part, anyway. Tom's done a good job — figured out how big a herd we'd have to start with and how to run the farms to make them pay for themselves. If it should get the results he hopes for, we'd save a whale of a lot of money."

"You're going to do it then?" Jenny asked.

"I don't know, Jen. What do I know about bovine eugenics and milk chemistry! It looks as though it might be made to carry itself, anyway, so the experiment wouldn't cost a great deal. Of course, the experience it would give Tom, to try his wings so to speak, might be worth a good deal. I admit I thought the boy was pretty slow getting started, but he couldn't think up something like this if he weren't pretty much interested. We'll see."

A few days later, Mr. Seiton and Tom went over the plans carefully, and the former put as much enthusiasm as he could into the project. Tom talked with the real-estate firm listing the farms in which he was interested and was able to make a deal. The cows were selected with great care, and Tom spent his evenings reading Department of Agriculture bulletins and going over his college chemistry books. About three-quarters of Tom's time at work was spent on this project, much of it actually working at the farms or in the small laboratory which he had set up.

At first the experiment seemed to make progress. Mr. Seiton became more and more interested, and he and Tom spent a great deal of time trying to make it a success. Later obstacles arose with which the Seitons were not equipped to cope. After several years Mr. Seiton finally gave up hope of achieving results which would justify continuing the project. For Tom's sake, however, he would not directly suggest selling out. Tom himself had once tentatively mentioned it to him, but Mr. Seiton had rejected the suggestion. "It's his solo flight," he explained, telling Jenny about their conversation. "Tom wouldn't want to give up his brain child after all the work he's put on it. Why, he has practically *lived* it the last couple of years, and he still seems to think he can get somewhere. He was just seeking a vote of confidence, and so long as it's not actually losing money, what could I do but give it to him?"

So the project had continued for another six months, and both men worked overtime on it. Finally Mr. Seiton complained to Jenny that they simply could not carry it any longer. Jenny worried because Tom was looking pretty tired, and they felt the project had been too much of a strain on him. One day when he and Tom had gone over the records of the farms, the older man suggested that they evaluate the undertaking. Their survey seemed to indicate that the project should be terminated. Tom resisted the idea at first, but then reversed his position completely and agreed to close out as soon as they could reasonably dispose of the property. After they had made this decision, Tom left his father's office and walked slowly back to his desk. At lunch that day he remarked to one of his colleagues, "I've agreed to sell out the farms. I feel like a heel doing it. It's been one of Dad's pet projects, and he seemed to get an awful lot of fun out of it. But they've been such a drain the last couple of years that I don't see how we could have carried them any longer."

The question of Tom's living arrangements, when he came to work for his father in 1938, was another illustration of the relations among members of the family. Just before Commencement Tom and his roommate had a long

bull session about their plans for the future. Joe was still without a job and was casting about trying to make up his mind between several opportunities, none of them very definite. Tom, of course, had his work laid out for him, but was uncertain about where he would live. He wanted to stay in town and felt it would be difficult to carry on his social life if he lived in the suburb with his family. Joe thought he was a fool to consider living at home and expressed his opinion strongly. "The kids are all in school," Tom explained, "and Mother and Dad are alone. The house seems pretty empty to them and this is the first time I can really be some company for them. I think it would mean a lot if I stayed at home."

"Why don't you put it up to them and see what they would say?" Joe asked.

"Oh, I can tell you what the answer would be," Tom replied. "They'd say to stay in town. They're pretty good about not making any demands on their children. That's why I think the least I can do is to go back to them now when I can be of some use." He grinned, "I'm pretty fond of the old place you know. It wouldn't be without compensation." And so it was decided.

In January 1939, Tom's mother was having tea with a friend who had stopped in to say goodbye before the Seitons left for the South. "You're leaving your couple here! Why, Jenny, I thought you were going to close the house," Mrs. Porter exclaimed in surprise.

Jenny smiled, "They're going to look after Tom. He has to stay on the job, you know."

"Can't he find a place in town?" Mrs. Porter inquired. "Really, Jenny, he's a big boy now."

"I know," Jenny replied, "we thought of that, but when he came back from college he wanted to live at home, and he's all settled now, of course, so we didn't want to 'throw him out.' Anyway, John and Barbara can come home for week ends if the house is open, so we might as well leave it."

A few years before Mr. Seiton retired, he and Jenny had bought a house in Massachusetts. They knew approximately where on the coast they wanted to be and had spent a great many week ends "shopping" for the right house. Finally the choice had narrowed to two, each with advantages and drawbacks of comparable but opposite weight. Jenny had found one and fallen in love with it immediately. It was about a mile inland from the ocean, set in a rather sheltered spot on the side of a hill. The house, built into the hillside, was arranged on three levels. There were sufficient rooms for the children and their guests on two floors, while she and Mr. Seiton could have a large bedroom and study on a floor by themselves. The study opened directly into the garden; since Mrs. Seiton was an enthusiastic gardener this fact appealed to her strongly.

Jenny had been "sold" on the house the first time she saw it, but the more she considered the matter, the less certain she was. Since the house was far from the water, Mr. Seiton would have to make special arrangements for his boats and would use the car every time he wanted to go fishing. Also, since there was more of a colony along the beach the youngsters might find their social activities restricted by living at a distance. Furthermore, with Tom out of college and Virginia engaged, there might soon be grandchildren, and it certainly would be more convenient to have them nearer the shore.

So she gradually concluded that the more satisfactory house would be the one they had looked at down on the shore where her husband could sit on the veranda, smoke his pipe, and watch the ships go by. That was the house Mr. Seiton had at first favored, but as they discussed it each began to argue for the one which had advantages for the other, and the difficulty of the decision had consequently been doubled. In the end they bought the house back from the ocean.

They had had the place for four years as a summer home when Mr. Seiton retired, and they began to spend more and more time there, so that it was beginning to seem like a real home to them. One day in June 1945, as they were about to leave for Massachusetts, Mr. Lamson hailed Jenny on the street. Mr. Lamson was the elderly godfather of one of the children and had been a close friend of the family's for years. Jenny told him they were planning to leave the next day for "Hillside." " 'Hillside,' " Mr. Lamson said, "that's the place where Graham told me he wouldn't go if you paid him."

Once home, Jenny sought out Virginia to tell her about Mr. Lamson's remark. Virginia belittled it, saying that Mr. Lamson was so nearly senile he was apt to say anything and there was no use in taking him seriously. "Do you suppose Daddy really has hated it and has been going up there all this time just because it makes me happy? I'd rather sell the house tomorrow than think he was spending his old age in a place he doesn't really like," Jenny protested.

Despairing of convincing her mother that the old man's remark had no basis and upset at seeing her mother in tears for the first time she could remember, Virginia went to her father with the story. Mr. Seiton burst out laughing. "That must have been while I was still going to the office every day," he explained. "Lamson once asked me why we didn't spend the whole summer up there where it was cool. I told him that short of a helicopter I wouldn't commute from Massachusetts for anything in the world."

That night at dinner Mr. Seiton cleared his throat heavily. "I hear Lamson says I don't like 'Hillside,' " he announced. "It's not true, so let's not have any more nonsense about it."

CASE 11

*John Ellis**

JOHN ELLIS became investment counselor for Mrs. George Berry in September 1936, about two years after the death of her husband. Berry, a successful insurance salesman, heading the largest agency in Drexel, a medium-sized city in New York state, had left his widow an estate of about $100,000 after taxes consisting of $40,000 in highest-grade bonds and the remainder in second-grade bonds and common stock. Accustomed to discussing financial matters with her husband, Mrs. Berry had continued to take an active part in the investment of her funds, and, after his death, she had discussed her affairs freely with her daughter Martha's husband, Edward Cunningham.

Although he was fond of his wife's mother and enjoyed his frequent meetings with her, Cunningham felt unqualified to advise her or even to evaluate her investments, since his field, like his late father-in-law's, was insurance. Indeed, his only knowledge of the investment field was derived from his long friendship with John Ellis, a college classmate, one of ten consultants in a large investment-counsel firm in New York City. This firm gave advice to clients on investment matters in the form of recommendations on which the clients acted through their own brokerage connections.

Ellis and his wife knew the Cunninghams well enough to dine or play bridge wtih them once or twice a month, and through this friendship Ellis built a fairly good picture of Mrs. Cunningham's family. He knew, for example, that her father had achieved his success through his own efforts, had admittedly come up the hard way. Well liked and hard working, George Berry had supported himself from the time that he finished high school, had been a good church member and active in community affairs. Although after his marriage his income had always been substantial, the family had lived very quietly without servants and entertained seldom. Indeed, the family had considered Mr. Berry's social activities to be part of his business, and he rarely mingled these activities with his family life. Mrs. Berry, on the other hand, did entertain occasionally a small group for bridge in the afternoon. She was very fond of the game and skillful enough at it to become the acknowledged local expert.

Martha Cunningham often joked about her father's having been a "city man," while her mother was a "country girl." Actually, Martha's mother had grown up on a farm in a small rural community just nine miles from Drexel

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and commuted to and from the city once she entered high school. After going on to normal school, from which she was graduated with honors, she returned to teach English at the Drexel High School and became engaged to Berry. However, she continued teaching for six years until they thought he had built his insurance business solidly enough for marriage.

Martha and Ed Cunningham often referred to the long engagement of her parents, pointing out that they had believed in caution at every turn. For example, Martha would relate, her mother and father had bought a small house in a good neighborhood at the time of their marriage. They had selected it so carefully that forty years later, with some modernization, it was as suitable and the neighborhood as good as when they had first bought it.

The security of her parents' way of life had made a deep impression on Martha, who had insisted on a long engagement to Ed before their marriage. Unlike her elder sister Ethel, however, who was six years her senior, Martha had not followed her mother's footsteps. She had studied dramatics and, before her marriage to Cunningham, had taught for a number of years in one of the best-known dramatic schools in the East.

Ethel, on the other hand, was much like her mother. She had gone to the same normal school and had taught in the same high school. She, however, had not married, and after teaching eight years had become the school's principal. She had always "lived at home" and her skill at bridge was second only to her mother's.

When Ellis first met Martha's parents, he had found Mr. Berry quiet and self-contained and Mrs. Berry a vivacious woman who was quite sure of herself and her opinions.

It did not surprise him, therefore, when Ed brought Mrs. Berry to his office in the city for their first business meeting in the fall of 1935 to have her tell him that she had always been thoroughly familiar with her husband's financial affairs. Their savings, she told him, were the result of budgets they had worked out carefully together and which had covered business and household expenses.

"Whenever we had accumulated enough money," Mrs. Berry told him, "my husband always discussed potential investments with two of his friends. One is our broker in Drexel and the other is the president of our largest bank. After getting their opinions, he would bring home the details and then we would carefully consider the merits of the securities which he had found out about. After studying them for a while, maybe two or three months, I guess, we would probably buy some of them." Ed Cunningham added that Mr. and Mrs. Berry had invested a large part of their savings in common stocks, with the result that they had lost substantial amounts of money in 1929. Mrs. Berry interrupted to say, "But we haven't really lost anything because we haven't sold any of these stocks."

Ellis explained to Mrs. Berry in some detail the operation of his firm. He would make full use, he told her, of the firm's research department and apply that department's security and economic recommendations to her particular situation. He would study her investments and give her by letter detailed recommendations. She could then decide whether she wished to place her account with his firm.

After carefully studying Mrs. Berry's present investments, Ellis wrote her a long letter in October 1935, characterizing them, and in one of the early paragraphs made the following statement:

> Our opinion on this portfolio is necessarily a correlation of our conclusions on three distinct groups of facts. First, we must appraise the current economic situation; second, we must recognize certain basic investment principles which experience has shown are necessary to successful investing over a period of years; and third, we must understand the requirements of the beneficiary of these funds and the functions which this investment portfolio fulfills. We urge that you consider this general discussion carefully, since it is only on the basis of these conclusions that we can make specific recommendations for the handling of your investments.

Investment requirements of each of the clients differed materially; some used their investment portfolios as a reservoir for reserve funds; others, as a speculative medium. Current income was the need of some clients; for others current income was of little or no consideration. To provide for such differences in clients' objectives, the investment-counsel firm classified all stocks and bonds broadly into three groups: Security, Income, and Appreciation Investments. The first group contained highest-grade bonds and savings accounts where the income was low, but the possibility of capital loss was small. The Appreciation group consisted largely of common stocks where there appeared to be a sound possibility of an increase in their market value over a period of years. The Income securities were the remaining investment — second-grade bonds, preferred or common stocks — that had neither good possibilities of stability in market value like the highest-grade bonds, nor the appreciation prospects of certain common stocks.

The proportion of an individual client's investments in each of these groups varied according to the basic requirements of each client. Further changes in the proportions were made from time to time as the firm's appraisal of the current economic conditions changed.

Each client also had particular investment idiosyncrasies; each felt there were certain types of stocks and bonds he did not want to own or certain ones he wished to retain in spite of adverse investment consideration; many also had some they wished to continue owning for family or business reasons. The recommendations of the research department always contained adequate alternatives to allow for such variations, so that the consultants could apply them to the specific requirements of the individual client.

Ellis' letter discussed in detail the investment principles developed from a consideration of such matters and applied them to Mrs. Berry's portfolio. At that time, in late 1935, the firm felt that the distribution of Mrs. Berry's investments among the various investment groups was not seriously out of line from an economic point of view. However, the distribution did not seem best suited for her particular requirements, which were expressed in the letter in the following way:

> We understand a relatively high income from these funds is not necessary and the major objective is protection of the principal with only such appreciation possibilities as is consistent with this objective.

In discussing Mrs. Berry's requirements and their effect on the investment position of her portfolio, Ellis' letter continued:

If, as a successful businessman, you decided to go into business for yourself, you would not buy the first profitable business that came to your attention. You would consider the economic situation and decide on the long-term future of certain businesses. Some of them, even if profitable at present, you would reject as too speculative. Others you would reject as offering too little opportunity for adequate profit to compensate you for the risks involved in entering them. You would consider the cost of buying the business in relation to the total funds you had available, and turn down some because they would tie up too large a portion of your total resources. You would also consider your own particular aptitudes and buy only that business which would use your special abilities. In other words, you would decide in general what you wanted to do; you would lay down a program and buy only that company that fitted into your program.

Successful investing can only be accomplished by a similar course of action. It is not sufficient to buy securities merely because you have money to invest. It is necessary to decide what end you wish your investment portfolio to serve; whether you desire it to act as a reservoir for savings and consequently obtain the greatest security for the present principal; or to obtain high income from it to cover your current expenses; or to seek a large appreciation in its value in order to increase it sufficiently to enable it to take care of future living requirements. All of these requirements cannot be obtained in a single security or to the greatest extent in a single portfolio.

Much investment confusion exists because of a lack of clear understanding of these principles. Many investors, for example, desire to obtain large appreciation and high income from a single security. Modification of these basic objectives can be obtained *within a portfolio* through the ownership of one group of securities for obtaining high income and one group for appreciation, and *controlling* the amount of money invested in each group. Any attempt, however, at combining any two of these objectives in one security practically always results in obtaining a secondary investment that serves none of these purposes well.

The letter then made specific recommendations for the sale and purchase of certain securities.

Six months passed without word from Mrs. Berry. During this time Ed Cunningham had questioned her about the delay, and she stated that she was still "considering." Then, in July 1936, she and Cunningham came into Ellis' office for a second conference. At that time they found she had followed none of Ellis' recommendations. A series of conferences followed, in which the three met as often as twice a month. Since the trip from Drexel to Ellis' office was seventy miles, Mrs. Berry's interest in these matters seemed to Ellis to be "real," but still no decision was reached. Rather, it was a round-table discussion of investments and the trends of the market.

Finally, on September 1, 1936, almost a year after her original visit, Mrs. Berry signed an agreement for the supervision of her account by the firm for one year and requested that a copy of all letters from the firm be sent to her son-in-law. It was not until much later that Ellis learned that Cunningham had paid the annual fee of $500 for this service, although his mother-in-law could easily have afforded to do so.

During the winter and spring of 1937 Ellis conferred with Mrs. Berry frequently and made numerous recommendations to bring her portfolio into line with the investment principles that were the basis of his work. Long experience in managing the portfolio of many clients had shown him the importance of considering investments not only in their intrinsic merits but also

in relation both to the general economic situation and all the other securities owned. Without these considerations he had found that investors often take unknowingly more risks than their basic objectives require. He had seen too many investment programs come to disaster when only part of the client's total situation had been taken into consideration in making new investments. He was certain that successful investing over a period of years could be accomplished only when the basic principles and technical distinctions, such as those he had frequently discussed with Mrs. Berry, were carefully followed. Time and again he had stressed their importance as fully as he could, and in as many different ways as possible, in an attempt to give Mrs. Berry an understanding of them. Although Ellis had found her intelligent, quick-witted, and comparatively well versed in economic matters, and although his firm felt that he had outstanding skills in dealing with just such a client as Mrs. Berry, he realized that he had not made much progress with her and that she did not understand the basis on which he tried to work. She generally did not desire to make any sales of stock; she wished to sell highest-grade bonds, which Ellis felt to be a necessary protection for the account, and to buy additional stocks with the proceeds. Following a conference she wrote typically:

> I presume you may think me very balky. I would just like to buy, but not sell too much. I will be in the city soon. Hope, though, you will write me at once what to buy with some of the cash I now have at low interest in highest-grade bonds.

Later she wrote:

> I do not wish to sell the Bethlehem Steel Company or New Hampshire Fire Company stocks. Regardless of your advice I would like to buy a fine stock with some of the highest-grade bonds . . . I hope you will not mind that I wish to hold the Bethlehem or New Hampshire Fire.

On August 20, 1937, near the end of the year that Mrs. Berry had her portfolio under the supervision of John Ellis, he wrote to her as follows:

> I know that we have not as yet demonstrated to you clearly that the investment principles which we follow will prove profitable to you over a period of years. These principles have been developed in order to minimize the losses that inevitably occur because of mistakes in human judgment. We realize that no matter how carefully we study economic conditions and investments, unpredictable events will occur. As a result, certain recommendations may be unprofitable for a period of time. However, it has been the experience of competent investment counsel that through careful supervision unprofitable securities can be avoided and such "mistakes" as do occur will be offset by greater profits elsewhere.
>
> A study of the recommendations which we have given you in the past year will demonstrate the truth of these premises. We recommended the sale of thirteen of your holdings, and eleven of them are now selling at prices lower than the recommended sales prices. One of the recommended sales, Brown Company Preferred, increased very substantially in value. Nevertheless, the total sales which at recommended prices were worth $18,961 are now worth $18,763. In other words, if you had sold all the securities we recommended for sale, you would have prevented a loss of $198 in this group of holdings during a year of generally improving business conditions.
>
> The total recommended purchases show even better results, although all recommendations were not profitable. We recommended the purchase of nine

new commitments, and six of these already show profits. Two of the remaining recommendations, now selling below the recommended purchase price, were advised for the Income Fund and have fulfilled well that function of providing a relatively high income. The total recommended purchases, however, which at recommended prices were worth $17,484, are now worth $18,734. This means a profit in this group of recommendations of $1,250.

It may be that because we have been unable to demonstrate to you during the year that our policies were sound we have made fewer recommendations than to our other clients. It would be very helpful, therefore, if sometime when you are in town we could discuss this matter of investment policy in some detail as it applies to your entire portfolio. If we can demonstrate the value of these theories to you, there is no doubt that even better investment results can be obtained during the coming year.

Mrs. Berry left her account with Ellis' firm for only one year and withdrew it in the fall of 1937 without offering any reason for so doing.

In the autumn of 1941, with war threatening, Ed Cunningham and John Ellis met one day for luncheon. On this occasion their conversation was not confined to the usual small talk of their frequent and pleasant meetings. Instead, Ed told John that he was very worried about his mother-in-law's investments in view of his certainty that this country would soon be involved in the war which was engulfing Europe. Consequently, he wondered if it would not be possible to persuade Mrs. Berry to place her investments again under the supervision of Ellis' firm. They knew that she had made only very minor changes since her husband's death in 1934 and that these were all made during the 1936–1937 period when her account had been under the supervision of Ellis' firm.

Although John's professional interest in Mrs. Berry's investments had long since terminated, he had continued a friendly interest, and he remained puzzled by his complete lack of success with his former client. As he now told Ed, he felt he had done all he could; he had told her the firm's basic investment principles both in conference and by letter. They had made recommendations which worked out profitably during the year and had thus demonstrated the validity of the principles in actual practice. Even the Brown Company preferred stock was now selling at a price substantially lower than that at which Mrs. Berry had sold it. Yet they had not convinced her that the work they were doing was worth continuing.

In talking, both John and Ed expressed strongly their belief that Mrs. Berry should have competent advice which she would follow. Ed felt that the manner in which John's firm had handled her account demonstrated the firm's ability so clearly that he intended to continue his efforts to convince her that she should resume investment-counsel service.

After luncheon, when he was back in his office, John thought again of the luncheon conversation and was convinced that their thinking was so far removed from Mrs. Berry's that, despite Ed's efforts, any change in her attitude was unlikely. Still, he could not see where the differences lay or how he could have handled the situation more effectively.

CASE 12

*James Alton Johnson**

IN FEBRUARY 1937, John Andrews, a student counselor at a large university in the far South, was much concerned about one of his students, James Johnson. The boy was upset about his family situation and felt that the emotional tension it aroused in him affected his adjustment to his college work, his classmates, and his girl. He had said to Mr. Andrews at one time that he was just waiting until circumstances should make possible a complete break with his parents. Mr. Andrews felt that he might be of help in the situation but was undecided about just what action he should take.

John Andrews had been appointed to the staff of the university in 1934 on a part-time basis while he finished his graduate work. Among his duties was the task of acting as counselor to a certain number of students. Each student at the university was assigned to a faculty member, usually a young instructor, who acted as a counselor or adviser, primarily to plan the students' courses but also to give help on any other problems the students cared to discuss; the relationship was very informal.

One of the first students Mr. Andrews had been asked to advise was James Johnson, who was a freshman in 1934. Mr. Andrews had taken a particular interest in Jim. The two became friends and saw each other frequently. Jim had grown up in San Antonio, Texas, where his father owned a small business enterprise. He was the oldest of three children. Jim had been an honor student in a large public school in San Antonio. During his freshman year he had done some outside work to help finance his education but had had to give this up because it took too much time from his college work. Jim had a large muscular build; his round face generally gave an impression of passivity that those who were his best friends knew to be misleading.

Mr. Andrews thought over what he knew about Jim. The first thing that came to mind was a conversation that had taken place in the late fall of 1935, when Jim was a sophomore. Mr. Andrews had met the boy on the campus.

"Hello, Jim," Mr. Andrews hailed him. "Well, get a load of the crew cut."

Jim snorted. "My father did that," he said. "He insisted that no self-respecting college man would have hair three inches long. I suppose he'll send me a beer jacket next."

"I'm just going up to my office," Andrews said. "Come with me."

In the office, Jim lit a cigarette and walked over to the window. "Thank

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heaven today is Friday," he exclaimed. "Tomorrow at this time I can pull out of this hole. Sometimes I think it's only seeing Ellen on week ends that keeps me going."

"Do you still stay at her home when you go to Uvalde to see her?" Mr. Andrews asked.

"Sure; that's one of the best ideas I ever had. You can't imagine what a relief it is to be able to see Ellen without having to face all sorts of caustic comments from my parents afterward. It's a fine thing when a fellow likes his girl's family better than his own. If my parents ever find out I go through my home town almost every week end and don't even get off the train, look out for the explosion!"

"How about that, Jim, have they always been opposed to the girls you've taken out?" Mr. Andrews queried.

Jim replied, "Oh, sure, they never approve of my going out. They always have to know every detail about who my date was, where we went, what time I got in, and so on. Then they never fail to make nasty cracks about it."

"What about Ellen? Don't you think they'll eventually accept her?" Mr. Andrews inquired.

"They won't have to," Jim rejoined. "They've never met her and they never will, if I can help it, not even when we are married. Especially not then, I mean. I certainly wouldn't subject Ellen to that kind of father-in-law. Everything's wrong about Ellen, according to my father. She's not old enough. She's not good enough. Her family comes from the wrong side of town. Her mother is just pushing the match — any objection Father can think of."

"If you really want to get on better terms with your family, wouldn't it be good strategy to introduce Ellen to your parents so they could see she is not such a bad person after all?" Mr. Andrews suggested.

"I should say not," Jim responded quickly. "I wouldn't give them a chance to make cutting remarks in front of her. Anyway, it really isn't Ellen herself they dislike. My folks are just jealous, that's all. They can't bear to admit they have a son old enough to go out with girls. They might have to act their age when their son is old enough to get married."

At that point a boy who had an appointment with Mr. Andrews arrived and the conversation broke off. "By the way," Mr. Andrews remarked as Jim was leaving, "your quiz grades hit a new low. How about a little more attention to academic problems for a while?" Jim promised to try.

At midyear of his sophomore year, January 1936, Jim got a 70, an 85, a 60, and a 45. He seemed very much upset at first, but continued to consider his family his chief source of concern. In March 1936, as the result of a rumor that Jim had been dosing himself with sleeping medicine, John Andrews summoned Jim to his office to question him about this report. "It's a dangerous practice," Andrews concluded.

"I tell you it's a sedative," Jim insisted. "I must have something to help me sleep. If it weren't for the pills to relax my nerves, I couldn't stand it any longer. I might go down now and tell my folks what I think of them. All I do is lie awake all night and worry about this whole damn mess, and it's all because of my family. Now they say I mustn't go away from here on week ends. If they'd lay off me, I could get something done. I might be able to study, for instance, and pull my grades up to passing."

"That's what your family wants you to do, Jim. That's the point of their telling you to stay at college instead of tearing out of here all the time. You could get a lot of work made up on week ends if you'd only settle down," Mr. Andrews advised.

"If they'd leave me alone I could get my work done without studying on week ends," Jim declared. "By the time a guy is a sophomore in college he ought to be able to plan his own life without his father's telling him how to do it. This ban on week ends has nothing to do with my work, anyway; don't let it fool you. Mother and Dad found out I was staying with Ellen's family in Uvalde on week ends, and this is just another excuse to keep me from seeing her."

"You mean a sort of punishment," Mr. Andrews suggested.

"Exactly," Jim agreed. "It's the sort of punishment they used on me all the time I was growing up. When they wanted to discipline me they used to make me stay at home no matter what my plans were. It was bad enough to miss a game or break a date, but imagine having to say, 'Sorry, my parents won't let me go out tonight.'" Jim made a face and Mr. Andrews laughed.

"That would be pretty rough on a guy," he agreed. "Couldn't you sort of avoid the pitfalls when there was something special on your calendar? Like being a good boy just before Christmas?"

"That was the worst of it," Jim replied. "Since Mother and Dad couldn't agree on anything, they naturally disagreed on how to discipline me, too. It was almost impossible to predict what would happen when I did something. They would sometimes approve and sometimes punish me for the same thing."

"This is not the first time you have talked about your parents' disagreements. I gather they are not a very congenial couple," the adviser put in.

"Congenial!" Jim exclaimed. "My memory is full of scenes between my parents, with each one trying to line me up on his side. Believe me, it was a relief to come to college and get away from that bickering."

"Were the quarrels over you?" Andrews asked.

"Not necessarily, although I always felt as though my presence contributed to the breach between them. I have the impression things have been better at home since I have been away, but the improvement is probably superficial. It seems to be a case of two individuals who should never have married in the first place. I suspect Father wants Mother to be important in society, and the fact that she really isn't may be one of the chief causes of dissension. Father is always telling about all the girls he had in college and the gay parties his crowd threw. He might be better satisfied if he could live up to that standard now. Although he is middle-aged, he still acts as though he were twenty. It's pretty disgusting sometimes to watch him. Every now and then he buys things we obviously can't afford, and then Mother has to go without something to pay for them.

"But the fault isn't all his by any means. Father is a playboy and my mother is just the opposite. She is introverted and stubborn and has nothing in common with either Father or me. If she had any idea how to handle Father, things might be better; but he just ignores her. He goes right on reading his paper or out of spite for Mother hints that he wishes she would leave him, get a divorce, and stuff like that. He never lets her forget that he was the 'catch' of the season and could have married almost any girl he

chose. Believe me, he is making her pay. He is rather nervous in temperament and when he is in danger of being beaten in a quarrel he will refuse to speak to Mother for a few days."

"If they're that busy quarreling between themselves, they ought to leave you pretty much alone," Mr. Andrews observed.

"No such luck," Jim rejoined. "They use me as a pawn in their arguments. That is one of the only two opportunities my parents make for paying any attention to me. The other is when they have something to criticize about me. All my life they've checked up on every move I make and always in a tone of voice which implies they know that whatever I have been doing, it's wrong. From the time I was fourteen, Mother used to make me go in to kiss her good night just so she could see if I had been smoking."

"It doesn't seem to have had any lasting effect," Mr. Andrews jokingly remarked. "You must smoke a couple of packs a day as it is."

"While I am here in college they can't very well do anything about it," Jim pointed out, "but they never miss an opportunity to register their disapproval. Once my roommates went home with me for a week end, and right in front of them my father ordered me not to puff so loudly on my pipe. That's the sort of little, irritating thing that comes up all the time. Nothing I do is ever right. Sometimes I begin to think maybe they're right. Maybe there is something wrong with me, since nothing I do ever turns out right. I'm developing a real inferiority complex, Andrews, and that's no joke. I've thought for a long time that if I could change my personality I might get over the feeling of being so clumsy and inadequate all the time — and that goes back to my family, too. I used to stay by myself pretty much, but lately I've been trying to get out more with people and make myself into a more likable person. One of the boys at camp told me a lot of things about how personality works, and I learned from him how to be more intelligent in social relationships. But even that isn't working too well. Everything is such a flop. I'm a failure academically; I'm a failure in my family and my personal relationships; the only thing I seem to be successful at is worrying. I do plenty of that."

"And you think," Mr. Andrews said, "that these troubles of yours can all be traced back to your upbringing."

"Well, that's certainly responsible for a lot of the trouble," Jim answered. "It's always my parents' picayune, nagging attitude. I thought when I came to college I would be rid of it, but they've managed to keep it up at long distance. No, sir! If you want to keep from driving me to drink, you keep my parents off my neck. You can only remove the trouble at the source."

Jim spent the summer vacation between his sophomore and junior years working on a construction crew just west of San Antonio; he saw his family occasionally and Ellen frequently. When he returned to the university in the fall, he seemed more cheerful and more interested in his studies than at any time since Mr. Andrews had known him. He had cut down his smoking from two packs of cigarettes a day to five pipefuls. He worked out a schedule providing for thirty hours of study a week and reported to Mr. Andrews that he could now concentrate for two or three hours without watching the clock or counting the number of pages he had to read. At this time he also said that, instead of being so angry with his parents, he felt sorry for them because

they were unhappy and unable to solve their own problems. But he soon became depressed again and reverted to his former habits, except for the sleeping medicine. At midyear of his junior year, he got two grades of 75, one 60, and one 40.

Mr. Andrews kept in close touch with Jim, and the boy talked at great length about his resentment toward his family and his restlessness over having to put off marriage for several more years. During one of these conversations, in early February 1937, Jim said to the adviser, "I've been thinking I might as well leave college at the end of this semester. I could get a job. Ellen's father would probably help me. We could be married right away."

"You're crazy!" Andrews exclaimed.

Jim persisted, "I might just as well leave because if I don't I'll probably be flunked out anyway. I don't get any work done. I can't concentrate. I've been on the ragged edge for so long the dean would probably be relieved to have me go. It would serve my family right, too. They started this mess."

"Why don't you forget about your family and buckle down to work for a while?" Mr. Andrews suggested. "This thing might work itself out by the time you're ready to graduate."

Jim got up and started to pace the floor. "It's no good; I can't do it. I can't sit at my desk for more than half an hour. I start to study and this problem keeps coming between me and the book. If I could only clear up this situation, I am sure I could study better. Obviously I can't concentrate if I have to worry about my family relationships all the time. I've got to get them out of my mind. They're ruining my whole life. It's a vicious circle. The deeper I get in this mess with my family, the less I can concentrate; the more my grades go down, the worse I feel about everything . . ."

"O.K., Jim," Mr. Andrews broke in, "you've spent three years talking about this problem. You seem to think the trouble with your family is basic to all the rest. Isn't there anything constructive you can do to iron out the difficulty?"

"I've just written them a letter giving them an ultimatum," Jim answered. "There are two things they can do or else separation is the only answer. First of all, they can give me my independence. I've taken care of myself at college for two and a half years now, and that proves I don't need their telling me how to do it. Secondly, they can stop making suggestions about my personal life. I'm going to live it the way it suits me, and I won't have them dictating to me. I'm fed up with their attitude. If they can realize that I'm an adult and an individual in my own right, perhaps we can get along on some sort of basis; but if not, I don't care if I never see them again."

"That is a pretty strong stand," Mr. Andrews observed. "It strikes me you are fighting your parents at least as hard as they are fighting you. Why don't you all relax and maybe you'd get along better?"

"I certainly would feel more comfortable if we could work out some arrangement and at least get along together," Jim admitted. "After all, the children are probably what's holding the family together; but I don't believe either my mother or father would actually change his attitude toward me. I've distrusted them for too long to believe they could do that. They would have to meet me on my own terms before I could accept any change as coming in good faith."

"Doesn't this letter you've just written sort of slam the door in their faces in case your parents were willing to compromise with you?"

"Well, perhaps," Jim admitted reluctantly. "I suppose I have sort of made a fool of myself by being so resentful of my parents. Every now and then I make good resolutions to forget this problem and buckle down to study, but every time the family clamps down on me, I can't stand it; I have to bust out again. That's why I wrote this letter, and I still think if I sent it it might settle things for good and all." Jim pulled the letter out of his pocket and stood tapping the envelope against the palm of his hand. "I can tear it up, or I can rush out and drop it in the mailbox. Either way it may settle something at least, or it may just blow the whole situation sky high. Frankly, I don't know what to do about it."

CASE 13

Miss Demetrios[*]

MISS DEMETRIOS, the writer of the following letter, came to England in 1946, one of forty Greek girls in training under a coöperative plan to start district nursing in Greece. The plan, originated by Greek hospitals, was sponsored by the British District Nursing Institute and financed largely by American funds. Representatives of the three governments concerned had cooperated in establishing the project, although only private institutions participated in it. Miss Fletcher, to whom Miss Demetrios wrote, was in charge of the program in England for the British District Nursing Institute. Her responsibilities in connection with it included arranging all details of the training with the participating hospitals. The girls took their first year of training at one of several large metropolitan hospitals in England and were then scheduled for further training in such special services as obstetrics, tuberculosis, pediatrics, and so forth, by shorter assignments at a variety of smaller institutions, each one of which was known for outstanding work in its particular branch of medicine. Since tuberculosis was common in Greece, the assignment to the Creston Sanatorium was an important one.

When Miss Demetrios wrote the letter, she was at the Liverpool General Hospital, where Miss Castle was the matron in charge of nursing training. Miss Fletcher knew Miss Castle to be a strict disciplinarian of the type often referred to as "of the old school." Miss Fletcher did not know the "Home Sister" in charge of the nurses' dormitory at the hospital.

Miss Lemos, referred to in the letter, was Miss Fletcher's "opposite number" in the sense that she represented in England the association of Greek hospitals and medical organizations which had combined their efforts to set up the program. Miss Fletcher did not feel that she knew Miss Demetrios, Miss Castle, or Miss Lemos well, although she had worked with both of the latter in organizing the program. She knew, however, that Miss Demetrios was one of the more outstanding girls in the first group sent to England from Greece.

In current medical practice in the United States, a "positive Mantoux" reaction, to which reference is made in the letter, is not interpreted as immunity to tuberculosis. On the other hand, it is the normal reaction expected in an adult and signifies that the person has or has had the tuberculosis bacillus in his body. If he presents no other signs or symptoms of the disease, the

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reaction is intrepreted to mean that his organism has adapted itself to its presence; this balance might, however, be upset by renewed contact with infected sources in such a way as to result in active illness. A person with a "negative Mantoux" has probably built up no such tolerance to the disease and is considered a very poor risk for assignment, for example, to a tuberculosis ward in a hospital. Complete immunity to the disease is not known.[1]

June 14, 1948

Dear Miss Fletcher:

With this letter I am writing to inform you of a very sad occurrence.

Last Saturday Matron let me know that on Monday I was to be transferred to the Creston Sanatorium for a two-month period of T.B. training.

I refused to go, first, because the conditions there are awful; most of the staff are T.B. patients and I will have to live with them and eat from the same crockery. Secondly, when Miss Lemos came last time we mentioned this probability to her, and she told us not to go without informing her or you. Therefore, I tried to explain the reason of my refusal to Matron, but with the first words of mine she told me, "Then you will have to leave" and dismissed me out of her office.

I was very much upset about it and wrote to you immediately. The reason for not posting that letter is that I had then two nights' leave, which I spent away from the hospital, and I did not have your address.

When I returned the Home Sister informed me that Matron wished to see me again. The result of our conversation was that for the moment I had been replaced by another nurse, but I would have to go later on or leave. Then I told her I was going to write to you and have your advice.

You ought to know that all the nurses who came to the hospital after us were told of this scheme and had to sign on for a two months' training in Creston. We did not sign for it, or if we did we were not aware of doing so.

One of the English nurses who refused too sometime ago was strongly insulted by Matron but not ordered to leave.

If you had been told of this before we came to the hospital, I am sure you would not have sent us here. I think it is most unfair to be obliged to leave after nearly two years' training and start from the beginning again, when I am getting on very well and settled to this new and most difficult life.

One of the nurses who went to the sanatorium is now lying in our hospital with a tuberculous chest, and we would not like to run the same risks ourselves, being in a strange country with no one to care or look after us if we are ill.

Matron says that I have been scientifically proved immune to T.B., because we have had a Mantoux Test done, and I had a positive reaction.

I am sorry, Miss Fletcher, to bother you with a long letter and my troubles, but you are the only person to whom I can turn for help and advice, and honestly I do not know what to do.

Please, Miss Fletcher, I beg you kindly to send me instructions as soon as possible and relieve me of this difficult situation.

Thanking you for everything, I remain

Yours gratefully,
Ersi Demetrios

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[1] "There is much evidence to indicate that young women who are Mantoux negative at the time of their entering on their nursing training in an institution where tuberculosis is treated show a much higher susceptibility to this disease than do those who are Mantoux positive . . .

"A negative reaction cannot be taken as proof of no infection, as it varies in normal individuals from time to time, and in advanced or fulminating lesions it is frequently negative. A positive reaction does not signify an active tuberculosis lesion, but merely that that individual has been infected. Negative reactors should not be exposed to tuberculosis" — Jonathan C. Meakins, *The Practice of Medicine* (3d ed.; St. Louis: C. V. Mosby Company, 1940), p. 290.

CASE 14

*A Play Situation in Springton**

IN APRIL 1945, Mrs. Martin Burnham and her children returned to their Springton home after an absence of a little over a year. Mrs. Burnham had kept in touch with some of her neighbors by correspondence and had been particularly interested in news that had been reported to her by Mrs. Macklin about the play activities of her son, Gerald Macklin, and a new neighbor's son, Joe Cole, both aged five. Mrs. Burnham's interest in the relations of the two boys arose from the fact that her own daughter, Laura, of the same age, had since babyhood been Gerald's playmate.

The families of these children lived in an older neighborhood in Springton, a middle-western college town of about 10,000 population. The Burnhams and Macklins were residents of many years' standing, but the Coles were comparative newcomers to the community.

Mrs. Burnham, Laura's mother, was an energetic, capable woman forty-one years of age. Her husband, a professor of history, was a native of Springton and had held his position in the local college for sixteen years. Since 1943 he had been on leave for the war's duration for the purpose of engaging in government work in the Office of War Information in Washington. During this time his family remained in Springton. Mrs. Burnham had herself graduated from Springton College, majoring in psychology and winning high scholastic honors. Thereafter she had been employed as secretary to the dean for several years, and it was during this time that she first met Professor Burnham, who had joined the faculty. Preceding their marriage she had resigned this position to accept a more lucrative one as secretary to the president of a large university in another state. She performed this work successfully but left after one year to marry. From her senior year in high school until her marriage, Mrs. Burnham had been almost entirely self-supporting.

Her adjustment to the role of a "college wife" had occasioned no great difficulty. The energy formerly demanded by her employment she now devoted to various community activities and civic organizations, becoming state president of an organization concerned with public health and social welfare and a member of the Springton school board.

The Burnhams had three children, a son fourteen years old and a daughter, aged twelve, besides Laura. Because Laura was so much younger than the other children, her mother sought, even when she was a baby, to provide her with playmates near her own age. However, this attempt presented some

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difficulty. The mothers in her "social set," mostly forty-odd, did not have children as young as Laura. The immediate neighborhood was peopled by families of a still older age group, since this area was in the zone of "first settlement" in the history of the town, and its large, rambling houses were not the kind sought by young married couples. The only neighbor with a child at all near Laura's age was Mrs. Macklin.

Mrs. Macklin was an attractive blond woman, thirty-five years of age, whose husband was a teller in a local bank. During her adolescence, Mrs. Macklin had suffered from a prolonged illness that had kept her for several years in a semi-invalid condition. As a consequence, she had never engaged in outdoor sports. She had read widely, however, and had developed an interest in poetry and "good" literature. She also cultivated, as a hobby, fine needlework and crocheting. Eventually her health improved so that she completed high school and attended the State Normal School for two years, where she obtained a teaching certificate but did not graduate. After she had taught in an elementary school for two years, her health again became poor and she was obliged to leave because of nervous exhaustion. Two years later she married, and thereafter her health had greatly improved.

Outside the home, Mrs. Macklin had one major activity, her church. From early youth she had been devoutly religious, and she believed that her religious faith and prayers had saved her from permanent invalidism. She also believed that every Christian had a mission in this world to do good unto his neighbors and to help make his community a Christian place in which to dwell.

However, although she was an active worker in church groups and supported moral campaigns against slot machines and roadhouses, Mrs. Macklin by no means answered to the conventional description of a religious fanatic. For many years she had taught a Sunday School class of juveniles by whom she was well liked. Her husband was a fairly regular churchgoer but did not share her religious enthusiasm to a similar degree.

Mrs. Macklin's son, Gerald, was an only child. She, no less than Mrs. Burnham, was concerned to have a playmate of suitable age for her child; hence it had resulted that from the first year of their lives Gerald and Laura had been playmates. The two children were almost constant companions and got along nicely together, although there had been the usual number of childish disagreements that occasionally reached the point where they came to the attention of the parents.

When Gerald first began playing with Laura, Mrs. Burnham had met some difficulties with Mrs. Macklin over rather trifling matters, which, nevertheless, reflected marked differences in the way she and her neighbor regarded the functions of parental guidance and child training. One of Gerald's traits was his lively imagination. This characteristic, however, sometimes led him to exaggerate or distort incidents that occurred during play at the Burnham's household. Most annoyingly (from Mrs. Burnham's standpoint), Mrs. Macklin had a tendency to accept Gerald's reports as literal truth. Once in 1943, when Gerald had tumbled in play and skinned his knees, he had reported to his mother that Mrs. Burnham had been away at the time. Mrs. Macklin had credulously accepted this statement and had bluntly accused her neighbor of not minding the children closely enough. When Mrs. Burnham indignantly

denied this was the case and explained she was busy but near at hand when Gerald's tumble occurred, Mrs. Macklin had apparently accepted the explanation but had added the remark, "I know all these community activities you're engaged in take lots of your time and make it harder for you to spend as much time looking after the children as I do." This statement had led to a rather heated exchange of words, and for some days relations between the mothers were strained. Meanwhile, the children had continued to play as usual, alternately at the Burnhams' and Macklins'. The "tiff" was soon ended by a heart-to-heart talk between the two women, initiated by Mrs. Macklin while Mrs. Burnham was on the verge of doing so.

In this discussion Mrs. Burnham had confessed that she was nervous about the added responsibility for the children placed on her by her husband's absence in Washington on a wartime assignment for the government. She said that she thought it good for her mental health to keep up as many "outside" activities as were compatible with household demands, since these prevented the home routine "from getting on her nerves"; that she had been criticized before because of her outside activities by people who believed a woman's place is in the home; and hence that she was unduly sensitive on the point. She stressed the fact that she never left the younger children unless the maid, who came three afternoons a week, or her son was there.

On her part, Mrs. Macklin acknowledged that she had spoken and acted hastily. She admitted that she had secretly envied Mrs. Burnham her achievements in various organizations and that she had a "complex" centered on the fact that she had never graduated from college or attained the success in teaching to which she had aspired. Furthermore, she added that she believed her methods with the children were based on principles morally right but that she knew she did not always practice them perfectly. She announced that, having confessed to the sin of envy, she was sure everything would be right in the future. Subsequently, Mrs. Burnham believed this candid talk had done much to promote happy relations between her daughter and Gerald. There had been other differences between the mothers, but they had jointly worked them out with no serious disharmony.

During the war, however, this satisfactory play relation was broken up. After a year in Washington with the Office of War Information, Mr. Burnham was transferred to San Francisco, and in 1944 his family joined him there. Mrs. Burnham maintained contact with the neighborhood through letters from Mrs. Macklin. In this way she learned that when Laura had moved away Gerald was disconsolate. Consequently, some months later, Mrs. Macklin was pleased when the Cole family, with a boy Gerald's age, moved into the neighborhood. The fact that the new family was "working class" did not greatly affect her attitude.

The Coles came to Springton from Beale, a small near-by town. Joe Cole's father and mother were divorced when he was two years old. There were three children, two boys and a girl, of whom Joe was the youngest. Bob Cole, the father, had been awarded guardianship of the two boys by the court, and to the mother was given the care of the daughter. The court ordered that each child be permitted to spend four weeks every year with its other parent, and Cole insisted that his daughter spend the full month at his home. The mother married again and lived in Beale. In 1943, when Joe was three, his father also

remarried. At that time Cole was working regularly in Springton, and in 1944 he purchased for his home a run-down dwelling in a block adjacent to that occupied by the Burnhams and the Macklins.

Joe's father was of an extremely taciturn nature. By vocation, he was a plumber and steam fitter. Except for occasional drinking bouts, he was a fairly steady worker and had earned enough, even during the depression, to stay off the relief rolls. At one time he had attempted to set up in business for himself, but his small plumbing shop had not succeeded. This venture, made during his previous marriage, had been undertaken in Beale. Two employers in Springton, who had hired him to do plumbing, regarded him as having a rather surly disposition and being difficult to deal with. The first had soon discharged him, and the second expressed himself as not sorry when he quit, even though plumbers were becoming scarce. Late in 1943 Cole took a job in a war industry in a city twenty miles distant from Springton. He worked on the night shift and commuted to and from his job. His daytime hours were consequently spent largely in sleeping. At home, although he seldom devoted much time to companionship with his children, he did endeavor to maintain some discipline when he was present.

The second Mrs. Cole, Joe's stepmother, had had little education, never having attended high school. Buxom and not unattractive at the time of her marriage, she had grown increasingly stout and slatternly in appearance. Toward her stepchildren she was even more indifferent than her husband, except that she berated them frequently in a harsh, masculine voice and with even more masculine profanity, when incensed at their mischievous doings. Joe's brother, who was ten, spent most of his time away from home in the company of a gang of boys, most of whom were a year or two older than he. They sometimes collected junk from alleys or vacant lots, which they sold to the junk dealer for spending money. They had been picked up for truancy on several occasions and a few times had been before the juvenile court for pilfering articles which property owners did not agree belonged in the category of junk.

The bane of Joe's existence was not so much his stepmother, who seldom interfered with him so long as he kept from underfoot, but his step-grandmother, who also lived in the home. For "board and keep," she was assigned to do most of the housework and to look after Joe and his brother. Her only interest outside the home was the meetings of Jehovah's Witnesses. This congregation did not own a church building, but held regular meetings in the basement of a store that had been damaged by fire and not reoccupied. The grandmother sometimes went from door to door distributing religious pamphlets or phonograph records of sermons.

In the fall of 1944, Mrs. Cole also took a job at the war plant where her husband worked, so that the grandmother had little help from either parent in managing the children. She scolded Joe frequently and severely for his "dratted mischief" and took exception to most of his efforts to amuse himself around the house. Consequently, Joe preferred to spend his time at the Macklins', where discipline was less chafing and a playmate was to be found.

For her part, Mrs. Macklin was pleased to have Joe as a playmate for Gerald, nor did she welcome him the less because, when he first appeared uninvited at her back door in company with Gerald, he was ragged, unkempt,

and dirty. Almost at once she began to clean Joe when he came over to play, scrubbing his face, neck, and ears, brushing his clothes, and sometimes mending rents in them. She supervised the children closely at their play and undertook to correct Joe's language, which was sometimes shocking.

At times Gerald and Joe played nicely together, but before long the latter began to perform pranks that Mrs. Macklin found very upsetting. He carried a pocket knife, a privilege which Gerald was denied, and delighted to whittle or brandish it in play. Eventually a ritual was established that he should always leave his knife with Mrs. Macklin during a visit. One day, however, she found each boy whittling with a butcher knife from her kitchen. On another occasion, Joe had initiated the idea of carrying from the kitchen a can of an inflammable cleaning fluid, which the boys were pouring into bottles collected from the alley. On still another occasion she found them playing with matches, which Gerald admitted he had purloined from the forbidden match box, at the instance of Joe. Mrs. Macklin informed her husband that it was an act of Providence that the boys had not gotten into the matches the day they took the cleaner. She said these and other examples of mischief were concocted during a few moments "when my back was turned" to answer the doorbell or telephone or attend to some pressing household chore.

Several times Mrs. Macklin attempted to get acquainted with Joe's family. Twice she called at their house, but was met only by the grandmother. The latter gave her tracts published by Jehovah's Witnesses but was noncommittal about Joe. The second visit occurred after Joe had taken a small chicken from the Coles' chicken pen, killed it, and scattered the feathers and entrails on the Macklins' back porch.[1] Mrs. Macklin was disturbed by this incident and believed Joe's parents should be informed. The grandmother listened to her from the doorway and curtly informed her that his father would give Joe a thrashing. When Mrs. Macklin protested that some other approach to the problem should be attempted, the grandmother withdrew.

Undiscouraged by these setbacks, Mrs. Macklin persisted for six months in wrestling with the problem of Joe's play habits, speech, and aversion to soap and water. Midway during this period she informed her husband, who was skeptical about whether the time spent on Joe was worth while, the boy was making real progress and was much less difficult. On several occasions he had even washed himself and combed his hair before coming over to play with Gerald. Also, he was more careful not to use "bad words." The time when this improvement was most notable was in the autumn when Indian Summer weather still permitted the children to play outdoors.

As winter approached and the children played more often inside, Mrs. Macklin again became disturbed by Joe's behavior. She observed that he dominated Gerald at their play. For Gerald always to submit to Joe's demands, or even to follow passively the latter's suggestions, was not good, she felt, for the development of either child. Accordingly, she endeavored, without seeming to take Gerald's part, to curb Joe's domineering tendencies and to encourage Gerald to stand up for his rights in such matters as taking turns with toys. So long as the children played indoors where she could intervene at appropriate times, her measures appeared to be getting results.

[1] Municipal ordinances against raising poultry within city limits were enforced only on complaints and were generally ignored during the war.

Shortly, however, furious quarrels began to break out between the two boys on pleasant days when their play took them outdoors. The precise origin of these "scraps" was always difficult to determine, since each boy always accused the other. When angry, Joe attacked with any missiles that came to hand. He threw rocks at Gerald on several occasions and one day hit him below the eye with a large pebble, causing a severe bruise and abrasion. This incident was too much for Mrs. Macklin, who had already begun to fear that Joe was not a safe playmate for her son.

Accordingly, Joe was forbidden the Macklin house and yard, and Gerald was told that he could not play with Joe. Mrs. Macklin made a third visit to the Coles' to inform them of the action she had taken and the reasons therefor. Again she was met at the doorway by the grandmother, who accepted the notice indifferently with the comment that she had always told Joe he should stay away from the neighbors and keep to his own yard.

Formal severance of relations through action by the parents did not completely end contacts between the boys. Unless Mrs. Macklin was ceaselessly vigilant, she found that Joe trespassed on her back yard and joined Gerald at play. More disturbing were Gerald's furtive attempts to slip away and join Joe on alley expeditions, imitative of the junk foraging practiced by Joe's older brother. On one occasion, Gerald disappeared, as his mother put it, "right from under my nose," and after a frenzied search was found in Joe's company down at "the old river bed," a large pond a quarter mile distant, by Mr. Macklin, who had responded to his wife's call to join the hunt.

In an effort to relieve his wife's agitation, Mr. Macklin after some difficulty arranged to talk with Mr. Cole. The latter said he would spank Joe for running off and added the advice that Mr. Macklin do the same to his son. He displayed no great concern over the problems of general deportment of the boys, but agreed that Joe, according to the grandmother's testimony, was becoming "a bit ornery." He concluded by saying he would tell Joe to keep away from Gerald and the Macklin premises.

Soon after the episode of Gerald's and Joe's trip to the pond, which culminated in Mr. Cole's promise that he would tell Joe to stay away from the Macklins', Mr. Burnham was again transferred by the Office of War Information, and his family returned to Springton in April 1945. Mrs. Macklin was delighted by their return, since it permitted Gerald to resume his play with Laura. Mrs. Macklin lost no time in discussing with Mrs. Burnham the difficulties with Joe to which she had previously alluded in her letters. Mrs. Burnham, however, in keeping with her interest in child welfare, attempted to confront with an open mind the situation created by Joe's entrance into the neighborhood. While obliged to accept Mrs. Macklin's dictum that Joe was to be excluded when the children played at the Macklin residence, she had no intention of barring him from her own home merely because her neighbor had done so. To her mind, such action would, as she later put it to Mr. Burnham, "mean that I was contributing to the making of a delinquent minor."

For six weeks following her homecoming, Mrs. Burnham tried to size up the play situation and made the following observations. Her daughter Laura and Joe quickly formed play relations that were with minor exceptions amica-

ble and unobjectionable. Joe was much rougher than Laura, who sometimes got hurt, but Joe did not hurt her intentionally. At the outset Joe plainly experimented to discover the limits of what was permitted and what forbidden at the Burnham home and what actions would invite disciplinary action. Mrs. Burnham met these maneuvers with prompt reproofs or appropriate penalties, such as she was accustomed to employ when Laura "got into mischief." Only once was she obliged to send Joe home as a punishment, and that was with the clear understanding that he might return the next day if he was "ready to behave."

No immediate difficulty arose when Gerald joined Laura and Joe at play. The children were noisier, but for a month they played together at the Burnhams' almost every day with little discord. Gradually, however, friction developed between the boys. Mrs. Burnham observed that Joe felt very much left out of things when Laura played at the Macklins'. He often watched Gerald and Laura romping in the Macklin yard from some vantage point in the alley or the roof of a garage belonging to another neighbor. Several times he bombarded the back yard with rocks, but the children only laughed, took refuge behind shrubbery, or kept out of range.

Mrs. Burnham made a series of overtures to open friendly relations with the other personnel of the Cole household but met with indifferent success. She did not call at the Cole house but contrived to meet the grandmother, and later the stepmother, outside. The families used a trash burner in a vacant lot between the properties, and there Mrs. Burnham casually made contact with the two women. She did not immediately discuss Joe but made small talk concerning gardens, poultry raising, and wartime rationing. She learned that Mrs. Cole no longer worked at the war plant but was employed intermittently as a waitress in a restaurant. Mr. Cole expected soon to be laid off at the plant and had made arrangements to resume his plumbing trade.

Eventually, when the topic of Joe was mentioned, both the grandmother and stepmother were evasive. The former, in fact, brought up the subject, saying that she did not approve of the boy's playing at neighbors, but it was hard to keep him home. When Mrs. Burnham remarked that she had no objections to Joe's playing at her place provided his folks were willing, the grandmother merely remarked, "You have a fine big house and that boy is apt to spoil a lot of your nice things." Mrs. Burnham expressed herself as being willing to assume this risk, but the grandmother only shook her head and departed. Attempts to pursue the same subject with the stepmother met with no better response.

During the month and a half since April that the Burnhams had been back in Springtown, Mrs. Burnham realized that the "triangle affair" that had arisen among the children had become increasingly vexatious. She still felt, however, that Mrs. Macklin had exaggerated the problems created by Joe and informed her husband, who had come home on leave early in June, that Joe really was "a sweet little kid." Nevertheless, several days later, the situation seemed to her to reach a crisis. The three children were playing in the Burnhams' shady back yard. From the windows of her kitchen, where she was working, Mrs. Burnham kept an eye on them. For over an hour they played serenely in the sand pile. Then a quarrel broke out between the two boys, and though she

rushed to the scene at the first shrill outcries, she was too late to prevent Joe from pommeling Gerald and throwing sand in his face.

After she had removed sand from Gerald's eyes, listened to charges and countercharges concerning the causes of the quarrel, reproved Joe, and suggested a new game, peace was briefly restored. Half an hour later the truce was broken, and this time Gerald ran to his home in tears. Between sobs he told his mother that Joe had called him names, beaten him, thrown sand in his eyes, and, at the last, had spit on him. Greatly upset, Mrs. Macklin telephoned Mrs. Burnham and repeated the story Gerald had just told her. The conversation continued as follows:

Mrs. Macklin: I simply will not have Gerald and Joe playing together any more. I've tried and tried to make it work at my house and it utterly failed. It just wouldn't work there, and now it's apparent it won't work at your house.

Mrs. Burnham: Well, I remember you said they didn't get along at your house, but I didn't realize you didn't want Gerald to play with Joe and Laura, when I'm watching them right here in our yard. You know that so far Joe and Laura haven't had any trouble — I mean nothing but the usual little scraps kids always have — so really, I don't feel like sending Joe home every time Gerald comes over. I think it's bad for the child. Now couldn't we . . .

Mrs. Macklin: Well, of course, you can do as you please about letting Laura and Joe play together at your place. But under the circumstances, I think the only thing for you to do is to send Gerald home any time Joe is there. I think we'd better have it understood that . . .

Mrs. Burnham: But I haven't any desire to exchange Gerald for Joe as a playmate for Laura. That is the last thing I'd want, but . . .

Mrs. Macklin: Well, I don't know any other way to handle it. As far as I'm concerned, I'm simply through trying to get along with that child.

Throughout this conversation, Mrs. Burnham had maintained a sympathetic tone. She did not attempt to carry the discussion further by telephone, preferring to take it up later when she could see her neighbor. She was undecided what her next step should be or what she could hope to accomplish. She felt that the play relations of Laura, Gerald, and Joe were far more complex and difficult to deal with than she first had thought.

CASE 15

Dave Campbell

DAVE, FOR God's sake, stop playing with that fool dog and go to bed! You're fifteen minutes late now, and I've told you three times."

Dave rose slowly from the center of the living-room floor, said goodnight, patted the dog again, puttered with some schoolbooks, collected miscellaneous possessions, grinned at his father, and finally left the room.

Mr. and Mrs. Campbell, their daughter, Betty, and Betty's husband, Bob, immediately began to talk of Dave's behavior.

"You shouldn't get so steamed up, Dad," said Betty. "He just does it to goad you."

"I know, Betty. But he goes through this stalling routine every single night. It drives me crazy."

Mrs. Campbell sighed. "He's too much for me. I haven't the strength to cope with him that I had when Betty and Steve were young. But this smoking business is what really has to be stopped. It seems to me I've tried everything."

At that moment Dave's head reappeared around the corner. "Goodnight!" he grinned, and ambled up the stairs.

The Campbells were a closely knit family living in 1948 in a well-to-do suburban town in Westchester County, New York. Mr. Campbell was a big, powerful man, quick to anger and laughter, who enjoyed masculine company and masculine activities. As a young man, particularly in college, he had been very athletic, and he still kept up this interest as much as possible.

Mrs. Campbell was a tall, thin woman in rather poor health. During the late 1930's and early 1940's she had been critically ill and had had two major operations. Despite this fact, she was reluctant to curtail her activities and took pride in her belief that she was fundamentally more robust than the rest of her family.

The Campbells had three children, two sons and a daughter. Steve, the eldest, was married and lived near Cincinnati, where all the Campbells had been born, and which Mrs. Campbell still spoke of as "home." He was twenty-four years old in 1948, had been married for three years, and had a daugher two years old. Physically, Steve was built very much like Mr. Campbell, and similarities in temperament, too, were often pointed out by friends and relatives. Despite outstanding successes in various selling jobs, Steve had never

swerved from a lifelong interest in medicine and was at this time in medical school.

Although Betty Campbell was three years younger than Steve, her marriage followed soon after his. Betty and her husband, Bob Foster, lived in a small New Hampshire town where Bob was finishing college. They frequently visited the Campbells during Bob's vacations, with their daughter, Carol, who was a little over a year old.

Dave Campbell was an easy-going, cheerful boy of fifteen. He had a rather bad stammer which worried his parents considerably, but Dave seemed to consider it something of a joke on himself, and even mimicked himself occasionally. The stammer was less pronounced outside the home.

During the 1920's, Mr. Campbell had been very successful financially. The family at that time lived in a large house in a Cincinnati suburb, and the comfort and gaiety of this period was a favorite subject of fond reminiscence for the senior Campbells. The depression of the early 1930's, however, was the first in a long series of misfortunes for the family. Mrs. Campbell's illness followed hard upon it, and in 1941 the Campbells were forced to move to Missouri when Mr. Campbell changed jobs. In 1942, Mr. Campbell, a reserve officer, was called into the army to take an administrative post in New York City, further increasing the financial strain upon the family. When the war ended, Mr. Campbell took an administrative job with the federal government, and the Campbells' difficulties in maintaining their old living standards continued.

Mr. Campbell's new office was again situated in New York City. He spent nearly four hours each day commuting, and Mrs. Campbell complained that his job had become his whole life, leaving him no time to enjoy his family. Mr. Campbell arose at 5:30 in the morning, although he did not begin work until 9:00. This schedule necessitated his retiring at 9:30 P.M., and since he dozed or read the paper during most of the short evening left, dinner was almost the only time when the family was together during the week. In addition, Mr. Campbell always spent two evenings a week in the city: one at a reserve officers' meeting and the other bowling or playing softball with his office group.

Mrs. Campbell was still rather weak from her illness, and since the Campbells could no longer afford a servant, the burden of housework seemed heavy to her. Her social life was also restricted in comparison with earlier years, for she felt her closest friends were in Cincinnati. Her principal interests were gardening and working as a volunteer in a large mental hospital fifty miles away — an activity to which she devoted a full day each week.

Mrs. Campbell also enjoyed caring for Bob and Betty's daughter Carol, and during their visits she often assumed responsibility for her granddaughter's well-being. Bob and Betty sometimes objected to this but were nearly always overridden.

Late one afternoon, for example, Carol took a lipstick from Mrs. Campbell's purse and put it in her mouth.

"No, Carol!" Betty said firmly.

Carol removed the lipstick for a moment, then tentatively reinserted it.

"Why do you try to provoke her?" Mrs. Campbell said, picking up Carol abruptly as Betty angrily got out of her chair. "She loves it, and it won't hurt

her a bit. Now why don't you just sit and relax, and I'll go give her her supper and bath."

"She herds us around just like her patients," Bob remarked later to Betty, "but she does it so fast you never know you've been moved until it's all over."

"Dave, dinner's ready."

"Dave, get in here, we're all eating."

"Dave! This is the last time I'm going to call you!" Mr. Campbell boomed.

David folded the paper, ambled into the dining room, and sat down, bumping the table and spilling everyone's water as he did so.

"Oops! Well, here I am!" Dave grinned foolishly.

The family resumed the conversation that the incident had interrupted.

"What's all this about?" asked Dave.

"We're not going back and repeat it all for your benefit," Mr. Campbell snapped. "If you had come when you were called you would have known."

Again the discussion was resumed. During a brief reflective pause Dave piped up, "Hey, Bob, did you read about that game the Cardinals won today?"

"Dave, your Mother was talking!" said Mr. Campbell sternly. "If you'd just listen to what's going on once in a while, you wouldn't always be butting in. Don't always try to monopolize the conversation."

Dave surreptitiously made a face in imitation of his father, grinned across the table at Betty and Bob, and looked at Mrs. Campbell to see her reaction. Mrs. Campbell tried to ignore him, started to continue the conversation, and finally broke off, laughing.

A little while later Mrs. Campbell discovered that she had forgotten to put the salad on the table. Mr. Campbell motioned to Dave.

"Run out and get the salad, Dave, so Mother won't have to get up."

Dave moved his chair back, but just then caught sight of the dog lying with his four feet straight up in the air and, in between bursts of laughter, pointed this out to Betty.

Mrs. Campbell sighed, "Oh, never mind, I'll get it," and started to get up, when Mr. Campbell said irritably, "Dave, I wish you could do something, just once, the first time you were asked, and be of some help to your Mother."

At this Dave bounded up with unwonted abruptness, propelled Mrs. Campbell back into her chair, and hurried into the kitchen. A moment later he returned.

"What was it I came out here for?"

"Salad, dear," Mrs. Campbell answered resignedly.

As Dave brought in the salad, he tripped elaborately on the threshold and pretended to let the salad fall, catching it inches from the floor.

Mrs. Campbell gasped and covered her eyes. "Oh, Dave, honestly!" she exclaimed when she had recovered. "When are you leaving for Scouts?"

"In about five minutes. Gosh, Bob, you should have s-s-s-seen the h-h-home run that m-m-m-Musial h-h-hit this . . ."

"For heavens' sake, slow down!" Mr. Campbell said impatiently. "If you'd just take it slowly you wouldn't have that trouble."

"If I take it slowly I never get a chance to say anything," Dave retorted.

He looked at the rather small second helping he had been served. "Gee, do you think you can spare it?"

While the others were finishing their main course, Dave hastily ate his dessert and fidgeted while his father lectured him on coming home on time.

"Now look, Scouts gets out at 9:30 and there's no excuse for wandering home at 10:30 or 11:00. I don't like this business of hanging around on street corners. Did you get your homework done this afternoon?"

"No, I stayed down at the field to watch the game. I don't have anything to do anyway."

"Now don't hand me that stuff. They must give you something to do down at that place. Have you seen Mr. Baker about your first-aid badge?"

"No, I'll do that tonight."

"You know, someday we won't be around to make sure you get everything done and I hate to think what will happen when you're on your own. You're the one that wants to be an eagle scout, but you won't do anything about it unless your Mother and I are pushing you every minute. If you ever get that damn thing, they'll have to give you two extra ones to pin on us."

"While you're up there tonight, David," Mrs. Campbell put in quietly, "inquire around about the rubbers you left up there last week."

"It seems, David, as if you'd take a little more responsibility for your things," Mr. Campbell went on. "Every nice thing we've ever bought you you've left somewhere through pure carelessness, or come home with some bedraggled thing of someone else's."

