

3/1/80

Ransom Carver

I have a variety of assignments this afternoon. Among them news items, thank yous, history, and projection into the future which I intend to do in about three minutes flat. First of all, a note of sadness, a memorial service was held at an annual program meeting of the council on Social Work Education in St. Louis in March in tribute to Ernest ^{Whitt} Whitt. Participants in the program were Catherine Kendall, Corrine Wolfe, and Charles Guzetta. Copies of these papers are available at USC in the Library. Ernest ^{Whitt's} Whitt's personal professional papers are on deposit in the Minnesota Social Welfare Archives. Then I think this is particularly fun, friends of Israel Smith will be pleased to hear of his marriage in January to Arlene Goldman. Israel and Arlene are living in Phoenix, Arizona. They first met over fifty years ago. Both had recently lost their companions and very happily found each other. We are pleased today that the arrangements here were done in the totally professional way they always are when these ladies do it. ^{Oglom} Astamel, will you stand? ^{Gaw} Marge Schwartz, ^{Goldman} Edna Girstel, and Ruth Britain. Anyway we are very grateful for their putting this together today and we appreciate it very much. This organization was started in 1978 in an informal way. Some informal meetings were held in Berkeley. In 1979, it was formally incorporated. I remember, I told George today the informal meeting in Berkeley because it was on that day that that was the first time I ever spent \$1200 for a book, at the Berkeley Press. At any rate it was the opinion of the informal group that something needed to be done about preserving records of Social Welfare in California on a formal basis in alliance with universities. The Berkeley Foundation is still involved with this organization and handles the funding of the program in Northern California. Last year we made a decision that we wanted to formally be sponsored by USC, so we redid our bylaws and we now have a formal commitment to USC and happily are trying to build archives. Also during this, and to bring you up to date, thanks to Francis Feldman, we have a project proposal into the National Endowment for the Humanities. We haven't heard whether we succeeded or not, but things look somewhat hopeful. We also have initiated oral histories. The last one that was taken was of Genevive Carter, I believe. At any rate there are several in this room I'm sure that should be part of those oral histories and we hope to get around to you. The other part that the board has been involved with is urging agencies to house there historical records here at USC. I think we have made some progress on that, but it has been slow. We

urge your support on that. The kinds of things that you can do to help us are to influence those groups and agencies in which you have had some affiliation to look to USC to house their records. We also need your suggestions on individuals who might have records that would be important and I think probably some of you are those people who in your garages and in your file cabinets have things that would be helpful to an archive. I think also that we need your assistance in pinpointing those people that you feel you don't want to lose there part of the history and that we hope we can get on oral history kinds of tapes. The other part of it is the financial support of the archives in which up to this point has been totally supported by individual contributions. I have some envelopes here which I am going to have people pass around and if you are so inclined, you can put a check in it. I am constantly reminded and I think it is one of the things we have lost, but we're repetitive in what we do. Our crisis I social services tend to repeat themselves. I never will forget at one of our meetings, somebody bringing up an article on child abuse problems sixty years ago. Archives can help I think in helping us not to remake the wheel and not to repeat our mistakes. I think as research items it is terribly important. I also think linkages to the past are important to train the future. Now I would like to turn this microphone over to Milt Goldburn, retired executive director of Big Brothers of Los Angeles. He is an alumni of UC Berkeley. O.K. Milt.

Although I have been identified so much with activities around USC and having had graduate students of the agency for about twenty five or thirty years I already feel like I am almost an alumni of USC. I have never talked too much about my Berkeley identification because it wasn't very popular in this part of the world. In those days I couldn't afford to go to USC, I had to go to Berkeley, I had no choice then. I have been given the privilege of trying to have a little part of the fun session here today. Many people thought it would be interesting to find out how did you happen to become a social worker. Some people trained for it, some people fell into it by accident and some were forced into it. We would like to take the remaining hour perhaps and give you an opportunity to share with us how you became a social worker. We thought two minutes, three at the most, less if necessary, but not beyond three. Well get some sense of the kind of experiences we have had in the past in coming into social work. I know some of us who are of the older vintage, our introduction was quite different than the introduction today where people are very well prepared. the undergraduate schools, they prepare themselves to become social

workers. Then they go to graduate school and get degrees and get out and get jobs that are highly structured. I am sure many of you weren't so structured. You either fell into it or were pushed into it. Let's start out and if the volunteering doesn't work to well, cause I am an old group worker, I will help with the volunteering and encourage. I remember every once in a while do remember that I had some training in group work. Just about a half hour ago something that I learned a hundred years ago in a group work class about this business of leading a group. You notice the way the chairs are organized, that is my deep investment in group work training. Everybody has to be in the front row. There is no second row, although I see a couple towards the back. Of all people Ms. Northen who taught group work, you better get up in the front row now. You John, you better get up in the front row, you just can't be in the second row. I think it was Harley Checker ^{Harley Checker} who taught me that. The one thing I think, that is one of the few things I learned from Harley Checker, how to organize a group. Let's start out. I understand a couple of people just can't wait to do this. We will give them a chance to do this. Winnie we will start with you. Come up here. We were hoping to have a roving microphone, but we discovered that they didn't have a roving microphone so we will do it here. We are taping this for the record.

