

FOREIGN EXCHANGE RATES
Quoted in Los Angeles Yesterday

SELLING RATES			DRAFTS QUOTATIONS IN CENTS		
Argentina	26.54	France	3.95%	Japan	49.03
Austria	14.10	Germany	3.75%	Yugoslavia	11.14
Australia	278.00	Great Britain	345.50	Norway	18.25
Belgium	14.05	Greece	40.38	Peru	28.24
Brazil	0.52	Holland	25.40	Rumania	12.72
Bulgaria	.76	Hongkong	25.40	Spain	8.41
Czechoslovakia	2.00%	India	25.00	Sweden	14.40
Denmark	10.05	Italy	6.14	Switzerland	10.92
				Venezuela	16.58

BUYING PRIME BILLS
Canada, per dollars, 70.75

'Hand Blistered, Shoulder Ached'
ADELA ROGERS ST. JOHNS shown over the ironing board when she toiled like many other mother's helpers. She did the job at night after her two young charges had gone to bed. Not being used to it, she soon found herself suffering.

THE NOTED WRITER is shown at the stove preparing a meal. She praises the kindness of her employer and consideration of the children, and deplors the gulf of misunderstanding usually existing between employer and employee.—Examiner photo.

Suspicion's Gulf Separating House Worker, Employer



Writer Takes Job as Mother's Helper in Small Family
\$15 MONTH

Tasks Prove Hard, but Kindness Shown Her Brings Joy

In this, the fourth chapter of her remarkable first-hand story of a girl alone, out of funds and out of work, Adela Rogers St. Johns recounts one of her most interesting experiences—that of a mother's helper in a home with two children.

The famous writer, who took the role of a woman out of work to find out for The Examiner how the homeless and penniless army of unemployed women gets along, here tells also of the misunderstanding between employer and employed which accentuates the present conditions.

By Adela Rogers St. Johns

Taxi dance halls. The voice of a white-haired preacher in a mission church on Spring street shouting, "And the pale horseman's name was Death." Artificial flowers in white boxes. Crowds of hard, defensive, pathetic faces in the filthy rooms of the County Charities. Narrow white cois with women's tired faces on strange pillows, pitiful and relaxed in the blessed forgetfulness of sleep. The smell of damp clothes. The beautiful, comely face of a woman, alight with a great desire to help. Women with wet hands, staring at me from their doorways. Store windows full of Christmas—Christmas.

A panorama, passing swiftly, when I shut my eyes for a moment. A medley sounding in my ears, keeping me awake at night.

Among the unemployed no one mentions Christmas. They do not weep nor moan. They simply do not speak of it.

Pressure
Terrific Hand-to-Hand Struggle for Existence

BOY, 7, IN CRASH, WINS \$10,500

Johnnie McConnell, 7, yesterday won a verdict of \$10,500 against the Richfield Oil Co., as the result of an automobile accident in which his skull was fractured.

The verdict was returned by a jury before Superior Judge Douglas L. Edmonds.

The boy, represented by Attorney E. H. Janeway, was injured while alighting from a school bus February 10, 1930, in front of his home in the company's compound near Wilmington. He was run down by an oil company machine, according to testimony. He sued for \$56,888.70.

Burglaries Gain, Robberies Drop

Burglaries showed 33 per cent increase for the first twenty days of December over the corresponding period a year ago, Chief of

Fright Kills Woman, 70, Quizzed on Shoplifting

Fright resulting from questioning by a police officer yesterday was believed to have caused the death of an unidentified woman, about 70 years old, in a Hollywood store.

Store officials, who reported that the woman was carrying merchandise for which she had not paid, summoned Detective Lieutenant Freeman Gillette. The officer had

YULE MAIL SETS SEASONAL RECORD

Local Christmas mail, first class, set a new high mark for the present season yesterday when more than 3,277,000 letters and postal

BOY WITH POPGUN BOLD, BAD BANDIT

Armed with a toy popgun, a bold 9-year-old "bandit" swaggered into a gasoline station at 1681 West Fifth street and shouted at Gas

SUTTON NAMED TO COMMISSION

Mayor John C. Porter late yesterday announced appointment of Mark C. Sutton as a member of the Water and Power Commission to succeed O. T. Johnson Jr., resigned.

