

A broad chasm of both time and concerns separates the hardy pioneer woman from today's liberated woman. Much of the responsibility for bridging it lies with the courageous suffragists of the early years of this century who struggled for what they hoped would be a meaningful and just position for women. Along with Jeannette Rankin, Mary O'Neill and Ella Knowles Haskell, Belle Fligelman Winestine was a dedicated member of the suffrage movement in Montana. Once described as a "plucky little generalissimo," this tiny, gently feminine woman, now in her 80's, still lives in Helena, where her father founded one of Montana's leading mercantile establishments. She and

MOTHER WAS

The first time I got involved in the suffrage movement was somewhat accidental. It was in 1913, when I was a senior at the University of Wisconsin in Madison, then one of the intellectual centers of the reform spirit known as Progressivism. One afternoon a woman called me on the telephone and said, in a brisk voice, "This is state headquarters for women's suffrage in Wisconsin. The woman suffrage bill is to come up for a public hearing tonight before a joint session of the House and the Assembly."

"Oh," I said blankly.

"We feel because you are president of the women students at the University, you must come down to the capitol tonight and tell the legislators why women should have the right to vote."

"You'll have to excuse me," I protested, "I couldn't possibly."

My sister, Frieda, was interested in the women's suffrage movement, and I knew that it was right for women to vote, but I didn't know that you had to have a reason for being right.

"You will talk ten minutes," the voice continued. "Please be at the capitol at 8:00 o'clock. . . . Put on your prettiest dress and look as feminine as possible."

Then there was a click. She had hung up. I was terrified. I told my friend, Mabel Search, who was a great deal smarter than I, what had happened.

"All you have to do," she said, "is give them a reason for voting."

"But I have no reason," I said. "I just know it's right."

"Look," she said, "both senators and assemblymen will be there. Tell them they are investing thousands of dollars every year to educate men and women in the university. By letting only the men vote, they are cutting only half the coupons on their investment."

"That's wonderful," I said, "but that will take only half a minute. I have to talk ten minutes!"

"You'll think of something," she said reassuringly. "I'll stand in the back of the room, and if I see you hesitate, I'll start clapping. If one person claps, the whole audience claps. That will give you time to think of more reasons."

That night I put on my blue velvet dress, tied a ribbon in my hair, and went down to the capitol. The great chamber where the hearing was to be held was already packed. The people in charge of the hearing noticed that

her husband, Norman, are world travelers, tireless seekers of knowledge and truth. Belle Winestine's interest in justice, including rights for women, are as uncomplicated and relevant today as they ever were; she is for them simply because they are right. We are delighted to offer our readers Mrs. Winestine's memories of her experiences in the suffrage movement. Emphasis is on her personal and professional association with Jeannette Rankin, who retained beyond the age of 90 the same principles she espoused during her extraordinary career as suffrage organizer and as the first woman to sit in the U.S. Congress.

SHOCKED

by BELLE FLIGELMAN
WINESTINE

I was not quite five feet tall and sent for a box for me to stand on. All of a sudden I was aware of the most appalling silence. I began talking about investments and dividends. Then came what seemed like thunderous applause and the ten minutes had somehow passed. To this day I don't know whether they clapped for what I said or for what I didn't say.

After graduation, I worked for newspapers in Milwaukee and in New York City, and in 1914 returned to my home in Helena, Montana, as a reporter on the *Helena Independent*. As it turned out, I was just in time to get involved with the state's suffrage campaign. The suffragists had persuaded Governor Sam Stewart to proclaim May 2 as Woman's Day to launch their campaign with a flourish.

In order to attract attention, the Helena suffragists arranged for some mild sensation. On May 2, three carloads of women drove up and down Last Chance Gulch, Helena's famous main street, tooting horns, waving flags, and tossing literature. Then we all converged on a main street corner for speeches.

I recall that a man who passed by called out, "I ain't got no interest in this here wom-

en's suffrage stuff." Lucille Topping, who headed the Helena suffrage branch, called back, "But you will after November!"