Oh good, I am very glad. I am confident it belongs in the archives. I do have a secret to share with you. Since we began the meeting with vital statistics, I am happy to announce that Ann Astamel had a birthday and she will be able to vote in 1988 for the president. I think the reason that I have been elected to start this off is because I happen to be, either way you take it, I am awfully old. Social work started a long time ago because everything that I have to say would no longer be possible for any budding social worker today. You will have to understand, and I will make it brief in three minutes if I can. I started out in a part of rural Arkansas in Louisiana, which makes Appalachia look progressive. I arrived in California in 1933 in the bottom of the Depression. At a junior college it was clear that if I made it through four years, I had to be prepared to support myself when I graduated. What to be? I didn't know what to be. I had to make a living. In the meantime I was grazing in the library one late February afternoon in 1933 and discovered a whole section called government publications. I took down the section on the Agriculture Department and after perusing the bowl wheel for a while I put that back and took the Department of Labor. In the Department of Labor, then if you remember, if you were old enough

Madame Francis Perkins was secretary. Deep in the archives of that publication, loose leaf publications that there were, there was something known as the Bureau for Women. In the Bureau for Women's publications there was something called Careers for Women. I have to tell you right now that you know how long ago this was because that would have been impossible sexist to have a section on Bureau careers for women. I took a look at Careers for Women and it was even more sexist. There was a school teacher, a typist, a secretary, a nutritionist, a nurse, and in the last section there was something called a social worker. I had never heard the name before I read it. You will note in this Careers for Women there were no engineers, there were no doctors, there were no lawyers, there were no bio scientists. Then in teaching there was no place for a women in a university. It stopped at secondary education. I read under social worker and it was a dream world. You dealt with little children that you gave to happy foster parents and to happy adoption agencies. This was in the bottom of the Depression and there was no mention of public welfare. There was no mention of mental health. I was going out to hand out babies. I went down to UCLA in the fall of 1934 and told Dean Reber I wanted to be a social worker. He told me he didn't know how to get from here to there because he never had any calls for it before. He said if I would go home and come back in a few days, he would ask his wife, who did some volunteer work. I went back in a few days and she said that she had talked with a Dorothy Delapold. Does anybody remember that name? Hold your hand up. Traveler's Aid. Dorothy Delapold said you had to go to graduate school and that you should take all of the sociology and psychology possible. I took all of the psychology that Dr. Gill has and ran through those rat mazes at UCLA. I took that one professor of sociology at UCLA. He taught three courses. I arrived here pristine at USC in 1937, never having seen a live social worker or a social agency. It didn't occur to anybody to tell me to go see a social worker. In fact, no one knew where to find one. I am looking still, I am happy, USC accepted me, the profession has accepted me and the next time we have Wednesday night testimonial like I grew up in the rural South, I will be glad to tell you what this procession has done for me.

Well that is a good warm-up. Thank you very much. Lola are you able to participate? Is Lola here?

I told my story to quite a few of you I think, so you can put cotton in your ears and relax while I tell others who haven't heard my tale. I always talk about how I stumbled into social work because I had never even heard of it or thought of it until I stumbled into it. I went to college. I wanted to be a teacher of English and social science in high school or college. I went to, before UCLA, to the old campus, which is now a city college. I was a graduate of the last class from there before they opened the UCLA campus. It was then called University of California Southern Branch. I knew that if I were going to teach I would have to have additional work to get a credential. I had my undergraduate work, as I say as Southern Branch. I started then at USC to get a Master's in English, and then a teachers credential, which I received in 1932. There were no jobs then because the Depression, which I remember well when the crash came in 1929, had really begun to take its toll. So I hunted and hunted and hunted for any kind of a job and I was always told I was over prepared or under prepared or I had never had experience and so on and so on. I was getting to be very discouraged. One day, I lived in Long Beach at that time, I saw in the paper that a business college would give "free tuition in exchange for services." Well I had had some typing high school, I didn't know anything about other business college attributes, so I thought if I can go there maybe I can get a job in an office somewhere. So I went and when the woman who headed that business college found that I had a Master's in English, she said she would take me on right away and that I could write all of her letters. So I took business college course including Dictaphone work. In about six months one of my friends from high school days, the only one that I knew who had known something about social work and decided to go into it, called me one day. She was working for what was then called Emergency Relief before all of the governmental programs went in to be. She asked me if I would like to come over to the office, she knew I had had Dictaphone work, and do Dictaphone work for one here who is going on two weeks vacation. So I thought that would be a good experience. I went over and I did two weeks for that one and two weeks for another one and two weeks for a third one. When the powers that be in that agency discovered I had a Master's degree, even though it wasn't in social work, cause in that day not many people had training in social work, they said I was eligible to become a social worker. SO I had to decided to find out however I could what social work was all about. I started to going to night classes. I started working in the Emergency Relief in Long Beach. I drove up at night to USC where there were

undergraduate courses in social work in those days. I took courses and took courses for several years. Of course, as soon as the governmental programs went into being I was put on those staffs and I had a very busy time working and going to school. My social work education went over many many years. When the State Relief Administration discontinued I used what money I had then to go back to USC full time to finish what was called the First Year Certificate, to get what was called the First Year Certificate. At that time WW II broke out and Arlene Johnson, who by that time there was a graduate school of social work here, she said "I wish I could provide you with some resources to stay on a second year." I had spent all of my money by then. But she said "I can't, but there are lots of jobs opening up as a result of the war. Maybe you can come back later." That is what I did. I went into USO Traveler's Aid work. I had a wonderful experience there and believe me it gave me a breath of experience I could never of possibly hoped for otherwise. I was with them for a long time. Then when that program discontinued I went back to Chicago for my second year and eventually back to Chicago for advanced work and eventually I got into teaching because Arlene Johnson came back to Chicago where she had gotten her degree. I was just finishing a two year stint of post graduate work at that time. She invited me to come to USC, so I landed here teaching in 1956 and that is my story.