"All right, dear, let's not go through it all again now," Mrs. Campbell said.

"Well, there's no excuse for it," Mr. Campbell grumbled, and the conversation ended.

By this time the Campbells were ready for dessert, and Dave went into the kitchen to help. After some time he returned, bringing large helpings of cake for everyone but Mr. Campbell, who received an extremely small portion, in sharp contrast to his notoriously hearty appetite. David waited gleefully for a response while Mr. Campbell tried unsuccessfully to cover a smile and ignore him. Finally, Mr. Campbell laughed and sent Dave up to get dressed.

A few minutes before it was time to leave, Dave called, "Hey, Mom, where's my jacket?"

Mrs. Campbell sighed. "Did you look in your closet?"

"Yes."

"Well then, it's probably down here."

Dave ran down the stairs and began looking hurriedly about for the jacket. Soon everyone became involved in the search as the time for his departure drew nearer. Mrs. Campbell finally located the missing article in Dave's closet, and Dave left in great haste.

"You'll probably be in bed when I get home, Dad," he shouted as he went out the door, "so good night!"

Mrs. Campbell shook her head hopelessly.

"Have you heard the prize, Betty? He rode his bicycle to school the other day and walked the whole two miles home from school without it. I don't ever remember you or Steve being in that much of a fog."

"Well, believe me," said Mr. Campbell emphatically, "he's going to get

jolted out of that fog if his next report card is as bad as the last one was."

"One thing I'll say for him, though," Mrs. Campbell continued, "I've never seen a child his age so wonderful with a baby. Carol adores him and he seems to love taking care of her."

Early in the evening, Helen, a close friend of Betty's, dropped in for a visit. After a brief exchange of news and jokes, she asked, "Where's Lover Boy?"

Mrs. Campbell laughed. "He's at Scouts now, but I think he'll be home at a decent hour tonight for a change. He wouldn't miss seeing you for the world."

"He's a sweetheart. Is he still bugs on photography?"

"No, I'm afraid that fancy has passed like all the rest. It's a shame, too. He was doing awfully well, and he has enough equipment down there to go into the business. But you have to push him constantly to get him to do anything. He has some films of Mrs. Foster's that he was to have developed three weeks ago that still aren't done. I've kept at him and kept at him, but he's the worst procrastinator I've ever seen. And it's the same way with his studying. Every paper he has to write for school is put off until the last possible moment, and then I have to help him with it. Talk about shoemaker's children — I taught English and speech for five years, and Dave stutters and can't write a decent sentence. But I'm really disappointed about the photography. I thought this hobby was going to stick."

"Well, I told you in the beginning, Mom," Betty said, winking at Helen, "that the only reason he got started on this was so he'd have a legitimate excuse to subscribe to those photography magazines with all the nudes."

Mrs. Campbell tried to look shocked.

"I can't say that I blame him," Mr. Campbell laughed. "Have you seen any of them, Bob?"

"He showed me about three years' worth the other day. We skimmed over the landscapes."

"I think you're all perfectly terrible," laughed Mrs. Campbell. "But I still don't see why he's given it up. I don't imagine the nudes have lost their appeal."

"Maybe he's found something more substantial at school," suggested Betty.

"Don't I wish he would!" exclaimed Mrs. Campbell. "Almost every week he gets very confidential and tells me about some new crush, but he never goes out on dates the way you and Steve did at his age. He talks nothing but sex when you people are around, but that's as far as it goes."

"Well, he's a sensitive kid," put in Mr. Campbell, "and I think his stutter keeps him back. He doesn't make friends too easily, either. Not the way Betty and Steve did."

"He's so thin now, too. It worries me," Mrs. Campbell went on. "He was in such wonderful health right after his month at camp, and then that awful ear infection put him right back where we started. This is the third summer in a row this has happened. I'm beginning to lose hope. Steve is such a big horse, and eats just like his father — I never had to worry about this sort of thing with him, although he certainly had more than his share of broken bones and concussions; and of course Betty was never strong. But somehow it didn't seem so much of a problem."

"Well, you can't expect him to fill out the way he's growing now," Mr.

Campbell objected. "He's almost six feet now, and I bet he'll be taller than Steve and I when he's full grown."

"He's just like a bean pole, Helen," laughed Mrs. Campbell. "He looks like Mortimer Snerd in every pair of pants he owns. I suppose, though, I should be glad he doesn't get into the scrapes Steve did. Steve was always so belligerent — just like his father. But Steve has a lot of initiative. He always earned all his own money and found ways to get ahead. You have to push Dave to get him to do anything."

"He's a smart enough kid, though, and he's got a wonderful sense of humor," Mr. Campbell laughed. "You should have heard him the other night . . ."

At this point Dave arrived. After joking with Helen and kissing her ostentatiously, he sat down and asked Bob for a cigarette. Mrs. Campbell frowned.

"After all, you can't say it will stunt my growth," Dave grinned.

"Lord, I wish it would," laughed Mrs. Campbell.

Dave turned to Mr. Campbell. "You're up kind of late, aren't you, Dad?"

"I'll say he is!" Mrs. Campbell exclaimed. "You should come around more often, Helen. I'm usually looking at a corpse this time of night."

"Here's Dad, Helen," said Dave, slumping in his chair in imitation of his father. "Every night it's exactly the same: 'Well, I don't know about you people, but I have to get up at 5:30.'" Dave walked over and noisily wound the two antique clocks. Mr. Campbell began to chuckle. Dave bolted the front door, reëntered the room, said "'Well, don't stay up all night,'" and tramped heavily up the stairs. During the short interval before he returned, the Campbells, to whom the scene was a familiar one, gave free rein to their mirth.

"What the hell can you do?" laughed Mr. Campbell with a hopeless gesture.

The "smoking business" of which Mrs. Campbell complained in September 1948 began during the last week in August of that year. Before that there had been occasional periods of secret smoking, which the Campbells ignored, but at the time mentioned Dave seemed determined to take up smoking for good. He started by begging cigarettes from his parents and Steve (who was visiting them) and only occasionally buying his own.

On the first of September, Mr. and Mrs. Campbell, Betty, Bob, and Dave went to Cape Cod for a two-week vacation, following which they all returned to the Campbell home for another fortnight before Betty and Bob returned to college. During all this time, Dave's interest in smoking and Mrs. Campbell's concern over it grew stronger.

"I wish I could make him see," Mrs. Campbell said one day, "how foolish it is. None of his friends smoke, he's much too young, and he's thin and nervous enough as it is."

Although it always brought a refusal, and often a lecture, Dave never tired of asking his parents for cigarettes. With Betty he had better luck. He often "lit her a cigarette" or "took a long drag" in front of his parents, and, when his parents were not present, would smoke his own cigarettes with Betty and her husband, who expressed only half-hearted disapproval.

He seemed greatly to enjoy these last-mentioned moments. A few days after the arrival in Cape Cod he told his mother, "Gee, Mom, last year when we came up here I was just a kid, but now I really feel I'm one of the crowd."

Dave always told Betty of his contrivances for smoking in secret. "You should be thankful for *one* thing," she told her parents one day. "He can't ever do something he's not supposed to without telling someone about it."

Betty felt that it was better for Dave to smoke at home than outside or in secret. She also thought that once the attraction of "forbidden fruit" was gone, he would lose interest for a while.

Mrs. Campbell, on the other hand, had little faith in the "smoke-at-home" solution. She often referred to a neighbor whose daughter had been an inveterate smoker, both at home and abroad, since the day that solution had been essayed in her home.

"I don't want him to smoke at *all* for at least two years, especially when none of the other boys do. He's so excited this year about going out for track, and he knows he'll have to stop smoking if he wants to succeed in that line. I just don't know why he persists."

During the two years following the incidents described above, Dave Campbell continued to grow taller but remained thin. He never gave up smoking and did not go out for track. His marks continued to fluctuate considerably, and the Campbells felt he still "procrastinated" with his schoolwork. They also complained that he was still "in a fog," although they were pleased with the adjustment he had made in his outside social life. Dave's class in high school had become the most active and cohesive in the history of the school, and Dave had become an integral part of this group. He had many dates and a large number of friends.

Although the stuttering continued, the Campbells were surprised and pleased at the degree to which he had been able to overcome it in certain situations.

"I wish you could have seen him giving the reading in church the other day, Betty," Mrs. Campbell said one day. "He waited until the congregation was so still you could hear a pin drop. Then he began reading, very clearly, and with a great deal of feeling — and he never stuttered once."

Mrs. Campbell also told Betty about several comedy acts Dave had performed with Greg Baker which had been huge successes at various school functions and parties. Greg was the president of his class and one of Dave's closest friends.

CASE 16

*Osler Memorial Hospital (A)**

MRS. STANISLAUS' FIRST DAY AT THE HOSPITAL

ON NOVEMBER 30, 1945, Mrs. Anna Stanislaus was admitted to the Women's Medical Ward of Osler Memorial Hospital, a large urban general hospital in an eastern city. Although it was a separate entity with its own board of trustees, Osler Memorial Hospital was one of the teaching hospitals for a prominent medical school in the vicinity and was famous for research activities as well as for care of patients.[1]

As in the case of many patients, Mrs. Stanislaus had been referred to the "house" by the Outpatient Department.[2] She arrived at the hospital at 8:00 A.M. on the appointed day, accompanied by her sister Maria. After sitting in the waiting room about fifteen minutes, Mrs. Stanislaus was called into the Admitting Office to answer routine admission questions. Maria, who went with her, answered most of the questions, saying in part: "Yes, my sister was in the hospital before, last June, for a tumor. She was fine for a while after her operation. Then she begin to lose weight, be sick to her stomach, and get that funny yellow color — look at her. She come back to the Outpatient and they tell her come in here. They want to see if she got jaundice or gall bladder, or what." During the admission routine, Mrs. Stanislaus sat with her eyes closed, huddled in her coat, and appeared to be paying no attention to the proceedings. At intervals she was jolted out of her lethargy by Maria, who asked her questions such as, "What's your Blue Cross membership number? The nurse wants to know."

Mrs. Stanislaus threw her purse in her sister's lap and said, "In there, you find it."

The admissions record was completed about 8:45 A.M., and the admitting officer summoned a volunteer worker, Miss Elizabeth Glynn, who escorted Mrs. Stanislaus and her sister into the elevator and to the Women's Medical Ward. They were greeted at the entrance by the ward secretary, Miss O'Brien, who copied Mrs. Stanislaus' name from the papers the volunteer was carrying and directed her to Miss Ellsworth, the head nurse, whose desk was at the other end of the ward. Miss Ellsworth, a pleasant, attractive girl, only recently graduated from the nursing school, took Mrs. Stanislaus' records from the

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[1] For further details on Osler Memorial Hospital, see "Osler Memorial Hospital (B)," below.

[2] "House" is used to distinguish the inpatient portion of the hospital from the outpatient clinics.

volunteer, greeted the new patient cheerfully, and led her into a small examining room off the ward. Miss Glynn accompanied them. A student nurse followed and was introduced as Miss Watson, a student affiliating[3] from a suburban hospital. "I'll get you ready, hon," said Miss Watson. (Mrs. Stanislaus said nothing.) "First we have to make a record of your things — one copy for us, one for the central office, and one for *you.*" Miss Watson held up a pad of blank forms as she spoke.

Mrs. Stanislaus opened one eye warily. "*You* do it, Maria," she said.

Miss Watson began to list the items that were obvious: coat, bandanna, dress, shoes, and so on. "Does she have any jewelry?" she asked.

"Just her weddin' ring," said Maria.

"No watch, pins, or other rings?" said the student. Mrs. Stanislaus shook her head. "O.K., hon," said Miss Watson, "you just sign here then."

Mrs. Stanislaus opened both eyes wide and stared first at Miss Watson and then at her sister. "I no see good," she said, almost in a whisper, "Maria, *you* sign."

"Is that O.K.?" asked Maria.

"Yes, if she doesn't want to and you are willing to accept the responsibility," replied Miss Watson.

"Sure," Maria said, "she ain't got nothing with her of any account. Wouldn't wear her good clothes — she says they got all wrinkled here last summer."

"Now, I'll just go finish filling these out," said Miss Watson, "and in the meantime you get out of your clothes and into that gown. Can you do that?"

Miss Watson and Miss Glynn went out to the head nurse's desk. "She isn't very talkative, is she?" the volunteer commented, nodding in the direction of the examining room in which Mrs. Stanislaus was undressing.

"I'll say not," said Miss Watson, "and I don't think she can read or write either. She made her sister sign this," she added, waving the possession record. "But, you know, she's pretty sick, I guess, and I don't think she understands at all what goes on. It's *so different* here from my own hospital. There we have only private patients, all with pretty good incomes, and their own doctors. All they want a nurse to do is make them comfortable. They don't have any problems, really. They understand what the doctor tells them, and they know that the nurses are supposed to nurse them, but they don't want advice or help on anything else. You stick to your knitting. But here, all these people have real problems in addition to their sickness. They're poor and afraid and uneducated, mostly, like that woman in there, and they just take every bit of help you can give them!"

"And there's another difference," Miss Watson went on. "Here, everybody's interested in learning more and more about the patients, not just taking care of them as in my hospital. They want to learn all that there is to be learned from a case. It's fascinating! Of course," she added apologetically to Miss Ellsworth, "I've only been here a week." All three laughed, and Miss Watson returned to the examining room. She knocked on the door and opened it. From where Miss Glynn stood waiting for a patient to be made ready to go to physiotherapy, she could see all that went on in the examining room.

[3] It is common practice for a small hospital to associate itself with larger institutions so that its student nurses may have the wider training and experience which the larger hospitals offer. This process is called "affiliating."

As Miss Watson opened the door, Mrs. Stanislaus said something which the student nurse apparently did not understand. "What, hon?" she said.

"Why you get me a so *big* one?" said Mrs. Stanislaus.

"This nightie," said Maria, "it's too big for her. Look at the length of it!"

Miss Watson laughed. "Oh, they are all the same size. We'll just roll up the legs. It will be O.K.," she said. "Gosh, you *are* tiny!" she added.

"She didn't used to be like that," Maria interposed. "She weighed nearly 200 pounds — so big, so rosy her cheeks you think it's paint. Now this come, she lose weight, she got no appetite, she even lose the sight."

At this point Mrs. Stanislaus broke in. "I never thought a thing like this happen to me. I am all my life a healthy woman," she sobbed.

"She says she don't see so good," Maria continued, ignoring the interruption. "Of course, she's over sixty. Maybe the age got something to do with it."

Mrs. Stanislaus shuddered and groped around among her clothes. "Where's my coat?" she said.

"You cold, hon?" asked the nurse. "I'll get you a robe."

Miss Watson reappeared in a few moments with a dark blue robe which she helped Mrs. Stanislaus put on. "Gosh, that's too big, too," said Maria. "Don't she look *awful* in that color?"

"I'll get a smaller one," said Miss Watson.

The second robe was smaller and reddish in color. Mrs. Stanislaus put it on without comment. Maria said, "*That's* better!" Miss Watson went out again. After talking to Mrs. Stanislaus for a few moments in Polish, Maria began to read a newspaper. Mrs. Stanislaus sat with her eyes shut.

Miss Glynn noted after a few moments that Maria was staring in her direction. She walked over to the examining room door and asked if they wanted something. Maria became very talkative. She said she was Mrs. Stanislaus' youngest sister. "We sure are glad to get her in here at last," she went on. "She's been sick at home for a week, just in bed, not eating anything. She had one operation here last summer, but this time they think it has something to do with her glands. How long will that take, Miss?"

"I don't know anything about the medical part of the cases," Miss Glynn replied.

"Well, she never had a sick day in her life until a year ago," said Maria. "Now this all comes at once."

"I never think I be like this," moaned Mrs. Stanislaus.

"Maybe her age got something to do with it," Maria commented. "You think so? She's well in her sixties, you know. She's *so* nervous. You know, it's just him and her. No kids. It'll be awful lonesome for him all by himself. They been married forty-six years this month."

Mrs. Stanislaus, who had appeared to be drowsing, sat up and said, "Some water, please." Miss Watson was just coming down the corridor, so Miss Glynn called, "Your patient wants a drink, O.K.?"

"Sure," said Miss Watson. "I'll take her. You just come with me, hon."

"Gee, I sure hope she gets better," said Maria to Miss Glynn. "She got more confidence in this place. She thinks the doctors here are good. Outside of here she doesn't think doctors are so good. She doesn't believe in them. Say, what time is it, anyway? Gosh, it's after ten!"

Mrs. Stanislaus returned with Miss Watson and another student nurse. "This is Miss Roberts," said Miss Watson. "She's affiliating from the same hospital I am. Say, Mrs. Stanislaus, let's weigh you."

The patient's weight was 110 pounds. "See, what I tell you? She's failed terrible," said Maria. "Two-hundred she weighed a year ago."

Miss Watson took Mrs. Stanislaus' pulse. "The pulse rate is high," she commented to Miss Glynn in a whisper. "Gosh, I wish they'd get that other patient out of the bed. There isn't anything more to do for this one but put her to bed. But that other one doesn't get out until two o'clock."

At this point Maria, who had been talking to Mrs. Stanislaus in Polish, started in her chair. "You mean we have to wait around here until two o'clock this afternoon?"

"Oh *no,* hon," said Miss Watson. "They are getting the other patient out of bed *now.* I meant she wouldn't be leaving the hospital until two o'clock. Mrs. Stanislaus can go to bed as soon as the other patient is sitting up."

"It is so hot in here," wailed Mrs. Stanislaus, who had been opening and shutting her eyes during all this conversation.

"I'll open a window, hon," said Miss Roberts.

"Yeah, it's hot here all right," commented Maria, rattling her newspaper in Miss Glynn's direction. "But if that John L. Lewis had his way, we'd all freeze, I bet you. Say, how much do you think those fellows get, anyway? One dollar an hour! And they can't read or write, half of them. It's one thing if you have an education — you have to *pay* for that — you *should* get a dollar an hour, maybe two, but those fellows — why should they?" Mrs. Stanislaus sat with her eyes closed, apparently paying no attention to her sister's talking.

"You know," Maria went on, "we got a nephew in an army hospital. He had an accident in a jeep and now he can't see out of one eye. They say they think it'll be all right. He's perfectly healthy otherwise, but how's he going to earn a living, if he don't see good?"

Miss Roberts came into the examining room with the blood pressure apparatus and took Mrs. Stanislaus' blood pressure. "What's my blood pressure?" demanded Mrs. Stanislaus.

"O.K.," said Miss Roberts. "You don't have to worry about that."

"Ugh!" retorted Mrs. Stanislaus, waving her right hand as though in disbelief as Miss Roberts went out.

Mrs. Stanislaus talked for a few moments to her sister in Polish. "Miss, oh Miss," said Maria to Miss Glynn. "My sister says she feels faint. She thinks she's going to faint maybe."

"We'll get the nurse," said Miss Glynn crossing to the door. Miss Roberts was pushing a wheel chair toward the examining room. "Here comes the wheel chair. Your bed must be ready," Miss Glynn said.

Mrs. Stanislaus began to weep as Miss Roberts pushed the wheel chair into the room. The head nurse, Miss Ellsworth, and Miss Watson came in also. "There is too much red tape around here," said Maria. "You see now, she's all upset. We've been here since eight o'clock and now it's nearly eleven. We went about four places downstairs before we come here. Everywhere *wait.* And everywhere the same . . . Where was you *born?* Where was you *born?* My sister come to this country nearly fifty years ago. What difference it make where she was born? Well, thank God she's getting to bed at last!"

"I hope she'll like the woman in the room with her," said Miss Watson to Miss Glynn. "She's quite a talker. You ought to visit *her* sometime. Her usual greeting is, 'Good morning, dearie, I've been a very sick woman'!"

Miss Elsworth and Miss Roberts both laughed, and Miss Roberts said in an aside to Miss Glynn as they approached the bed, "I wonder what it will be like. *This* one won't understand a word the other one is saying!"

Miss Glynn noted that as the little group went through the ward conversation stopped and all the other patients inspected the newcomer. Mrs. Stanislaus was apparently totally unaware of this; she was wiping her eyes and sighing quite audibly. Miss Watson and Miss Roberts helped her into bed. She lay very quiet, immediately shut her eyes, and was apparently completely exhausted. Maria sat down in a chair by the bed.

Mrs. Stanislaus' bed was in one of the small two-bed rooms off the main ward. Two ambulatory patients were talking to the woman in the other bed. One of them said, "She *looks* sick, don't she? Are you related?" she said to Maria.

Maria nodded. "Sister," she said.

The speaker then looked at Miss Glynn. "Polaka?" she asked, nodding toward Mrs. Stanislaus.

"Me, too," said the ambulatory patient. "And her, too," indicating her companion.

The woman in the other bed seemed to remain more or less aloof. She was addressing Christmas cards. She appeared to Miss Glynn to be about sixty. Her gray hair was braided and tied with two pink bows; and her bed table was full of cosmetic jars and bottles. There was a strong odor of cologne in the room. Colorful cards were strung across the foot of her bed, and she was surrounded by books and magazines. After concentrating on the card she was addressing for a moment, she held it up for Miss Glynn to see, glancing sidewise at Mrs. Stanislaus. "You're getting ready for Christmas?" Miss Glynn asked.

"Yes, I had them all bought before I came in here," the patient replied. "I expected to have them all addressed before now. But, I've been a *very* sick woman. I've been here four weeks today. Before that I'd been *nine* weeks in the hospital in my home town, but they didn't know what the trouble was, so they sent me down here. Well, they put me on the operating table at 10:00 A.M. and I didn't come off till 2:30 P.M. Better than *four* hours. And I knew everything that went on — all the nipping and the tying and everything. Veins, you know. I was *so* nervous. I had a young doctor, but was he good! I couldn't feed myself for five days. Of course, I wasn't here. I was in the surgical ward. That's much different, much quieter. People are really *sick* up there."

Mrs. Stanislaus began to thrash around restlessly during the latter part of this recital. The patient in the other bed looked at her with what seemed to Miss Glynn to be distaste. Mrs. Stanislaus muttered something to her sister in Polish. "She wants some water," said Maria.

"I'll get it," volunteered one of the ambulatory patients. Then, nodding toward Mrs. Stanislaus, she said to Maria, "Polaka?"

"Ya," said Maria.

"Me, too, and this other lady, too," said the patient who was going to get the water, indicating the woman standing beside her. "This is Miss Jeritza, the

patient who used to be in your sister's bed; I'm Catherine Pulaski, and *this,*" she continued, pointing to the woman on the next bed, "is Mrs. Johnson." There were nods and grins all around, and Mrs. Johnson said, "How do you do?" Mrs. Stanislaus opened her eyes and stared at the two women standing. She said something in Polish, and they both answered her. "Sure, we're both Polaka," said Catherine. "That's why we get along so well."

Before Catherine could go for the water Miss Roberts appeared with a glass and pitcher with Mrs. Stanislaus' name printed on it in red pencil. Mrs. Stanislaus seized the glass and drank heartily. "When the doctor come see her?" Maria asked.

"Oh, one of the medical students will probably look at her after lunch," said Miss Roberts, "and the resident will visit her sometime today — but they won't decide what to do about her until the visiting physician makes his rounds tomorrow morning."

"Well, twelve o'clock nearly. I think I'll go home now," said Maria, "and come back tomorrow. Nothing I can do here. What time should I come visit?"

"Two to three in the afternoon or seven to eight in the evening," said Miss Roberts. Maria said something in Polish to her sister, who barely nodded in response, and bade the others good-by.

Mrs. Johnson said to Miss Roberts and Miss Glynn as Maria left the ward, "*Sure,* a medical student will come to see her. The worst of it is, a little while later someone else will come in and ask her the same silly questions. And then someone else — and someone else — all the time she's here." They all laughed.

About two o'clock in the afternoon of the same day, Miss Glynn, the volunteer, passed Mrs. Stanislaus' room on another errand. No nurse or students were in sight. Mrs. Stanislaus was putting on her shoes and robe. Mrs. Johnson called out to Miss Glynn. "*You* tell her she must not go wandering off to the bathroom herself. I keep telling her she might do as she pleases at home, but she's in a hospital now and while we're here we *obey* the regulations."

"I'll get one of the girls," said the volunteer. "You just wait a minute, Mrs. Stanislaus."

In a moment she was back with Miss Watson, who took Mrs. Stanislaus' arm and said, "O.K., hon. You can walk over there if you want to, *today.* But all you have to do is push that little button by your bed and your light will go on. We'll come runnin'."

As they went out, Mrs. Johnson said to Miss Glynn, "See my picture?" She held up a magazine from which she was cutting out colored pictures.

"Are you making a scrapbook?" Miss Glynn asked.

"Yes," said Mrs. Johnson, "I made over fifty during the war for the Red Cross. I make different kinds — select pretty pictures and find poems to go with them. I write my shut-ins — all twenty of them."

"Twenty?" repeated Miss Glynn. "That seems a lot."

"Well," replied Mrs. Johnson, "I got interested several years ago through a woman where I worked. She belonged to an organization that got out a list of shut-ins every year who wanted people to write to them. You just drew names out of a bowl. She drew ten, and they passed her name on to other shut-ins, so it grew to twenty. Now I write them, too. I wrote as many as I could the

night before I came here. I feel terrible that I couldn't send some of them Christmas presents."

Miss Roberts came in to take Mrs. Johnson's temperature. "You'd better take hers, too, dearie," said Mrs. Johnson as Mrs. Stanislaus and Miss Watson returned. "I don't think she's had hers taken."

"Oh yes, she has," said Miss Roberts. "We took it twice this morning. We won't take it again for a while yet."

"Well, I just didn't want *you* to get into trouble, dearie," said Mrs. Johnson. "*I* haven't seen anyone take her temperature."

"O.K.," said Miss Roberts, moving out into the ward.

As Mrs. Stanislaus settled into bed, another student appeared and said, "Anyone taken temperatures here yet?"

"My, what a lot of attention we're getting, all of a sudden!" said Mrs. Johnson.

"O.K., O.K.," said the student. "What are you doing? Cutting out paper dolls?"

"Paper dolls, indeed," retorted Mrs. Johnson. "I'll have you know these are scrapbooks for shut-ins that I'm making."

"You know," the student continued, "cutting up paper is a sign you're going crazy."

"Oh, *sure,*" said Mrs. Johnson. "*Everything* we do is a sign we're nuts, didn't you know that?"

"More nut cakes out of institutions than in them," commented Miss Watson. "Mrs. Johnson, meet Miss Custer," indicating the student who had made the remarks about paper dolls. "*Custard,* we call her. She's a *character.* Don't mind her."

"Honestly," Mrs. Johnson said to Miss Glynn, "these kids! I'd like to see one of them go through what I've been through — lying on an operating table from 10:00 A.M. to 2:30 P.M., perfectly conscious. Then they had the nerve to come up to me Sunday and tell me to get up — I was going to be weighed! And I hadn't even *dangled* yet. Well, I just wouldn't move for them. So one of them said, 'O.K., let's let Sleeping Beauty lie'; and I said, 'I'm not Sleeping Beauty or the Queen Bee or anything else. But if you'd been through what I've been through, you'd know perfectly well you couldn't stand up, without at least dangling!' I'd like to see them suffer one half as much as I did and stay cheerful."

Mrs. Stanislaus was sipping water, shaking her head, and sighing during Mrs. Johnson's story. Miss Glynn noted that her color seemed very yellow. "Oh," said Mrs. Johnson, "here comes one of the boys to examine you." A fourth-year medical student was coming across the ward toward the room with a sheaf of papers in his hand.

"The *doctor* come?" asked Mrs. Stanislaus, pulling up the covers around her neck.

"Let's straighten up this room while you're here," Miss Watson said to Miss Glynn.

"Hello, Mrs. Stanislaus," said the young man as he approached the bed, "I'm Dr. Dutton and I'm going to ask you a few questions, if I may. Maybe we'll just draw these curtains," he said, pulling the curtains around Mrs. Stanislaus' bed. Everything that he said and Mrs. Stanislaus' replies were clearly

audible to those outside the curtains. Mrs. Johnson did not speak during the doctor's visit and seemed to Miss Glynn to be listening carefully.

"Now," said Dr. Dutton. "How do you feel?"

"Tired," said Mrs. Stanislaus.

"You're tired. Do you have any pain?" the doctor asked.

"Not now," said Mrs. Stanislaus.

"Not now," said Dr. Dutton. "But sometimes?"

"Ya, sometimes," agreed Mrs. Stanislaus.

"Where do you have that pain, Mrs. Stanislaus?" he asked.

"Here," she said.

"You have the pain across the middle of your back and up toward your shoulder blades? Here?" he said.

"Ya," said Mrs. Stanislaus.

"Not any pain in the lower part of your back?" asked the doctor.

"No," she said.

"Do you have more or less pain after you eat?" asked Dr. Dutton.

"More," said Mrs. Stanislaus.

"What do you like to eat, Mrs. Stanislaus?" he asked. There followed a series of questions, lasting about five minutes, on the food and other habits of the patient. Dr. Dutton then asked a number of questions about her earlier medical history, her previous visit to the hospital, and about her present symtoms. "Do you have any headaches, Mrs. Stanislaus?" the doctor asked at one point.

"No, but I can't see from the eye!" said Mrs. Stanislaus.

"You have trouble seeing?" asked Dr. Dutton. "What is this in my hand, Mrs. Stanislaus?"

"A pen," she said.

"Can you see it if I hold it here?" he asked.

"With dis eye," said Mrs. Stanislaus, "cloudy like through smoke."

"Cloudy with your right eye," repeated the doctor. "Well, I tell you Mrs. Stanislaus, we'll have an eye man check your eyes while you are here. But first we've got to try to do something about this pain you have."

"How long it take do something like that?" asked Mrs. Stanislaus.

"We don't know yet. We'll have to see," said Dr. Dutton.

"Well, I must be get something done for my eye," said Mrs. Stanislaus. "No good go home *blind.*"

"We'll take care of it," said Dr. Dutton, pulling back the curtains.

"The worst of it is," said Mrs. Johnson *sotto voce* to Miss Glynn, "another one will be here in a little while and ask her the same questions. Gosh, it's noisy out there," she went on, indicating the main ward. "I couldn't stand it out there. I had to be moved in here. All those noisy people practically well. It's hard on you when you're sick and nervous . . . I never had a bit of trouble in my life until 1941 when I started dieting. Oh, I was *told* to do it! I wouldn't think of doing it on my own. When I'm well I lead a very active life. I'm never still a minute. The woman my husband and I board with says she never saw anything like me. Always doing something. Say, do you know my home town, Kingston, New York, near the Catskills?"

Miss Glynn said she had been through the Catskills and thought it was pretty country.

"Yes, but it's a hick place," Mrs. Johnson replied. "Why, even the big shot in town always looks sloppy. You wouldn't think he had a dime. I can't stand sloppy people, especially sloppy men. Now, my husband's work is dirty, but he's as neat as can be. He's my second husband, you know. He was supposed to come down to see me this week end, but he couldn't get off."

Miss Watson and Miss Glynn exchanged glances. It seemed that Mrs. Johnson would go on talking as long as they found anything to do around the room. Mrs. Stanislaus was restless and kept peering in the direction of Mrs. Johnson's bed. Once she put her hand over one ear and buried her head in the pillow. "The sun's in my eyes," she said as the volunteer and student nurse started for the door.

"O.K., we'll close the blind," said Miss Watson.

"But you can't do that! There'll be no air in here," said Mrs. Johnson, "and I *need* air."

"We'll fix it," said Miss Watson. She adjusted both the window and the blind and followed Miss Glynn out into the ward, partly closing the door behind her.

As she left the room, Miss Glynn was wondering how Mrs. Stanislaus would get along in the hospital. She determined to keep Mrs. Stanislaus in mind and visit her whenever the opportunity offered.

*Osler Memorial Hospital (B)**

STAFF ORGANIZATION

OSLER MEMORIAL HOSPITAL was managed by a board of nine trustees. Six of these were elected for two-year terms by members of the hospital corporation, that is, current and past trustees and other persons invited to join the corporation. The other three trustees were appointed by the mayor of the city. All served without remuneration and could be reëlected. The trustees maintained standing committees on Ways and Means, and Legal Problems, two of its most vital concerns. In addition, trustees took turns visiting the hospital at regular intervals and served on various committees jointly with members of the hospital staff. The trustees appointed the director of the hospital.

The director was a nationally known doctor who devoted full time to administration and did not practice clinically. His staff included four assistant directors, selected by him with the approval of the trustees. One assistant was in charge of ward operation; another directed the private and semiprivate parts of the hospital; the third had general charge of the Outpatient Department; and the fourth ran the Eye and Ear Hospital, a separate unit. Characteristically, the assistants were physicians, although on occasions a nurse or qualified layman served in that capacity. The assistants acted for the director in all regular day-to-day operations of their units. Like the director they did not practice clinically, but did administration work exclusively.

The hospital organization included various "services" and "departments."

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A voluntary staff of practicing physicians manned the "services," [1] the name given to those parts of the hospital organization that worked directly with the patients. Chiefs of the services were appointed by the trustees. "Department," on the other hand, was the name given those parts of the hospital organization that the hospital undertook to maintain continuously to aid the voluntary staff; for example, the nursing department, the X-ray department, the social service department, and so on. Personnel of the departments were full-time, hired and paid by the hospital.

In addition to the principal services and departments, Osler Memorial Hospital maintained a library, an information center, a purchasing office, a financial office, and a housekeeping unit. All nonprofessional help in the hospital, including orderlies, maids, cooks, secretaries, file clerks, and maintenance men, were hired by the hospital's personnel director.

Policies of the Osler Memorial were determined by an executive committee consisting of the director of the hospital, the chiefs of the principal services, and two doctors elected from their number by the voluntary staff. The committee met once a week under the chairmanship of the hospital director. The heads of the nonprofessional staff also met weekly with the director and his assistants. A brief, informal meeting of the director and his assistants took place every morning at nine o'clock.

The medical staff of Osler Memorial Hospital was divided into two main services, medical and surgical, which were in turn subdivided into specialized services; for instance, general medicine, psychiatry, neurosurgery, and so on. Each service of the hospital was headed by an eminent specialist in his field, who also typically was a professor at the medical school. In addition to his resident staff, the chief of each service had the assistance of other specialists in that field who were associated with the hospital. The resident staff varied somewhat from service to service. In the medical service, for example, the chief of service had assisting him a chief resident, three residents, eight assistant residents, and twelve interns. Most appointments were for one year, but the majority of the resident staff hoped to be advanced after their initial year to the next highest post in their service. For example, the interns hoped to be advanced to assistant residents, the assistant residents to residents, and so on.

All the interns and assistant residents rotated every few months among the various wards and subdivisions of the medical service. For example, such a staff member might serve two months on the Women's Medical Ward, then two months in the Emergency Ward. While on each of these services the rotating staff member had practice in all phases of medical work, from examination and treatment of patients to laboratory analyses. In the case of the interns especially, this system represented a fairly recent development in hospital practice. Formerly, work on any given ward was divided strictly according to seniority within each group, the intern who had reported most recently for duty being given all the routine tasks and least responsibility. Although a strict hierarchy of responsibility from the chief resident downward was still maintained, a greater variety of experience was more readily available to the resident staff member at each stage of his progress. Also, in the

[1] For more detail on the "voluntary staff" see below. The voluntary staff was not paid anything by the hospital, receiving its income from private practice.

course of a year, each intern served with several different assistant residents, and each resident had a variety of assistants. By the time a doctor had qualified to be a resident, however, he had often chosen a specialty, such as dermatology, and he would henceforth be resident-in-dermatology, not required to rotate to other services. Third-year and fourth-year medical students were also assigned to each service. During the war years the resident staff had been reduced to fifty members, about half its peacetime strength. Steps were being taken during 1945 toward bringing the staff up to full strength.

In addition to the full-time staff, the hospital had associated with it in one capacity or another more than two hundred doctors known as the voluntary staff. Some of these men spent a great deal of time in the hospital making daily visits to wards or clinics for a given number of months each year, or, in the case of surgeons, performing the operations needed by ward patients. Others visited the hospital less frequently; some once a week, some when they had a private patient in the hospital, and others only when requested for consultations. Some associated physicians spent less than 5 per cent of their time in the hospital, devoting the bulk of their energy to practice in offices and other hospitals. Research fellows, spending a year or two of study at Osler Memorial Hospital, and special consultants not on the regular staff raised the number of professional men typically available to the hospital by about fifty.

The relations of the members of the voluntary staff to one another differed depending on the part of the hospital in which they were functioning. In the part of the hospital devoted to private patients, all members of the voluntary staff were equal. Each brought his own private patients into the hospital and was responsible for them. Other physicians associated similarly with the hospital had nothing to do with the care of such patients unless they were asked for a consultation by a patient's own doctor. In the wards, however, members of the voluntary staff grouped themselves into a hierarchy under the direction of the chiefs of the services. Treatment of ward patients was under the general direction of the chief of the service. A standard program of medical management for each illness was followed in the wards. Day-to-day details were carried out by the resident staff and that member of the voluntary staff assigned to the ward concerned at the time in question. No significant changes in the treatment were made by the visiting physician without consultation with the chief of the service and the resident staff. Most of the time members of the voluntary staff were in this dual relationship to one another.

The consultation system played an important role in the daily operation of the hospital. Physicians on the various ward services requested members of other services or associated doctors to examine or test certain patients in their wards and report their findings. Physicians with private patients in the hospital likewise often requested the opinion of other specialists on the staff. A physician could make his request on forms provided for that purpose and conveyed by the interoffice mail carriers from service to service. Often, however, requests were made by telephone or personal visits.

As was the case with the medical staff, the nursing service at Osler Memorial Hospital had been depleted by the war. In peacetime the nursing staff numbered more than 600, of whom about 50 per cent were students in Osler's long-established school of nursing, and the rest were graduate nurses. In 1945, however, only 425 nurses were on duty at the hospital; of these, 80 per cent

were students, virtually all of whom were members of the Cadet Nurse Corps. Although in peacetime student nurses' duties were largely confined to the wards under close supervision of graduate nurses, during the war students were carrying on nursing duties in all parts of the hospital. Many in their last months of training were acting as head nurses and instructors on various wards. At times the shortage of nursing help became so critical that certain wards had to be temporarily closed.

The end of hostilities brought no relief to the nursing shortage, nor was any relief in immediate prospect. In common with most hospitals, Osler Memorial found that many of its nurses who had gone into the services were not returning. With the end of the Cadet Nurse program in view, student applications fell off rapidly. Many authorities at Osler and elsewhere regarded this problem as the major hospital problem of the day.

In this crisis Osler Memorial Hospital leaned heavily on its volunteer helpers, which included Red Cross Nurses' Aides, War Service Volunteers, and the regular Volunteer Service. Volunteer activities were headed by a full-time director who was paid by the hospital. Assisted by a secretary, the director of volunteers assigned workers to a variety of jobs around the hospital, varying from routine care of patients performed by the Nurses' Aides, under the direction of the nursing department, to messenger service and housekeeping chores by volunteers with less training. More than 2,000 such part-time helpers served the hospital during 1945, their work equaling that of 55 full-time workers.

The activities of each of the hospital services were intimately tied up with the teaching and research functions. Medical students from the university spent a number of hours daily in the hospital wards; the hours increased as their training progressed until, in their last year, medical students were assigned to specific wards on a rotating schedule. On these assignments the students did routine tests, preliminary examinations of patients, and the like. Under the tutelage of the senior staff the students aided also in the preparation of cases being used for discussion in classes and conferences. The latter, called "rounds," included daily rounds of each ward staff (for example, Women's Medical, Men's Medical, and so on) with the visiting doctor for discussion of each patient on the ward; weekly rounds of each service (for example, medical rounds, surgical rounds, and so on), at which time a few of the most interesting cases encountered on the service that week were discussed, often with the patient present; and periodic rounds involving all the services of the hospital, at which time each service presented one case. Rounds were attended by staff members, medical students, student nurses, social service workers, and visiting physicians, as frequently as their duties permitted.

The nursing school taught not only its own students but students from a number of smaller hospitals which were affiliated with Osler Memorial. The social service and dietary departments likewise took students from a near-by university and from other recognized schools for practice work in these fields.

The hospital buildings occupied a city block near one of the oldest and poorest sections of the city. Poles, Slavs, Italians, and Armenians, the newer elements among the city's cosmopolitan population, lived in the antiquated dwellings surrounding the hospital. The older English, Scottish, Irish, and Scandinavian groups had moved out of the area, many of them into the

suburbs, as the city's industrial life grew and encroached on its residences. Many of the houses had been torn down and such as remained had been converted into multiple low-rent flats. The hospital too had grown from the single stone structure at the end of the last century to a modern medical center drawing patients from all over the world. Its buildings included an Outpatient Department with clinics in medicine, surgery, and many of the specialties; several clinics for in-patients; pathology laboratories; quarters for nurses and the resident staff; administrative offices; and outlying service buildings.

Osler Memorial Hospital had a total bed capacity of 632, about half of which were in the wards and the rest in private or semiprivate rooms. During 1944 the hospital had 10,742 patients. Somewhat more than 50 per cent of the patients were in the wards; 30 per cent of these ward patients were "re-entries" (that is, had been in the hospital at some earlier date), and only about half were paying patients. In some years, as in 1944, patients being cared for in the hospital wards free of charge or for token payments had longer average stays than those ward patients who paid, with the result that about 50 per cent of the days of ward care given were "free." The average stay at the hospital for a ward patient in 1944 was three weeks.

Patients in the private parts of the hospital stayed an average of two weeks. All private patients paid the full hospital rates for room and board as well as their doctors' fees. More than 60 per cent of the patients entering the hospital underwent some type of operation.

The Outpatient Department of Osler Memorial Hospital handled more than 150,000 visits during 1944, only about half of which were paid for by patients. Many of the ward patients were referred to the house by the Outpatient Department.

Except for the endowed or "free beds," a flat fee of $7 a day was quoted to each ward patient at the time of his admission. If the patient could not afford this fee, the admitting officer discussed his financial problems with him and scaled the figure down to meet the patient's pocketbook. The flat fee included bed, meals, routine nursing care, any but special medications, and the services of the doctors assigned to the ward at the time. X-ray, special medicines, and blood transfusions were an extra charge.

*Osler Memorial Hospital (C)**

MRS. STANISLAUS ON THE WARD

As Elizabeth Glynn, a volunteer worker at the Osler Memorial Hospital, entered the Women's Medical Ward shortly before ten o'clock one morning late in December 1945, she saw Mrs. Stanislaus, a 64-year-old Polish patient who had been in the hospital nearly a month, walking slowly toward the opposite end of the ward.[1] Mrs. Stanislaus was wiping her eyes; she appeared disheveled and very unhappy. Since Miss Glynn had helped this patient

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[1] For an account of Mrs. Stanislaus' first day at the hospital see "Osler Memorial Hospital (A)."

through the admission procedure on her first day, she had become interested in her case and frequently stopped to chat with Mrs. Stanislaus when she was in the women's ward.

"What's the matter with Mrs. Stanislaus?" Miss Glynn asked as she came up to the desk where Miss Ellsworth, the day nurse in charge of the ward, and Miss Harding, the night nurse, were talking. In answer to her question, the nurses told Miss Glynn the following story:

Early that morning, Mrs. Stanislaus returned from the metabolism laboratory and thyroid clinic crying bitterly, twisting her handkerchief in her hands, and muttering unintelligibly. She refused her breakfast when it was brought to her. The night nurse, Miss Harding, who was finishing her records at the desk in the center of the ward pending the arrival of Miss Ellsworth, went over to Mrs. Stanislaus' bed when she heard the commotion. She asked Mrs. Stanislaus what the trouble was, but for several moments she was unable to understand what Mrs. Stanislaus was saying. Miss Harding sat down on the edge of the bed, put her arm around the patient, and said, "There, there, now." After a few false starts, Mrs. Stanislaus managed to say that she did not want an operation on her throat. "What makes you think you are going to have an operation on your throat?" the night nurse asked.

The patient then became unintelligible again, and Miss Harding finally said, "Now don't cry any more. You want me to tell them you don't want your throat operated on, is that it?"

"Ya," said Mrs. Stanislaus. "Nothing is the matter with my throat — it doesn't hurt. Why they come and squeeze and squeeze and squeeze all the time? I don't like this place. Here you nothing but a pig. They stick you, they poke you, they choke you. You tell them I go home. If you have as many troubles as I do you cry too."

"I know, dearie," replied Miss Harding. "You bet I would, but don't you cry any more. I'll tell the doctor what you want." With that she went back to the desk, leaving Mrs. Stanislaus still sobbing and very flushed.

Miss Ellsworth had arrived on the ward while the night nurse was with Mrs. Stanislaus. On hearing what the trouble was, Miss Ellsworth said, "Well, let's see what the thyroid people wrote. They know their stuff." She took out Mrs. Stanislaus' record and read it aloud. The last entry was a note with that morning's date referring to a question which had been asked by Dr. Ware, assistant resident on the Women's Medical Ward. He had asked the thyroid clinic to indicate whether, in view of her thyroid difficulty, Mrs. Stanislaus should be given any specific treatment prior to the operation for her gall bladder disorder. The head of the thyroid clinic noted in his reply that he saw no change in Mrs. Stanislaus' glandular condition and recommended that she receive iodine daily for a week prior to the gall bladder operation. "Why, he doesn't say anything about an operation," said Miss Ellsworth as she finished reading. "At least not now. They will do her gallstones first. She must have misunderstood them."

While the two nurses were talking, Dr. Patton, a woman doctor, who was not currently on the women's ward but was interested in the progress of a patient there, came in and joined the conversation. "Why, I remember her," she said glancing at the record. "She was here last summer. I'll go over and talk to her a few minutes." Dr. Patton sat with Mrs. Stanislaus for about ten

minutes and told her that her troubles would have to be taken care of one at a time, and that everything could not be done at once. Mrs. Stanislaus wept intermittently and gave no indication that she understood the situation any better.

As soon as Dr. Patton left, Mrs. Stanislaus got out of bed and went across the ward to another Polish patient with whom she frequently talked in Polish. The night nurse observed this and said to Miss Ellsworth, "Look, while she is busy talking to her friend, I'll see if I can find out down in thyroid what they said." Miss Harding was gone only a few minutes. When she returned she went directly over to where Mrs. Stanislaus was talking, put her arm around her, and said, "Now, don't you worry about this. They are not going to operate on your throat. They are just going to give you some pills and things for it. We have all looked at the record and that's what it says, and I have talked to them downstairs, so don't worry." Mrs. Stanislaus nodded disconsolately and wandered off in the direction of the lavatory.

"And that's where you came in," concluded Miss Harding. "I don't know whether she understands yet or not." In view of the fact that Mrs. Stanislaus had been having basal metabolism tests every other day during her stay in the hospital without complaint, both nurses told Miss Glynn they were at a loss to explain this sudden outburst.

While Miss Glynn listened to the story, she was thinking about some of the things Mrs. Stanislaus had told her in the almost daily conversations which they had had since Mrs. Stanislaus' admission. From these talks, the hospital records, comments of the staff, and her own observations, Miss Glynn felt she had gained considerable familiarity with the case. Miss Glynn's reflections on Mrs. Stanislaus' history, her sentiments, and her relationships with others outside the hospital and within it, ran somewhat as follows:

From the records Miss Glynn learned that Mrs. Stanislaus had been recommended for admission by the thyroid clinic with a diagnosis of "thyrotoxicosis." [2] In addition, she continued to complain of symptoms which had been diagnosed as "subsiding infectious hepatitis" [3] in her earlier admission to the hospital in June 1945.

At that time Mrs. Stanislaus had been admitted to the hospital for the removal of a nonmalignant abdominal tumor. The tumor had been discovered when Mrs. Stanislaus came to the Outpatient Department in May complaining of nausea, weight loss, and the fact that her skin was turning yellow. Mrs. Stanislaus stayed in the hospital three weeks and at the time of her departure was free from the symptoms she had exhibited before her operation. In November, however, she returned to the Outpatient Department complaining that the earlier symptoms had returned. She was seen in the women's medical clinic, the eye clinic and the thyroid clinic and was ultimately admitted to the house.

During her first week in the hospital, Mrs. Stanislaus underwent a liver biopsy, a skin biopsy, and numerous blood and urine analyses which indicated that she was suffering from a gall bladder disturbance. Meanwhile, the thyroid clinic, in which Mrs. Stanislaus had been having basal metabolism tests every

[2] An abnormal increase in the activity of the thyroid gland.

[3] A derangement of the liver function due to an infection, the derangement producing, among other symptoms, jaundice as well as subjective (loss of appetite) and objective (vomiting, weight loss) changes in the function of the digestive system.

other day since her admission, concluded that she did, in fact, have an abnormality of the thyroid function. They agreed, however, that the gall bladder disturbance was the more serious and must be corrected first. Accordingly, Mrs. Stanislaus was put on a fat-free diet with the idea that she should undergo an operation as soon as her general condition permitted.

Although the hospital staff were agreed on this procedure, Mrs. Stanislaus throughout this period seemed to Miss Glynn to be much more preoccupied with her failing eyesight than with either of the other disturbances. She complained daily to Miss Glynn, the nurses, and often to the doctors, about the fact that her vision was getting steadily worse. The Outpatient Department records showed that Mrs. Stanislaus had cataracts developing in both eyes, and this condition was confirmed by consultants from the eye clinic who visited Mrs. Stanislaus on the medical ward. Although they agreed that Mrs. Stanislaus' left eye was ready for an operation at any time,[4] they concurred in the opinion of the ward doctors and the thyroid clinic that the gall bladder operation must be done first. As one surgeon put it to Miss Glynn, "This may sound brutal, but after all, she can lead a blind life, but if we don't clear up that gall bladder trouble quickly, it could kill her." It seemed to Miss Glynn that Mrs. Stanislaus never completely understood this order of priority, for she continued to lament to everyone that so much time was spent in "testing my throat; it never hurts me," and "they do nothing for the eye."

Miss Glynn found Mrs. Stanislaus' personal history in skeleton form in the hospital record. She had been born in Poland sixty-four years earlier and had come to the United States when she was fourteen years old. She was married to a Polish man sixty-two years of age. They had no children.

Miss Glynn filled in this sketchy background from personal conversations with Mrs. Stanislaus and her sister. On the day Mrs. Stanislaus was admitted to the hospital she was accompanied by her sister, Maria, who chatted at every opportunity with Miss Glynn and the student nurses. In addition to telling them many of the facts recorded above, Maria also indicated that Mrs. Stanislaus had two other sisters besides herself and also a brother, all of whom lived in the vicinity. She told them that Mrs. Stanislaus and her husband lived alone in one of the near-by suburbs and that they had been married forty-six years. Maria seemed to be concerned about Mr. Stanislaus' staying alone and said how very lonely it would be for him. She declared that Mrs. Stanislaus had never had a sick day in her life until a year earlier and that she had great faith in the doctors at Osler Memorial Hospital as compared to those "on the outside."

For a time, it had been very difficult for Miss Glynn to follow Mrs. Stanislaus' conversation at all. The latter spoke English poorly. She seldom used any tense but the present and frequently inserted expressions like "must be" before another verb; for example, "How long I must be stay here?" Mrs. Stanislaus often prefaced words beginning with a vowel with the letter "w" or "y," for example, "Wevery day I suffer," or "They say I must be y'eat."

Gradually, Miss Glynn became used to these peculiarities of speech and could understand most of what Mrs. Stanislaus said to her. It occurred to

[4] Cataracts usually must reach a certain stage of development before they are operable. When they reach this stage, they are said to be "ripe."

Miss Glynn, however, as she rethought her conversations with Mrs. Stanislaus, how little factual information the latter had added. Although she spoke often to Miss Glynn of her husband, her brother, her sisters, nieces, and nephews, Mrs. Stanislaus' comments were generally related to their visits to her in the hospital or their failure to visit her. Concerning her husband, Mrs. Stanislaus spoke frequently about his inability to do anything around the house, and she worried constantly about his meals and the cleanliness of their home under his care. She worried often about being so long in the hospital away from him, and reported to Miss Glynn on a number of occasions that he had told her during his visits how lonely he was. On one occasion Mrs. Stanislaus mentioned her husband's hospitalization five years earlier, saying that he had had a private room and that he "come along good. We have our own doctor then. He is dead now." As a result of his operation at that time her husband apparently could do no heavy work, and Mrs. Stanislaus spoke frequently of the need to remind him of this fact. No matter what other visitors she had, Mrs. Stanislaus seemed to regard her husband's visits as the most important and to prefer to have him come alone so that she could talk to him about private family affairs. After each visit she reported in some detail to Miss Glynn whatever family news her husband brought and whatever comments he made about her condition. Her failure to gain weight was one of his major preoccupations, and he constantly tried to get her to eat additional food such as bananas which he brought. Mrs. Stanislaus reported that he was afraid "I go for consumption." She tried to get Miss Glynn and the nurses from time to time to give their opinion on the matter.

Next to her husband, the visitor whom Mrs. Stanislaus discussed most frequently with Miss Glynn was her sister Maria, who had accompanied her to the hospital on the day of her admission. Maria was the youngest sister in the family and apparently Mrs. Stanislaus' favorite; Mrs. Stanislaus expected Maria to visit her every day. On the days when Maria did not appear, Mrs. Stanislaus complained bitterly to Miss Glynn. She indicated that when any of the family had "trouble" she (Mrs. Stanislaus) went every day to see them, and she expected the same kind of treatment from them. On one occasion when Maria had failed to visit the hospital for three or four days, Mrs. Stanislaus asked her husband to find out why Maria didn't come. She later reported to Miss Glynn in tones of considerable bitterness that Maria had gone to a show on one day and to see an Italian lady on another day. "Imagine," she said to Miss Glynn, "she rather go see an Italian woman or go to a show than come see her own sister. Maybe she be sick someday and I won't come."

Occasionally Mrs. Stanislaus talked to Miss Glynn about her other two sisters. She seemed to be considerably worried over the older of the two who was ill with a heart condition. She insisted to Miss Glynn that Mr. Stanislaus and Maria were not telling her the truth about that sister's health, and Miss Glynn gathered that next to Maria this sister was the favorite. Mrs. Stanislaus also talked a lot about her sister's family, especially about one of the boys who was a soldier threatened with loss of the sight of one eye as a result of a jeep accident. Her sister's illness Mrs. Stanislaus attributed in part to worry about this son. "What he gonna do," she kept repeating, "if he can no see?"

About the other three children Mrs. Stanislaus did not talk so much except to register disapproval of one niece who dyed her hair and made life generally difficult for her husband and family.

From what she told Miss Glynn, the latter discovered that Mrs. Stanislaus disapproved heartily of her third sister. Mrs. Stanislaus bemoaned all that she and Mr. Stanislaus had done for this sister, including their efforts after the First World War to bring her and her family to this country and help them get started. "She is for nobody but her family — herself, husband, and daughter Alice," Mrs. Stanislaus said frequently. Alice had married very well, according to Mrs. Stanislaus, and much against her mother's wishes became pregnant fairly early in her marriage. Mrs. Stanislaus took considerable pride in telling Miss Glynn how she had encouraged Alice to have a family in spite of her mother's wishes. She said, "I said to Alice, 'You want your house to be like mine — just you and the man? Children — they make the home.'" In the days just before the arrival of the child Mrs. Stanislaus was much disturbed and reported to Miss Glynn several dreams which she seemed to regard as a bad omen. The fact that her niece had redecorated one room of the house as a nursery did not please her. She felt it was wrong to take so much for granted. Once the baby had arrived, however, she seemed to enjoy talking about him.

The only other people about whom Mrs. Stanislaus talked to Miss Glynn were a few neighbors and the other patients in the ward, especially those of Polish extraction, with whom she visited the most. Regarding the neighbors, she made it very clear that it was her policy to go her way and let them go theirs with very few exceptions. She disapproved of people wasting their time visiting and gossiping outside their own houses and said several times, "When I have a minute, I work in the garden or go see my sister." One neighbor, who had lived in the same house with her for several years, she called "my girl friend." She spoke of how she had helped this woman take care of her invalid father until his death, because, as she said, "She got no family of her own." Her girl friend worked part time but managed to come to the hospital quite frequently in the evening, and Mrs. Stanislaus counted on her being around to help when the time came to leave the hospital.

Miss Glynn had noticed that several days had elapsed after Mrs. Stanislaus' admission before she appeared to take any special interest in the other patients in the ward. From the first, Catherine Pulaski, an ambulatory patient being prepared for a goiter operation who had introduced herself to Mrs. Stanislaus and Maria as "Polaka," came frequently to see Mrs. Stanislaus and conversed with her in Polish. Sometimes she brought meal trays or water. Mrs. Stanislaus enjoyed these visits and commented to Miss Glynn, "What a nice girl Catherine is and what a lovely family she has. They come visit her every day." Mrs. Stanislaus seemed to derive great comfort from the things Catherine told her, such as that she ought to eat and gain weight and that she could have seconds on food if she asked for them. When Catherine was moved to surgery, another woman of Polish extraction more nearly Mrs. Stanislaus' age took her bed. One of the student nurses introduced her to Mrs. Stanislaus, and the latter developed the habit of stopping on her way to the lavatory to chat with this Polish patient and subsequently with a third woman of Polish descent who came into the ward late in December. So far

as Miss Glynn could observe, these constituted Mrs. Stanislaus' principal contacts on the ward and the only ones in which she took the initiative. Several of the other ambulatory patients stopped at Mrs. Stanislaus' bed and spoke. She always seemed pleased but made no effort either to prolong the visits or to return them. Mrs. Romano, an Italian woman who for a time occupied the bed next to one of Mrs. Stanislaus' Polish friends, received occasional visits from Mrs. Stanislaus until she was moved to a bed at the other end of the Women's Medical Ward. Mrs. Stanislaus told Miss Glynn that she was afraid to go up there by herself.

In the course of her conversations with other Polish women, Mrs. Stanislaus heard many stories about their personal histories and about those of the other patients in the ward. She seemed to enjoy recounting to Miss Glynn these stories together with her own observations on the patients within her range of vision and their visitors. Miss Glynn observed that whenever Mrs. Stanislaus was engaged in telling such things her whole manner of expression changed. Her voice assumed a bright singsong quality which contrasted sharply with the monotonous, somewhat complaining tone of her ordinary conversation. She punctuated her stories with gestures and grimaces, appearing momentarily to be so engrossed in the tale that she forgot her own misfortunes.

Apparently in an attempt to explain her own limited contacts on the ward, Mrs. Stanislaus said to Miss Glynn one day, speaking of one of the Polish women, "She talk silly sometimes and I don't like what she says, but she is Polish. If you Irish, you like Irish best. If you Italian, you like Italian best. I Polish, I like Polish best."

Miss Glynn felt that toward the doctors and nurses Mrs. Stanislaus had mixed feelings, varying considerably from day to day. However, she consistently expressed in her conversations the suspicion that the doctors and nurses were "in cahoots" and would tell the patients nothing. She felt also that there was nothing that the patient could do about it but "wait and suffer." On one occasion she illustrated what she meant to Miss Glynn by hailing the head nurse as she went by. She said in an aside, "Now you see how they don't tell you nothing," and to the nurse she said, "How long you gonna keep me here?"

The nurse replied, "I like you so much I am never going to let you go."

"You see," said Mrs. Stanislaus, "what I tell you? She don't tell you nothing."

Mrs. Stanislaus was more inclined to believe certain members of the staff than others.

During the first month of Mrs. Stanislaus' stay in the Women's Medical Ward, the medical staff assigned to her section consisted of Dr. Grimbach, assistant resident; Dr. Ware, intern; and two fourth-year medical students, "Dr." Castagno and "Dr." Dutton. Dr. Berry, one of the hospital's voluntary staff, visited the ward daily. Of this group, Mrs. Stanislaus' favorite doctor was the intern, Dr. Ware, who was tall, blond, and easygoing. Any information about Dr. Ware seemed to be of interest to Mrs. Stanislaus. She reported to Miss Glynn that Dr. Ware was thirty years old, unmarried, and lived with his parents in a wealthy suburb. "He's in no hurry to get married," she said. "Lots of people here got their eye on him, but he's smart. He won't marry

just anyone." Mrs. Stanislaus typically referred to Dr. Ware as a "nice American boy with a good heart for people." This sentiment contrasted sharply with those which Mrs. Stanislaus held toward doctors whose names and appearances were "foreign" to her and whom she could not clearly identify as Irish, Italian, or some other nationality. She was particularly antagonistic toward those whom she suspected of being Jewish. "Is Dr. Grimbach Jewish?" she asked Miss Glynn on several occasions, referring to the assistant resident. In describing her trips to the thyroid clinic, she made several references to "that Jew doctor who squeeze and squeeze and squeeze my throat. What is wrong with my throat?"

This prejudice was manifested toward others besides doctors. On one occasion Mrs. MacCarthy, who occupied the bed next to Mrs. Stanislaus, was visited by a shoe salesman from whom she bought a pair of corrective shoes to wear when leaving the hospital. Miss Glynn happened by after the salesman had left in time to hear Mrs. MacCarthy telling Mrs. Stanislaus that the shoes were not comfortable and she thought she would show them to the doctor. Mrs. Stanislaus said to Miss Glynn as the latter approached them, "You see, that Jew sold her shoes that don't fit. That's just like a Jew."

Similar sentiments, but of a less violent nature, were expressed by Mrs. Stanislaus concerning Negroes. There was one colored woman on the ward and for some time her bed was diagonally across a short passageway from Mrs. Stanislaus. The latter told Miss Glynn that she didn't like being so near the colored woman. "She smells," she said. When the colored woman was preparing to go home Mrs. Stanislaus said, "She says she works in the hospital here. Do you believe that? What kind of work could a colored woman do in a hospital!" At another time she asked Miss Glynn if the colored woman was getting the hospital services free. "I bet she doesn't have to pay anything," she said. "She doesn't have to worry about the dollar." Whenever the food, particularly the meat, did not please Mrs. Stanislaus, she was fond of saying, "That meat hard like a rock, black like the floor. It is all right for that colored woman, maybe, but *I* can't eat it."

Miss Glynn was struck by the recurrence of fear as a dominant note in Mrs. Stanislaus' conversations. She spoke specifically of her fear of operations and remarked that she would never be happy again because she would always be afraid for her health. "I will be afraid to eat this, or do that," she said. "I will think maybe I get sick. Maybe I have to go back to the hospital." On one such occasion, Miss Glynn asked her how long she'd been afraid and she said, "I'm always afraid — if I am alone in the house, I am afraid. I have to open the windows and the doors. I am afraid to be upstairs. I might jump out a window. All my life I am afraid. I think my mother made me that way." After several questions concerning the meaning of this last statement, Miss Glynn determined that Mrs. Stanislaus meant some prenatal influence had made her afraid — that she was "born scared."

Closely related to Mrs. Stanislaus' fear, Miss Glynn observed a tendency to be suspicious. This was evidenced not only in her comments about the Jews and colored woman and her remarks about the hospital staff, but also in her attitudes about what other patients told her and about the service she got at the hospital. For example, in talking about blood transfusions of which she

had several, she said to Miss Glynn, "They say I get a pint of blood. That don't look like a pint of blood to me. Do you think it is? Maybe they gyp me." In referring to a conversation she had with Mrs. Romano, the Italian who occupied for a time the bed next to one of the Polish women, Mrs. Stanislaus said, "She says she is only fifty-two years old. Do you believe that? She has white hair. She is a grandmother. I think she lies about her age."

Mrs. Stanislaus mentioned several times to Miss Glynn that she was a Catholic and also made constant reference to praying. Miss Glynn learned that a priest of the parish in which the hospital was located had visited her once during her stay in the medical ward and had given her Communion. She seemed to derive much comfort from this ministration. She said "Nothin' else help. Maybe that will." At no time did Mrs. Stanislaus make very explicit her ideas about religion, and Miss Glynn was frequently unable to understand what she meant or to relate it to the rest of what she was saying. Such statements as, "If you good, you must be suffer; Jesus suffered," were frequently interspersed in Mrs. Stanislaus' conversation. She also indicated that if she got well she would pay a special visit to a prominent church in the vicinity. She constantly admonished Miss Glynn not to pray for money but for health, summing up by saying, "You have your health, you have everything."

On several occasions Mrs. Stanislaus was quite explicit to Miss Glynn about not liking the hospital. She said it in many different ways, such as: "Here nothing tastes good." "Here you nothing but a pig." "I don't want to stay in this place all winter." "Some people think this hospital good, but I don't like it." These feelings were sharply contrasted with those toward home. "A piece of bread and a cup of tea taste fine at home. Here a big roast is like ashes in the mouth." "People are happy when they know they can go home. Home is the best place."

Mrs. Stanislaus was particularly scornful about the hospital's cooking and housekeeping. For more than a week she refused to eat any meat, declaring that it made her sick. She told Miss Glynn they didn't know how to cook meat. "They just throw it in a pan," she said once. "No onion, no pepper, black and hard." While her bed was being made one morning Mrs. Stanislaus sat in a chair at the foot of the bed and talked with Miss Glynn, keeping an eye on the student nurse who was changing the linen. "You put on a clean pillowcase?" she asked the student.

"I'm sorry, they didn't have any today," the student replied.

Mrs. Stanislaus sighed heavily and threw up her hands. "They have no clean pillowcases for a couple of days now. At home if you want a clean pillowcase, you get it right away. Even if you only got a couple, you can get the husband or the sister to dip in a pan of water, hang it on the line, and press it. All fresh and clean. Here you must always be wait. They don't care if you want a clean pillowcase. I wish I go home."

On the days when she had no visitors Mrs. Stanislaus' dislike of the hospital seemed to be intensified. At these times she told Miss Glynn that the hospital was "very lonely" and often added, "You don't know how lonely the hospital is. People forget. The first week you here a lot of people come, but after two or three weeks they get tired. They forget you." Again she said

things such as, "I never thought I be like this. I never know how much you want people to come see you in the hospital. Everyone forgets you in the hospital — even the doctors." Or again, "When you are old and sick, people forget you. You are just a nuisance." These expressions of sentiment were typically coupled with questions about how long Mrs. Stanislaus would have to stay in the hospital. This question appeared in some form in every conversation Miss Glynn had with her.

Miss Glynn noted that Mrs. Stanislaus showed no apparent interest in the holiday preparations going on around her. All the other patients in the ward had been excited for days at the prospect of going to a carol sing and Christmas entertainment in the hospital auditorium. They had talked about it among themselves and to the staff at considerable length. Mrs. Stanislaus had never made any reference to the forthcoming party in her conversations with Miss Glynn. On the morning of the affair Miss Glynn, who was going away for Christmas, went to the medical ward to say good-by and found all the patients busy "prettying up" for the party. One ambulatory patient was pressing hair ribbons by running them taut across a radiator; another was giving manicures with bright red nail polish; several patients remarked how wonderful it was that everyone in the ward would be able to go. When Miss Glynn reached Mrs. Stanislaus' bed, however, the latter said nothing whatever about the party. She seemed especially morose and uncommunicative, confining her remarks to how lonely she was and how she had told her family not to come to the hospital on Christmas Day. "Hospitals are no place to come on Christmas," she said.