In June the Montana Federation of Women's Clubs met in Lewistown, and the editor of the *Helena Independent* assigned me to cover a speech there by Jeannette Rankin. Although I had never met Miss Rankin, the chairman of the state women's suffrage organization, I had heard a great deal about her and was anxious to meet her.

I had never left Helena before to cover a news story, and I wasn't sure how it was done. I didn't even know how to telegraph news to a paper. All the telegrams I knew about were ten words long and ended with "love." The editor advised me that if I got stuck, the editor of the Lewistown paper would help me.

The meeting at Lewistown was packed with women from all over Montana. When Miss Rankin came forward to speak the air became electric. She immediately dispelled the notion that suffragists were all middle-aged and masculine. Young, attractive, energetic, and glowing with friendliness and reason, Jeannette Rankin commanded attention as soon as she spoke. She wore a gold-colored velvet suit, and the Lewistown editor said she looked like a young panther ready to spring.



BELLE FLIGELMAN

circa 1916

JEANNETTE RANKIN



Library of Congress

In her speech, Miss Rankin attacked the defensive posture which some of the suffragists had assumed. Women should not have to give their reasons for voting, she said, for men were not called upon to explain theirs. She went on to point out that although people asked what women planned to do with the franchise if they won it, no one asked men to make any such defense.

Echoing many of the themes of Progressive thought about the role of women, Jeannette said there were many reasons why women must vote. Women had work to do with the vote, not because they wanted to be like men but because women were *different* and represented different interests. She pointed out to the club women that governmental actions directly affected their lives, but they had nothing to say about any of them. For instance, she noted, Montana's infant and maternity mortality rates were among the highest in the nation. She also emphasized the need to do something about the working conditions of women in factories and industry and the need for food and safety inspectors. Women needed the vote because all of these were things which needed attention.

Most of the women in the hall were not committed to suffrage, for the women's club as an organization had no official connection with suffrage. In fact, many of the women there were actually part of the strong and outspoken anti-suffrage movement which had been building up in Montana. Composed of both men and women, the anti-suffrage movement represented anti-prohibition elements as well as people who felt that suffrage threatened the sanctity of the home and family. Women's place was in the home, they said. Women are on a pedestal, why should they come down and mix in "dirty politics"? Well, we replied, who made politics dirty, and how many of the women who worked in factories or labored on homesteads were on pedestals?

Part of Miss Rankin's effectiveness in the suffrage movement lay in her genius for political organization. She organized every county in the state, some even on the precinct level. She talked in town halls, at picnics, and in schoolhouses. She told the children why their mothers ought to vote, and asked them to talk to their fathers about it. Each child was presented with a hatband reading VOTES FOR WOMEN. In order to reach the farm vote, she organized a rural campaign. She personally sat in numerous farm kitchens talking to neighboring ranch women.

Up to that time, no one in Montana, or anywhere else for that matter, had heard of a respectable young woman making a public street corner speech. Yet we knew we would have to adopt all the normal political techniques if we were going to win the vote. I remember my first speech distinctly. I was terrified as I took my place on what was supposed to be a busy Helena street corner. Suddenly, it seemed, there was not a soul in sight. But I had something to say, so I just started talking to the world. Miraculously, someone stopped to listen, and then another came running, and soon I had a big audience, all listening attentively—partly, I suppose, because they had never heard a woman speaking on the street.

My mother was horrified. While it was all right for women to vote, she said, no respectable lady would speak on a street corner. She warned me that if I made one more speech on the street, I needn't come home. That night I slept at a hotel and charged it to my father. After that I was allowed to speak on street corners, although Mother was still horrified in spite of her feelings that what I was doing had a high purpose. As time went on, she had to accept even more "unladylike" techniques from me and other campaigners for the rights of women. We had a long ways to go.

On the Fourth of July, 1914, I attended a four-county picnic in Absorakee, a little town near Billings, where State Senator J. B. Annin, Miss Rankin, and I were to be the speakers. We gave our speeches while standing on the back seat of an open car. The audience seemed to enjoy our talks, and I was well on my way to becoming a seasoned speech maker.

