

Bulgaria	76	Greece	11.83	Romania	8.00
Czechoslovakia	2.00 1/2	Holland	14.20 3/4	Spain	8.00
Denmark	10.10	Hongkong	25.00	Sweden	10.40
		India	28.10	Switzerland	10.00
		Italy	7.51 1/2	Venezuela	15.00

BUYING PRIME BILLS
Canada, per hundred dollars, 80.00

Present Facilities Can Aid Women in Need, Says Writer

Celebrates



JUDGE GEORGIA P. BULLOCK, who observed her seventh judicial anniversary yesterday.

MRS. BULLOCK 7 YEARS JUDGE

Superior Judge Georgia P. Bullock yesterday celebrated her seventh judicial anniversary.

In observance of the event, members of the judge's department - J. A. Farnsworth, clerk; Louise Moeller, reporter, and Herman Roberts, bailiff - had seven candles burning on the bench when the judge arrived to open court.

It was seven years ago—December 28, 1924, that Judge Bullock received official confirmation of her appointment as Police Judge here. In February, 1926, she began her term of service as Municipal Judge, and last August went on the Superior bench.

Miss Sepulveda Laid to Rest

In the old Plaza Church, where she was christened 82 years ago, Senorita Tranquilina Sepulveda slept between tall candles yesterday as scores of friends, members of the city's pioneer families, listened to the requiem mass. Burial was in Calvary Cemetery.

Senorita Sepulveda died Christmas Eve in the home of her grandnephew, Laurence Vander Leck, in Altadena. Born in Los Angeles, she was the daughter of Don Jose Andres Sepulveda and granddaughter of Francisco Sepulveda, both holders of great land grants.

Captures Bank Recovers \$860

young prisoner gave his name as Glenn Rucker. He said he and his brother came here from Santa Barbara. The brother, Chester, was arrested later in a beach hotel.

Rucker came into the bank and threatened to drop a bottle of TNT unless the money was handed him. The bottle later was found to contain a harmless solution

'Chest Should Have Central Bureau to Direct Help'

'WAR TIMES'

'Agencies Not Awake to Desperate Need of Jobless'

From her unique and remarkable experiences with the friendless and helpless women out of work and forced to turn to charity for help, Adela Rogers St. Johns here presents some of her conclusions.

The noted writer, who assumed the role of a girl without a job, funds, friends or home in order to find out for *The Examiner* just how the great army of unemployed women subsists, presents in this installment a number of constructive suggestions to ease the desperate plight of these unfortunate women.

By Adela Rogers St. Johns

Upon a certain cold morning I started out in the city of Los Angeles, penniless, shabby, without baggage and without references, to see just what would happen to me—how I would eat, sleep and if I could find a job.

If you have gone with me into the depths, if you have tramped the pavements with me in my search for work, if you have gone with me to charity, there can be no doubt in your mind that there are thousands of unemployed women and girls whose situation is desperate.

Don't fool yourselves. Their desperation can become a menace to the peace and order of this community. For crime, prostitution, suicide and demoralization follow hunger and cold and empty pockets.

What can be done?

What is being done?

Is there a way to meet the suffering, mental and physical, of our sisters who are trapped in a great economic upheaval as they might be trapped by an earthquake or a flood?

'War Times' Emergency Need Can Be Readily Solved

Yes. Yes. In spite of the dark outlook, straitened circumstances on every hand, there is a way. And one that need not be too hard upon all of us, who have already done our very best to aid in this crisis, who have already given right up to the quick of our depleted bank accounts.

There are two separate and distinct needs in the unemployment of women today.

The first is an emergency need—the actual, immediate and racking need for something to eat, a bed to sleep in, a place to get warm and clean.

The second, and much more im-

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2 DIFFERENT NEEDS FOR JOBLESS WOMEN

(Continued From Page One)

portant need, that of women who have supported themselves and their dependents who have homes, who are part of the ordered scheme of things but are out of work. Their need is for money to pay rent, gas, property taxes, such utility as they can work against.

The first need, the emergency need, can be solved by already existing facilities, if these are properly employed and if every organization in the city will recognize that this is "war time."

"Let me show you." Facts are they are. What can be done. And above all, what YOU can do, without giving any more money at this moment.

The Community Chest is a collection agency and a collection agency only. Its only purpose is to raise money.

Twelve thousand volunteer workers, without any remuneration, this year collected three million, three hundred and twenty-four thousand, four hundred and seventy-five dollars. A great feat.

Yet the Community Chest has of itself, not one cent to spend, above actual running expenses, which are as low as is consistent with efficiency.

This great sum of money was not in cash. A large proportion of it was in pledges.

Once this money is pledged, the Community Chest makes out a budget, and turns over to the various agencies—more than a hundred in number—their appropriation. The Salvation Army, the Y. W. C. A., the Y. M. C. A., the Volunteers of America, and many other already working organizations, receive from the Community Chest a certain sum to spend in aiding the poor and the sick, the unemployed, the old and helpless, the young and lost, who do not come under the head of County Charity.

But here is where the great failure has come in, where I am convinced a great misunderstanding on both sides has worked agony and pitiable delay.

BECAUSE in raising this money, the Community Chest has been so widely publicized, it has come to stand in the public mind as a synonym for charity.

BECAUSE the money is asked for and given to the Community Chest, the average mind expects

to receive from the Community Chest.