Well John, why don't you volunteer to come here and make a presentation.

I am an instant social worker so my statement will be very brief. I graduated from Stanford University in 1934 and returned to my parents home in Twin Poles, Idaho. I didn't know how to earn a living because there were no jobs and I really was not prepared for anything. The second day I was home I saw a very attractive blond lady come out of the neighbors house and get into a new Ford Roadster. So I asked my mother who that was because she wasn't one of our neighbors. She informed me that her name was Joanna Day. She was a social worker from Cleveland and had come to Idaho to help establish public welfare. The following day I was mowing the lawn and Ms. Day come over and asked me if I wouldn't like to take a ride to Boise, Idaho. She knew that I had friends there and she needed someone to go along. I did this. On the way she talked about social work. I had never heard about social work before. I visited my friends and returned home with her, still talking about social work. Just before I got out of the car she said "You report for work in the morning." I said "I have no idea that I want to be a social worker." She

said that I could come down and volunteer for awhile. So I went down and volunteered for three days and took a job at the salary of \$17.50 a week, over paid. in six weeks I was sent off as a county director of a small county at \$25.00 a week. So my career was launched,

Francis would you like to share with us?

I am another one who didn't know what a social worker was. I had finished college and was going into medical school in September and needed a job for the summer. A friend who was in the same position called and said "Take off your lipstick, put on some glasses, wear some flat shoes, and go see Mrs. So and so at such an address and she will give you a job as a social worker." I asked what a social worker is and he told me it was somebody who works for the state or the county and helped people. So, I didn't own any glasses, but I could take off my lipstick and wear some flat shoes. All she wanted to know was did I have a degree and that was really all except that I had to have a car. I had to report to work the next day with a car and a valid driver's license. I didn't know how to drive. As a consequence, I had to call my brother who was working his way through medical school, who rushed home showed me how to drive, took me to the Motor Vehicles Bureau, the one right down the street here. I was given a license and I reported to work the next day being followed by one person part of the way and then this fellow who had called me the other way. I don't know what they thought would happen or what they could do if I went astray. I arrived, I was on the job about ten minutes and my supervisor said "take this grocery order to such and such a family." I asked what a grocery order was. Nobody had told me what the agency did. She said "Oh, you can read it." Well I was much more preoccupied with how I was going to get to where I was to go. So I drove first and arrived safely at the address then began to read the instructions on the grocery order. I really could not decipher what they meant. A woman drove up behind me and you will remember this lady, June. She drove up behind me and she said "I saw you being sent off. Do you know what to do with that?" I said "no." She said "Let me tell you." She explained a grocery order and what you do when you see a family for the first time. Some ten years later she was a worker of an office of which I was the director and I have never forgotten her kindness. Do I get another two minutes? I brought somebody else into the field as ignorant about it as I. Needless to say I didn't go into medicine, I stayed in social work. I was being courted and many of you knew my husband. He would come to see me

in the evening in the Depression, walking the three miles to my house because he didn't have enough car fare or gas for his car. He was a research chemist. As a research chemist he was working two day, sometimes three days a week because nobody cared about research chemistry at that time. I would tell him about the clients I had seen and he said "I wonder if I can get a job like that?" So he went down and got a job like that because he had a very good degree from Johns Hopkins and he worked in the same office as Lola. He never went back to chemistry, so social work got two of us almost for the price of one.

Let's take a moment to turn the tape over here.

Edna would you like to share with us? After Edna I think we will just follow around the seats that way we won't be too selective. We can do it at random.

Well I decided when I was in high school to become a social worker. We had a class in social problems and the instructor had done social work in Chicago. He used to enliven our sessions by telling us about his experiences and I said that was for me. So I came to USC when they had the undergraduate program. That was in the days of Dean Bogardis Bessy McClanahan. So I went through that year laughing. I went through that program and was off and running and started to work for the county. Then some years later I met Arlene Johnson and I was inspired to go to graduate school. Francis mentioned grocery orders and when she was talking I was thinking about those horrible clothing orders. Do any of you know about clothing orders? They were the bane of my existence. You had two lists; one from the county store and one from the clothing they produced on the WPA work projects. Your client would give you his or her order for what the family needed, you would consult these two different lists, you would send your order in. Of course by then half the clothing was gone and your client became very angry with you. That was really the bane of my existence. After graduate school, may I say that life became a little more interesting and profitable in a way.

Up to this point it looks like we are having a review of the Depression. I heard somebody on television yesterday who predicted that we are going to have a depression in a couple of months from now, so maybe. Astamel, how about you coming here, then we will go right on around. Marge you follow afterward and Ms Peterson afterward.