Some weeks later Lucille Topping and I went to Marysville, a little gold-mining town up in the mountains twenty miles northwest of Helena. We had a buggy with two horses to pull us up the steep mountain road. Lucille did the driving. We arrived in the evening and gave our talk in the Miners Hall. All the miners came in their high rubber boots, listening attentively to what we had to say. When we were finished, someone got out a fiddle, and we danced. And while we pushed these men in their rubber boots around the dance floor, we thanked them earnestly for the votes they were going to give us in November.

On the way back to Helena, after midnight, Lucille drove the team down the mountain while I stretched forward and held a lighted kerosene lantern over the horses' tails so that she could see the road. I think Marysville voted for us.

One evening I gave a talk in front of a saloon in Augusta, a ranching community some seventy-five miles north of Helena. As far as my mother was concerned, this was far worse than speaking on street corners. No lady would ever even stop in front of a saloon in those days, much less talk to a man who came out of one. Nevertheless I started to talk, and a few men came out to listen. I don't think they thought much of it; on election day someone in Augusta wrote my name in as Lewis and Clark County sheriff.

After a summer of meetings and speeches throughout the state, we sponsored a booth at the Montana State Fair, where the *Suffrage Daily News* which I helped to publish, was handed out. Our campaign concluded with a triumphant parade in Helena, in which hundreds of men and women from all over the state marched. Dr. Anna Howard Shaw, president of NAWSA (National American Women's Suffrage Association), led the parade with Jeannette Rankin.

A huge American flag was carried by women representing the states with suffrage, while a grey banner was carried by those representing partial suffrage. A black banner denoted non-suffrage states.

When we reached the old auditorium at the corner of Seventh and Warren, the speeches began. Dr. Shaw, a magnificent, straight-thinking, humorous person, said, I recall, "They call us clinging vines, and they tell us to let the sturdy oaks take care of the politics. But I have noticed in the forests that each sturdy oak that has a clinging vine around it is a little withered at the top."

On election day, November 3, 1914, Montana's suffrage amendment was approved, 41,302 to 37,588. At first it looked as if it would not pass. We heard that at some polling places anti-suffragists held their locked ballot boxes and refused to count the votes for several days. We figured that they were waiting so they could delete as many yes-votes as necessary to defeat us. Miss Rankin announced to the press that she was going to hire lawyers if necessary to get the ballot boxes opened, and with that threat, the boxes came out of hiding. From that day, women in Montana have voted on equal terms with men. Even now I never go to the polls without a silent thank you to those many energetic, earnest women in Montana and supporters from other states who made it possible.

Even with this victory, however, we knew it was not enough merely to have the vote. Women had to be persuaded to use it. It was suggested that Jeannette Rankin run for Congress. This was a staggering and somewhat amusing proposal for the men in our state to consider. But of course they thought she would never win. While we felt that most women would vote for her in gratitude for what she had done for them, the question was, would the men support her, and indeed, what about the vocal anti-suffragists among women?

In 1916, Montana was not yet divided into Congressional districts, so candidates for the House ran at large, just as candidates to the Senate still do. Although there were legal limits on campaign expenditures, Jeannette's exposure through the suffrage campaign was of great benefit to her. She was already well known throughout Montana. She spoke all over the state again, and hosts of women rejoined the campaign, just as they had for suffrage.

We set up headquarters in the Helena law office of her brother, Wellington D. Rankin. I left my position as manager and editor of the *Montana Progressive* and was in charge of remobilizing the organization which had been formed for suffrage. We sent out mountains of literature and hundreds of personal letters. Press releases went to the newspapers every day. As election day neared, we sent out a flood of postcards.

In those days we could still buy "penny postcards" that cost only one cent. We bought hundreds of them and dozens of women volunteered to address them to names on voting lists throughout the state. They bore the folksy handwritten greeting: "Dear Friend: We are enjoying it here. We're going to vote for Jeannette Rankin for Congress. Hope you will. Greetings." The card was signed with the initials of the writer. We hoped this would keep the voter sufficiently curious to remember the unknown friend's advice on election day.