The City Council today probably will refer the appointment to the water and power committee for consideration.

Sutton is now a member of the Board of Public Utilities and Transportation, having been appointed by Mayor Porter soon after the present administration was inaugurated.

If the Council should confirm Sutton's appointment to the Water and Power Board Sutton will resign from the Utilities Board. Last year Sutton served as president of the Utilities Board.

Sutton is a citrus grower in the San Fernando Valley. His residence is at 14603 Hamilton street,

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Burglaries Gain, Robberies Drop

Burglaries showed 33 per cent increase for the first twenty days of December over the corresponding period a year ago. Chief of Police Steckel reported to the Police Commissioners yesterday.

In this period, 595 burglaries were reported, compared with 447 last year.

The year to date, however, shows a decided decrease in robberies. For the first twenty days of December there were 141 robberies, compared with 273 in 1930.

L. A. Marble Shooting Title Finals Today

The champion marble shooter of Los Angeles will be determined at 10 a. m. today at Downey Playground, when finals of the city tournament are to be held. Participating in the junior and senior championships will be 184 boys.

SEASONAL RECORD BOLD, BAD BANDIT

Local Christmas mail, first class, set a new high mark for the present season yesterday when more than 3,277,000 letters and postal cards were run through the canceling machines.

Postmaster P. P. O'Brien, in giving out these figures, said that he has ample help and that he has not yet called men on the reserve working list.

"The volume of first-class mail is much heavier this year than the packages," he said.

Yule Show Friday for Sawtelle Vets

With Southern California radio and vaudeville artists as guests of honor, Sawtelle Home Post 322 of the American Legion will hold its annual Christmas show for veterans of the Soldiers' Home Friday night.

Armed with a toy popgun, a bold 9-year-old "bandit" swaggered into a gasoline station at 1681 West Eighth street and shouted at Gene Schoetler, proprietor:

"Stick 'em up, you-all!"

After a "fearful struggle," Schoetler succeeded in "disarming" the child, who was turned over to police. At Georgia Street Station, he gave his name as William Lyon, colored, of 1636 Tarleton street.

"I needed some money to buy pretty Christmas things," young Lyon "confessed."

The boy's parents arrived, told police their son had been thrilled by bandits in motion pictures and took William home. They promised he would be "severely reprimanded."

Sutton's appointment to the Water and Power Board Sutton will resign from the Utilities Board. Last year Sutton served as president of the Utilities Board.

Sutton is a citrus grower in the San Fernando Valley. His residence is at 14603 Hamlin street, Van Nuys.

During the past four months Mayor Porter endeavored twice to appoint Attorney Frank J. Waters as a member of the Water and Power Board, but the Council, on each occasion, refused to confirm the appointment.

Catherine Calvert Here to Visit Son

Catherine Calvert, noted stage actress and widow of Paul Armstrong, author of "Salomy Jane" and "Alias Jimmy Valentine," was in Los Angeles yesterday to pass the holidays with her 17-year-old son, Paul Armstrong Jr., employee of the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studio.

Pressure Terrific Hand-to-Hand Struggle for Existence

Slowly, my own home, my own life, fading away before the terrific pressure of this hand-to-hand battle for existence. As though it were all a beautiful dream or a memory from some former existence. Many of the women I met have happy pasts that have become mere memories.

Registered nurses scrubbing floors. Women who have been executives in business houses making artificial flowers in small crowded rooms. Kindly, competent women, down with the rest of the world, listening with stony faces while a small blonde with a narrow face and a prim mouth recited some memorized spiel about "co-operation" in the office of an employment agency.

As I walked the long road from Los Angeles to West Hollywood to

(Continued on Page 14, Cols. 1-6)

kipppy appears every Sunday in color in the

comic section of the Los Angeles Examiner

By Percy L. Crosby

Writer Finds Kindness and Consideration as Mother's Helper

(Continued From Page One)
apply for a position as mother's helper at \$15 a month, my head swims with these things.

