

PM

Tuesday, September 8, 1942

A Triple Play That Got a Job: From FDR to WMPC to Union

Harvey Anderson

Wrote to the President and
Now Everybody Is Happy



Harvey Anderson

By ARNOLD BEICHMAN



On July 25 of this year, Harvey Anderson, a 22-year-old Negro, wrote a letter to the President. He told the President that he was married, that he soon would be a father, and that he had been unemployed for four months.

He also told the President that he was down to his last pair of shoes and his last pair of trousers and that he was trying very hard to get some work. He said he hadn't eaten very much for two days and he reassured the President that he had never been arrested or in jail.

Harvey got the idea of telling the President his troubles because he read how the President helped a 386-pound West Coast shipyard worker, who wrote a letter, get an oversize pair of pants.

A Triple Play

"I figured," said Harvey, a quiet-spoken, modest youth, "that if the President was the kind of fellow who would help another fellow get a pair of pants, maybe he'd help me get a job."

From the White House the letter went to the War Man Power Commission (WM-PC) and from there it went to Edward Lawson, the Commission's field assistant in New York.

And then Lawson sent the letter to Local 1225, United Electrical, Radio and Machine Workers of America, CIO. This is the union which shifted its convention from Indianapolis, because the hotel owners refused to drop Jim Crow restrictions against Negro delegates. Instead the convention will be held in Cleveland, starting Labor Day.

On Aug. 4, Harvey, who lives at 241 W. 148th St., received a note from Sidney Mason, the local's business manager, to come down to his office for an interview.

On Aug. 6, the local sent Howard to the Polarizing Instrument Co., a war plant at 155 Perry St. which has a labor contract with the union. Howard went there and he got a job.

Howard works in the plant's shipping and receiving department and makes \$26.51 a week. He's happy and his employers are happy he's working there.

A couple of weeks after Howard got the job, his wife gave birth to a girl at Harlem Hospital. His wife is now working, too, in the garment district, and his mother-in-law takes care of the baby.

Pretty soon, Howard expects to be drafted. He won't mind.

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