We had a map in our office showing how many votes we could expect in each county, and it began to look as though we needed about two thousand more votes from Silver Bow county. I had never been in a political campaign before and was unbelievably naive about such things. Nevertheless, I went to Butte to talk to Mayor Lewis J. Duncan.

"If you could just switch about two thousand votes our way . . ." I suggested. The mayor was amused. Nevertheless, Jeannette got more votes in Butte than we had anticipated.

Although the election in November, 1916, proved a landslide for the Democrats, Jeannette, a Republican, was elected to Congress. Because she was the first woman in the world to be elected to a national parliament, she attracted a great deal of attention in the papers and in magazines. She was commissioned by the *Chicago Herald* to write a weekly syndicated column, and Jeannette asked me to go along to Washington as one of her secretaries to write that column and assist in the office.

In the meantime, the world situation was deteriorating rapidly, and it began to seem that the United States would inevitably enter the war in Europe. The war spirit became so strong that President Woodrow Wilson called a special session for April 2, 1917, to announce that he could no longer keep us out of the conflict.

Florence Leach of Valier, Montana, Jeannette's other secretary, went with me to Washington a week before Congress was to open to get the office ready and put things in shape. We found that both pacifists and militarists were flooding into Washington in full force to lobby during the congressional debate. They marched up and down in front of the Capitol, up and down the streets, and crowded the offices of Senators and Congressmen.

It was well known that Jeannette Rankin was adamantly opposed to all wars, and was committed to vote against our entry into World War I. She was besieged every day and well into the nights by people arguing in deadly earnest for both sides. Suffragists who had worked for votes for women for years, and who had steadfastly opposed the war until that week, now pleaded that if she voted against our entry, she would betray the women of this country. People would say, they insisted, that women were unable to face reality, that she would set back the cause of national women's suffrage.

On April 2, 1917, the special session began at noon. The first order of business was the seating of newly-elected members of Congress. When Miss Rankin entered the House, there was a terrific ovation from both the Democratic and Republican sides of the chamber. They rose to their feet and clapped while Jeannette smiled and bowed. The afternoon was devoted to organizing the functions of the House, and although it was almost 7:00 o'clock before they finished, it was announced that at 8:00 o'clock they must be back in their seats for an address by President Wilson.

Jeannette Rankin's election stimulated a great deal of interest in the press. Many rumored that she was elderly, mannish, shrewish, or that she was a cowgirl. This spirit was captured by Christopher Morley in *New York Times*, Nov. 19, 1916:

*We have so many Congressmen
Whose ways are dark and shady,
How joyfully we welcome then
The coming Congresslady.*

*I wonder is she old and stout
Or is she young and pretty,
How long the members will
stay out
who are on her committee.*

*We'll hear no more of shabbiness
Among our legislators
She'll make them formal in
their dress
They'll wear boiled shirts
and gaiters*

*Her maiden speeches will be
known
For charm and grace of manner
But who on earth will chaperone
the member from Montana?*



