

**FOREIGN EXCHANGE RATES**  
 Quoted in Los Angeles Yesterday

SELLING SIGHT	DRAFFS (QUOTATIONS IN CENTS)
Austria: 20.84	Belgium: 24.13
Australia: 278.00	Great Britain: 34.76
Belgium: 24.13	Germany: 23.75
Brazil: 0.83	Greece: 1.33
Canada: 0.82	Holland: 1.07
Czechoslovakia: 20.25	Hongkong: 23.50
Denmark: 10.25	India: 20.20
	Italy: 5.14
	Japan: 24.13
	Norway: 40.18
	Poland: 1.33
	Romania: 0.83
	Sweden: 18.40
	Switzerland: 18.23
	Yugoslavia: 24.13

**BUYING PRIME BILLS**  
 Canada, per hundred dollars: 80.50

LOS ANGELES, THURSDAY, DECEMBER 24, 1931.

**Where No One Is Refused Aid**



**ADELA ROGERS ST. JOHNS** (in foreground wearing hat and coat and with profile turned) hearing words of God at Christ Faith Mission. The only thing they ask of those they aid — to hear their talks.

**BEACH LOAN INQUIRY BEGUN**

Affairs of the Bay Cities Guaranty Building and Loan Association of Santa Monica were under investigation at the District Attorney's office yesterday in connection with charges made against former officials by Myron H. Wells, trustee in bankruptcy.

In a conference with District Attorney Buron Fitts and Deputy Willard Burgess, Wells asked an investigation of evidence indicating, it was declared, that thefts totaling \$400,000 may have led to the collapse of the association.

Fitts instructed Burgess to make a preliminary survey of the evidence presented by Wells and the disclosures of the audit made by Ritchie preparatory to submitting the case to the grand jury.

**\$96,097 Stamps**



**HERE THE WRITER** is on dormitory bed provided for every girl that needs it. Mother Greene, head of mission, standing at right.

**THESE PICTURES WERE** taken when Miss St. Johns returned to mission after first appearing only as poverty-stricken girl.

**Writer Forced to Charity; Meets Bar as Transient**

Refused Help by Community Chest After Long Wait, Finally Sent to Christ Faith Mission Where All Received With Equal Kindness

*In her role as a woman out of work, without funds, without friends and without a place to sleep, Adela Rogers St. Johns, widely-known writer, made the rounds of the charitable institutions and agencies.*

*What she found, the reception she got and the treatment accorded her by these welfare agencies are recounted by Miss St. Johns in the following remarkable installment of her first-hand story for The Examiner:*

**By Adela Rogers St. Johns**  
 "Hell and Maria! We weren't trying to keep a set of books; we were trying to win the war!"

Thus, upon a memorable occasion, spake General Dawes.

Printed in large type, those famous words should hang in every charity organization in this city today.

For these are "war times." I have been in the trenches and I know.

Broke, shabby, down and out, gray with fatigue, disheveled by my days in the "army" of the unemployed women. I appealed at last to charity.

I asked for bread. I will tell you what I got.

It is not, believe me, an easy thing to ask for charity.

But in these times it MUST be done by many women who not long ago were glad and willing to help others. It must be done by many proud women, victims of a national disaster.

I cannot describe to you the feeling of humiliation, of actual guilt that welled up inside me as I walked through the gate of charity into that land where

**COUNTY PROVES Morrissey Guilty in Bank Fund Case; 'SUGAR DADDY' 4 Others Cleared**

**\$15,000 TO AID JOBLESS WOMEN**

# DEPORTATION FACED WRITER AS PENNILESS TRANSIENT

(Continued From Page One)

A woman abandons her pride, her inalienable rights and much of life's sweetness. And where of all places, she should be treated with the kindness that her bruised spirit demands.

## Community Chest Goes to Central Office in C. of C. Building

Because I knew that the Community Chest headed all disbursements of funds collected to help the poor and suffering, I looked up their address in the telephone book. It is in the Chamber of Commerce building.

The offices of the Community Chest are not palatial. They are merely comfortable. Once there, I received courteous attention.

But I was in the wrong place. There comes a time when you actually believe that there is no such thing as a Right place or a Right person to whom to tell your poor little tale of woe.