And I thought: "Well, my sisters, we asked for it. We asked for it."
I wondered—I am still wondering—if this is part of the price we as women are paying for "Freedom."

I am no social economist. I cannot give you facts and figures. But I know that women have never swamped the business world in the first place. Would things be better for them and for everyone in the United States? If families had never learned additional extravagance in living because a wife could work, if families had never taken on loads and obligations because a daughter could earn a salary, if working girls and women had never loved wage standards and taken men's jobs for less money, would we as women be in the spot we are today?

I believe that behind the misery I have encountered lies a breaking down of the fundamental laws of God and man. Maybe I am wrong. But perhaps this depression, this collapse of our former insanity, is a lesson to force us all back to the normal ways of life.

A plain-faced woman sat on the edge of a white cot in a Y. W. C. A. sanctuary and combed out her hair.

"My hair has grown white in a year," she said. "Now they think I am too old to work. I am so worn out with trying to get a job. The noise and the traffic and sleeping in strange places and worrying all the time have broken me down. I feel so hopeless. I don't dare look ahead."

Great Gulf Employer and Employed Both Suspicious

But to me the saddest thing I encountered was the great gulf of misunderstanding that separates employer and employee. The great gulf over which they look with suspicion upon each other.

One of the great executives of this newspaper said to me the other night, "What can be done? What

can be done to help, to avert further disaster?"

"The very first thing that must be done is to CLOSE THAT GULF OF MISUNDERSTANDING."

The two halves of the circle MUST meet and if that can be done, a month or two would see the greatest possible help given to all.

I sincerely believe that there are 5000 homes in Los Angeles that need and can afford inexpensive, untrained help. I know that there are 5000 women competent to give this help at \$15 a month.

But on both sides—you know it, women of the unemployed, you know it, wives and mothers in small, medium priced homes—is suspicion and resentment.

I went to work as a mother's helper at \$15 a month.

In spite of all the warnings I had had from the other women I met, in spite of all the things I had been told, I decided that I would work and eat and sleep. Somehow I heard five women refuse to consider the job I finally took.

"Too much work."

"Not enough money."

But I do not think that so little money is paid because the housewife wants to squeeze the unemployed woman. I think it is all she can pay.

Few Free Rides Cars All Going Too Fast to Notice

I had to have a work dress. My worn blue serge would not do for dish washing, house-working, cooking.

And where I was to get one, I didn't know. But that day I had my lunch of soup, sandwiches, coffee, fruit at Mrs. Gifford's lunch room.

The sight of her kindly face inspired me with courage to tell her my situation.

"We don't have money to give," she said. "We have only donations of food. But—a friend gave me a few dollars for emergencies. Would a dollar help you?"

That was how I got myself a plain blue uniform to wear in my new role.

I walked to West Hollywood from downtown at Second and Spring because again I wanted to save the carfare that had been given me by

the kind woman at the employment agency.

And let me tell you there is one thing you don't get many of in this town—free rides. The cars are all going too fast to notice how tired and hungry you look, I guess. I never get but one free ride, and that was on the delivery truck of a newsdealer!

It was a small, pink stucco house under shade trees—a double bungalow.

I rang the bell. I wasn't very hopeful. Probably the job would be filled. Or probably the woman would make me feel like an outcast or a criminal. As I stood there, I wished only that I might turn and run away.

The door opened. A pretty little woman in a clean print house dress stood there. Her eyes were big and serious. I handed her the card I had been given.

"Come in," she said.

My face was flushed with the long walk and my feet were large, unweildy balls of fire and brimstone. I am convinced now that the picture of hell as a place where you walk upon hot stones is okay.

On the Job Prelude to Experiences With Organized Charity

The little woman said, "You look tired. Let me get you a glass of water."

She told me her side of the story, when I had finished mine. She had been wanting some one to help with the children while she was at work, but she hadn't found anybody who would take the job for what she could afford to pay. She didn't want to trust the children to a high school girl. She wanted an older woman.

"It isn't a hard place," she said. "But I haven't been able to find anyone to take it. They think—two children—and only fifteen dollars a month! But I think it would be a good home for some one."

