Name _____ Date _____

CHAPTER 22

Section 1

GUIDED READING *The Nation's Sick Economy*

A. As you read this section, take notes to describe the serious problems in each area of the economy that helped cause the Great Depression.

1. Industry	2. Agriculture

3. Consumer spending	4. Distribution of wealth	5. Stock market

B. On the back of this paper, explain or define each of the following:

Alfred E. Smith **Dow Jones Industrial Average**

Black Tuesday **Hawley-Smoot Tariff Act**

Name _____ Date _____

CHAPTER 22
Section 2

GUIDED READING *Hardship and Suffering During the Depression*

A. As you read about how people coped with hard times, use the chart below to summarize the Great Depression's effects on various aspects of American life.

1. Employment
2. Housing
3. Farming
4. Race relations
5. Family life
6. Physical health
7. Emotional health

B. On the back of this paper, define each of the following terms.

Dust Bowl **shantytown** **soup kitchen** **bread line** **direct relief**

Name _____ Date _____

Section 3

GUIDED READING *Hoover Struggles with the Depression*

A. As you read about President Hoover's response to the Great Depression, write notes in the appropriate boxes to answer the questions.

Philosophy
1. What was Hoover's philosophy of government?

Responses and Economic Results
2. What was Hoover's initial reaction to the stock market crash of 1929?
3. a. What was the nation's economic situation in 1930? b. How did voters in 1930 respond to this situation?
4. a. What did Hoover do about the economic situation? b. How did the economy respond to his efforts?
5. a. How did Hoover deal with the economic problem posed by the Bonus Army? b. How did his efforts affect his own political situation?

B. On the back of this paper, explain the the main purpose of the **Reconstruction Finance Corporation** (RFC) and whether it succeeded in achieving that goal.

Name _____ Date _____

BUILDING VOCABULARY *The Great Depression Begins*

A. Completion Select the term or name that best completes the sentence.

Calvin Coolidge	Dust Bowl	Federal Home Loan Bank Act
Buying on margin	Herbert Hoover	price-supports
Great Depression	Alfred E. Smith	Reconstruction Finance Corporation

1. In an attempt to help ease farmers' financial woes, the government began a policy of _____, or buying surplus crops and selling them abroad.
2. The period from 1929 to 1940, in which the nation suffered from a continuous and deep economic crisis, was known as the _____.
3. Accompanying the economic depression of the 1930s were years of drought that earned the Great Plains the name _____.
4. The cautious steps taken by President _____ in addressing the Great Depression roused anger among many Americans.
5. President Hoover's most ambitious economic measure, the _____, authorized up to $2 billion for banks and other businesses.

B. Evaluating Write *T* in the blank if the statement is true. If the statement is false, write *F* in the blank and then write the corrected statement on the line below.

_____ 1. The day in October 1929 that the stock market crashed became known as Black Tuesday.

_____

_____ 2. Hoping to increase the flow of goods into the country, Congress in 1930 passed the Hawley-Smoot Tariff Act, which established the lowest tariffs in the nation's history.

_____

_____ 3. Direct relief was cash payments or food provided by the government to the poor.

_____

_____ 4. Many investors in the late 1920s began buying on margin, or purchasing stocks and bonds on the chance of a quick profit, while ignoring the risks.

_____

_____ 5. The group of World War I veterans who marched on Washington, D.C. to demand immediate payment of their war bonuses was known as the Rough Riders.

_____

C. Writing Write a paragraph about daily life during the Great Depression using the following terms.

shantytowns **soup kitchens** **bread lines**

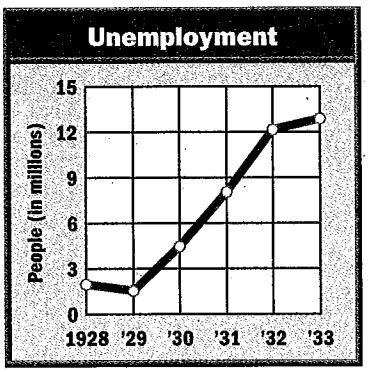
Name _____ Date _____

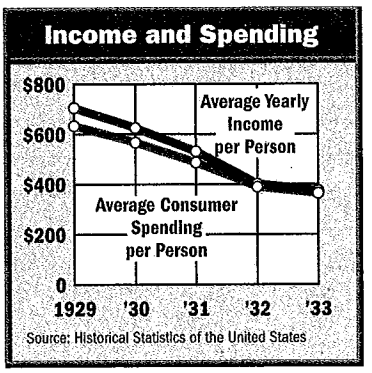
CHAPTER 22

Section 2

SKILLBUILDER PRACTICE *Interpreting Graphs*

Depression statistics often have the most impact when shown graphically. Read the title of the graphs below to identify the main idea. Read the vertical and horizontal axes of the graphs. Look at the legends and note what each symbol and unit represents. What trends do you see over certain years? When you compare the two graphs, what conclusions can you draw? Write a paragraph to summarize what you learned from the graphs. (See Skillbuilder Handbook, p. R28.)