MISS RANKIN FETED BY SUFFRAGE LEADERS, APRIL 2, 1917

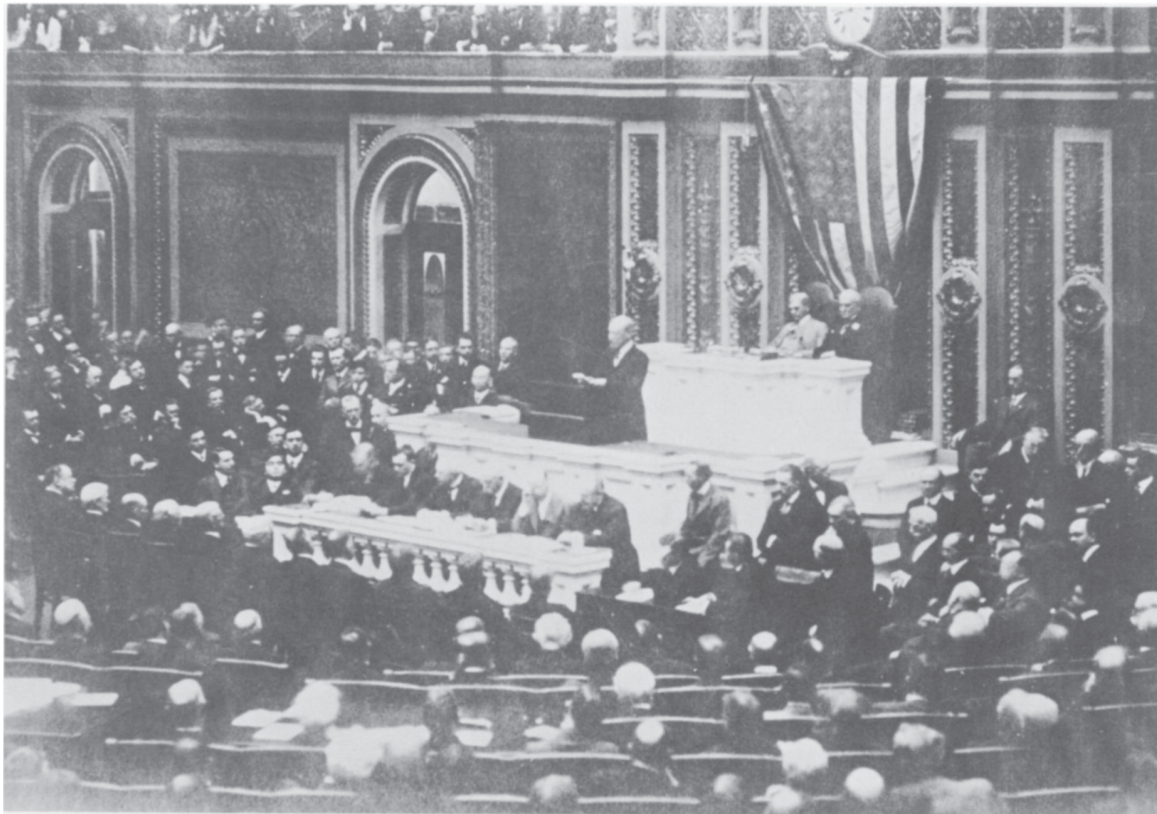
When the joint session reassembled at 8:00, the galleries were packed. President Wilson came in looking very solemn. He had kept us out of war as long as he could, he said, but he could no longer do so. War was a terrible thing, but this one was going to be a war to end all wars. It was going to make the world safe for democracy. When he had finished, the hall resounded with a terrific ovation. It was announced that the war resolution would be out of committee the next morning, and that discussion would not be limited. It was a foregone conclusion, however, that the measure would pass.

The next morning the bill came on the floor, and discussion began. There were no time limits on the speeches, and debate lasted from early morning until midnight every day until April 6. In the corridors outside the House Chamber, Congressmen on their way to committee meetings, walked up and down talking with constituents. Many had tears rolling down their faces; if there ever was a time to weep, this was the time.

In our office, people kept coming in. On the night of April 6, our office was still full of people. Among them were Mr. and Mrs. James L. Laidlaw of New York, friends of Miss Rankin's who had helped enormously in the Montana suffrage campaign and in Jeannette's campaign for Congress. Jeannette felt very close to them and very much in their debt. They pleaded with her not to betray the cause of suffrage and urged her to put aside her own feelings and vote for entry into the war. It was a very difficult and emotional time for her. I could not imagine her voting for war; neither could I imagine her letting her friends down.

About ten o'clock Florence and I left the argument and went over to the Capitol. The dome was lighted as it always is when something is going on there at night. We noticed white doves flying around the dome, and hoped fervently that it was an omen of peace.

At midnight, the bell rang summoning the members. Jeannette and her brother, Wellington, who had come to Washington also hoping to persuade her to vote for war, walked to-



PRESIDENT WILSON DELIVERING HIS WAR MESSAGE TO CONGRESS, APRIL 2, 1917

gether from the House Office Building to the Capitol.