I worked in that place for two days.

I want very much to tell you about it. In the days that followed, when I lay upon the hard, virgin bed of organized charity, when I went from door to door trying to sell my flowers as many another woman is doing today, I held that to my heart and revived my faith in

humanity. I think there were days when I would have broken down with sheer hurt and heartache and hopelessness if it hadn't been for those two days with Dorothy and Buddy.

They called me "Aunt May." And you know what those two blasted youngsters did? In my whole life nothing ever happened that touched me as this did; and if Santa Claus doesn't leave anything in my stocking at all, it will still be full.

Happy Home Children Help Their Mother's Helper

They were so sorry for me, so worried because I had had such a hard time, that they went to their mother and wanted to spend some of their little Christmas money to buy me a present.

"Because, you see, mother," they said, "she won't have any Christmas present at all."

Let me give you a picture of the work there.

Those kids got up and got themselves dressed without waking me up. Ten and eight years old. I want to tell you now that they put to shame the children of their people I know, who have had expensive nurses, schools and constant care and thought. Though competent, grateful, well-mannered, well-behaved.

They helped me with the breakfast. Dorothy set the table and Buddy operated the toaster. We had grapefruit, cereal, boiled eggs, milk and milk. Dorothy wiped the dishes.

By nine-thirty, the house was spotless.

I got lunch and dinner. And the very first night, the lady of the house trusted me with a dollar to go out to the store to buy the meat for dinner. We had a lot of fun. After dinner Buddy beat me soundly at checkers, and was very sporty about it. He decided that in time I could learn to be a pretty good checker player. I told them stories—and they loved it. I put them to bed and heard their little prayers. To a homeless woman they were like a fire in a snowstorm.

There was ironing to do—because like most people on salaries

the lady of the house sent her work out to be rough dried. That night, when Dorothy and Buddy were "nestled all snug in their beds," I did the ironing.

Hated to Leave Employer Scolded Her for Working Too Hard

I suppose it wasn't much of an ironing and Dorothy and Buddy's mama said that I could do a little of it every day and not tire myself. But you see, I knew I had to go, because there was still so much to find out about what is being done for the unemployed women who haven't found a little pink stucco house with such a nice woman and such kids as Dorothy and Buddy. So I did it all that night. I've got to tell on myself. It is quite a while since I did a big ironing. I'm a good ironer. But my hand blistered and my shoulder ached.

When my employer came in, she scolded me roundly. And she had left the fire on so that I would be comfortable, and the papers and magazines for me to read. I had a good bed, clean and comfortable, and the sound of Dorothy and

Ocean Flyers Sent Air Congress Bids

ROME, Dec. 22.—Invitations to all transoceanic flight pilots asking them to take part in an air congress to be held here May 22-30 were in the mails today. The Congress sponsored by the Italian Aero Club will discuss the linking of continents by air as a chief topic.

Buddy breathing contentment beside me.

Of course fifteen dollars a month isn't a great deal of money. But a home like that is a wonderful place.

Yet a little man I met at the County Charities, a nice man, who offered to take me home to his wife when I was turned away with no help of any kind, said it was almost impossible to find anyone to take jobs like that.

I hated to leave. I really did. To start again to see what happens to the women who so mistrust other women. I wanted above all things to see what is done by the vast organizations which are supposed to care for these women—poor, homeless, hungry.

Let me list here the ones I want to tell you are fine, efficient and human—more than human, Christ-like.

The Salvation Army, The Christ Faith Mission, Almee Sumpson McPherson, Reverend Ethel Duncan, The Girls' Rendezvous, The Woman's Breakfast Club, Mrs. Gifford's lunch room. But what I went through to find them! It's left a scar that I think I will carry always.

(Miss St. John's interesting experiences will be continued in The Examiner tomorrow.)

Peach Trees Bloom for Georgia Yuletide

MOULTREE, Ga., Dec. 22.—(AP)—W. H. McCann has some extraordinary Christmas trees on his farm. Weeks of balmy weather have fooled the peach trees into thinking it was spring and they are in full bloom.

"OPEN ALL DAYS

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