As a collection agency, the Chest has functioned amazingly at a minimum cost. It has saved all of us the worry and distress of continued calls, of giving in a lump to one charity only to be called upon later by others that are also needy. It has prevented racketeering under the guise of charity. It collects more money and it costs far less—in other words, more of the money raised goes to charity.

Their budget in giving out that money to all the established agencies is a dubious spend. (I do hope the Salvation Army, in this regular year of stress and strain, gets the biggest budget, because I believe from my own experiences and from all I have heard that they are the best workers in times like these.)

Where the scheme has broken down is in the Chest's contact with those who expect to receive help. Perhaps the Chest does not realize that its name is written large upon every hungry heart, that in every poor, tormented brain seeking a way out of trouble and misery is engraved "Community Chest." Every appeal made and printed to GET money increased the feeling of the poor that the Community Chest was the place to receive help.

There must be, and at once, another link forged in this chain to make a complete circle, within whose radius the unemployed woman—and all others in need—can be protected from despair.

There must be an adequately planned, intelligent and swiftly working central clearing house at the Community Chest to deal with those who come for help.

That does not exist at present. I know. I experienced its absence and I have talked with hundreds of others who did likewise, and whose disappointment is casting a black cloud over the great name of this band of workers, is seeping like poison through the minds of those who ask and in time will undermine the faith and courage of those who give.

Where to go for help? What charity to see for this special calamity? How to find out who will give aid in this particular case? Who has a bed tonight, right this minute, for a decent, respectable woman, cringing beneath her own failure? Where can women register

for jobs? Where can a girl find food when she is hungry? What groups will aid transients, who can get as hungry as anybody? What are the laws which mummify the County Welfare Department, and if one is technically outside their aid, where can that aid be found within the province of that \$9,324,475 collected?

The Chest must have a proper and immediate department to answer all these questions and answer them correctly.

There must, in these days, be someone available to every woman who needs help at every hour of the day and night.

Beds, Baths There Should Be Enough to Go Around

There must be an office open with an emergency worker ready every hour of the 24 and seven days of every week.

As hospitals do, they must revise their present inadequate listing in the telephone books, so that these emergency numbers are given clearly. And the various departments of the Chest must be clearly set down there, for those in need grow very weary of tramping from one door to another.

In the various agencies to whom the money collected by the Chest is turned over there are, I believe, suf-

ficient facilities to meet the emergency cases.

There are 400 free beds which could be used.

There are free baths. There are places to eat. And could easily be more, because of the devoted and self-sacrificing women who are giving their time and energy to running them.

No one need sleep in an automobile, as I did, nor be sent to the crowded and over-worked Little Chest Faith Mission. Yet, as I showed you, they are sent there. I was sent there.

Why? Because the agencies of the Chest have not awakened to the desperate need, and because the Chest has not a centralized bureau in proper working order to tell women where to go. That's why.

If all these agencies are forced by the Chest, upon whom they are dependent, to turn over all their resources for immediate use, they will cover present needs.

Many of these facilities are not being used. Above all, they are not KNOWN. The women who need them don't know how to reach them and are not told. And the over-worked and under-trained division of the Chest which attempts to handle this work goes out in an atmosphere of coldness which hurts and discourages those not used to asking for charity.

We cannot act as we have acted in normal times. We must cut away some of the red tape, as Florence Nightingale in the Crimean

War, opened the boxes of food supplies with her own axe with the red tape interlarded with her emergency need. We must speed up the machinery.

Don't carp about Community Chest salaries. In the end, they will pay great dividends to the poor.

But you, who have pledged your money, you who give to the Chest INSIST as you fulfill those pledges upon certain things:

1. A powerful, well organized, adequate central clearing house where the poor can be directed to their proper places. A place open twenty-four hours of seven days.
2. The same spirit in the welfare workers that you had in your heart when you made that pledge, so that your money will not only be spent wisely but your love is passed on to those you intended to help when you gave.

3. A budget of the money collected. It is proper for a time when mere welfare work, mere hobbies are set aside to some extent and the majority of your money goes to those organizations fitted to cope with real and immediate distress.

In all honesty, I believe, this would enable us to meet the emergency staring us in the face without being to great a burden upon those of us who have been getting a little tough and a little hard wave that has submerged so many millions.

If you want to help—active in this emergency cause, there is the

Woman's Breakfast Club, with its soup kitchen, the Girl's Rendezvous, Mrs. Gilford's lunch room at 849 Flower street, the Christ Faith Mission—ports of call in the storm.

They are all, to my positive knowledge and from my own experience—giving great help, giving it with a beautiful spirit and in the right places. They can all use food, workers, and money in even the smallest quantity.

BUT, let me tell you this, and tomorrow let me show it to you. This is not the greatest need. It is perhaps the most appealing, the most dramatic. The one that touches your heart instantly.

The great need, the essential and desperate need, my sisters, is the need of the women who live here. The thousands upon thousands of working women, who must work, the women with dependents.

To throw them upon charity is to accomplish nothing but disaster. They are fighting a great—and being battle—to keep their heads up. And they must have aid. To keep their little homes, to keep their families.

What can be done to hold them up until they can go back to normal work?

My heart aches for them—as yours would. What can we do for them? I think I can show you. I think there is a way out for them.

(Miss St. John's articles on the unemployment situation will be continued tomorrow.)



"I'll be fair"

"I LIKE the way"