Write a Summary

Write a paragraph to summarize what you learned from the graph.

_____

_____

_____

_____

_____

_____

_____

_____

Name _____ Date _____

CHAPTER 22

Section 1

RETEACHING ACTIVITY *The Nation's Sick Economy*

Analyzing

Complete the chart below by detailing how each entry adversely affected the nation's economy.

decline in the number of new homes built	
more Americans living on credit	
uneven distribution of wealth	
stock market crash of 1929	
widespread bank closings	
worldwide depression	
Hawley-Smoot Tariff	

Name _____ Date _____

Section 2

RETEACHING ACTIVITY *Suffering and Hardship During the Great Depression*

Finding Main Ideas

The following questions deal with the daily suffering during the Great Depression. Answer them in the space provided.

1. What advantage did people in rural areas have over city-dwellers during the depression?

_____

_____

2. Why were conditions for African Americans and Latinos especially difficult during the Depression?

_____

_____

3. What factors helped to cause the Dust Bowl?

_____

_____

4. How did the Depression affect the country's children?

_____

_____

5. Why did working women meet with such resentment during the Depression?

_____

_____

6. What social and psychological impact did the Depression have on Americans?

_____

_____

Name _____ Date _____

Section 3

RETEACHING ACTIVITY *Hoover Struggles with the Depression*

Completion

Choose the best answer for each item. Write the letter of your answer in the blank.

_____ 1. Early on, many economists thought the best way to battle the Depression was to
a. suspend the income tax.
b. offer cash handouts.
c. let the economy fix itself.
d. experiment with socialism.

_____ 2. One Hoover-initiated project that provided many jobs and aided California's growing agricultural economy was construction of the
a. Boulder Dam.
b. Brooklyn Bridge.
c. Erie Canal.
d. transcontinental railroad.

_____ 3. Herbert Hoover believed that most of the help for the needy should come from
a. charities.
b. corporations.
c. government.
d. family and relatives.

_____ 4. Due largely to the voter frustration with Hoover, the congressional elections of 1930 were a victory for the
a. Republican Party.
b. Democratic Party.
c. Socialist Party.
d. Bull-Moose Party.

_____ 5. The Patman Bill called for an immediate bonus payment to
a. artists.
b. farmers.
c. low-income families.
d. World War I veterans.

_____ 6. The Bonus Army was dispersed by U.S. forces under the command of
a. Douglas MacArthur.
b. Dwight Eisenhower.
c. Felix Frankfurter.
d. John Pershing.

Name _____ Date _____

CHAPTER 22

Section 2

GEOGRAPHY APPLICATION: MOVEMENT

The Great Depression Takes Its Toll

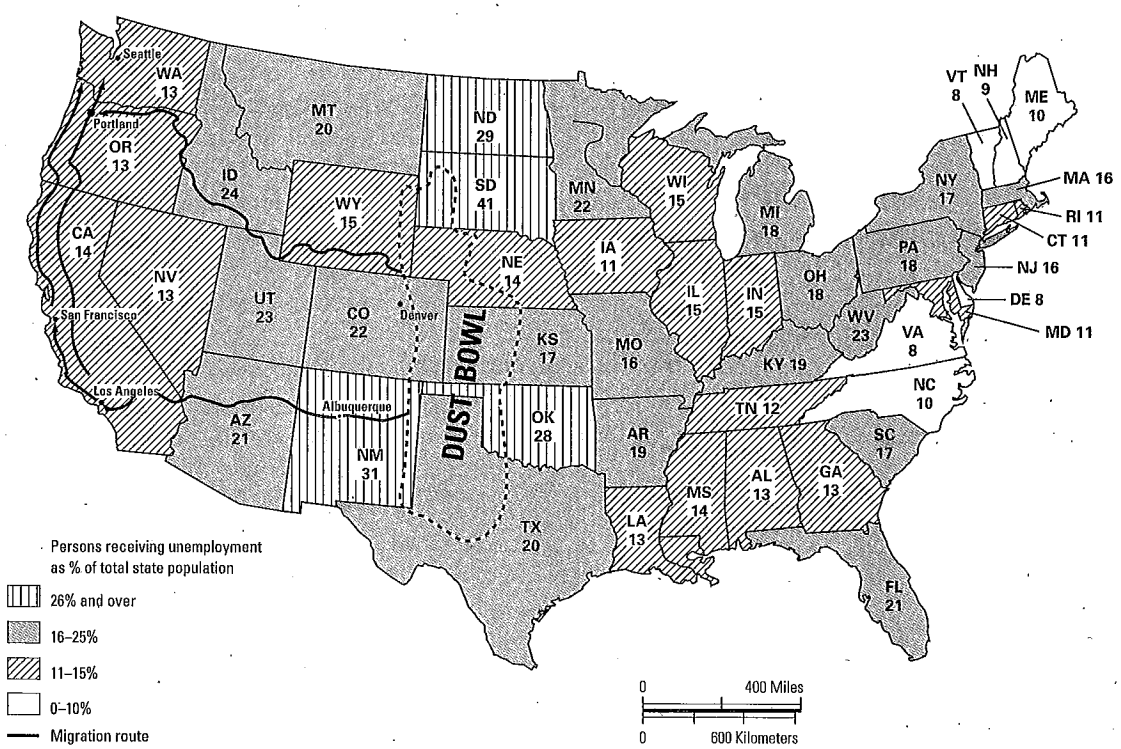
Directions: Read the paragraphs below and study the map carefully. Then answer the questions that follow.