On Miss Glynn's return from her holiday, she heard from another patient that Mrs. Stanislaus had not been able to stay at the party. Dr. Ware had brought her back almost immediately, and she had stayed in bed for a couple of days. Miss Glynn recalled now that Mrs. Stanislaus had made no mention of this episode until yesterday (the day before the current outburst), when she had said just as Miss Glynn was leaving, "I had to come back from the Christmas party. I no want to go at all but the nurse she say to me 'Come on, Mrs. Stanislaus — you go for *me*?' So what I gonna do? I say all right. But I know I come back. The crowd and the noise and I can't see. It makes me nervous. I don't like crowds. So I tell Dr. Ware and he bring me back and give me a pill and say, 'You just rest now, Mrs. Stanislaus,' and he stay with me."

The more Miss Glynn thought about her conversations with Mrs. Stanislaus, the more she wondered what they meant and how (if at all) the things she had seen and heard were related to Mrs. Stanislaus' current upset and to her medical progress generally.

*Osler Memorial Hospital (D)**

WARD ROUNDS

Part I: Staff Conference

IN THE course of her volunteer work at Osler Memorial Hospital, Elizabeth Glynn often visited the Women's Medical Ward in the late morning during some part of the daily ward rounds. "Rounds" consisted of a tour of the ward made each day at about eleven o'clock by a member of Osler's voluntary staff accompanied by the resident staff and a varying number of medical students.[1]

The chief purpose of the daily rounds was to check on the progress of "old" patients and to decide on the program for new ones. The resident staff followed a standard program of medical management in the wards for each illness. Any significant change in this program required consultation among the chief of the service, the visit, and the resident staff. Thus, in the cases of patients whose illnesses had been diagnosed and programs decided upon, the visiting doctor needed only to ascertain that the patients were progressing satisfactorily. In the case of new patients, he had to check the diagnosis the resident had already made and instruct the staff as to the subsequent program. Thus, rounds also fulfilled a teaching function. Especially for the junior members of the resident staff and for the medical students assigned to the ward, it provided an occasion for experience in handling patients under the tutelage of an experienced physician.

Miss Glynn's duties usually required her to leave the ward before rounds were completed. Patients and nurses, however, often told her about something that had happened on rounds or commented on the current visit. She began to get the idea that for the ward staff and for many of the patients,[2] the rounds was the focal point of the day, and she was curious to see a rounds in its entirety.

Miss Glynn was interested particularly in one patient, Mrs. Anna Stanislaus, a 64-year-old Polish woman, whom she had escorted on November 30, 1945, through the admissions routine of the hospital.[3] Mrs. Stanislaus entered the hospital on the recommendation of the Outpatient Department with a diagnosis of thyrotoxicosis.[4] Miss Glynn knew from the admissions record that Mrs. Stanislaus was also suffering from a recurrence of symptoms diagnosed

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[1] For details on the staff and its function, see "Osler Memorial Hospital (B)." Members of the voluntary staff were physicians who served the hospital part time, taking turns visiting the various wards and clinics according to a duty roster that changed every other month. The doctor assigned to a ward in this capacity at any given time was typically referred to at the hospital as the "visit."

[2] The interest of patients seemed to Miss Glynn to vary with their own progress. For the first few days after a patient's admission to the ward she was typically excited, even apprehensive, about the visit. After her case had been diagnosed, however, and treatment decided upon, the patient's interest in the visit appeared to wane until she was given some indication that the doctors were considering a change in treatment, a move to another service such as surgery, or her dismissal from the hospital. At such times the patient awaited each visit eagerly to ask when any of these things was going to happen.

[3] See "Osler Memorial Hospital (A)" and "(C)."

[4] An abnormal increase in the activity of the thyroid gland.

earlier in 1945 as "subsiding infectious hepatitis." [5] Moreover, the record showed that cataracts were developing in both of Mrs. Stanislaus' eyes. In view of these complications Miss Glynn wondered what program the medical staff would prescribe for Mrs. Stanislaus. Accordingly, she arranged to attend the ward rounds on December 1, the day following Mrs. Stanislaus' admission.

Miss Glynn arrived in the ward just as the rounds were about to begin. Miss Ellsworth, the head nurse on the ward during the day and the only graduate nurse on the ward, was at the desk, notebook and pen in hand. "Who's the doctor?" Miss Glynn asked, nodding toward a man in a business suit entering the ward.

"Oh, that's Dr. Farnum," said Miss Ellsworth. "I guess he's the visit today. Dr. Berry, the regular visit this month, is sick. Why, *hello*, Dr. Farnum," she continued as he approached the desk. "Are you the visit today? We heard Dr. Berry was sick."

"Hello, Miss Ellsworth," Dr. Farnum replied. "Yes, I'm *it* today. Where are the boys?"

"Out in the lab, I think," said Miss Ellsworth, rising from her desk and leading the way to the laboratory. Miss Glynn followed.

Dr. Grimbach, the resident; Dr. Ware, the assistant resident; and "Dr." Castano, a medical student, were deep in discussion in the laboratory when Dr. Farnum appeared. Miss Glynn, who stood in the doorway, noted that Dr. Grimbach and Dr. Ware were dressed completely in white, and that in place of his suit coat Dr. Castano wore a white jacket with "OMS" for Osler Medical School on the right sleeve. Both the resident and the assistant resident had stethoscopes hanging out of their pockets. "Gosh, sir," said Dr. Ware, catching sight of Dr. Farnum, "did we have a night last night!"

"And *how!*" echoed Dr. Grimbach.

"Well, let's go into the conference room and hear all about it," said Dr. Farnum. He and Dr. Ware led the way to one of the several conference rooms reserved for staff and students. Miss Ellsworth, Dr. Castano, and Miss Glynn followed. Dr. Grimbach excused himself to go to the "path lab" for a moment. Two doctors from the Men's Medical Ward were already seated on one side of the oval table in the conference room, while a member of the Social Service Department and a student nurse occupied chairs on the other side. Dr. Farnum seated himself at one end of the table with the doctors from the Men's Medical Ward on his left. Dr. Ware sat in the vacant seat between the doctors from the Men's Medical Ward and Dr. Farnum. Castano left a chair empty and sat farther down the left side of the table. Miss Glynn followed Miss Ellsworth to the right side of the table and sat beside her. The social service worker was at Dr. Farnum's right, the student nurse next to her.

"Did you hear about Mr. Boyle?" one of the interns from the Men's Medical asked Dr. Farnum as the latter was sitting down. "He gave us a bad last couple of hours before he finally went across the way." [6]

Dr. Farnum nodded. "Not much we can talk about till we see the results of the autopsy," he said. "I'll go over with you after we get through here."

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[5] A derangement of the liver function due to an infection, the derangement producing, among other symptoms, jaundice, as well as subjective (loss of appetite) and objective (vomiting, weight loss) changes in the function of the digestive system.

[6] This expression was used throughout the hospital for "died." The pathology laboratory where autopsies were performed was across the street from the main hospital.

"Well, we had that little twelve-year-old girl on the auxiliary ward [7] who was brought in here a couple of days ago with a supposed appendicitis," said Dr. Ware. "She's developed pneumonia but has no signs of appendicitis. We gave her penicillin, but found that her organism was resistant to it. Her temperature is very high — 104°–105°. We've sent some cultures to the lab to be planted and here are some X-rays." He handed the X-ray films to Dr. Farnum.

Dr. Farnum held the films up to the light. "Is she going to die?" he said to Dr. Ware. "What do you think?"

"She's got a fifty-fifty chance," Dr. Ware said slowly, "but she's pretty sick." Dr. Farnum cast an inquiring look around the table. Dr. Castano shrugged his shoulders.

An intern from the Men's Medical Ward said, "I saw her. She's pretty sick, all right."

"Come, come, gentlemen," chided Dr. Farnum. "Why all the gloom? Is having an organism resistant to penicillin against the law? Is it bad, like being resistant to psychiatry?" Everyone laughed. "Remember, twenty years ago we had nothing with which to treat pneumonia, except good care. These drugs like penicillin are *medicines,* not miracles. They are subject to limitations in use, like all medicines. How much has the fatality rate from pneumonia decreased in this country since the discovery of the new drugs?" There was a general muttering around the table which indicated that no one really knew. "Perhaps 20 per cent in the country as a whole," Dr. Farnum said. "Nearer 10 per cent in places like this where the rate was lower anyway. These are scarcely 'miraculous figures.' "

"But isn't that just for types 1 and 2?" asked Dr. Grimbach, who had come in and seated himself next to Dr. Castano just as Dr. Farnum asked the question about the decline in pneumonia fatalities. "I think this case is lobar."

"We get very little real lobar these days," Dr. Farnum answered. "Most of the pneumonia we see is said to be virus, though I'm not sure about that. But in any event, it doesn't hit a man the way old-fashioned lobar used to strike. He could be walking along the street and all of a sudden he'd have a very sharp pain in his chest. With lobar the patient usually spits prune sputum. We rarely see that nowadays."

Dr. Farnum paused for a few moments and no one else spoke. "The important thing, gentlemen, is not to get panicky when these things don't work. Do not rush around and fill the patient up with a lot of things at once. The body is putting up a great fight to get back to normal. Take it slowly. Be sure you don't make things worse! What's this little patient's history?" he concluded.

"We haven't a very complete story," said Dr. Ware. "You see, she's a retarded child and goes to a special school. She was taken sick at the school and they rushed her in here. No doctor came with her, and she can't tell us much about herself. Her parents got here as quick as they could. They gave us all her earlier history, but they don't know the immediate antecedents of this illness, since she was boarding at the school."

"Well, the doctor who said she had an appendicitis is the one who should know that," said Dr. Farnum. "Didn't he send any history?"

[7] The auxiliary ward was a series of six single rooms, for dangerously sick patients. It was located just above the regular Women's Ward.

"Maybe we're stupid not to know what's wrong with her without one!" said one of the interns.

Dr. Farnum laughed, as did everyone. Miss Glynn noted that the attitude of the interns with Dr. Farnum was "easy." They seemed perfectly willing to "stick their necks out." "Don't leave the next fellow in the dark, gentlemen," Dr. Farnum commented. "Give him something to go on when you can. Well, we'll have a look at her."

"Well, there is Mrs. Adams also on auxiliary," Dr. Grimbach said. Dr. Farnum nodded, and Miss Glynn observed that everyone seemed to know who Mrs. Adams was and what her illness was, without further elucidation.

"What's the matter with her now?" Dr. Farnum asked.

"Well, during the night she developed bad cramps," explained Dr. Grimbach. "She didn't respond to heat treatment."

"What's the trouble?" said Dr. Farnum.

"We think it might be an intestinal obstruction," Dr. Grimbach said.

"Why?" said Dr. Farnum. Miss Glynn noticed that Dr. Ware, who had looked very weary throughout, was falling asleep in his chair. Dr. Castano was suffering very obviously from a bad head cold and spent a large part of the time with a handkerchief over his nose and mouth. For several seconds no one said anything. "Why should she get an intestinal obstruction?" Dr. Farnum asked, looking at Dr. Ware, who was arousing himself with difficulty.

"Well, sometimes," Dr. Ware volunteered rather hesitantly, "when people have been in bed for a long while, their intestines get tired and just don't function, I think." Dr. Farnum looked at Dr. Ware intently but made no comment.

"What do you think should be done, Dr. Castano?" asked Farnum.

"Maybe we should do an exploratory," Castano answered.

Dr. Farnum nodded, then turned to Dr. Ware and said, "This theory about your intestines 'getting tired,' Bob, I don't know it. Why do you think that?"

Dr. Ware said, "It seems like a possible explanation of something I can't otherwise explain."

After a pause Dr. Farnum said, "I don't know, but it seems to me we'll have to think more about that." He turned to an intern from the Men's Ward and said, "What do you think about it, Gil?"

"I don't know; I haven't seen the patient," Gil replied.

"Well, neither have *I*," said Dr. Farnum. "We'll go look at her when we get through here."

The other intern from the Men's Medical Ward remarked that it was funny, but they had had another case of intestinal obstruction last week — "if this *is* intestinal obstruction — Miss Murdock."

Dr. Farnum asked, "Not *Carrie* Murdock, the arthritic, who was in auxiliary last week?" The intern nodded. "Well," said Dr. Farnum, "it's hard to take *anything* Carrie does as normal or to find it in anyone else. Do you know that from 1938 when she had her first hospitalization here until last year — from 1938, mind you, until 1944 — she ran a temperature consistently. You know how debilitating *that* is. There has been a great change in Carrie since her first stay with us. When she came, she was quite crippled and had never been taught exercises, but she was very responsive and cheerful, and everyone liked her. After a period we sent her home, with plans of bringing her in at

a later date for six months' more treatment. She came back and stayed for six months on the main ward, still very happy. We did not get quite the amount of improvement we were looking for, however; apparently this fact changed her attitude, because when we decided to bring her in this time, she was a changed person, very cross, hateful to everyone. There was a woman in the next bed to hers who used to boast about her children. One day the woman's daughter came in to visit, and after she left, Carrie said, 'So *that's* your daughter. I can't see that she's anything to *boast* about.' The woman burst into tears, and the whole ward was upset. I rather thought it was at least partly our fault. I think we acted as if we thought Carrie was hopeless; there wasn't anything we could do for her. I feel that is a mistake. Never let your patient see that you think a case is hopeless. Your feeling is reflected in the patient. Carrie was moved to the auxiliary ward after this episode. Then we got her interested in going out to Bancroft [8] for a while. There is a lady doctor out there who is quite successful with older arthritic patients. Carrie didn't tell me anything about her obstruction when I went to see her last Saturday. Now she's gone back to Bancroft."

Dr. Ware said, "Maybe she feels rejected." There was general laughter. Miss Glynn got the feeling, as she had at the point earlier when Dr. Farnum said, "Is it against the law to be resistant to penicillin . . . like being resistant to psychiatry?" that a number of those present were more amused than impressed by psychiatry. "We can all laugh," said Dr. Farnum, "but people sometimes do feel rejected over things like this. Dr. Leipzig[9] told me about a patient who at the same time he was treating her was going to Dr. Warren for arthritic treatment. Dr. Warren released her, but she continued to go to Dr. Leipzig. He found that she definitely felt rejected by Dr. Warren. Maybe we do have something like that with Carrie."

Dr. Farnum then picked up a folder which Dr. Ware had placed in front of him. "Here's a new patient, Mrs. Stanislaus," he said. "What do we know about her?" He looked at the signature on the report of the day before. "Donald S. Dutton," he read, looking around the group. "He doesn't seem to be here. Do you want to take it up now, Bob, or wait till he's around?" Dr. Farnum asked.

Dr. Ware said, "Well, I can tell you about her. I talked to her last night about ten o'clock and made a few examinations. We might look at her, too, this morning."

"Sure," said Dr. Farnum, "you go on and talk. I'll scan this while you do."

Dr. Ware outlined the case of Mrs. Stanislaus as follows: "This is a 64-year-old woman, making her third trip to Osler. Her first trip was last summer when she came to the Outpatient Department complaining of weight loss, loss of appetite, and yellow appearance. She was diagnosed as infectious hepatitis (jaundice) and admitted for treatment. The doctors discovered that there was also a thyroid condition, probably goiter, bilateral cataracts, and a small abdominal tumor. They decided not to operate for the goiter or cataracts first, but to clear up the jaundice condition and operate for the tumor. The patient was admitted to the house for the abdominal operation late in August. In the course of the operation, the surgeon examined all the abdominal organs and discovered what he described in the record as a hard stony mass in the

[8] A private convalescent home in the vicinity.
[9] Head of psychiatric service at Osler Memorial Hospital.

region of the gall bladder. He could not be sure of its nature, however. Mrs. Stanislaus recovered from the operation well, gained weight, and returned home after three weeks. She continued to feel well for a month or so. About three weeks ago she returned to the Outpatient Department complaining of losing weight, backache, and a general tired feeling. She said her husband said she was yellow, but that because of her poor eyesight she couldn't detect changes in color. When the condition persisted and prevented her from eating, the Outpatient Department recommended that she be admitted to the hospital."

"Well, what do we do with her first?" asked Dr. Farnum.

There was a long pause, and Dr. Ware finally said, "Well, I saw her at ten last night under artificial light, which wasn't such a good thing. She doesn't seem to be in any pain, except when she lies on her side. She complains of being tired. She told me she was sure she had a cancer."

"It's funny. The ones that are sure so seldom do," Dr. Farnum commented. "Remember that famous case we had several years ago when a man's very alarming symptoms led us to expect cancer. An operation revealed a tiny tumor 2 *centimeters* long, not even *in* an organ but tucked in a curve of the duodenum. The man recovered admirably and went back to his work." Dr. Farnum stared at Mrs. Stanislaus' record for several seconds.

"And then there was that girl," he went on, "whose case we'll never know in all its details because the girl's mother had been a cleaning woman at the hospital's pathology lab once and would not permit an autopsy." He turned to Miss Ellsworth and said, "I'll bet you understand why. Nurses usually won't permit one either. And I think that's because you have to go to your first autopsy when you are just probationers and many of the girls haven't ever seen a dead person before. It must be a terrible shock. It seems to me that that part of your training might be taken later, perhaps when a case you had been following ended up across the way. It would be quite a different feeling then."

Miss Ellsworth whispered to Miss Glynn, "I wish we had him all the time. He's one of the nicest around. You always *learn* something from him."

"Well, now, to get back to Mrs. Stanislaus," Dr. Farnum said, "what do you know except what is here?" gesturing toward the record. "What type of Pole is she? Is she the little wiry type of Jewish ancestry or the 'lump-of-clay' peasant type? Those two types are very common. The first is terribly nervous and apprehensive about everything; the latter takes everything in her stride."

Dr. Ware said hesitantly that she was more the first type. "You know, gentlemen, it's very important to understand your patients," said Dr. Farnum. "You can cheat just as much as you can get away with to find out about them. You can look in their sputum cups, you can question their relatives, you can look under the bed to see if they have anything hidden there. It's all legitimate, but you *must find out about them.* It is all very well to give them tests, but other things are important, too. There is quite a lot of history on this patient. Bob, what do you think is the most important thing found out about her to date?"

Dr. Ware said slowly, "Well, that hard stony mass doesn't sound good to me. There's a chance it's malignant."

One of the interns from the Men's Medical Ward said, "I wonder about

that jaundice diagnosis last June. Was she still yellow when she came in for the operation in August? It doesn't say so in the record, does it?"

Dr. Farnum said, "So you feel there's a chance of malignancy, 'probably carcinoma,' here?" There was a rather weak but general nod around the table from all but Grimbach, who gave no sign of agreement or disagreement. Dr. Farnum began to read aloud from the file in front of him the sentences describing the symptoms which the patient showed on her arrival at the Outpatient Department the first time. "The patient says that beginning last Wednesday she was nauseated, and so forth . . ." When he had finished, Dr. Farnum said, "Gentlemen, to me that's practically the textbook definition of hepatitis. She can tell you just when certain symptoms appeared. She can describe what happened to her. In carcinoma, all the patient usually knows is that she has been feeling poorly for several weeks or months and had a pain here or there from time to time. I don't really think we can throw out that diagnosis of hepatitis, though we may have to amend it as we look further. What do the tests show to date?"

The doctors then discussed several tests which were completely unfamiliar to Miss Glynn. Dr. Farnum's attitude seemed to be, "We haven't established anything." At one point he asked, "When is the test helpful in establishing a diagnosis?" Then he answered his own question by saying, "When you already know!"

Finally, Dr. Farnum said, "Well, I suppose you will have to have all the tests made, nevertheless. Suppose we have to operate on her for something. Do you know how she feels about operations?"

Miss Ellsworth, who had not said anything to this point, turned to Miss Glynn and asked if she knew. Miss Glynn said in an aside to her, "I think she fully expects one." Dr. Farnum, who overheard the comment, repeated it after Miss Glynn, and then asked if she knew anything else about her. Miss Glynn told him that she had talked more to Mrs. Stanislaus' sister, Maria, than to the patient herself. Maria, whom she would put in Dr. Farnum's second class of Pole, the "lump-of-clay" type, had told her a bit about the family. Miss Glynn also told Dr. Farnum that Mrs. Stanislaus had been very restless while waiting to be put to bed on her first day at the hospital and that, by the time the bed was ready, the patient was in tears.

He broke in there to say, "You see, gentlemen, that's what it means to the patient to come to the hospital. That's what the tears mean. This is a big crisis for the patient. She is in a state where she can do no more by herself. She wouldn't come to the hospital if she could do anything else. The doctor must never forget that. Anything else?" he nodded at Miss Glynn.

She said the only other thing she could think of was Maria's comment that Mrs. Stanislaus had confidence in the Osler doctors. "There," said Dr. Farnum to Dr. Ware, "you can build on that. That is a good clue."

"All right," Dr. Farnum continued, rising from the table. "Let's go look at the patients."

Dr. Grimbach picked up Mrs. Stanislaus' record and the group started out of the conference room. Miss Ellsworth looked at her watch. "Oh, gosh," she said to Miss Glynn, "I have to do something. It's twelve already! You go ahead. I'll catch up."

Dr. Farnum stopped the staff group at the door of the ward, saying, "Now

when we talk about the patients in front of them let's never use words they can't understand. If you can't tell me what the trouble is in lay terms, wait and tell me afterwards. It only makes the patient nervous, and he may go look something up in a medical dictionary. Like Dr. Bill's father; he was in here last year with a coronary. He went home after a time feeling quite well, with instructions about how to behave. After a few months he had some little pain, so he called in the local doctor. The doctor said it was just this-and-that kind of coronary, using highly technical terms. So after he went Bill's father, being intelligent, went and looked it up in one of Bill's old medical dictionaries. The trouble was he forgot the adjective which the doctor had used and looked up another variety — which is *always* fatal. It nearly *was* for him. That's the sort of thing that may happen if you toss off technical terms in front of the patient," he concluded, pushing open the ward door.

Part II: Visit to the Patients

Dr. Farnum led the way toward the first bed with Dr. Ware, while Dr. Grimbach went over to the desk in the middle of the ward to get the record rack.[10] The two interns from the Men's Medical Ward, Dr. Castano, and Miss Glynn walked behind Dr. Farnum and Dr. Ware.

The section of the Women's Ward that the group entered had sixteen beds in the main room and one two-bed room opening off the main room. Each bed could be screened from the rest of the ward by curtains hanging from metal rods. Within the curtained area (hereafter referred to as a "cubicle"), there were, in addition to the bed, a small bedside table with one drawer and a shelf, a wooden armchair, and a bed table on rollers that could be pushed to the foot of the bed when the patient was not using it. The ward was rectangular in shape. There were five cubicles on each of the two longer sides of the ward, and all ten had windows. The others were windowless. Except for the first bed, which was being prepared for a new patient, all the beds in the ward were filled at the time of this visit. Mrs. Stanislaus, however, was the only new patient.

When the rounds began, most of the patients were finishing their midday meal, which was served between 11:30 and 11:45. As the group entered the ward, Miss Glynn noted that all the patients seemed to stop eating for a moment and then resumed until the doctors reached the bed next to theirs. Dr. Farnum began the rounds at cubicle 1. Dr. Ware walked at his right and kept up a steady conversation as they went from bed to bed, but his tone was so low that Miss Glynn could not hear what he was saying. Dr. Grimbach walked a little ahead and to the right of the group, pushing the record rack. As they approached each patient, he took the appropriate record out of the rack. Sometimes Dr. Farnum reached for the record and perused it quickly; sometimes he asked Dr. Grimbach a question about the record but did not look at it himself. Most of the patients had been on the ward for some time, and Miss Glynn saw that Dr. Farnum was familiar with their cases. For this reason, he did not make detailed examinations or spend very long with each patient.

Although the amount of time spent with each patient varied from as little

[10] The rack was on wheels, and Dr. Grimbach pushed it ahead of him throughout the rounds.

as a minute to as much as ten, Miss Glynn observed that Dr. Farnum's general technique was the same with each patient. He glanced at the name tag on the foot of each bed as he approached, walked up to the head of the bed on the patient's right side, and greeted her by name, asking her how she felt today. Dr. Ware stood behind Dr. Farnum, and the others grouped around the foot of the bed. In the cases where Dr. Farnum made a brief examination, the side curtains were drawn by the person nearest them, and the whole group moved inside the curtained area. Dr. Grimbach and Dr. Ware stood on either side of Dr. Farnum during these examinations.

The following episodes in the rounds interested Miss Glynn especially:

As the group passed cubicle 1, which was empty, Dr. Farnum asked Dr. Grimbach if the patient's English ever got any better than Dr. Grimbach's Greek. Dr. Grimbach said, "She never knew any English except 'O.K.'" "It's really easier to treat a horse than a patient whose language you don't know," said Dr. Farnum. "At least the horse's master can tell you what happened and how the animal's been behaving."

In the two-bed room off the main ward known as R1, Mrs. Johnson, aged sixty, and Mrs. Feinstein, thirty-four, were receiving special medication after spending several weeks in the surgical ward.[11] Miss Glynn had talked with Mrs. Johnson the day before when Mrs. Stanislaus was admitted, for the latter was temporarily put to bed in R1.[12] As Dr. Farnum approached Mrs. Johnson's bed, she said, "You know, doctor, I feel 100 per cent better."

"That's good," Dr. Farnum replied, "but what's the matter with your dinner? Not hungry?" he asked, looking at her food, which she had barely touched.

Mrs. Johnson replied, "Oh, I don't like this diet. I liked the other one better. No orange juice — no sugar. After *you* said I could have it. Look, *grapes* for dessert. What harm is one and one-half spoons of sugar a day going to do me, doctor?" At that point, Mrs. Johnson spotted Dr. Grimbach, who was standing near the door. She said, "Oh, where did you come from? I didn't see you." She added somewhat "coyly," Miss Glynn thought, "You haven't been to see me in a long time."

Everyone smiled knowingly, and Dr. Farnum turned his attention to Mrs. Feinstein, who was saying to Dr. Ware, "Doctor, what about my streptomycin?" She spoke rather antagonistically, it seemed to Miss Glynn.

Dr. Ware said rather hesitantly, "Well, Dr. Berry is sick, and I'm not sure just what we will do about that."

"You promised me I'd be home for Christmas," she said vehemently, "and I hold you to it. *Twenty-three days* from now *I'm going home.*" There was no mistaking her feelings, Miss Glynn thought.

Dr. Farnum said, "What's it all about, Dr. Ware?"

"Well," Dr. Ware replied, "we don't want to do it on our own responsibility."

The patient broke in, "I don't have to wait till Dr. Berry gets well, do I?"

Before Dr. Ware could answer, Dr. Farnum said, "We're all agreed that nothing in a hospital should depend on any one man's being around. So don't

[11] Miss Ellsworth, the head nurse, rejoined the group as they entered R1. She carried a notebook and pencil with her and walked close to the record rack for the rest of the tour. Miss Glynn did not observe her making any notes, nor did she say anything.

[12] On the day after her admission Mrs. Stanislaus was moved to cubicle 16, which she occupied for about three days. She was subsequently moved to cubicle 1 at her own request. Mrs. Feinstein was moved from the surgical ward into R1 when Mrs. Stanislaus was moved out.

worry, Mrs. Feinstein. You'll have anything you need whether Dr. Berry is here or not."

She smiled at him broadly and said, "Thank *you* very much, doctor," and glared back at the rest of the group.

Dr. Farnum looked at the bed. It was a normal-size, low bed, such as one might see in a home, not the usual hospital bed. Miss Glynn recalled that it was not the bed that had been there the day before when Mrs. Stanislaus was brought in. Dr. Farnum said, "We'll have to do something about this bed."

Mrs. Feinstein immediately became antagonistic again. "What's the matter with this bed? I like this bed," she declared.

Dr. Farnum said, "It is just that it is low for the nurses to bend over when they are changing it or giving you something. It is a little hard on them."

"Oh," said Mrs. Feinstein. As the group left R1, Miss Glynn glanced back and noted that Mrs. Feinstein was dabbing at her eyes vigorously with a piece of Kleenex.

Cubicle 7 was occupied by Jane Harrington, forty-three, a diabetic, who had been admitted on November 22, 1945, in a state of diabetic coma. "Hello, Dr. Farnum," Miss Harrington called as he approached.

"Why, hello, Miss Harrington," he answered. "My, you certainly are looking better!"

"Thank you, doctor. I *feel* better," she replied.

"Well, now, let's see," Dr. Farnum said, looking at her record. "Miss Harrington's an intelligent girl. We've taught her to test for sugar, haven't we? Let's teach her to test for acetone, too. I think she'll be fine if she knows about those two things."

"Oh, thank you," said Miss Harrington, beaming. "I'm sure I'll get along all right, now."

At cubicle 15 the patient said, "Remember me, doctor?"

"Why, of course I do, Mrs. Bailey," he said, "I saw you in the Outpatient and up on Six, didn't I?"

"That's right, doctor," the woman replied, smiling.

"Did your operation do you all the good we said it would?" Dr. Farnum asked.

"Oh yes, doctor," she answered, "I feel fine." As the group moved on Dr. Farnum replied, "Now there's a patient who *loves* the idea of operations! Any operation you could do for her would do her good because she's so sure it's what she needs!"

As the group approached Mrs. Stanislaus' cubicle, number 16, Dr. Farnum said, "Oh yes, the new patient." Mrs. Stanislaus was staring directly at Dr. Farnum and appeared not to see anyone else in the group. When Dr. Farnum asked her how she felt, she replied, "Not sick, just tired." He asked her where the pain was, and she gestured between her shoulder blades and back and forth across her back. He asked her if it wasn't lower and she said, "No." He examined the skin on her arm and her back intensively and looked at the record for several minutes but made no comment. As the group left the cubicle he said, "Her name is spelled one way on her water pitcher and a different way on the bed tag. Better get that fixed. Let's look at her again after you get the test results."

The group then went upstairs to the auxiliary ward, except for Miss Ellsworth, who remained on the main ward. A graduate nurse met Dr. Farnum at the desk near the elevator. She greeted him cordially, and he asked her how everything was going. She said, "Pretty well, but you won't have to wonder about me after Monday."

He said, "What? Are you leaving?"

She said, "Yes."

"Don't you like it up here?" Dr. Farnum asked. The nurse shook her head violently. "Well, you ought to go back to your old floor. You liked that, didn't you?"

"Yes," she replied, "but this time I'm going to outpatient-surgical."

There was a long pause, and Dr. Farnum said, "Well, I'm glad if you want to do that, but we'll certainly miss you up here."

As they walked in toward the rooms, the nurse said to Miss Glynn, "That's what they all say, but usually I don't believe it." She implied to Miss Glynn that in the case of Dr. Farnum she did believe it.

Dr. Farnum visited each of the six rooms in the auxiliary ward. Typically, he and either Dr. Grimbach or Dr. Ware went into the room, the rest of the group standing in the doorway. At the door of the room occupied by the retarded twelve-year-old patient believed to have pneumonia, the nurse offered each of the group a mask. Only Dr. Castano (who had a bad cold) put one on. Dr. Farnum and one of the interns from the Men's Ward went over to the bed. Dr. Farnum examined the child's earlobes; the intern listened to her breathing. Both of them talked to her reassuringly, calling her "Betty." She had been whimpering as the group entered the room but quieted down as they talked to her. Dr. Farnum asked the nurse as he came out if she thought the child knew what "pain" was and whether she was in pain.

The nurse replied, "Up until last night she'd tell me where it hurt! She was really much more coöperative, too, than lots of normal patients. But today she won't talk at all. She just moans and whimpers."

A man and woman were standing at the end of the corridor near the windows. The woman, wiping her eyes, glanced over anxiously as Dr. Farnum emerged from the room. The man looked up, and then walked away in the direction of the elevator. "The parents?" Dr. Farnum asked. The nurse nodded. Dr. Farnum walked up to the woman. "Has Betty ever had any serious illness before?" he asked.

"No, doctor," the woman replied, "just colds. She seemed to get those more easily than normal children."

Dr. Farnum nodded. "Do you think she's in any pain now?" he asked.

"I think she's quite uncomfortable," the mother said.

"All right," Dr. Farnum said, "would you like to help?"

"Oh, we certainly would, doctor," replied the mother.

"Well, Betty needs all the liquid she'll take," Dr. Farnum said. "You and your husband could help a lot if you saw to it that she got it."

"Oh, we will," said the mother, beaming.

"Fine," said Dr. Farnum. "Miss Norris, here, will give you masks and you can go in to her." At the desk he said to the nurse, "Don't let the youngster suffer. If that moaning keeps up, give her this." Dr. Farnum wrote out the

directions and continued to the interns, "I think this child is very sick, but not dangerously sick. Let's keep on the way you are until you get the report on the cultures."

Mrs. Adams, the patient reported to have an intestinal obstruction, was asleep, so Dr. Farnum just looked at her without disturbing her. As he was reading the charts, the nurse said she seemed much more comfortable. Dr. Farnum was paged while he was leaving the patient's room. He said to the group, "Well, that's everybody, anyway. I'll see you later," and got into the elevator. Miss Glynn noted it was about 12:45.

CASE 17

Stoerpenberg Camp[*]

THERE WERE a hundred and sixty of them. They had been counted and checked; they knew, and the Burgomaster knew, that there were exactly a hundred and sixty of them. They moved about the building peering out the windows at the drab winter landscape, or sat around the tables — now and then dropping down on a bunk, hands under head, to lie staring at the ceiling. One hundred and sixty American prisoners of war, all having been captured in the Battle of the Bulge two months ago, and now — the Kreigsarbeiter Kommando unit at Stoerpenberg, somewhere in western Germany.

The first two days they had done little but lie on their bunks and wait to be fed. Slowly drifting about from one man to another, casual conversations brought out what little was known about their situation. All were privates, no N.C.O.'s or officers; all had been in combat units of one kind or another. They represented a fair cross-section of their country, as no regional group dominated. Some of the men had been able to talk to the guards and found out that the camp was at the edge of a large town, and that they were to be used as workers in the fields nearby and in general utility work about the town.

They were housed in a gymnasium that had been part of a group of factory buildings. It evidently had been used as a workers' recreation center. At one end of the building a few tumbling mats and gymnastic bars were all that remained of the building's former utility. Down the center of the building was an aisle formed by two rows of tables. Behind the tables on each side were rows of double-decked bunks, while at the end of the gymnasium opposite the tumbling mats were three small rooms, partitioned off from the main part. The center of the three rooms was fitted with washing troughs; on one side was a storage room, on the other a lavatory. At this end of the building on the outside was a narrow long plot of ground used as an exercise yard for the prisoners.

By the second day the men had picked out bunks and taken places at the tables. There were ten of the tables, so sixteen men were grouped to a table. They had tended to coalesce in little groups that had previously had some contact with one another. None of the men could have known anyone for more than two months, but, under the circumstances, to at least know a name and face seemed something of a bond to them. A few irregulars who had no

[*] Copyright, 1949, University of Kansas; Soc., E.S. 14.

associations as yet tended to drift to the table closest to their bunk if any room was left, and if not, to the next one that had a place left.

The next day the German officer in charge informed the prisoners that it would be necessary for them to choose a group leader. This leader would convey to the group the regulations and orders of the work unit and would be responsible for the carrying out of such living-quarters' rules as would be necessary for health and sanitation.

After the interpreter told the prisoners of this, they began to discuss it among themselves. They were seated around the tables, as either at the tables or lying on their bunks were the only places with enough space for two or three of them to get together. It was the general opinion that an election should be held. Very shortly, men at different tables began to move around to other tables advocating their candidate. Finally, by action of the group, certain men were proposed as candidates. The votes were taken by show of hands. If a proposed candidate seemed to have a fairly large number of people behind him he was considered in the running and, if not, was immediately dropped. The choice soon narrowed down to a few men. These men were presented to the group by their backers, and each candidate had campaign speeches made in his favor. After each candidate had had his case presented, the final vote was taken by show of hands. The choice was Kent, a man of good physical appearance, who had demonstrated commanding personality and superior social presence during the leader election.

Kent immediately began his office by bringing up the very important question of how the prisoners' food was to be distributed. Under the conditions, food was of paramount importance and was the topic most constantly on every prisoner's mind. Kent suggested that the tables were the logical basis of distribution, and therefore each table should choose a table leader and then consider how to share the food ration. The men at the tables responded quickly to this and turned their attention to the choice of table leaders. The choices here were not made as in the election of the group leader. There was no formal "politicking," rather an informal mulling over of those at the tables. Certain aspects of prisoners' backgrounds seemed to have weight, such as education, having acted as an N.C.O., and especially the ability to verbalize easily and fluently. Since at each table there were informal sub-groups of men who had previously had some acquaintance, there was more knowledge of individual backgrounds than in the choice of the group leader.

Shortly after the table leaders were chosen, several of them went to Kent and suggested that they set up a council to govern the unit. Kent agreed, and thereafter the council was convened regularly. At the council the table leaders were informed of any developments regarding the German administration of the work unit so that they might inform their tables. After this, various problems were discussed as to living arrangements, clean-up details, and all the minutiae of their everyday existence. Most of the matters were settled by the council at its meetings, but if at times they felt a matter to be an exception, it was returned to the tables for a referendum among the members before action was taken. If one of the men felt he had a legitimate "gripe" he went to the table leader. If the table leader could not settle it to his satisfaction, then the table leader would bring it before the council at its next meeting.

Here a final settlement of the matter would be made except for the rare cases in which it was decided to have a mandate from the group at large.

In a few weeks the prisoners were organized into compact units; the routine necessities of their life were met, with each man having certain duties to perform in a regular rotation for the benefit of all. Behind the formal structure was the code of the group. The code was not a formal thing, no one had written it down or made speeches about it, yet everyone seemed to know what it was and lived by it or knew what to expect if he did not.

The first and most important rule was that of no stealing, with great emphasis on food and tobacco. Also, it was desirable to keep as clean as possible, not to "let go" even though being clean required some effort. As to the work being done for the Germans, it was perfectly justifiable to exert as little as necessary to get by, but in doing so not to get caught. It was also permissible to steal from the Germans, in fact in any way to commit any act that would result in advantage to a prisoner, but he must not get caught. If caught, the prisoner's duty was clear; to identify himself as the sole participant and to bear the brunt of German displeasure. There were to be no formal efforts at "crossing" the Germans on the part of the group.

One day, as the result of an incident among the members of Table Five, the leaders suddenly found themselves with a difficult problem. One of the men at the table was accused of stealing food, and the uproar over it threatened to break up the work unit's system. One of the members of Table Five was a man named Court. From the very first Ainslee, the table leader of Number Five, had been aware that Court did not fit into any of the informal groups at the table, nor did he seem to have any friends at any of the other tables. His manner was listless and apathetic, withdrawn from the life about him, his reactions rather slow and confused when any situation arose that required him to participate in some activity. His personal habits were very lax to the point of being filthy, even though some facilities existed for washing and grooming. It was Ainslee's opinion that Court was mentally ill or had suffered some intense experience during his capture that had dulled his perception of his present situation.

Whatever the reasons, Court was one of the very few men who did not actively participate in the life of the group. His sole interest was food, not only the ration issued, but the saving of bread from the daily issue made. This bread he accumulated by not eating all that he was given, each day adding another small portion to his store. The chunks of bread were then concealed about his clothing and his bunk. Court was very suspicious of his fellow prisoners and spent much of his free time in carefully checking over his hoard. Soon much of the bread he had managed to save was stale and unpalatable; indeed, he was not seen to eat any of it, but rather derived his satisfaction from handling it and knowing that it was there when he wished to look at it.

Bartrum, physically the largest man at Table Five, had watched Court checking his hoard. He had remarked on the futility of Court's actions in casual conversations with others. Many of them agreed with him, and, as food was the most important aspect of the group life, some felt that it was wrong for one man to waste food that could be well utilized by others.

Each evening the men of the work unit stood in the aisle and were counted

by one of the German non-commissioned officers. The day of the incident, Bartrum was late to the head-count formation and, immediately after the men were dismissed, returned quietly to his bunk. A short time later the men around Table Five were startled by hoarse cries. Court was moving around and around his bunk, searching here and there, uttering moans and weeping. Ainslee and several others moved quickly over to Court. As best they could they were able to determine that much of his hoard of bread had been stolen. In a few minutes a large crowd of the men had collected about Court's bunk and the news of his loss passed quickly among them. Soon everywhere men were grouping together, glancing toward Court, who had continued his sorrowful lament. The low hum of many voices began to comment on the fact that Bartrum had been late to head count. Little by little a remark here, a comment there, a growing suspicion began to arise among them. A few of the men walked over to Bartrum's bunk and began looking around. Bartrum began to protest this action when suddenly one of the men found a chunk of bread tucked away at one end of the bunk. He shouted aloud his find and turned upon Bartrum. A thick knot of men rapidly swirled about Bartrum, cursing, shouting, and striking at him. Bartrum attempted to fight clear, stammering incoherently, as more and more men joined the mass about him. The room was full of the uproar and the confusion spread until every man in the room was part of the hubbub.

Kent, the group leader, heard the cries of the outraged men around Bartrum; quickly throwing himself into the crowd he fought his way to Bartrum. Seizing Bartrum by the collar, Kent managed to crawl up on top of a table where he could be seen above the mob, still holding Bartrum firmly. At first he could not make himself heard, but as more and more of the men saw who it was that held Bartrum they became quieter. Taking a deep breath Kent tried again, "Okay, I hate him as much as you do, but this isn't the way to do it." Howls of protest greeted his statement, but Kent kept on talking, holding out that the man must be handled by their regular set-up and not by a mob. Meanwhile, several of the table leaders had fought their way to Kent and now began to ring about him. Slowly the protests began to lessen, and Kent bore down on the fact that the group would have its chance to take action after the council had tried Bartrum. As the crowd became quieter, Kent called to the table leaders to come with him; he jumped down from the table and holding tightly to Bartrum pushed his way through the men. They let him pass and the leaders walked with Kent and Bartrum to the end of the room. Here on the old tumbling mats they sat down to consider what they must do.

Bartrum's trial was conducted with some formality. Kent presided, also conducting the interrogation, although questions were put by some of the table leaders. Bartrum began by denying the theft but soon began admitting the act by implication, justifying himself by saying that the bread was being wasted and should do someone some good. At last he was driven to admit his guilt; he finally said that he was ready for any punishment the council thought fit.

The council after some deliberation passed sentence on Bartrum. First, they placed him "in Coventry": no one was to speak to him or have anything to do with him at all. Second, he was to do two hours of additional work each

night after the work unit had returned from the fields. Third, he was to replace from his own ration an amount equal to the bread he had stolen. Finally, the sentence of the Coventry and extra work was to run for one month.

The table leaders then returned to their tables and consulted their men. The leaders used any influence they had to bring about acceptance, but, in general, most of the men seemed satisfied and only a few felt the sentence was too light. After each table had voted acceptance, the leaders returned to Kent and informed him of the results. Kent then sent Bartrum back to his bunk with a stern reminder that if he did not properly carry out his sentence the next action would be very severe.

For about two weeks Bartrum was cut off from the immediate company of his fellow prisoners. Then one night the gymnasium was hit during an Allied air attack. The prisoners were hurriedly bundled together and in small groups moved to other work-unit camps. Stoerpenberg was closed.

CASE 18

*Joseph Longman**

JOSEPH LONGMAN was hired in the spring of 1938 as a tank operator on the night shift of the anodizing department at the Mallard Airplane Company. He was placed in this kind of work with a promise from the personnel department that he would be transferred to another job when the opportunity arose. Before working at the Mallard Airplane Company he had been employed as an arc welder. Almost all the welding in airplane production is done by acetylene torches and electric spot-welding machines. Longman was not qualified along these lines. He was, however, a good mechanic.

Longman was a red-haired Scotsman about thirty-eight years of age. He was married and had a thirteen-year-old daughter of whom he was very proud. He had attended high school in California, and frequently referred to the fact that Robert Young was in the same school. Raising silver foxes was his hobby, and he hoped some day to have sufficient money and time to own a large fox farm. The small farm he owned, however, netted him an average income of $500 a year, an amount almost large enough to feed his family and keep up his house, which was located in the country.

In the anodizing department where Longman worked, the duraluminum parts used in airplane construction were given a protective coating to increase their resistance to corrosion. The parts to be anodized were suspended by duraluminum clamps in tanks of chromic acid solution (dirty brown in color) and then charged with an electric current. There were two principal jobs in the department, tank operating and drying. Tank operators loaded and unloaded the tanks and washed the acid from the parts, once they had been removed from the tanks. During the twenty-minute period when the electrolytic process was going on, they prepared the next tank load by tying parts together with aluminum wire. Dryers wiped and counted the parts and placed them on racks to be sent to the next department.

At first sight, working conditions in the anodizing department seemed both arduous and repulsive, especially for the tank operators. They wore rubber boots, rubber coveralls, and rubber gloves, and were required by law to wear masks to keep the acid from their lungs. The heat from the acid and their nonporous rubber clothing caused them to sweat profusely. The department was generally known as the "tank hole," and the men who worked there were referred to as "those dirty tank men." The tank men, however, were congenial

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and enjoyed working together. By speeding up the preparation of a load for the tanks, they could have a few minutes to loaf and gossip before it was time to pull out the parts already in the anodizing bath. The department supervisor made no objection to their practice of talking with one another between loads as long as they got the required amount of work done.

There were approximately twenty workers in the department. Since it was the company policy to hire young men for the department, most of the workers were from nineteen to twenty-three years of age. The work did not require previous training and could be learned in four to six weeks. Wage rates in the department were about average for the company. Stephen Gifford was the supervisor of the department. He was attending college during the day at this time.

The morale of the night shift in the anodizing department was very high. A number of the men, as well as Gifford, attended college in the daytime. They planned many social functions together. In the winter months they attended the college ice-hockey games and cheered for their supervisor, who played on one of the teams. During the summer, when college students were not in school, the group frequently took their lunches to the beach and played volley ball before coming to work. Once in a while they had a steak fry at a nearby lake to which they took girl friends or wives.

Longman did not participate in playing volley ball on the beach because his red hair and fair complexion could not stand the sunshine. He was, however, active in other group activities. He enjoyed helping to plan parties, and his wife was congenial and eager to purchase the hot dogs and rolls or to bake a cake. In fact, one night Mrs. Longman sent a cake which was passed around the department at midnight. This cake-eating at midnight became a habit thereafter, each man taking turns buying or having his mother, wife, or best girl bake a cake.

In addition to helping load and unload the tanks, Longman was in charge of running the electric current through the acid in one of the tanks. It was a position with some responsibility. He also instructed and oriented new men, a task which he enjoyed, and always went out of his way to help people with a problem. Consequently, he was well liked and respected by the rest of the men. However, there were no opportunities for advancement within the department.

An opportunity for Longman's transfer to another job did not arise until he had been in the anodizing department for two years. It would not have arisen then except that Gifford knew that it had been promised to him at the first opportunity. Gifford thought highly of Longman and wanted to see him promoted. Consequently, he was glad to arrange the transfer. A position was open in the sheet metal department, and Longman was assigned there to operate a punch press. There were over 200 men in this department, all of whom worked on individual machines. They had higher wages, cleaner working conditions, and more chance for advancement than the men in the anodizing department. They were not free to talk to each other, however, for each one had to be busy with his own machine. Moreover, the sheet metal supervisor seldom spoke to his men but stared at them with his hands on his hips when they were not working at their machines.

The quality of Longman's work was satisfactory from the start, and his

weekly earnings would have increased as soon as his transfer had been made permanent, which would have taken two weeks. Nevertheless before this time had elapsed, Longman requested that he be transferred back to the anodizing department, and the request was granted.

After Stephen Gifford finished college in the spring of 1940, he transferred to the company's personnel department where he was concerned with employee relations. Late in 1941 he visited the plant and the following conversation with Longman.

Gifford: Hello, Joe.

Longman: Well, it's a long time since I've seen you. How are you?

Gifford: Good. How are you?

Longman: O.K.

Gifford: How are those foxes coming along?

Longman: Better than ever. I've got some good pelts on foot this season — 46 of them. With this war raising prices I ought to do O.K. I'm going to make up a coat for Ruth. She's my daughter, you know.

Gifford: How's Ruth?

Longman: Mighty fine. She's a junior in high school now and doing mighty fine work. We got a letter from the principal telling us how fine Ruth was doing in her subjects. She wants to go to college, wants to be a school teacher some day. I guess college is pretty expensive, isn't it?

Gifford: A great deal depends upon which college she attends.

Longman: I've got to start putting some money away for Ruth's college education. After this war is over this airplane business isn't going to be so hot! In fact, it isn't so hot right now.

Gifford: What do you mean by that?

Longman: Oh, I don't mean we haven't got enough work. As far as a lot of the boys are concerned, we've got too damn much work. I guess the company has got a backlog of orders for the next two years, at least. What gripes me is all the changes that are being made around here.

Gifford: I can see there have been a number of changes.

Longman: You said it! A fellow just doesn't know where he stands these days. I used to help set up a load for the tanks, put the parts in the tank, and operate the generator. Now the generator is automatic. Since the two new tanks have been added and since the new conveyor system has been put in, the only thing I do is tie up the parts for each load. It keeps seven or eight of us busy just doing that. I don't like it around here the way I used to. No steak fries, no parties, no talking with the guys — just work, and plenty of it. I don't get to know any of the other guys in the department. There's twice as many now as there used to be. We've got over forty now, mostly all new kids.

Gifford: Do you still help to break them in?

Longman: Our new foreman has changed things a lot. With all the expansion we each do just one job. You might say we're specialists. I don't think my foreman likes me. When I would try to help a new fellow with his job, the foreman would say, "Mind your own business, Longman. You do too much talking for your own good. You just take care of your own job." All I was ever trying to do was to help the new guys get straightened out on their new assignments. It's not easy when you're new around here, and I think they appreciate your helping them. But the foreman, he's just jealous or afraid that I'll

show him up in front of the other guys. He's not as smart as he thinks he is. See that new conveyor belt up there on the ceiling? It breaks down quite frequently and instead of fixing it ourselves, the foreman runs to the maintenance department. Once I offered to arc-weld a part of the track, and he told me to get back on my job and stay put. Personally, I don't think he knew what arc-welding was.

Gifford: Did the maintenance men fix it?

Longman: Sure they did. They arc-welded it! And it works fine now. You ought to see us turn out the orders with the new setup around here. With the two additional tanks and the new conveyor system we really pour out the work. You see each guy does just one thing, over and over again. Sort of a line production with each of us specializing. It's really O.K. Our output has about tripled since you were here.

Gifford: That's good.

Longman: Of course we're working six days a week, and that makes quite a difference. Sure helps the old pay check with time and a half for Saturday work. That strike we had really helped out.

Gifford: How do you mean?

Longman: We got a raise in pay, and it also gave us seniority rights.

Gifford: What does that mean?

Longman: Well, any layoff within a department or section must be made according to seniority. It's a pretty good deal for us older fellows.

CASE 19

*Spofford Fabricated Products Company**

IN 1943, Margaret Redcliff, a married woman of thirty-six, decided to go back to work. Before her marriage in 1929 and for a few years after marriage, she had been employed in a factory as a personnel assistant. In April 1943, Mrs. Redcliff applied for work at the Spofford Fabricated Products Company in her home town in Connecticut. The organization had expanded from 4,000 to 6,000 employees in the preceding three years. About two-thirds of the employees were women.

THE EMPLOYMENT ROUTINE

On the morning of April 19 as Mrs. Redcliff went through the employment routine of the Spofford Fabricated Products Company, which took from three to five hours, she was favorably impressed with the employment office. From the point of view of cleanliness and spaciousness, it was much more attractive than the many employment offices at which she had applied for work during the previous few weeks, when trying to obtain employment in the local area. The clerks in the office were very businesslike, efficient, and courteous, but it was apparent that they were too busy to pay much attention to any special questions of the applicants. Furthermore, the arrangement of the desks, with no desk turned toward the applicants and no desk apart from the others, did not make it obvious to whom to go to ask questions. At least this was the way Belle Thompson, another applicant for work, felt, as she questioned Margaret Redcliff.

Belle Thompson: Say, do we get a physical examination?

Margaret Redcliff: I think so.

Belle Thompson: Do we have to undress for it?

Margaret Redcliff: I don't know, but I doubt if we'll have to.

Belle Thompson: Well, you know, it's all new to me. I've never worked in a factory before. My home is in the South. I came up here with my husband because he has a construction job up here. My boy's in the Army.

At this point, Mary White, who was standing nearby, broke in.

Mary White: Say, I overheard you ask about a physical examination. Look at this [pointing to a physical examination inventory card]. They gave me this to take along with me to the doctor. I hope I haven't got all those things wrong with me. It must be some examination. They won't find out if you got all those diseases without undressing, so I guess we're in for it.

Belle Thompson: My boy got a thorough physical examination when he went in the Army. But I didn't think . . .

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Seeing the three women in conversation, Catharine O'Neill joined the group.

Catharine O'Neill: Say, how long does this racket last? I was planning to be back to feed my baby. My mother's taking care of her, but I said I would be back in time to get her lunch. Say, will you help me to fill in this form? They ask more damn foolish questions. What should I say here? Will they let you work on the day shift? I've got to work on the day shift. My husband won't stand for me working nights.

At this point, Sarah Berg joined the group.

Sarah Berg: Didn't you hear what that man told us? He said the shifts were alternating.

Belle Thompson: What's that mean? There were so many people around, I didn't dare ask. Everyone's so busy. I'd like to talk to that man alone so I could tell him I never worked in a factory before. He was very nice when he talked to us, but he said so many things I can't remember what he did say.

Sarah Berg: Did you hear him say we were making something that went in the Flying Fortresses? It sounded like interesting and important work.

Mary White: I never worked in a factory. I did office work before. My mother thought I could make more money at defense work so I thought I'd try. They say a lot of nice people are getting jobs in factories now.

This collective monologue went on for some time. Whenever the routines permitted, these five women expressed their qualms and preoccupations to each other, but no one except Mrs. Redcliff paid any attention. Around noon they all went to lunch together. Later in the afternoon Belle Thompson was much relieved to find that the physical examination was perfunctory and that she did not have to undress for it. Catharine O'Neill was happy to get work in a department where there was only one shift so that she could work days only.

After having spent so much time with these four women, Mrs. Redcliff became interested in their problems. She decided to keep in touch with them during the next few months. Some of the information she gained from the women as she listened to them talking was as follows:

1. Bell Thompson: about forty years of age; married twenty years; had son in the Army; had lived in Tennessee up to the last six months; husband temporarily in North on construction job; never worked in a factory before.

2. Mary White: about twenty years of age; two years' high school education; father died two years previously; mother working; had younger brothers and sisters; lived in suburb; left a clerical job which she had held for about two years to make more money in a factory, but wasn't sure she'd like the "crowd."

3. Catharine O'Neill: about twenty-six years of age; husband a truck driver and had had serious accident two months before; had a baby two years of age.

4. Sarah Berg: about thirty-five years of age; had two children in their teens; didn't have to work but wanted to do her bit.

THE TRAINING PROGRAM

Mrs. Redcliff was hired as a member of the training department, which had been started January 1, 1943, as part of the program to cut down the high absentee and turnover rates among women employees. This training program

had been introduced on a division basis in each of the company's three main work divisions. The supervisor of training in each division was responsible for (a) selecting and training job instructors, (b) seeing that each employee was acquainted with the company's employee policies and practices, particularly with regard to payment, (c) working closely with supervision in settling upon the methods of work to be taught, and (d) seeing that each employee was properly instructed in the methods of work approved by supervision. In fulfilling these functions, the supervisor of training in each division had an assistant, chief instructors, and job instructors. Mrs. Redcliff was hired as the assistant to the supervisor of training in one of the divisions. For the first few months she was chiefly occupied in getting the supervisors' approval of the methods of work to be taught by instructors and followed by operators.

PROGRESS OF THE FOUR NEW WORKERS

Mrs. Redcliff's job kept her so busy that she did not have as much time as she would have liked to listen to some of the personal problems of new employees in adjusting themselves to their new situations, but she did try to keep in touch with the four women she had met in the employment office. In June she had the following conversations with or about them.

1. Belle Thompson: June 1, 1943

Margaret Redcliff (to supervisor): Where is Belle? I haven't seen her around for a while.

Supervisor: Oh, haven't you heard? She had to go back South to take care of her mother, who had a stroke. It's a shame; she was a good worker. I hope she comes back soon.

Margaret Redcliff: That is too bad. Have you heard anything from her recently?

Supervisor: No. We keep asking Rita, who was her friend, what she hears from Belle about her mother, but she doesn't seem to know much more.

June 2, 1943

Margaret Redcliff (to Rita Rumble, a long-service employee): I was sorry to hear about Belle. Have you any news from her?

Rita Rumble: Say, what is this? What has Belle got I haven't got? Everyone [meaning the supervisors] keeps asking about Belle and when she is coming back. How do I know?

Margaret Redcliff: I didn't mean to be butting in, but we are all so fond of Belle and so sorry to hear about her mother having a stroke.

Rita Rumble: I can't stand hearing about Belle's mother any more. I never thought we'd all get in so much trouble when we got Belle to make up that story. I better tell you about it, if you'll keep it to yourself. You remember Belle, how conscientious she was, always stewing about this and that, wanting to do the right thing. She had a hard time in the beginning. I thought she'd quit. She was always complaining her feet would drop off. We told her she should quit a little early before lunch so she could get one of those boxes to sit on, but you know Belle, she wouldn't do it. Some of us during rest periods lie down on our work tables or trucks, but you know how proper Belle was, how ladylike she was. She wouldn't do anything like that. Well, one day Belle

came to us all upset. Her boy was soon leaving for the West Coast and he had a furlough. Can you believe it? Belle wanted to go to Mr. Jones [the foreman] with that story and get some time off to be with her boy. Well, we [meaning the older service employees] told her not to be a fool. They wouldn't give her a leave of absence for that. She'd have to make up a good story. Well, Belle asks us what a good story would be; so we had a good time making up that story about her mother having a stroke and having to rush down South to take care of her. Belle didn't want to do it, but we told her not to be a fool. We were scared stiff that Belle would break down to somebody, but thank goodness everybody's too busy to pay attention to anybody around here. So Belle got away with her story.

The funny thing is that every day the supervisors keep asking us about Belle and her mother. At first it was fun making the story stick. But lately I'm getting tired of it. And when you came to ask about Belle, I just felt I had to tell somebody. You know Belle is right here in town. We went to see her the other night and can you believe it? Belle is worried about faking that story. She says she can't come back and face the supervisors she lied to. She thinks she'll go somewhere else for a job. Can you beat that? After all we did to help her, we're left here holding the bag.

2. Mary White: June 2, 1943 (morning)

Margaret Redcliff (to instructor): How's Mary White coming along?

Instructor: I got them to transfer her to the office. I was fed up with her attitude here in the factory. She was afraid to get her hands dirty. Thought she was too good for the job. Always telling me she never worked in a factory before. Finally I told her one day, "Do you see Dotty there, and Rita there, and Maggy there. They never worked in a factory before, too. But they're not stuck up about it. Just because you worked in an office before, you think you're better than they are. Now the fact is, you're not better, you're worse. I've given you more time than anyone else. I don't think you can do this job. It's too difficult for you. You'd better go back to an office and punch a comptometer. That's your speed." Well, I talked to her straight like that. She pouted and wouldn't talk to me any more. So she went to her supervisor and asked for a transfer. We arranged one for her to the office, where she can be a lady and stick her nose up at us down here in the shop. But I understand she's not getting along well there. You better talk to her.

June 2, 1943 (afternoon)

Margaret Redcliff (to Mary): How do you like the new job, Mary?

Mary White: So, so. It's better than being down there in that dirty job. You know my hands were all cut up working with that material. The instructor told me that none of the other girls' hands were like that. But they didn't mind being dirty. I'm not used to work like that and the way they talk down there. I never heard such words before.

Margaret Redcliff: How is it here, Mary, better?

Mary White: It's all right here. The work's nice and clean. But all the girls here are so old. You know most of them have worked here fifteen years and they treat me like a kid.

They all eat lunch together and they never invited me to join them. One

day I asked if I could eat with them and they said "Yes" — not very cordial. Anyway, I eat with them but they don't talk to me much, except to pick on me for making mistakes. It's the same way it was on that old job I had, always picking on me for making mistakes. You remember I told you about it the first day I met you. By the way, how's your job coming? How can you stand it going down in the factory? I shouldn't think a lady like you would like that.

Margaret Redcliff: Have you had any instruction on this new job, Mary?

Mary White: No, I go to some of the older girls, but they don't tell me anything. They just tell me when I make a mistake. I'm afraid I'll be fired soon, just as I was on the old job.

Margaret Redcliff: Have you talked to your supervisor?

Mary White: No, she's too busy. You know I told her I knew how to do the work when I came here, and so she thinks I know, and I don't want to tell her that I don't, if you know what I mean.

Margaret Redcliff: Maybe the older girls will help you, if you're nice to them.

Mary White: No, they won't. They treat me like a servant. They say I should wash up the teacups after lunch. You know we make tea for lunch. I told 'em I wasn't their slave. Of all the nerve. They're always asking me to run errands for them. They wanted me to get some ice cream cones for them up at the corner for lunch yesterday. Well, I told them where they could get off. I'm not running errands for anybody. At home my mother brings up breakfast to me in bed on Sundays. Gee, that's swell. Don't you like having breakfast in bed? I told my mother I'd like to quit this job, but she says to try it a little longer.

June 2, 1943 (later in the afternoon)

Mrs. Redcliff met Daisy Monohan, one of the older women working in the office where Mary White was located.

Margaret Redcliff: How's Mary getting along on her new job?

Daisy Monohan: She's a spoiled kid and not too smart.

Margaret Redcliff: What do you mean?

Daisy Monohan: She doesn't know how to run a comptometer too well. Always making mistakes. I believe she must jump up about twenty times a day to powder her nose, right in the middle of a calculation, too! You can't do that, you know, and get your figures straight. We tried to be nice to her — she's just a kid you know — but the way she sticks up her nose at us is too much. Always talking about the good family she comes from, how they're not used to this or that.

You know what she did? She asked if she could eat lunch with us. We didn't mind that, but you know what? She acted as if she were hostess in the group. The very first day she started *pouring* the tea. You know we make our own tea each day for lunch. We all contribute a little tea; the matron heats the water for us. Dotty's been pouring the tea for fifteen years now, and in comes that chit of a girl and stands over the pot and asks us how we like our tea. Well, you could have knocked us over with a feather. And then we got hold of ourselves and started to joke, "Medium with a little lemon, please," "Two lumps and cream, please," and so on. We told her she could wash the

cups too. Well, we played tea party and I think she got it we were making fun of her and her ladylike ways. She's never tried that one again. Some of the older girls have tried to put her in her place, and I suppose we're pretty hard on her. If only she'd acted a little bit decent, we'd have stopped, but it's got to be quite a game riding Mary. I believe she'll quit soon.

June 9, 1943

Daisy Monohan's prediction was not far off. A week later Margaret Redcliff learned that Mary White had left her job.

3. Catharine O'Neill: June 15, 1943

Margaret Redcliff: How's the job going, Catharine?

Catharine O'Neill: Say, where have you been? I haven't seen you for a long time.

Margaret Redcliff: I don't work in this division, you know, and I don't get over here often. Was just passing by and thought I'd say hello.

Catharine O'Neill: Well, I'm glad you did, 'cause I think I'm going to quit. Say, have you got a little time?

Margaret Redcliff: Sure.

Catharine O'Neill: The first week or two was hell around here. No place to sit down. I thought my feet were going to fall off. I had to soak 'em all night in water. You know, there are only twenty boxes to sit on in the lavatory, and when I got there for a rest period, they were all taken. If they left, they'd give their seat to one of their friends. It's funny, you know. We new girls who needed a rest badly had no chance to sit down, and the girls who were here a long time and used to the work got the seats. Well, that's the way I suppose. Of course a lot of girls lie on their work tables, but I felt foolish doing that the first day. But I soon learned. Believe me, I'd lie down right on the floor now. I wouldn't care what anybody thinks.

I got so I didn't get so tired so quickly, and I learned to do my job well. The supervisor said I was good. After a few weeks they made me an inspector on that CD job, that job where the girls are having trouble making the rate. At first I was pleased. I could sit down a bit on the job and I wasn't so tired at night; so I could play with the baby a bit. You know I told you about Joan the first day. She's cute as the dickens now. My husband wasn't complaining too much. You know he's not well yet from that accident he had driving that truck. He doesn't like me to work, but I thought I ought to do something. I am still on days. I'm always scared they'll start another shift and ask me to work nights. And my husband would hit the roof if that happened.

Well, as I was saying. I liked that job all right if it hadn't been for the way the girls treated me. They wouldn't talk to me, and if I didn't pass their work they made me feel as if I were being mean to them. You know how important that CD job is. It's a matter of life or death to a sailor if it doesn't work right. I have a brother in the Navy, and I wouldn't want him to get one that doesn't work right. I wasn't trying to be mean, but the girls treated me like dirt. I can't stand people not liking me, so I asked for another job. The supervisor laughed at me and said I was lucky to get such an easy job. But

a week or so later I insisted that I be changed, and you know what they did? They made me an operator in the very group I had been inspecting. And here I am. I feel like a fool having to learn the job right under their eyes. They make the meanest remarks about me and my work. I just went to the foreman this morning and asked for a transfer, but he said he needed every worker he had on the job. I wanted to tell him why I wanted a transfer, but he didn't ask me and he's so busy that I thought I wouldn't bother him. I guess I better quit. Gee, it's good to tell somebody about all this. I'm sure glad you came around this morning. What do you think I should do, Margaret? Do you think I'm being silly?

Margaret Redcliff: No, I don't, but I think that before you quit you should be sure that's what you really want to do. Why don't we have lunch together and talk it over?

Not being sure of what to say or do for Catharine, Mrs. Redcliff spent most of her time during the lunch hour just listening to Catharine and getting her to express her feelings. Walking back from lunch, Mrs. Redcliff was astonished at Catharine's remarks.

Catharine O'Neill: Say, you know, I'm being silly. When you came I thought I'd made up my mind to quit. Now I feel differently. I suppose I was silly to let those girls get under my skin. I think I'll stay on. It's not a bad job, you know. The pay's good. The girls aren't so bad. Maybe they'll like me better in a little while, when they see I'm not really high hat. I suppose I did feel hurt when they made me an operator after being an inspector, but I asked for it. I think I'll try it a little longer. Say, if I get discouraged again, can I come talk to you?

Margaret Redcliff: Sure, if you can get off. I'm in building X on the second floor; come over any time. You're a bright girl, Catharine, and I'm sure you can make the grade. You remember Mary. We met at the employment office the first day. Well, she's quit and I want to tell you her story some time when you're feeling better. The first few weeks or months in a factory are like an initiation. Everybody, including the employees are putting you through certain hurdles to see if you can make the grade. Making the grade with your own group is important, but it takes time, Catharine. And I know you can do it.