After some discussion, the voting began at 3:00 o'clock in the morning. When Miss Rankin's name was called she did not respond at first. After the second call, the first woman in Congress arose. "I love my country and I cannot vote for war," she said. "I vote no." Thus, the first vote ever cast in Congress by a woman was for peace.

The papers the next morning announced that the Congresswoman from Montana had voted against war, then swooned and wept, and had to be carried out of the chamber. It made a dramatic story, but it was without truth. Fiorello La Guardia, later New York's colorful mayor, but then a freshman Representative from his state, received a letter from one of his constituents, a woman, who asked whether it was true that Miss Rankin had "disgraced them" by weeping when she voted. "Dear Madam," La Guardia replied, "I am sorry, but my own eyes were so full of tears, I couldn't see how Miss Rankin voted."

Once the country was in the war, Miss Rankin devoted her attention to a great deal of significant legislation. Best known for her work for the national suffrage amendment, she also introduced bills for equal pay for men and women in war jobs and in the Civil Service.

Another important bill she sponsored gave American women personal citizenship, separate from that of their husbands. Crystal Eastman, well-known poet and sister of Max Eastman, the editor of *The Masses*, came to the office one day. She was planning to marry an Englishman, but she did not want to give up her U. S. citizenship. She asked Miss Rankin what she could do about it. Miss Rankin sent me to the Library of Congress' bill drafting service for information on the matter. It was a young man in that office who first informed me that a man is not married to a spouse, but with a spouse.

One of Miss Rankin's most significant achievements was cleaning up the Bureau of Engraving and Printing where Liberty Bonds were being produced. There was an eight-hour

law on the books for all governmental departments, but because of wartime demands, personnel in that bureau worked ten to twelve hours a day with no overtime compensation. About 2,000 girls worked under those conditions and several of them had fainted at the printing presses; two had been institutionalized because of tension. An entire issue of Liberty Bonds had been thrown out because of printing errors brought on by overtime pressures and exhaustion.

This situation was brought to Jeannette's attention by the sister of one of the girls, who lived in Montana. Miss Rankin went down to the bureau to talk with the director and look over the situation. He was friendly and charming and assured her that everything in his department was working smoothly, that the girls were happy in their work. Miss Rankin was not convinced. She sent me down the next day to talk with the girls during their lunch hour. They were very upset not only by the long hours but by conditions in general and expressed the hope that Miss Rankin could help them.

This was the only bureau in Washington where girls from the District of Columbia could work, they said. Although the pay was low (25¢ an hour), all the good jobs went to constituents of the Senators and Representatives from the various states. (My salary was \$125.00 a month).

I suggested that they meet with Miss Rankin at her apartment on Sunday morning, and thirty of them showed up. Convinced by their pleas, at her own expense, Jeannette hired Elizabeth Watson, a professional social investigator from New York, to come to Washington to work on the case. Within a week Miss Watson brought to the office a pile of signed affidavits attesting to the abuses in the bureau.

The next day all the government offices were to close for the long Fourth of July holiday. Miss Rankin, however, put the affidavits in her briefcase, and we went down to the Treasury Department to talk with Secretary William McAdoo, who had jurisdiction over the Bureau of Engraving and Printing. We sat in the waiting room until McAdoo came in. He said he was sorry, but he was leaving for a



MISS RANKIN'S STAFF AT WORK IN HER WASHINGTON, D.C. OFFICE IN 1918

boating party, and had only a few minutes to spare.

Miss Rankin got right down to business: "The Bureau of Engraving and Printing will have to be put on an eight hour schedule on July 5."

McAdoo smiled tolerantly. "The fifth of July! That's the day we get back from our vacations!"

"Yes," said Miss Rankin.

"Well, we don't work that way," he said, still smiling. "That isn't the way we do things in Washington. You're new here. I'll let you talk to my assistant. I'm sorry, but I have to leave now."