A pretty, dark-eyed girl behind the information window gave me the only voluntary help I received from any organization connected with the Community Chest until I got to the Salvation Army.

With the boys of the A. E. F. I cry long and loudly, "Hurrah for the Salvation Army!"

"You'll have to go to our Relief Department," the pretty girl told me. "That is at Third and Broadway."

"That's nine blocks," I said.

"Ninety blocks doesn't seem much when you're sailing along in a car or riding a street car, but it can get very long to the down-and-out girl who has tramped the streets all day, or the old woman who is

barely able to make her weary way to the fountain of aid."

"I know," she looked at me, and looked distressed. "I'm sorry." From her pocketbook, she took a street car token and a quarter. "Look—that will give you a ride down there and get you a bowl of soup. You'll feel better able to go through things then. That's not from the Chest—that's just from me."

A quarter for a bowl of soup? That pretty girl had no idea what I could buy with a quarter.

## Many People— Waits From 10 to 4— and Then Turned Down

I took the street car and went to the Bradbury Building—that stately and magnificent old edifice that reminded me sadly as I walked through it of days when the City of the Angels moved a slower and more gentle pace. Reminded me of old and golden days of California, when every door was open to the stranger and hospitality was simple and sweet.

Upstairs I found a big, bright office, packed with people. Men and women. Children. Babies. Mexicans and negroes. Cripples and old folks. Men who looked like bums and women with thin faces and nervous, frightened eyes.

On all sides were glass windows and in each small office sat a woman, endlessly interviewing those who had come to ask for aid. I arrived a few minutes before 10.

At 1:15, I went out and spent the quarter, for soup, and a hot plate of roast beef and a glass of milk. The bright little girls behind the counters of small restaurants are very kind. They seem to recognize your need. They fill the plate up as full as they dare

and they smile as they hand it to you.

I went back and waited until 4 o'clock.

My spirit drooped more and more.

My face, I knew, must look just like all those other faces—hunted, defiant, sad.

There was desultory conversation. We told each other our stories rehearsing nervously for the time when we should be summoned, when it should be our turn. A middle-aged woman gave me an address where she thought I might get a job. Another woman, terribly thin, told me that she had been nursing a sick husband for eight months and that the County Charities wouldn't help her because they owned their little home.

## A Pretty Girl— Just Looking for a Place to Sleep

"If you own \$2500 worth of property they won't help you," she said. "They don't consider that it's mortgaged and that you can't keep up the payments. That's the law. I've just got to have some food. I've sold all my furniture."

A very pretty girl came in and sat down. I told her I had heard that a pretty girl could always get work.

"Depends on what you'll do, I guess," she said. "I need a place to sleep till I can get a job, and I'd rather not share it—but may be I'll have to."

When she came out she grinned at me and shrugged her shoulders. I have been wondering ever since where she slept that night. I looked for her when I— but that comes later.

Finally, at 4 o'clock, I was ushered into an office. A tall, gray-haired woman in black motioned me to a chair. She looked so tired, so harassed, so worn, that I felt

## Road to Disappointment

*Bradbury Bldg.*

For attention to requests for aid or employment, the Community Chest has an office at 204 South Broadway, room 417, 344

Your application will be considered at that office.

CARD GIVEN TO Adela Rogers St. Johns directing her to Community Chest office, where she was to receive aid. But she didn't, because she was admittedly a transient.

much sorer for her than she seemed to feel for me.

She didn't look at me. I am not sure that for the first five minutes she knew whether I was black or white. Not that it mattered. Either way, I was a suffering human being.

## "Transient" Denizen of Some Strange Half-World

I explained my case. I had been here three months. I had not been able to find work. My landlady had been obliged to put me out. Without realizing it, I found I was pulling at the fingers of my shabby gloves, as I had seen so many other women do.

I felt, too, that this woman was harassed beyond her strength. That she was much too tired to consider me or my troubles. That she had heard too swiftly to many stories like mine and that her soul must be suffering from spiritual indigestion. In sheer, desperate self-protection she had shut herself within a wall.

She wrote things on a card.

Then she said:

"We cannot do anything for

you. We have no provision for transients."

That word—transient. Once you get yourself under that heading, you fall into a strange half-world a limbo of apparently forgotten souls.