4. Sarah Berg: June 16, 1943

Margaret Redcliff (to instructor): How's Sarah Berg coming along?

Instructor: That's funny you asked. I was watching her work just yesterday. As I was looking at her, I suddenly realized that she was working with an awkward pattern[1] When I pointed this out to her, she said she realized the pattern was not efficient but she had not said anything, as she was afraid it would mean that her standard would be changed. I said, "Fiddlesticks, that's not so." I got Josephine, the forelady over here, to reassure her that such a minor change would not change the standard. But you know, Sarah was not convinced. She's a funny one, you know. As I was leaving she hollered to me, "Well, you're my witness to what Josephine said that the rate wouldn't be changed. Remember that." Well, we're making a new pattern for her.

[1] This pattern was used by only four girls.

June 17, 1943

Margaret Redcliff (to Sarah): I hear you got a new pattern.

Sarah Berg: Sure have, and do you know with this new pattern I can eliminate one whole step. Watch me. [She demonstrated this to Margaret Redcliff.] I showed this to the other girls this morning and believe me they're sore. They say it isn't fair to them if I tell Josephine. The rate surely will be changed. Well, I don't care; I told Josephine and she was pleased. She said she sure appreciated my suggestion. There's a war on, isn't there? And this will speed things up, won't it? But are the girls mad. They won't speak to me.

June 20, 1943

Margaret Redcliff (to Josephine Lunt, the forelady): I hear Sarah made a real good suggestion.

Josephine Lunt: She did, but she sure has me in a box. Did Ida [the instructor] tell you about how she was working with an inefficient pattern? Well, we changed that, and I promised her that such a change would not involve a change in the standard. Well then, right after that she came along with a real good suggestion. It cut out one whole operation. It's a real change in method. I had to report that, Margaret, really I did. I couldn't help it. I couldn't sleep two nights trying to figure out some way to keep my word to Sarah and still do what I should do as a forelady and report the change in method to Standards. They tell us that's our responsibility. What could I do? I went to Sarah this morning and told her that I had to report it and that the rate would have to be changed. Sarah said, "O.K. if you got to," but she's bitter. I said she should send her idea in as a suggestion, but she said the suggestion system was a joke. I told her I'd write it up for her, saying "Please let me," but she just laughed and said, "You keep the five bucks if you can get them. This company is a gyp joint."

July 9, 1943

Josephine Lunt (to Margaret Redcliff): Did you hear Sarah's quit her job? It's a shame, but I did all I could.

That night Margaret Redcliff went home discouraged. She felt that the training program, although good, was just not taking care of the Sarahs, the Catharines, the Marys, and the Belles. Three of the women with whom she had started employment had left the company because of problems to which no one or group in the organization was giving adequate attention, least of all the training and personnel departments.

CASE 20

*Superior Slate Quarry**

IN 1926, Thomas North, owner of the Superior Slate Quarry, after looking over government suggestions for quarry methods improvement, was faced with the problem of deciding whether or not to invest a considerable amount of money to erect a large mill to house his slate splitters and trimmers.

The Superior Slate Quarry was one of the largest and oldest in the Vermont-New York slate belt. It had always enjoyed a good reputation, not only for the product it turned out, but also for the treatment of its employees. In 1922 it was sold to Thomas North, who had formerly owned a minor interest in it. Although North had never directly operated slate quarries, his family had for two generations owned slate properties, and he was well regarded in the town of Gorham where he lived, a community of about 2,500 persons. Its principal industry was slate quarrying and slate milling. The quarries where slate roofing was produced were located at the edges of the town. The slate mills were within the town, along the river from which they derived their power. In these mills structural slate products such as flooring, tile, billiard table tops, and other articles were finished.

The population of Gorham was about one-half Yankee, one-fourth Irish, and one-fourth Welsh. The Yankees worked both at the mills and quarries; the Irish worked mostly in the mills as planers, sawyers, and rubbing-bed operators; and the Welsh all worked at the quarries as slate splitters and trimmers. The Irish were first-generation born in this country. The Welsh were all born in Wales and were men past middle age. Few of their children were old enough to work at the quarries, and those who did were not skilled in slate splitting. Many of the Welsh became citizens, and although they could speak English, they preferred to use their native tongue. They were more thrifty than the Irish, and many owned their homes. The Welsh kept to themselves socially and maintained their traditional clannish customs, habits, and beliefs. They mingled little with either Irish or Yankee. It was generally recognized that the Welsh and the Irish did not get along well together.

Because of the scraping and cutting of the planers and saws, mill work was noisy and dusty. Locally, especially by the Welsh, it was considered unhealthy work, to be avoided if possible. Mill work was also considered less skillful than slate splitting, a skill which few Yankees and Irish knew. Pay for mill work was lower by about a third than for slate splitting.

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Slate quarries were open pits in which quarrymen drilled holes in the bed rock and blasted pieces of it loose. The large blocks were then hoisted on overhead cables from the quarry pit to the top and there lowered onto small cars on rails, which workers known as rockmen pushed to the nearby splitting shanties where the Welsh slate splitters worked. The blocks were dumped off in front of the shanties, which were cheaply constructed wooden frame buildings about ten by ten feet in size. They were placed in rows along the track that ran from the quarry top. Two slate splitters and one trimmer worked in each shanty. The splitters worked on opposite sides of the shanty door while the trimmer at his foot-pedal trimming machine stood at the back. Although they were equipped with coal stoves, the shanties were usually cold in winter and hot in summer.

After a rockman had dumped his large block, the two splitters emerged from their shanty and examined the block, which was always irregular in shape and size. After examining the block, the splitters together marked it so as to guide them in breaking it up into sizes for the final splitting. This operation on the large block required a knowledge of the grain of the rock, for the block had to be broken along this grain. When the grain was determined, one splitter steadied the block on its edge while the other splitter struck the block a blow with a large wooden mallet, called a "beetle." It usually required only one blow before the block fell apart along the grain line. When the block was reduced to three or four smaller blocks, the splitters carried them into the shanty.

Here each took a block, turned it on its side, and proceeded with chisel and mallet to split it along the grain into thinner and thinner pieces. When the blocks were reduced to pieces about $\frac{3}{16}$ of an inch in thickness, the pieces were placed on a low table between the two splitters and in back of the trimmer. The trimmer took each piece from the table, placed it along the cutting bar of the trimming machine, and proceeded to make it into as large a rectangle as he could get out of the piece. After it was trimmed, an operation which usually took only four cuts of the trimming blade, he placed it in a pile according to size. When the day's work was done, these piles of shingles were removed from the shanties and placed outside in long rows.

Each night, as the men picked up their lunch boxes to leave, they viewed with pride the work of their hands. As they passed by their neighbors' shanties they looked in at the neat piles and exclaimed at the number of squares others had finished. Then, talking in their native tongue, they moved on slowly toward their homes. They were without exception men who took great pride in the product of their hands; they had been accustomed for generations to working together in small groups. They looked down on work in mills; the latter were dusty, noisy places where "unskilled" Irishmen worked. They loved the rock and took great pride in working it by hand at every stage from quarry to yard. They often said, "Machines, no matter how well built, can never tell the grain. They leave marks which often mar the beauty of the finished stone."

At the Superior quarry there were eight shanties containing teams of two Welsh splitters and one trimmer, who usually was Welsh, sometimes a Yankee, but never an Irishman. These men preferred to be paid by the hour rather than on piece rate. The three men in a shanty helped each other with the

work. Often when the pieces to be trimmed were piling up, one of the splitters stopped his own work to clear away the waste chips which fell from the trimming machine. This task was considered part of the trimmer's job. Likewise, when the trimmer was ahead of the splitters, he brought them fresh water from the spring or helped them carry their blocks. When the whistle blew for lunch, they all sat down together to share their food.

The superintendent at the Superior quarry was Mr. Williams, called "Jack" by the men. He was Welsh and a leader among them in Gorham. His office was in a one-room building a short distance from the quarry. Here he kept records on production, inventory, and hours of labor. He spent much of the day going from shanty to shanty talking in Welsh to the splitters. At other times he visited the pit and checked with the quarry foreman on the rock.

In 1926 the slate-roofing industry was receiving stiff competition from manufacturers of composition shingles. Although its competitors were able to benefit from technological improvements, the slate industry in Vermont, because of the nature of the rock, could use few new inventions. The slate rock still had to be split by hand, and the industry as a whole remained at the handicraft level. The Federal Bureau of Mines, however, had made an intensive study of this problem, and had sent materials on its findings to all slate-quarry operators.

Thomas North, after looking over the government's suggestions for improving quarry methods, decided to draw up plans for a large mill to house the slate splitters and trimmers who worked at his quarry. He postponed the decision on whether or not to erect it until he had seen final plans. He talked over the matter with Mr. Williams, and together they drew up the plans. The new mill would eliminate many operations which the splitters customarily did. The blocks as they came from the quarry were to be brought into the mill by an overhead mechanical crane and lowered by electric lifts onto two saw beds, one at each end of the mill. Here they were to be sawed up into correct sizes for splitting. This operation would not only relieve the splitters of breaking up the blocks but would also leave the blocks with one or more squared sides and would thus help the trimmers to eliminate waste.

Blocks would then be carried from the saw bed by an unskilled low-paid worker to the splitters, whose job would be to split the blocks. They would place the pieces which they split on a car, which was to be pushed over rails to another part of the mill where the trimmers would be lined up in a row at power-driven trimming machines. The trimmers were to be relieved of removing waste chips by another low-paid man. The finished shingles would be removed by motor trucks to the yard.

Thomas North designed the new mill to be more comfortable in winter than the shanties by installing a hot-water heating system. In summer the mill would be cooler than the shanties, since the ceiling would be high and the mill well ventilated. The saws, of course, would be noisy and would raise some dust, yet it would not be harmful, nor would it compare with that in the mills in town.

By streamlining the flow of material and by operating with the new machines and equipment, the superintendent and the owner expected production to improve substantially. The same number of splitters and trimmers

were to be employed. The only new men to be hired would be the two sawyers, who were to be Welsh.

When the plans of the new mill had been completed and North had made additional estimates of costs and production, he decided to erect the mill. It was completed in the summer of 1926. At first the men were enthusiastic about the change and expressed their satisfaction to Mr. Williams. After a month, however, they had less and less to say about the new setup. Some of the splitters even suggested that it was too dusty. They were not intent on their splitting work and often looked around as if to see what their numerous neighbors, now more numerous than before, were doing. Some complained of the noise, and when the whistle blew at night they wasted little time in leaving for home.

Fewer and fewer of the men passed "the time of day" with Mr. Williams when he came into the mill, and he too became less communicative. At first he planned and carried out many changes which he thought would improve the efficiency of the operation. Later he came less often to the mill and spent more time in his office going over figures in the production ledger. A typical series of figures for the months after the new mill opened was as follows: 1248, 1260, 1250; and later 1175, 1150.

Early in 1927 Mr. Williams advised Thomas North to raise pay rates five cents an hour. This increase brought the splitters' pay to 72 cents an hour and the trimmers' to 67 cents, higher rates than any paid in the slate district. Production did not increase.

Exhibit 1: Excerpts from "The Technology of Slate" by Oliver Bowles, Washington, Government Printing Office, 1922, pp. 70–71.

> In the first place he [the slate producer] should endeavor to cater to the demands of the consuming trade in so far as such demands do not impair the quality of the product. One of these demands is for a thickness sufficient to prevent excessive breakage. In certain regions slate splits with great freedom, giving thin uniform slabs. As slate is sold on the basis of surface area, a slate maker obviously can obtain greater returns from a block split into thin slabs than he can obtain from the same block split into thick ones. Moreover, the weight of a square is less, which lowers charges for haulage. Consequently there is a tendency to make thin slates from free-splitting rock. If slates fall below three-sixteenths inch in thickness they are likely to be so weakened that undue losses occur from breakage during punching and laying [that is, while they are being put in place on roofs].
>
> . . . Rejections of orders have resulted from deficiency in thickness of slates; it is much better to keep to a standard or even to excel it, for a satisfied customer brings repeated orders, and a satisfactory roof is the very best advertisement.
>
> Another way in which the manufacturer can render his products more salable is to specialize on popular sizes. A slate maker can manufacture more squares of the larger sizes in a month than he can of the smaller ones, and a tendency exists to regard volume of production as an item of more importance than the manufacture of sizes that the trade demands. This is a mistake, however, for the producer finally has a surplus of large sizes and a shortage of moderate sizes in stock, and his customer seeks other sources of supply. If the customer is by any means persuaded to take the larger sizes, he will probably be unsatisfied, and

may not only cease to purchase from this particular producer, but may even turn to other types of roofing manufactured in standard popular sizes. Specialization on slates in lengths from 14 to 20 inches is preferable, even though the material is suitable for larger sizes.

Exhibit 2: Excerpts from "The Technology of Slate" by Oliver Bowles, Washington, Government Printing Office, 1922, pp. 64, 65–66, 66–68.

An intimate knowledge of the physical properties of slate is essential in properly breaking and splitting the blocks. A skilled slate worker will drive a wedge, or plug, into a plug hole until a strain is placed on the rock, and he then procures a straight break by striking a blow at a particular point on the rock with a wooden sledge. Thus he can within certain limits force a fracture where desired. The slate is split on the grain into masses about 14 to 24 inches wide, and these masses are then broken across into the desired sizes for splitting into roofing slates. Various methods are used to subdivide the slate masses across the grain. Where they do not break readily or where the surfaces are very uneven when broken, they may be placed on a saw bed and cut across with a circular saw. If this method is used the blocks as they come from the quarry are sawed across and are later scalloped in the grain. Sawed blocks present smooth even ends that facilitate rapid splitting.

Some slates, however, break very readily and give a smooth uniform surface. Under such conditions breaking by hand is considered more economical than sawing. At one quarry observed the block is notched on two corners with a chisel and a cut made in the bottom of each notch with a small saw. The block is then turned and the opposite edge is cut smooth with a chisel. It is then struck one or two heavy blows with a large wooden mallet at a point exactly opposite the notches, with the result that a smooth even break is obtained. To cushion the blow and thus preserve the slate from damage, a thin flake of slate or a handful of fine slate rubbish is usually placed on the rock surface at the point where the mallet strikes. At one quarry where the rock breaks readily the corners are not notched but are cut with a small handsaw. The surface is then simply marked with a chisel which is struck repeated blows with a hand hammer. The slab is then turned over and sledged with a wooden mallet, or "beetle," on the opposite edge in the usual fashion. . . . The trimmer takes the slabs from the splitter and cuts them to rectangular shape. The most common trimming equipment in Pennsylvania is a straight blade about 3 feet in length run by a foot treadle. The outer end of the blade is attached to an overhead spring pole so that the blade strikes repeated blows when once set in motion with the treadle. The use of man-power machines undoubtedly diverts much of the energy that could be used in handling the slates, and obviously mechanical cutting blades would result in a considerably greater production of slate per man with a much smaller expenditure of human energy. The operators in the soft-vein slate belt of Pennsylvania are aware of the increased production that might result from the use of mechanical trimmers, but attempts to introduce them have been unsuccessful. This lack of success is said to be due to inability to increase or decrease the speed of the trimmer for different grades of slate. With the foot-treadle machine the trimmer runs the machine at a slower speed for the weaker slates. The mechanically driven machines, running at constant speed, so greatly increased the percentage of slate breakage that they were abandoned in favor of the foot-treadle machines.

. . . . .

One of the most efficiently planned slate mills observed is that of the Auld & Conger Co., between Poultney, Vt., and Granville, N. Y. The plan of the mill is shown in Figure 25, which represents but three of the 10 units of the plant. The

blocks are unloaded beside the track A, where they are reduced to proper size for the slate splitters. One skilled operator marks the position of drill holes on the blocks and supervises drilling and wedging, which may, therefore, be done by relatively unskilled men. The slabs when prepared for the splitters are piled on the arms of rotating racks, D, which occupy spaces in the wall of the closed shed. In cold weather cold-air currents through the spaces thus opened in the wall may be shut out by means of canvas flaps. The splitter working at E in the closed shed rotates the rack until the loaded arms are inside the shed within convenient reach. While he is occupied in splitting, a further supply of slabs is being prepared and loaded on the outer arms. The split slates are likewise placed on the arms of rotating rack F, and by a half revolution they are brought within convenient reach of the trimmer at G. One great advantage of the rotating rack is that the trimmer is freed from the danger of accident to his fingers, a danger which is ever present where the splitter is throwing slates on the pile from which the trimmer is taking them. Belt conveyors H beneath the floor carry the waste from trimmers and splitters to dump carts on a depressed roadway at the side of the mill. Finished slates are piled on rack cars. In the morning the loaded cars are run out to the yards, and empty cars back to the trimmers for their day's work.

A roofing-slate unit may consist of two men, a trimmer and splitter, who prepare their own slabs from the larger blocks. At most plants the slabs are prepared for the splitters so that splitting and trimming are uninterrupted. Skilled slate workers having the slabs prepared for them may finish a maximum of a square an hour, though six to eight squares a day is an average accomplishment. A square is the amount of slate required to cover 100 feet of roof.

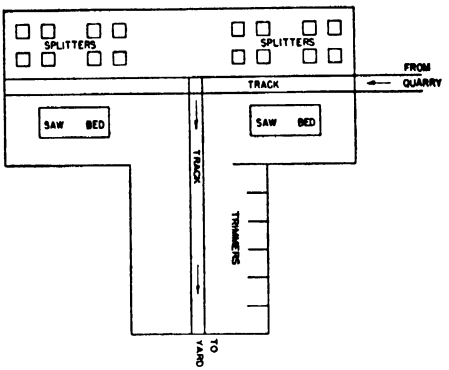

EXHIBIT 3

SUPERIOR SLATE QUARRY
PLAN OF NEW MILL

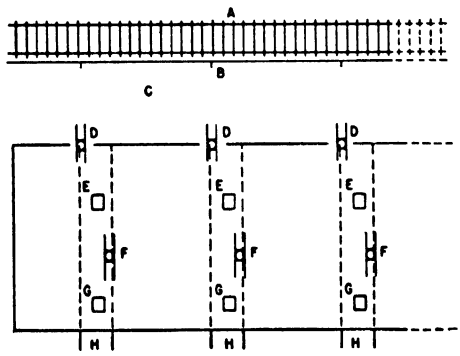

FIGURE 25

PLAN OF AULD & CONGER CO.
ROOFING SLATE MILL

A, TRACK FOR BRINGING BLOCKS OF SLATE; B, COMPRESSED-AIR LINE; C, SPACE FOR BLOCK MAKERS; D, ROTATING RACKS FOR SLATE BLOCKS; E, SPLITTERS; F, ROTATING RACKS FOR SPLIT ROOFING; G, TRIMMERS; H, BELT CONVEYOR FOR WASTE.

CASE 21

*Delman Forge Company (A)**

ONE DAY in August 1942, Richard Carter,[1] assistant to the president of the Delman Forge Company, noticed that one of the metal crane boxes, used to haul material around the plant between operations, had particularly ragged edges and bent sides. Previously Carter had noted the same condition on several other crane boxes and realized that the sharp, uneven edges were dangerous and should be repaired. Peter White, the foreman of the maintenance department, was the man who should do the job. Carter had put off speaking to him because he had found that while Peter had been coöperative on some jobs in the past, at other times he had delayed and found excuses for not doing a job. Carter was anxious to get this job done promptly.

Carter remembered the following incident, which had occurred some months earlier, as illustrating White's unpredictability. Carter had been worried about the lack of safety guards for the fly wheels in the press room. He had made it his personal objective to have guards placed on every wheel in that department, which was just outside his office and therefore always under his attention. Through repeated pressure on Peter, he had finally managed to get guards put on all but three of the machines. Failure to complete the job annoyed him considerably.

He took the matter up with White as follows: "Peter, when are we going to get those last few guards put on the presses in the press room and make it a 100 per cent job? You know that's been one of my pet peeves ever since I started to work here, and it burns me up to see the job still unfinished. I pass those presses a dozen times a day, and they remind me that the work isn't completed. Everyone knows how I feel about it. The other guards have been on for several months now; why can't you finish the job? It shouldn't take this long."

Peter replied, "Well, Richard, there have been so many other jobs to do, really important repair jobs that might hold up production if they were not taken care of right away, and I just don't have the men to do the rest of the guards now. If we weren't working seven days a week and three shifts, it would be easy to do things like that; but it isn't that way any more. We will just have to get them out whenever it is possible."

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[1] This report of his experiences was written by "Richard Carter" when he was a student at the Harvard Business School.

Weeks later Carter noticed that the guards still had not been put on the presses.

The following incident, on the other hand, illustrated Peter's willingness to carry out a suggestion that was made to him on another occasion. One morning Carter said to him, "Peter, I have been having a heck of a time with my coal bin. You know I have a hopper-fed stoker that has to be filled up about every five days. Well, I have been doing it by filling buckets and carrying them over to the hopper about six feet away, and I spill coal all over the floor on the way. My wife doesn't like it at all because it makes the basement floor so dirty, even though I sweep it up each time. I was thinking last night that maybe a little chute could be made and eliminate a lot of that dirt. I made a rough sketch of what I thought might work, but I'll admit it isn't very technical and probably not worth much. Could you work out something like it for me sometime when you get a chance? Now don't let this interfere with anything around here. Just forget it if it is going to be a nuisance."

Peter replied at once, "Let's see what you drew up there, Richard." He took the sketch and looked at it quickly. "Oh yes, I see what you need; but it isn't quite like that. Make a couple of changes here and there, and it ought to be just what you are looking for." He made a sketch of his own on the pad he invariably carried with him and on which he took down notes of things to be done. "We are pretty busy now, but maybe in a couple of days I can show the blacksmith what you want and have him fix one up for you."

"Gee, thanks, Peter," Richard said, "but there's no hurry about it, you know."

Within two days the chute was finished and delivered to Carter's office, and Peter thought it was ridiculous that a special work card had to be made out for the time and material, as Carter insisted.

These two occurrences, and there were several others of like nature, irritated Carter because they made it look as though Peter had time to do what he wanted to do. Carter had noticed how little things got sidetracked when suggested by certain individuals, particularly when Peter did not personally agree about their necessity. Yet if he approved the idea, or it was one of his own, he put it into effect within a surprisingly short time, even when his department was overloaded with work. Furthermore, he would do almost anything in the nature of a personal favor for someone, if he were approached as the only person able to handle it.

The Delman Forge Company, where these incidents took place, was located in Scranton, Pennsylvania. Plant A, one of its two plants, was engaged in the manufacture, heat treating, and machining of steel drop forgings. The company was a small corporation and normally employed about 500 workers in Plant A who worked five or six days a week on two shifts; in 1940 it had about 700 employees working on three shifts, six and seven days a week. The company's other plant, located several miles distant, was operated on the whole independently except for top management supervision.

Faced with the possibility of the company's going out of business owing to poor management prior to 1931, the directors brought in a highly capable and experienced administrator, Matthew Carter, Richard's father, and gave him complete authority as president of the company to straighten it out and get it

back on its feet. During Mr. Carter's early years with the company, when there was a continual struggle to improve its financial position, he was clearly its most important leader, although all other members of the supervisory force at Plant A surpassed him in years of service with the company and in that particular branch of the steel industry. Nevertheless, the supervisors worked together without letting preoccupations about their relative positions in the organization interfere with their work. The other officers were employees of many years' service with the company; even the clerks in the office had been there a long time. In fact, the average age of the entire plant force was over forty. A majority of the office force and many of the employees in the plant were stockholders.

By the end of 1940 it was apparent that the plant would do a substantial defense business and that its volume of business would increase considerably. The president's policy, concurred in by the board of directors and necessitated by the company's finances, which were now stable but not strong, was that there should be no unusual plant expansion or installation of special equipment to make products new to the firm. Instead, the company undertook to make a many as possible of the types of drop forgings with which it was familiar and which were in great demand.

Richard Carter's close connection with the plant began in December 1940. At that time Mr. Carter, Senior, believed that the plant needed a special compensation plan to provide an incentive for supervisors and management personnel below the officers' level. Friction among them, arising from the added burdens of the company's growing volume of business, had made it evident that they were becoming increasingly aware of their relative positions in the company. Mr. Carter believed that if he could get the supervisory group to work together more effectively, the company could avoid having to add more personnel. What he had in mind as a supervisory bonus plan comparable to those used in some other plants of the industry but particularly adapted to his plant and personnel.

Mr. Carter decided to ask his son, Richard, who had a flair for figures and some experience with the plant and its costs, to undertake the job of working out the desired bonus plan. Richard was twenty-nine years old and a law school graduate. He had started the practice of law in 1935, and since that time had handled most of the legal collection matters of the company in addition to acting as assistant counsel in workmen's compensation matters and other corporate legal affairs. In 1937, upon recommendation of the chairman of the board of directors, while he was still carrying on his legal work, he had come into the accounting department on a part-time basis as an assistant auditor.

After a month's study of the situation and conference with the production manager and with officials of other forge plants that already had such bonus plans, Richard Carter evolved a plan, based on the company's existing production records, that would provide an incentive for increased efficiency in handling larger volumes of work. It was based on factors in the daily records that were familiar to the supervisors and could be checked easily by them. It could not be interpreted as a "blood money" plan by the employees under the supervisors because the latter, too, would make more money. Each departmental foreman was included, as well as the entire second level of plant

management, the superintendent, engineer, purchasing agent, and sales manager, but not the president, treasurer, or other officers.

Richard Carter explained the plan fully to each person affected by it. It was put into effect as of the first of 1941. Over the period of the next three months Carter ironed out the "bugs" that developed and arranged everything to the satisfaction of the parties involved, a few adjustments being made retroactively. In accomplishing this Richard Carter had personal conferences with each individual participating in the plan and watched daily production records closely. These steps brought him into close contact with all parts of the plant and with its various processes and personnel. From time to time he observed both production and general conditions that seemed to leave room for improvement, and he reported them to his father together with his regular notes about the bonus plan.

During this period Matthew Carter gradually became aware that the increasing activity of the whole industry and the executive responsibilities of a going and growing concern were absorbing more and more of his time. He decided, therefore, to put into the plant supervision someone who could observe closely everything that went on and report back to him on what he called an "impersonal" basis, so that he would know where corrective measures should be undertaken.

His son had evidenced the ability to get along well with most of the plant personnel during his association with the company, was familiar with corporate procedure and accounting, and had developed through his legal training and practice the technique of perception and analysis. Moreover, because of his training and other experience, Richard could help the company handle the increasing government controls. He had demonstrated his ability to understand and correlate the plant's productive efforts through his supervisory bonus system, and from that work was in close contact with the plant supervisors. Thus, Mr. Carter believed that Richard was the logical choice for the job. Office space for him was found next to the plant superintendent; and he started his new duties, which were announced as coördinating all the plant's activities effectively into the war production program.

In setting up this position for his son, Mr. Carter, Senior, tried to guard against creating further friction in the company by withholding authority from him that conflicted with that of the supervisors. Actually, he never gave his son explicit authority to do other than what might be the job of a "defense coördinator." Richard was only authorized to report to his father his observations and recommendations on such things as production, safety, and improvements of plant and equipment. He could not on his own initiate action on those matters. His position in the organization was intentionally designed to be more in the nature of a "staff" relationship rather than of "line" authority.

Within a short time Richard Carter found that he was involved in such matters as starting and sitting in on a labor-management committee; setting up a plant protection program, including a police force and a fire brigade; introducing first-aid courses for supervisors and employees; coöperating with various government agencies in stimulating and maintaining employee morale in the war production effort; instituting and clearing Training Within Industry programs; handling all Selective Service matters; and processing certain reports to the War Production Board and the War Manpower Commission.

In addition to the foregoing types of work, Richard Carter followed all production reports closely, not only in the interest of checking his bonus plan, but also to detect bottlenecks and to find reasons for high and low production. He made it a point to circulate through the entire plant at least twice a day and make observations on general plant improvement and safety. On these tours he talked mainly with the foremen and other plant management officials; but he also often discussed local conditions with the employees and began to know more and more of the workers by name. If he thought he had a suggestion for the general improvement of the plant, based either on his observations or on comments of those with whom he came in contact, he reported it to the president either orally or in writing, depending upon the seriousness of the matter. Many of the activities already mentioned had first come to Richard Carter's attention in this way. Before long both foremen and employees acquired the habit of coming to him or stopping him as he went through the plant, to make their personal suggestions for improvements or to complain about working conditions.

When Matthew Carter was not able to attend meetings of the union grievance committee with the plant superintendent, he began to send Richard "to sit in and see what it is all about, but not to take any action." After such meetings the superintendent and Richard, sometimes together but more often separately, reviewed the cases with Mr. Carter and submitted separate notes and written recommendations, which were not always the same. Mr. Carter often told his son he was wrong in such cases; he had occasion to say the same to the superintendent, but he never told either man what the other's recommendation had been.

During the second year of his employment Richard Carter acquired the official title of assistant to the president. This change came about after he had "taken over" the president's desk during the latter's winter vacation in Florida in order to handle his father's personal mail, to check other incoming mail for material to be sent South to his father, and to act as clearing house for other reports sent to him. During the year the acceptance of a high percentage of his ideas and recommendations, coupled with pressure from his father for a steady and greater flow of suggestions, encouraged young Carter to expand his activities. He began to argue his points more aggressively than formerly with those who disagreed.

Soon his failures to get coöperation from the plant supervisors began to increase in number. He began to realize that he had many irons in the fire but that few of them were getting hot. He sensed that his father, too, was beginning to wonder what was wrong. He told himself that the supervisors were "pig-headed," and he even began to figure out ways and means of "needling" those who were uncoöperative and to find something that he could pin on them to prove it.

Then he began to feel that it was he who was wrong and to lose confidence in his own decisions and ideas. Two incidents helped to create this feeling. For awhile he had been asked to sit in on the grievance meetings, but then he was gradually left out. He had also been attending the city-wide meetings of the industry with the president and the superintendent, but was gradually left out of those meetings, too. While those meetings were to him two of the most interesting phases of the company's business, he tried to make it appear to

anyone who noticed that of course he had "more important" matters that precluded his attendance.

Richard Carter next noticed that his activities were viewed with mixed feelings by the supervisors. He got along well with about seven men of his own age, several of whom were college graduates. These men were more eager, especially at first, to exchange ideas with him. The five other foremen were inclined to be aloof and to pay little attention to him. They did not seem to have any ideas to pass on or to discuss at any time. The puzzler of the group was Peter, the foreman of the maintenance department, who always seemed to be friendly, but ignored most of Carter's suggestions and ideas and sidetracked them whenever he could, as was the case with the safety guards in the press room.

Many of the employees thought of Peter as the "boss" around the plant. He was a first-class master mechanic, about fifty-five years old, of German extraction, with about thirty years of service with the company. He had personally supervised the erection and repair of every piece of equipment in the plant. Furthermore, he had long been in charge of building improvements and repairs. He was constantly "on the go" around the plant, and had been unofficially in charge of safety and fire protection for years. He was the only foreman who did not have some kind of separate office space or personal telephone. Instead, his desk was out in the open at one side of his department, and he used whatever telephone was nearest at the time. Typical of his methods was the way he handled building repairs done by an outside contractor. He took over the supervision and directed the entire operation, even though the job had been given to an independent contractor with allowance for supervision. Since he was in charge of maintenance, not only of equipment but of the buildings, any suggestions relative to safety, plant improvement, or equipment change or rearrangement had to clear through him. He always had definite ideas on the way in which each such matter should be handled. It was almost axiomatic that if anything had to be done, Peter had to be called.

Peter had successfully resisted all efforts to put in some sort of system to schedule his work, although both the production manager and the chief inspector had pressed that issue for several years in the belief that production would be improved. In like manner attempts to get organized "preventative maintenance" had failed with Peter. As a result every bottleneck that arose was sooner or later credited to him.

It was against this background of Peter's attitudes that Richard Carter contemplated how he should approach Peter to get the crane boxes repaired.

Delman Forge Company (B)

IN THE early part of 1943, when the problems discussed in "Delman Forge Company (A)" were foremost in Richard Carter's mind, he attended in New York one of the industrial conferences which were part of his job. He met there a government executive who had worked out a training procedure for foremen and union stewards in the interests of better industrial relations. One of his

major points was that people did not like to be told or ordered what to do; yet if the same idea occurred to them first, they usually saw that it was followed out quickly. His theory was that if foremen could be taught that the way to get management's ideas carried out was to get employees to express their own ideas, a lot of resentment to orders would be prevented and things accomplished that would otherwise be delayed. He said it was not an easy technique to master, and it usually meant that the first person had to sit back and watch the other person get the credit for the idea; but he felt that it definitely worked. He had built his training course around this concept.

Richard thought this theory over carefully and discussed it with his wife. He decided that it might be worth a trial at the plant. He wondered if the fact that Peter White had made the little coal chute quickly but had not made the press guards had a significance he had missed.

Consequently, a few days later Richard Carter stopped Peter and talked to him.

Carter: Say, Peter, our crane boxes take a beating, don't they? I just saw one in the press room that looked as if it had been through the war, all bent with ragged edges. There ought to be a way to fix them up, especially since they are so hard to get, nowadays.

Peter: It's a shame the way those boxes get banged up, and it is a darn tough job to repair them, even if you can find the time. As for replacing them, we've had an order in for 100 for six weeks. Here's my note on it. [He pointed to a note and date in his notebook.] A worker could hurt himself on them, too.

Carter: I wondered about that. I have never seen that happen since I have been here. You think they could be fixed, though?

Peter: Sure they can be fixed. It just takes time. But they get banged up again right away, and we can't keep a man on a job like that all the time.

Carter: Of course not, Peter. I know your gang's got all they can take care of keeping our machines in repair, with the way our war production is wearing them out and no days off for you to get to them.

Peter: Well, we are darned busy and shorthanded, too. But we are in pretty good shape right now; if something new doesn't go wrong before the day is over. There's one machine that ought to be overhauled right now, but they say we can't stop it. . . . [Pause.] Those boxes are getting pretty bad, though, and it looks like it will be a long time before the new ones get here, if ever. I'll make a note of it and see what can be done about it. [He made a note in his notebook.]

Carter: Thanks, Peter. It would really be an improvement. It's a problem that's worried me for some time, but I just don't know the answer. Let me know if you find out some way to handle them, will you, please?

Peter: Yes, I'll do that, Richard. Don't know how soon, but I will look into it and let you know what I find out. Got to see about that other job now.

Richard felt that he had not accomplished anything because it sounded like the old routine: "Too busy, make a note, look into it." He decided that he had "messed up" the job and would have to find a new occasion for the next trial. He thought that it would be easier to work on one of the other men anyway.

Before the day was over, however, Peter came into Richard's office and said he had made inquiries about the crane boxes. He had found an outside

contractor who could straighten out the worst ones, a few at a time. He was going to get the first batch over to the contractor as soon as the company truck was available. Richard thanked him and expressed his relief that the problem was solved or, at least, would be in the near future; to himself he wondered how long it would be before the boxes were on their way. He learned at the end of the month that every crane box in the plant had been repaired and that Peter had located some new boxes, which were already in use.

Delman Forge Company (C)[1]

WHEN I FIRST started to work regularly at the plant there was no direct challenge to the authority and prestige of the various other members of the plant supervision. The special duties that were clearly given to me were not of such a nature that any of the others would have been interested in them, or at least so they thought at first. Moreover, I was a convenient outlet for suggestions and complaints to the president, who no longer had time for the close personal contacts he had maintained in the past. My duties and title of "defense coördinator" did not apparently infringe upon any of the supervisors. Unfortunately, however, my position had never been clearly defined, and they were left more or less to draw their own conclusions about my actual position and authority. Almost everyone assumed that I had authority to accomplish practically anything. This impression was accentuated by their observation of the results obtained through my personal reports and recommendations to the president. At any rate, I had just instituted a compensation system that put more money into their pockets. They probably concluded that coöperating with a fellow like that did not present any particular difficulties or require effort.

As the time went along, however, the picture began to change when it became increasingly evident to the supervisory force that I was not merely an impartial clearing house and contact man, but had definite ideas of my own that did not always coincide with theirs. Furthermore, they began to realize that the new tasks I was handling were not divorced from theirs, but that these tasks quite often directly and materially affected their own spheres of activity. Certain changes were traceable directly to my efforts, and they noted that I had begun to walk through the plant with a critical rather than just an inquisitive eye to details.

Another important change was when I now closed up my law office and spent nearly every day in the plant. This change was also revealed by my new title, assistant to the president, which was not specific enough to prevent anyone from making his own interpretation of it. The supervisors began to think here was someone who might be a threat to their prestige and chances for advancement. As a consequence, they demonstrated a cooler and more defensive attitude toward me.

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[1] "Delman Forge Company (C)" is Richard Carter's evaluation of his experiences as described in "Delman Forge Company (A)" and "(B)"; it is a report which he wrote when he was a student at the Harvard Business School.

This change of attitude was more pronounced with the older supervisors, particularly Peter. The younger and more "progressive" (as they considered themselves) supervisors drew closer to me and conferred more often with me, especially when they hoped to introduce changes, of which the older group disapproved. As my ideas seemed to go over pretty well, I got more confident and issued my suggestions more like orders. My limits weren't clearly defined, and for a while the others accepted my authority. As I came more and more to "step on their toes," they failed to coöperate, and their attitude put me on the defensive, even with the younger group of men. I began to tell myself they were all "pig-headed," but even I could see that this aggravated the situation, and I swung the other way and lost confidence in myself. What happened, my being left out of those meetings, reinforced that feeling, and I reacted as described. It didn't help matters.

It was soon after this period that I had a talk with my friend at the conference on the new training technique and theory of securing coöperation. I was now well aware of my deficiency on that score, and this looked like something worth trying in order to save the situation.

Even the simple results noted as accomplished in the immediate case, together with the fact that there was soon a perceptible improvement of my relations with supervision throughout the scope of my activities, indicated pretty clearly that this new method of approach in handling the foremen and middle plant supervision was effective.

I had taken a long step on the right road to getting coöperation from others in recognizing that each individual's own prestige values must be taken into consideration and that is wise to recognize and utilize both the informal and formal group alignments. I began to realize that an important part of my job as liaison officer for the president had to be a careful analysis of the make-up of the individual plant supervisors and take into account their personal feelings, habits, and positions in the organization.

I finally saw evidence on all sides of me that people just do not like to be pushed around, and definitely not by someone who has no indicated authority to do so. Consequently, it followed that figuring out how much push and how much pull I was expected to exert in my position was my first job. I had to organize my work, time, and ability to put the right emphasis on each, while bearing in mind that my success would be in proportion to my knowledge and evaluation of the personalities and backgrounds of those with whom I must work. I further realized that whatever approach I used, it must be consistent from the standpoint of constantly guarding against annoying the other fellow. Here I found that an admission of partial ignorance and the willingness to say that I did not know the answer, or at least the full answer, coupled with the recognition of the further fact that the other fellow involved was in a position to know and liked to have that fact recognized, broke down some of the resistance I had experienced and paved the way for coöperative effort.

The fact that the formal organization and the informal organization might be different, and yet consistent with the human behavior that actually occurred, took a long time for me to understand; but if I can remember my lesson and take it into consideration in the future, my chances of getting along with others are good. Much of my trouble in the past seemed to come

from blindly bucking up against an informal group and its particular standards.

After my experience with Peter, I began using the same tactics with other supervisors who had not made much effort to coöperate with me. In each case I tried first to remember just what sort of things usually got done by that man and why. I was pleased to note a high degree of success; but every once in awhile I lapsed back into my old "order" methods and ran into some discouragingly familiar results. It was clearly a tough "technique" to develop consistently, but it certainly seemed to be worth while. Furthermore, I noticed that when I made sure I was trying to get a job done by the fellow whose job it was to do such things, I got better results. I found that when I had a matter usually handled through the superintendent, I got results when I actually handled it through him.

What should be done now is to specify the duties of the assistant to the president in the formal organization: to set him up clearly in the formal organization and to spell out definitely his duties, responsibilities, and authority. Those points should be thoroughly thrashed out between the president and his assistant, so that the latter clearly understands just what it is that he is expected to do in his position, whatever the title might be. The description of my job to the plant supervisors will depend largely upon how much informality the president still desires in the position. The more informality the president desires, the tougher it will be to define my duties to the supervisors.

CASE 22

Bernie

MY NAME is Bernie; I am a senior at Columbia. My parents are not college graduates, and because of this I sometimes feel that they lack a certain sophistication that comes from having lived with people of different religious, political, and economic backgrounds as I have done at Columbia. I have often termed this a certain "narrowness" of mind. My parents are foreign born, but very Americanized, since they came to this country when they were very young and had English-speaking parents. They are not religious in the least, that is, they do not believe in the tenets of the Hebrew faith. They are, however, Jewish in all other respects. They are moderately Zionistic, consider themselves for all practical purposes Reform Jews, and participate in Jewish organizations. They consider their Jewishness a cultural rather than a religious phenomenon. I am an atheist. I belong to no Jewish organizations. I consider myself a "nothing." On most occasions when filling out questionnaires, I call myself a Jew — this because of my birth. I do this because of what I consider to be an innate drive compelling me to "show my colors." I feel that otherwise I would be running away from something; I would be a coward; my integrity would be discolored.

The following is a conversation that took place between my father and me late one night some months ago after I had returned home from a date. I usually sleep at my dormitory room, but on a few week ends I sleep at home.

Father: Where were you tonight, Bernie?

I: I had a date. I went to the Hotel Pennsylvania for a few hours.

Father: Who was the young lady?

I: A girl that I met at school. Her name is Mary.

Father: Where does she come from? What does she do?

I: She comes from Belleville, and she goes to Teachers' College.

Father: Belleville? How did you happen to get over to Belleville?

I: What difference does it make where she comes from? She's a nice kid. That's what counts.

Father: She isn't Jewish?

I: No. She's a very religious Catholic — as pure as they come.

Father: How many times have you seen her?

I: Couple. Two or three.

Father: I don't mind your seeing a Catholic girl. Just don't make it a

habit. I think it's a good thing. You should date a Catholic, a Protestant, Jewish girls. But with Shixies[1] you can see them once or twice or even three times. That's enough.

I: Look! Don't worry about it. I'm not marrying the girl. I've just seen her a few times and I might see her a few more times. I got too many things to think about before I can think about getting serious with any girl. Every time I go out with a girl I get lectures on marriage and the kind of girl that's good for me. I'm not getting married for a long time yet. And another thing — it seems to me that you call yourself tolerant and yet you go ahead and measure your tolerance in doses of two and three times.

Father: It's all right to be tolerant and to be a wise young Columbia boy, but intelligence is only sound when it is realistic. A Shixie is a Shixie and vastly different from you. You don't have to go to Schule[2] to be a Jew, you know. There's plenty of difference in the way you live, what you eat, what you like, what you want out of life, and what you have to do to get it. If you want to tie yourself down to a Shixie, go ahead. I can't stop you. I'm a little older than you and have had just a little more experience with things, and I'm telling you that you have to live with your mind as well as with your heart.

Look at your uncles. They both married Christian girls and look at their lives. Bill's a screwball anyway. And Al — look at what he's got. The kids pray to Jesus morning and night; there's religious junk all over the house. Why the last time he was in New York he ran to the nearest restaurant for a plate of Jewish soup. And look at what he's done to his family. He practically killed your grandmother. And look at his sisters. They're just heartbroken. The kids singing songs about Jesus and asking questions about the food. They got nothing out of their marriages. There were plenty of nice Jewish girls that could have made them damn good wives, and would have given them the type of home that they belong in and that they now crave for.

I: Look! Look! I'm not getting married. And I'm not having kids. Don't worry about it. Anyhow — I thought grandma died of cancer. And what difference does it make what his family thinks about his marriage? He's happy, and that's what counts. He's got a nice job, a nice house, cute kids — that's what he wants — he has his happiness and that's all that counts.

Father: Look! I know you're not getting married. You don't have to play around with fire, though. You don't have to get involved and possibly get hurt. For a nice refined smart boy like you there are plenty of nice Jewish girls to go out with. I thought I might as well give you a little fatherly advice.

I continued to see Mary at least once a week. I brought her to several school functions and introduced her to my friends, who later gave me compliments about my young lady. Mary and I became quite fond of each other. Talk of love, marriage, engagement did not enter into our conversations at all. We both felt, however, that we were growing closer together, and that possibly in the future something might come of our friendship.

My father suddenly had a heart attack and was laid up in the hospital for several weeks. This illness occurred about two months after my first date with Mary. During my daily visits to the hospital the talk never touched the

[1] Shixie — the Yiddish word for females of the Christian faith.
[2] Schule — Yiddish word for a Hebrew synagogue.

past conversation. I didn't talk too much about my social life, and my father didn't press me. I felt, however, that he knew I was seeing Mary, but that he wasn't too upset over it because he felt that I would use good judgment.

During his illness I slept at home so that mother would not be alone. I continued to do this after he was discharged from the hospital so that I could be around in case there was a relapse. The fact that I was living at home gave my parents more chance to converse with me and also to know that I was going out and how often.

Since graduation was only two or three months off, the family discussions were now mainly concerned with plans for my future: graduate school, the army, work. One of these conversations became quite heated owing to a difference of opinion concerning a course of action to be followed after graduation.

Father: As long as we're talking about such important things as your future, Bernie, let's talk about your social life. Your mother asked me this afternoon if you were going to invite your girl friend to the graduation exercises.

[Quite emotionally] You know, I never thought I would bring up my one and only son, my flesh and blood, to chase around with Shixies. I've read a lot, and I know a few things about Catholics, too. They are the narrowest, the smallest, the most bigoted people in the world. They have done plenty to persecute my people, and they are your people, too. You don't have to be a very good Jew to be a Jew. You're a Jew from the minute you're born to the minute you die. I don't give a damn what you think about your Jewishness. I'm telling you what the score is. With all the millions of Jewish girls around you have to go and play around with a Shixie — a Catholic, no less.

I'm eating myself up over it. My health is lousy, and this isn't helping any. I don't like it. I don't like your spending my money, my hard-earned money, on Catholic girls. Your mother is driving me crazy, too, with her crying and worrying. What's going to come of this business?

I (Angrily): What do you want me to do? If you want me to stop seeing her, I will. It just so happens that I like her a lot. I like seeing her and being with her. She is the nicest girl that I've met yet. And as far as those Jewish girls that you seem to like so much — I think you can bottle 'em. They're all social climbers, all materialistic little snots. They like you for what you can give them, not for yourself . . . You got your ideas about Catholics and I've got mine about Jews.

One of the things that is determining what I like about a girl is certainly not what she is, or what her family is like, but what she's like. If she's nice, sincere, simple, and intelligent, then that's enough for me. I don't give a damn what her old man believes in — just as she probably doesn't care what you believe in. As a matter of fact, I don't give two cents for what *she* believes in, but if she makes herself happy with it then it's good enough for me. She has her convictions and I have mine. If you don't want me to see her, then I won't. If you're going to work yourself up, then forget it; I won't see her. Is that what you want?

Father: Let's forget it. I've talked my heart out and can see that I'm getting nowhere. You know all the answers.

I: O.K., O.K., I won't see her. I won't see her.

I was faced with the problem of seeing the girl or not seeing the girl. I knew that my father did not consider what I had said as a promise; he would not hold me to my promise not to see the girl — with my father promises had never been necessary. Usually we talked things out and came to some sort of compromise. But in this instance there did not seem to be any meeting of minds. I knew that the only thing that would make my parents happy would be that I stop seeing the girl and completely forget about her. I did not want to do anything that would hurt my father's health, and yet I felt that selfish motives were causing me to disregard his desires. I was quite fond of Mary and did not want to stop seeing her. I felt that there were two things involved: first was my desire just to see Mary because I liked her: second was a question of my freedom, which I felt I always maintained. I felt that my father's arguments were not sound, and that he was forcing me to his will by emotional means: his health and the problem of my dependence for money on my family. My father's arguments seemed petty and possibly applicable to a Jew who was from a very European and religious background, but not applicable to a young and completely non-Jewish person.

I decided to continue to see Mary, but less frequently than once or twice a week. If pressed by my father about my social activities I would remain silent and if necessary white lie my way. This bothered me very much because I had never lied to my parents; in fact, I had always been open and intimate with my father. I felt that this course, although unsatisfactory, was the only thing to do so as to keep my freedom and my convictions and yet not irritate my father.

CASE 23

*Miss Jones**

THE ORGANIZATION is the "Hotel Lawford," a large and luxurious unit in a chain organization. Principal characters are:

Mr. Rogers — General Manager, the boss
Mr. Arthur — Resident Manager, second in command
Mrs. Lewis — Personnel Manager
Miss Jones — Training Directress

Miss Jones was hired to have charge of job instruction for new employees and standardization of work routines for experienced employees. Since her experience was primarily in restaurants, it was thought that she would begin in the dining rooms and kitchen, branching out into other departments if she were successful there.

After several months on the job, Miss Jones seemed to be in serious difficulties. The following four interviews were conducted by a research man who was not part of the hotel staff:

INTERVIEW NO. 1, WITH MRS. LEWIS, PERSONNEL MANAGER, FEBRUARY 6

I dropped in on Mrs. Lewis for a few minutes before leaving this afternoon. I told her that I had planned to interview Miss Jones, directress of training. Mrs. Lewis became quite animated.

"I certainly hope you will do that. We have been having a little trouble with Miss Jones. She has marvelous qualifications for her work but somehow she doesn't seem to be putting it over. I think she makes it a bit too academic. She goes in and tells the girls, 'good morning girls,' in a very sweet voice. I don't think they like that. Another thing that we have trouble with is that she can't seem to take criticism. I try to make her understand that the criticism isn't personal. We are just trying to help her do a better job, but still she always reacts in a personal manner. She's very resentful about it.

"I think that I am really to blame in part myself. You know when she first came in here I made it my business to see that she felt at home. I invited her in to breakfast and to lunch and we were very friendly. It was just in a business way, of course, but after one luncheon, when we were standing in the presence of an executive, she put her arm around me and squeezed me. She said, 'Mrs. Lewis is my honey. Mrs. Lewis is my darling. I love her.' Well, now, when I heard that it just made me cringe inside, and it was in the

* Courtesy of Cornell University, School of Industrial and Labor Relations.

presence of an executive, too. I realized then that she had misinterpreted my friendship. I felt that I had to change things. I am afraid that I went to the other extreme. I have been rather cold to her, and she takes that personally.

"I am so happy that you are going to talk with her. I hope that if there is something you can tell me, that is, of course you can't reveal anything that she says, but if there is any way we can help her do a better job I would be only too happy to know it."

INTERVIEW NO. 2, WITH MISS JONES, TRAINING DIRECTRESS, FEBRUARY 7

I had an appointment with Miss Jones for 2:30 this afternoon. Shortly after that time I dropped into her office where she suggested that we go into the Rose Room in order to talk. She brought along her notebook containing the organization of her class material, saying she thought I might want to look at it.

As she sat down she said, "I haven't had anything to eat all day. I have the most terrible headache and when I have a headache I just can't eat. I've had these before. It starts like a bad headache and then it turns into a migraine headache and I'm sick with it for three days."

I said, "Well, it looks as if I picked a bad day for you. Perhaps you'd rather talk some other time."

"Oh, no. I would be here anyway so I might just as well talk to you. I don't know what you want to know, but I'll tell you anything I can."

I started out by saying I didn't know how much she had been told about my work.

"I haven't really heard a thing about it. They don't tell me about these things. Oh, not that I mind. They're all busy and I have my own work."

I then went on to explain the nature of my work to her. She started in this way:

"Well, I've had a terrible time ever since I came in here a little over three months ago. I've just had to find my way around and do things for myself. I've never been in an organization where there were so many levels of authority and everything was so complicated. The first day when I came to be interviewed in the hotel here I must have been interviewed by six people and I was simply exhausted that night. I had had a position at the University of X in their food work, but I got sick of it. The town is such a dump, and then I have my mother who is eighty-three years old in Milwaukee and I try to see her as often as I can. Coming from the University it's just as bad as taking a trip to New York. That's why I wanted to be here in Chicago. Well, I wrote a letter to the hotel telling about my experience. I just scribbled it off in my own handwriting, and I don't know how they were even able to read it, but it seemed to hit the target for them and I got a special-delivery letter back.

"I guess it was just that Mr. Arthur was a super-salesman. I told him about my food background. You see, I had a tea room of my own, and then before going to X, I was in charge of the kitchen in the Commons at the University of Y. There we had 3,000 soldiers and 500 sailors to feed every day and they couldn't eat at the same time because of regulations. Besides that we had 10,000 civilians. Mr. Arthur told me about the position here.

He said that it wouldn't be much to start with. I'd be in training a couple of months with the regular waitress's salary, but then the sky would be the limit. I could develop the job for myself.

"At that time I had had offers from three companies, one of them would have paid me $75 a week and meals, but somehow Mr. Arthur sold me on Lawford's. It was a Friday afternoon. He asked me if I would keep myself available until Tuesday evening when I'd hear from him again. 'Well,' I said, 'Mr. Arthur, of course I'd be glad to hear from you if nothing else comes up, but you don't expect me to refuse another position if it's just right for me, do you? Do you expect me to promise that?' 'Yes,' he said, 'that's just what I want from you. I think you can do the job we need done here.' I said, 'What makes you think I can do it for you?' He said, 'Well, I've just got a feeling that you're my man.' Another thing Mr. Arthur said was that he thought I ought to consider the prestige of being connected with Lawford's.

"I went home and waited to hear from Mr. Arthur. I could have taken any of those other three jobs and sometimes I think I was foolish not to do it, but Mr. Arthur really sold me. I don't know what that man has, but he certainly puts it over.

"So here I am. They say I've been in training for two months. I thought training would mean I would have J.I.T. courses and things like that, but it hasn't been that at all. I've just been finding my own way around and filling in on stations. Then they started me at $25 a week, the waitress's salary. That was all right to start with because that was what Mr. Arthur said, but after two months I was still at $25 a week and that's all they're paying me now. They tell me there's some trouble of getting the classification put through in the main office, but it seems to me that when an organization as big as this sets up a position like that they should be able to get the salary and the classification for it before they start. I think it's terrible for a person of my experience to have to be paid in that way and then I have to find my way around all the time. It's simply ridiculous."

I said, "You feel that the people in the organization haven't done enough to help you to find your place?"

"Well, I started out with Mrs. Lewis. She took me everywhere and introduced me to everybody and I saw a good deal of her at first. She certainly is a remarkable person. In the beginning I used to tell everybody that I thought she was a wonderful woman, but then some of the supervisors said to me, 'Just wait until you've been here two months.' Now I can see what they mean. I told Mr. Arthur just the other day that I have no feeling for her at all any more. I said to him, 'If you're with her for twenty minutes she's wonderful, she boosts you up, but if you have to be with her for seven hours it just exhausts you.'

"I've had a terrible problem in getting along with Mrs. Lewis. There's nothing personal in it. I admire the woman, but I feel I could do so much more if I didn't have her interfering. Still, I haven't given up. I feel that if I just get a chance to do what I can with those girls, I'll make a place for myself, but you know, up until just this morning at every class I gave there'd been Mrs. Lewis, Mr. Arthur, and sometimes Mr. Rogers there, so with those big shots sitting in, the girls are just afraid to speak up and participate. Mrs. Lewis comes right in and sits up in the front, and she's always popping

up to have her say. That woman has to have the floor. Well, this morning was the first time I didn't have that handicap, and it was really a revelation to me what happened. I was talking on posture, just from a common-sense health standpoint, and those girls were so interested that they clapped and cheered when I got through and afterwards some of them came up to me and asked if they had a group of six or eight whether they could meet with me after work and talk things over. I said that if they had that many it might be worth while. They said they thought they could get at least that many. They really took an interest. Well, that means something. Mrs. Foster, the head hostess in the Rose Room, told me that I would be surprised to hear what they were saying about me. I said I'd be glad to hear about it, but not to tell any of the executives because they wouldn't believe it anyway. Well, she told me that the girls thought I was a grand person. So you see I think I'm getting started, but still I feel that from the time I came in here I've always been watched and people have been critical of me. It's the most ridiculous thing in the world to have those people sitting in on those classes every day. I don't mind Mr. Arthur. It went over 100 per cent without him, but if he'd been there it would have been 105 per cent."

I said, "You feel that he's very popular with the waitresses?"

"Oh, yes. They think the world of him, and he's the only person that's kept me here. You know, officially, I'm supposed to be working for Mr. Rogers. Well, I must have been here two weeks before I even saw him. Then he came down to my desk and said just like this, 'I want to see you. Come into my office.' Mr. Rogers is hard to get along with. He's so blunt. Well, I went in there and sat down. Then he turned to me and said, 'What are you here for?' 'Well,' I said, 'Mr. Rogers, I might turn right around on you and ask you what are you here for? After all, you're the manager and you must know these things.' 'Well,' he said, 'who do you know?' I asked him, 'Do you want me to tell you the little people or the big people I know?' He didn't answer that. He told me just to go on and tell him, so I told him about the times I spent in Washington. You see, I've known the Howell family intimately [family of a prominent senator]. At the time I was living some miles out of Washington in a place that didn't have very good plumbing facilities and Joe Howell had a key made for his apartment and he gave it to me and told me, 'Marge, you take this and come in once a week and have a bath in my apartment.' Joe was very thoughtful that way. Well, I knew the Howells from 'way back. Then I'm a good friend of Red Francis (government administrator). It may sound strange for me to call him Red, but that's as well as I know him. We were brought up together. You see, I'm fifty-one years old, and when you've done the things I've done and been to places I've been, you know some of those people pretty well. Well, from that I got into telling about some of my experiences in the food line and that was the end of it. After that I didn't see him again until I had worked up my waitress manual. Then I came down one day and brought it into him. I told him what it was and he said, 'Fine, lay it on the desk. I'll try to get it over this week end.' That was four weeks ago and I've never heard a thing about it. I know that Mrs. Lewis, Mr. Arthur, and Mr. Rogers sat in there together, discussing my manual, and Mrs. Lewis will come out and say to me that they think such and such a thing should be changed. Well, that seems to me the most

ridiculous way of doing things in the world. When they discuss my manual I ought to be in on it. After all, I've done the work and I know something about it."

I said, "You feel that they don't give you enough consideration in getting this work started?"

"Well, Mrs. Lewis helped me to get started in the beginning. She warned me too. She said, 'Remember, this place the walls have ears, so be careful to keep your mouth shut. Just go about your own work and work your way in gradually.' I've never been a person to talk much in the way of gossip. It was hard to get used to her at first."

I said, "You had to be careful of what you said to people?"

"Not only that. I had to be careful what people I was seen with. Now, there's Mrs. Vogt in the auditor's [cost] office. She'd been very nice to me and stopped by and would go to lunch with me several days. Then I heard one of the supervisors saying that they saw me getting very chummy with Mrs. Vogt. I didn't know what to make of that. I said, 'Oh, she's just been very nice to me. I don't even know what her name is. Well, I was told, 'You'd better stay away from her. She's a stool pigeon. None of us will eat with her. Yes, she goes in and tells stories to Rogers.' Oh, that didn't worry me because I never say anything very private anyway. I'm careful."

I asked her, "How did you go about getting your work started here?"

"I came in here in November. They should never have hired someone for my position at that time, just when the Christmas rush was under way. People were so busy they had no time to pay any attention to me. I went in to tell Mr. Rogers that I'd be glad to volunteer to fill in any job when they were in a jam during that period. He said that would be all right and that he'd let me know. So that's what I did at first. Instead of getting any thanks for it, I just come in in the morning and find a note on my desk, 'You will report to such and such a station,' so I was supposed to report. When they had the turkey dinner for the employees in the cafeteria they needed someone to carve the turkey. I went up there and I carved turkeys all day, but it wasn't any special credit to me because I'd learned from the army the way they do it. I showed them how to carve turkeys and it really went off in fine style. Miss Carter [cafeteria supervisor] told me afterwards that they never had it run so smoothly. That was nice of her. Well, these big people are so busy around here that they never have time to see you, but while I was up there carving the turkeys, Mrs. Lewis was always in and out, and Mr. Rogers went there through the kitchen a few times too. They were just up there to watch me. I feel that I'm being watched all the time ever since I've been here. It's as if they didn't trust me at all."

I said, "And you didn't get any thanks for this kind of work?"

"Well, Miss Carter did thank me and afterwards I heard from Mrs. Lewis that she had heard I had done a fine job, but that was the only time I heard anything about it. Other times they just took it for granted that I'd do anything they wanted me to do. I got no recognition for it at all.

"Well, Mrs. Lewis told me just to go ahead and start working on a waitress manual and get ready for my classes. I had to do everything on my own. They had a Mrs. Young here in charge of classes before. I didn't know anything about that. They didn't tell me that they had any previous experience

and that made it harder for me too because apparently nobody liked Mrs. Young. They had no records from those previous classes either, although I think Mrs. Lewis was supposed to keep track of it somehow. All they had was who attended and what was discussed, so I had to start from the bottom and work it all out myself. First I observed the waitresses in the dining rooms. I noticed that they all do things in a different way. There are no uniform standards around here, so I observed what they were doing right and what they were doing wrong and I talked with them a little and with the hostesses too. I tried to see the supervisors, but they were so busy, you know. I have no complaint against Miss Potter [directress of service], she's the grandest person there is. She's been so glad to have me here helping on this job. As busy as she is she always sees to it that the room is set up for my class next morning, and when I'm through with the class she sees that I get a little glass of lemonade because my throat gets rather dry. In working up these classes I had to catch her whenever I could. It was just up to me and I had to fit myself in. There was no regular time. You know, that makes it hard.

"So I finally did get my manual done and I started the classes. Well, as I've told you, we had the big people there all the time and that made it difficult, especially with Mrs. Lewis jumping up all the time to interrupt. You know, you have your own train of thought, your points that you want to develop, and when she gets in and breaks it up she throws you all off. Now, just for example, just the other day I was saying something when she got up and said, 'Miss Jones, I think the girls would understand it a little better if we put it this way,' and she said it her way and said, 'Isn't that clearer now, girls?' That was terribly humiliating.

"Besides that I have never been able to call the classes my own. They've always wanted to get experts in for me. Well, when we got to posture, they got Miss Drake, who is in charge of training the models at X department store. That was Mrs. Lewis' idea. She absolutely insisted that we invite Miss Drake, so I introduced her and let her talk but I could see right away that the girls were hostile. They were saying, 'What can a fashion model tell us? We've got to carry heavy trays. We're no models.' It didn't go over at all. Well, the next day we were supposed to have Miss Drake come back again and after that we were going to have a chiropodist speak about the care of the feet. Well, at the last minute Miss Drake couldn't make it and the chiropodist never did come, so I told the girls at the start that I was sorry but it looked as if I would have to carry on all by myself, and, would you believe it, they clapped.

"Another thing that makes it so difficult for me is that Mrs. Lewis always has her criticisms to give me. Just as soon as the class is over she comes up to me, counting off on her fingers the way she always does, and says, 'Now, I think you made certain mistakes.' She'll go over them, one, two, three. After that she'll say the rest of it was good. Now, maybe by the time the class is over I've thought about a half a dozen things that I want to change. I have ideas myself, but she doesn't give me any chance to put in my own ideas. She'll have to tell me first. Now, when I had the class on vitamins, I had a tray with a head of lettuce, some orange juice, and things like that on it, and I illustrated that way to show them just what percentage of each vitamin they get in their daily diet from the different foods. After class Mrs. Lewis said to

me that that was all right but I should have found out what those girls were going to eat today and use that as a basis for my lecture. Now, for heavens sake, how are you going to find out what a hundred of those girls are going to eat. I said, 'I don't think that could be done.' 'Oh, Miss Jones,' she said, 'never say it can't be done. It's always worth trying.' She's always after me about negations. I must never use the word 'never.' She criticizes every word. Now, when we were getting up this waitress manual, she wanted me to call the classes lessons. I told her, 'Mrs. Lewis, I've had some experience in school and I know that in elementary school they may talk about lessons, but by the time you get into high school and college they're classes.' People don't want them spoken of as lessons. These girls here are no dummies. Well, she still wouldn't hear of it. She wanted the things to be called lessons. I said, 'Mrs. Lewis, you can put that in print if you want to, but I will talk about classes myself.'

"It isn't that I object to criticism. It's just the way that she does it. Now, after that time when Miss Drake had been with us, I went up to Mr. Arthur and asked him what he thought of it. He said, 'I'm afraid you were right. We shouldn't have had her after all. It was a little hard for her to do with this group, but still I think we ought to show her our appreciation for her efforts and give her several management checks to eat here.' Just as soon as Mrs. Lewis heard that she rushed out to the cashier to get management checks and wrote her name on one of them. Mr. Arthur called her over and said, 'Mrs. Lewis, just wait a moment. I think it would be better for Miss Jones to handle that, don't you?' Mrs. Lewis couldn't say anything to that. She said, 'Well, any way you want to do it.' I took Mrs. Lewis' check and turned it back to her and said, 'You're going to eat here anyway this afternoon so why don't you just use it. I'll get another check myself.'

"The trouble with Mrs. Lewis is that she's such an aggressive and domineering person. She doesn't ask you to see her. She'll just put it out on your desk, 'You will report at such and such a time.' Then she'll make a date to have lunch with you, and transact all the business at the lunch table. I object to that. It's all right to go in and talk to her at one o'clock and then when we're about finished with our business to go in and eat and finish talking about it there, but to have to work with pencil and paper while you're eating seems to me a terrible way of doing things. I was having breakfast with some of the supervisors the other day when Mrs. Lewis came by and said, 'I'll see you in ten minutes in my office.' Now, that meant that I didn't have a chance for a second cup of coffee, but when ten minutes came I got up. The others said to me, 'You goat.' I said to them, 'Don't worry. In time I'll take care of it,' but you see I have to defend myself. It's terrible to be in a situation like that.

"Then Mrs. Lewis brings up all these personal criticisms. She told me once, 'Miss Jones, you giggle. That's very bad. And I see you acting silly.' Well, that stunned me. I didn't know what to make of it myself, to hear that from Mrs. Lewis when we all know how much she giggles and how silly she can act at times, but here I am fifty-one years old, starting in a new job. You'd think that she would know by this time that I knew how to take care of myself. When I talked with her again I told her I thought she ought to take that back. I wanted her to tell me when I giggled and when I'd acted silly. Oh, she said that she had seen me do that sometime. She couldn't say when, but you see she was

treating me like a school girl and after all those years of experience I've had you would think they count for nothing.

"It's not that I have anything personal against Mrs. Lewis. I think she is a colossal woman in more ways than one, but if she just didn't put up this front and act so aggressive all the time she'd really be wonderful.

"I want you to understand that I really don't dislike Mrs. Lewis. I have a great admiration for her. She could be a wonderful person. It's just too bad that she has to put all that front on and be so aggressive and domineering.