The effects of the Great Depression were heartbreaking. In 1932, for example, not a single person was employed in 28 percent of the families in the United States. Widespread unemployment contributed greatly to the steep 40 percent fall in average family income in the four years 1929–1933. In 1933 nearly 13 million workers, about 25 percent of the U.S. total, had no jobs.

Rates of unemployment, though, were far from uniform across the country. Some states—with industries such as radio and airplane production—were relatively well off, so that at one point, in 1934, there was a 33 percent difference between the highest and lowest state unemployment rates.

This disparity in unemployment rates started people moving all over the country. At the beginning, many unemployed city dwellers moved to the countryside, hoping that farms were better off economically than cities. But soon agriculture suffered just as much as other businesses, especially during the Dust Bowl drought that began in 1933. Tens of thousands of families in the hardest-hit states—North Dakota, South Dakota, Nebraska, Kansas, Colorado, Oklahoma, and Texas—put everything they owned into cars and trucks and left home. (By 1936, some areas were ghostlike, with more than half of the houses abandoned.) By the end of the decade, all of the hardest-hit states except for Colorado and Texas had experienced population declines, even though the U.S. population grew by 9 million people during the decade.

Unemployment and Major Migration Routes, 1934



Interpreting Text and Visuals

1. Which four states had the highest unemployment rate in 1934?

_____

_____

2. Which region of the country—east or west of the Mississippi River—was better off in 1934? _____

What statistics support your choice? _____

_____

_____

_____

3. Which of the hardest-hit Dust Bowl states lost population in the 1930s?

_____

_____

4. What was the main destination of most people leaving the northern part of the Dust Bowl? _____

Through which states did they travel? _____

_____

5. What was the first destination of most people leaving the southern part of the Dust Bowl? _____

What does the migration northward from Los Angeles imply? _____

_____

_____

_____

Name _____ Date _____

Section 1

PRIMARY SOURCE

The Stock Market Crash

***New York Times** reporter Elliott V. Bell witnessed firsthand the panic and despair that ensued after the stock market crashed on October 24, 1929. As you read his account, think about the chain of events that followed the crash.*

The market opened steady with prices little changed from the previous day, though some rather large blocks, of 20,000 to 25,000 shares, came out at the start. It sagged easily for the first half hour, and then around eleven o'clock the deluge broke.

It came with a speed and ferocity that left men dazed. The bottom simply fell out of the market. From all over the country a torrent of selling orders poured onto the floor of the Stock Exchange and there were no buying orders to meet it. Quotations of representative active issues, like Steel, Telephone, and Anaconda, began to fall two, three, five, and even ten points between sales. Less active stocks became unmarketable. Within a few moments the ticker service was hopelessly swamped and from then on no one knew what was really happening. By 1:30 the ticker tape was nearly two hours late; by 2:30 it was 147 minutes late. The last quotation was not printed on the tape until 7:08½ P.M., four hours, eight and one-half minutes after the close. In the meantime, Wall Street had lived through an incredible nightmare.

In the strange way that news of a disaster spreads, the word of the market collapse flashed through the city. By noon great crowds had gathered at the corner of Broad and Wall streets where the Stock Exchange on one corner faces Morgan's [the headquarters of J. P. Morgan] across the way. On the steps of the Sub-Treasury Building, opposite Morgan's, a crowd of press photographers and newsreel men took up their stand. Traffic was pushed from the streets of the financial district by the crush. . . .

The animal roar that rises from the floor of the Stock Exchange and which on active days is plainly audible in the Street outside, became louder, anguished, terrifying. The streets were crammed with a mixed crowd—agonized little speculators, walking aimlessly outdoors because they feared to face the ticker and the margin clerk; sold-out traders, morbidly impelled to visit the scene of their ruin; inquisitive individuals and tourists, seeking by gazing at the exteriors of the Exchange and the big banks to get a closer view of the national catastrophe; runners, frantically pushing their way through the throng of idle and curious in their effort to make deliveries of the unprecedented volume of securities which was being traded on the floor of the Exchange.

The ticker, hopelessly swamped, fell hours behind the actual trading and became completely meaningless. Far into the night, and often all night long, the lights blazed in the windows of the tall office buildings where margin clerks and bookkeepers struggled with the desperate task of trying to clear one day's business before the next began. They fainted at their desks; the weary runners fell exhausted on the marble floors of banks and slept. But within a few months they were to have ample time to rest up. By then thousands of them had been fired.