Well I go back to the Depression. I am probably the oldest person here. I turned 79 yesterday. I will never be 80 because I am going back the other way. I will be 79 next year, you might as well know it. When I came out of college and I had had one experience with the family and one with me at home, our department of State Department and Social Welfare didn't have a single college graduate in it. We had quite a formal structure. It was the second department in this country. The person who was put into the commissioners job, and he was an excellent gentleman, Charles Henry Johnson, he was a founding in New York City. This was a time when there were no agencies handling the problems of children and each child was named Catholic, Protestant, and Jewish in turn and given a name. The men around the court would always follow these youngsters and help them. Someone suggested to him that he become a court reporter, which he became and then he secured a scholarship for Harvard out of this. He became a doctor of divinity and that didn't suit him at all. He went through the whole course. As an alternate to it, he was offered the job of commissioner of Social Welfare of the State of New York in 1914. Well I came into the department because his secretary was in Europe and I had taken a course and was able, if the commissioner wasn't looking, I could waste a lot of paper. It was all engraved. I had that job and the secretary returned and everybody was very jealous and I had all this antagonism because I had a college degree. That was all I had. So he sent me out on a civil service item for a representative in the Department of Institutions. They sent me over to do a report of an agency called the House of Refuge on Randall's Island. Maybe in your history books you remember the old House of Refuge founded in 1809. I got there on a very hot day. No one had briefed me. I got there on a very hot day and here were young kids in tattered and torn khaki being marched in, they were on the playground, and they were marched in for chow at 5:00 in the afternoon and then marched down to their cells. I learned that for even slight infringement of the rules, they were placed in cells three tier underground. For a serious infringement they were on water and bread for thirty days. When I learned this I began to wretch. I couldn't wait to get off the island and when I got home the commissioner learned that I went to the island and I was so disturbed by it that I wretched. So out of my wretching, they decided to call the president of the board of that agency. They called him into the office and they exhumed a report. Now this was 1930. They exhumed a report done by William Prior Letchworth if the name means anything to you from your social work history. They exhumed this report

and he wrote it in 1913 and had suggested then, in strong terms that this agency be demolished. Well they exhumed the report and had the entire board in and within a month that agency was changed and here I was full of guilt. I didn't know what I had done or why. All I had done was wretch. That was my introduction.

Marge. I know Marge quite well and she has a distinction, as far as I am concerned, at being the first professional volunteer that I met when I first came to work for the Jewish Big Brothers.

I had been going to college; my first year at Pomona and then I went to UCLA. Then I got married. The gentleman to whom I was married told me we would go back to Butte, Montana to live and that I would be a member of the Junior League and this that and the other lovely promises. So I decided that I had to be a social worker. I had to go up there with some know how and how to do good. I came down to USC because he was at law school here and I enrolled my junior and senior year and under Bessy McClanahan and Dr. Bogardis. That is how I happened to get into social work. My mother had been urging me to be a nursery school teacher. She was ahead of her years in her advise, but that need came a little bit later. Then along came the Depression. Well first of all, I must tell you I didn't stay married. It was a big mistake and I knew it wasn't going to work and I became divorced in 1936 when I graduated from USC. I hadn't taken my field work training so I had to come back for another year so that I could get a job in social work. By that time I knew I had found what I wanted to do. I worked in Long Beach and eventually, well I was down there for three years, and I was courting my husband and he was courting me and I say it advisedly, I was really courting him. You all talk about the Depression in those days, in order to have the gas and the oil to come back in to see him, all the workers in the Old Age Security Office would give me there reference calls that I would work my way into Los Angeles until five o'clock and then I would work my way home at eight o'clock the next morning. I stayed with my different cousins night after night so that I could do this and take advantage of it. So I helped them and they helped me. I continued working until 1943 and by that time I had two children and a mother in law to take care of. I haven't been paid since then, though I think I worked much harder that I did in the volunteer work that I have done.

I am of the vintage that stumbled into social work too. During high school I wanted to be an attorney and study law. My parents insisted that that really wasn't a place for a woman in law and that what I really should do was to teach school. I wasn't very enthusiastic about it, but we moved to California and my father immediately arranged for me to be enrolled, I had graduated for high school, in Chapman College. This was across from the old UCLA campus, Lola, it was right at that time. Because a friend of his had been the first Dean. Two years there, and I realized I wasn't going to get what I needed for a career of any kind. At that point I thought, well I guess I better teach. I transferred to USC and graduated in 1932, I will be very specific. During almost, well before the beginning of my senior year I realized the students were not being hired as teachers. There just weren't any teaching positions. I decided I better scrounge around and find out something else that I could do. At that point, I started taking undergraduate social work courses and working toward the old certificate of social work. So I graduated in June. At that point I was continuing with my certificate and doing my field placement in the Department of Public Social Services. At that time they hired me immediately. They didn't even want me to finish my field placement and I insisted on finishing it without salary even though they were putting me on a regular file. I had a training supervisor, but that was about it. Then I had to have a car and I knew I couldn't use the family car so I got a hold of a car the my uncle had left behind. I told him I would love to buy it. He said "If you can get it to run, you can have it." My brother got it to run and that's what I used to make my calls. It was dubbed "Deppy" for depression and everybody knew the car. ON one of my trips downtown the gasket, or something, blew and it sounded ridiculous. You could hear me all over downtown Los Angeles, but I kept my appointment. So that is the way I started and continued for a long time wiht the Department of Public Social Services in the various possibilities that there are there and eventually into child welfare. From there I detoured for about ten years in community organization, private agencies, and so forth and then back to the public agency. That is how I happened into social work. You can imagine how enthusiastic my family was, although they had been involved with agencies in Cleveland, Ohio. They didn't like my study of law because I would always be dealing with other people's probllems, so you know they were excited about my going into social work.