"Now it might seem that I am rather upset about this, but I am really not the type of person that just has personal feuds. I think I understand people a lot better than the average person. I am not the sort of person that easily gets upset about people. We had a split in our family. All six of us had broken apart but it took me a year and I went around to each one and finally I patched it up so we are closer together than ever. It's not just psychology, I suppose. I think it's partly my religion. I am a Catholic and I am proud of it. I love people. There are very few people that I dislike.

"When I was in college I got straight A's in psychology and one of my professors thought I should go on into psychiatry."

She mentioned two professors at the University of C, asking if I knew them. I said that I knew of them. She then went on.

"I just have a feeling that I can size up a person quickly and I am very rarely wrong. I was talking to Mrs. Lewis the other day and I said to her, 'I'll bet anything that you were a newspaper woman once.' 'Why,' she said. 'I was for seven years. How did you know?' 'Oh,' I said, 'I could just tell.' You know the way she blocks things out, takes up points one, two, and three. That sort of thing. It just gave her away to me."

I said, "You seem to have a high regard for Mrs. Lewis, and at the same time you find it very difficult to get along with her."

"That's right, we haven't been getting along at all lately. Well, a very unfortunate thing happened a few weeks ago. I happened to see a nice potted plant in a store window. I am the sort of person that loves to see flowers and plants around me, but where I have my desk there is no sunlight so it would be foolish to have a plant there but I bought this. When I brought it into Mrs. Lewis' office I told her that I thought it would be nice for us all to be able to see it right there. She got red in the face and said, 'Miss Jones, you aggravate me so much. I simply despise apple polishing.' I said, 'Mrs. Lewis, I simply thought it would be nice to have it here in the office. I didn't think you would take it that way.' So I took it right back to my desk, but I'll tell you it was hard for me not to pick up that plant and throw it out the window. Imagine her accusing me of apple polishing, apple polishing Mrs. Lewis. With all my experience and all the people I know that I should have to stoop to that. You know when I was in my tea room, my place used to be a sort of out-of-the-way retreat for a lot of people who came to town. In that way I got to know ——— and ——— (prominent actors) and a number of people like that. I am going to see ——— when she opens in Chicago next week. Those people are really my friends. They certainly will be surprised to hear what I am doing and what I am getting for it.

"Why, when I came in here at first they didn't even have a desk for me. I

had to work on a table and I had no place to put my books and papers away at night. Finally, they got me a desk and still they didn't have any lamp for it and I used my eyes there until I was getting terrific headaches and I couldn't see any more. Then Mr. Arthur gave me the lamp on his desk for a while until they could get one down from upstairs. Well, that made me feel like an awful fool. It seems to me that they should be big enough, when they set up a job like this, to make a place for it in advance.

"I don't want you to think that I am giving up on this job. I have just been biding my time until I could establish myself a little better. I know that I can do the job if I just get a chance to work with the girls without so much interference. I think I am getting along a little better with Mrs. Lewis too. We have our arguments, all right. The other noon at lunch I was talking with her and all of a sudden she got red in the face and said, 'Oh, Miss Jones, you aggravate me so much. You are always interrupting.' I said, 'I beg your pardon, Mrs. Lewis, I didn't realize I was interrupting you.' Next time I won't say it that way. I'll tell her that she is interrupting me because that is what she does all the time. I have about reached the point where I feel that I have to stand up and tell her. The other day she came by my desk and said, 'Come in to my office and talk with me.' That's the way she does things. She just gives you an order with no consideration at all. Well, I said, 'Mrs. Lewis, I would rather talk at my desk here. I feel more comfortable about it right here.' Mrs. Lewis got red in the face. She was absolutely furious. You know, she is a powerful woman and she doesn't like being opposed. I told her, 'Now there is no use getting excited. We have got to work this thing out. You have built up a stone wall and I have built up a stone wall, too, and there doesn't seem to be any getting through it. I like to be just natural and sit down and talk. I don't like to be treated like a school girl though, after all my years of experience.'"

I asked, "How did she react to that?"

"She just stood there for a moment and she walked off without saying anything. Well, the next day she came around to see me and told me that she thought I had been right. Well, that is the first time that I have had anything like that out of her, so I think maybe I am making a little progress but I am not sure I am handling the situation right. How would you handle it if you were in my shoes?"

I said, "Well, that is difficult for me to say because I don't know the organization very well yet. I suppose, though, that it is difficult for you to find a way of dealing with Mrs. Lewis."

"Yes, it is. She's so unpredictable. She is always picking on such little things. I had been talking with her about the classes and I told her that I wanted to make them like a game. After all, these women are middle-aged, they are about my age. They don't like to go to school. She didn't understand what I meant by a game. I explained it to her this way. I said when I go home at night I just go home to a one-room hole in the wall but I pretend that I have a big mansion with a lot of servants that are serving me dinner or tea and I have a chauffeur to take me home and so on. Now in playing a game you have to be a sport. If things are unpleasant you make a game out of them. Well, she still thought it was the wrong word, and she made an appointment for us to go up and talk with Mr. Arthur to ask him about that word. Isn't that ridiculous? Well, when the time came for us to go upstairs I didn't want to

go. You see when I go somewhere with Mrs. Lewis to see some person I just sit back and Mrs. Lewis does all the talking. What's the use of me being there at all? So, as we walked to the elevator I said, 'I don't think I want to go. Why don't you go alone?' Well, no, she wouldn't go by herself. It's silly the arguments we get into. Mrs. Lewis has to have her own way even on such little things as what word to use. We went over my waitress manual and she had an objection here and there. She wanted to use a different word. 'Well,' I said, 'I think that particular word is just what I mean.' 'No,' she said, 'I don't like it. We will strike it out.' So she struck it out. You see when things like that happen I don't feel that I have any independence at all."

I said, "Of course, in your work you have to have a lot to do with Mrs. Lewis, but what about the people you see informally at lunch."

"Oh, I do have a few friends here. I often eat with the head hostesses. Miss Klans will do anything for me. I get along very well with Mrs. Oliver, although she isn't the sort of person that would go out of her way to help you. And sometimes I eat with Mrs. Sutton [pantry directress] or Miss Potter [directress of service]. Those people know what a hard time I am having and they have a lot of sympathy for me. Mrs. Sutton attended one of my classes where Mrs. Lewis was always taking the floor and afterwards she said to me, 'I don't see how you stand it.' Well, I told her that I was just biding my time until I was in a better position. After all she's been here twenty-two years or more so she doesn't have to put up with things like that."

I said to her, "Earlier, you said that if Mr. Arthur attended one of your classes it would go over better than if he wasn't there. You feel that he is really a help to you?"

"I certainly do. Mr. Arthur is the person that is keeping me here. I feel that I am working for Mr. Arthur not Mr. Rogers. I went to see him a week ago Saturday. At that time I was going to quit. I want you to know that years ago I could go anywhere and do anything. I took a trip to Europe with a car and a chauffeur and a guide. It cost me $5500 but I wanted to do it just right, but then my family got caught in the depression and I had to spend all I had to take care of the family. Now I don't have a nickel to my name. But still I don't feel that I have to put up with the sort of situation I am in here. Well, I wanted Mr. Arthur to know how I felt about him. As far as I was concerned he was Lawford's to me. I told him that wasn't flattery or anything but I just wanted him to know how I stood. I said that I didn't think I could stand going on any more the way I had been going. Well, he said he would put his cards on the table too. He told me that the next day he could get in touch with twenty-five women who had good qualifications for my job. They all had a lot of experience though it was a little different from mine. He said, 'When you first came in here I had the feeling that you were my man and I want you to know that I still feel that way. I believe you can do that job.' He wanted me to try it out a little longer. He asked if I wanted him to speak to Mrs. Lewis for me, and I said that I would rather handle that myself. I thought I was getting into a position where I could do it. I said that I would stay here as long as I could come into his office once a week and talk to him for an hour. He said he would be glad to see my any time I was in a jam, but you see how it is. He is always running here and there, usually up to his neck. It's hard to go in there and take his time.

"But here I have been talking my head off and not telling you anything about these classes. Let me get my manual for you."

She got up, went out, and brought back her manual. I thumbed through the manual. I found in the back some notes about sponsors and trainers for the new waitresses. It appears that certain experienced waitresses are given the title of trainers for the new ones. That system had always been in effect, but when Miss Jones started out with it, she said, "I found that I had a rebellion on my hands. The girls were saying it was a racket. They told me that they had been doing this for years and that they lost forty cents an hour in tips when they were training and got nothing out of it. Well, I said we would have to cut it out for the present until I could get it straightened out and I would put it in Mr. Arthur's hands."

There was a little more discussion of the waitress classes and then she said, "I have been talking all the time and I am afraid that I have been keeping you after hours."

I said that it had been exceedingly interesting to me but I thought it was about time that I had better be going along but that I hoped to have another chance to talk with her. As we got up she said, "You know my headache is all gone. I feel fine now." I did have the impression that she looked quite different. At the start of our interview she had appeared quite drawn and tense. Now she was relaxed and at ease.

INTERVIEW NO. 3, WITH MR. ARTHUR, RESIDENT MANAGER, FEBRUARY 8

I asked Mr. Arthur to explain the worker-training program to me. He said, "This was my idea. Mr. Rogers was opposed to it. That is, he didn't refuse to let it be put in, but he had no interest in it. He just told me to go ahead on my own responsibility and try it out. It was that way with the rest of the organization, too. You know, we have people around here who've been doing things just through experience for many years, and they don't see the need for any special training.

"I feel it's necessary to have it because at present we have people doing the same job in all different ways. Then when a worker goes in to learn a job, he's taught by the person on that job. He observes that there are different ways of doing it, so how is he going to get the idea that Lawford's know what the right way is? I think they'll have more respect for Lawford's when they feel that we know what we want to do.

"Well, I was the one that hired Miss Jones. I interviewed her and I thought she was the type for the job, but I confess after I interviewed her I pretty much passed the buck to Mrs. Lewis. You see, training comes under the personnel organization of the hotel, so she would have to work under Mrs. Lewis anyway, but perhaps I should have paid more attention to it. I suppose I didn't because none of us really knows how we're going to accomplish this training, and it's all very experimental.

"Unfortunately, Miss Jones got off to a very bad start. You might say she laid it on too thick, that is, she would come in and talk to me in a very sugary, flattering manner, and when anybody does that to me, I just instinctively back off. I don't trust a person who acts that way. I didn't know it at the time, but later I checked with Mrs. Lewis and I found that she had just the same impression. I feel now that it was just that Miss Jones was too eager to please me.

The result was that I was a little curt to her several times. I'm sure all the supervisors have just the same impression that we did at the start. Now, I believe she's handling herself a good deal better.

"Another thing, I think she has made mistakes the way she has fitted into the organization. She tried to play one of us off against the other. She comes in and criticizes Mrs. Lewis to me. That means to me that she must go to Mrs. Lewis and complain about me. You can't get anywhere in an organization if you act that way.

"Then I feel that she has been very unbusinesslike. She doesn't accept the decisions of her superiors. Take the case of Miss Drake. Mrs. Lewis told Miss Jones that she wanted Miss Drake, who was in charge of training the models at X department store, to come down and address the girls on posture. That had all been decided, although Miss Jones was opposed to it. Then it happened that Mrs. Lewis, Miss Jones, and I had lunch one day. Miss Jones asked me, 'Don't you think it's a bad idea to have outsiders come in on these classes?' Well, I didn't know what was planned at all, and if I had given the wrong answer, I would have made it hard for Mrs. Lewis and for me, too. It just happened that I said, well I thought it was a good idea. You see, she was trying to play one of us off against the other. Then when Miss Drake went on with her program, naturally she was nervous facing these fifty waitresses. It was so new to her that she began to flounder around. You know, when you're conducting a meeting like that and a person gets in trouble, frequently you can step in and help them out — get them back on the track; but Miss Jones didn't raise a finger. She just let Miss Drake stand out there and flap around without any help at all. I don't think that's right. Then Mr. Rogers wants things done in a certain way; I may argue against it in advance, but when it's decided I don't think it's right for me to knife the scheme. I try to give him my support; but you see, that's where Miss Jones fell down."

I asked what Miss Jones's relationship was supposed to be with Mrs. Lewis.

"She's supposed to be working directly under Mrs. Lewis."

I asked what her relationship was supposed to be with Mr. Rogers.

"Well, I suppose that's one of her gripes. She doesn't have any relationship with Mr. Rogers. He was opposed to the program in the beginning, and he tells us now that he doesn't like her personality. He doesn't think she's the person for the job. Well, I don't know how he got that impression. Certainly, Mrs. Lewis or I didn't tell him because we're anxious for the program to succeed and we wouldn't pass that on."

I asked him how he felt the program was doing.

"I was very disappointed at the start. I didn't think it was going over at all. But in the second week we began to get very good reports from the head hostesses. They seemed to like her. Of course, it's been hard for Miss Jones. We haven't been able to give her much guidance and it's all very experimental."

I asked him to give me an idea of how he rated her job. Was it as important as some of the top supervisory jobs?

"Yes, I'd say it is. We have 600-odd employees to be trained, and when that's done, we'll always have a re-training job. Then she could do a lot of work on efficiency. I was having lunch with Mrs. Lewis the other day when I drew her attention to this. The waitress was serving us coffee in the Rose

Room. First she came over with her Silex and filled our cups. Then she went all the way back to the stand halfway across the room to bring us the sugar bowl. Now she knew in advance she was going to have to give us sugar, and she had a free hand. Why couldn't she have brought them at the same time? Well, there are all sorts of things like that that could be checked up on. We have a lot of work very inefficiently done. If we're going to work things out so that we can do more work with fewer people, we're going to have to work out those things. I'd be satisfied if we can only make the work easier for the people we've got. Of course, we never talk about this thing as efficiency with workers. We just talk about it as a way of making the job easier."

I asked him how he had introduced the training classes.

"I talked to the girls at the start of each class. That was why I had to be there. I didn't say that we wanted to learn a lot of new things. I just told them that we wanted to maintain the fine things that Lawford's had become noted for. All those girls are very proud of their connection with Lawford's. I said to them, 'It is obvious to you, is it not, that in the time you've been working here we have slipped on some things?' They can agree to that, so the idea was that now we were going to check ourselves and see if we couldn't improve and do an even better job."

I asked whether Miss Jones was included in the Monday-morning breakfast of executives.

"No, she isn't. You don't have to answer this question, but I suppose that was one thing she was bothered about?"

I said that she had not raised this point with me, and he continued, "We gave that some thought and we finally decided that it would be better for her if she wasn't included in the breakfast in the beginning. If she moved right in, there would be a lot of jealousy, and people might make it difficult for her. We felt that she would have a better time if she got some recognition for her work first; if she showed them what a good job she could do, then she could move right in with them. As it is, people still have to be convinced. Well, in Miss Potter's case, she'll go along with anything if I tell her it's going to be a good thing for Lawford's. She's very coöperative. But in general, people still have to be shown."

INTERVIEW NO. 4, WITH MRS. LEWIS, PERSONNEL MANAGER, FEBRUARY 13

I told Mrs. Lewis that I would like her to give me her experience with the development of the training program.

"Well, I have had practically nothing like this before. We had started a little something when Mrs. Young was here. She was really a devil in human relations. She was a very competent and brilliant woman, but she couldn't handle people at all. Still, at one time, she was sort of floating around here and had no supervisory position, and when we needed somebody on training I suggested to Mr. Rogers that we let her try it out. She worked on it for a while, quite on her own, working up her own notebook, and finally we did get some classes started. I think she did a fairly good job but then she left here and the classes were stopped. I got in touch with her before she left and asked her to make sure that she left all her notebooks on the courses with us so that we would not have to start from the beginning. I checked with her several times, and finally the last day she was here all her notebooks arrived on my

table in a big pile. It was my fault. I should have gone right through them to make sure what was there, but I didn't at the time. I just assumed everything was there, and I didn't find out until later that the only notes on the courses she had were very inadequate outlines, just one word here and there. It didn't give any idea of what the content of the class was. Of course, when she looked at that outline she knew what to teach, but it was of no help to anyone else.

"From the very beginning I felt very strongly the need of a training program, and when Mr. Arthur came in I found out that he felt the same way. It took him some months to feel that he was in a position to start anything like that, but last fall we both began to feel that it was quite urgent. You know, that was in the period when we were expecting that V-Day was right around the corner. We were worried that we wouldn't be in shape to meet V-Day. At present our organization is terribly inefficient. We thought that ought to be worked on. Mr. Rogers wasn't nearly so much in a hurry about this. I confess now he had better judgment than we did. He saw some of the problems. He realized that neither Mr. Arthur nor I had time to really give this the attention that it deserved.

"Well, we weren't actively looking for anyone when suddenly at the end of October there was Miss Jones. I interviewed her and turned her over to Mr. Arthur and he got in touch with me and he said, 'What do you think about Miss Jones for training?' Well, I picked up the idea right away and we went to work on it. He explained to Miss Jones that she would come in at the bottom and work that way for two months getting experience, but then if she worked out all right she would get her proper classification. It was really unfortunate that she came in just at the time she did when the Christmas rush was getting under way. That made it hard for everybody concerned.

"I spent a week or more just introducing her around, getting people to know her, and then we thought it would be wise to have her work at various jobs throughout the organization just to get the feel of the work, and she agreed to that very readily. She went to work and I will say for her that she did a grand job. She carved our turkeys for the employees' turkey dinner the day before Thanksgiving and she really did it in a wonderful manner. There's no question about her competence. She knows her work."

I asked what Miss Jones's relationship to Mr. Arthur and Mrs. Lewis was supposed to be.

"We thought of it in terms of a co-partnership. Since this was so experimental we didn't know at all what to expect. This was all so new to us that we didn't know just how it would be done. However, in the beginning, Mr. Arthur thought that since she would be working under him he ought to have the primary responsibility for her. After she had been working with him for several weeks, well he got caught in the Christmas rush and he came to me one morning and he said, 'I'm not able to get in touch with Miss Jones at all. I'm so tied up. I wonder if you could take that over for me,' so that's what I did . . . No, we didn't explain the change to Miss Jones. I didn't realize at the time that it was necessary because we had thought of it in the beginning as a co-partnership. I suppose that was my fault.

"One thing that we tried to make clear to Miss Jones was that the program was entirely experimental. We didn't know ourselves at the start exactly what

we wanted. That's why we told her to start fresh, not to go on anything that had been done in the past, to go and observe the waitresses and talk to them and to Miss Potter about their work. We told her that inevitably our ideas about what we wanted would change as the program developed, but apparently she didn't understand that, and there seemed to be a lot of resentment when any change was made."

I asked how the changes were made, that is, by whom?

"Well, I would talk it over with Mr. Arthur and sometimes with Mr. Rogers. Mr. Rogers, of course, has the final authority on what the standards are supposed to be. Then I would tell Miss Jones what they had decided."

I asked what sort of changes had been made.

"At first we didn't know whether we wanted this waitress manual to be used just by the teacher, or whether it should be used by the hostesses too, or whether it should be circulated in general among the waitresses. There were problems like that which we first felt one way about and then the other."

I asked what Miss Jones's relationship to Mr. Rogers had been.

"None at all, but that is not unusual in the hotel. A training job like that would naturally come under Mr. Arthur or me.

"Miss Jones worked very hard until about the sixth of December. Then she became ill with the grippe and I believe it was incipient pneumonia. She stayed out several days and then came back and she looked terrible so I advised her to stay home. Then one evening I went to her room to take her some things and we talked it over. I felt at the time that she shouldn't just stay in that one room, she should go home where she could get better care, so she left us and didn't come back until January second. Now, in the beginning it had been agreed that she would only be on the starting rate for two months, but I neglected to tell her that it had to be two months on the job, and any time out for illness would be subtracted. That was entirely my fault, I should have got that across to her, so you see she missed about three weeks there and in addition to that there was a delay in getting the new rate approved in the main office. It has come through finally now, retroactive to the beginning of the third month, so she's better satisfied.

"In getting a new rate on a person like that, even when we feel the job is very important, we have to justify it with the main office. We have to show them that she has been doing good work. At the time she came back in January we didn't have anything concrete to show. She had been working on the waitress manual and filling in in various parts of the organization. Well, about the third week in January I could see that I was really going to have time really free to devote to her work. It was the only time I could see available at all, so I really pushed on it. I sat down with her every morning to go over what she had done and then I had her bring me things in the afternoon and we'd go over them again. I'm afraid I was really pressing her at the time. She responded very well and worked very hard, but then I felt it was building up resentment. On the basis of my experience with Mrs. Young, I just know that they wouldn't accept any outlines of work that only had one word on each topic. Miss Jones didn't see the necessity of writing all those things out, but I just had to tell her that that was the way it had to be for the main office.

"Then it seemed important to us to get the classes under way just as soon as possible again for the reason that we had to show them in the main office

that she was doing some good work. Yes, I planned the classes with her. I talked our plan over with Mr. Arthur, too. You know, sometimes when people are taught by someone who is around the organization all the time they don't pay much attention to what she says. We felt it would be better to have some outside authority in to give a little punch to the classes. I talked that over with Miss Jones and she didn't raise any protest at the time, but when we were up talking with Mr. Arthur she said something about Mrs. Lewis not trusting her to handle it without outsiders. Mr. Arthur stood up for my judgment on that.

"Then when it came to our discussion on posture, I thought it might be a good idea to get Miss Drake. It wasn't that I thought we should teach the waitresses how to walk like models, but I just thought if Miss Drake talked to them for about five or seven minutes about posture it would liven the session. Miss Jones didn't protest when I suggested it to her, but then she and I went over together to see Miss Drake. In the course of our discussion there Miss Jones said, 'Of course, I know everything about posture, but apparently Mrs. Lewis doesn't trust me to handle it.' Wasn't that terrible? Just as soon as we got out of Miss Drake's office I brought Miss Jones in here and had her sit down with me. I said to her, 'What do you mean that I don't have any confidence in you? I'm just getting these people to add a little variety to our program. Besides, I think it is a very unfortunate thing to say to somebody else.' Well, you see, that's the sort of thing she does. When a person says a thing like that it seems to me it's an evidence of bad judgment.

"Not that I expect a person not to make any mistakes when he comes into the organization; I've made a lot of mistakes myself in the beginning, but it seems to me this sort of thing just means bad judgment."

I asked Mrs. Lewis what part she took in the classes.

"I was there all through the first week and I was at some of the classes the second week. I felt I had to be there because I wasn't sure that I trusted Miss Jones to handle the situation. Now that she's doing much better I don't think I need to be there so often. Maybe I should go hardly at all, but in the beginning it didn't seem that she was able to handle the people. For example, when we had that program with Miss Drake it got off to a very bad start. You could hear the waitresses grumbling all over the room. They were saying, 'It's all right for her to talk that way about posture, but she doesn't have to carry a heavy tray.' A person in Miss Jones's position should have been able to step in and get hold of the class again, but she didn't do a thing. I finally got up myself and said, 'Now, look here girls, we're not trying to make models of you, but I think Miss Drake has many interesting things to tell us about the way she trains her models, and I, for one, would like to hear her.' After that they quieted down a bit. Now, maybe I don't handle the situation right, but at least I'm able to get their attention."

I said that I understood there were certain problems that had arisen in Miss Jones's personality that created difficulty and I would like to have Mrs. Lewis talk about them.

"Well, in the beginning both Mr. Arthur and I told her that the most important thing she could do when she started working here was to win the good will of the various supervisors. Perhaps we shouldn't have said that because she seemed to go to extremes on it. I began to get reports from various quarters that she was flattering people. She was putting it on too thick, and

they were getting suspicious of her. I didn't know just how to handle that. Then one day we were eating lunch together with another executive when Miss Jones said something very flowery to that person. I wanted to check her on it, but I didn't want to say it right out so I made sort of a joke out of it. I said, 'Oh, Miss Jones, you don't mean that? That's silly.' Apparently, though, that sort of approach didn't do any good. She stored up these criticisms that I had given her. She'd take everything in a very personal way. She came in one day and she demanded to know what I meant by her being silly. She told me a lot of things like that. I think she felt a little better toward me after that. It helped her to get those things off her chest."

CASE 24

*Brookmay Machinery Company**

A PERSONNEL COUNSELLING program had been in effect at the Brookmay Machinery Company for several years when the following interview took place in the spring of 1943. The counselors had directions to listen to whatever the employees wanted to talk about and to help them clarify for themselves whatever was in their minds. Each counselor was assigned to cover one or more factory departments. He spent part of his time talking with employees while they worked and part in a separate office near his area in the factory where employees could talk to him privately.

Interviewer: Well, hello, Joe. What's been going on?

Employee: Oh hell; Bill, these goddamn bosses around here, they aren't worth a damn. They — you have a raise coming and they won't give it to you. They give other guys raises all around you, and they won't give you a raise. This goddamn place stinks. The sooner I can get out of here the better I'll feel.

Interviewer: Well, gosh, Joe, this thing apparently has got you pretty much upset. What do you say we go upstairs and have a smoke and talk it over until quitting time?

Employee: Oh hell, that won't do any good. If those guys can't give me a raise, you can't give me a raise. There's no use talking about it. Hell, I might as well get out of here, take my tools, and quit. Hell, you can't do me any good, Bill. I know you have always been fair with me, but this is something that I don't think you guys can handle.

Interviewer: Well, Joe, maybe I can't do any good, but at least we can talk it over, can't we? Hell, shut your machine down and let's go up and sit down and have a smoke for a little while.

Employee: Well, O.K. I don't think it will do a damn bit of good, but we will go up and have a chat. That goddamn foreman — he's an s.o.b. So you know what he told me?

Interviewer: No, I don't. As a matter of fact, I don't know what it is all about, Joe.

Employee: Well, I'll tell you, Bill. I heard that some of the boys around here got a merit increase in their pay, so I simply went up asking for a raise, and he tells me that getting a raise around here is a matter of luck. Boy, that burns me up. I am working for the Brookmay Manufacturing Company. I'm working, I'm not gambling. If this goddamn thing is a gamble, I don't want any of it. I don't want to gamble. I can go downtown to those dives and gamble

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my money. I came here to work. I didn't come here to gamble. If it is all a matter of luck, I don't want any of it. I want to get a job where I can work and get ahead on my merit. Yeah, it seemed to me like if I had a reasonable squawk why I should get a raise. I simply asked the foreman for a raise and, boy, he just flew all over me. A guy that talks like that to me, why I haven't any use for him. I won't work for him at all. I told him too that he wasn't the Brookmay Manufacturing Company, that he was only a representative of the Brookmay Manufacturing Company, and that I was working for the company and I wasn't working for him, but by God, if I can't convince a man like that that I deserve a merit increase, why, how in the hell am I ever going to get ahead? He tells me that I am at the top of Grade F and I can't get any higher; that's as far as I can go. Then I said, "What the hell is the matter, I'm working on screw machines down there — that is Grade E — I have been working on them for some time now, and why don't I get the upgrading so I can get some more money?" Well, they tell me that those jobs down there are Grade F because we are only helpers on the screw machines, and there will be some time before we can be upgraded to a better position to get more money. I said, "What the hell do you mean? Those other guys got raises and they are at the top of their grades and over the top of their grades, and I know damn well they are." Well, there is one guy down there maybe that isn't at the top of his grade yet.

Interviewer: You think there are some at the top of their grade and they still got a merit increase?

Employee: Sure, I know that's what happened, and he is trying to give me the old bull that I can't get any more money on my day rate because I'm at the top of my grade. Well my God, Bill, at that rate I may be around here until the war is over and I still wouldn't get any raise no matter what I did if I'm at the top of my rate, and I can't get any more money. I can stay around here for ten years and I still wouldn't make any more than I am doing now. Well, I can't afford to do that. This is war time and you have to make the money while the making is good. You know that. Boy, he sure burned me up. He tells me that if I think I'm due for a raise, I'm in the wrong place. Well, that sure is a hell of a way to talk to a guy simply because I ask for a raise. He tells me I'm working in the wrong place. I know that my bonus production has been up to everyone else's down there; and I also know that these helpers get shoved around a lot, because when one machine breaks down or when one machine has to be cleaned up, they will send you over there to clean it up and do the dirty work while the machine setters they get all the gravy. And they also told me about the fact that I was learning the job. I was in training while I was down there, that he wasn't running a training school, that he was paying me while I was learning. Well, Bill, I never did care about working in that department, but I went in there because they told me that was the best they could do for me. I didn't like that machine work at all and never did do it, but now I come around to the point where I kind of like it, and I've been really working at it. When a guy talks to me like the foreman did, I can't work for him at all. I wouldn't work for the s.o.b. at all. He has no business talking to me like that whatsoever. Anybody around here, if they don't get a raise, the way I look at it, has got a right to go up to the boss and ask for a raise without catching hell. He says he is not running this training school and he can't afford to run a training school down there, and that he is paying me while I

work, and that I'm getting two hundred dollars' of education. Why hell, Bill, we don't learn anything. Those darn machine setters won't tell you anything. They won't explain anything, they shove you out of the way, they do everything they can to keep you from learning anything and it is a hell of a hard racket. You know how those machine setters are, especially screw machinemen, they won't tell you anything.

Interviewer: I see. They seem to be pretty selfish about their knowledge of screw machines.

Employee: Selfish isn't the right word. They are absolutely tight; they won't tell you anything. As a matter of fact, if you try to learn anything, they try to hide it from you. Take for example, when I got in there; I wanted to get some books on this subject. Now here is another case too when, if the foreman had been on the up and up, he could have gotten me some books on that stuff, so I could learn; but no, he sits you down there and leaves you cold. He never would make any attempt to get you to study. The only way I got my books was that another foreman that I used to work for came through our place one day, and he stopped me and he said, "Oh, so you are working on screw machines now." I said, "Yes," and I said, "I would like to have some books so I could read up on this stuff." He said, "Well, come down and see me some day, and we will fix you up." So one day, I went down after work and I saw him and he fixed me up with some books and was really helpful. Well hell, this foreman that I'm working for, he never did that. One time he came down there, and he went over to the machine setter and he got a book. I didn't know where he got the book. He brought it over to me and told me I could use it, to take care of it, and to bring it back when I got through; so I took the book and put it in the desk drawer there. Pretty soon the machine setter comes over and says, "What the hell did the foreman do with that book?" I told him, "Well, I put it in my drawer. I was going to take it home." The machine setter said, "Who in the hell does the foreman think he is anyway? That book belongs to me. I'm not going to let you guys tear it up." Well, I said to this machine setter, "The book is over there in my drawer." Well, that night when I went to get it, the book was gone; so I went back and saw the machine setter and asked him if he took it. He said, "Yes, I took it," Well, I thought it was kind of a small thing to do, not to let me read the book. I told the assistant foreman about it and he thought it was pretty darn small too; but then the foreman, I don't know whether he heard about it or not, but he didn't offer to get us any other books. I had to get them myself. The other foreman I used to work for, he would give me all the information he could, and I'll tell you, Bill, I've been working hard in studying these machines and trying to do my best to get ahead on them so I could learn something. And then he comes around and tells me that if I want a raise, I'm working in the wrong place. How in the hell can you get a raise around this place anyway? I used to think that if a guy works hard and does the right kind of work that he can get a raise; but boy, now you just get to the top of the grade and when you are there you can't get anywhere. Well, that may mean that I'll be making the same money that I'm making right now from now on. Well, I'm too young a guy to do anything like that. I've got to get out where I can make money, especially right now.

Interviewer: Well, tell me, what is the top of Grade F?

Employee: Top of Grade F is seventy-six cents an hour.

Interviewer: I see you are making bonus in there.

Employee: Yeah. Our standard is thirty, and I think the department is doing thirty-five.

Interviewer: I see. That's about a dollar an hour that you make.

Employee: Yeah, that's right, about a buck an hour, and there are plenty of guys down there making a whole lot more than that. I wouldn't care so much about a big raise. I would like to have a little raise. A three-cent raise would be all right with me because I haven't gotten a raise at all in about a year. Every time I've been transferred here lately — I've been transferred four times this last year — I've taken a cut. Not in base rate. I have always held my base rate, but I have taken a cut in bonus. You know, that certainly eats into your take-home. You know that. Base rate isn't important when you are working on piece rate. It is how much you take home and if every time you are transferred, you have to take a cut — well, you are just making less money all the time. That's another thing the foreman said to me, "Well, you got the advantages in the raises a year ago here." I said, "Yes, those were smear raises, those were raises that everybody got." They weren't for the work I was doing or what I merited. Everybody in the company got those. I don't see why I should be penalized for that. The way it looks now, it would have been better if I hadn't taken those smear raises and gone ahead on my merit raise. Anyway, most of them have been taken away anyhow due to my transferring around, taking a lower piece-rated job. Yeah, the foreman tells me that due to those smear raises I'm at the top of my grade, and he can't do anything for me. I know that just isn't so, because he has given other fellows down there raises that have been above their base rate. I don't think they deserved it a damn bit more than I do. Well, possibly yes, they have got a little more service and service is worth something — I know that.

Interviewer: You see a value there?

Employee: Yeah, it just makes me sick to give it up too, and to leave the Brookmay Manufacturing Company. Understand, Bill, I haven't got anything against the Brookmay Manufacturing Company — they have always, as a company, as a whole, been fine to me and I never in my life have had any argument with any boss wherever I worked. I always went along swell. I never had to ask the boss for a raise in my life. I always figured that if I did my work, they would see to it that I got my raises. Up until now that's the way it has worked, and when I come along with this guy, boy oh boy, I'm not going to work for a guy like that at all. He simply made me quit — that's all — because I wouldn't take that kind of stuff from anybody. You ask a guy for a raise and he comes out with all such silly talk as he came out with. Why, that is ridiculous!

Interviewer: It's something you don't feel is worth living with and it's kind of got your cork out.

At this time the whistle for the end of Joe's shift blew. Joe made a move to leave the room to go home.

Employee: I kind of hate to leave it this way, but that's the way it is. When a guy has made up his mind, he has made up his mind. What the hell can I do!

Interviewer: You're wondering where to turn.

Employee: There's no place to turn. I've got to get out of here. I was up to the Placement Office three or four times in the last year when I got transferred,

but what the hell can they do about it. Anyway, Bill, it is too late now. I already told that guy I was quitting. He has already made out my time. I told him to have my time ready at four o'clock. Well, I don't figure that there is much use in talking to anyone. I don't feel that I can possibly get out of it now. I don't see what anyone could do to fix it up.

Interviewer: You feel as though you've definitely burned your bridge beyond repair.

Employee: Well, the fact is I don't have any job lined up at all. That's the heck of it. I never thought about quitting Brookmay Manufacturing; and, Bill, I don't really want to quit, because I like it here. I always have liked it here. I have had a good job ever since I've been here, until this job. Well, this job isn't so bad. I like the job, but that department foreman, why that s.o.b., I wouldn't work for him at all.

Interviewer: It's not so much the company as the individual that you feel you want to get away from.

Employee: Well, I'm satisfied with my job all right. I like the job. There is nothing wrong with it at all. I would like to stay there, but I won't work for that foreman. If I could talk to the guys in Placement, maybe they could fix it so that I could work for someone else. The hell of it is the s.o.b. probably won't let me go up there. Maybe he will tell me to get out. I wouldn't like to do that. I wouldn't like to ask him for any favors. [Pause.]

Even if he would let me go up, I wouldn't know what I should tell them anyway. I was all ready to quit. I hadn't thought about going up and talking it over with those guys at all. I don't know what to say to them whatsoever. I don't know how to handle them or anything. I haven't any idea what kind of a job I want or where I want to go or anything about it. As a matter of fact, the job I have is perfectly all right. Are they going to transfer me around just because I don't like my boss? They'd probably tell me I'm crazy — that I lost my head. But then again, they might see it my way. My record's good and I've never squawked before.

Interviewer: Your point is that they'd probably take a better look inasmuch as it's never happened before and . . .

Employee (interrupts): Maybe I'll do that then. Maybe I will go up and talk to those fellows. Do you think I ought to talk to the foreman before I go up there?

Interviewer: You're wondering if you should tell him first . . .

Employee (interrupts): Well, I say that because he will know the right place to send me. He will know the right man in Placement for me to see.

Interviewer: I see . . .

Employee (interrupts): Damn it, that's what I'm going to do. That might fix it all up. [Pause.]

Well, Bill, I certainly thank you a lot for doing this. Jeez, I thank you a thousand times. I didn't know that I saw the chance to get back in here at all. I thought that when I told the old man that I was through, that I was through and that was the end of it, but . . . One thing yet: if I don't get transferred out of there or get some other kind of a job or get some satisfaction, I'm still going to quit.

Interviewer: You can still quit, but you believe you ought to take this chance here now before you do quit.

Employee: Well, I don't see why not. I don't see what I have to lose. I might as well do that — tell these fellows how I feel about it. If I don't get a job, I can still quit. If I do get a transfer, well, I guess I'm about as good off as I was before I ever came into this department.

Interviewer: You figure there's nothing to lose.

Employee: O.K. then, I'll go down and talk to the foreman. I will have to change clothes, though, before I go up to the Placement Office. I don't want to go up there in these old greasy clothes.

Interviewer: Freshen up a bit, eh?

Employee: Are you going back down with me?

Interviewer: Yes, I think I will go back down there.

Employee: Oh well, hell, I'll tell the foreman myself what I want to do. I'll tell him I want to go up and see the Placement man; and if he gives me a pass up there, I'll go up and talk to him, that's what I'll do. Gee, Bill, thanks for talking to me — thanks a thousand times, thanks for everything. I feel pretty bad about this. I really do hate to leave the company. As a matter of fact, it would break my heart if I had to leave here, because this is about the only place I have ever worked for any length of time and I really like the Brookmay Manufacturing Company. I don't have anything against it at all. Thanks a lot for what you have done.

Interviewer: Not at all. I hope everything comes out all right, Joe. I'll see you tomorrow sometime and we can talk over what happened.

Employee: Sure thing, come on down and see me in the morning, Bill, or sometime tomorrow. I'll let you know what went on — see how it came out.

Interviewer: Sure, fine. Good luck then, Joe.

Joe had a talk with his foreman and decided to stay at his present job. He has been contacted several times since and seems to have adjusted to the situation.

CASE 25

*John Ryder**

IN HIS senior year in college, John Ryder had done some studying in the field of educational counseling and had, during the year, become a strong devotee of the "non-directive" interview technique. He had read several books on the technique and its use, particularly in education, and his studies only further convinced him of the value of the non-directive interview in many aspects of social intercourse. He induced some of his friends who were instructing at the time in his college to study the technique to aid them in interviews they had with their students. The enthusiastic endorsement they gave the technique further aroused Ryder's interest in pursuing his studies in counseling.

Ryder had experienced considerable difficulty in making up his mind about where to go for his graduate work. In his final choice he was considerably influenced by one of his undergraduate instructors, Professor Ferguson, who felt that, because of his interests, Ryder would be happy doing graduate work at a large university which had a noted school of education. Ferguson had talked at length to Ryder about some of the men on the faculty of this school, and one of those of whom he had spoken with particular warmth was Professor Alfred Milton. Ferguson had told Ryder that he had written about him to Professor Milton, and one of his last instructions to Ryder had been, "Now, when you get there don't fail to go in and see Milton."

Soon after his arrival at the school John Ryder was given a faculty adviser, and he was exceedingly pleased to learn that his adviser was Professor Milton, whom he regarded as one of the school's outstanding authorities on educational counseling.

John Ryder recalled his first meeting with his adviser, Professor Milton.

I was naturally extremely eager to meet Professor Milton and hoped to build up a lasting friendship with him while I was at school. A professor at my undergraduate school had told me what an outstanding thinker Professor Milton was and had encouraged me to get to know him as well as I could. I thought that being appointed one of Professor Milton's advisees offered me an excellent opportunity to meet him with the least inconvenience to us both.

I did, however, approach my first interview with Professor Milton with

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some trepidation. I hoped that he wouldn't try to "give me a therapeutic interview." I wanted to know *him* and gain access to *his* views on primarily an academic plane. I wasn't interested in using him as an outlet for my own frustrations. To avoid such a counselor-patient relationship — or adviser-advisee relationship as it was formally called at the school — I determined to go into my first interview with him with a completely open mind, free of any frustrations I may have had, and interested only in listening to what he had to say. I was, in other words, interested in meeting *him*, not having him meet me.

The following is, as accurately as I can relate, all that happened during the interview.

Ryder: Professor Milton, I am John Ryder. I have been assigned to be one of your advisees.

Professor Milton: Yes [shaking hands], have a seat. [Long pause.] Do you smoke? [Offers cigarette, which I accepted.] I hope you'll pardon me if I don't join you, but I don't smoke.

Professor Milton sat down and leaned back in his chair slowly, while I also got settled and surveyed the room, particularly locating the ash tray near me.

Professor Milton: I really don't know what my job as your adviser entails. Maybe they have told you more about it than they have me.

Ryder: Well, I can't say that I know what the adviser's function is supposed to be either. I really came in today just to meet you. [Short pause.] Perhaps you remember Professor Ferguson of Southwest College who was here a year ago?

Professor Milton: Uh, yes, I do.

Ryder: Well, he was a very good friend of mine at Southwest College and told me that I should look you up when I got here. So really, my being appointed your advisee has been only incidental in my coming to see you. [Long pause.] Professor Ferguson was primarily responsible for inducing me to come to this school. He's quite enthusiastic about the work you are doing here.

Professor Milton: Uh-huh.

Ryder: I'm primarily interested in educational counseling, and he advised me to come here for that work.

Professor Milton: Hmmm.

Following this, I asked Professor Milton some factual questions about degree requirements, and the nature of the work, possible courses, and so forth. His answers, in the main, were to suggest that I see certain administrative officers for the best answers to those particular questions. My best estimate is that during this part of the interview I did about 80 per cent of the talking. I told him what I was interested in studying and why, and his remarks seemed remarkably limited to occasional utterances of "hmmm" and "uh-huh" and suggestions of administrative officers for me to see.

By this time, I realized that I was getting the old non-directive interview. It was he who was feeling me out, not vice versa as I had wished. To get out of the spot I thought I was in, I determined to say less and less the rest of the interview.

After I had talked about my academic wishes and plans for about ten minutes, I then thought I would try the technique of saying nothing, hoping

to force him to talk to break the silence. The topic of research into educational counseling was still open I thought, and by keeping silent myself I hoped that he would begin to talk about the subject. Unfortunately for me, however, the long silence that ensued was apparently much more comfortable for him than for me. He sat very calmly looking at me with no indication at all that he had anything to say. I tried to do the same, but the pressure rapidly became overpowering.

I really, however, had nothing to say. I thought I had opened up for discussion a topic in which he had great interest, and I hoped that he would carry the interview on from there. He didn't bite, and I finally felt forced to say something again.

I carried on, therefore, in the same vein of educational counseling, describing a day I had spent at a high school at which his associates had carried on some experiments in counseling. After a short expression of how much I had enjoyed my visit at the school, I asked him if other similar experiments were being anticipated at other schools. He replied that he thought Professor Taylor (who had conducted the experiment mentioned) planned to carry on some further studies in the field, but that he had made no definite arrangements yet. I jokingly remarked, "He isn't having trouble getting other schools to admit him within their walls for experiments is he?" Professor Milton smiled and asked, "Would you let him in if you were the principal of a school?"

Ryder: Well, perhaps I'm prejudiced. I'm quite interested in this business of counseling — or anything, so far as that goes, which deals with the human-relations side of teaching — so I'd welcome any light you or Professor Taylor could throw on the subject by experiments conducted in my school, even if it might temporarily upset the usual routine.

Professor Milton: What would you like to see done?

Ryder: I'd rather turn that question back to you.

Professor Milton (smiling): I can't answer it. I'm looking for good ideas and thought you might have one. What makes you so interested in this subject?

Ryder: Well, my interest is still pretty much in the embryo stage, not more than a year old. My thoughts and ideas are as yet not too crystal clear — that's why I am here in school to a great extent, I guess.

Professor Milton: Hmmm.

Ryder (after long silence): As I said, my interest arose in part out of the stimulation of Professor Ferguson at Southwest College. I also became extremely fascinated with Carl Rogers' book on counseling and psychotherapy.

Professor Milton: Hmmm. [Long pause.]

Ryder: Professor Ferguson told me something about Professor Rogers. He must be an extremely interesting person to know.

Professor Milton: He is that. [Long silence.]

By this time, my impatience was mounting. I thought I had fairly directly opened up several topics which Professor Milton and I could discuss at some length, with him assuming the bulk of the responsibility for the conversation. He had refused to take the lead when I talked about counseling and human relations in general. He denied me when I had turned back on him his question about what kind of work should now be done in the educational field. I had purposely mentioned that I had studied Carl Rogers' book, think-

ing he would take the cue from that that I lacked not all sophistication in the uses of the non-directive interview and would give up his own use of it on me. I thought that by asking him about Rogers he would open up and tell me about him for awhile. Instead, he continued to confine his remarks to grunts and one-sentence speeches, all the while looking very calm and unperturbed and showing real interest in all I had to say.

Obviously, I thought, he was a master of the non-directive interview, but how could I tell him that that was not what I wanted? I thought about telling him frankly that I wished he would talk freely to me and "quit the therapy," but I decided that I didn't know him well enough to be so blunt as that. And besides, I didn't think such a statement would do any good. I feared that he would probably have just said "hmmm" again. I wished that I could think of something brilliant which would stimulate him to thought and audible speculation; but I felt so intellectually dwarfed by him, whom I knew to be an exceptionally profound scholar, that I was afraid to say anything which smacked too much of the pedantic, which is what I feared my shallow remarks might sound like.

I tried a few other questions about Rogers, especially plans for further research. To those, I received adequate factual answers, but Professor Milton still showed himself unwilling to expand beyond the scope of the direct questions asked by me. And with his replies so concisely stated, I began to find myself running out of questions. I tried the "hmmm" technique on him a few times, but the result was only long silence.

Finally I gave up. I decided that he was determined not to interfere with my own talking, and that he likewise had nothing he wished to say to me or to discuss with me. I therefore brought the interview to a close hastily by mentioning another appointment I had to make very soon, thanking him for his time, and leaving.

To me, the interview was a great disappointment. We both had, seemingly, tried to give the other the non-directive approach, I thought, and he, being the better interviewer, had won.

After the disappointment wore off, however, I spent several weeks reviewing what the experience might have had to teach me. Why did I think the interview had been a failure? Whose fault had it been? Mine, his, or the technique? I wondered just what the real place was for the non-directive interview and how one recognized those occasions.

CASE 26

*United States Employment Service**

THE FOLLOWING paragraphs contain the account of an incident in 1945 in the Labor Supply Division of one large city office of the United States Employment Service. The report is a verbatim statement by Miss Hosford, one of the participants.

I went to work in the Labor Supply Division of the United States Employment Service on a Friday afternoon. Previously, I had worked in two of the three other divisions of the office — the Employer Contact Division, which received job orders for all types of workers from employers in the vicinity, and the Claims Division, which handled all applications for unemployment compensation. I was sent to Mr. O'Connor, a section manager of the Labor Supply Division, by the office manager. Mr. O'Connor assigned me to Mr. Sullivan, one of the unit supervisors in his section. Sullivan introduced me to the two interviewers who worked in his unit, Mrs. Reilley and Mrs. Swett. I was told that I was to work with the Sullivan unit for a week.

The function of the Labor Supply Division of the United States Employment Service is to interview all applicants for jobs and refer them to suitable positions. The division is broken down into a number of sections, each of which handles a certain type of worker regardless of the industry in which he works. There is one section for professional workers, one for skilled workers, one for semi-skilled workers, one for clerical workers, and so on. Within each section the work is organized into units. The unit in which I was to work dealt exclusively with male semi-skilled workers.

For the remainder of the afternoon I was instructed by Sullivan and the two interviewers in the procedure of interviewing and referring applicants. Each interviewer makes out a record slip for every applicant to whom he talks. This slip contains complete information about the applicant, his age, education and training, past working experience, and so on. On the basis of the person's particular preferences, experience, and training, the interviewer makes suggestions about the job openings available for him. The record of each applicant is supplemented by information from the employer about whether he reported or was hired. This information is usually returned by mail on the card of introduction each interviewer makes out for the applicant on referring him to a position. In order for the interviewers to be able to counsel the applicants successfully, they need a good knowledge of each

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company and the type of workers it customarily employs, together with an understanding of the requirements of the jobs. All important information about a particular job is recorded on each job order, but the interviewers also utilize first-hand contact with the companies. Most interviewers make field visits to gain a better understanding of the types of jobs available.

During Friday afternoon I had a chance to become acquainted with Sullivan, Mrs. Reilley, and Mrs. Swett. They all asked questions about my training at the United States Employment Service as well as my college training, and they told me about their own college careers and work experiences. In fact, they were very willing to talk about themselves. Sullivan, who was a man of about fifty-five, had spent ten years in the regular navy from 1910 to 1920, after which he became interested in employment counseling. He had spent twenty-five years with the Employment Service, first under state control and later under the federal government. Both he and Mrs. Reilley were Catholics. Mrs. Reilley was about forty-two, an osteopath's wife, with a record of twelve years in the Civil Service. Mrs. Swett was thirty-three and a Protestant. She was working only until her husband, an army officer, returned from overseas. All three of these people had entered the field of employment counseling because of some previous work experience, and in their joint conversation with me they expressed a great deal of satisfaction with their work. They told me about Mrs. Balsan, a French Jewess, who was another regular interviewer in the unit. She was out on her annual leave. They joked together about the difference of religion among them. They expressed a great deal of pride in the fact that their unit had one of the highest efficiency ratings in the office and told me how, during the war, they had formed a plan of working for each other on certain legal and religious holidays. Members of other units, they told me, refused to coöperate with each other on holidays, and as a consequence all members of the unit had been obliged to work, though when the work schedule was not too heavy the office manager allowed the office to run on a skeleton force.

On Saturday morning I began to do some actual interviewing of applicants. The three of us who were interviewing sat in a row along the table, and the applicants whom we were interviewing were seated across from us. I occupied Mrs. Balsan's chair for the first two days I was in the unit, and when she came back, I was given a chair on her right. The job orders available for workers were kept in two separate files placed on the table in front of us. One file was for orders requiring experienced workers and the other was for trainees. The job orders for experienced workers were by far the more numerous and comprised about 90 per cent of the work of the unit. The file of these orders was placed on the table between Mrs. Reilley and Mrs. Swett, and the file of trainee orders was between Mrs. Swett and me. Both women were very coöperative about removing a group of orders for a certain industry and handing them to me. I didn't have to get up to find a set of orders at any time during the day.

I wondered whether or not it would have been possible for each interviewer to have a separate set of orders, but I soon came to realize that this would have been impractical, since each interviewer had to record the name and address of every applicant whom she interviewed on the back of the order for the particular type of worker. If three separate files existed, the

interviewers would have had no record of how many people the others had sent out to a given job, and employers would conceivably have been overtaxed with far too many applicants for one position.

On Monday morning Mrs. Balsan returned to work, and I moved down one seat. Mr. Sullivan and the two interviewers greeted Mrs. Balsan warmly when she came in and asked her how her husband was. I learned then that her husband had been an officer in the navy during this war. He had enlisted though he was over the age limit — they were both about forty-five — and had recently been discharged for a serious disability. She told me that his ship had been torpedoed and that he had spent nine hours in the waters of the South Pacific before rescue came. The immersion had aggravated a hitherto slight asthmatic condition, and he had been given a medical discharge for a permanent bronchial asthma disability.

All of us were extremely busy interviewing applicants on Monday until well into the afternoon. Mr. Sullivan came over to our table and spent four hours helping us to interview applicants when the group became too large to handle. All during the day I noticed that Mrs. Reilley and Mrs. Swett were as careful to see to it that Mrs. Balsan, Sullivan, and I received the orders we needed from the files as they had been when I was working there alone. None of us had to get up to find orders despite the fact that it was a very busy day. In the afternoon the numbers of applicants tapered off, and we all got a chance for a relief. The relief periods were rotated, and Mr. Sullivan took our places as each of us went out. When each of the interviewers left for her relief the other two women expressed admiration for her and asked if I didn't like working with her. The three interviewers were unanimous in their liking for Mr. Sullivan. They had worked under his direction for periods of from four to fourteen years. After we had all returned from relief, the others asked Mrs. Balsan about her vacation, and there was a good deal of laughing and joking and sharing of experiences for the rest of the afternoon. Mrs. Balsan asked me about college and told me that she had attended college and business school. After completing her education, she had joined the staff of a large hospital as secretary-technician for a well-known surgeon. She had remained at the hospital for about 10 years and while there had become interested in placement work. After taking some graduate courses, she left the hospital to become a principal interviewer in the United States Employment Service. She had married in her early forties and said she had been very happy until her husband had become ill. She was very much worried about his condition. He was a building contractor prior to the war, and he wanted now to take some special courses in architectural design, but the doctors had forbidden him to do so yet.

On Tuesday morning Mrs. Balsan seemed upset when she came to work. Though she spoke in her usual manner to everyone whom she interviewed, she was extremely reticent toward us. She began to call loudly for orders in the file, though Mrs. Reilley and Mrs. Swett were giving them to both of us just as they had on Monday. In the middle of the afternoon she suddenly left the table. Mrs. Reilley and Mrs. Swett commented on that, because the four of us always arranged our relief periods so that someone would always be present to cover phone calls. Mrs. Balsan came back almost immediately in her hat and coat and said to Mrs. Reilley and Mrs. Swett, 'I'm going to leave.

I don't see why the file of orders for experienced workers can't stand beside me as it always has. I'm tired of asking for the orders.' Both Mrs. Reilley and Mrs. Swett volunteered to change the files immediately, but Mrs. Balsan left without paying any attention to their offer.

Both Mrs. Reilley and Mrs. Swett were very much upset. Mr. Sullivan was at a supervisor's meeting when this event took place and had no idea that anything was amiss. The two women explained to me that the entire division had recently been moved upstairs to a new position in the office. In the process of moving, the women had accidentally taken their present positions with respect to the files. Mrs. Swett said that for two years the file in question had been between Mrs. Balsan and herself, and that she felt that Mrs. Reilley should have it for awhile. She said she would have been glad to change places with Mrs. Balsan if she had asked her, and Mrs. Reilley said that the position of the files really didn't matter to her. Both women were surprised that Mrs. Balsan had resented the position of the files. Mr. Sullivan returned shortly after the incident and the two women told him what had happened. Mr. Sullivan asked me for my impressions of the incident which are the same as those recorded in this statement. He told me my facts and opinions coincided with those of Mrs. Reilley and Mrs. Swett. He decided to let the matter stand until next morning to see if Mrs. Balsan would come in.

Mrs. Balsan did come in to work the next morning. She did not speak to any of us, however, but went straight to Mr. Sullivan's desk. He suggested that they go to one of the conference rooms off the main office, but she refused and said that she wanted the other interviewers to hear what she had to say. She told Mr. Sullivan that she had talked the situation over with her husband the previous evening after she had left, and that he had advised her to leave if she wasn't satisfied with her position any longer.

CASE 27

The Youth Village *

THE YOUTH VILLAGE was a year-round work camp in the Middle West for maladjusted boys between the ages of thirteen and eighteen who had come to the school because of an inability to handle their personal problems. Some had failed to fit into foster homes, some had temper tantrums, some had been in trouble with the law for truancy or stealing. All, however, were considered normal boys who could be helped to become useful citizens. There were some conspicuous failures among the graduates, but the average was good enough so that the juvenile courts and social agencies of the state customarily referred their more promising, though troublesome, young clients to the school.

Mr. Schneider, frequently referred to as "Shiny," had become president of the Village in June, about a year ago. He had succeeded Mr. Inches, a much older man who had been president of the Village during its period of greatest growth and who had left to accept a better position in the East. The Board of Trustees in selecting Mr. Schneider was said to have been particularly impressed by some original research work in the juvenile field he had completed for one of the large social agencies.

Dr. Jensen had been the resident psychiatrist for some years. Because the primary purpose of the school was to treat adolescent disturbances of personality, the entire formal program was secondary to the program of mental hygiene under Dr. Jensen. In order to carry this out, he had under his direction every aspect of the psychological environment. Although he did not have formal control over the rest of the faculty, in practice he was consulted on almost every move which affected the handling of the boys. Staff members sent him weekly summaries on their contacts with the students and called him at once to relate significant incidents. Dr. Jensen himself was not required to report to anyone on his relations with the boys, and this fact made him independent of the administration in many ways. He kept detailed notes on his treatment interviews, but even the president did not have access to his files. The boys knew that anything told him in confidence would not get back to the president or student government, where disciplinary action or other unpleasant repercussions might follow. As a result, revealing a secret to Dr. Jensen was not considered "squealing." He was thus well acquainted with the complaints of the boys and could anticipate changes in their atti-

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tudes. Not only his psychiatric training, therefore, but also his peculiar place in the organization made him sensitive to the small indicators of trouble.

All the boys at the school were resident students and lived in ten cottages with about twenty boys in each. The wide lawns on which these cottages stood, together with the administration building and the gym, constituted the "upper campus." After meals and during their free time the boys congregated on the crest of the hill leading down to the farm buildings, athletic field, and woods. This space was informally known as the "smoking grounds" because smoking was permitted on it, though not on the upper campus.

While crossing the upper campus on the way to his office in the administration building one day in July, Dr. Jensen was stopped by a group of boys who asked about the cottage inspection competition announced several weeks previously. Since most of the boys had either just returned from vacation or were preparing to go on their vacations, they were anxious to save as much money as possible, and the reward for winning the contest, a free trip into the city, was eagerly sought. "Hey, Doc, what happened to our show trip? We sure had the best-looking cottage."

Another boy broke in, "Don't believe him, Doc. The Arnold Aikin cottage showed the most improvement. Shiny said so one day when he was inspecting."

"Aw, what does he know about it?" added a third youngster. "He hasn't been around all week."

At this point "Doc" Jensen interposed mildly that he had been in Aikin a few days before and had seen two beds unmade and an open locker in a very disorderly state.

"Yeah, but Shiny never saw it," replied the second boy. "He ain't been in the cottage for four days now. Some of the boys got a neat racket, you know it? They never do their maintenance unless they get a tip-off that Mr. Schneider is going to inspect the cottage."

The first boy spoke up again. "And you know, hey, Doc, it ain't fair. Two mornings he just went to Binger and Marion and didn't get no farther. The rest of the cottages are in this competition, too, don't forget."

With a word that he would see what could be done to clear up the misunderstanding, Dr. Jensen started off. On the path he met one of the two instructors who, with Mr. Schneider, was to judge the cottage inspection contest. Dr. Jensen hailed him. "Good morning, Mr. Deering. How do the cottages look this morning?"

"Oh, you mean that contest they started? Nothing ever came of that, sir," replied Deering. "We went around a few times, but Mr. Schneider didn't show up after that, so we never did anything about it."

"Have you talked to any of the boys about it?" Dr. Jensen asked. "Won't they be pretty disappointed?"

Deering answered, "Oh, they probably know no one has carried through on it. It's just one of Shiny's ideas to get them to do some work."

Such attitudes as he had just heard from both the boys and the staff seemed serious to Dr. Jensen. The value of Youth Village to these boys, he believed, derived from three major lines of endeavor. First, since the antisocial behavior of many of them was in response to pressures from their environments, removing a boy from delinquent companions or competition with

a more-favored brother or sister, for instance, often acted as a corrective measure. Secondly, to give the boys maximum responsibility for their conduct and to let them know at all times what was expected of them and what the consequences of wrongdoing would be, many aspects of the program were handled through a self-government organization. This consistency was a new experience for many of the boys, whose previous unstable behavior had reflected the erratic treatment to which they were accustomed. The third line of approach was mental hygiene, including individual psychiatric treatment.

In an effort to give the boys practical experience and a sense of the value of their work, their training under this program was closely related to the actual operation of the Village. The staff members were not trained teachers but were, on the whole, craftsmen who were particularly good in dealing with people. Most of them had only a high school education. They taught vocational courses in auto mechanics, elementary business methods, carpentry, and farming. The chef's pupils prepared the meals served in the dining room, the auto mechanics' shop repaired the school station wagons, and the farm boys grew vegetables and furnished milk for use in the school kitchen.

In keeping with the practical orientation of the whole program, a financial system had been set up within the school. The boys received remuneration for all the time they worked, whether in their shops, in school classes, in housekeeping and cleaning up (to which tasks they devoted the first hours of each morning and which were generally known as maintenance), or in jobs for which they were hired during their free time, such as waiting on table in the dining room. Wage rates were set by the staff member who was the boy's employer on the job, and the scale varied from 25 cents to 45 cents an hour, depending on the efficiency of the worker. Thus, a boy who was a school problem but good at carpentry might receive 25 cents an hour for classes and 35 cents for his shop time. The boys, in turn, paid weekly bills for room, board, and other living expenses. Since their only source of spending money was their weekly wages, this system provided a good deal of incentive. During the summer, however, shops were closed, and the program assumed many of the aspects of a summer work camp. Because of the difficulty of adjusting wage rates to the more flexible program of this period, the boys were paid an approximate average of their earnings during the school year. Consequently, additional motivation had occasionally to be provided.

One such incentive during this summer was the cottage maintenance contest to see which boys could maintain for two weeks the highest average in a daily inspection of their cottage. More and better maintenance was not the only aim of the contest, however. Short-term rewards were frequently employed at the school in an effort to improve the working habits of the boys, since it had been found that the more unstable youngsters did not respond well to distant goals.

On this pleasant summer morning in July, Dr. Jensen continued walking slowly toward his office wondering what to do. He felt that the establishment of efficient habits of work was one of the basic aims which had suffered most during the past year. Mr. Schneider had been accepted rapidly by the staff, and many repeated the adage about the new broom sweeping clean. Dr. Jensen admired some things greatly about Mr. Schneider, but he was troubled about certain occurrences that seemed to indicate progressive lowering of

important standards in the school. It was, of course, difficult to succeed as president a man as well liked as Mr. Inches, but some of the changes in the operation of Youth Village seemed too serious to ignore.

Dr. Jensen remembered another time when he had been walking across the campus almost a year ago, after Mr. Inches had left. He had noticed several young staff members smoking on the tennis courts — well away from the "smoking grounds" — and had realized that this never would have happened under Mr. Inches. Even Roy Higgins, superintendent of the school and one of the oldest members of the staff, had been brusquely reprimanded one day by Mr. Inches when he had absent-mindedly lighted a cigarette on the path of the upper campus. The rule had not been mentioned after Mr. Inches had left and had been forgotten until the following fall, when a drive was started to clear up the practice of smoking "out of bounds." At that time Mr. Schneider had asked the youth court to coöperate by imposing heavy fines for the offense. Cigarettes had completely disappeared from the upper campus for a few weeks. Then when the first experimental smokes brought no rebukes from Mr. Schneider — in fact, did not seem to be even noticed — the custom of smoking anywhere had been quickly resumed. And now, Dr. Jensen thought to himself, there is control over neither the boys nor the faculty. Naturally, if an instructor pulls out a cigarette on the steps of a cottage, the boys will try it, too. If a boy can get away with it 90 per cent of the time, the 10 per cent during which the rule is enforced is not much of a risk to him. The habit spread even to the shops, until another drive halted that practice.

Dr. Jensen recalled another incident that had happened early last fall. There had been a knock on his door one afternoon, and a group of excited boys had burst into his office.

"Hey, Doc," they had demanded, "what's wrong with the common room? We went over after football practice this afternoon, and it was locked and there was a sign up. Cripes, what goes on around here, anyway?"

Dr. Jensen had walked over with them and had found a sign on the door of the building: "This common room is closed. No admittance without permission of the president."

At dinner time when announcements were generally made, Mr. Schneider delivered a lecture on the appearance of the common room. Although the room was of adequate size, it had no coat room or drawers for the games and equipment that were kept there. The ping pong balls, cards, and similar games were usually stored on open shelves, and sweaters or coats hung on pegs around the wall. If these things were not systematically put away the room soon became, Mr. Schneider pointed out, "too disheveled for use." He took the boys severely to task for their carelessness and concluded by saying that the room would be thoroughly cleaned by the boys during the recreation period Saturday evening. The room would remain closed until it would stand a rigid inspection by him. He added that in the future drastic steps would be taken unless the boys learned to keep the common room in good shape at all times.

Since many of their spare-time activities took place in this room, and since Saturday was three days away, the boys were furious at this "discipline." On Saturday, with much swearing and protesting, the boys gave the room a

thorough cleaning. Mr. Schneider inspected it Sunday morning after church and gave it his approval. The new order was kept with meticulous care for the first few days, but nothing more was said by anyone about the problem and the boys gradually relaxed their efforts. About three months later Mr. Schneider again became conscious of the state of the common room and "closed" it for a second time.

At about this time during the preceding winter, Dr. Jensen had been stopped after lunch by one of the boys in the print shop. "Hey, Doc, when are we gonna get those cards we made for assembly?" The boy had been referring to some 3″ × 5″ cards containing the pledge of allegiance and some patriotic sentiment which Mr. Schneider had requested the print shop to make up to be distributed to the boys at morning assembly. "Us guys stayed extra time we didn't even put on our time sheets just to make up that red, white, and blue border and those little flags up in the corner. All the guys have been asking when we are going to get them. Geez, Doc, we want some credit for them after all the work we put on them for Shiny."

When Dr. Jensen had mentioned the cards to Mr. Schneider later in the day, the president had said enthusiastically that they would make the basis for a good assembly on Washington's Birthday. At the assembly, two days later, however, it appeared that a new plan had been adopted, and Dr. Jensen had not felt free to mention the cards again. They had never been used.

Under certain circumstances boys were permitted to borrow money from the school for certain justified expenses such as the purchase of a new suit of clothes. In order to impress on them the seriousness of such a step, Mr. Schneider had announced in the spring that no boy who was in debt could qualify for a pass to go into the city on Saturdays. Several weeks after that announcement, Tom Bonnelli, one of the older students, had mentioned in a conversation with Dr. Jensen that he was planning to take his girl to a movie that evening.

Dr. Jensen: But how can you go off campus, Tom, when you are in debt?

Tom: I had the date for a whole week. I gotta go, Doc!

Dr. Jensen: In that case you were still in debt when you made the date.

Tom: But, Doc, I worked 62 hours this week, and I paid off all but $3 or $4.

Dr. Jensen: What I don't understand is how you figured on going at all when you were in debt. You have been here for almost two years and you know the rules.

Tom: A fellow has to see his girl once in a while, for heaven's sake. Why pick on me? I ain't gonna stay on campus for $3 when Mr. Schneider let 'Red' Kelley go *home* last week end, and he just borrowed $17 and hasn't paid back any of it yet. Shiny didn't even ask him about his financial standing. He just better let me go on the trip tonight. I don't want to stay at this school anyway, and my Mother would take me out in a minute if she knew I was being picked on.