Agonizing scenes were enacted in the customers' rooms of the various brokers. There traders who a few short days before had luxuriated in delusions of wealth saw all their hopes smashed in a collapse so devastating, so far beyond their wildest fears, as to seem unreal. Seeking to save a little from the wreckage, they would order their stocks sold "at the market," in many cases to discover that they had not merely lost everything but were, in addition, in debt to the broker. And then, ironic twist, as like as not the next few hours' wild churning of the market would lift prices to levels where they might have sold out and had a substantial cash balance left over. Every move was wrong, in those days. The market seemed like an insensate thing that was wreaking a wild and pitiless revenge upon those who had thought to master it.

from H. W. Baldwin and Shepard Stone, eds., *We Saw It Happen* (New York: 1938). Reprinted in Richard B. Morris and James Woodress, eds., *Voices from America's Past*, vol. 3, The Twentieth Century (New York: Dutton, 1962), 90–94.

Research Options

1. Find out prices of several stocks, such as RCA or General Motors, after the October 1929 crash. Then look at the business section of today's newspaper to compare the 1929 prices with prices of the same stocks today.
2. On October 19, 1987, the stock market crashed again. Find out about Black Monday in 1987 and then discuss with classmates the similarities and differences between this crash and the crash of October 1929.

Name _____ Date _____

CHAPTER 22
Section 1

PRIMARY SOURCE Political Cartoon

This Pulitzer Prize–winning cartoon by John T. McCutcheon was published in the* Chicago Tribune *in 1931. Study the cartoon to find out who the "wise economist" is.

A WISE ECONOMIST ASKS A QUESTION

Activity Options

1. How do you think the Great Depression changed people's lives? Write a diary entry from the point of view of the man in this cartoon. Share your entry with classmates.
2. Draw an original cartoon to illustrate the impact of financial collapse following the stock market crash. Use the characters in this cartoon or invent your own. Display your cartoon in class.

Name _____ Date _____

Section 2

PRIMARY SOURCE # Letter from a Dust Bowl Survivor

The following letter was written by a survivor of the Dust Bowl in McCracken, Kansas. What problems does she attribute to the drought in the Great Plains?

March 24, 1935

Dear Family,

Did some of you think that you had a dust storm? I'll tell you what it was. It was us shaking our bedding, carpets, etc.

For over a week we have been having troublesome times. The dust is something fierce. Sometimes it lets up enough so we can see around; even the sun may shine for a little time, then we have a frenzied time of cleaning, anticipating the comfort of a clean feeling once more.

We keep the doors and windows all shut tight, with wet papers on the sills. The tiny particles of dirt sift right through the walls. Two different times it has been an inch thick on my kitchen floor.

Our faces look like coal miners', our hair is gray and stiff with dirt and we grind dirt in our teeth. We have to wash everything just before we eat it and make it as snappy as possible. Sometimes there is a fog all through the house and all we can do about it is sit on our dusty chairs and see that fog settle slowly and silently over everything.

When we open the door, swirling whirlwinds of soil beat against us unmercifully, and we are glad to go back inside and sit choking in the dirt. We couldn't see the streetlight just in front of the house.

One morning, early, I went out during a lull, and when I started to return I couldn't see the house. I knew the direction, so I kept on coming, and was quite close before I could even see the outline. It sure made me feel funny.

There has not been much school this week. It let up a little yesterday and Fred went with the janitor and they carried dirt out of the church by the scoopful. Four of them worked all afternoon. We were able to have church this morning, but I think many stayed home to clean.

A lot of dirt is blowing now, but it's not dangerous to be out in it. This dirt is all loose, any little wind will stir it, and there will be no relief until we get rain. If it doesn't come soon there will be lots of suffering. If we spit or blow our noses we get mud. We have quite a little trouble with our chests. I understand a good many have pneumonia.

As for gardens, we had ours plowed, but now we do not know whether we have more or less soil. It's useless to plant anything.

Grace

from Deb Mulvey, ed., *"We Had Everything but Money"* (Greendale, Wis.: Reiman, 1992), 43.

Discussion Questions

1. According to Grace's letter, what problems did people living in the Dust Bowl encounter?
2. How would you describe Grace's attitude about the dust?
3. What qualities or traits do you think helped Grace and her family survive the difficulties that they faced?

Name _____ Date _____

Section 3

PRIMARY SOURCE # Attack on the Bonus Army

The government planned to pay World War I veterans bonuses in 1945; however, in 1932 tens of thousands of veterans and their families descended on Washington to demand immediate payment. President Hoover eventually ordered the U.S. Army to drive the Bonus Army from the capital. As you read this excerpt from reporter Lee McCardell's eyewitness account, consider whether the veterans were treated fairly.

WASHINGTON, July 29—The bonus army was retreating today—in all directions. . . .

