

to shorten all my dresses and coats, which I now realize have made me look antediluvian. And perhaps I shall no longer keep spreading notes out on my bed and having to pick them up again before I can go to sleep.

— I promised Clara I would write you how I feel about an introduction or preface by someone prominent in social work.

I know that because I hold unpopular ideas, and because I was more or less rejected by my profession on account of them, there are some obstacles to launching the book. I do not think, however, that a recommendation from a well-known figure in social work will change that, - though it may, even now, create difficulties for the person. One director of a school has <sup>1</sup>already refused to give a public recommendation for the book to publishers, on the basis that his career can not afford it. I do not think anyone would be convinced to accept the book because of such an endorsement who would not accept it on its own merit. So any gain in selling appeal seems to me to be too minor to be worth the risk to the endorser. I can see letters of recommendation, or a jacket blurb, if people are willing to give them, more easily than a preface which will be a permanent part of the book.

Probably, also, I react to my dislike of Madison Avenue methods even when there is good reason for them. I want a book to stand on its own legs, for what it is. I probably have some pride in having been so well known, once at least, as to "need no introduction" as the dinner speakers say. Even if, as I remind myself, the present generation does not know me, there are still a good number around to tell them. Maybe I have a special feeling about my

audience. I want to speak to them directly, and feel their response, not have a trumpet sounded before me.

I don't want to be a cranky customer when you all are working so hard to get a difficult book launched. I am indeed grateful for all you are doing. I am ready to revise in ways which the Committee or a publisher recommends, - short, of course of destroying the vital content and spirit of the book, which is, I am convinced, its only claim to be read. I do want it to stand on its own merit for what it is really worth, and am prepared to do a lot of work yet to make it worth more.

Criticisms have already come from two main directions: The book is not dramatic enough as autobiography; it is not by any means complete as history, and, by its omissions, gives a false impression. The only way to meet these criticisms, it seems to me, is to say in a very clear Foreword or Preface just how the book came to be written, what went into the selection of material, why it does not do some of the things one would expect. I think the reader might be helped to somewhat better understanding of the controversial facets of the book if there were a bit of talk about how I regarded them and why I chose to treat them in the way I did.

I shall be glad to work on this, or to let someone else do so, if that is better. My objection to an introduction by someone prominent in the field still holds. Also, I hope that one of the pictures came out well enough to be used. I'm always so apprehensive about pictures, for I know what idiotic looks I can put on in such an occasion.

\_\_\_\_\_ I was notified that I was accepted for certification as a social worker, with the right to put ACSW after my name. That is no world-shaking event, except that I had some doubts of being eligible since I lack a Master's degree and other qualifications. It does not matter greatly at my age, but it occurred to me that those magic letters might have some meaning on the book, and perhaps more as years go by. No chance for respectability should be neglected. So I wrote Phil to ask if it was too late to note the fact somewhere. He replied that it would go into the flap copy of the jacket.

Yesterday, he wrote asking immediate reply saying the book must have an index, and asking if I wanted to do it. If not, he said, they would give the job to a free lance person and charge the cost to my royalties (I add, "if any"). I hated to reply without consulting you, but the fact is I feel completely unable to undertake such a job. Perhaps I have an exaggerated idea of what the job is, for I toiled for six weeks on the index for Learning and Teaching and was a nervous wreck at the end.

Otherwise, for all I know, the book is progressing satisfactorily. I got a little concerned because the galleys of the Notes had not reached me, and I feared they might not think them important enough to send. I wrote to say that some of the most controversial passages are in the Notes, and I wanted to go over them lest a typographical error might twist the meaning. Phil wrote that they would be sent when ready.

\_\_\_\_\_ I have been wondering about a dedication for my book and have been thinking that the book suffers somewhat from having left out



of it the rich personal relationships that make it more colorful to me than can be conveyed to any public. The necessity, for their own security, of not naming anyone still living who could be hurt by persecution for having known me left the book more bare of personal touches than it would need to be in a saner time.

Winnie Chappell, who died in 1951, symbolized for me those many others, and represented in herself an ideal of what I would like to be, - a limited ideal even as I knew how limited I was. To her perhaps my journeyings should be dedicated... On reflection, I think such a dedication would disturb the balance which the book as a whole has achieved. It is not a very personal book, and one such personal touch might seem lugged in to those who had not know Winnie's close connection with the ideas in the book, and could not see why a symbol should be relevant. So reluctantly Winnie's name will not appear publicly on the beginning pages of the book but remains my favorite dedication as I caught her beauty in one of my Christmas poems. She remains  
 A little woman....

In 1936 I began writing an annual message in verse to my many and widely scattered friends. Looking back, I can see a thread of unity through the long series, an impulse to convey some thought or mood connected with what impressed me most in the history woven in the world in the year just past.

Only the first poem was for and about Christmas--may even be called a farewell to Christmas. It was saying that the birth of the Prince of Peace could not be celebrated truly until men lived differently.

There were years when the times were too bleak, it seemed, to be translated into poetry at all, but something always came which needed to be said.

Much needed to be said about Winnie--one of those unquenchable folk who insist upon living.

She remains...A little woman.....

## WINNIE

A little woman, wispy thin,  
With a halo of white hair  
( Though she never approved of halos)  
And a twinkly blue eye.  
She might have blown on the wind of her prairies  
And caught like a bit of thistle down  
On that highland in the Ozark mountains.

Winnie had known great cities.  
She helped people who were doing good  
To think straight and see farther.  
She wrote about a socialist society  
When it was pie-in-the-sky to most people  
And made it come down to earth, workable as common sense.

Winnie was tired and had a right to be.  
"A little rest in the Ozarks would do you good."  
That rest stretched to seven years in a school  
Throbbing with the beat of labor struggles.  
Leaders of pecan workers of Texas, miners of Arkansas and Oklahoma,  
Woodworkers of Tennessee, share croppers in the cotton lands,  
All learned of Winnie and taught her.

Winnie, standing in a truck with young folks, singing  
While they bumped over mountain roads to a picket line;  
Winnie thinking, "What if my family saw me now, having fun!  
They never did approve of how I organized my life";  
Winnie heading for the wash-house for a bath  
And never getting there while so many told her their troubles;  
Winnie standing by the school till the wreckers trampled it in the mud.