Such matters as these seemed to Dr. Jensen to point to a fundamental difference between his methods of operation and those Mr. Schneider considered appropriate for Youth Village. Dr. Jensen knew that many of the staff thought him a perfectionist and that others considered trivial many

things which excited him. He was not certain whether anyone would recognize the seriousness of his complaints, particularly if he mentioned the cottage inspection contest alone.

At this point in his thoughts Dr. Jensen passed the commons and heard the sound of a piano. It was a good instrument, and the player was obviously talented, though untrained. It reminded him again that Mr. Schneider had done some fine things for the school. He had won over the Trustees to such an extent that he had been able to make repairs and additions to the plant which Mr. Inches had tried unsuccessfully for several years to have authorized. The commons was a good example: it had been redecorated on a special motion of the Board, and Mr. Schneider had persuaded someone to give a grand piano for it.

As a psychiatrist Dr. Jensen felt strongly that a stable environment was a fundamental requisite for training the boys at Youth Village. But he wondered whether perhaps he was being too sensitive about a series of separate incidents. If not, how could he get Mr. Schneider to understand the importance of them and not feel that he was making a big issue out of a small matter?

CASE 28

*Parker City Police**

WHEN FRANK BARNES accepted the managership of Parker City, he knew that it would take several years to bring about satisfactory resolution of the many problems with which he would have to deal. A large proportion of the streets were unpaved, and many others were in a bad state of repair; drainage facilities were inadequate; serious traffic bottlenecks needed attention; new parking spaces were needed; and the public buildings were old and crowded. In the face of these needs there was little prospect of an increase in city revenue. Parker City, an industrial community of about 80,000 population, had suffered badly during the depression era, and reconstruction had not been possible during the war. Even now the large transient population and the large number of industrial workers who lived outside of the city limits made it difficult for the residents of Parker City to finance a program called for by the volume of traffic and the presence of large numbers of people within the city limits throughout both day and night shifts at the industrial plant.

The city administration had been without strong leadership. Under previous city managers several of the departments operated almost as if they were independent governmental units. Yet the departmental leadership was weak also. Records were inadequate. In some instances the manager and the council were unable to get current financial reports, not to mention the statistical reports or other essential information. Frank Barnes set out to correct these administrative defects. He started with the most urgent problems, which, because of the city's limited revenues, meant those in which expenses seemed unduly high and effective financial controls were lacking.

After two years as city manager, Frank Barnes felt that he had made substantial progress in establishing over-all management and coördination of the city's administration. However, outside of the installation of a new system of reports, relatively little had been done about the police department. In part, this was because the urgency was not so great as in some of the other departments. Moreover, Barnes had concluded that as a first step in any reorganization of the police force, he would have to find a qualified chief of police. Attempts to work through Chief Ryland had been unsatisfactory. In view of the fact that Ryland would be eligible to retire in a few months, therefore, the manager turned his attention to the task of lining up a qualified man for the position when that time arrived.

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Because of this situation Barnes was not prepared to make a vigorous defense of the police force when Councilman Rodney Jones made charges against it. Nevertheless, as he read the newspaper reports of the council meeting held on January 12, 1948, the manager felt that neither his reply to Rodney Jones nor the views expressed by other councilmen were adequately reported.

Barnes knew that the police force had a long tradition of political activity, group loyalty, and readiness to speak out publicly. He knew, also, that since the chief was neither a leader nor a disciplinarian, a few members of the force tended to take upon themselves the task of defending the department. On reading the following report on the front page of the *Parker City Journal*, therefore, the manager foresaw the probability of some kind of public response from the police department:

COUNCILMAN CHARGES POLICE DEPARTMENT INEFFICIENCIES

Councilman Rodney Jones leveled a direct blast at the Parker City police department Monday night, charging both inefficiency and overzealousness.

Targets of his wrath were the traffic enforcement division which he termed inefficient, and general enforcement officers, whom he chided for ticketing a grocer in his district for an alleged beer-sign violation.

"It has been said that the police department is inadequate and in need of more help," began Jones. "With some of the things that are happening, I'm beginning to believe we are overmanned!"

Jones stated that violations were being permitted in allowing houses of prostitution and blind pigs to operate within the city.

"Almost any taxi driver can take you to them," he said.

"And then they tie up two policemen to measure beer signs!" continued Jones. "They ticket a well-established grocer who for twelve years has had the same beer sign in front of his establishment.

"It measures within the size limits set by ordinance, but because it is powered by the same neon equipment of the 'Groceries and Meats' sign above, the officers declared it a violation."

As for traffic enforcement, Jones had the following to offer:

"I've complained about traffic conditions at the Steel Plant five days a week without result," he said.

"Between 6 A.M. and 7 A.M. any work morning, the pedestrians dash helter-skelter across the busy thoroughfare, and traffic runs rampant. On several occasions a scout car has been parked at the scene headed right in the direction of flagrant violations, but the officers don't budge.

"I think it's time we did something about it," said Jones. "If those men have nothing better to do, I think we should lay off instead of hiring more men!"

Councilman Jones spoke in behalf of the efforts of Police Chief Clinton Ryland:

"I am not criticizing Chief Ryland. He is one of the fairest and squarest police officers in the state.

"But he has some disloyal men working against him," said Jones.

On an inside page of the same issue of the *Journal* a second report appeared on the same subject. The manager noted the absence of any report of his statement that the inspection of liquor signs had been made at his own request after complaints had come to his office about alleged violations of the ordinance. He noted also that his qualified defense of the police department was reported as follows:

MANAGER QUALIFIES OFFICIAL'S CHARGE

SAYS POLICE DEPARTMENT NEEDS MINOR CHANGES; PROMISES REFORM

City Manager Frank Barnes agreed Monday night that the Parker City police department was in need of a minor overhaul and that there was laxity of proper traffic control.

He spoke in reply to Councilman Rodney Jones, who blasted alleged practices of some Parker City police department members.

"Part of it is in the wrong spirit," said Barnes. "Certain weaknesses are under observation. The matter will be brought rapidly to a head and corrected.

"Lack of leadership has shown itself in the last five or six months. Until we line up a qualified man to replace Chief Ryland (who retires this summer), we will have to suffer with some inefficiencies."

At the council meeting on January 17, all seats in the visitors' section of the council room were occupied. A few citizens had left earlier in the evening after the council had disposed of matters in which they were particularly interested; but others had entered, including two policemen in uniform.

During the evening the council had voted to repeal the city ordinance relating to the size of liquor signs. Also, the question of regulating pedestrian traffic had been discussed, but no action taken. Councilman Wahl had pointed out that control of pedestrian traffic should be a matter of education rather than of prohibitory legislation.

The council had disposed of all items on its prepared agenda, and the mayor turned to the audience and asked, "Does anyone in the audience wish to make a statement?"

A young man in civilian clothes stood up. He gave his name as Jim Landrin. The following discussion ensued.

Landrin: I am Jim Landrin, a citizen, a taxpayer, and a member of the police force. Last week a member of the city council made certain charges against the police force. He said that we were overzealous in checking minor violations of the regulations on beer and liquor signs. I want it known that we were acting under specific instructions, and that we resent the criticism directed against us for doing our duty.

Also, I am a member of the vice squad, Mr. Mayor, and the charge that houses of prostitution are permitted to operate freely in Parker City is of direct concern to me. We of the police force are proud of the records of our department, and we try to enforce the law. The councilman made the statement that almost any taxicab driver would take you to a house of prostitution if you asked him. I ask the councilman to tell us where those places are. He has no right to make charges without naming the places! If he knows where the places are, it is his duty to let us know so that we can enforce the law!

City Manager Barnes: Mr. Mayor, I should like to make a statement to the gentleman. I wish to correct a misunderstanding which seems to exist among a few members of the police department. However, I will say, first, that I as city manager asked the police department to check up on violations on the liquor-sign ordinance. I take full responsibility for that action. [The manager

then turned toward the man in the visitors' section.] Mr. Landrin, as a citizen you have a perfect right to appear here and to express yourself. But as a police officer you have committed an error. You have a mistaken impression of your relationship to the city council.

Landrin (still standing): I am speaking as a citizen and a taxpayer.

Manager Barnes: To that extent I am not questioning your action, but you are speaking also as a police officer. As such you are part of the city administration and you should go through channels. You should take those complaints to your chief, and to me. I, as city manager, am responsible to the city council for the entire administration, including the police department, and I will defend you when you are unjustly criticized.

Landrin: Councilman Jones made public charges which are derogatory of our department, and those charges appeared on the front page of the *Journal.* I didn't see where the manager took any steps to prevent that kind of publicity or to deny the charges. In the interest of the police department and of the city, I am here to ask that the councilman give facts to support his charges.

Manager Barnes: Your best defense is faithful service and reliance upon the manager to defend you. I am sorry that members of the police force have not fully recognized the impropriety of taking their complaints to public meetings. The misunderstanding is of long standing, and I have tried to be patient in dealing with it. When I have criticism to make of the police officers, or any of the employees, I try to do so quietly and without publicity. In the same way the employees and the officers in the administrative departments — and this means all of the departments, not the police department alone — when they have complaints, they should take those complaints through the administrative channels. I hope that no disciplinary action will be necessary in order to make this understood. I am responsible to the city council for the administration, and I will defend my subordinates against unjust criticism. However, I find myself unprepared to do so when the policemen try to take their complaints directly before the council in public meetings.

Landrin: But what about the charges made against us in public meetings? I am a police officer today and I may not be one tomorrow, but as a taxpayer I want to know where these places are so that something can be done to clean them up.

At this point another man in the visitors' section stood up.

Citizen: I wish to make a statement here also. Last week the *Journal* carried a front-page story of the charge that the police department is inefficient and that places of prostitution are operating without molestation in our city. If that is true, the places should be named so that something can be done about them. Why should such unfavorable charges be made in public? I think there should be an explanation.

Manager Barnes: That is a different matter. It is not what I have been talking about. [Looks at citizen.] Are you a police officer?

Citizen: No.

Manager Barnes: Well, I am not questioning the propriety of your appearance or of your statement. I am speaking of the case where a member of the police department appears here, as a police officer, and makes demands upon a member of the city council. On the other hand, a councilman is perfectly free to speak his mind at these meetings. I will defend him in this right against

anyone in the administration, yet the councilman cannot be held responsible for the way in which a meeting is reported.

At about this time several other policemen entered the hall and sat down in the visitors' section. Apparently they had just come off the afternoon shift.

Citizen: But who released the report to the press? It was a serious charge, and yet there was no statement in defense of the police department.

Manager Barnes: It is not a matter of release. There is a representative of the press at this meeting, and a report will no doubt appear in tomorrow's paper. It is regrettable that the report of last week's meeting was not complete, but there you have the matter of freedom of the press. And I would defend freedom of the press also.

Councilman Wahl: The fact is that there was a defense of the police department in last week's meeting. The ordinance that was brought in this evening to amend the liquor-sign regulations was a result of the answer. The fault there was not in the police department, but in the ordinance; and we are changing that.

Second Citizen: Mr. Mayor, I am Jack Riley, a taxicab driver. I have driven taxicabs in Parker City for about eight years, and I am sure that the city is much cleaner now than it was when I started here. However, the councilman's charges have been embarrassing to us taxi drivers. Before I went on my vacation, I had no trouble with people asking me to direct them to places of ill fame; but last week end, after I came back, I was repeatedly questioned about such places. I think that the publicity did an injustice to the taxicab drivers and gave visitors a bad impression of our city.

Third Citizen: Mr. Mayor, I am the manager of a taxicab company, and I wish to say also that the charges made by the councilman have done an injury to our men. We are trying to improve the taxicab business and clean up any corrupt practices among our drivers. I feel that we are making real headway, but it is discouraging to read about charges publicly made such as appeared in last week's paper.

Councilman Jones: Mr. Mayor, I had intended to make a reply, but in view of the manager's statement I shall refrain. I make no retraction, and I could name names to support my charges, but after hearing Manager Barnes I shall say nothing further.

Manager Barnes: Thank you, Councilman Jones. But I wish to repeat that you have the right to criticize the administration or any branch of the administration at these meetings. Unfortunately, there are a few members of the police department — and here I could name some of them — who unwisely rush to their own defense in the political arena. In large part they are responsible for the unfavorable publicity that the department gets. If they would keep out of the political battles, perform their duties faithfully, and rely upon their administrative superiors to defend them in public, the public criticism would not be directed as frequently against them. I hope in a quiet way to help them see the relationship, but if that does not work, disciplinary action may be necessary.

CASE 29

Head of the Department[*]

I MUST EXPLAIN how it all came about. It was at a meeting of the Modern Language Association. Christopher Trimer, distinguished professor of English literature, just retired, E. Gregory Jones, distinguished head of a great department of English, and I, also head of a department of English, but of a department in a small technical college, had been talking over our experiences as graduate students when we had been together in one of Professor Manly's classes in *Piers Plowman* forty years before. Trimmer started it.

"I have always had a suspicion that being head of a department has a very bad effect on character," he said. "Of course, it's probably worse to be a dean, and perhaps still worse to be a president, although a college president, like a President of the United States, is hardly to be tested by ordinary moral codes. But a head, between the devil of the administration and the deep sea of his staff, is in real danger of corruption. How about it, Gregory?"

Jones looks like a United States Senator. He has built up one of the strongest departments in the Middle West if not in the entire country and knows that his success is beyond question. Himself a scholar of sound reputation, he can afford to be cynical.

"Of course," he replied smilingly. "The morals of a head of a department are as good as those of his institution. The morals of the institution are as good as those of the community it serves. And the morals of a full professor even — I mean any teacher who manages to get along in his institution and his community — are no better. And I am making no exception of you, Christopher."

"I can't agree with you," retorted Trimmer. "A teacher and scholar is protected from the pressures that insidiously undermine the moral integrity of the head or dean. I am studying the moral basis of college and university education, and the problem of the department head is one approach. You don't want to hear the President's address this evening. We'll have dinner together and then go to my room for a good discussion. I'll pay for the dinners if you'll promise to be honest in telling about your experiences."

"But is this going into a book?" I interposed.

"It is possible," Trimmer answered with a grin, "if I can get a publisher."

And although nothing more was said about a book or article, I never know what Trimmer may do, and so I am anticipating him by giving my account of

[*] Reprinted with permission of the author and publishers from H. L. Creek, "Head of the Department," *American Association of University Professors Bulletin*, XXXVI (Spring 1950), 81–96.

the discussion we had on that chilly evening in December in a room on the tenth floor of our hotel.

II

Trimmer began by asking how we got to be heads in the first place.

"I have had chances to be a head of a department," said Trimmer. "But I declined. I didn't want to be mixed up in that sort of business. My character is not the Rock of Gibraltar, and I couldn't take the risk. How did you get into it?"

"I suspect you never became head because you never were offered a decent headship," said Jones. "I became head because I was offered a department with a future, and was promised enough money to make it first-class. If I hadn't had that assurance, you may be sure I wouldn't have accepted."

"Yes," said Trimmer. "But why were *you* picked out and brought from another institution to assume that particular job in a big state university? I can tell you why. It was because you had the reputation of getting along with people — that is, getting along with superiors in the first place, and perhaps of being able to make an impressive appearance on a public platform. Of course, the fact that you had published a book and were supposed to know something about Chaucer helped. But that was secondary. You were chosen because the president and the dean of your university thought you would do what they wanted done and would not be too much of a nuisance in meetings of the university senate. And how about you?"

This last question was addressed to me. I was slightly embarrassed.

"My answer may sound egotistical," I replied hesitatingly. "The reason was that I had stepped into an emergency when the head of my department was ill and had proved that I could handle the situation."

"What do you mean by that?" asked Trimmer.

"Well, I saw that classes were met, that absence reports were turned in, that grades were reported to the registrar on time, and that the pay roll was prepared at the end of the month. It is surprising how few teachers are able to perform these elementary duties. Apparently I was successful. Next year my salary was raised two hundred dollars, and when my head was forced to retire because of poor health, I was offered the headship. I was a bit surprised, but naturally I was gratified."

"Nor," I went on to say, "do I think that my moral character has suffered because of my performance of necessary duties. In fact, with all due humility, I am willing to have my moral character compared with Christopher's."

"Now I see why *you* were made head of a department," Trimmer continued inexorably. "It seems that you were a good errand boy. A very good errand boy, in fact. I suppose you even took classes neglected by others if that seemed necessary. You were Johnny-on-the-spot. And so was Gregory, I suspect, though in a slightly different way. Well, I'll agree that there is a sort of moral quality in doing the work of an office boy faithfully and efficiently. But I hardly regard this as indicating moral grandeur. So far as that is concerned, I'll even guarantee that both of you keep regular office hours."

"Well, hardly," said Jones. "I have too many engagements off the campus. Besides, I have an efficient substitute in Dr. Abernethy, the departmental secretary. He handles all office details very well. I resent being called an office

boy. At least I should if I thought you were serious. I give my attention only to important matters of policy or to difficult problems connected with the staff. The University has never expected me to spend time on unimportant details."

"Perhaps you are right," conceded Trimmer with some irony in his tone. "At least I'll let it go at that. You have been what is called a successful head at least. I believe you said your department has had six articles in the *Publications of the Modern Language Association* during the past year, more than any other institution I know of, and who knows how many other articles in the other journals? There have been three books based on what is called solid research. You have a poet to give literary dignity to your department, and he really is pretty good even though his code of morals and manners is regarded as eccentric by some of your colleagues in conventional departments like mathematics and religion. You seem able to place your Ph.D.'s in acceptable institutions. You told me that two of them have recently been made heads of departments, and one got a place where he can direct research in the 16th-century nondramatic literature. But that has nothing, so far as I can see, to do with what I am getting at. Now let me ask you — both of you — " with a courteous nod in my direction, probably to mollify any resentment I might have because he had mentioned achievements with which I could not compete, "what is the chief duty of a departmental head?"

"To get good men in his department," answered Jones without hesitation. His voice vibrated with conviction. "It's all in that. And then encouraging them to produce."

"I suppose Henry will agree to that," said Christopher. "Do you?"

"Yes," I answered. "Except that I should encourage my good men to do good teaching first and then turn out articles if they have time."

"Even I agree to that," said Jones, smilingly. "Except that I cannot conceive a good research man who is not a pretty good teacher — at least in his own field."

III

"We seem to have difficulty in getting down to brass tacks," said Trimmer. "Gregory, you are a humanist. You have written enough to make it clear that the naturalistic and nihilistic trends in recent novels and recent criticism portend disaster unless they are checked. That being true, I don't see how you can ever recommend the appointment to your staff of any man who does not have a humanist philosophy himself. Perhaps, by leaning far over to the right, you might accept also a good Methodist or even a good Catholic. But naturalist — never. Now how about your poet? And there is Professor ———,[1] whose recent book has been hailed by scientists and psychologists as one of the best defenses of the naturalistic view in recent years. You were responsible for both these appointments. How about it?"

Jones smiled tolerantly. "I suppose you have heard of such a thing as freedom of thought, freedom of speech. What right has any administrator to suppress the expression of any current opinion because of his power of selecting staff members? As a matter of fact, he doesn't have any such power. At least he has very little power. If he is to be successful as a head, if he is to survive,

[1] It has seemed justifiable to omit the name.

if he is to be decent even, he must not refuse opportunity for the expression of any of the current attitudes toward life. Naturalism is one of these. Therefore I cannot refuse to permit naturalists on my staff. Nor would I refuse to consider a Thomist or even a Mormon."

"How about a Marxist?"

"Naturally not a Marxist," said Gregory decisively. "Marxists are not acceptable in this country, and certainly not in my university. The president and trustees see to it that no subversive persons obtain permanent positions on our faculty."

"In other words," said Christopher triumphantly, "your decisions are not really your own. They are the decisions of your trustees. At least ultimately so. As a matter of fact, the Marxist on your staff would probably do much less harm, from your own point of view, than the naturalist. The whole community is warning students to beware of the Marxist; consequently he will do little harm. No one, except a rare humanist like yourself or an occasional clergyman, perhaps, is warning students against naturalism. The naturalist then has a clear field for his activities and, with the support of three quarters of the faculty, is pretty much having his own way. If I were you, I should never sleep at night because I should be worrying about the influence of the naturalists and materialists I had put in places of authority. But I am sure I should lose no sleep about any Marxists I might have brought in. Besides, it seems to me that Marxism needs explanation and sympathetic interpretation just because it is so important in the world and because we have erected an iron curtain of our own to prevent sensible and wise interpretation of it. No economist and no literary critic who is sympathetic to communism has even half a chance."

I thought it time to put in my word.

"Thank God, we are not a university. Therefore we have some liberty of action. I do not find it necessary to see that all points of view are represented in my staff, which is small enough. First of all, I see that I have good men, and I mean men of good character. Men of good character seldom have radical views, unless Christianity may be regarded as radical. Usually I look carefully at the organizations to which the candidate belongs. If he is a church member, that is in his favor. A church member will not be a communist or a naturalist or materialist. At worst he will have a tinge of pacifism and may be favorable to labor. If he has had experience in community organization, such as Boy Scouts, Community Chest drives, or the Y.M.C.A., if he is active in the Kiwanis Club or the Elks, from my point of view that is a recommendation. Such men as a rule are conscientious and dependable; they do not cause criticism either in the college or outside; and they instill sound morals in the students."

"Haven't you had some disappointments?" asked Jones. "I have a good Episcopalian in my department who is a worse materialist than the man Christopher objects to. He once said he liked the Episcopal Church because it interfered neither with a man's politics nor with his religion, but did give him social prestige."

"I had only one disappointment," I replied. "I got a highly recommended Baptist once who would get drunk occasionally. Fortunately, it was always when he was away at conventions and consequently did no harm to his local

reputation and had no effect on his students. He did not drink with them. As a matter of fact, his talks on morals were unusually good, perhaps because he had some experience with temptation himself."

"He must have been a first-class hypocrite," said Jones. "I don't mind a drunk on my faculty particularly, but I do object to one who pretends to be a model of decorum."

IV

I was about to answer, but Trimmer did not give me a chance.

"Well, I know something now about the standards you use in selecting your staff members. And I suppose you use similar methods in picking out persons for promotion and increases in salary."

"Yes, I do," said Jones. "It's really impossible to say who is good and who is bad as a teacher, but we do know a good scholar from a bad one. And the good scholars I have known have usually been good teachers. Therefore I rely almost wholly upon publications. Two good articles in a year will at least mean an advance in salary. A book, a scholarly book, ordinarily means a promotion. Everybody knows what is required and conducts himself accordingly. And if anyone wants to know why he wasn't promoted, I can always point to the record. This prevents heartbreaks and misunderstandings. If a younger man publishes nothing in three years, it is suggested that he get another job. He understands why. Of course, we sometimes get caught with associate professors or even full professors who refuse to do anything. But at least we don't increase their salaries."

"I understand now why you can have your work as head done by a secretary," said Trimmer. "A good secretary can count articles and estimate the number of words in a book as well as you can. Don't you ever have a good teacher or even a good scholar who doesn't write?"

"No," replied Jones sharply. "I don't know any. Students occasionally complain because a *popular* teacher is dropped, but popular doesn't mean good. Almost all popular teachers are superficial; often they give high grades indiscriminately."

"I don't agree at all," I interrupted. "A good teacher is almost always a popular teacher. We select our men for promotion by means of rating scales. Every staff member is required to have his students rate him at the end of every course. They rate him on personality, fairness, knowledge of subject, clearness of exposition, dress, and friendliness. If the students rate him high, we give him a raise in salary, at least when there is any money for raises in salary."

"Do you mean to say that you approve any such methods?" asked Gregory, with something that I thought approached a sneer.

With some asperity, I retorted, "I certainly do. From the moral point of view. We are training for life in a democracy. What better training could students have than in considering seriously the merits of their teachers and recording their beliefs? And to whom should teachers be responsible if not to their students? It seems to me the only democratic method possible. But we check the opinions of the students by having rating scales which are filled out by colleagues."

"Do the two agree?" inquired Trimmer.

"As a rule they do," I answered. "We are inclined to distrust the judgments of colleagues a good deal more than those of students. In one of our departments there were two factions — one *for* the head of the department and one trying to get him out. It became evident in time that no member of one faction was ever rated well by any member of the other faction. And, by the way, that department was our department of education, which was responsible for the rating scales. But in most of the other departments both scales worked very well. I may indicate how they work. One year my own standing was in the forty-ninth percentile of the entire college faculty. This was on the student rating scale. By examining the results I learned some of my own weaknesses — one of which was lack of fairness in grading. The next year I made a real effort to overcome my weaknesses. My percentile was fifty-nine, and I was given an increase in salary. It was interesting that the grades of my students went up slightly at the same time, indicating that my teaching had actually improved. I was complimented by the dean and by the head of the department of education, and my case was mentioned in a bulletin on the system published the next year."

v

"Are you rated also as to your success as head?" asked Trimmer.

"Yes," I replied. "Although I am not sure that it is worth while. A special rating scale has been made up for heads and deans. One has been considered for the President and Comptroller and even for members of the Board of Regents, but that has not actually been used as yet."

"Are you willing to say how you survived the test as head of a department?"

"Well," I explained, "the number of persons in my department is so small that the results were not regarded as significant. I had only eight subordinates at the time. I found that I was likely to be rated higher in the years when there was a somewhat general increase in salaries. Fortunately, the administration took this factor into consideration and I was not made to suffer. My dean has always been a loyal supporter. I suppose I really do not approve rating scales for administrative officers. One year my percentile score from my staff was only thirty-one, obviously because I had refused to approve a change in the textbooks used in freshman English to one prepared by members of the department."

"But why did you refuse?" asked Gregory. "You ought to encourage publication, if only of textbooks."

"The truth is," I said, "we were using a book which I had written and which had been acknowledged to be successful in other institutions. I thought the welfare of the students was more important than the prestige or pocketbooks of two staff members."

"I see," said Trimmer. "You think the mature minds of students are capable of important judgments about their teachers, but you don't trust the opinions of your teachers. Your reasoning seems a bit devious to me, but I'll let that pass. What you say about books reminds me of another point. The choice of books to be read by students is, I suppose, next to choice of staff members in importance. In an English department it is especially important. Don't you agree?"

"Certainly," I replied promptly. But I noticed that Gregory hesitated a little and merely grunted ambiguously.

"I am not thinking particularly of freshman handbooks, which are much alike anyway," said Christopher. "I am thinking more about the so-called literature you ask your students to read. Let's begin on the lowest level, the books of readings for freshmen. Since every student has to take freshman English, and since many of them are compelled to read at least a few things in the books of readings, I should think the choice might be important. Do you, Gregory, as head of a department concern yourself with such minor problems?"

"Not much," replied Gregory. "At the moment I can't recall what book is used. I leave that to the chairman of freshman composition and his staff."

"Well," said Christopher, "you may be surprised that I know what book you use. I know how it was selected, for a representative of a book company told me. It is ———.[2] As a matter of fact, it was prepared by one member of your own department and a chairman of freshman composition in another large institution. The publishers insisted that at least two large institutions be represented so that there would be an almost certain sale of enough copies to guarantee against loss. The young editors are men of some ability, both of whom are what might be called modern — not red certainly, but slightly pink. They believe in introducing students to ideas. The students come to the university with no ideas at all or with ideas taken from their parents, country teachers and preachers, and Sunday school papers. They need to be awakened. And your young editors certainly do awaken them. Who are the authors represented? Stuart Chase, of course, Franklin Roosevelt, Henry Wallace, John Dos Passos, Bertrand Russell, Harold Laski, and a dozen others like them or worse. All selections slanted in the same direction. All are intended to make the students think. All make them think in the direction of the leftist philosophy or naturalism. As a matter of fact, it gives the student a comfortable feeling to know that he is ahead of his father and mother, who are Victorian, and they seldom take the trouble to consider seriously whether the new set of ideas presented to them is any better than the old or not. And, by the way, Gregory, the ideas are certainly not yours. These young men in your department regard you as hopelessly out-of-date, a disciple of a forgotten critic named Irving Babbitt, and somewhat under the influence of a benighted educator named Hutchins. They say this in their private gatherings, and more than hint it in their classes.

Gregory managed a grin, but I could see that he was shaken a little. "I still believe in freedom," he remarked.

"So do these young teachers of yours," replied Trimmer mildly. "Except that they would regard it as absurd to present to modern students any such old-fashioned ideas as those you hold. But I am not through. Let's look at the courses in modern literature, which probably are the only courses in your department that have any real influence on the ideas of your student body. What is your most popular course?"

"I suppose I should say Shakespeare," answered Gregory promptly. "Robert Riedel has about a hundred students in his *Shakespeare: Poet and Man*. There have been more. The course is taught from the humanist point of view and

[2] The title is omitted to avoid giving any one book unnecessary publicity.

has not suffered in popularity because of the young naturalists in my department you have been talking about."

"Our course in Shakespeare is also very successful," I remarked. "However, it is just possible that the fact that the professor who is teaching it almost promises grades of C or better to all who listen or at least look as if they were listening to his lectures may have something to do with that. Nevertheless, I think the students are stimulated by being introduced to the greatest of poets and dramatists."

"But you don't mean to say that Shakespeare is the course with the largest enrollment, do you?" inquired Trimmer.

Since the question seemed to be addressed to me, I answered. "No, it is not. We have an optional course entitled *Great Books for Successful Men* that I did not mention because it is in a sense required. It is liked by the engineers rather well. Some of our graduates have written in that it has helped them to obtain higher posts in the business world because it has enabled them to talk about good books in educated circles. It has proved that ambitious students can be interested in good books if there is the right approach. It includes *How to Win Friends and Influence People, Forging Ahead,* and other inspirational books as well as a few modern novels about business men and engineers."

"We have hardly descended so far as that," interrupted Gregory with a grin. "But I'll have to confess that our biggest course is one in modern fiction. Since I don't regard it as literature really, I did not think to mention it."

"What books are read?" asked Trimmer.

"I leave the selection of books to a committee of teachers of the course. The list is changed from time to time. I can remember that *For Whom the Bell Tolls, U. S. A., Grapes of Wrath,* and some other contemporary trash are in the list."

"How many students take the course?" inquired Trimmer.

"Oh, I suppose about thirteen hundred a semester," replied Gregory. "As I said, it is a popular course. But the students who take it are mainly commerce, agricultural, engineering, and low-grade liberal arts students. I don't really count them as students. And having the course enables us to give a little relief to our beginning instructors, who are overburdened with theme reading. They are not yet prepared to teach real courses in literature anyway. So no harm is done to anybody, and perhaps a little good."

"I'm not so sure," said Trimmer. "I believe several members of your board of regents are graduates of your institution. Do you remember who they are and from what colleges they graduated?"

"No, I don't remember too well. There's Corydon, a rich manufacturer in Chicago. If I'm not mistaken, he is a graduate of the College of Commerce. I know he is a close friend of old Charley Atwood, the dean of that college. And come to think of it, I believe Ellsworth is also a graduate of Commerce. Frank Hitchocock is a graduate of the College of Arts and Sciences, one of my own students in Shakespeare and a pretty good one, and all right. There may be others. What is the point?"

"My point is," resumed Trimmer, "that the men who are not determining the policies of your institution are in the main business men who probably were engineering, commerce, or agricultural students when they were in your

university, and the only course in literature you gave them was what you call this harmless course in fiction."

"They didn't have to take that," interrupted Gregory. "They had a choice of two or three courses, one of them a course in Shakespeare. But I'll have to confess not many took it. Old Babson makes it a little too tough for them. But they *can* take it and sometimes do."

"I'll bet five to one that Corydon didn't take any such course," said Trimmer. "He was too busy with business administration, accounting, business law, perhaps labor problems, and certainly college politics, to read anything much tougher than Edna Ferber. At least his present attitude toward educational problems — if I am correct — is about as intelligent as my attitude toward a complicated deal in stocks. What I am pointing out, Gregory, is that the men who are graduating from your institution and making important places for themselves in your state are not the nice girls and boys who come up after class to tell you how much they were inspired by your lecture on Milton or Dante."

"I still say that I am not responsible for the absurdities of university trustees," replied Gregory with some heat, "even if they are university graduates. Nor am I responsible for the kind of society that pushes such men to the top of the social and economic life of America. Nothing would save them."

I was disturbed by Gregory's pessimism. And I was almost equally disturbed by Christopher's satisfied grin. So I thought I might try to have the last word.

"We are responsible for the men our institutions send into the business and professional world," I said. "The books we have our students read do prepare them to take a high moral stand in society. True, our men are shown that they must be successful — for if they are not successful, they can do nothing for society. How to succeed is taught them in such a book as *Forging Ahead.* But they are also made to see that they will be business leaders, responsible for the welfare of labor, responsible for such conditions as Steinbeck describes. As head of the department I have always insisted on the moral responsibility of our own instructors for the character of our graduates. We haven't depended on books. We have also used our extra-curricular activities to train our students to participate in public discussions, to appear before the public in various ways, and to recognize that they must be leaders in their communities. Our graduates are taught to be leaders. We even have a course in leadership, taught by an eminent psychologist who makes $25,000 a year himself as a consultant for some of the greatest industrial organizations of the country."

VI

"Well, I am convinced," said Trimmer wearily. "Convinced that not only heads of departments but even some professors have sold their souls. But at least your psychology professor got something for his. But there are other points to consider in connection with heads. I might bring up academic freedom. I think you said something about that, Gregory, when you were excusing yourself for choosing staff members with pernicious ideas. Let's see if you are consistent. I remember when I was a young college instructor a member of another department started a campaign to have the institution recognize good teaching as much as good research. He was out of a job the next year.

Now it was said that he was inefficient, but the fact that he had been kept for several years made the excuse doubtful. He simply was *persona non grata* with the administration. Now how much freedom do you permit in your staff members?"

This was my opportunity.

"My institution," I said, "is on record as favoring complete freedom of opinion. The only exception is that this freedom must go with loyalty to the college, a provision that no one can question. In the first place, we are careful in making appointments. There was a minor difficulty once when a member of my staff said in public that he was opposed to any sort of racial discrimination. This was all right, for none of us really believe in racial discrimination. Unfortunately, just then there was some worry in the President's office because Negroes had not been permitted to live in the residence halls, and it was clear that our man referred to the incident. This was regarded as a failure in loyalty, and I was obliged to agree with the administration that it was. What else was I to do? He was not reappointed the next year. Fortunately, he had not been in our college long enough to have tenure."

"Did your conscience hurt you?" asked Gregory.

"Not at all," I replied. "My own loyalty to the President was involved. As he sometimes said, it is easy for faculty members to support a president when he is right; the test comes when he is wrong. And I am not sure that he *was* wrong."

"I can give my own example if you want one," said Gregory, "and my conscience doesn't hurt me either. We had a crank in our department once — and he *was* a crank — who decided that it was his job to reform the athletic situation. He believed that the fact that athletes are paid — of course not by the institution but at least by alumni — made them ineligible in amateur athletics. He thought there was hypocrisy in the public statements of purity issued by all or nearly all institutions and that this hypocrisy was a bad influence on students, athletes themselves, and others too, who saw hypocrisy condoned. He ventured to say so in a speech or two. Immediately some of the alumni of the institution, the wealthiest and most loyal supporters, began to write the President that they could no longer give their support to their own college if it continued to pay a salary to a man who had no sense of loyalty to his own institution. This man, it happened, was himself an alumnus. Well, what was the President to do? His obligation, as I see it, was to his institution and not to a crank who would cause the institution to lose the support of most of its loyal alumni. He was also a shrewd man. We did not dismiss our professor. It was, in an indirect way, made clear to him that he would never be promoted and could never expect an advance in salary, even though he could remain on the staff. He was a good scholar and had no difficulty in getting a position elsewhere. I suppose Christopher would regard this as immoral. I don't. As I said, I think an institution has the morals of the community, and a head has the morals of his institution. I am not a martyr and have no ambition to be one."

"Neither am I," said Christopher. "Neither is our friend Henry here. None of us are of very heroic stuff. I merely said at the beginning that heads of departments are particularly subject to insidious temptation, and I think my point has been proved. Both of you believe in freedom of thought and expres-

sion. But when somebody in your department is under fire, both of you are silent or coöperate in suppressing freedom. And it isn't because you think the ideas of your staff member are dangerous. It is because somebody else thinks them dangerous — or at least annoying. The ideas you actually think dangerous, or at least say you think dangerous, you don't bother about because nobody else does. You don't bother about the books your students read, and you don't bother about what the teachers of books do or say in teaching them. Not really — so long as *you* are not bothered by a dean or prominent alumnus. Gregory says it is the chief duty of the head to see that his department is made up of good men. But his definition of a good man is a strange one. For him the good man is one who has a long list of publications, is erudite enough, and is outwardly respectable according to generous standards. Gregory obeys the boss — that is, the president or the alumni or whoever sets the social pattern for his institution — as if he were an office boy. God help college education. I am glad I was never a head. I could teach Plato and feel myself an honest man."

"Really?" said Gregory.

CASE 30

*Port Independence Naval Base**

LIEUTENANT (J.G.) ARTHUR EVERETT, base commander of the naval patrol base in Port Independence on the New England coast in May 1942, faced an important decision involving the future successful operations of the Base. He had recently refused, for what he thought were perfectly sound reasons, to grant a special permit for an excursion boat to use the float alongside the Navy's pier during the following summer. The float had been the boat's customary base of operations for a number of years. This incident, which had resulted in outspoken antagonism toward the Navy on the part of many of the townspeople, helped to make Lieutenant Everett increasingly aware of the opposing factions that flourished in this small New England community. It was becoming clear to him that if these factions could not be induced to take a sympathetic attitude toward the Navy's presence and operations in Port Independence, they would reach the point, if they had not already done so, where they would seriously interfere with his operations.

Lieutenant Everett had taken command of the Port Independence Base when it was first established a few weeks earlier. The Base's tables of organization called for an officer of the rank of lieutenant commander to be in command.

Port Independence in winter had a population of 6,000 persons, augmented by a wealthy summer population, as well as, in peacetime, a large volume of overnight and week-end tourists. Naval expansion for antisubmarine warfare was on an emergency footing during this period, sinkings close inshore were frequent, and small commercial and pleasure craft were being pressed into service at a rapid rate. These craft required many small bases, of which Port Independence was one, for their effective operation. Naval shore facilities were barely keeping abreast of the needs of the forces afloat.

The initiative in bringing the facilities of the town to the attention of the Navy had been taken early in 1941 by Mr. Phillips, the town banker. Before he had talked officially with the Navy, Phillips had been instrumental in having a special town meeting called to consider a proposal to invite the Navy to establish an installation at Port Independence and to lease, at nominal charges, certain town properties. Lieutenant Everett had heard about this meeting from a number of different people. At the meeting the town openly divided into several different factions. One faction strongly favored the coming of the Navy on the ground that it would bring additional business to the

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town and thus offset the effects of the probable smaller number of summer visitors which would come to Port Independence during a war period. This group pointed out that the town had no war industry and, being in a somewhat isolated location — ideal as a summer resort — was not close to any such activity. Furthermore, it was argued that business would otherwise suffer because the winter population was decreasing rapidly as men were inducted into the service or left for war industries elsewhere.

A second faction opposed the coming of the servicemen as a threat to civil peace. Members of this group mentioned the serious difficulties generated in small towns in the South by the establishment of large Army camps. Some of the businessmen, who would undoubtedly gain directly, none the less doubted that the town would benefit in the end. This group seemed to fear that a large naval establishment might require expansion of public services which might prove unsound from a long-run point of view. This business group also had the view that the proposed installation might temporarily or permanently drive away summer visitors, who were indispensable to the economic survival of the whole community. A vocal and influential group of summer residents bitterly opposed the establishment of a base as damaging to the peaceful retreat in which they had invested heavily and to which they were strongly attached.

A majority of the persons at the meeting, it appeared, had had no strong views, but on the whole favored the possible diversions which naval liberty parties might create during the long winters.

The special town meeting voted to approve the proposal and authorized the leasing of certain town facilities to the Navy at a nominal sum. Accordingly, Mr. Phillips got in touch with officers in command of the Naval District in which Port Independence was located and pointed out its relative advantages. The District finally selected Port Independence as the site for its anti-submarine base in that area.

Growing intensity of submarine warfare shortly after the site was selected led to naval plans for a large increase in personnel at Port Independence beyond original estimates. As a result, the District surveyed local buildings and determined that the only one reasonably close to the pier and base facilities capable of housing and messing the projected additional number of personnel without expensive alteration was the very exclusive Tennis and Swimming Club owned by the wealthiest group of summer residents. The club, however, refused to lease its property. Officers of the club protested that their summer vacations were planned almost wholly around this clubhouse. When the Naval District indicated that it would proceed with its plans, influential members of the club brought pressure at very high levels in Washington. In due course the District received a telegram ordering the abandonment of the plan to use the club. Inasmuch as no other suitable buildings were available the Navy gave up the planned expansion of its base at Port Independence. During this period, the sentiments of the winter residents seemed to Everett to be clearly with the Naval District on the merits of the issue. Their business interests, however, were so closely tied to the protesting group of club members that their effective weight was with the summer residents.

Shortly after the cancellation of the plans for expansion. Lieutenant Everett received the request from the summer excursion-boat operator for permission

to make use of a float alongside the pier at the base. General security regulations forbade the use by civilians of a float so close to a naval activity without the special permission of the local base commander. The operator of the boat, which was patronized by tourists, was locally a notorious alcoholic. The boat was a large one, and the waters in question were congested with naval craft. The antisubmarine warfare devices in use on naval craft at the base were secret materiel at this time, and Lieutenant Everett felt their security would be compromised if the general public used the float in question. Lieutenant Everett, for these reasons, refused to grant the permit.

Within two days he was warned with varying degrees of diplomacy by every civilian he met, and by many he might not ordinarily have encountered, that pressure would be brought in "very high quarters" to check the "arbitrary, highhanded conduct of the Navy" in Port Independence. Several responsible persons implied that he would have a week to correct his decision.

He had previously been informally told by his commander in the Naval District that any further conflict with political influence would lead to the abandonment of the Port Independence Base, since the higher naval echelons could not afford to incur again the political displeasure which they had aroused over the club.

Lieutenant Everett was convinced that the base in Port Independence was strategically justified and that a serious loss of time and patrol efficiency would result from a change. He was puzzled, however, about how he could handle the situation. He knew that an appeal for support to his superiors in his chain of command would only result in abandonment of the base. If he himself tried to handle the situation he would have to act on a limited knowledge of the politics of the community. He believed that the influential summer residents would not, on their own initiative, make an issue of the special permit, but probably would if the townspeople became sufficiently incensed over the matter. He knew that among the townspeople there were several quite distinct, and apparently mutually antagonistic, leadership groups. He knew a few facts about, and had impressions of, the leaders of each group, but had been unable, because he had been in the community such a short time, to assess conclusively their relative power in the town, in the city where his District command was located, or in Washington.

Mr. Phillips, the banker, was the only leader who had acted on his own initiative to help bring the Navy to Port Independence. So far as Lieutenant Everett knew, Mr. Phillips was the only leader of local factions who was on intimate terms with several senior naval officers in his chain of command. In politics he was the leader of the Old Guard Republican group of a section of the state, which included perhaps two or three counties. In addition, he was closely affiliated, as an officer or director, with railroads, public utilities, and industries, and was a trusted legal and financial adviser to some of the influential summer residents. Lieutenant Everett believed that Mr. Phillips consciously acted, and was expected to act, as the "elder statesman" of the community. Since he and his party faction had been unable to elect their candidates to any state or federal office during the New Deal period and had lost their firm hold on local government offices in Port Independence, they no longer openly put up candidates in the primaries or in town meetings, but, Lieutenant Everett had heard, relied for influence in the community on their

financial power and on the state and federal courts, which they still regarded as safe. Lieutenant Everett found it impossible to gauge Mr. Phillips' influence on public opinion in the local community. His conduct, during the brief period Lieutenant Everett had observed him, appeared to be motivated by a concern for the welfare of the community as a whole, but he was not loved by the people to any noticeable degree. His family evidently moved in a separate social group with only cold and formal relations with the other winter residents. In fact, Lieutenant Everett had learned that he was bitterly hated and feared by many families. Mr. Phillips' bank, however, had not failed in the depression and had not suffered in prestige with the community, a thing that could not be said of many banks of its size in the area.

Dr. William Young, the dentist and a selectman of Port Independence, leader of another faction, was a native wit, often known as a "card." Beneath his jolly exterior Lieutenant Everett judged there burned a violent inferiority complex and a consuming ambition to be the town boss. He seemed to be very popular with the townspeople as a whole. Young had acted as the local campaign manager for the state's senior congressman in Washington, and spoke of himself as the leader of the radical faction of the Republican party, which had had uninterrupted success at the polls since the early 1930's. The congressman whose local campaign he managed concerned himself with naval affairs in Washington. Young was active in organizing charitable work and was inevitably the master of ceremonies at all social occasions, often when one was not really required. For many years he had been self-appointed town greeter for visiting naval vessels, and his office was covered with autographed photographs of distinguished naval officers. Dr. Young and Mr. Phillips did not speak to each other when they could decently avoid it, and Everett had been told that either one would cross to the other side of the street or dive into a store to avoid contact. Lieutenant Everett had found that Dr. Young was anxious to have naval activity at Port Independence, but unpleasantly eager to manage naval matters himself. He urged openly that the special permit should be issued.

Dr. Samuel Bates, a doctor in Port Independence, leader of a third group, was a man of great ability and energy, who had built up an outstanding civilian defense and an emergency medical organization which operated under his direction. He made these organizations available to the Navy and was intelligently and wholeheartedly coöperative. Rather than seeking to influence naval policies in any way, he had seemed to Lieutenant Everett interested only in being helpful. He claimed considerable prestige in the state civilian defense organization and in certain Army circles. His father before him had been a beloved physician and political leader of the community for more than a generation. The son appeared to be not so unanimously respected and was no longer admitted to the local hospital, although he was affectionately regarded by a section of the winter residents. His relations with many powerful summer residents, however, were close, and he had recently figured in some successful intelligence work among the hangers-on of the summer community. Lieutenant Everett knew that Dr. Bates disliked both Mr. Phillips and Dr. Young intensely and that they never spoke to one another under any circumstances. He did all his financial business in a city some fifty miles distant.

The fourth group which had come to Lieutenant Everett's attention had no clearly established individual leader. The members seemed to include the chairman of the board of selectmen, the chief of police, a few active members of the police reserve, the deputy sheriff, and certain retailers whose establishments these men haunted day and night while waiting for calls upon their public services. This group seemed to Lieutenant Everett to run the town hall and the police station. At first Lieutenant Everett had placed them at the "ward-heeler" level of politics. He knew that they regarded the congressman for whom Dr. Young had campaigned as their figurehead. Yet he did not seem to be directly their leader, and they appeared to have a good deal of independence in local matters. So far as Everett could tell, they were not subservient to any of the previously mentioned leaders. Lieutenant Everett had noticed that they would speak with any of the latter, but were scornful and hostile in their comments about Mr. Phillips and Dr. Bates, although they seemed friendly with Dr. Young. These individuals had gone out of their way to provide services and material urgently needed by the Navy. They were pressing hard for the granting of the special permit, but did not otherwise interfere with the conduct of naval business. They had been boyishly pleased when the influential summer residents overruled the intruding naval command. Lieutenant Everett judged that they delighted in the reflected rays of this evidence of Port Independence's prestige.

Mr. Edward Church was the editor of the only local newspaper. While the paper's circulation was small, compared to that of metropolitan dailies, it was read by almost all the townspeople as well as by summer residents, many of whom received it by mail during the winter. So far as Lieutenant Everett could determine, the paper seemed to avoid taking a stand in local factional controversies. Lieutenant Everett also formed the opinion that Mr. Church had no particular affiliations or influence in local politics.

As Lieutenant Everett saw it, there was the danger that, whatever group he chose to work through, the other factions would be deeply offended. Furthermore, in spite of the existence of these factions, Lieutenant Everett had the feeling that against an outsider the town would be united. There appeared to him to be an inarticulate, but fairly general, fear among the winter residents that the Navy would somehow upset their lives completely. He had noticed an increasing tendency for town fathers to use social occasions as a means of informing the Navy how things should be done, even when no community or personal interest was involved. It was "their Base," and there was no doubt that they had ideas which they wanted to express on how it should be operated. He believed that to deal at arm's length with all factions and simply stand by his decision — that is, to do nothing — would certainly lead to an open protest to his District commander and the latter's order to abandon the Base.

Since he believed the continued operation of the Port Independence Base was strategically necessary, Lieutenant Everett decided that it was his duty as its commander and an officer of the Navy to maintain it against all threats. He came to the conclusion that his orders to operate the Base included local politics as one of the assigned responsibilities. Inasmuch as he could not hope

to deal with the pressure that might be exerted in "very high quarters," his only course was to resolve the conflict within the community. Available information was far too meager to show which group could or would help him most effectively with the community as a whole. He had no time for further investigation.

He concluded, further, that the permit in itself was unimportant to the townspeople. He believed it was merely a symbol of the desire of a somewhat isolated community either to dominate an outsider — the naval command — whom it probably regarded as an intruder, or, at the very least, to prevent the outsider from dominating the community. He believed that the intensity of the community's reactions to specific minor issues, such as this, could be traced only to these feelings or to a most unbecoming spirit of deviltry which did not make sense against the background of the town's whole situation. In any case, Lieutenant Everett decided that he should, if possible, settle the incident in a dramatic way so that the entire community would appreciate the military issues involved and would understand the intention of the naval command to make its own decisions without advice or pressure from civilians.

By aligning himself with one faction Lieutenant Everett believed that he could present a line of reasoning which would be so compelling that its leaders would take strong action against the other factions to quell the agitation for the permit and other forms of interference with the naval command. Lieutenant Everett reasoned that since Mr. Phillips, the local banker, had taken the initiative in getting the Navy to come to Port Independence, the abandonment of the Base would be a blow to his pride. Lieutenant Everett also felt that Mr. Phillips might be expected to view unfavorably the withdrawal of the Navy as harmful to the economic welfare of the community and to that of his bank. Moreover, Mr. Phillips as the local banker might be expected to have a stranglehold on numbers of the townspeople and be able to call the tune if he really desired. Despite his loss of political power at the polls, it seemed to Everett that Phillips had demonstrated his ability to control a potentially hostile town meeting on the question of the naval base. Finally, so far as Everett knew, Mr. Phillips was the only leader with direct connections to Lieutenant Everett's chain of command, and it would therefore be "playing it safe" administratively to consult with him rather than with any of the other competing factions. Accordingly, Lieutenant Everett decided to work through him.

The line of argument which Lieutenant Everett took with Mr. Phillips was a brief and categorical statement that any political pressure over the special permit would result in the immediate closing of the Base and that he, as the Base commander, would so recommend if he encountered any further interference. Lieutenant Everett added the reasons for the strategic military necessity for the Base and made an appeal to Mr. Phillips' patriotism. Lieutenant Everett believed that the latter arguments might be useful to Mr. Phillips in dealing with the community.

Mr. Phillips immediately called on the telephone each member of the board of selectmen and Mr. Church, the editor of the town newspaper, and ordered them to be in his office in fifteen minutes. He gave no reasons but explained to them that they did not have to like it. He also asked Lieutenant Everett to be present. They all arrived within the fifteen minutes.

When they had all assembled, Mr. Phillips ordered them to cease all forms of pressure on the naval command. They protested bitterly and Dr. Young refused. He explained that political action was already under way in Washington in the matter of the special permit. Mr. Phillips ordered him to telegraph Washington immediately and cancel all such pressure. The former did not "dress up" what he said by stressing military necessity or patriotic duty; he merely stated that this was necessary to the town's welfare and that he would publicly expose failure of the selectmen to coöperate with the naval command. He indicated that a majority of the selectmen could not personally afford at that particular moment to refuse, since the bank actually controlled the business of everyone present except Dr. Young. He further announced that the special permit was a dead issue, since the operator of the boat was delinquent on a note and on his rent for his premises, which, Mr. Phillips reminded the group, were owned in part by the bank and in part by the town. Mr. Phillips said he would be put out of business the following day. Mr. Phillips directed Mr. Church to present the story in his paper from the Navy's point of view, and to stress the need for security. Mr. Church agreed to this, but objected to the implication that his news and editorials could be dictated by Mr. Phillips. A little discussion was necessary to develop the point that Mr. Phillips could in fact so dictate. When this was thoroughly clarified, Dr. Young felt it necessary to withdraw from his intransigent position. He left the meeting hurriedly to send the telegram to Washington. Mr. Phillips then asked Lieutenant Everett if he was satisfied. The latter undertook to make everyone feel a little better by stressing the additional protection for men at sea that continued satisfactory operation of the Base would provide. The audience showed no signs of feeling any better and left the meeting without comment.

The boat operator was told of the outcome of the meeting by the chairman of the board of selectmen. He left promptly for District Headquarters and presented his case in highly dramatic fashion, with plenty of background and veiled threats for the future to Lieutenant Everett's immediate superior. Lieutenant Everett received a very angry telephone call from the latter inquiring whether there was any use in continuing activities at Port Independence. Lieutenant Everett assured his superior that there would be no unpleasantness in higher quarters and that the complaint was without foundation since the protestant had neither boat, nor pier, nor residence in Port Independence.

The boat operator spent the succeeding three months in a hospital with a breakdown following a long drinking bout. No further political pressure disturbed the naval activity while Lieutenant Everett was the base commander.

CASE 31

*The Community Fund in Condor City**

IN JANUARY 1945 Mr. Alfred McBride was made executive secretary of the Homes Division of the Condor City Community Fund, an organization consisting of professionals and volunteers who each year undertook an intensive campaign to raise the money necessary to support some eighty-seven participating social agencies during the following year. Mr. McBride, recently discharged from the Marine Corps as the result of a wound received at Guam, had returned to his work with the Fund in the preceding fall. He was a graduate of the New York School of Social Work.

Condor City was a New England manufacturing city comprising about a quarter of a million people. Until about the middle of the nineteenth century, it was largely Yankee and a stronghold of Unitarianism. At that time immigrants began to pour into the city, and although the largest proportion of these were from Ireland, many also came from Germany, Sweden, Russia, and Italy. With the Irish well established in key positions of municipal politics and in large geographical areas of the city, considerable rivalry existed among the nationality groups.

The Community Fund in Condor City had been organized during the depression to ensure the participating social agencies of their minimum budgetary requirements. Previously the various agencies had conducted independent campaigns for funds, but by the 1930's they were finding the competition too severe. Furthermore, many of the campaigns by individual agencies aroused strong ill will on the part of the general public. The business houses and other responsible groups in the community saw the extravagant waste of money that resulted from the duplication of campaigns, and realized that many smaller agencies, rendering valuable service to the city, were being pushed to the wall by the tactics of the larger agencies in their drives for funds. Because of these pressures, a single, concerted annual drive was instituted, and to each participating agency was allocated a share of the funds raised. The consolidated drive had been so successful that it was continued beyond the depression period, and by 1945 the Community Fund had developed into a permanent organization. A small staff of professional workers administered the Fund during the year and laid the groundwork for succeeding campaigns.

The Fund was organized into a number of divisions, along both economic and geographic lines. Each large economic unit formed one division: Busi-

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ness and Industry, Public Utilities, and Governmental Agencies (municipal, state, and federal). A division called "Special Donors" was organized to solicit all individuals making donations of $300 or more. The "Homes" division was organized on a geographic basis and covered all the residential sections of the city. As sort of a stepchild of this latter division was a section labeled "Commercial" which canvassed the businesses too small to be included in the Business and Industry Division.

A major portion of the work of the Fund's professional staff each year was to develop the volunteer organization which was to undertake the actual solicitation of gifts. The campaign itself was usually run during the month of November, and at that time more than 2,000 volunteers were active. The organizational work began in the preceding January with the appointment of a volunteer Chairman for the coming year who spent most of his time during the next ten months on this work.

The Community Fund Chairman appointed for 1945 was Mr. Patrick MacMahon. His first work was to determine with the assistance of the professional staff the total amount necessary to be raised in this year. The need of each participating agency was considered carefully in relation to the amount it was thought possible to raise. In 1945 the problem was complicated, as it had been during the war years, by the needs of the National War Fund for money to run the war service organizations.

Except for a relatively small number of families, Condor City was not particularly wealthy, and the total quota agreed necessary for this year was generally considered to be high. When this total was decided upon, it was allocated to each of the divisions partly in relation to their past performance and partly in relation to how it was thought they ought to produce. These quotas were then further allocated by each division into smaller units according to their particular organizational plan, and each level of the organization was held responsible for its quota.

At the same time that quotas were being determined, Mr. MacMahon was selecting and working with chairmen for each of the major divisions. After they were selected and understood broadly the problems involved, he turned them over to a member of the professional staff in each division for further training. He persuaded Mr. Nat Brophy to undertake the responsibility for the Homes Division and asked him to work closely with Mr. McBride.

During the ensuing weeks Mr. McBride spent many hours with Nat Brophy teaching him the work of the division and advising him on the organizational tasks he faced. The professional staff considered it their responsibility to train the top personnel at each level of the organization for their positions in the campaign, but after this was accomplished to keep as much in the background as possible. As the organization of the Homes Division developed, McBride would consult with Nat Brophy on all appointments and major decisions, but would not interfere with organizational decisions.

The Homes Division was broken down into areas, two of which were known as The Meadow and Fishers Pond. Areas were subdivided into districts, and each district was further subdivided into units. Each area was headed by a volunteer director, selected by Mr. Brophy with the assistance of Mr. McBride, who reported directly to Mr. Brophy at Central Headquarters. Each district in each area was headed by a volunteer team captain (some-

times called an associate director) appointed by the director of the area. The team captains recruited their own teams of solicitors who actually talked to the prospects in the limited units assigned to them and collected the money or pledges. The area directors and the workers under them generally lived in the areas where they solicited.

A large measure of autonomy was vested in the areas at the level of the directors. From the standpoint of the local groups, the central organization existed primarily to offer suggestions on problems as they arose and to receive the money collected by the solicitors.

Mr. McBride considered that his job was primarily to develop methods for the most effective utilization of volunteers over a period of years. Teams had to be recruited and trained annually that would put forth maximum effort in the single month in the fall during which the drive took place. Since the work required a good deal of volunteer time, there tended to be a large turnover in volunteers from year to year. The area directors and their team captains had to accomplish a substantial amount of recruiting and organizational work before the campaign month. Everything possible was done to make as little demand as possible on the time of the solicitors prior to that month, because the demand on their time then, it was felt, was so heavy that little more could be expected of them.

Although he had had much experience in campaign work, Mr. McBride believed that much could be learned from a more careful observation of the actual operation at the area director level and below. Central Headquarters were ordinarily so busy during the campaign taking care of "trouble spots" as they arose that they had little opportunity to consider the differences in the operations of their volunteers. Their interest at that time was inevitably so confined to whether or not the quota was raised that the differences in operating methods hardly came to their attention.

Mr. McBride had frequently discussed such matters in the past with Mr. James Burdock, the Executive Secretary of the Fund. In January of 1945 Mr. McBride suggested, and Mr. Burdock agreed, that it would be useful to recruit some volunteers to study the campaign methods employed in the various Homes areas. For this purpose Mr. McBride was able to obtain the services of a number of volunteers who were trained in this type of organizational research. With the coöperation of the area directors in his division he selected volunteers to work with each of the directors and to prepare with their assistance a detailed report of the campaign as it progressed.

By December 1945, after the campaign was successfully completed, Mr. McBride had obtained a vast amount of research information that had never been available to him before. As he studied this information he was particularly interested in two areas, The Meadow and Fishers Pond. Both these areas had raised more than the quotas set for them; The Meadow had raised 107 per cent of the quota, and Fishers Pond had raised 110 per cent. These areas differed materially[1] and represented very different campaign problems. He wondered whether the quotas alone indicated a useful appraisal from his point of view of the results obtained. Too great a dependence on quotas would mean that they were themselves in Central Headquarters following a simplified objective designed to aid solicitation during the campaign month;

[1] See Exhibit A.

on the other hand, the organization was created to raise money, and their success toward this objective each year was indicated by the per cent of quotas raised. What better methods, if any, could be used to appraise the over-all results and would be worth instituting another year?

The Meadow, so called from its position at the time the city was founded, had at one time contained most of Condor City's fine homes. It was still a stronghold of the older group and the center of many of the city's traditions. For many years a large portion of the wealth had been concentrated there, and until recent decades its residents had carried the principal burden of local charity. As Condor City developed, The Meadow had been divided by Foller Parkway, an arterial highway running diagonally through it. Although this division had resulted in a different development of the two parts that had been well known in Condor City, it was rarely explicitly recognized.

On the northeast side of the highway The Meadow still retained its traditional aspects. Many of the leading citizens, chiefly professional men and business executives, lived in this section. The residents tended to be older and established in their professions; about half of them were over forty, and only about a tenth were under twenty-one. It was, on the whole, a stable neighborhood; about two-thirds of the land which was devoted to dwelling space was occupied by detached houses, many of them owned by the occupants. For those who were tenants, the average rent was around $95; it was the highest rental area in the city. Of the foreign-born residents, about a third were Irish and a third were Canadian-born, mostly employed as servants.

On the other side of the highway, The Meadow assumed a slightly different complexion. The residents of this section fell roughly into two categories: (1) younger business and professional men, and (2) the families of skilled workmen (foremen, craftsmen, and the like). About two-thirds of this group were less than forty years of age, and a fifth were minors. Only about one-fifth of the buildings in this section were owner-occupied, and the majority of the residents lived in multifamily houses. The average monthly rent was $35. The largest group of foreign-born came from Russia and Central Europe.

The Meadow was one of the areas for which Mr. Brophy and Mr. McBride in 1945 had to secure a new director. They were very pleased when, after some persuasion, they were able to secure the services of Mrs. Nathaniel Davidson. Mrs. Davidson was the wife of the president of one of the large manufacturing concerns in Condor City. The Davidsons had two children, aged fourteen and ten, and they owned a home in the northeast section of The Meadow. Both were active in community affairs; Mr. McBride knew that, among other activities, Mrs. Davidson was on the Board of the local YWCA and carried much responsibility for its varied program. She had worked on the Community Fund for several years, first as solicitor and later as team captain. Because of her experience, Mr. McBride assumed that she was familiar with the Community Fund routines. Therefore, he merely reviewed them and explained to her the proper way to keep the area accounts and to forward money to the Central Headquarters office. He outlined for her the "timetable" of the campaign, with recommended dates for complet-

ing certain organizational phases, such as recruiting team captains. To help locate possible workers, he gave her a list of all volunteers who had worked in the area on the 1944 campaign. General problems, he said, would be discussed at the "enrollment lunches" in the fall, but he urged her to call him any time she needed help. Mrs. Davidson assured him she would need guidance and suggestions but thought she had a number of ideas about preparing for the campaign.

The Fishers Pond area had also been settled for a long time. While neither the best nor the poorest part of the city, it was a well-defined neighborhood that had long been prominent in municipal affairs. Most of the homes were single-family houses, three-fourths of them occupied by their owners. A large number of the families had children, and about a fourth of the population of the area was under twenty-one years of age. About half of the employed residents of Fishers Pond were schoolteachers, foremen, skilled workers, or clerical workers. Many of the latter were employed in the state or municipal civil service. One-fourth were domestics and unskilled laborers. The foreign-born residents originated in all parts of Europe and Canada, with no one group predominating.

Neighborhood activity was prominent in Fishers Pond. The Foresight Club was the "elite" social organization; membership was selective, with a prerequisite of one or more years of education beyond secondary school. It was a purely social club, consisting of about thirty-five members, which met once a month at homes of members or in the parish house of one of the local churches for an evening of cards and fun. During the war, however, the club sponsored sewing, knitting, and other such work for several war relief agencies.

Fishers Pond supported several Protestant churches (Episcopal, Congregational, and Methodist) as well as a large Catholic parish. The high school was also a center of community interest, and the school games were well attended, particularly when the home team played its chief rival, Bloomfield, the school in the adjacent district.

In January of 1945 Fishers Pond also needed a new area director. Mr. Brophy and Mr. McBride decided that the roster of the Foresight Club presented the most readily available list of "leading citizens" in this area, and they studied it carefully. On this list were the names of Mr. and Mrs. William Casey, whom Mr. McBride knew as Community Fund solicitors in previous years. He had considered them "good workers." Mr. Casey taught mathematics and physics in the college preparatory course of the Fishers Pond High School.

In the Condor City school system, teachers could earn "credit points" on their school records by engaging in certain community activities, such as the Fund drives. Mr. Casey was a quietly efficient man whose chief interests were his work and his family. The older of his two sons played center on the local high school basketball team. Mrs. Casey was considered very friendly and active in the community life of the district. She had a Master's degree from Columbia University and occasionally did substitute teaching in the Condor City high schools.

The Caseys, when approached by Mr. Brophy and Mr. McBride on the subject of the directorship of the area, agreed to accept the post. Since Mr. Casey was busy teaching, they decided that Mrs. Casey should do most of the contact work and carry the responsibility during the day, and Mr. Casey

would do the "paper work" in the evenings. Because of this arrangement, Mrs. Casey told the superintendent of schools that she could not accept work as a substitute teacher for the first term. She received a letter from him expressing regret at the loss of her services during the first semester and saying, "We shall be pleased to add your name to our list of available substitutes again in January."

THE MEADOW CAMPAIGN

In April 1945 Mrs. Davidson began to lay her plans for the campaign which was to take place in the fall. She planned to have five teams of solicitors for her area. After contacting the people on Mr. McBride's list who had served as team captains in previous years, she found that she would need two new people. Mrs. Ganson, Mrs. Rand, and Mrs. Pettis were, she knew, thoroughly experienced and would do the work well. Mrs. Rand, who had been a team captain or a solicitor in the drive ever since the combined campaign had started, told her over the telephone that she did not feel she could carry the entire responsibility for a team since she was now working full time. She consented readily to act as co-captain with Mrs. Dorr, the mother of four small children, who was new in the neighborhood. This combination, they thought, would work out nicely. Mrs. Rand, who was well acquainted in The Meadow, would do the main contact work in setting up the teams, while Mrs. Dorr would be at home all day, so that she could receive the contributions as solicitors turned them in and could aid solicitors who needed advice. Mrs. Rand was delighted at this arrangement. "I'm just so thrilled to work with the Community Fund," she remarked to Mrs. Davidson, "You like to do all you can to help an agency that does a lot of good, and I figure that in the Community Fund you are killing eighty-seven birds with one stone, since you do that many times as much good as when you help only a single agency."

"I'm so pleased to have you," Mrs. Davidson replied, "All your experience in this business is invaluable."

"Well, I ought to know what to do," Mrs. Rand said. "I've worked for years on Girl Scout committees and things like that, so I know just about what kind of organization this requires and how to set it up."

"Yes," replied Mrs. Davidson. "That is what I've always said. It's the individual who is active and interested in a number of community projects who does the most work for the Community Fund. The pampered darling who has her breakfast in bed every day is the one most reluctant to give up her leisure and her luxuries for community work."