The fight had begun, as far as the Regular Army was concerned, late yesterday afternoon. The troops had been called out after a veteran of the Bonus Army had been shot and killed by a Washington policeman during a skirmish to drive members of the Bonus Army out of a vacant house on Pennsylvania Avenue, two blocks from the Capitol.

The soldiers numbered between seven hundred and eight hundred men. There was a squadron of the Third Cavalry from Fort Myer, a battalion of the Twelfth Infantry from Fort Washington, and a platoon of tanks (five) from Fort Meade. Most of the police in Washington seemed to be trailing after the soldiers, and traffic was tied up in 115 knots.

The cavalry clattered down Pennsylvania Avenue with drawn sabers.

The infantry came marching along with fixed bayonets.

All Washington smelled a fight, and all Washington turned out to see it.

Streets were jammed with automobiles.

Sidewalks, windows, doorsteps were crowded with people trying to see what was happening.

"Yellow! Yellow!"

From around the ramshackle shelters which they had built on a vacant lot fronting on Pennsylvania Avenue, just above the Capitol, the bedraggled veterans jeered. . . .

The cavalrymen stretched out in extended order and rode spectators back on the sidewalks. The infantry started across the lot, bayonets fixed.

Veterans in the rear ranks of a mob that faced the infantry pushed forward. Those in front pushed back. The crowd stuck. An order went down the line of infantrymen. The soldiers stepped back, pulled tear-gas bombs from their belts, and hurled them into the midst of the mob.

Some of the veterans grabbed the bombs and threw them back at the infantry. The exploding tins whizzed around the smooth asphalt like devil chasers, pfutt-pfutt-pfutt. And a gentle southerly wind wafted the gas in the faces of the soldiers and the spectators across the street.

Cavalrymen and infantrymen jerked gas masks out of their haversacks. The spectators, blinded and choking with the unexpected gas attack, broke and fled. Movie photographers who had parked their sound trucks so as to catch a panorama of the skirmish ground away doggedly, tears streaming down their faces.

The police tied handkerchiefs around their faces.

"Ya-a-a-ah!" jeered the veterans.

But more gas bombs fell behind them. The veterans were caught in the back draft. They began to retreat. But before they quit their shacks they set them on fire. The dry wood and rubbish from which the huts were fashioned burned quickly. The flames shot high. Clouds of dirty brown smoke blanketed the avenue.

from Lee McCardell, Baltimore *Evening Sun*, July 29, 1932. Reprinted in Richard B. Morris and James Woodress, eds., *Voices from America's Past*, vol. 3, The Twentieth Century (New York: Dutton, 1962), 94–97.

Discussion Questions

1. According to McCardell, what sparked the fight between Bonus Army veterans and the soldiers?
2. How did the soldiers drive the veterans from the capital?
3. Do you think the veterans were treated fairly? Why or why not? Cite evidence from your textbook to support your opinion.

Name _____ Date _____

Section 2

LITERATURE SELECTION *from* *In the Beginning*
by Chaim Potok

In the Beginning, set during the Great Depression and World War II, traces events in the lives of the Luries, a Jewish family living in the Bronx. As you read this excerpt from the novel, think about how the narrator, first-grader David Lurie, views the hardship and suffering caused by the Depression.

They sat in the living room talking and I lay in my bed listening. I heard words in Yiddish and English that I did not understand. How could it happen? someone would say. Who could have foreseen it? There were those who predicted it, someone else would say. No one listened. What good is it to complain? my father would say. We have to think what to do. Tell us, they would say. What should we do? It's lost, a despairing voice would say. There is nothing to be done. That is not a helpful attitude, my aunt would say. But it's the truth, the despairing voice would say. There is nothing to be done. Nonsense, my father would say. We must stay together and we will plan what to do. They would talk back and forth in low voices. Sometimes a voice would suddenly be raised in anger. Once I heard a man cry out, "How long can I go on, Max? They are tearing pieces from me!" And they quieted and soothed him, and I heard my mother say she would bring him a glass of tea. Often there were sudden silences, dense chasms in the uneven contour of their speech, and I imagined I could hear the darkness of the night seeping into the room through the minute crevices in our windows. I thought often of the picnic in the clearing. When had that been? Before the summer? I could barely remember. I thought of the way my father had sounded the shofar on Rosh Hashanah, had prayed the Afternoon Service on Yom Kippur, had danced with the Torah on Simchat Torah. The joy of his friends, the ringing happiness that had filled the little synagogue. Now they sat as if it were the start of a war and they needed to make plans to flee from the Angel of Death. Had they met this way in Lemberg during the big war? I listened and was very tired and wished I could sleep. But sleep remained a cool and distant stranger. I wondered if there were some kind of special prayer one could offer for sleep. Mrs. Horowitz would have known. I stayed awake late into the nights, and slept and daydreamed in my classes during the days. My teachers left me alone.