Some of this is a very emotional experience for me. I have always had a couple. It is very exciting to hear people talk about Bogardis and McClanahan. George and I have an experience with Bessy McClanahan and I with Earl Young. I have a little anecdote about how I became a social worker in relation to Earl Young. I also am proud that I was an undergraduate student and have a Bachelor's degree from Berkeley. My mother was the first woman to graduate from the USC School of Pharmacy so I was trained right from the beginning that I had two functions in growing up. One was to get married and the other was to be a school teacher. When I came down from Berkeley, I came to USC, since this was the university of my family. I enrolled in the School of Education to get a secondary teaching credential. While I was in Berkeley I had become very friendly with a woman who was really a big sister to me. She was about four years older than I. Her father was on the board of the Jewish Federation in Oakland. She was the social worker, she really was the Federation. She used to come down to Berkeley and take me out for rides and so forth and so on. She kept on telling me "You have to be a social worker." I didn't know what that meant, but she kept on saying that. When graduation time came she told my mother "She has to become a social worker." Everybody listened, but wasn't very sure what that was. So the day that I was registering at USC to go to the School of Education, I saw a man sitting at a table that was taking registrations for the School of Social Work. I guess I have always been a girl who thinks of the second chance, so I thought well I know Jo said that, but I don't know what to do about the School of Education. I think I will go and enroll over there at the School of Social Work. Then I will have two things. I went over and Earl Young was writing at the table and I said "My name is Nora Kessler and I want to enroll in the Social Work School." He looked at my material and he said "Young lady, you have to make up your mind. You have to do one or the other. You either have to become a social worker or you have to become a teacher." Well at that point I developed a piece of behavior which has been very valuable for me. I was only twenty one, but it has done me a good stead, particularly with men. I started crying at which point Earl Young put his arm around me, patted me and said "Little girl, you are enrolled in the School of Social Work."

I am Lynn ^I Eglitzen and I am an interloper in the sense that I am not a social worker, but I will tell you who I am and what I am doing here in the School of Social Work. I am in fact the Director of

Development for the school. The bottom line is that I had occasion to meet Bob Roberts as I was making one of a number of career changes into the field of development and he said "You want a real challenging job? You want the most challenging job in the world of fundraising? Social Work. That's really what I am doing. I think he meant the challenge in the sense of how hard it is to raise money in social work, but I also will say that it has been a lot of fun. I have been here a little over a year. Just quickly I am a political scientist and if you think you hear stories about social work, and especially women. I could tell you plenty. Francis know I am not going to do it. This is a day where I began the day talking about myself because Francis gave my name to somebody and there is going to be a little story about mothers and daughters for Mother's Day in one of the local papers on daughters who follow in their mother's footsteps. I suppose a lot of us have them. Anyway I am very pleased to be here. I know a number of you and I am just enjoying your stories. Thank you.

So far so good. Young man, how do you like that title?

My name is Penny Herman and I am a Doctoral student here at USC in the School of Social Work. It has been a delightful experience for me to meet some of the people who I have met in the archives. Ruth Written, everybody knows as a fantastic resource, was asking about the period of early social service. Ruth said "Hold on a second." She took out a plain covered, privately published USC book written by Professor Bogardis and it had the history of the School of Social Work. It so turned out that the archivist in Doheny Library had some other material and I got to Bessy McClanahan's doctoral dissertation where she did a demographic study of the USC area. I really feel very much at home hearing some of these early starts in social work recounted. I had a little bit more of a prosaic start in social work as my contemporaries. I knew what social work was and actually I did a one year program at Televive University. I had finished high school over here in Los Angeles and decided I didn't want to go to school close by and Israel seemed like a nice far away place. Some of you who have been in Israel know that it is a really really interesting society and I became more and more interested and I started exploring the opportunity to go to school there. Unfortunately there university system is unlike the United States. It is a very European system. The School of Social Work had the most eclectic type of program. You could take courses in the School of Medicine and Sociology and Biology and whatever you wanted. It seemed like a

good course of studies to go into and I did that. I really enjoyed the field. I naturally developed an interest in CO and that is nowadays not where the preponderance of social workers are. It is not always the most comforting existence. One of the places of solace that I really have found lately are the archives. I have discovered that in the fifties the issues of research and social workers and researchers were how they felt out of place within the profession and grouped together. Those kinds of things were really very current on one hand and very much in the archives on the other hand. They had very good to me lately.

I have an idea that you didn't come out of the Depression. There were all kinds of depressions. This meeting was very attractive to me because of the timing. At the end of May I was given the very fancy title of Scholar and Residence and I am supposed to speak before a group of Jewish Communal Service workers at a major conference. I will be meeting with the young people that have either just entered or have been in the field for two or three years. What has been interesting is to hear how I think most of us have talked about the word stumbling, it has been used a couple of times. We have stumbled into the profession and that really describes my background. When you said depression I think it came out of a kind of a chronic crisis depression that I was in that I found myself in social work. I had started undergraduate work really in the midst of an identity crisis. I went from pre-medicine to pre-law to accounting and I was really struggling and stumbling and didn't know which way to go. At the end of roughly two years I left undergraduate school and went into the army. I had the good fortune of having had a six month army active duty plan available to me. It gave me just kind of a little space to kind of get away from school and kind of get myself pulled together. When I came back out of the service, only having missed one semester, I started majoring in history and mining in sociology. I was really the sociology professor that I had who had such a tremendous influence on me. As I was completing my course work in undergraduate school, he suggested I attend what was called, I grew up in Texas, a social work round up weekend. That was a round up where the schools of social work in the area, there were three, Louisiana State University, Tulane University, and University of Texas came together and presented a program. They described their course of study and tried to woo you into coming into the school. As I was about to leave for that weekend and return home, someone mentioned "By the way if you do decide to go to graduate school, the Jewish Family Service in Houston, Texas is looking for someone that they can

provide a scholarship to.” What’s interesting there is I was six foot two since I was thirteen so in Bowmont, Texas I was a giant and I was a high school basketball player. I could have easily gone more into the group recreational field and they said Jewish Family Service, I really didn’t know what that was, but I went by and met with them. They offered the scholarship to me and I went o the School of Social Work at Tulane University with an obligation to return and work in the clinical field. It was really out of that kind of that kind of experience that I ended up in social work in the clinical field and again in the Jewish Communal Service field throughout my career.