Mrs. Davidson recruited her two new team captains without too much difficulty. She talked first to a neighbor who had recently moved to The Meadow. She explained to her briefly the general nature of the Fund in Condor City and asked her help in the coming drive. She urged that this was an excellent method of becoming acquainted in the neighborhood and suggested that Mrs. Parkin, having just come, would want to do something active to make herself part of the community. After several conversations she "talked Mrs. Parkin into it." Mrs. Davidson then urged a friend of hers, Mrs. James, to take the remaining team captain's responsibilities by persuading her that "she really should do something for the community in which she had lived for so many years."

In 1945 the campaign had originally been scheduled for November, but the federal government desired to conduct a war bond drive during that month and had, therefore, sent a request from Washington to leave that month clear; consequently, the Community Fund Drive was pushed up to October. Mrs. Davidson was somewhat disconcerted to learn of the change of date because she expected to be busy in October getting her children started in school. However, when a friend pointed out the extra burden this change would impose, she remarked, "I've been thinking about that, and I suppose I am foolish to take it on. But you know, when you live in a community you have to row your own weight in the boat, and I guess this is my way of doing it."

In June the Davidsons left for their summer home about a hundred miles from Condor City. During the summer Mrs. Davidson invited the head (or heads) of each team, all of whom came from her section of The Meadow, to visit her. At that time she went over what each had done to set up her program, the number of solicitors she had and still needed, and those general plans for the campaign that could be initiated or formulated in advance. Only Mrs. Rand and Mrs. Dorr had yet "signed up" enough workers for their team. All of them, however, had done a good job of lining up their territories. Each captain was responsible for all the dwelling units within clearly delineated boundaries. Most of the captains had made careful surveys of their territories, noting, from name plates, information from apartment house janitors, and so on, the names of the occupants of each unit. When a card had been prepared for each resident, the cards were divided numerically so that each solicitor might have an approximately equal number of prospects to see. Roughly, assignments were made so that each worker would cover a certain section of a certain street or streets.

In September, a note from Central Headquarters of the Community Fund Drive informed Mrs. Davidson that her area headquarters were to be located at 47 Foller Parkway and that supplies would be delivered to that address on September 20. After coming in from the country several times to spend a day at the Fund office, Mrs. Davidson decided that the campaign demanded more attention than she could give it at long range and accordingly she moved her family back to town on September 26. Since the campaign was scheduled to open October 5, she spent full days at the office.

On September 27 Mrs. Parkin, one of the new captains, came up to the office to ask about certain supplies. Mrs. Davidson showed her around the office, explaining where everything was kept. "The office is not properly fixed up yet," she added. "Mrs. George is coming in tomorrow to put up posters and arrange the temperature charts, if they're here by then, so the office will look much more attractive."

Asked what she meant by temperature charts, Mrs. Davidson explained that they were "thermometers" in the shape of feathers, painted on large white cardboards. There was one for each team captain, and it was inked in red each day of the campaign to show the percentage of her quota attained by that captain. "You want to get your workers out as soon as the campaign opens," Mrs. Davidson said, "so we can start inking in your feather right away. I do think the biggest problem is getting your workers out the very

first day and then keeping after them so that they go out regularly until they have seen every one of their prospects."

When Mrs. Parkin interrupted to ask how one "kept after" the workers, Mrs. Davidson continued, "Of course, I think the only thing to do is to check with the workers every single day. Your group is a rather difficult one because you have so many young solicitors. I have found that the debutantes are the poorest workers, because it is so hard to get them out. I know they promise to do it; it's easy to sign them up, but when the drive actually starts they treat the whole thing in the most cavalier fashion. If you can get them out to cover their territory, however, they do a bang-up job of soliciting, so they may be worth all the trouble. Lots of luck to you!"

Each of Mrs. Davidson's five team captains gave some sort of party for her workers at the time she distributed the material. As one of them put it, "It's so much easier to train volunteers if you can hand them a kit with one hand and a cocktail with the other. All sorts of people work on the teams. Some are in society and some are not. If you can get them together at a cocktail party or some sort of social gathering, they become acquainted with each other and work together much better."

On the afternoon of October first, Mrs. Davidson attended a party at the home of Mrs. Rand for the Rand-Dorr team. When she arrived at 4:30 she found that she was the first guest and that Mrs. Rand had just returned from work. They chatted gaily while Mrs. Rand was getting ready. The living room was small, but the hostess had squeezed in five chairs between the davenport and a low bench on which several people could sit. Presently the doorbell rang and for a while there was a steady stream of guests. Mrs. Rand met each worker at the door; she called them all by name, many by first names. About fifteen women, ranging in age from twenty to sixty years, came.

Mrs. Davidson observed with some interest that there seemed to be two groups. First was the group of women who were perhaps thirty-five and older, one or two probably in their sixties. Almost all of these women had worked on the drive in previous years and greeted one another with obvious pleasure, although many had not seen one another since the previous year. They talked together and laughed a good deal. One of their number had just moved to Condor City. She had never worked for the Community Fund before, and the others assured her there was no better way to get acquainted. The second group consisted of young girls from about twenty to twenty-five years of age. Some were waiting for their husbands to return from overseas; others were not married. Several of these girls just stopped by to pick up their materials but did not join the party. After greetings were over, the conversation eventually turned on how each of the workers present got started working for the Community Fund. Except for a few who had worked on it since the combined drive was instituted, all had come to it through friends who were working on it.

As each worker arrived, Mrs. Rand gave her the kit and asked whether she had any questions on procedure. With the new workers she went over the kit in detail. Since the procedure was fairly simple, this explanation took about five minutes. Mrs. Davidson heard her explain to a younger woman: "This kit contains all the material for your part in the drive. There is supposed

to be a card here for every person living in the territory you are to cover. If you find persons living there for whom there are no cards, call on them anyway and fill out cards for them. These figures [pointing to a corner of the card] show the largest contribution the person has ever made, and this figure is the amount of his contribution last year. A red card labeled "Stop," like this one, means that the person will be solicited by another division. Don't solicit that person again, but call at the house and ask to see the servants. If someone for whom you have a card has left the neighborhood, find out everything you can about where he is, put the information on the card, and put the card in this envelope marked 'prospect clearing house.' Then, you see, we can send the card to the chairman of the area to which that person has moved. Everyone who contributes anything, whether pledge or cash, gets a sticker and a feather. Put the money you collect in this envelope and bring it to Mrs. Dorr or me every day. It sounds sort of complicated when you hear it all at once, but it's really very simple. Mrs. Dorr's phone number is marked on the envelope in case you want to call for help. I'm sure you won't have any trouble."

"No," the girl replied. "I'm sure it'll be all right."

Mrs. Rand continued, "I have given you Stanton Avenue because Jeannie is working the other side of the street, and I thought you might enjoy going out with her. You live near Jeannie, don't you? Is your husband by any chance a Princeton man?"

The young woman replied that her husband was a member of the class of '32, to which Mrs. Rand replied, "Oh good! My husband was Princeton '29 and so was Jeannie's. You must all come in for cocktails or dinner sometime."

While Mrs. Rand was making sure that all the workers understood the instructions for the drive, Mrs. Dorr served sherry and chatted briefly with each one of the workers, most of whom she had never met before.

As she drove up to her own house after the party, Mrs. Davidson saw Mrs. Pettis, another of her experienced team captains, who waved to her from her doorway. Mrs. Pettis came across the street and said to Mrs. Davidson, "Do you think we could pour tea for those little people on Wednesday?" Mrs. Davidson looked blank, and Mrs. Pettis continued, "My section is in the southwest, you remember, and Mrs. O'Leary, my cleaning woman — and she does insist on being called Mrs. — can't come until Wednesday morning, so I'd like to put it off until then. If you can come Wednesday afternoon, I'll call my team and let them know." Mrs. Davidson agreed, and Mrs. Pettis said she would invite her team for four o'clock.

Since Mrs. Davidson was detained on Wednesday and did not arrive at the tea until five o'clock, a friend who was there earlier told her about it afterward. The friend had arrived at the home of Mrs. Pettis at 4:30 and introduced herself to the young woman who let her in, who proved to be a house guest. The woman, in turn, introduced her to the two other guests who were sitting in the formal living room. Both were older women. About five minutes later Mrs. Pettis came in, and the introductions were repeated. In the next twenty minutes a number of other people arrived. Someone asked Mrs. Pettis a question about procedure, and she replied, "I'd rather we didn't start any business until Mrs. Davidson comes, and she will explain it all to you. However, if you are in a *dreadful* hurry, we could start our tea now."

While everyone was standing about the dining room drinking tea, Mrs. Pettis approached Mrs. Davidson. "I thought we could all assemble in the living room again afterwards," she said, "while you give your little talk about the drive."

"You mean I have to perform?" Mrs. Davidson asked.

Mrs. Pettis replied, "Well, yes, do you mind? I thought you could just explain a little bit about what they're supposed to do."

Back in the living room Mrs. Pettis clapped her hands for attention and announced, "Ladies and gentlemen, Mrs. Davidson is going to tell us a little about the Community Fund Drive."

Mrs. Davidson began, "I suppose the most frequent objection you will meet when you ask people to contribute is that there is no longer any need since the war is now over. It would have helped so very much if we could just have called the campaign this year the 'United Peace Fund.' But of course no one could foresee the end of the war, so that all the material was printed 'United War Fund.' As a result, you solicitors will have to be doubly alert to answer questions about the continued need. You all know, for instance, that the USO is at least as important now as it was during the war, since it does a great deal to keep up the morale of the occupation troops, the men waiting for a chance to come home, and the men waiting at the camps for their discharges to be processed. As you know, Condor City is very near one of the large separation centers. But did you know that this year's contribution must cover not only a one-year budget but the final fifteen months of the USO? And of course, with the fighting actually over, the need for aid to hospitalized and discharged veterans is greater than ever. Although the war has stopped, the community goes on." She added that if there were any new workers present, she would be glad to explain the procedure in detail to them afterwards.

At that point Mrs. Pettis distributed separately the various feathers, envelopes, and other supplies that made up a worker's kit. She then explained that the cards had not been divided among the solicitors and that she did not know what to do with them. This announcement precipitated a flood of conversation and suggestions about how to assign the territories. Finally, people picked up as many cards as they wanted and wrote the names on a sheet of paper so that Mrs. Pettis would have a record of the ones that had been taken.

Mrs. Davidson overheard one elderly woman, Mrs. Ames, discussing the territory which she had covered on the previous year. It was in one of the poorer districts. "Those people are so poor that they can't give much," she remarked. "It's not very pleasant to solicit from them." When she was offered several blocks on Foller Parkway, which was probably the "best" section, she hesitated. "Of course, it doesn't pay to have *too* good addresses," she replied. "Those people all give through Special Donors, and you spend all your time in the kitchens. I would like to make a suggestion," she added. "Isn't it a good idea to telephone your prospects the day before and explain who you are and what the drive is for? Then you can tell them you would like to bring the cards down and pick up their contributions the next day. In that way you give them some warning and it saves trips when they are not at home or when they are having parties or something of that sort."

While thumbing through the cards, another solicitor picked up those which Mrs. Ames had rejected. "Mrs. Ames says this section isn't very interesting," she remarked, "but what does it matter?"

When the drive opened, Mrs. Davidson devoted full time to it; she spent all day either in the office or out calling on "difficult" prospects, whom the captains did not feel equal to handling. In the evenings she brought the necessary records up to date. She was also training several new volunteers in the office. "This is the sort of thing we have to keep on top of all the time," she explained to one of them. "Here's a woman who has just sent in a check for $75. Now we have to find out which section she lives in, call the captain, and have her check with the proper solicitor at once to make sure the woman is not called on. If the donor is thoughtful she will realize it takes some time for us to catch up with these things. Many people won't think of that, however, and will be annoyed if we bother them again. They might say to themselves, 'Why did I give so much money to such an inefficient organization?' "

Mrs. Harris, a solicitor, came into the office a few days after the campaign opened to leave some money for her captain. "Have you been to a Report Luncheon yet?" Mrs. Davidson asked her. When Mrs. Harris indicated that she did not know what they were, Mrs. Davidson explained that they were luncheons held twice a week at one of the big hotels in town, in order to keep the volunteers posted on the progress of the campaign and to work up a little competitive spirit. A large wall graph, showing the progress of each group, was brought up to date during the luncheon as each unit head reported its present position. Mrs. Davidson said that at the first luncheon The Meadow had reported 13 per cent. Since this was not a very good showing, she hoped the workers who were present would be sufficiently impressed to work doubly hard. She added that the luncheon was also a rather pleasant affair. The various entertainers in town donated their services, and the hotel served a very good lunch at cost price. No fixed charge was made, but those who attended were asked to contribute the amount they customarily paid for lunch. The speakers for the various lunches included a colonel in the Army, a prominent churchman, and a well-known educator.

During this conversation, Mrs. Parkin came into the office. "I've just had the *worst* blow," she said to Mrs. Davidson. "One of the few really big contributors in my area has just told me that he made his entire contribution at his office this year. His card indicates that he gave $250 at his home last year. That means I'll never make my quota, I'm afraid. Isn't there anything I can do? That's the second one I've lost. One of my $50 ones dropped to $25, too."

"That's too bad," Mrs. Davidson replied, "because I know you counted on those contributions, but don't get discouraged. I just asked Mr. McBride about a similar case, so I know that there is something we can do about that first one. If he has given it to the Community Fund in some other division, I can contact headquarters and get credit for it against our quota. So that's nothing to worry about. Now — as for the other drop you had, that's really the more serious of the two. But you have a wonderful chance to go out and find some new money to make it up. You're checking every residence, aren't you, to make sure you have a card for each individual living there? There may be some new people who will help boost your quota. Or perhaps you

can convince some prospects to raise their contributions over last year's. I'm sure you can make up the loss."

As she was leaving Mrs. Parkin said, "Well, thanks so much for the suggestions, I just hated not to make my quota. It's exciting, isn't it?"

"It is," Mrs. Davidson agreed. "You know, every year at the beginning of the drive I say to myself that it's the *whole* drive that counts and I will *not* be so petty as to worry about my own little quota. But then the competition begins and I can't help being caught up in it. Well, Susan, good luck."

A day or two later Miss Virginia Bryant, also a solicitor, stopped by the office to get some additional folders listing the participating agencies. To Mrs. Davidson's inquiry about her part of the drive, the woman replied, "Oh, it's pretty slow. People just don't believe it is necessary to give as much this year, now that the war is over. But the most wearing part is going back over and over again to try to see people who are never at home. There are quite a few I haven't been able to find, and they'll probably just give a dollar in the end anyway. I think I'll give an extra ten dollars myself and let it go at that."

"That is not the point, Virginia," Mrs. Davidson told her. "The most important thing you can do for the campaign is not to bring in a few extra dollars but to educate the people on the value of the Fund. Every time you talk to one of those persons you are laying the groundwork for greater appreciation of the work of the Fund; as a result we get greater coöperation with the Fund between drives and perhaps a *much* larger contribution next year. You can't afford not to see them."

"No, I suppose not, if it really works that way. Well, I'll try again in the next day or two," Miss Bryant conceded. "But there is another thing that keeps coming up which I don't know how to deal with. People keep asking me how much they should give. How do I know? I haven't any idea what their incomes are or how many children they have to support."

Mrs. Davidson laughed. "Fortunately there's an easy answer to that one," she said. "The general rule is to ask for a day's pay. If you think the income of the family is less than three thousand, suggest that they give a day's pay. That proportion has been agreed on by the unions and is pretty generally accepted. That amount equals about one-third of 1 per cent of their income, however; if they earn over three thousand, that is probably too small a contribution. There is a little card showing a scale of giving graduated according to income. For people earning about three thousand, a proportionate gift would be closer to 1 per cent. For very large incomes, 5 per cent is not too much to contribute. This scale was constructed by the headquarters staff on the basis of our experience with the drive. I'll give you a copy if you like. The important thing to remember is never to name a figure for anyone who asks you how much he should give. This scale is merely a guide, but each person has to make up his own mind. The drive is voluntary, after all."

"I know," Virginia Bryant countered, "but I think there are some people who don't volunteer as they should. It makes me awfully mad, for instance, to have a young man give me a $10 bill, with a pained expression, and then to see him a few days later driving a Buick convertible or giving a party at the Ritz. They just don't have any sense of community responsibility."

Mrs. Harold Smith, another solicitor who had just come into the office,

joined in, "I know, the young men have the reputation of being the hardest nuts to crack, and it is depressing. But, on the other hand, think of some of the older people you call on. You know, The Meadow once supported practically all the charities in the city. Many of that older generation are retired now, or widows living on income from invested capital, and the war years have hit those people pretty hard. But they still keep up their contributions to the agencies their families have always supported. I went shopping the other day with one of those women — an old friend of my mother's. She used to be one of the best-dressed women in town, and yesterday she bought a hat for $2.98. But she still gave $800 to the Community Fund, as she has every year. That's pretty impressive. But I must admit," she went on, "there are a lot of women who aren't interested in anything except seeing that their world revolves in its own little orbit without interruption. I don't make any progress with them."

"Oh, I have an answer ready for them," Virginia Bryant replied. "I tell them that fascism and communism spring up where a large part of the citizenry are dissatisfied with the community. So their contribution to the Community Fund is sort of the price they pay for keeping this country the way it suits them to have it."

"Well, it's true in a way," Mrs. Smith commented. "The Fund is really a tax we levy on ourselves. Each one just decides how much he will tax himself this year and writes out a check. It's too bad that it can't be done that way, instead of requiring all this ballyhoo to whip up people's interest."

"Ideally, yes," Miss Bryant agreed, "though I suppose from a realistic standpoint it's strictly necessary. I do think, though, that there are a number of frills which *could* be cut out. For instance, as you know, at the beginning of the drive each solicitor receives a small card thanking her for enrolling in the campaign. With the printing, addressing of the envelopes, and the three cents postage, I'll bet that gesture costs the Fund a couple of thousand dollars. And then the whole thing is done over again at the end of the campaign. At least one, if not both, of those cards could be omitted. You know, the cost of advertising for most commercial products is about 2 per cent of the amount the consumer pays for the product. But I understand the cost of the drive to the Community Fund is about 5 per cent of the amount raised."

"That 5 per cent includes the salaries of the permanent staff," Mrs. Davidson pointed out, "so it's not quite so bad as it sounds. I will mention your point to headquarters, to be considered for next year's campaign, however. By the way," she added, "we reported only 39 per cent of our quota at the luncheon yesterday — and the campaign is exactly half over."

A few days later Mrs. Davidson gave a cocktail party for all the workers in her area. She wrote invitations on her informals to the captains and solicitors and a few of the headquarters officials. To one of her friends who arrived early and commented with pleasure on the party, Mrs. Davidson replied, "I think the solicitors work awfully hard and get nothing out of the campaign; this is both a thank you to them and a chance to spur them on for the rest of the drive."

A group which was gathering began to discuss community coöperation as one of the valuable by-products of the Community Fund. Someone pointed out that a new Catholic charitable agency had been added to the list of

Fund members, and that the Catholic group in Condor City was now pretty solidly behind the campaign. In fact, the Volunteer Chairman of the drive was this year for the first time a Catholic.

When there were about fifty people in the room, Mrs. Davidson announced that a former director of The Meadow area, Mr. Simpkins, would "tell us the secret of success in the campaign."

Mr. Simpkins talked briefly about the necessity for complete coverage of a territory and for following up people who had moved out of the territory since the previous campaign. He also talked a little about the type of need which was most pressing now that the war was over. He concluded by saying that he had always considered the organization chart drawn upside down. "At the top should be the solicitors who actually get the contributions. The money is passed along until it comes to the chairman and other 'little guys' at the bottom. This creates a funnel through which the money pours."

Mrs. Davidson then introduced Mr. Patrick MacMahon, Chairman of the Community Fund. "Pat" MacMahon began by telling several stories, all of which were well calculated to point up some phase of the Fund and drive. He went on to say that just as the Community Fund, through its participation in the United War Fund, promoted international aid and harmony, so it also increased coöperation in the local area. He then told a story about one of his appearances in behalf of the drive. He said that when the first Catholic church was built in the state, one of the first donations to the building fund came from the governor, who was a Unitarian. When a great Unitarian divine of a hundred years ago died, the only bells in the state which tolled for his funeral were those of the big Catholic Cathedral in Condor City. Mr. MacMahon suggested that this indicated an integration of the community which had since been lost. When the Community Fund campaign opened this year, however, Mr. MacMahon, "a follower of the first Catholic Bishop," was invited to speak from the pulpit of that Unitarian minister's church; he was introduced by Mayor Ilsch, a descendant of the governor who had contributed to the building of the Catholic church. From this incident Mr. MacMahon concluded that one of the great forces for the unification of the community was the Community Fund campaign for which all present were working.

When Mr. MacMahon sat down he was roundly applauded, and Mrs. Davidson thought she had rarely seen a speaker establish rapport with an unfamiliar audience more quickly or successfully.

After Mrs. Davidson had thanked Mr. MacMahon, she said to her guests:

"Since women are famous for always wanting the last word, I am going to seize this opportunity to put in a final word following the speeches of these two gentlemen. Everywhere I go I hear people say there is only a week left on the drive. Only a week. That's true. But we have a week, a whole week, seven days. I am sure that is sufficient time for us to visit every prospect in our area and to give The Meadow 100 per cent coverage. I have looked over the pledge cards that you have turned in and find that enough of the district is covered so that you can complete the rest of it if you want to. Complete coverage *is* possible, but the key is whether we want to, enough. Perhaps our husbands will have to eat dinner alone one night this week so that we can make all our calls. Perhaps we will have to go without keeping

an appointment with the hairdresser. But these are small things to give up, and if we want to, enough, we will give them up and find time to make our calls.

"If we were on the receiving end, it would be very easy to say that these were simple things to do. If we had a child whom we were waiting to get into Memorial Hospital for an operation for which we could not afford to pay, unless the Community Fund supplied the money; if we were starving in Europe, bombed out of our homes, unable to raise enough food or provide enough clothing or fuel for the winter, then we would find it very easy to say, yes, it could be done; yes, the area could be covered. If we had a son in the Army of Occupation, we would be willing to give up any of these things so that the USO could continue to help him.

"But we are not on the receiving end. All right, let us make these slight sacrifices and do all the more because we are not on the receiving end. It is a privilege to give. It is a privilege to work on the Community Fund Drive. Let us do everything in our power, as I am sure you will do, to make certain that The Meadow will report 100 per cent by Victory Dinner night."

Mrs. Davidson was enthusiastically applauded, and there were appreciative comments from most of the guests. After the speeches, the guests wandered around talking to one another for an hour or more. Mrs. Pettis made a special effort to gather her team in one corner so that they would have another opportunity to get acquainted and compare notes informally.

In another corner a group of seven or eight older solicitors were talking about techniques. It started when someone asked whether any of the group was ever able to get prospects to raise their contributions over the previous year. All but two said emphatically that the people they saw gave the same amount year after year, whether it was $1 or $50. The first of the more successful two, when asked how he did it, replied that he took the same territory year after year. In this way he got to know the people and made a particular effort to remember their appearance so that when he occasionally met them on the street he could greet them by name. He said he also kept a little file with cards for each person he visited. If someone told him she could give only $5 this year because she was paying hospital bills for her grandmother, he could ask her the next year whether her grandmother was in good health now. She would be so surprised and delighted that he remembered such a thing that she would make every effort to raise the amount of her gift.

The other more successful solicitor was an Englishman, Mr. Trevis, who commented that he had considered it a very great honor to be invited to work on the Community Fund the first year that he lived in Condor City. He said he had met many of the people who were now his best friends through his work on the drive. In recent years, he said, he had been working in areas where the householder usually gives through the Special Donors Division. At first, when he called at a house, the owners would invite him in for a drink; incidentally, they would summon the servants and he would ask them to contribute. As a result of this approach, he said, the servants developed the attitude that the drive was a project for people with money. When he realized that, he concluded that the greatest problem in connection with the Community Fund was one of education. Now when he calls at a

house, he asks first to see the senior servant, who is generally the cook. He explains the campaign to her, and when he catches her interest, he gets her to solicit from the other servants in the house. In this way, when the cook says a certain maid cannot afford to give anything, for she is supporting an invalid mother, he knows it is true and not just a dodge. At the same time she knows about how much each of the others can afford to contribute and is usually successful in getting proportionate gifts from each one.

Mr. Trevis suggested that the ideal educational campaign would be to take prospects on tours of the hospitals and other agencies supported by the Community Fund. Short of this, however, he said he tried to appeal to them in terms of their own experience. When the grandchild of a cook from whom he solicited needed an operation, the same surgeon performed it who operated on "the people upstairs," for instance, but Community Fund money paid the bill. By discussing experiences of this sort he built up the feeling of participation in a common project, and as the feeling strengthened the gifts increased.

That evening Mrs. Davidson felt well satisfied with her party. She believed that a great many of the workers had become acquainted with people on other teams, for it had seemed to her that people had circulated freely. She also felt that her guests had left feeling quite pepped up about the drive.

On the following Thursday afternoon, when she returned to the office from the Report Luncheon, Mrs. Davidson wrote notes to her team captains. After each such lunch she usually dictated postcards to tell them what percentage of their quota they had filled, but today she thought they might be glad of a change to a hand-written note. She wrote as follows:

Dear Bobsie:

The figures speak for themselves. Your percentage is 64.3, and your feather is perfectly beautiful!

The Meadow was 59.7 per cent at noon today. Our other sections are:

A	55.4%
B	45.1%
C	57.6%
E	66.3%

I am so glad you came back from Canada.

Martha

As she was writing the notes Peg Ganson, the team captain in area B, telephoned. Mrs. Davidson answered, "Oh, Peg, I'm so glad you called. I have been trying to get in touch with you. How are things going? Oh, that's fine, but your percentage is still much too low to suit me. I think it's your big gifts; if you could get a few of those in, your score would rise very quickly. Let's see what names you have." She went quickly down the list of people in Peg's area and made suggestions about the best times and ways to approach several people listed as big givers who had not yet been contacted. When she came to the name of Mrs. Langer, she suggested that Peg ask Mrs. Langer's daughter-in-law, who was also working on the drive, to make that contact. Peg objected that Mrs. Langer was not yet in town for the winter, whereupon Mrs. Davidson urged that as another reason why the daughter-in-law should handle it. Peg agreed. Mrs. Davidson then wrote:

Dear Peg:

I was really very proud to report at the luncheon today, 59.7 per cent for The Meadow!

Yours is 45.1 per cent and if we can get Lieutenant Muller's, you'll take a leap upwards. The others are:

A	55.4%
C	57.6%
D	64.3%
E	66.3%

Hopefully watching the mail!

Martha

Following this conversation, Mrs. Davidson also called Mrs. Parkin and told her that a number of the cards from her area had been returned "for prospect clearing house" with no notations on them. She said that the solicitor should make every effort to discover the new address if the individual had moved, or mark the reason given if the individual refused or was unable to contribute. Lack of such information not only made it difficult to follow up people who had moved, for this year's drive, but also made it more complicated to set up the distribution for the following year. She asked Mrs. Parkin whether she would be willing to take the cards back and explain to the solicitors the importance of returning them with full information. Mrs. Parkin was perfectly willing to do this and promised to speak to each one of her solicitors. She remarked, however, that she knew that several people whose cards she had sent back had not yet returned from their summer homes. To this information Mrs. Davidson suggested that the solicitor telephone those people, if they were within a few hundred miles. She said that a call of that distance would be a great help to the drive, particularly if the individual were an important donor, whereas the expense to the solicitor would be small. She also reminded Mrs. Parkin to ask for the contributions of the servants when she made the calls.

An assistant at the next desk was making telephone calls saying, "This is Sue Hodge. I am down at the Community Fund office helping out a little this afternoon . . ." Mrs. Davidson turned to a visitor with a chuckle and remarked, "Sue has put in full time down here, and then she says she is 'helping out a little' this afternoon."

On Friday morning, two days before the drive ended, Mrs. Davidson held a meeting of her captains. They went over the problems that remained and tried to suggest last-minute ways of raising the balance of their quota. Then Mrs. Davidson told them that a gift of $800 had been sent to headquarters without being attached to any area, and that it had been credited to them. When the captains left, Mrs. Davidson telephoned Mr. McBride. "That was the biggest lift to our spirits we could possibly have had," she said. "Now I am *sure* we will make our quota."

On the night of the Victory Dinner, The Meadow reported 107 per cent of quota.

THE FISHERS POND CAMPAIGN

During the first week of the drive Mrs. Casey was stopped on the street by Mrs. Robbins, a young woman whom she knew slightly. Mrs. Robbins

said that she had just returned from her vacation and had heard that Mrs. Casey was directing the campaign for Fishers Pond. Since it was too late to enroll as a solicitor, she wondered if she could be of any help in the office.

"Oh, my dear," replied Mrs. Casey. "I would be so glad to have you. Come in any time. I'm there every day, and any time you can come I can use you. Of course, I'm not really the director. My husband is the director, and I am just helping him out. We spent all summer organizing this area. I'll show you the plans when you come into the office, and you can see that they are all in his own handwriting. If you tell anyone about this organization I want you to tell them that. It is my job to do the running around now, but it is really all his work. You would be lots of help. Come in any time you can."

Mrs. Robbins said she would come on Saturday morning if the office was to be open, and Mrs. Casey assured her she would be there every day. Accordingly, Mrs. Robbins arrived at the Fishers Pond office about ten o'clock the following Saturday morning. Finding the door locked, she telephoned to the director from the corner drugstore. "I've been so busy this morning I haven't even had time to comb my hair," Mrs. Casey told her. "I've so many telephone calls to make. I've been on the phone since the first thing this morning, and then my son went to Boston for a football game this afternoon, and I had to get him off."

Mrs. Robbins interrupted to inquire whether she would open the office at all that day. At first Mrs. Casey thought she would just keep right on telephoning from her home; since there were "so many calls to make" she "wouldn't have time to come to the office." Eventually, however, she concluded, "Well, since you're there anyway, I'll come down. My nephew is here now; I'll get him to drive me down."

At about eleven o'clock Mrs. Casey arrived and opened the office. As she unlocked the door she said that a group of girls from the Society of Mary in her church had decorated the office the previous evening. It was a small vacant store, unheated. Propped up in the show window was a large cardboard "temperature chart" about five feet high. United War Fund posters and large cardboard red feathers were tacked on the walls, and a solid row of large, heavy placards, of the type displayed in store windows, formed a low wall cutting off the rear part of the store. A telephone on a small table and three chairs comprised the only furniture in the room. On one of the walls was a map of Fishers Pond district, most of which had been broken down into varied-colored patches.

While both women were admiring the decorations Mrs. Casey explained at some length that the girls had been "sweet enough to volunteer for this job" and that she had had nothing to do with it. Presently one of the girls, named Florence, came in to leave some cards, and Mrs. Casey thanked her, asking the names of the girls who had worked on the office. Florence named about four girls, and Mrs. Casey said, "That's fine, but don't you know any others? I have some nice young men from City College and a couple from New England University. See if you can't get at least one girl from each of the colleges in town. Will you do that for me? We might have a bang-up party when the campaign is over. I'm going to speak to Father McCarthy about using St. Benedict's Hall for it."

When Florence left the office, Mrs. Casey explained to Mrs. Robbins that

she was trying to get into the Fund organization representatives of all groups and interests in the community.

"Plenty of people say religion and politics shouldn't have anything to do with the Community Fund, but I think they actually do," Mrs. Casey emphasized. "You have to recognize all those things if you are in something like this. I am a Catholic, but if I had an important Protestant on my list — one who might give $50, for instance — I wouldn't call on him myself. I'd get some outstanding Protestant like a minister to ask him for his contribution. I don't believe you can afford to ignore preferences like that."

Shortly thereafter, Mrs. Casey saw a boy of about fourteen or fifteen going by on the street. She hurried to the door and called after him, "Jimmy, Jimmy, come here." When Jimmy came back, Mrs. Casey said to him, "Do you want to do something for me? See all these placards? I want you to take them around to all the stores — to Joe's, the Diner, Schmidt's, the drugstore — take one to the barber, too. No, wait, you can't take them all at once. You'd better take one at a time. Take this one to Schmidt's and ask them to put it in their window. Tell them there is going to be a prize for the best window display." As the lad came back each time, Mrs. Casey repeated the instructions, until half a dozen or more posters had been given out. With some of them she also sent cardboard feathers and some of the printed material about the drive.

During this time, between interruptions, Mrs. Casey explained to Mrs. Robbins that she and her husband were working on the problem of establishing a permanent organization of the Community Fund volunteer workers in that area. She said that when they had taken over the job of director the only information they had been given to work with was a list of associate directors for the previous year. "Every year the whole thing has to be done over again," she exclaimed. "You can't imagine what a job that is! The director is so exhausted by the time the campaign opens that he hasn't any energy left for the drive itself. But now all that is going to be different. Bill and I have kept a record of everything we've done. Every bit of it is down on paper, and, believe me, we're proud of our organization. Next year the director can just use our plans and won't have to redo any of it himself."

She explained that the map of the area was sent to them by Central Headquarters during the winter. The area in the past had always been divided into eight parts, each headed by an associate director. The Caseys, however, had decided that this arrangement gave too large a load of responsibility to each of the eight. If, for instance, one director should become ill during the campaign, as occasionally happened, the territory was so large that no one else could become familiar with it in time to be effective during the drive. Accordingly, the Caseys had decided to divide their territory into thirty "zones," each with an associate director in charge. To make this change they had driven up and down all the streets in their area, marking on their maps the number of each house on a street, the number of residences in each block, and similar information. When they divided the territory, the size of the thirty zones varied geographically because of vacant lots, small parts, and so on. Each zone, however, contained approximately the same number of pledge cards.

Each associate director was then given a map on which his zone had been filled in with colored pencil. Mrs. Casey remarked that she hoped next year the solicitors also might have maps of their territories. The zone boundaries,

marked in red, in every case ran up the center of the streets. Instructions to associate directors emphasized that workers should keep to the side of the street which was within their zone and on no account cross the street to solicit. This warning seemed necessary because in previous years workers had solicited friends in the neighborhood they were canvassing, regardless of whether or not they had cards for them. As a result, the same people were visited by a number of workers, and some ill feeling arose. The volunteers, too, were discouraged by such frequent duplication of effort with consequently meager results.

Mrs. Casey continued to explain to Mrs. Robbins the background of the Fishers Pond organization. Each associate director, she said, was responsible for recruiting volunteer workers to do the actual doorbell ringing in his zone. Mr. and Mrs. Casey had asked that the names of people on each team be submitted to them in advance, and they checked each list. Most of the teams had from four to six people, although one team had twelve.

One woman, who was acting as associate director for the first time, gave Mr. Casey a list of what appeared to be five men's names. When he checked them, however, he discovered that they were actually boys about fifteen years old. The Caseys did not believe that any contributors would entrust money to boys of that age, and felt that under no condition should they be allowed to solicit. In order not to offend the associate director, therefore, the Caseys handled the matter indirectly. First they selected the pledge cards of the people in that zone who had made the largest contributions in 1944. They told the associate director that more solicitors had volunteered than they were able to use. Therefore, they would like to have her visit the important people in her zone, and they would put their extra volunteers to work making the other calls. The boys she had recruited as solicitors were used in the office for errands, such as taking the placards to the stores.

"You have to be so careful not to hurt people's feelings when something like that comes up," Mrs. Casey told Mrs. Robbins. "But just in case you are a director some day, put down in your notebook that you can't afford to let your feelings be hurt by little rebuffs. People may be a little huffy at first when you try to arrange things like this, but if you just keep your temper and are gracious to them, they will soon see that it is for the good of the community."

"Now," she continued, "you probably want to listen while I make some telephone calls, so that when you are here in the office alone you will know what to do. I am going to call some of the stores about their contributions. You see, stores and businesses shouldn't really be the concern of the area director at all. All business places are solicited by the Commercial Chairman, but whatever money he gets is figured in our quota. The Commercial Chairman in our area is Mr. Banks. He is a fine man and has done a very good job, but he is so busy he doesn't really have time to follow up these contacts, so he gave me permission to call some of the commercial prospects and see what I could do with them."

"Is that Geoffry Banks, the lawyer?" Mrs. Robbins inquired, and Mrs. Casey replied that it was. Mrs. Robbins remembered hearing that Geoffry Banks was also director for the Bloomfield district, but she did not mention this fact.

Mrs. Casey's first call was to the Bunting Baby Garments Company, and

Mrs. Robbins heard the following bits of conversation: "This is the Community Fund Drive. Mr. Banks, who has contacted you about the drive, suggested that I get in touch with you. Can you tell me whether the pledge cards have been given out to all your employees? Oh, that's fine. I wonder if I could stop by and pick them up Monday morning at nine o'clock? Fishers Pond is in third place in the city and almost in first place for commercials. You are the only company that hasn't turned in its contribution, and if I could get it on Monday it might make us first. Mr. Banks gave me your $500 check and that's simply grand. But that was for the company, and now I'm interested in getting the cards for your employees. We don't ask them to turn in any money right now; just simply have them sign the card and indicate whether they can give us a dollar, or two dollars, or what they can give in the next three or four months. What I'd like from you is to get 100 per cent, or over 100 per cent of your employees, to contribute. The reporter from the *Fishers Pond Herald* is coming to see me, and if you will coöperate in this way, I will certainly tell him that the Bunting Company made our fine record possible. Thank you very much."

Next she called Wertheimer's, a glass blower's shop hiring about fifteen people. Told that Mr. Wertheimer would not be in until Monday, Mrs. Casey said to the young man who answered, "Well, would you be willing to help me? Do you know whether the pledge cards for the United War Fund have been given out? No? That's strange, because my husband, who is area director, talked to Mr. Wertheimer 'way back last summer and he promised to give his coöperation. Would you please pass out the cards so I can stop and pick them up Monday morning right after nine o'clock? I have to get them that early because I have to go way out Center Street to pick up some others and then be in town by ten o'clock. If the contributions aren't at Central Headquarters by ten o'clock on Monday, they won't be credited to our district in time for the Report Luncheon. You see, Fishers Pond is in third place in the whole city and almost first in commercials. Every commercial house in the area has given its contribution except yours. The *Herald's* reporter is coming to see me this week end, and I just wanted to warn you about that because I don't want to tell him that yours is the only company whose contribution is not in. That is why I want to give you this chance; I want to be sure you won't get any publicity that is unfair."

Mrs. Casey's third call was made to a Mrs. Jenkins, the associate director who had the largest team, twelve members, working under her. In spite of the large team, however, she had not turned in any money during the week. Mrs. Casey had checked with her every day and received a variety of excuses. For instance, the women, all housewives, had not been able to do their "washing" during the early part of the week because of the rain, and they had postponed their Community Fund work until their laundry was completed and "out of the way." Mrs. Casey called her on Saturday. "Hello, do you have a couple of thousand dollars for me today? Yes, I know it has been difficult. Yes, Sunday is a good day to solicit. Most of the people are at home then, and of course the women can get out to make the calls while their husbands are at home with the children. I'm going to ask Father McCarthy, and as many of the Protestant ministers as I can reach, if they won't announce in church that people should stay at home on Sunday until a solicitor has called on them. I'm hoping that will help you to make your calls in less time. I know you're awfully busy.

Would you mind if I called a few of your workers? I think that might help you out a little bit, so if you don't mind I'll just get in touch with some of them directly. All right. Good luck."

When Mrs. Casey was told, on her last call, that Mr. Kennedy, manager of Kennedy's Variety Store, was not in, she called him at his home. To her statement that she was calling about the Community Fund, he responded, "I am a sick man. I just got out of bed to answer this telephone and I am not interested at this moment in any Community Fund Drive." Mrs. Casey commiserated with him over his health and added, "Just let me ask you one thing. I won't keep you out of bed one moment; I just want to know if you are the person who would be responsible for deciding about the company's contribution? Just tell me if you are the one who would be responsible." Mr. Kennedy admitted that he was, and after Mrs. Casey had sympathized with him some more, he said, "Call me sometime on Monday and I will let you know about the contribution."

On Monday morning following these calls Mrs. Casey telephoned to Mrs. Nutting, one of her best solicitors, and told her about the conversations she had had with the various commercial houses on Saturday. She pointed out that the Bunting Company and Kennedy's Variety Store were in opposite directions from the Fund office and that she could not possibly call at both places and get the money in to Central Headquarters by ten o'clock. For that reason she asked if Mrs. Nutting would go to Kennedy's. She suggested that Mrs. Nutting drop by the store for a chat with Mr. Kennedy, ask him about his health, and then get the check. "I am so anxious about it," Mrs. Casey explained, "because we have a chance to be in first place at the Report Luncheon today if we get all these in on time. Wouldn't that be grand for Fishers Pond." The worker agreed to do the errand but, not wishing to make the long trip in vain, first telephoned the store to ask whether Mr. Kennedy were in. She was told that he had been ill and no one was certain whether he would be back that day. Half an hour later she called again and this time the operator said he was expected. Mrs. Nutting went right over; when she arrived, Mr. Kennedy had just come in. He turned to her angrily and exclaimed, "Can't you even wait until I get my hat and coat off? You people are the worst nuisances I have ever seen."

"I'm sorry, Mr. Kennedy, there must be some misunderstanding," Mrs. Nutting said. "I understood from Mrs. Casey that your instructions were to come on Monday morning for the check."

"What's all this rush about?" he asked.

Mrs. Nutting explained that Fishers Pond was nearly in first place in Condor City and could be first if they could report a contribution from Kenedy's in time for the day's luncheon. Mr. Kennedy replied that he did not care anything about first place and had no interest in competition. All he knew, he said, was that he did not like to be bothered; that Mrs. Nutting had a lot to learn about approaching people.

At this point Mrs. Nutting interrupted him to say, "Mr. Kennedy, I am not coming to you for anything for myself but for a contribution to the Condor City Community Fund. You, Mr. Kennedy, are as much a part of this community as I am. If this is the way you feel about it, you'd better not contribute because it wouldn't do you any good. Besides, I will not stand for any man's speaking to me in that tone. You are the rudest man I ever met."

When Mrs. Nutting reported the incident, Mrs. Casey was very much

upset. She pointed out to Mrs. Nutting that the latter had been thinking about herself rather than about the Community Fund. "In order to do really good work for the community, you have to leave all your personal feelings at home," Mrs. Casey said. "We often have to sacrifice our pride for the good of the cause. Mr. Kennedy did act very rudely; on the other hand, he was rude to me when I telephoned him on Saturday, but a little pleasantness made him come around. You should have been able to handle him in the same way."

Mrs. Nutting replied angrily, "All I can say, Mrs. Casey, is that I signed up to work for the Community Fund because I thought I could do some good, but I simply cannot grovel and crawl for money, no matter how good the cause may be. Moreover, when I agreed to work on the drive I thought I would be associating with reputable people. You should have known better than to have me deal with people like that."

Mrs. Casey reminded Mrs. Nutting that she and her husband were directing the campaign this year for the first time and could not possibly know the temperament of everyone who might be approached in the area. She added, however, that there had been very few clashes of personality this year and if skillfully handled they could be avoided entirely. Mrs. Nutting resigned from the team.

Very much upset at the thought that this unpleasantness would result in the Fund's losing a sizable contribution, Mrs. Casey telephoned one of the oldest workers in the area, who agreed to handle Mr. Kennedy. The worker called on Mr. Kennedy in his office and told him she had heard the story of his encounter with Mrs. Nutting. She said personal feelings should never be allowed to affect a project of general community interest, such as the Fund, and that when personal clashes did arise they could only be overlooked. "I have done you no wrong, Mr. Kennedy," she continued. "You cannot blame me for anything another woman may have said to you. Therefore, I ask you please to overlook this unfortunate incident and show your generosity and forgiveness by giving me your check for the Community Fund."

Mr. Kennedy declined to do so, but finally said if she would come back the next day he would see whether he had anything for her. When she returned the following day, he told her he had mailed the check to Central Headquarters.

During the week end Mrs. Casey had called eight workers to say, "Bill and I would like you to be our guests at the Report Luncheon on Monday." Monday noon one of her guests arrived feeling rather elated because she had been out all morning making calls and had collected about $80. This amount came close to being a record for Fishers Pond. She told Mrs. Casey, however, that when she stopped at Mrs. Ludlow's she discovered that Virginia Ludlow, a sister-in-law, who lived in the next zone, had already called at that house. "That kind of thing makes me sort of mad," she said. "I thought we weren't supposed to make any calls outside our own zone. Besides, when I stopped at Ludlow's Barber Shop yesterday he told me he was too tired even to consider the Community Fund. He said if I would come back some other time he would decide whether to give anything or not. Why not let Virginia cope with her brother, if she's going outside her own territory anyway?" Mrs. Casey promised to take it up with Virginia.

That afternoon Mrs. Casey telephoned Virginia Ludlow and asked her to

follow up the contribution from her sister-in-law by also getting a gift from her brother's shop. "He ought to give at least $5, just on the basis of what he earns from us. No three men in Fishers Pond have their hair cut as often as my husband and sons. You can tell him I said so," Mrs. Casey laughed. Virginia returned with a $3 contribution from her brother. Since he had given $1 the previous year, this was a substantial increase.

"I am so tired," Mrs. Casey said to Mrs. Robbins that afternoon. "We had so many contributions to turn in for the Report Luncheon today that Bill and I were up last night until two o'clock getting the records straight. I was going to drive in to Headquarters with the money this morning, but Bill wouldn't hear of it. I was so tired he didn't think I should make the extra effort. Anyway, he said it was dangerous for a woman to handle all that money — something might happen to me on the way. Besides, if it should, we aren't bonded, so that's another reason he didn't want me to do it. Bill called Mr. McBride and had him stop at our house for the money on his way to work.

"I was glad I didn't have to take it in, but when you are a director you just have to make up your mind that you are going to devote your life to the Community Fund while the campaign is on. You'd never believe the number of telephone calls we have made from our home in the evenings. We are going to ask Mr. McBride if the Fund won't pay our telephone bill this month. I think that's only fair, don't you?"

"I appreciate it so much that you come down and help me at the office," Mrs. Casey continued to Mrs. Robbins. "You know, it is cold here and rather dull sometimes, so that I hesitate to ask any of my friends to help out. I'm always afraid they will do it as a kindness to me rather than out of loyalty to the Community Fund. Since you have been so gracious about helping out, I haven't had to impose on my friends."

Mr. Joseph Grantz was the associate director of one of the zones that was expected to produce a larger share of the quota than most of the others. On October 5, two days before the campaign opened, Mrs. Grantz was taken to the hospital for a major operation of an emergency nature. Mr. Grantz wanted to spend as much time as possible at the hospital with his wife, or at home, within call. Realizing this, Mrs. Casey called on him to say they would be glad to arrange for someone else to take over the associate directorship of his zone, but Mr. Grantz insisted that he wanted to handle it.

When Mr. Grantz had done noting by the third day of the campaign, and had not even got his team out, the Caseys called Mr. George Grantz, who lived in another part of Condor City, to ask advice on how to handle the situation. George Grantz said that his brother would "feel very bad to have the zone taken away from him" and that he would do what he could to help his brother manage the drive. The Caseys telephoned one of the brothers every day, as they did each of their associate directors; at first the men had been cordial but by the end of the week they replied to the Caseys' inquiries with irritation. At the end of the first week there were still no results from that zone.

Feeling that further efforts on their part would only result in an open rift, the Caseys consulted Mr. McBride. He suggested that they let the matter ride until the following Wednesday. If the Grantz brothers had not turned in any contributions by then, he would go out and talk to them. Mr. McBride said he would tell them that Headquarters realized what an imposition it was to

expect Mr. Grantz to carry the heavy load of volunteer work in view of the illness in his family. He would congratulate him on his work in setting up the organization within the zone and make arrangements to relieve him of the responsibility.

The Caseys agreed to this plan, but on Monday evening Mr. Casey had another idea. A large public rally had been planned for Wednesday in order to add a "last spurt" to the campaign. Several top-ranking movie stars and other public figures were to provide the entertainment. Tickets were free and were distributed through the various officers of the campaign. On Monday evening Mr. Casey selected the two best seats in his batch of tickets and took them over to Mr. Joseph Grantz. He began by telling about the rally and talking about what fun it would be. Then he said that, as director, he had charge of the tickets for his area and he had brought them over especially for the Grantz brothers because he wanted to be sure they got good ones. Mr. Grantz replied that he genuinely appreciated Mr. Casey's thoughtfulness. After that he brought up the subject of the campaign in his zone, outlining his plans for covering the territory and assuring Mr. Casey that it would be completed by Sunday night, which was the last day of the drive. The following evening he telephoned Mr. Casey to report that he had distributed all his cards to his workers, had made some calls himself, and felt that everything was going well.

Telling the story to Mrs. Robbins the following day, Mrs. Casey concluded, "That just shows how important it is to keep your poise and tact when you are trying to get a point across and someone resents it. People like to make their contributions or do their soliciting in their own sweet time and they resent being pushed. They do not realize how important it is to get the contributions in early. When you become director you inevitably alienate some people and lose a lot of popularity, but you just have to make up your mind that it is for a good cause."

On Thursday noon a young man rang Mrs. Casey's doorbell and asked her for the key to the Community Fund office. "My aunt, Mrs. Robbins, won't be able to be in the office this afternoon," he explained, "so she asked me if I would substitute for her. If it is all right with you, I'll go down there now."

"Wasn't that a lovely thing for Mrs. Robbins to do," Mrs. Casey exclaimed when she told her husband about the incident that evening. "Doesn't it make you feel good, Bill? Finding people as faithful as that just makes all our efforts seem worth while, doesn't it?"

On the next to the last day of the campaign, Mrs. Robbins went in to Central Headquarters to get some additional supplies. While there, she heard Mr. McBride ask his secretary whether she had looked up the record on Dr. Stevenson and Mr. Miller for Mrs. Casey. The girl replied in an exasperated tone that she had told Mrs. Casey that morning that there was no information on either of them. Picking up his telephone again, Mr. McBride relayed this information to Mrs. Casey. After a few more moments of conversation he hung up, remarking to his secretary, "If we had a few more people like Mrs. Casey, we'd all have to take a rest cure after the drive is over, but we certainly wouldn't have to worry about whether it would go 'over the top.'"

At the final dinner on October 17, Fishers Pond stood in fifth place in the division. Only 78 per cent of the area's commercial quota had been filled, but

enough had been raised from individual donors so that the total contribution amounted to 110 per cent of the quota.

Exhibit A: Comparison of The Meadow and Fishers Pond

	The Meadow		Fishers Pond
	Northeast Part	Southwest Part	
Total population	4,600	5,100	9,900
Percentage of population:			
under 21 years old	10%	20%	27%
between 21–40 years	39	45	33
over 40 years old	51	35	40
TOTAL	100%	100%	100%
Percentage of dwelling area in:			
single-family houses	70%	17%	71%
two-family houses	0.3	2	27
multi-family houses	29.7	81	2
TOTAL	100%	100%	100%
Percentage of structures occupied by owners	36%	20%	75%
Average rent	$95.00	$35.00	$47.00
Percentage of employed:			
professions	21%	16%	11%
semi-professions	2	2	2
proprietors, managers, etc.	10	6	9
foremen, craftsmen, etc.	3	8	14
sales, clerical, etc.	25	29	27
domestics and unskilled	28	26	28
other	11	13	9
TOTAL	100%	100%	100%
Percentage of foreign-born:			
English	16%	10%	12%
Irish	28	6	14
Russian	5	34	2
Southern European	4	13	12
German and Central European	0	0	10
Canadian	31	19	24
Other	16	18	26
TOTAL	100%	100%	100%

Exhibit B: Names of People in the Case

Ames, Mrs. — volunteer solicitor in Mrs. Pettis' group in The Meadow

Banks, Geoffry — volunteer Commercial Chairman

Brophy, Nat — volunteer Chairman of the Homes Division

Bryant, Miss — volunteer solicitor in The Meadow

Burdock, Mr. James — Executive Secretary of the Community Fund in the permanent executive staff

Casey, Mr. — volunteer Director of Fishers Pond area

Casey, Mrs. — volunteer secretary to Director of Fishers Pond area (Mr. Casey)

Davidson, Mrs. Nathaniel — volunteer Director of The Meadow area

Dorr, Mrs. — co-captain (with Mrs. Rand) of district in The Meadow

Florence — girl who decorated Fishers Pond area office

Ganson, Mrs. — volunteer captain of a district in The Meadow

George, Mrs. — decorated The Meadow area office

Grantz, George — brother of Joseph Grantz

Grantz, Joseph — volunteer associate director of zone in Fishers Pond

Harris, Mrs. — volunteer solicitor in The Meadow

Hodge, Sue — volunteer worker at The Meadow area office

Ilsch, Mr. — Mayor of Condor City

James, Mrs. — volunteer captain of a district in The Meadow

Jimmy — boy who distributed placards for Mrs. Casey

Kennedy, Mr. — Manager of Kennedy's Variety Store in Fishers Pond

Ludlow, Virginia — volunteer solicitor in Fishers Pond

MacMahon, Patrick — volunteer Chairman of the 1945 Community Fund Campaign

McBride, Alfred — Executive Secretary of the Homes Division in the permanent executive staff

Nutting, Mrs. — volunteer solicitor in Fishers Pond (resigned)

Parkin, Mrs. — volunteer captain of a district in The Meadow

Pettis, Mrs. — volunteer captain of a district in The Meadow

Rand, Mrs. — co-captain (with Mrs. Dorr) of a district in The Meadow

Robbins, Mrs. — volunteer worker at Fishers Pond area office

Simpkins, Mr. — former volunteer Director of The Meadow area

Smith, Mrs. — volunteer solicitor in The Meadow

Trevis, Mr. — volunteer solicitor in The Meadow (Englishman)

CASE 32

*Grosvenor House**

THERESA BLAKE often felt during the summer of 1947 that the sale of the Wainwright mansion to Josef Belair was fast becoming a *cause célèbre.* On all sides, her friends and associates were concerned about it. She heard that the sale had occurred largely because maintaining a staff big enough to take care of the thirty-room house had proved too difficult for the Wainwright daughter and her husband. Early in the spring, they had moved to their country house, and before most people had known the house was on the market, notice of its purchase appeared in the newspapers.

The Wainwright mansion had been a show place for more than fifty years. In Philadelphia, where it was located, it had been the setting for the most important social entertaining of three generations. At the turn of the century all society had coveted invitations to the brilliant balls held there. The Wainwright library was well known, and many people hoped that the city's museum would some day house the Wainwright art collection.

Thomas Wainwright had built it for a town house in the late 1890's, and after his death, in 1910, his married daughters and their children had continued to occupy it. In later years, particularly during the two World Wars, the mansion had opened its doors for international benefits, which had been reported by the European press as well as the press of this country.

The mansion, located at 27 Bond Street, stood in the heart of the city's oldest residential section. In this small area were the few remaining blocks of brownstone houses in which the city's wealthiest and most socially prominent families lived. In recent years, many of them had moved to the suburbs, and the fact that some of them had sold their property to "newcomers" was bitterly resented by those who still carried on the old in-town traditions.

In the early summer of 1947, the front page of the local morning newspapers carried the announcement of the sale of the Wainwright mansion to a Josef Belair of Coatesville, a nearby industrial city. The papers stated that the mansion would be open to the public in the fall as a residential hotel with drinking, dining, and party facilities. The papers further stated that Belair had operated a commercial hotel in his home town and in Florida and that this purchase marked his first venture in the metropolitan area.

The evening papers carried a story on protests by several leading citizens against granting a hotel, victualer, and liquor license in what they termed "their city's most exclusive neighborhood." They began legal action, which continued for several weeks and only terminated when it became evident that there was no way to prevent the granting of this license. Nobody had foreseen the possibility of such a development on Bond Street.

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Theresa Blake was frequently asked what she thought could be done about Belair's coming into the neighborhood. She found that even after accepting a commercial enterprise of this sort on Bond Street, many people felt that Belair was "completely unsuitable" as its owner. As a "foreigner" with no connections in the city, how, they wondered, could he be prevented from "ruining the neighborhood."

Theresa was a woman in her middle thirties. Originally, she had been a reporter on one of the city's leading morning newspapers and had become the only woman feature writer on its editorial staff. Shortly after her marriage some ten years before, she had resigned from the paper to open the public relations agency of Blake Associates with her husband, Tom.

Although they had a small staff and represented only a few clients each year, the firm had been highly successful. While they dealt in all types of advertising media, the Blakes attributed much of their success to continued close association with the press. They personally continued to feel their responsibility as "good reporters," often focusing the interest of the press on newsworthy stories that otherwise would have escaped attention and frequently submitting releases which appeared without revision in the papers.

The stated policy of Blake Associates expressed a particular interest in clients "who needed a reformulation of their operating policy in relation to specific groups of the public." Tom specialized in industrial accounts, while Theresa handled principally what she liked to call "cause" accounts. With a new account they always started by carefully scrutinizing the client's objectives in relation to the public with which he dealt and helped him define his policy in respect to the needs or requirements of that public. They then implemented this policy through action taken by the client that would indicate to the public his acceptance of those requirements. This often meant working with those members of the client's organization who dealt with the public to see that they understood the implications of such a policy for their behavior. These activities varied so much from client to client that the Blakes had no precise way of describing them, but they often resulted in favorable press attention and in improving relations between the client and the public with which he was dealing.

"Sure, I take only 'cause' accounts," Theresa often said. "And if I don't believe in them, I can't handle them. And I don't mean just the relief drives I handle. Lots of times business deserves a hearing it can't get through advertising alone. The harder the problem, the more it interests me." In the course of the years, she had built what she considered a unique position for herself and one which she attributed largely to her successful work with civic and relief organizations.

Most of her clients lived during the winter within a ten-block radius of 27 Bond Street and maintained summer homes in various fashionable resorts. She often went to committee meetings in their homes, formal, late morning, or late afternoon affairs, which set the tone and established the policy of the various charities in which they were interested. Theresa said she had always found them kindly men and women, easy to deal with if one conformed to their pattern. She respected the fact that the leaders of the city's banking and industrial circles were willing to give several hours each week to discussing the most minute details of the operation of these institutions and "causes." The

women, for their part, she found tireless in their efforts to raise funds through whatever means they deemed fitting. Theresa had worked with them on the details of promotion by setting up the broad plans which she knew only they could implement; she enjoyed working with them.

One of her colleagues who specialized in radio had said, after putting a client of Theresa's on the air, "Good Lord, Theresa, how can you work with women like Mrs. Martin? She absolutely terrified me. I've had enough people on my program, goodness knows, but there was something about her that had me almost tongue-tied. She was so darn sure of herself that she made me feel like an impertinent schoolgirl. Why, I've had nightmares about it since. How you work with them day in and day out is beyond me."

Theresa had replied with surprise, saying that she felt occasional stiffness of manner merely cloaked a fundamental shyness and that in her long experience with them she had never found them difficult.

"This isn't like any other city in the country," she would say. "When you know half a dozen boards of directors, you know them all. And once those people know you, there's nothing they won't trust you with."

In view of the amount of talk created by the sale of the Wainwright mansion and the number of times the problem of what was to be done had been brought to her by her friends, Theresa had rather expected to hear from Josef Belair; she was not surprised, therefore, when he telephoned her early in September and asked her to come to see him "right away." She made an appointment for the following day.

Telling her husband that Belair had called, Theresa said, "I think it's something we'd better take on, Tom; there's Belair with a mansion he wants to make a go of, and he doesn't know how to begin; and there's the whole neighborhood up in arms. I'm just idiot enough to think I can get them together. It's another of my 'causes'!"

The following morning, Theresa walked into the marble entrance hall at 27 Bond Street, gave her name to a woman seated behind a long mahogany table, and was ushered into an adjacent room. Looking around her, Theresa noted that the large, high-studded room, paneled in fine-grained oak, still retained the atmosphere which the Wainwrights had created. Only the number of small tables, chairs, and divans indicated that it was to be used as a cocktail room. Through the arched doorway, she saw another large room similarly decorated.

After about twenty minutes Belair walked quickly into the room and seating himself said, "Well, well, well! I've heard a lot about you. Everyone has said to me, 'You want to get hold of Theresa Blake.' That's why I called you." He offered her a cigarette but did not light it for her, and as she fumbled in her purse for a match she felt his scrutiny and supposed he was deciding whether he had been correctly informed about her.

"They tell me you absolutely made Ed Stevens," he continued, referring to an uptown hotel manager for whom Theresa had acted as public relations counsel for several years. "Yes, everyone says that he never would have made the success he did if it hadn't been for you. That's why I want to talk to you."

Theresa told Belair that she was glad to meet him and that she had heard a good deal about the purchase of the Wainwright mansion.

Belair continued with his explanation. "They say you know people, the

right people. Well, I want them in here. I want them fighting to get in. This is a beautiful house, and I think it's a gold mine."

Josef Belair sat forward on the edge of his chair, talking rapidly and using his hands for emphasis. He was of less than medium height, dark complexioned, and was dressed in a light brown suit, with a colored handkerchief in the breast pocket of his coat.

"But there are troubles," he continued. "In the first place, what are we going to call it? In New York, maybe 27 Bond Street would be enough — you know, like the '21 Club and all those places. But, even if it were enough here, I want a name for it."

Theresa asked Belair if he had considered a promotional budget, and he replied, "Oh, the main thing I want is what they say you can do. Like you did for Ed Stevens. You just figure out how much you're going to charge for putting this place over, and it will be all right with me." Theresa replied that she would talk it over with her associates and let him know in a day or two.

"Now don't you change your mind," he said, as if the matter had already been settled. "Funny thing," he concluded, "never did have much use for women except in the home. But everyone says you know your stuff, and I think we could get along all right. So you just let me know how much it's going to cost me, and let's get going. Yes, let's hurry up. Once I start something, I like to get it settled."

During the next two days Theresa considered the problems of 27 Bond Street at some length. Because of the degree of alarm expressed by the protests of the immediate neighborhood and because of the importance in the city of the people who lived there, she felt that Belair's project had no chance of survival unless these people were interested in it. Her first step, therefore, was to try to develop in her mind advertising "copy" that would describe a character and policy for the enterprise with which they could not quarrel. Although she was occupied with other matters during the day, she wrote the "copy," which was later used with only minor changes in the opening advertisement, just before she went to sleep at the end of the day she first met Belair. In this "copy" she "typed the house." She suggested an atmosphere and a kind of operation that she felt would be pleasing to the people of the immediate neighborhood and at the same time indicated to the wider public a quality not readily available. She knew that if this were translated into terms of good food and service, the house would fast become a popular meeting place.

During the next day she studied with Tom and her staff the various steps that could be taken to ensure that such an enterprise would get off to a good start. They considered that the naming of the property would greatly affect its future. Because of the strong ties that had always existed between the social group of this city and England, Theresa felt that such names as Barclay, Cornwall, Dorset, and Grosvenor would have a familiar "ring" to the neighborhood, as well as suggest "quality" to the wider group that it was necessary to attract.

In view of Josef Belair's lack of connections in the city, they felt that it was essential to his success that he get off to a good start with the press. They were the one group within direct reach which could help make or break him, depending on how he handled himself with them. They were the people who would fill the columns of their papers with copy about 27 Bond Street or

would toss it into their wastebaskets; they were the people who would "front page" or "bury" scandal that might develop once operation started. Although press parties had become familiar procedure in launching ventures of this sort, several of Theresa's staff thought it was an unnecessary risk to take with Belair. The usual invitation from him might produce only a small attendance, and they were doubtful about what sort of impression he would make on them. Nevertheless, both Theresa and Tom considered that the desired result could be accomplished in no other way and decided that with the backing of the firm a successful party could be developed.

They then considered the social calendar and habits of the city and wondered what type of notable event could be brought to 27 Bond Street which would set the tone for the place. It must, they felt, be an event that would automatically receive good notice by the press. With sufficient publicity from such events, Theresa knew that there was a good chance of attracting the wider public which tended to follow the lead of the socially prominent.

When these conferences were completed, Theresa felt sure that this venture could be successfully promoted and felt no hesitancy in undertaking it. Although she had not yet told Belair that she would handle his account, she spent many hours developing details for an adequately broad opening program.

A few days later she called Belair and made an appointment to see him. As she waited for him, she looked over her notes. She had outlined this conference carefully, and the notes indicated each step in her reasoning. She felt that they did justice to the development of this new venture.

She heard him approach with a cheerful, "Well, Mrs. Blake! I was glad to get your phone call this morning. I knew you'd do this job for me. Now tell me how much you're going to charge me."

Theresa named the figure she considered reasonable and Belair said, "Fine! Fine!"

Theresa responded with, "I'll have my lawyers draw up a contract for you to look over."

"All right," he replied. "Fine. Just have it drawn up and I'll sign it. Now let's get to the point. How are you going to put this place over? Thought of a name? Well, I have. I was thinking last night how there are a lot of Norton College men, men who ought to be glad to come in here, and I thought, 'Why not call it the Norton?' What do you think of that Mrs. Blake?"

Theresa noted the eagerness in his voice and asked, "You liked Norton College?"

"Well, it's like this," Belair replied. "Norton was all right. I got out of there when I was only sixteen, did I tell you? I used to box up there, made quite a name for myself boxing. And so I thought lots of the Norton men might recognize the name Belair; or I could write them a letter, you know, telling them that an old Norton man was running this place and how about dropping in."

Theresa told him she thought it would be a good idea to let the Norton men know he was in town. Belair interrupted with: "Well, what thoughts have you got? Norton was just an idea, probably not much good, but I thought I'd mention it."

Theresa told him that she thought well of his idea. Still, Norton was the name of a well-known square in the night-club district of the city, and people might be more apt to identify it with the square than with the college.

"Why, of course," Belair said. "Never thought of that. Well, that's out then. Let's hear your ideas."

Theresa reviewed with him the various names that she felt might produce the desired results. She suggested first that she thought the word house should be included in the name, so that she could develop her promotional ideas around the fact that one of the finest private town houses was now open to the public.

"Fine, fine," Belair said. "Good idea. Specially now when everybody's cooped up in small quarters like I am. I'll bet they all wish they had a great big town house, like you say. Well, they ought to. It's a wonderful house. I never thought I'd own one like it."

"Yes, it's lovely," Theresa agreed, looking about her. "They really built this one to last. You know, Thomas Wainwright was Anglo-Saxon. That is, he was of English descent."

"Yeah!" Belair responded excitedly. "Wouldn't it be wonderful if we could call it the Wainwright House!"

Theresa immediately thought of how upset the Wainwrights and their friends would be if any such attempt were made and said, "That might just confuse it with the Wainwright mansion. We have a new venture here. It's a good idea, though, to get the Anglo-Saxon flavor into the name. I think that Grosvenor House sounds just right."

"Hm, Grosvenor House," Belair said, "Grosvenor. I kind of like that. English, eh? I think my father would like that. Did I tell you that he was in England before he came over here? All right, Grosvenor House it is. Now, what do you do next?"