All through the winter and into the spring those meetings continued. They brought strange dread into the house. With the coming of the warm weather, I began to have the feeling that my father and his friends were having all those meetings not so much for the purpose of making plans as for the simple need to be together and support one another, to drink glasses of tea in each other's homes, to offer one another words of encouragement, to keep away despair. I did not know what they feared, and I was afraid to ask. I lay awake in the night and listened to the meetings, or to Saul practicing his Torah reading, or to my parents talking very quietly in the kitchen and then listening to the radio—I lay awake and felt alone and filled with dread.

I was ill often in the spring, once with a raging fever that kept me in bed more than ten days. They met at our apartment during that time. One night I heard their voices distorted through fever; they seemed the cries of dark and fearful birds. The pain in my face and forehead was almost unendurable. The light stung my eyes. I slid down beneath my sheet and blanket. In the living room I heard my uncle's voice raised in a hoarse shout. There were loud, angry responses. I began to cry. The voices continued, subdued once again, a rushing, murmuring, voice-interrupting-voice multiple conversation of frightened people. I lay beneath my sheet and blanket, crying silently in pain and fever, waiting for the darkness to invade my impregnable sheet world.

It seemed to be everywhere, that darkness; and it grew darker still with the passing weeks. I was ill for the first two days of Passover. But I was in our synagogue for the final two days of the festival and it seemed a weary congregation. There were many empty seats. There was no picnic in the pine wood that June. On the final day of school I was told by my teachers that it had been decided to skip me an entire year. In September I would begin third grade.

I went gratefully to our cottage that summer

and had a restful time rowing and swimming and lying in the sun. My father and uncle were rarely with us the first three weeks. They remained in the city and came up for the weekends.

Then in August, my father abruptly stopped going to the city. "There is nothing happening in the city," I heard him tell my mother early one morning in the last week of July. "The city is like a cemetery. Its dead sell apples instead of lying still. It depresses me. Who needs a real estate broker now? I will stay here for August."

He would wake late and come out of the cottage unshaven and stare across the beach at the sun on the lake. He would sit hunched forward on a wicker chair in the shade of the elm and stare down at the grass, his veined muscular arms dangling loosely between his thighs. He grew silent. I feared going near him. His dark eyes burned fiercely and his square bony face seemed a block of carved stone. Long into the nights I would hear my mother talking to him, softly, imploringly. It seemed she did most of the talking now; he was silent.

One Shabbat afternoon he went into the forest and was gone so long that my mother grew afraid. She was about to ask my uncle to search for him when he emerged from its bluish depths and, without a word, went into the cottage. I saw my aunt and uncle look at each other forlornly. My mother went inside and came back out a few moments later and sat down in the wicker chair. She tried reading one of the German storybooks she had brought with her that summer, but in the end she put it aside and sat gazing at the afternoon sun on the lake. After a while she rose and returned to the cottage and did not come out until it was time to call Alex and me in for supper.

Far into the night my mother and father and aunt and uncle sat on our screened-in front porch and talked. I lay awake and listened but they were speaking in such subdued tones that I could make out nothing of what they were saying. On occasion one of their voices would rise above the surface of their conversation, but the others would immediately make mention of the children, and the loud voice would sink into a level of sound inaudible to my ears. I was at my window when they left and I saw my uncle embrace my father. He held him in the embrace for what seemed to me to be a very long time while my mother and aunt looked on and, finally, looked away. Then my aunt and uncle went to their cottage and my parents went to bed.

But they did not sleep. Through the darkness and the thin wall that separated our bedrooms, I heard whispers and my mother's soothing words and my father's strained, subdued voice. "I cannot understand it, Ruth. There is nothing we can do. I have never been in a situation like this before. In Lemberg [a city in Poland] we could do something and see results. Why did I bring them here?"

"You did nothing wrong, Max. You advised them. That was all you did."

"But I told them it would be better here. Do you see how some of them look at me? I feel like a criminal."

"It isn't only here, Max. It's the whole world. Is it better where they were?"

"But I brought them *here,* Ruth. I worked like a slave—to bring them *here.* Now it is a catastrophe and nothing we can do will help. God in heaven, what have I done to my friends?"

And there were more whispers and it all went on a long time until I fell asleep numb with weariness and dread.

My father did not go horseback riding that summer, though he took us often to the movies. Sometimes he went to the movies alone, and I knew it was a war film. We returned to the city in the first week of September, and my father and uncle sold the cottages and we never saw them again.

Far into the night my mother and father and aunt and uncle sat on our screened-in front porch and talked.

The meetings continued, less frequently now but with greater rancor than before. Often I heard the gentle voice of my uncle raised in defense of my father. Who hadn't put money into the market? he would shout. Who hadn't invested in real estate? They were lucky he had pulled out as much as he had or there would be no money now to maintain the cemetery, to keep up the death benefits, to maintain the sick fund. No, there was no money for travel loans to get families from Europe to America. Not now. Not until times were better. But what were they complaining about? Why were they shouting at Max? Didn't they read the newspapers? People were jumping out of windows. At least there was still enough money in the treasury to keep the Am Kedoshim Society from bankruptcy.