I am Ben Cohen. I grew up in Scranton, Pennsylvania and spent more time at what was then called the Young Men’s Hebrew Association, the YMHA, now called Jewish Community Centers. I played basketball, handball, swam, I majored in handball. I worked in the towel room. I worked as a pin boy in the bowling alley. I belonged to a club, a boys club in the center. Then I became a club leader and a day camp counselor. I saw the director of the center as someone I’d like to be like. I got into a conversation with him about how you get into this field and he told me that he had been a teacher and moved from being a teacher to the center director. That isn’t the way you do it these days. You need to go into graduate school. I decided that I would do that. I went form there and never did work in a Jewish Center because I had my first and second years of graduate work separated by the army for over four years and decided I didn’t want to work all those nights. I was married and wanted to spend some time at home. Therefor I never got into Jewish Center work, but did get into the field of social work.

We are getting along fine. We have about twenty five more minutes. If this group will kind of speed it up a little bit.

I am Don Lee and I did not stumble into social work. I got into it very planfully for money. I may be the only social worker that got into it to get wealthy. I will tell you how this happened. I was working here at USC as a student, I was a sophomore, in the old Student Union. There was a very lovely young artist out in the little court yard here doing a whole mural. I was a photographer and I found photography always was a good introduction for beautiful young women, so I took pictures. As it turned out she invited me up to where she lived to bring the pictures up that she was going to use in her thesis. She lived in a gorgeous home in the Silverlake District. It was just Excellent.

I cannot remember a day in my life when I did not want a career working with children. From my very earliest childhood, my first idea was to be a kindergarten or first grade teacher. However, when I chose a major in college it was psychology. I got a Master's degree in psychology. I went into graduate work in psychology. This was at the University of Washington. I learned a great deal. I had a very good scientific education in psychology. The further I got into working toward a dissertation the more I realized that that would not help me to understand and work with the people I knew. I had worked in a nursery school, I had worked in youth service agencies, I conducted nutrition camps, I conducted a camp for diabetic children, I did lots of things. One day, in frustration, I talked to a professor who was a sociologist, I was taking a class in the family. The only dissertation they would let me do was on condition response theory. He said "well you know there is a school of social work, maybe you would find a better home in social work." That was the first I ever heard of social work. I did not go to the school at the University of Washington, however I went East to a school of social work and never regretted giving up psychology for social work. The irony now is that thirty five years after I gave it up, social work started work started to embrace conditioned response theory.

My name is Patrick O'Riley and I am another person who stumbled into social work. I hitchhiked out here in 1949. I had the GI Bill and started in school. I was unemployed the second summer I was here and a friend of mine told me I could live at the Juniperra Sierra Boys Club where he worked. As a result of working at the Juniperra Sierra Boys Club I came to graduate school here at USC and met my wife in graduate school. I have a daughter that is a social worker too.

I am Al Rosenfield. I didn't stumble into social work, or fumble in. I kid of bumbled into it, tumbled maybe. I'm not sure what the word is. At any rate it is kind of a family story. I did my undergraduate work at what is now the University of Texas in El Paso. Then it was the College of Minds and Mentology in El Paso. In my junior year I had a wonderful sociology professor who happened to mention social work. It was very interesting and I passed it off as just interesting. I didn't really internalize it as we say. At any rate, we came out to California in 1936. I had already been out of school three years at that time. I did a number of different things. I got interested in one thing or another and finally got a job with the Los Angeles Times as a Classified Ads salesman. I wasn't too happy. I don't

like selling, especially selling things that people don't want. I happened to see an ad in there for Vista Del Mar Child Care Service. Somebody wanted a boys worker. I was mildly interested and I thought it wasn't too bad. By the time I made up my mind the ad was already out of the paper. A person whom my mother had employed as a children's nurse, I am the oldest of eight. My mother had a children's nurse down in El Paso who meanwhile had migrated to California also and my mother kept up a telephone conversation with her all along. She called my mother one day and said "Why doesn't Leon try for these job. It is just what he needs." My mother said "Well how do you know about it?" She said that she had been working at a prematorium, it was a health cottage. So my mother told me that Ms. Ables said I should do this. I told her that the ad was out of the paper and it was too late. So she told me that maybe it wasn't too late. I argued with my mother which was kind of a daily operation. By the next week all of a sudden the ad appeared again. Thinking I was as smart as I probably wasn't, I learned how to find out telephone numbers and places. I had an address in the ad for Joseph Bonapark on Exposition Boulevard. So I found out from the telephone company what the telephone number was and picked up the phone and called him. I said "Mr. Bonapark, this is Al Rosenfield and I am interested in the job that you advertised." I started to go on and on and he stopped me. "He said Mr. Rosenfield, did you read the ad?" I said "Yes." He said "It said write." Then BANG, and he hung up the telephone. I thought well that takes care of that. Any way my sister, who was studying stenography at the time, was living at home with me at that time and I asked her if she would like to do a little bit of practicing. She agreed and I did take a letter to Mr. Bonapark and was surprised when he asked me to come out for an interview. I had two interviews. Many of you knew Jo Bonapark, he was quite a guy. I learned a tremendous amount from him. He called me up and he said "I think things are going to be all right." I didn't know what he was talking about and we finally hung up. I then asked myself what the Hell that meant. Finally he called me out and I got the job. I understand that I was one of quite a number of people. I got the job and I was there for about six years. Realizing I only had a Bachelor's at that time. I was I the service for about three and a half years after that. I tried some other things and then I decided that this was silly. I didn't like what I was doing, I wanted to go back into social work. I tried to find something about what I could do. I got tottered off on it. Everybody said that I had to have a degree. I applied to USC and I came to