"Unless you have been a resident here for three years, you are not within our province. We simply turn you over to the County Charities."

I winced. For days, as I rubbed shoulders with all kinds of men and women in the milling mobs of the unemployed, I had heard of the County Charities. They speak of it with bated breath and a sort of horror. Perhaps they are wrong, but among the women I met the feeling was universal.

I had reached the County Charities, myself.

"Go there in the morning," the woman said, handing me a slip. "They will arrange to deport you back to your home."

## A New Picture They're Trying to Change Old One of California

Deport. Deport? The word hurt. I resented it with sudden bitterness. You see, your nerves get as tired as your body. You are sus-

# GIRLS AT CAFES REALIZE NEED OF POOR CUSTOMERS

ceptible to every little thing. Women aren't made to stand the racket of existence like men.

"But," I said, "surely you have some means to care for me here. I am a stranger; I do not know what to do—"

"We don't want strangers here," she said impatiently. "We have to take care of our own people. We are not able to care for transients. You shouldn't have come in the first place."

Now, I am a Californian born and bred. My people have made history in California. My grandfather was a college president in this state forty years ago. We have all worked and lived and borne our children here. I love California. But as she spoke I felt something hot grow up inside me and I spoke before I thought, for I was very angry.

"For many years," I said, "the people of California have offered hospitality to the world. They have begged and enticed people to come here. The great prosperity of this state has been made by people who came here from the East and Middle West. You have always painted pictures of the wealth and happiness, the sunshine and warmth of California. You have made it a dream-haven to the unhappy people of the world. You can't change that."

"Well, we're trying," she said. "We don't want people to come here now—not unless they have work."

"But at least," I said, "you must pay the price of your past prosperity, of the millions of dollars that visitors have spent here in good and prosperous years. It is only fair that we who come now, hoping, without money, and are defeated, should be treated with courtesy and with some little help in our emergency."

"You cannot change, in a few short years, an ideal which you

have been years in building. You accepted from your great tourist trade in good times, you must give us some help in the bad times."

"Well, they'll send you home," she said.

"But," I was stammering now, close to tears, "but what am I to do tonight? I have no money. I haven't any place to sleep."

"Oh, I guess maybe your landlady will let you stay this one night."

## Alone On Street "You Can Go to Christ Faith Mission"

"But if she doesn't—if I'm alone on the streets—"

She sighed wearily. "You can go to the Christ Faith Mission," she said. "It's at Second and Spring. They'll take you in."

The Christ Faith Mission does not receive one cent from the Community Chest.

Yet that is where a Community Chest worker sent me to spend the night.

All that can be remedied.

The Christ Faith Mission did take me in, as it takes in every woman and girl in need.

No red tape festoons the humble quarters of the Christ Faith Mission. You aren't a case to Mother Greene. You are just one of those who are always with us. She isn't a "case worker," she is just a humble servant trying to carry out her Master's orders and confident that He will protect her from fraud.

"I would rather," Mother Greene told me, "help three unworthy women than turn from our doors one who really needs help. After all, who are we to say who is worthy and who is not? Of course, many are unfortunate

through their own folly—but perhaps we can teach them better things."

The little Christ Faith Mission is not a palace. It is crowded into small quarters. The big, bare dormitory upstairs sleeps each night about 30 girls and women. They do not have much money to spend at this little sheltering home; but they give you all they can.

Downstairs is a chapel. And there nightly the women who seek help for tired bodies and lean stomachs listen to the Word of God. That is part of the return Mother Greene asks you to make for what she gives. Deeply and earnestly, she believes that the spirit will be brightened and the soul fed in the services that are held there every night.

Bums come there—you know, there are women bums, as well as men. They have been down and out so long that they no longer even look ahead, no longer dare to cherish hope.

Mother Greene takes them all, gives them work in the mission, food, a bed and a chance to go to church.

A great work is being done there. It isn't perhaps the place you'd choose to sleep if you could choose. But unemployed women cannot be choosers.

And so from the Christ Faith Mission I pursued my jobless trail—on to the County Charities, into taxi dance halls and to strange ends of which I will tell you more.

(Miss St. Johns' interesting experiences will be continued in *The Examiner* tomorrow.)

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