I would lie in my bed and listen to his voice and imagine his gentle face red with anger, his eyes flaring behind their lenses. and I would remember how he had once said to me, "What should we have done, David? Sometimes you have to smash." His voice had been soft then, but I thought I could remember some of the anger that had been embedded within it. His eyes had flashed for the briefest of seconds; the face had gone rigid. It was strange how a gentle person could turn so suddenly raging.

There were more empty seats in the synagogue now; people were moving from the neighborhood. Often on my way to meet Saul on the boulevard where we waited for our trolley car, I would see moving vans parked on the curb and brawny men carrying furniture out of houses.

"Why are so many people moving, Saul?" I asked him one morning when we had taken seats in the trolley car.

"They can't pay the high rent. They move to a less expensive neighborhood."

"Will we have to move, Saul?"

"No, we won't have to move, Davey.". . .

Saul hunched his thin shoulders and pulled his heavy jacket more tightly around him. It was cold in the trolley car. People rode in silence, reading newspapers or staring at the slatted floor or out the windows at the gray morning. I gazed out my window a moment, then opened my Chumash and reviewed some passages on which we were to be tested that morning. I closed the Chumash and went over the passages again inside my eyes. Then I sat looking out the window.

I counted four moving vans that morning parked along the streets, their backs open like black mouths. One morning in January, as the trolley car turned into the street beyond the small park, I saw men moving furniture onto the sidewalk and leave it there. I did not see any moving van. The next day, Yaakov Bader came over to me during the mid-morning recess and said, "Come on and have a game with us, Davey."

I shrugged and continued looking through the chain-link fence at the street.

"Come on, Davey. My uncle told me to make sure and take good care of you. I don't want my uncle to be angry at me."

I turned to him. A red wool cap framed his fair-skinned features which were flushed pink by the cold.

He led me to a sheltered corner of the yards where, in a basement doorway beneath the outdoor fire stairs, I joined a game of baseball cards. The boys played with their gloves off. They blew into their hands and stamped their feet. I played seriously against the background noise of the recess and lost all my cards.

"Boy, Davey, you may be a big brain, but you're lousy at this. Look at all these Babe Ruths," one of them said.

"You ought to take your gloves off when you play, Davey," another said.

"It hurts my fingers to do that."

"Look at these hands," a third said. He thrust a pair of chapped and reddened hands in front of my eyes. "My mother will kill me.What did I spend money on gloves for if you don't wear them? She'll absolutely kill me. How can you play with gloves on, Davey?"

I shrugged and moved away from them. Yaakov Bader walked with me through the noisy yard back to the chain-link fence.

"They were only kidding you, Davey. Don't be so serious." We looked out at the deserted winter street.

"Is your uncle still in Europe?" I asked.

"He'll be there until the summer."

"What does he do?"

"He's living in Switzerland this year."

"Is he still in business?"

"Yes."

"So many people went out of business. My father doesn't have much business now. He's home a lot."

We were quiet, staring through the fence at the street.

"And so many people are moving. One of the boys in my house moved the other day. Monday, I think it was. Joey Younger. He's in second grade. Do you know him?"

He shook his head.

"I never liked him too much. But I was sorry he had to move."

Activity Option

1. Role-play a conversation in which Max and Ruth Lurie explain to their son David what is happening to the nation's economy and how this economic situation affects their lives.

Name _____ Date _____

Section 1

AMERICAN LIVES Gordon Parks

Humane Artist

"I hope always to feel the responsibility to communicate the plight of others less fortunate than myself. . . . In helping one another we can ultimately save ourselves. We must give up silent watching and put our commitments into practice."—Gordon Parks,* Moments Without Proper Names *(1975)

Gordon Parks is an artist who has pursued art wherever he finds it. He has taken photographs, written poetry, composed music, and made films. Through it all, he has tried to convey his understanding of the human condition.

Born in 1912 as the last of fifteen children on a Kansas farm, Parks left school as a teenager to work. He held many different jobs—from busing tables to playing the piano to writing songs. Though it was the Depression, some people still had wealth. Parks earned a decent living as a waiter serving meals in a private men's club and on a cross-country train that carried wealthy passengers. One day, he saw a magazine with striking photographs, and it aroused an interest in photography. That interest was confirmed some months later when he heard a newsreel cameraman describe his exciting life. Parks bought a used camera and began taking pictures.

Settling in Chicago, he earned a living taking fashion photographs and photo portraits of women in society. At the same time, he shot documentary pictures of African-American life in the city. These pictures earned him a fellowship that led him to Washington. After a 10-year-period working for the federal government and again taking fashion pictures, he landed a plum assignment for photographers. Beginning in 1948, he began a 20-year career taking pictures around the world for *Life* magazine.

Parks lived for some years in Paris and at other times in Rio de Janeiro. He began taking fashion photos in Paris but soon branched into other areas. He took photo portraits of famous people. Most important, perhaps, were his images of social significance. He spent some months in the slums of Rio de Janeiro, capturing the difficult life of the poor. One young boy he met was dying of asthma. Parks's pictures of him deeply touched *Life* readers. They gave thousands of dollars, which he used to bring the boy to the United States for medical care that saved his life. Another series of photos chronicled the progress of the civil rights movement. Parks became the first African-American photojournalist.