USC and took the examination and so forth and I was an alternate. I wasn't sure I was going to get in because I was too old. At that time I was thirty seven. Finally someone dropped out and I got in. One of my favorite questions always of Arlene Johnson was "Are you sorry you let me in?"

I had an experience with Jo Bonapark, but the answer to me was no at the time.

I am Elsie Bozlin. After graduation from UCLA I got my BA degree in teaching. There were no jobs to be had in Los Angeles County. Through a neighbor I got a job in a little town called Hillmar. It had a two room school house. I taught the first four grades. After the first year I was told that I would be fired. When I asked why, they told me that I was associating with someone who wore too much lipstick and smoked cigarettes. So I was guilty by association. Anyway the last day of school somebody thought better of it. We had a picnic on the school grounds at the end of the school year. So one of the trustees, they called the people who hired trustees, went around and asked everybody how I was doing as a teacher. They decided they would keep me another year, but at a reduced salary. My opening salary was \$125 a month for ten months. It went down to \$112.50. Anyway I stayed for the next four years, a total of five years. I decided I had had enough of that. SO when I came to LA I found there were still no jobs for teachers. When I came to LA I found there were still no jobs for teachers. I decided to go to take a business course, such as Lola did. They soon learned that I had a teaching credential and my tuition was free because I had that credential. At the end of about a year, there was still a problem of getting a job. I made an application to the State Relief Administration. I took the steno's exam and the social work exam and you might know where I got in first. Well after four months in this property section I was so bored it was absolutely awful. I kept pleading with my supervisor to see if there was an opening in the social work series. He did so and I did get in then into the social work part of the agency. That's how I stumbled into social work.

I am Roberta Ward and like most of you I am not a social worker. I am in the profession, thank to Mrs. Smith, I am her invited guest. I have worked at MAC, which is MacClaren Children's Center Correction for the past six years. I have also been in the department of Public Social services for approximately twelve years. I do look forward to attending the USC School of Social Work in September. I would like to say thank you for allowing me to share a lovely evening with you.

Gentlemen. I am a bit reluctant to share my words, because I don't think somebody of my age should be on the archive tapes. I say this because whoever listens to these in some years can fast forward as they reach these comments. What is rather interesting is that roughly thirty years after many of you entered the profession, I went through exactly a similar process. One wonders whether it has had as much to do with the Great Depression as you think it did. In my case I got an undergraduate history major at Oberland. I had absolutely no concept of what to do in life. I decided I should become a journalist, perhaps for a while. I got in my car and drove to the state of Washington and bummed around different towns trying to get a job as a journalist. I was always told "Well we had a job, but it was filled two weeks ago." So then sort of not knowing what to do, I thought I should go on and get a Master's degree in history. I then applied to a number of schools and got in. I went to Boston and studied history, but knew really from the word go that it wasn't my field as a profession. It was simply too ivory towerish. It was a perception that was intensified when I shared a desk with a fellow who was doing his dissertation in history. I asked him how it was going and he told me he had been working on it for ten years. I asked what it was and he told me he was working on the history of American funeral practices in the 18th century and he was already through his second volume. At that point I knew history wasn't for me. I had no concept whatsoever. I got a list of fifty professions. Somebody put out a list and I started crossing of veterinarian, didn't want to be that. I didn't want to be a dentist and social work was one of the last left on this list when I finished it up. I really didn't know what social work was. So I looked in the Yellow Pages and I saw something called the Social Work Vocational Bureau. I still, to this day, don't know what that was. I made an appointment and I went in, I don't know do such things exist in other cities? Anyway, I went in and a very nice woman talked to me. She asked me about myself and so forth. She said "Gee, you sound like a wonderful candidate for social work." I asked her where I should apply. She gave me a list of ten schools. I asked her if I should continue and finish my Master's degree in history. She said "Oh, yes. You will be a real leader in social work. Not many social workers have Master's Degrees in history." So with that I wrote a letter to the University of Chicago, where I ultimately went. The told me interviews were not required, but I was so nervous about this because I didn't know why they would want me. I took an overnight bus from Boston to Chicago. Before I went I read all of Jane Adams'

books in sequence. I thought surely they will ask me about. I was most disappointed when I got to Chicago and not was question was asked of me about Jane Adams. So that just illustrates that thirty years after some of you bumbled into the field, somebody like me did exactly the same thing.

I don't know if you want to replay these tapes or not.