Theresa started to outline some promotional ideas from her notes when Belair interrupted. "Now, the other trouble is these rumors about my buying into this neighborhood. I suppose you've heard them?"

Theresa noted that his tone was defiant. "Well, yes, I have Mr. Belair," she replied quietly. "But I am sure that's only because people don't know you and don't know what plans you have for the house."

"Oh," Belair exclaimed. "So they want my pedigree now! Well, let me tell you, the Belairs didn't have their money handed to them. No sir! They worked for it. Why, my father is a wonderful man. Made every penny himself. Why, the papers said he owns a hotel in Coatesville and one in Florida, didn't they? What more do these people want to know?"

Giving Theresa no chance to answer, he continued, "And my father did all right by me. Why, he sent me to Norton College along with the best of them. Yes, and I was only sixteen when I got through, too. So, I must have a brain or two. Now, what else do these people want to know?"

"Oh, this is a funny city, Mr. Belair, but it's really very friendly once people get to know you. They're always suspicious of outsiders at first. But if you could plan to be around yourself, and let them see you and know you, you'll find them friendly in no time at all. Naturally, they're worried now about what kind of a house you're going to run. Once they see good standards, they'll start to relax."

"Oh, they'll see fast enough," Belair retorted. "Nothing but the best. That's why I called you up. This is a beautiful house and I want to run it right. I want

to run it so that all the people who turned up their noses will be fighting to get in. That's your job."

Without further discussion he approved the advertisement for the opening of Grosvenor House which Theresa had drafted and the cocktail party she suggested for the press on the evening before its official opening.

"He was a push-over," she said later to Tom in commenting on the interview. "I only had to suggest something to have him agree to it. He seemed to think before I even got there that if we handle the promotion everything is all right with the world. I could hardly get a word in edgewise. He didn't want to know about any long-range program, only how fast we're going to start."

In planning the press party, Theresa counted heavily on her long and close association with the press. Both she and Tom invited publishers, editorial writers, and many of the working press by phone and through personal visits. More than 300 invitations in the form of memoranda on Blake Associates' letterhead were sent individually to the newspapermen on the papers in the city.

On the afternoon of the party, Theresa found Belair obviously excited. As she arrived, she saw him giving the rooms a last-minute inspection, approving the large trays of hors d'oeuvres, the cocktail glasses, the bottles ready to be uncorked, the waiters in their immaculate uniforms.

"Is everything all right?" he asked her at least a dozen times before the first guests arrived. She assured him that it "looked in good shape" to her, and as the first few guests began to trickle in, she went with Belair to his office on the third floor. She had told him to have someone keep track of the guests for him and not to appear until they had started to form into small groups — until at least two dozen guests had arrived. As she left he began pouring over the galley proofs of the advertisement which was to announce the opening of Grosvenor House in the following morning's newspapers.

An hour later, the Adam Ballroom, named for the unusually handsome Adam fireplace which Mr. Wainwright had installed at great expense, was well filled. Adjacent to the restaurant, it was here that the Wainwright balls had been given and here that the private social functions at Grosvenor House were to be held. Theresa saw Belair come through the doors across the room. She walked over to him and brought him up to the group with whom James Wickersham, the managing editor of the leading newspaper, was standing. Wickersham briefly complimented Belair on the party, then turned to Theresa and said, "Now, tell me, Theresa, just what are you going to do with this place? It's beautiful, but how are you going to sell it? It's not a private residence any more, not the Wainwright mansion; it's not a hotel, I gather, since you have only five apartments, and they're for permanent residents; it's not just a restaurant because you have the whole house; it's not just 'cocktail lounges' because those rooms still look like someone's drawing rooms. You call it Grosvenor House, nice name. But what is it going to stand for in this town?"

Before Theresa could reply, Belair gave her a look which seemed to say, "See, I'm all ready for that one," and drew from his inside pocket a galley proof. Handing it to Wickersham, he said, "This is the page one ad which we're running in your paper tomorrow morning."

For the advertisement, the display lines had been set in Barnum, an Old English type face, and the body of the text ran two columns on six inches in the

deckle-edge frame, which gave it the appearance of a letter on Grosvenor House letterhead. It read:

GROSVENOR HOUSE

27 Bond Street

September 17, 1947

Carriages with fine prancing horses and liveried coachmen no longer pull up before the arched, canopied doorway of 27 Bond Street.

Yet Grosvenor House is strongly reminiscent of carriage days, when Bond Street families began that tradition of graceful living for which they became renowned.

Grosvenor House recaptures the easy tempo of yesterday.

Once the setting for the loveliest parties that the city knew, when invitation lists were carefully scrutinized, Grosvenor House now is open to everyone who appreciates beauty of surroundings.

To the oak-panelled, high-studded, imposing rooms of the city's finest town house has been added perfection of service. Overlooking the Mall, the restaurant and cocktail drawing rooms achieve a quiet charm heretofore unknown in today's generation.

Grosvenor House bows to yesterday as it salutes tomorrow.

Theresa noted Belair's pleasure at his guests' favorable comments on the advertising copy. It seemed to answer fully the question that Wickersham had posed.

Shortly thereafter Theresa led Belair from one small cluster of people to another, introducing him to them all: publishers, who stayed only long enough to be courteous; managing and city editors; drama critics; columnists; night-club and society editors; and members of the working press, more than two hundred of whom drifted in and out — many of them staying late into the evening.

Theresa was acutely aware of Belair's every action and word and felt that he acquitted himself creditably. He answered the questions asked of him carefully and without elaboration. Yes, he was from Coatesville; born there. Yes, his father was the Belair who owned real estate and operated a hotel in Coatesville. No, the hotel was nothing like this, it was just a small hotel in an industrial town, but it was a money-maker. Yes, his father had done very well with his Florida real estate and hotel, too.

"As a matter of fact," Belair said, and Theresa noted later that this was his only unsolicited remark that day, "I'm sorry my father isn't here today. I wanted him to come, but he said 'No Joe, this is your party; I'll come by and take you to dinner later.' "

One of the sports writers with whom Belair had been discussing his boxing days at Norton College asked, "And how do you like the tossing around you're getting in this neighborhood?"

"Oh, that!" Belair exploded. "You'd think I was going to turn the place into a honky tonk! Now, what would I want to buy this kind of place for if I were going to do that? No, I want to keep it just like it was. Impressive. The name is that, don't you think? Grosvenor House. Rich sounding. My father thought of that name; he was in London once and remembers the square there. Yes, it's a rich-sounding name."

Yes, he was married, he told one of the society editors in answer to her

query. Theresa noted he offered no information about his wife's absence. Yes, they had one child, a little girl almost two years old. Yes, he planned to spend most of his time at Grosvenor House. Yes, he had been in the war, two years in the Pacific. Yes, he told another sports reporter with evident pleasure, he was the Belair of the Norton College boxing team. "Those were the days."

He passed from one group to another, signaling to the waiters as he saw empty glasses or the need for hors d'oeuvres trays. "Nice little character," several of the reporters remarked to Theresa during the evening as they watched Belair.

Theresa began to feel that Grosvenor House was off to an auspicious start. Confirmation of this came a few minutes later when Darrin, the advertising manager of the newspaper which Wickersham served as managing editor, approached Theresa as she stood looking over the party with Belair.

Darrin had a galley proof of the advertisement in his hand and said, "Theresa, I wondered how you'd handle this one as soon as I heard that you had taken it on. When this came to my desk a few minutes ago, I picked up my hat and walked uptown for the first time in a long while just to tell you that I rarely have the privilege of reading copy like this."

As the guests started to leave, Theresa found herself alone with Belair for a few minutes, and turning to him she said, "I think things are coming along. We'll be ready to open. We need some big social function, and I've been checking with the society editors this evening. They can give me the picture layout a week from Sunday. I'm going to call James Appleby. He's the head of the Anglo-American Society, and I know they expect Lord Hayes to open their season for them. I thought it would be a good idea for you to offer them a fairly good price on their opening tea. If it's held here you're made."

Watching her intently, Belair replied, "That's it. That's it exactly. Just the kind of thing I want. You tell Mr. Appleby to come on in to see me. I'll give him a good price all right."

Theresa explained that Miss Butler, the executive director, would probably be sent over, and Belair said, "Women again! Well, you be here when she comes, eh? I don't believe in wasting money on advertising, but you fix up things like this tea party, and we'll be all set. Let me know when Miss what's-her-name is coming over, but please, you be sure to come. I don't know how to talk to people like that."

"The Howard Blunts have said that they are going to bring out their daughter here early in November," continued Theresa.

"A coming-out party!" interrupted Belair. "Well, isn't that something! Now tell me confidentially, Mrs. Blake, why do they have coming-out parties for daughters? My little girl is only two. Suppose I'll be doing that for her some day? Oh, what am I saying? A coming-out party for Corrie! What am I saying?"

"Those two events will do a lot for us," Theresa said. "The Anglo-American Society has among its members many of the people who worried most about the sale of the Wainwright mansion. I handled the Society's public relations during the war years, and Jim Appleby seems to like me. I think I can swing its opening meeting into Grosvenor House. I'll see to it that there are important stories about Lord Hayes which all the papers will be glad to take. That will follow up our initial advertising to perfection."

"Will a thing like that actually do us any good?" asked Belair. "There must be a lot of people that don't know anything about this Anglo-American Society."

"That's true," Theresa agreed, "but theaters, hotels, even shops in this town, depend very much on the approval of the inner circle. Most people watch the society columns and follow the lead given them by the prominent families."

"What I expect," she continued, "is that people will respond to something *different* from the hotels they usually frequent, that they'll find here at Grosvenor House an atmosphere duplicated only by the clubs whose membership is limited to these same prominent and wealthy families."

Belair, whose eyes narrowed as he talked, said when she had finished, "That's exactly it, Mrs. Blake. I want this whole place to be perfect, just perfect, and I think it's a gold mine! I don't like the china we're using in the restaurant. I want something much better than that. Like the slipcovers downstairs. They were made in just one week for me. Measured, ordered, put together, and delivered all in a week. I move fast when I want something. Got a discount on those slipcovers, because they didn't fit just right. I've called up some china people, and they're coming in to see me. I'm going to get something good. Something rich, you know, like the house.

"Well," he broke off, as some guests started over to say good-bye, "how did we do? Was the party all right?"

As she had promised, Theresa came over to meet Miss Butler, executive secretary of the Anglo-American Society, when she came to Grosvenor House to see Belair. Theresa thought that he did well with Miss Butler, and she was glad that she had urged him to be around and to let people know him. He was very quiet when Miss Butler explained that their members liked "just thin bread-and-butter sandwiches," and it was very good indeed of Mr. Belair to give them "such a good price." He smiled and expressed delight that the Anglo-American Society was going to hold its opening tea there. Only later, when Miss Butler left, did he say to Theresa, "Now, can you imagine that? Those rich people, and all they want is 'thin bread and butter and no cake, thank you!' And getting a special price, too, when they could all afford the best!"

Then, after a pause he added, "What am I going to do about a headwaiter? You know the fellow I have now just won't do."

"I know a good man," Theresa replied. "John Coris, who used to be with Ed Stevens. He has quite a following and knows his stuff. I hear that he has left Ed. I'll tell him to come see you."

During the next two weeks, Theresa was in constant touch with the board of governors of the Anglo-American Society, as well as with the society and news editors of all the newspapers. Lord Hayes' imminent arrival, frequent meetings of the most prominent members of the organization, and items of news interest were the basis of a daily publicity campaign of stories and pictures released through Theresa's office. She also had numerous pictures taken in the various rooms at Grosvenor House, giving newspaper readers their first glimpse into what was described as the "finest the city had to offer." Theresa knew that hard work had provided the working press with endless

details that had saved their time and held their interest, and she began to think that things were running smoothly until she received a frantic telephone call from Miss Butler two days before the reception, asking Theresa to meet her at Grosvenor House.

Theresa found John Coris, the headwaiter, with Miss Butler and Belair as she arrived. They were in the formal, second-floor dining room, where the reception was to be held. "I'm sorry to have brought you all the way up here, Mrs. Blake," Miss Butler said, "but there seems to be some difficulty about the tea urns. I thought of course Mr. Belair was supplying them, and I find that there aren't any in the house."

John made the suggestion that tea services could be rented from Grigsby, the caterer, and Theresa noted that Belair made no response to this practical solution. "The thought has just occurred to me, Miss Butler," Theresa said, "that one of the ladies on your board would be willing to bring over her own silver tea service. As a matter of fact, Mrs. Baker often does that for the church library. Don't you worry about it, I'll call her."

Reassured, Miss Butler left, and as she disappeared Belair exploded with, "Tea urns! What's the matter with the waiters coming around and pouring the tea?"

"But Mr. Belair," John interjected, "we haven't even a linen cloth for the tea table."

"Tea table?" Belair shouted. "What are you going to do with that?"

Together, Theresa and John explained to Belair that the room would have to be set up for the reception "with a long table across from the doorway through which people will enter. Women pourers will sit at each end and pour tea and coffee for the guests once they pass through the reception line, which will form at the left directly in front of the fireplace."

Theresa met Jim Appleby on the street a few days after the Anglo-American Society's reception. As they stood chatting, Appleby said, "Theresa, you were an angel to get all that publicity for us. You know how much we appreciate it. But honestly, did you ever see anything like that cold cinnamon toast? Mountains of it, literally, with Lord Hayes talking about the lack of food in England. And thick! And cold! Can't you do something about it? Grosvenor House is lovely, of course. Although what old Tom Wainwright would say if he could see the changes, goodness knows. I knew that house when I was a boy, and there was nothing like it this side of Europe."

On her next visit to Grosvenor House, Theresa noticed several pages of recent newspapers on the marble table in the entrance hall. Glancing over them, she saw that they were all pictures and stories on Grosvenor House, particularly those relating to the reception for Lord Hayes.

Belair joined her as she stood there and smiling broadly said, "Boy, we're sure getting a play in the papers!"

"Yes," she replied, "this is what I was counting on. This will start filling your house. They'll start coming because they think it's the place to go. But remember, we have to keep this inner circle happy. And they're a funny crowd. When they say 'bread-and-butter sandwiches,' they mean just that."

"Who told you that? Appleby? Well, let me tell you something, Mrs. Blake," he said. "I've been watching Appleby. He comes in here often for lunch. If you ask me, he doesn't know a good thing when he sees it. Why,

he never orders anything but the cheapest luncheon. That's right, he never spends any money in here."

"Besides," he added, "he wears the funniest neckties. Ever notice? Very full bow ties, green sometimes. And he always needs a haircut."

People, indeed, had begun to come to Grosvenor House. The dining room was usually filled at the luncheon and dinner hours, and the cocktail rooms were doing a brisk business. Reservations had been made for several large private parties in the Adam Ballroom, and after Dorothea Blunt's coming-out party there was a marked increase in party reservations. As with the Anglo-American Society's reception, the Sunday papers had devoted the first page of their society sections to the Blunt party. Repeatedly in the following weeks the papers were filled with pictures and stories of the gay afternoon and evening affairs that were being held there. Events of sufficient importance to ensure "coverage" by the society editors were being held there frequently. When the camera men were there for their editors, Theresa was on sufficiently friendly terms from her long association with them that they were glad to give her the "breaks" and went out of their way to show every attractive nook and cranny in the house.

In going over the clipping book with Belair, she called his attention to the extent of the publicity the house was getting and he said, "Sure, I know. It was a wonderful party and I admit it got us a lot of publicity. But how about all the kids that were here? Do you see them coming back to eat? Are they spending their money here? Oh, no. I suppose they spend their money in those snooty clubs of theirs. Grosvenor House isn't good enough for them, I suppose."

Theresa pointed out that most of the young people were still in college and that, except for parties, they were probably not going out much. Apparently not satisfied, Belair continued, "Another thing. I never got any thanks from Blunt. Not him. He comes in before the party, though, and chisels me down on the price of champagne, but I don't hear him thanking me afterwards. Oh, no!"

Theresa told him that in her opinion the publicity space he was getting was invaluable and that paid advertising could not begin to compete with it.

As the fall progressed, business increased sharply, and scarcely a day passed without a party in the ballroom. At the same time, the dining room was serving a capacity crowd. Since the ballroom and dining room were adjacent and were reached by the same circular staircase, there was often a bottleneck at the head of the stairs. This was upsetting to the guests and made good service difficult.

During this period, Belair and Theresa had first laughed together about the "traffic jam." I'm sure getting a full house," Belair would boast.

"That's right," Theresa would retort, "and we've got to give them their money's worth."

Later, however, she suggested, first jokingly and then seriously, "Why not a special traffic cop at the foot of the stairs? Would that help the service? You know a lot of people get upset when they have to wait. Why is it always so bad when they have parties in the ballroom?"

"Listen, Mrs. Blake, do you realize that we have to serve 200 dinners in that ballroom! We get to the regular customers as fast as we can. Why, I took

on two extra waiters tonight! Good ones, none of those union waiters who know everything and won't work. Say listen, don't you worry, they'll keep coming."

"I hope so," Theresa told him, "but I hear a lot of complaints. It's particularly difficult on Thursday noon. That's the day of the Philadelphia Orchestra, and you've probably noticed that the restaurant is always packed with women. Ormandy doesn't like people to be late. They make a point of getting to the concert punctually at two-thirty, and they tell me it's difficult to get served in time."

"So now it's the concert they have to get to!" Belair exploded. "This isn't a quick-lunch counter, and I don't see why they expect to get served in a hurry!"

"Oh, not in a hurry, Mr. Belair," Theresa replied, "but they shouldn't have to leave without their dessert and coffee. That doesn't make a particularly good impression on them."

"Well, why don't they get here earlier?" Belair said. After a pause, he continued, "You know those savings bank women who had their meeting here the other day? Well, Mrs. Walsh, who was in charge of the luncheon, came up to me on her way downstairs and said 'Everything was wonderful, Mr. Belair. Just wonderful!' That's what I hear on all sides. Same thing with those editors that are coming in here regularly now for their monthly dinner. They think the house is terrific! Why, they told me there isn't another place like it in the country."

During the Christmas season, Theresa spent an hour with Belair one late afternoon. The preceding week had seen an unusually busy restaurant business at Grosvenor House, with most of the large tables reserved for groups of young people home for the holidays. Theresa had noted that they had often waited almost an hour for their dinner and that their mood had been far less cheerful than when they had arrived. Consequently, that afternoon she came to Grosvenor House concerned about this problem and determined to speak to Belair about it, but he greeted her with, "Those morons! Morons, I tell you!" and she knew that she would have to "listen him out" first. "I've just been up talking to John," he continued. "I like him, you know. I agree he's a good headwaiter and people seem to like having him here, but I just told him plenty. 'John,' I said, 'you're spoiling those waiters. Just spoiling them!' You know John works hard, just like I do, but what do those boys of his do? Let him work. That's the way help is today! I've been watching John. He takes the orders from the customers himself. Now, why can't those lazy waiters do that? Not them. They just stand around taking it easy." He went on in this vein for some time and concluded with, "Believe me, I told John he'd better work those waiters harder before he ruins them altogether."

"I was thinking about the restaurant, too," Theresa said. "Pretty busy lately, and honestly, Mr. Belair, I don't think people will stand waiting for their dinner as long as they have to. Last night there were lots of young people in, young people home for the holidays and out for a good time. They were going on to the theater, and they all must have gotten there late and disgruntled."

"Aha, those kids!" Belair exclaimed. "Who wants them in here anyway? Just cluttering up the place. And most of them don't drink, under twenty-

one, so they just fill up the tables, and I don't make a nickel on them. Had to wait, did they? Well, it won't hurt them any."

Theresa pointed out to him then, as she had often done before, that Grosvenor House had achieved wide publicity and the reputation of being "the place to go."

"The trouble is, Mr. Belair," she said, "I can bring these people in, but I can't make them come back. That's up to you. And I don't think that making them put up with slow service is the way to do it. After all," she continued, "we've said that Grosvenor House 'recaptures the easy tempo of yesterday.' Sounds good in print, but people don't like to find that it means poor service."

"Sure, sure, I know," Belair said. "I don't know what's the matter with those morons. After all, I work hard, harder than any of them. Why, do you know, I heard the other day that one of the hotels in town has no dumb waiter, makes its waiters run up and down fifty-two steps? Maybe that's what I'd better try around here. Make them work harder, that's the system. Well," he said, terminating the meeting as he looked at his watch, "I've got to go down and see the cooks. See you soon!"

A few days later at a political meeting, the governor of the state cornered Theresa to ask, "What's John's last name? I want to see that he gets something for Christmas. He's a good man. Takes good care of me when I come down to Grosvenor House for lunch."

Thinking it might please Belair, Theresa told him just after Christmas that the governor thought well of John Coris and had sent him a Christmas present.

"Why, I sent one to the governor myself," Belair replied, "and I haven't even heard from him. Yes, I sent a personalized bottle of whiskey, with their names engraved on it, to each man living in an apartment here and to twelve of my best customers. Haven't heard from any of them. I sent a poinsettia to each of the ladies in the house, twelve of them. Cost me ten dollars apiece."

Theresa knew that the people who received these presents would feel only embarrassment; that if they thought of Belair at all, it was simply as the owner of Grosvenor House. She felt they did not know how to deal with such a personal gesture on his part. She told Belair, however, how nice she thought it had been of him and that she was sure that the gifts had been appreciated.

Later, she commented to Tom, "The poor little fellah! Do you suppose I'll ever be able to teach him?"

"Have you tried everything you can think of?" Tom queried.

"Well," she said after a pause, "I haven't shown him Gaston's. Of course it's small, but the service is perfect and the food is out of this world. You know how exquisitely it's decorated."

Early in January, Theresa asked Belair to lunch with her at Gaston's. It was the first time that they had ever met outside of Grosvenor House. She had reserved a quiet table in the corner where they could see what was going on. Belair showed her an almost continental attentiveness, seating her with courtesy, snapping his fingers for the waiter to bring the menu, ordering, and later insisting on paying the check, although Theresa had expected him to be her guest.

The food and service were all that Theresa had learned to expect at Gas-

ton's; the menu, written in French, listed only a few luncheon dishes particularly suited to the "social" crowd who lunched there frequently. The food was hot and solicitously served. From time to time during the meal, Theresa mentioned to Belair a few things that appealed to her at Gaston's, but she felt that he only compared them adversely with Grosvenor House.

As they left the restaurant, Belair said, "So that's Gaston's! Now what do people see in that little place? Crowded, hot, small, noisy! I can't imagine why they come here when they could come to Grosvenor House."

Originally, Theresa had thought that she would not have to spend much time in Grosvenor House itself, although she had recognized that special events would require considerable effort from her. However, she felt that public relations was not simply a matter of placing newspaper publicity for a client, but that every impression a client made on the public was an integral part of a sound program. She felt considerable responsibility for the success of Grosvenor House. She found that whatever time she had away from other business she spent in the house. Often her visits coincided with the luncheon and dinner hours, when she could watch the trend of business and determine the kind of people who were coming in. She saw many familiar faces in the restaurant during the winter months, and frequently acquaintances stopped to speak to her about the house. She felt that she still had ample reason to be proud both of the increase in the volume of business and in the type of people who were coming in.

The newsclip book was now a thick volume. In fourteen weeks she had accomplished more than she had imagined possible in the fall. In this period eight "spreads," the front picture page of the society sections, had been devoted to Grosvenor House. This was indicative of a wider social acceptance for the house than she could have "imagined in her wildest dreams." The momentum would carry over well into the spring. Belair always showed the bulky volume proudly to the people who came in to discuss debutante parties, dances, weddings, and other functions. It was producing results. She knew that she would occasionally have to put her weight behind some social function in order "to bring it in," but she felt that, for the most part, the developmental work had been completed.

One evening early in January she said to Tom, "Well, kid, I guess I've made the grade. I stopped in at Sweet's today to check the social calendar. You know, that's where all the invitations are printed, and they've become the final court of appeals on who can have a party when. Anyway, Mrs. Sweet told me we're getting so good at Grosvenor House that we're taking business away from the Chase Club. Seems that Mrs. Marlin and Mrs. Hobson wanted to bring out their granddaughters at the club, where, of course, they had come out themselves, and the kids said, 'No.' Darned if they didn't actually insist on coming out at Grosvenor House. How's that for news?"

In spite of these developments Theresa became increasingly discouraged during these winter months about the possibility of Belair's running an establishment that would continue to appeal to the type of people she was attracting. People had been willing to forget their original worries about the Wainwright sale and were accepting Grosvenor House as the place to go.

Yet she knew that the operating standard was far below that which this same public would accept for long. Poor service, she felt, might be excused once or twice but would not be tolerated for long. She noticed, too, that Belair seemed increasingly agitated over the internal problems of the house.

When she met Georges Milan in the cocktail room of Grosvenor House early in January, she was reminded that he had once had to find a way of getting along with this same inner circle. Years ago, when she had first known him, he had started with a small dance orchestra and had aspired to become the band leader for the society crowd. Today he had more than twenty orchestras playing only for debutante and society parties throughout the East. Now he led his orchestra only on special occasions, and she knew he had agreed to play for the Dance Evenings at Grosvenor House early in the spring.

The Dance Evenings were a series of three parties, held a month apart during the spring, and were the most exclusive affairs of the social season. Only forty engraved invitations were sent, and each new name on the list had to be sponsored by two people who had attended the previous year. These were the only parties of the year that could not be "crashed," since the invitations were carefully checked at the door. Previously, these dances had been held at the Chase Club; this year, however, Mrs. John Duke had said, "Grosvenor House is *just* as suitable and the ballroom is better."

Theresa had always liked Georges Milan, and through the years they had been of considerable help to each other. She was particularly interested in the concern that the young Frenchman was showing about Grosvenor House as he talked.

"Gee, Theresa," he began, "I've been talking to Joe about the Dance Evenings, and he doesn't seem to know what he's got. This place has got everything and Joe doesn't seem to know it. I never thought they would let him open up on Bond Street, but they did, right in the heart of the best residential section in town. Then, he has a ballroom here that no hotel can compete with — no hotel started out as the Wainwright mansion. It really has everything, and the whole town's talking."

"Believe me, I know," he went on. "The hotel men are green with envy. They see all their best people coming over here. But I was talking to Joe Belair the other day and he doesn't know what he's got! He seems to take it for granted that this just happens. You open and, bingo! Everyone comes running through the door. You and I know that things don't happen that way."

"He's a peculiar fellah, all right, Georges," she replied. "I'm having my own troubles with him. I try to make him see my point of view on this, but I don't get very far."

"Well, how about the three of us sitting down to lunch together some day?" he asked. "Maybe I can help him. I was new in this game once myself."

"But you knew how to handle yourself," she said. "It certainly would be a help to me if someone like you could talk to Belair and make him see that in dealing with this crowd there are some things that you can do and some things you can't."

A few days later, as the restaurant was emptying itself of its noonday crowd, Theresa, Milan, and Belair sat at luncheon together. Belair and Milan had met only casually before, and after the first cocktail they were talking easily together, almost forgetting Theresa. Of the same nationality, they oc-

casionally lapsed into their native tongue, joshing each other good-humoredly. When the second round of cocktails was ordered, Belair said jokingly, "Don't worry, Georges. You're not paying for them!"

The conversation then became general, and Milan and Theresa recalled together many episodes from Milan's early days. Milan recounted in some detail how his business had grown. He frequently spoke of how Theresa had helped him.

After the dessert and coffee had been served, he turned to Belair and said, "Look, Joe. You've got a wonderful chance here. Wonderful! Everyone in town is talking about Grosvenor House. But, good Lord, Joe, I figure I'd better come over and wise you up."

"Take your clothes!" he said, and Theresa watched him lean over and flick the handkerchief that Belair wore in the breast pocket of his coat. "No handkerchief after this. Ix-nay. Isn't done. And look at that suit. Too loud. Now, I know, Joe, you like loud clothes. So do I. But I don't wear them. Used to. But, see this suit," he continued, pointing to his own navy-blue, well-cut clothes. "I always wear a dark suit. When I get home, that's different. But, now, look Joe, you've got to dress like them."

Milan pointed to the few remaining men in the restaurant. "You and I may not like them, but jeez, Joe, we're doing business with them. We've got to look the way they want us to."

"Another thing," Milan continued, "watch your house! First place, there's the traffic problem. One of the mothers told me the other day that she liked the place all right when her daughter came out here. Except for one thing. Seems there was a Greek wedding party waiting to come in as they left. Now, you can't do that, Joe. It's all right to have the Greeks in here, but for Pete's sake, don't have them meet the social crowd on the stairs. Better to lose the booking than to mess up your traffic. That's what it is, a traffic problem. Don't have the society crowd and the other crowd on the same day. It just won't work!"

He looked around the restaurant, then at their own table as the waiter brought the food. "Now look at this, Joe. The china doesn't match. White dinner plate. Blue cup and white saucer. How can you do it, Joe? You've got a wonderful chance here, Joe. Don't lose it through slipping up on the little things."

"And did you notice," Milan concluded, "how long it took our lunch to get here, Joe? Thirty minutes. Too long, I tell you."

"Oh, all right," Belair returned good-naturedly. "You're not paying for it. But seriously, I know what you mean, Georges. And I appreciate your coming over and telling me."

A few days later on the phone to Theresa, Belair said, "Sure, sure, I'll be here all day. No, I don't know what time. Just come on over. I'll be around."

Theresa often casually dropped in on Belair. This day she was particularly interested to see what impression Milan had made on him. As she walked up to Grosvenor House that morning she recollected that, although Belair would never make a definite appointment to see her, she never had any difficulty in making an appointment for him to see someone else at a time that

she decided. She also reflected that Belair had not asked her to come to see him since their first appointment. It was almost as if, in some way, he was working for her.

As she came into the entrance hall, she saw Belair disappearing through the far door and called him. He hurried toward her and said as he led her into one of the cocktail rooms, "Come on in here! I want to show you something. This ought to keep them from thinking they can put one over on me." He drew from his pocket a mimeographed sheet which he handed to Theresa. It read:

NOTICE TO ALL EMPLOYEES OF GROSVENOR HOUSE

from JOSEPH BELAIR, OWNER

Beginning immediately, all employees will leave through the front lobby on Bond Street. All parcels or packages that they carry will be examined by me. *Under no circumstances* shall employees leave Grosvenor House through the rear door. Any employee found leaving through or loitering near the rear door will have violated this notice and will be dismissed immediately.

"This will show them who runs this show," Belair said as Theresa finished reading the memorandum. "These no-good scum," he went on without pause. "Why the union won't even take 'em. They think they can get away with murder. The way the food disappears around this place, you'd think I was running a charity. It's bad enough feeding them without them expecting me to feed their relatives, too."

Theresa settled back in her chair, knowing that once Belair started off this way, all he wanted was a quiet audience. She reminded herself that on occasion Belair could adopt a suave, quiet manner with customers very different from the excited behavior he was now demonstrating.

"I said to my cooks last week," Belair continued, " 'How do you think I'm going to make a penny if you don't watch the supplies better than this?' Of course, they came up with the same old answer about how there had to be a certain amount of waste to serve quality food. They forget who they're talking to. Why, when I was in the Navy the men tried the same trick, but we found out soon enough that they were holding out extra rations for themselves and charging it up to 'necessary' waste.' "

"You remember last Tuesday?" he queried, scarcely waiting for Theresa's nod of assent. "Light crowd for lunch, light crowd for dinner; tenderloin of beef on the special and a great big side of beef in the kitchen. All right. You know how much of that was left yesterday, Wednesday? Nothing. Not one single shred of beef."

"Do you know how many orders were served?" Theresa asked.

"Why should I have to know that?" Belair exploded. "Dogs they must have, I tell you. Nice little dogs that love nice tenderloin steak. Or ailing mothers, maybe. Or fifteen children, maybe. I'll bet they all went out with a nice big package under their arms. Sure, out the back way and laughing to themselves about what a good one they'd put over. Well, I'll show them."

Taking back the notice from Theresa, he scanned it again with obvious pleasure and said, "I sent it to all of them, every last one. The housekeeper, the maids, the waiters — oh, I know John is all right, but I wasn't making any exception — the checkroom girls, the cooks, all of them. How do I know

who takes the food? Might be any of 'em. I tell you they're just scum, taking good wages from me and good tips from the customers, and then sneaking out the back door with food to take home."

"And the airs they put on," he continued. "As if they didn't know who is boss around here. It's 'Yes, sir' and 'Good day, Madame' to the customers; but never mind about Mr. Belair. Why, I run my legs off every day in this place and nobody pays *me*. Do they ever stop to think about that? No. Oh, no. 'Mr. Belair can pay us,' they think. 'That's his worry. He owns this place.' As if I was some kind of a millionaire. Do they ever stop to think what it costs me to run this place? No, they do not. All they think about is how much they can make out of it. Why, I work twice as hard as they do. Running the stairs all day, in the kitchen trying to show the cooks how to cook a meal, keeping after that lazy housekeeper, turning out the lights. Do you think they would ever turn them out?

"You know what she does, that Mrs. Barnes, the housekeeper? Just stands around and bosses the maids. Thinks she's a lady! The other day Norma was sick and didn't show up. Do you think Mrs. Barnes pitched in to do the Rocks' apartment? Oh, no, not Mrs. Barnes. 'I'm an executive housekeeper, Mr. Belair,' she says. Why don't I 'call up the agency and get a replacement maid for the day?' "

"It would kill her I suppose to push a carpet sweeper around herself," Belair went on. "Just one little carpet sweeper to pick up some of that dust that Mrs. Barnes just can't bear. Now, I ask you, does she ever stop to think of what *I* do in a day? Not her. Not any of them. Just take my money and then steal my food besides."

He stopped to light one of the small cigars which he permitted himself when Grosvenor House was fairly quiet. He took a long draw on it, blew out the thick smoke, then motioned with the cigar to indicate the scope of the house. "This is a big house," he continued. "But do I ever stop to think how many steps I take running around it all day? No. Well, would it hurt the help to think about me once in a while? Why, I put in sixteen hours every day, yes sir, from nine in the morning until one o'clock closing time. No eight-hour shifts for me. Oh, no. I just own the place, I'm just the boss. So I can kill myself working just to make it easy for the help. Why, when I think of the soft job they have — and then they go steal food on top of everything else."

Belair paused a minute as the customers from the adjacent cocktail room —a fashionably dressed woman accompanied by a middle-aged man—came to the threshold and looked into the room. They admired the oak paneling and the fine oils on the wall. They muttered something scarcely intelligible about the Wainwrights, then left.

"Wainwright!" Belair continued, apparently having caught something of the couple's comment. "I'll bet those Wainwrights would be plenty surprised if they knew what I had to put up with in help. You know the daughter closed up the place because she couldn't get any decent help. She was right. But at least her old man ran this place without any trouble. Those were the days, I guess. You just hired some good Irish girls green from the hills of Ireland, paid them nothing, and kept them where they belonged. Not this trash today!"

"Why, do you know," he added in a lower voice, leaning toward Theresa

confidentially, "one of my cooks came in drunk the other day. I showed him, though. He was due in at three, but he didn't get here until four. I was waiting for him. All the help in the kitchen were standing around watching when he came staggering in. He was dead drunk and came weaving over toward me. I was so blind mad at the nerve of that dirty scum coming in here drunk that I don't even remember what I said. I just picked him up by the back of his neck, carried him up the stairs to the back door, and booted him out into the street. I tell you, it did me good to get my hands on him. Lucky for him that I didn't beat him up. I just left him out there on the street and walked back down into the kitchen. No one said anything, but I'll bet it taught them a lesson about who was running this place."

"Well," Belair concluded as he looked at his watch, "I'm glad to have had this talk with you."

He smiled genially at Theresa, obviously more relaxed than at the beginning of the meeting. "It's just a question of showing them who's boss," he said as he folded the memorandum and tucked it away in his pocket.

Although it was just twelve o'clock when Belair terminated their meeting, Theresa went up to the dining room. On the preceding evening she and Tom had dined there and they had noticed that John had avoided his usual light talk with them. After he had taken their order, they had not seen him again. Knowing about Belair's memorandum, she now thought it likely that John had been upset, and she hoped that he would not be too busy to talk to her.

As she had expected, none of the tables was occupied as John led her to her usual window table in the far corner, and he bantered with her when he took her order, pretending to disapprove of her request for coffee before, during, and after lunch. "Keep you awake," he admonished.

He returned to her table after he had given her order to a nearby waiter and stood talking to her, keeping one eye on the door. "Maybe you noticed," he said, "I didn't come over last evening. I wanted a little time to think. You know, like I've said to you, Mrs. Blake, I like Mr. Belair all right. But, yesterday, when I got a notice from him I thought maybe he'd gone too far. Do you know about it? Of course, he's pretty excitable, but I never thought he'd send out such a notice, acting as if all my waiters were thieves. They're good boys, most of them, and they didn't like it. I didn't know what I was going to say to them, but finally I said, 'Boys, don't you mind, that's just the way Mr. Belair is. He doesn't mean anything by it.' They asked if they really had to go out the front lobby way and have Mr. Belair check them out, but I said, 'No, you just go on doing the way you always have.' So, they left out the back door the same as usual last night, and nothing happened. Mr. Belair, he came in a few minutes ago to talk to me, and he acted like he'd never sent the notice. He's a funny man."

John left her abruptly to seat a group of men and women who had arrived at the door. Coming back to her table, he began immediately with, "You know, it's kind of like my waiter, Dick. Did I tell you about him? You remember how Mr. Belair told my waiters about a month ago that the laundry bill was too high and how they shouldn't change their coats every time they just happened to feel like it?"

Theresa remembered Belair's complaints to her a few weeks ago about the way the "waiters changed their coats five times a day if it suited them

and let me worry about the laundry bill." She knew that Dick was one of his best waiters and listened with interest as John continued. "Well, one noon Dick was serving lunch and his jacket was dirty. I know it was dirty because I saw it myself but the room was crowded, and before I could say anything to him Mr. Belair saw him. 'John,' he said to me, calling me over to the door, 'don't let me see that moron Dick around here again. Fire him. You'd think he'd have sense enough to wear a clean coat!' He spoke to Dick, too. He was pretty excited, but I just said to Dick that night, 'Don't worry. Come on in to work tomorrow. The boss will get over it.' Well, you know he's still here, and Mr. Belair never did ask me why I didn't fire him."

During February and early March, the nature of social entertaining was somewhat modified by Lent. The parties were for the most part small luncheons and dinners. There were no debutante parties. Belair seemed to be increasingly worried about the operations of the house, and one day when Theresa came in to see him he told her that he was going to fly down to Florida to see his father who was spending the winter there. He was absent for two weeks, and during this period Theresa observed little change in the operations of the house. The dining room seemed to run smoothly, although the food and service did not improve. John said to her once, "Gee, why doesn't he go away more often! When he's not around, everyone feels better."

When Belair returned early in March, he began to complain to Theresa about his health. "My father is worried about me," he said many times during their meetings in the succeeding weeks. "He thinks I'm carrying too much responsibility and working too hard. My doctor, too. He says I've got to take it easier. You know, get out and play golf. As if I could ever get away from here!"

As the date for the First Dance Evening drew near, Theresa became increasingly anxious. She knew that, while the pleasure of that particular group would greatly enhance the prestige of Grosvenor House, its displeasure could do immeasurable harm.

She was not at all surprised when Mrs. Duke came into her office one afternoon and said, "My committee wants to go over to Grosvenor House. They think it's charming, and, of course, it is, but I stopped in to make arrangements last week and, really, Theresa, I found your Mr. Belair very difficult. I had to wait for him for almost an hour, although I had an appointment. He was very flustered when he came to talk to me. Told me about the troubles he's having with his help and how hard he has to work. I'm sure I'm sorry, Theresa, and I suppose it's hard on him that he can't sleep at night and that he is very nervous, as he says. But, really, he scarcely listened to me when I told him how the rooms had to be arranged for our Dance Evening. I just wonder if everything will be all right. You know how important details are. Still, I must confess that the Wainwright House will be a perfect place for the party."

Theresa replied, "I am sorry. I know how difficult Mr. Belair is lately. He's been worrying me, too. I'll do everything I can to make sure that things will be as you want them."

When Mrs. Duke left, Theresa dictated a lengthy memorandum on the Dance Evening, outlining all the details that would have to be watched. She included instructions for the setting up of the tables, for the flower arrange-

ments, for the special champagne bar that was to be opened in the dining room, for the amount of floor space that would have to be cleared for the dance itself. When she had finished, she decided that she must go over these notes carefully with Belair.

Accordingly, the next day she went to Grosvenor House and told Belair that she had come up to discuss the Dance Evenings with him. He said, "Sit down, I'll be with you in a few minutes." Then he walked quickly into the bar, and Theresa overheard him talking to Jimmy, the head bar man. Theresa settled herself, and some twenty minutes later Belair joined her. "What a day!" he began. "I wonder what these morons would do around here without me. Just now, I was finishing stock-taking with Jimmy. I swear, I don't know what happens to the liquor around this place. I say to Jimmy: 'Look, our customers pay for one drink at a time; you needn't be so generous with my liquor.' Still, the liquor disappears. You should see the jiggers they use. Plenty big to measure with. But no, they have to put a little extra in always!"

Theresa knew that Jimmy was considered one of the best bar men in town and that he had a large following of customers.

"Now, those Dance Evenings!" Belair exclaimed. "And that Mrs. Duke! She's just like all the rest of these rich people. I tell you, they want everything, everything! Why, she came in to see me yesterday morning just to ask me what kind of flowers we were going to use to decorate the tables. Said the committee wanted to know. Now, I ask you! I suppose they expect orchids, too, for that price. I gave them a good price on their party, but believe me, I never would have if I'd thought they'd bother me like this. Do they ever worry about me? Not them. Oh, no, it's 'give us this and give us that' and never mind how Joe Belair is going to make a nickel."

"I tell you," he continued vehemently, "these people are just cheap skates! Why, not one of them made any money, ever; they just inherit it from their folks and then they hang onto it as tight as they can. And the manners they have! They come sailing in here as if they owned the place. Cold fish, they are. Hardly time to bow to me. Do they ever stop to think that I own this place?"

He took a small cigar from his pocket, snapped off the end, lighted it, and then pointing it toward Theresa continued, "You know my father! Now, there's a real man. Smart? Why, my father's smarter than all these people put together." He sat back in his chair, and his eyes lighted with warmth. "My father is really a remarkable man," he said. "I've never met anyone like him. Why, do you know, he came over here without a penny to his name? Not one cent. And today he's a rich man. Nobody gave him a nickel; he made every cent for himself. Do you know, he started out with a little vegetable cart in Coatesville, just peddling vegetables on the street. And two years later he'd bought himself a grocery store. Not much of a place. But he was from the old country and he knew good vegetables and meat; and he saved his money, and a few years later he bought the lot the store was on. That was before I was born, but my folks lived up over the store with my two brothers and two sisters. They're all older than I am. I'm what you'd call the baby of the family."

He was obviously enjoying himself, and Theresa listened quietly. "Well, just twelve years later, when I was ten, my father owned the whole square

block around the store, and he kept right on buying real estate. There was a hotel on his property that burned down, so he took that over. Gee, what a gold mine it has been for him! He took it over and rebuilt it in my sophomore year at Norton. During summer vacation, I came home and carried bricks. Most fun I ever had! I often think when I see the people around here about how much I liked being a bricklayer. Good clean work, and I sure had the muscles for it. I was the best boxer at Norton, you know."

He smiled and flexed his muscles, taking hold of his left upper-arm and saying, "Still in pretty good shape for a man of thirty-eight! Well, as I was saying, I laid bricks when I was in my sophomore year. I went to college young, you know. Only sixteen when I got through Norton. My father was proud of me, too, thought I was pretty bright. But then, my father has always been good to me."

"Look at this place," he said, looking around the room. "Beautiful, just beautiful. My father came in to look at it with me when we were thinking of buying it, you remember. But once he'd bought it for me, he said, 'You leave me in the background now. This is your place.' You remember, he wouldn't even come to the press party before we opened up.

"My brothers are green with envy. There they are just plugging away in the Coatesville hotel, and every time they pick up a paper they read about Grosvenor House! 'Quite a place Joe is running,' they say." After a pause he said, "They haven't been in here yet."

"Really," he said, warming up to his subject again, "my father is a wonderful man. Wonderful! By the time I was through college, he had bought up real estate down in Florida. He isn't as well as he was, and I worry about him. Well, anyway, he bought all this real estate down there and he just hung on. World War II came along, and he made plenty of money when the government took over. He owned a hotel down there by that time, and the government took it over for the WACS. I renegotiated the contract with the government for him later. He made plenty out of it. That's the thing. Nobody ever gave him a cent. He's not like these rich people that come in here, but he made a fortune for himself. He knew how to make money. Everything he touched turned to money. Both my brothers work down at the Coatesville hotel, you know, but I never had anything to do with it. Except laying bricks, that is."

"I lost a lot of years in the war," Belair continued. "Five years in the Pacific! But before that, I worked at this and that. I was a liquor salesman for a while. That's why these morons in the bar drive me crazy. Acting as if they knew more than I do about liquor."

"But anyway, when I got through the war, my father asked me what I wanted to do. I'd gotten married, my little girl is almost two now, and he wanted me to get settled. He's a wonderful family man himself. People are always coming to him asking his advice; really, everyone thinks my father is a wonderful man." He smiled again warmly and continued, "He would have given me the money to go into the personal loan business where I had a good opportunity, but that didn't appeal to me. I heard this place was for sale, and you know that once I saw it I knew I had to have it. Beautiful, isn't it? Just beautiful! Those brothers of mine plugging away down at the hotel in Coatesville, but look what I've got here. Nothing like it! Well, my father

said all right, if that was what I wanted. Of course, that's why I've got to make a go of it. Once in a while my wife will say to me, 'Why aren't you ever home any more?' But how can I be home when I need to keep my eye on this place every minute?"

"Women!" he said. "Always complaining! 'Why don't you take me to the show?' my wife asks. Or, 'Don't you want to play bridge?' Bridge! Can't she realize that if I didn't stay in here all the time, these morons would ruin it for me. Why, they'd steal the food and liquor right away from me. Remember that notice I sent around? Well, I notice the food isn't disappearing so fast. Oh, no. They know I'm watching them."

Theresa asked if the help were checking out through the front lobby, and he shrugged, "Of course not! I can't have those scum bumping into the guests, can I? But they know they can't get away with anything." A bar waiter came over to tell Belair that a Mr. Kelly wanted to see him, and he sent word that he'd be right out. "Have him wait in the lobby."

"Now that's an example of how things are around here. You remember I told you how I'd bring the cost down on food when I took over the buying. I said to the cooks, 'If you won't save any money for me, I'll show you how it can be done.' This Kelly that wants to see me, he's a salesman for a wholesale company. I'll be right back."

Returning some ten minutes later, he reseated himself and said enthusiastically, "Now that proves it! Kelly told me just now that I could save three cents a pound on fowl. Can you imagine those cooks, the morons, buying down at the market and paying any prices they feel like? Wait till I tell them they could have gotten fowl three cents a pound cheaper!"

Theresa realized that the cooks must still be doing the food buying, in spite of many threats that Belair had made to take it out of their hands. Only occasionally, when salesmen like Kelly came to call, did Belair repeat his threat to take over the purchase of the food.

"Now, about this Dance Evening, Joe," Theresa said, thumbing through her notes.

"That Duke woman!" he exploded. "Her and her kind! She drives me crazy. No, don't bother me about that. You just work it out with John, will you?"

"Well," he said, rising, "it was mighty nice seeing you. I've got to go now. I'm going down to tell that fool cook what I found out about the price of fowl."

He walked away quickly, and as Theresa started up the stairs to see John, she heard him running down the marble stairs toward the kitchen.

From then on Theresa worked closely with John on the details of all three Dance Evenings. Preparations for each party were so hectic that Theresa and Mrs. Duke both felt the rooms would never be ready in time. When the time came, however, the parties seemed to go reasonably smoothly. The change in locale from the Chase Club to Grosvenor House was an event which Theresa was able to build into an unusual amount of space in the press. Pictures and stories appeared on these Dance Evenings and other events almost weekly during these months.

Belair was not at Grosvenor House on the night of the first Dance Evening. Georges Milan came from New York to lead his special string orchestra

and expressed to Theresa his concern at Belair's absence on such an important occasion.

"He'll be sorry to have missed you," Theresa said. "He must have been detained by something important."

Actually, she had expected him to be there. This was the first time he had not been present when an important event was taking place at Grosvenor House.

At the conclusion of the Dance Evenings late in April, Belair informed Theresa that he had been able to have Bill Quigley's orchestra engaged for the dances that had been booked later in the spring. Because he was a non-union musician, Quigley was banned from the hotels in town.

"Milan never brought me a nickel's worth of business," Belair told her. "Quigley says he'll bring some real business in here next year. He's had a tough break, and I think he ought to be given a chance."

CASE 33

*Livingston Company**

THE LIVINGSTON COMPANY, manufacturers of women's fine undergarments, employed in its factory about 110 women of several nationalities. The only male operators were three men employed as cutters. The company had never discriminated against any worker on racial or religious grounds; the shop had been unionized for nine years as a closed shop, and this in nowise had affected the company's policy of nondiscrimination. Over the years there had always been a strong feeling of friendship among the workers. They had visited each other's homes, had enjoyed Italian, Jewish, Negro, and German cooking, exchanged special dishes and recipes, and had gone to an occasional dinner and play together. Parties at the shop to celebrate birthdays, weddings, and other anniversaries had been frequent.

In August 1942, Margaret Bickers, an expert operator, returned to her job after an illness of three months. She had been shop chairman for the union local for four years. She had accepted election to the position with some reluctance, for the previous chairman had not had the coöperation of the workers. The girls had insisted that they would coöperate with an impartial chairman and that they all believed Bickers best qualified. She had accepted under their urgings, and the period since that time had gone more than satisfactorily. As she went around the shop saying "hello" and thanking the girls for their remembrances to her during her illness, she received terse, uncommunicative answers. At the noon hour she was quick to notice the strained atmosphere in which the workers went out to lunch and the manner in which they gathered together in silent groups.

Bickers decided to talk with Rose Sorrentino, who had acted as shop chairman in her absence. Although she had visited Bickers a number of times during her illness and had talked of the shop and its affairs, Sorrentino had never indicated that anything was wrong. The girls had chosen Sorrentino as their temporary chairman because she was popular and had been with the firm about six years. Rose Sorrentino was familiar with both management and union policies. She was an attractive girl of Italian parentage and had a sunny disposition. Although she was American born, her parents supervised her life in accordance with strict Old World, Italian standards.

Bickers: Hi, Sorrentino! I looked over here twice this morning, because I missed your singing. You're not sick, are you?

Sorrentino: No, I feel O.K., but you may as well know, nobody feels much like singing any more, at least not in here.

Bickers: What is the matter? Has Jake[1] complained about the noise?

Sorrentino: No, the girls are too busy hating one another.

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[1] Mr. Livingston, the shop proprietor.

Bickers: Come now, Sorrentino, why "hating?" You girls aren't capable of such a thing, especially you.

Sorrentino: Well, there are a few girls in here I do hate now — most of all, Naomi Muhlstein. After all these years, do you know she had the nerve to sit there and pass a remark to the effect that the government did right to classify the Italians as enemy aliens? When the Italians were classed as enemy aliens, my mother cried all night. My father said he didn't care, but he did — deeply.

Bickers: Needless to say, Sorrentino, I am sure we all feel very badly about the Italians' being classed as enemies, particularly here in New York where we have such a fine Italian population. Some of our leading citizens are attempting to have the classification lifted. I feel sure Naomi didn't mean it as you feel she did. Did you hear all the conversation?

Sorrentino: No, I did not, but I heard enough to satisfy me.

Bickers: I'm sorry you didn't speak of this before, but what's the matter with the other girls?

Sorrentino: The same thing, everyone is taking a definite stand against everyone else, and for good reasons, too.

Bickers: Are the reasons all about the same?

Sorrentino: Yes, they are, and let me advise you: You are well liked by the girls now, but if you start to take sides, you will be surprised how quick they can change.

Bickers: Thanks, Sorrentino, I'll be seeing you.

Bickers decided to talk to some of the girls before the noon hour ended. While she was walking around, she met the foreman, Giacomo Maccini, an Italian, thirty-one years old and married. Maccini's primary interest was in production.

Giacomo Maccini: Well, Margaret, I sure am glad to see you back, not only because we are so shorthanded, but because now we may have some peace in the shop. I suppose you noticed the difference?

Bickers: Thanks, Giacomo. It is rather nice to be back with the girls; but speaking of peace, I thought it was a little too peaceful in here. Why the gloom?

Maccini: Well, I would like to talk to you about it. How about this afternoon?

Bickers: O.K., but why all the mystery?

Margaret Bickers continued on her way and met three of the girls who had worked for the firm before it was unionized, and who, she knew, were levelheaded as a rule.

Bickers: Hello, girls, this is like old times. I've sure missed you all.

Evalina Gorgone: We have missed you, too, and have waited for the time when you would be back with us, for more reasons than one.

Caroline Cutright: Yes, it's a good thing you came back now, before someone gets hurt. We are all fed up with those Hitler lovers.

Bickers: Girls, I really wish you would tell me exactly what you are talking about. Caroline, you are making rather a strong accusation.

Catherine Fuller: Well, Margaret, Teresa Veronese and Elsa Beckmesser are carrying their Fascist principles too far. They started it all when Naomi Muhlstein was crying, the day her only son was drafted.

Bickers: Yes, Catherine, go on. Started what?

Catherine: Why, a civil war right here in our own shop, and we won't stand for it.

Bickers: But girls, for several years now you, Naomi Muhlstein, Teresa Veronese, Elsa Beckmesser and all the others have been the best of friends. You have shared work in the slow seasons, you girls have even walked the picket line together during zero weather.

Caroline: Yes, that's what makes it all so terrible, but Naomi was one of us, too, and that day when her boy Matthew was drafted, Elsa and Teresa spent practically their whole lunch hour saying that inasmuch as the Jews started the war, it was no more than right that their sons should go and die for the cause. The other girls wanted Naomi to prefer charges against them in the union,[2] but Naomi said no, it would only aggravate matters; but Teresa and Elsa remarked that her conscience was bothering her, if she had one.

Catherine: But Margaret, the worst part is that those two have influenced quite a few of the other girls.

Bickers: What is Giacomo Maccini doing about all this?

Catherine: You know him. All he thinks about is getting out the garments. He wouldn't care what happened as long as he gets his garments. He simply says, "I need them."

Bickers: And Mr. Livingston?

Catherine: Oh, he listens to both sides and gives us his speeches about coöperation in these trying times, and returns to his office. You know how spineless he is when it comes to anything that doesn't bear directly on actual production of garments.

Bickers: Girls, I can see now that if you girls wish the kind of shop you had before, I shall need your help.

Evalina: You just tell us what to do, before we all have nervous breakdowns.

Bickers: It's time we were going back to work, but the first thing you three can do is to forget this conversation for the rest of the afternoon.

Bickers remembered Naomi Muhlstein's son Matthew, clearly a factor in the girls' disputes, from his high school days. He had a close relation with his mother and often came to the shop for her, to bring her supper if she was working late, her umbrella and rubbers when it was wet, or just to meet her.

During the early part of the afternoon Maccini, the foreman, told Margaret Bickers he would like to speak with her at 3:30. In the meantime she thought she should speak either to Elsa Beckmesser or to Teresa Veronese. She remembered Elsa as a likable girl, of German parentage, married seven years, childless, a good steady worker, and coöperative. She worked on the machine next to Teresa Veronese, who had always been rather difficult. Teresa, like Rose Sorrentino, was of Italian parentage. Her home life was severely supervised, and it did not alter when she was married, since her husband merely took over the supervision where her mother left off. Now that he was in the service, her mother-in-law was exercising an even stricter

[2] In this union the feeling of the members against racial or other discrimination was so strong that preferring charges against a member who broke the custom was accepted as appropriate. The threat of bringing the charges was so strong, however, that it was seldom necessary to take formal action.

supervision. Bickers knew that about the only social life Teresa had was with her co-workers, to some of whom she sometimes brought Italian food. She was a highly sensitive girl and always on the defensive, given to strong opinions concerning shop policies and the other girls. Both Elsa and Teresa had visited Bickers while she was sick.

Bickers decided that Elsa would be the easier of the two to talk with first. She managed to go to the rest room when the latter did. A conversation started without delay.

Elsa: We all think you look good and it is good to look up and see you at your machine, but things are not the same any more. The girls are like enemies, you will soon see. War is terrible.

Bickers: Yes, Elsa, it is. I am glad you have been noting the real cause of all this trouble. How do you think this unpleasantness really started?

Elsa: Some of the girls are blaming us, but we are only human and can take just so much.

Bickers: Elsa, how about you and I having a cup of coffee before we go home; then we can have a nice long chat.

Elsa: Fine. That will be good.

At 3:30 Bickers entered the office, followed by the foreman, as was arranged.

Maccini: I suppose the girls have told you about the trouble we are having?

Bickers: Yes, but I would appreciate it if you would tell me what you know about it.

Maccini: All I know is that the girls have moved the war from Europe to right here in the shop.

Bickers: What are you doing about it?

Maccini: Now, Margaret, you know I can't take sides. I need all the girls; that is why I wanted to talk to you. Mr. Livingston wishes to talk to you, too.

Bickers: How long have you been ignoring this situation? Have you spoken to Jim Trask? [3]

Maccini: I decided not to take sides right from the beginning. I didn't speak to Trask because I didn't want the girls to think I was telling tales, as almost all of them are involved.

At this time Mr. Livingston entered the office. Mr. Livingston, owner of Livingston, Inc., was a quiet, mild-mannered man, who had been in the business for about ten years before his shop was organized. He prided himself on the small labor turn-over in the shop and often remarked, "I don't bother my girls, and most of them have been with me for years." Livingston left the production end of the business entirely up to Maccini, the foreman, and only rarely was he called on to settle issues involving the workers in the shop, since such issues were usually settled at the source. He got along fairly well with the union.

[3] Trask was business agent of the union. In the garment industry a business agent was elected by the workers of a union local. He was usually the only officer of a local who worked full time for the union. He helped to correlate the activities of shop chairman in whatever shops (usually several in number) were represented in his local, supported them in their dealings with their managements, and acted as their link with higher union officers. Most shops hired workers through their local's office, so that a worker who left her job in one shop to go to another changed her membership from one union local to another infrequently. Consequently her relations with persons in the union office might become more permanent than her relations with the management of any one shop. The business agent was often, therefore, an important person to members of the local.

Mr. Livingston opened the conversation with Margaret Bickers as follows:

Mr. Livingston: Margaret, I'm sorry you had to come back and find the girls so up in arms, but this war has done strange things to all of us.

Bickers: Yes, I suppose it has, but that is no reason for this present condition. They should be closer now than ever.

Mr. Livingston: What are you going to do? Giacomo and I have felt that you would find a solution. Rose Sorrentino seems to have shown partiality in her work as temporary shop chairman.

Bickers: I don't know; you have let it drift on all these weeks.

Mr. Livingston: We couldn't very well interfere; they are irreplaceable; I need them all.

Bickers: Yes, I suppose you do need them all, but suppose you lose some of your oldest workers? Even now they are threatening to leave; they refuse to work in the same shop with one another.

Maccini: I said from the beginning that we should have fired the two that started it, but then I could not afford to lose them and the union might not allow me to.

Bickers: I don't think firing them would do any good now. I'll try to think of something else.

Bickers kept her appointment with Elsa Beckmesser, and the two decided to have dinner instead of just coffee. During the first part of the meal they talked shop gossip, but finally the conversation came around to the problem that was on both their minds.

Elsa: Margaret, I suppose you knew before today what was going on?

Bickers: No, Elsa, I had no idea and, needless for me to say, I am quite shocked.

Elsa: Well, I thought those trouble makers had told you when you were ill.

Bickers: A number of the girls did visit me, including you and Teresa, but you all certainly gave me the impression that you were one big, happy family. Elsa, do you recall four years ago when you and several others chose me as shop chairman? I told you then that I didn't think I could act for the group because you girls hadn't given the previous chairman your coöperation. But you girls insisted you would coöperate if you could have an impartial chairman; so now let us be very honest again. You realize, of course, the predicament the shop is in. I should be in the office of the union right now reporting to the business agent that some of you have been indulging in conduct unbecoming a member of the union. I would rather not go to the business agent because that means a shop meeting and discipline for the guilty; so I am wondering if you and I can't work out something together.

Elsa: I'm terribly unhappy working in that place, but I just couldn't take it any longer. My husband has been in the service for six months now and I miss him more than ever.

Bickers: Yes, I am sure you do. How is he?

Elsa: He is well, but misses me and being home. Well, Naomi made us all angry that day. You would have thought she was the only one who had a son in the service. All day long all she did was cry and complain. Our husbands have been gone a long time, but she thinks her Matthew is too good.

Bickers: Elsa, you know that all people do not accept things alike. Just what did happen that day?

Elsa: You know Teresa, how outspoken she is. She really is having trouble at home, too; she lives with her mother-in-law now. Her mother-in-law is strictly old-fashioned Italian and is always harping on those who started the war, and saying that if the Jews minded their own business, her son Rinaldo would be home — until she almost has Teresa believing it.

Bickers: And you, Elsa?

Elsa: I can't help it if my parents were German, either, but the truth is when Teresa made the first remark that those who wanted the war should be only too happy to send their sons, the others said that Italy and Germany could stick together, and so we did.

Bickers: Elsa, I think I understand a little better now, but I'm not sure whether you understand just what havoc a few of us have caused. Regardless of the origin of your parents, Teresa's parents, or my parents, we are Americans now, the same as we were before the war.

Elsa: I think I do understand, and I am sorry. I hate this war; we had so much fun before. I miss it all so much — I am thinking of leaving the shop; so is Teresa.

Bickers: No, don't leave; let's all stay together, at least until the war is over. Come on, let's go home and think it over.

The next day Bickers went to see Trask, the business agent, and told him the story, because she thought the problem was of such a serious nature that he should know. Then, too, she wanted his advice.

After Margaret Bickers had told Trask, the business agent of the union local, about the situation at the Livingston Company, he spoke as follows:

Trask: I think so far you have done a good job in getting at the facts, and the case is clear. I agree with you that disciplinary measures would have no effect, or very little, in really easing their feelings. The relationship that existed before, which I believe is the one they sincerely prefer, can exist again only by their own efforts.

Bickers: How? You know how quick their tempers are, and living in nervous tensions at home hasn't helped them any. Mr. Livingston is no help, as usual.

Trask: Well, firing any of them is definitely out. They would only carry their feelings and misunderstandings to another shop and we would have to cope with the same problem again, and after a while they really would come to believe all this stuff they hear about all these nationalities. Margaret, I've been thinking about all the good times they used to enjoy together. Why don't you plan to have a party or something soon?

Bickers: At a time like this?

Trask: Sure. That is what they are missing the most, and at a party they can relax. At the first opportunity tomorrow morning sound out Naomi Muhlstein and Teresa Veronese, if you think they are in a reasonable mood. Sort of draw on their help. Of course, don't talk party to them for a few days at least.

Bickers: It sounds so simple. I can hardly believe it will work. It has possibilities, though, because Teresa is very happy planning parties.

Trask: I believe you've got a good start toward easing the trouble, and of course do not mention to any of them that I know. It might make them self-

conscious in their future dealings with me; furthermore, I want them to think that they have mended their own rift.

Bickers: Very well. I'll be up to see you in a few days.

The very next day Bickers had to aid in adjusting a rate for the seamers, who included Naomi Muhlstein. After the adjustments were made, Naomi Muhlstein informed Bickers that her son had sent her his best regards from his camp.

Bickers: Thanks, Naomi; Matthew always was a thoughtful boy. I can remember when he was going to high school how he used to bring your umbrella and rubbers when it was raining.

Muhlstein: I miss him terribly. Our house is like a morgue; even his dog sits and watches the door.

Bickers: Yes, Naomi, I know how it is in your home because mine and most of the other girls' are just about the same.

Muhlstein: Can you imagine anyone saying that I should be glad to send Matthew to war?

Bickers: No, I cannot, and if all of us were living under normal conditions I don't think Teresa or anyone would even think such a thing. We are all so miserable that we just don't stop to think. Naomi, why do you think Rose Sorrentino is so incensed against you?

Muhlstein: Oh, she sides with Teresa.

Bickers: I believe you will be surprised when I tell you her reason. She claims you said that it was good the government had classified the Italians as enemy aliens.

Muhlstein: I never did.

Bickers: Think hard. I don't believe you did either, but did you discuss it with any of the girls?

Muhlstein: I remember reading an article about it, and I did discuss it offhand one noon hour, but I never said that it was my view, as I assure you it was not.

Bickers: Well, Sorrentino thinks you did and so do quite a few of the others, but I never believed you were guilty of such a thing. I am sure there is a simple explanation for all our misunderstandings.

Muhlstein: Thanks for telling me. I'll explain to Sorrentino if you think she will listen to me.

Bickers: I think she will.

Naomi Muhlstein evidently had success, for in a few days she and Sorrentino were on good speaking terms and seemed to have forgotten their differences.

Meanwhile, Teresa Veronese presented the biggest problem. On the third day Bickers was back on the job, Veronese came over at lunch and gave her an artichoke she had brought from home especially for her.

Veronese: We had these for supper last night, and so I saved you one.

Bickers: Thanks. It's been a long time since I've had one of your specials. How is your husband? Does he find time to write you often?

Veronese: Yes, he writes fairly often. I write him every day, of course. Things are bad at home without him.

Bickers: I think I know just how you feel; practically all of us are experienc-

ing lonely homes now, regardless of who we are. The hurt is not less for some than others.

Veronese: Humph! Some people in here don't seem to think so. Naomi Muhlstein is the leading example. My husband's parents as well as mine were classed as enemy aliens, and yet my husband was called to the draft, but I didn't come in the shop wailing all day like she did. I suppose her conscience was bothering her.

Bickers: I've been talking to Naomi and Rose, and to quite a few of the others about all the misunderstandings that exist among us girls, for that is all they are. Naomi Muhlstein insists that she did not make the remark, but that she was merely talking about an article she had read in the paper. She was actually condemning it. That's the way it has been with the others. We are all naturally upset. Most of the girls are extremely sorry that the atmosphere of the shop has changed, and it is up to you and a few others to bring about a better understanding among you girls.

Veronese: Why me?

Bickers: Because you are sensible and one of the oldest girls in the shop; furthermore, you were one of the first to misunderstand, and if you could be mistaken, so could the others. Do you know that if you would start talking to Naomi, it would melt the ice?

Veronese: Suppose she doesn't speak to me. I'd feel like a dope.

Bickers: She will. I've already spoken to her because I felt there must be some mistake, and she does feel sorry about it all. You know how quiet and timid Naomi is; so you speak to her, as you always know just what to say and how to go about it.

Veronese: O.K. According to you I made a mistake; so if I did, I'll tell Naomi I'm sorry.