Soon Parks was branching into other arts. He wrote a novel called *The Learning Tree,* which put in fictional terms the story of his childhood. He published four books of poetry and photographs. Later he wrote three volumes of memoirs.

He became the first African-American director of a major movie with a film version of *The Learning Tree* in 1969. He was also producer, screenwriter, and composer of the score for the film. Critics found the film visually stunning but too melodramatic. It did not attract a large audience—but his next movie, *Shaft* (1971), did. This classic detective story—featuring an African-American detective—was a great hit. Parks directed several other films. *Leadbelly* (1976) told the story of blues musician Huddie Ledbetter. *The Odyssey of Solomon Northrup* (1983) was a public-television drama about a free black sold into slavery. He also directed several documentaries for television, including one that won an award.

Parks has continued his range of artistic interest. He worked as editorial director of *Essence* magazine from 1970 to 1973. In 1989 he composed a ballet, *Martin,* which pays tribute to Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr. For accomplishments, such as this, Parks has received many awards and honors, including the National Medal of Arts in 1988. However, perhaps the highest compliment was paid to him in 1995 when the Library of Congress sought and acquired Parks's archives—thousands of photographs and around 15,000 manuscript pages of screenplays, novels, and poems.

Questions

1. How has Parks used his art to "communicate the plight of others"?
2. How would Parks's varied jobs help him in his career as a photographer?
3. In which arts did Parks achieve the greatest success?

Name _____ Date _____

Section 1

AMERICAN LIVES # Alfred E. Smith

The "Happy Warrior"

"I have taken an oath of office nineteen times. Each time I swore to defend and maintain the Constitution of the United States. . . . I have never known any conflict between my official duties and my religious beliefs."—Alfred E. Smith, "Catholic and Patriot" (1927)

Alfred E. Smith (1873–1944) was born and raised in New York's Lower East Side. His grandparents on one side had emigrated from Germany and Italy and on the other side from Ireland. He became identified with the rising power of urban immigrant voters.

Smith's father died when Alfred was twelve, and two years later, he quit school and began working full time. In the late 1890s, he entered local politics, and by 1903 he had won a seat in the New York state assembly. Dominating New York City politics was the Tammany Hall machine, and Smith was part of that Democratic party organization. He avoided any hint of corruption, however, and became known as an honest lawmaker. While working to achieve Tammany goals, he also pushed for various reforms.

In 1913, fire destroyed the Triangle garment factory, killing 146 people—mostly working women and girls. Smith led the outcry for greater workplace safety. He chaired a commission that investigated factory conditions throughout the state. The investigation put him in touch with many social reformers. These allies helped him in his 1918 race for governor. Smith campaigned for government reform and changes in female and child labor laws. He won a narrow victory.

As governor, Smith steered an independent course. He appointed Republicans and independents to state office. He backed labor's right to organize but used the state militia to end a violent strike. In the midst of widespread fear of radicals, he boldly criticized the New York assembly for expelling five members because they were socialists. He lost the governorship in 1920, although he won again in 1922, 1924, and 1926. In his later terms, he achieved many reform goals.

Smith tried to win the Democratic nomination for president in 1924. Franklin Delano Roosevelt nominated him, calling him the "Happy Warrior." Smith was anything but happy as the convention unfolded. The Ku Klux Klan—powerful in the party that year—opposed him loudly because he was a Roman Catholic. Finally Smith was forced to withdraw his candidacy.

Four years later, though, Smith easily won the nomination, but he entered the fall campaign with three problems. He was identified as a "wet"—someone against Prohibition—at a time when Prohibition still had wide support. He was Catholic, and no Catholic had ever run for president. And the country had prospered under eight years of Republican presidents.

Smith took the religious issue head-on. He gave a major speech in Oklahoma City urging tolerance of all religions. Some groups strongly opposed to him used harsh language. One critic linked Smith to a catalog of problems: "card playing, cocktail drinking, poodle dogs, divorces, novels, stuffy rooms, dancing, [and] evolution." Some Klan members said that to vote for Smith was to "vote for the Pope." Smith, however, pulled more votes than any previous Democratic candidate. He won two states and twelve large cities that had been solidly Republican. However, Smith lost by a wide margin.

Smith hoped to get a job working for Franklin Roosevelt, the new governor of New York. FDR did not name him to any post, however, and Smith entered business. Gradually he withdrew from politics. When he did enter political debates, he took more and more conservative positions. He harshly criticized Roosevelt in the early years of the New Deal. Not until World War II erupted did the two former allies become close again. Smith died in 1944.

Questions

1. How did Smith show independence throughout his career?
2. Why was Smith's Catholicism a major issue?
3. What problems besides opposition toward Catholicism helped defeat Smith?