My name is June brown and I think of myself as second generation. I was a kid and a teenager during the Depression. I suppose social work in its better tradition, if there is anything that would summarize, I think my sense of my years as a social worker is that it gives one a better, more humane perspectives on how life is lived. I suspect in that tradition social work was one of the early professions that breached some of the racist practices around employment in Los Angeles. As a little kid I remember maybe a half a dozen black social workers. They were all young and appeared pretty glamorous and they all had cars. Somewhere in the back of one's mind you got the idea that that was an interesting thing to be. I grew up with a school teacher and the whole perspective was you will go to college and you will become a school teacher. So at UCLA, where I went because the tuition was \$25 a semester, I was a Spanish major. I had a full plan to be a secondary teacher. When I graduated I was pretty sure that I didn't really want to do that. I didn't really know what I wanted to do and as I went out in the world with this Spanish major nobody was terribly impressed, you speak the language, but what do you know else. So I had a number of applications and I really didn't have much commitment to any of them. Wherever I could get a job by this time I was interested. So I went down to the Civil Service and registered for the social work listing. One day I got a postcard that said "At 670 South Ferris Street, you should come at 1:00 on Thursday for an interview, signed Francis Loomis." So I called my friends and I said "Guess what. I got this interview." The discussion was you better where stockings and look mature. You should wear a suit but I didn't have one, so the best I could do was do the best I could. This trip on the bus and the street car was endless from where I lived to 670 Ferris. I got there and here was this very proper lady. We had an interview and I don't remember, she seemed rather noncommittal. That was somewhere about the first of October. So I went home and I heard nothing and I heard nothing and then on November fifth I got a telegram that said to report to work in a week. I though isn't this fantastic? It's my birthday.

What an absolute coincidence. Well, the fact of the matter was that I wasn't twenty one until November fifth and so she held this application until I could be deputized. Francis and I will have a forty year anniversary next year. One thing that my experience in working my first social work job with Francis Loomis Feldman, as director, has proved to be a serious handicap to me and to people in public welfare in the city. The handicap is that I know public welfare can work well. I feel that we have an obligation to continue to insist that it work well.

I am Morry Austin. In 1932 I got a Bachelor's degree from Reed College. While I was there I specialized in political science with a minor in education. I learned a little about the philosophy of life and the use of the scientific method. In 1940 I got a Master's degree from the New York School of Social Work. I promise you I won't take eight minutes to describe those eight years that are intervened. However, in 1933 I was in Albany, New York. I saw an advertisement in the Albany Newspaper that said that Syracuse University was going to have a course in beginning French for state workers and their relatives. I said to my parents when I came, after I had seen this ad, "I need a cousin who works with the state of New York." "We play bridge with a couple who have a daughter who works for the state of New York. I said "the next time you go I want to go with you to meet my future cousin." I went, I met her, I married her, I didn't take the French course. However, after being in the business world for six years, the owner of the business decided to retire and I had to do something else. I said to a lady, who happened to be my wife, and who was the assistant director of the City and County Welfare Department "You know, maybe I ought to go back to college and get a Doctorate degree so I can be a city manager." She said, "Oh no. You should go to New York. Dr. Pettit, the Dean of the School of Social Work there and become a social worker. Besides I think that you would find that a very interesting profession because I am in it and I went. You know the reason I went? You have to know more than your wife."

My name is Priscilla Smith. I didn't plan to get into social work. In fact I didn't plan to come to California. I came out here with my husband for six weeks. He was a jazz musician with the Harry James Band and we have been here ever since, even though he has passed away. What I did do however was to volunteer to Children's Home Society. It is through Clyde Getz and Walter Kelly that I got into social work and they were the greatest people I will ever know.

My name is Frederick Anderson. I think that today marks the twentieth year that I have in social work. I planned to go into social work because I took a major in sociology, but I noticed that sociologists were not operationalized in anything they were doing. They were just teaching it and nobody was doing it. I inquired, since I am a native of Los Angeles, I said to my professor "Where can we take all this good stuff and apply it?" He said "Why don't you look at the school of social work." So I entered the school of social work at San Diego State. I had been accepted at the school of social work at the University of California of Berkeley. Mario Salvio was holding forth. Huey Newton was about to hold forth. I really could not deal with the whole notion of nonviolence at that time. I was guilty of not being able to handle that. I felt I would be caught up in whatever was going on and I didn't want that. I went to San Diego State because of Ernest Whitt, who had been the chair of the council of Social Work Education. I probably, my matriculation owes as much to the selective service system as it does to my academic ability because the Vietnam War was on, we had had a riot in the city. One thing I must say is that when I did my doctoral work, it was necessary for me to do it through the oral history method. June Brown and Bruce Janssen know the torch was a process of dealing with reconstructing something where there are no written records. I think one of the most important things for me to say about social work and to be recorded is that when I was on campus and on the campus of many universities, you could count the black graduate students and nine times out of ten they were matriculating into the school of social work. I think it is one of the few professions where its creed has matched its need. Now all the other professions are open. Well I will tell you, twenty years ago, twenty two years ago, there was no profession, no discipline that I knew of that was going to give one a stipend to go for two years. After working four years, five years to get my BA degree, the idea that the United States Children's Bureau was going to pay me to go to school was unbelievable. I have been dancing on my eyebrows ever since and I knew I made the right decision. Thank you.

Why don't we close this session by turning it over to Kay and have Kay tell us how she got into social work and then to carry off from there.

I started out as a volunteer here in Los Angeles and the thing that got me started was a baby buggy. If that sounds strange, Ethel Toll recruited me to work for United, at that time Community Chest

campaigned and I had two little ones and so the best way to raise money I found was to have two ones going up to a door and saying "Will you contribute?". At any rate, that was the beginning. Thank you all for coming. We appreciate it very much and these tapes will be extremely valuable. Thank you very much.