When his assistant came in, Miss Rankin told him why she had come. He leaned forward and shook his finger in her face.

"You can't do that in Washington," he said. "It's a government bureau. Things take time. You're new here. It takes months to reorganize things and change schedules. You'll learn when you're here for a while."

Miss Rankin opened her briefcase. "I have these affidavits," she said, "and if this bureau isn't put on an eight-hour schedule on the fifth of July, I'll have to turn them over for a Congressional investigation."

"You can't do that!" His face got very red and he shook his finger in her face again. "You'll have to learn how we do things here."

Miss Rankin arose. "Thank you," she said. "We won't take any more of your time."

We had been back in her office almost an hour when the phone rang. It was someone from the Treasury Department: "There will be a hearing at the Bureau of Engraving and Printing at 1:00 o'clock today. We would like you and your secretary to be there. The girls will be excused from their work to testify."

We put on our hats and went down to the bureau again. Jeannette thought the girls would not testify because they would be afraid of losing their jobs, but when we arrived, the long corridors were filled with girls waiting to testify. After several hours of testimony the chairman suggested we adjourn until the next day. Within the hour, however, the bureaucratic wheels began to turn, and by 8:00 o'clock that night, newspapers were on the stands announcing the institution of an eight-hour schedule at the bureau beginning July 5. It was the swiftest change ever made in a governmental department, they said.

Miss Rankin's work with the Children's Bureau was another important achievement. In 1917 Montana had one of the highest infancy and maternity mortality rates in the country. This was partially due to the fact that so many women lived on ranches, far from a doctor. Jeannette worked with Julia Lathrop, head of the Children's Bureau, planning maternity councils for the rural districts in our state. Jeannette also began sending out a series of maternity care pamphlets that Miss Lathrop had prepared.

On June 8, 1917, a terrible fire broke out in the Speculator Mine in Butte, and 162 miners were burned to death. Because of this and other unsafe conditions, and the rustling card system, the miners went out on strike under the leadership of radical labor unions. Many of the miners' wives as well as her political friends advised Jeannette to go to Butte as a mediator, for she had a reputation as a firm friend of labor and a critic of the Anaconda Company. She went to Butte and was greeted by thousands of miners. She had expected to speak to them right there at the station, but instead two police officers took her to her hotel. When she protested, they said she would be mobbed if the police didn't protect her.

At the hotel, Mary O'Neill, Jeannette's right hand campaigner in the Butte suffrage activity, had made arrangements for three rooms. One was to be occupied by Jeannette's brother, the middle one by Jeannette, and the third one by Mary O'Neill herself so that Jeannette would be protected. The next day, the Congresswoman addressed a gathering at Butte's Columbia Gardens. Hoping to assuage both sides, Jeannette delivered a moderate reprimand to the employers while also condemning the I.W.W. radicals who had infiltrated the union. Back in Washington, Jeannette Rankin introduced a bill providing that the government take over the metalliferous mines. This measure did not pass, and since it alienated the Anaconda Company, it did not help her politically. This and the division of Montana into congressional districts combined with her unpopular position on the war, assured her defeat in 1918.

Although she knew her vote against the war had ended her chances for re-election, Jeannette Rankin never regretted it. She was returned to Congress in 1941 in time to vote against war a second time. When she was ninety years old, this courageous lady said she would like to go back to Congress again to cast one more vote against war. That, she thought, was the great job yet to be done by women. And so it is.



1932

BELLE WINESTINE: Tiny Crusader for Mighty Causes



1972

It was while Belle Fligelman was working in Jeannette Rankin's Washington office during the winter of 1917-1918 that she met Norman Winestine, a young Yale graduate, who was working in Herbert Hoover's wartime Food Administration. He courted Belle by bringing her pies that the FA had cut into to taste test for wheat content. In April, 1918, they were married and moved to New York City, where Norman was on the staff of *The Nation*. Two years later they traveled to Paris, "ready to conquer the world," but, as Mrs. Winestine now comments with a smile, "the world wasn't ready for us." They returned to Helena in 1921, accompanied by their daughters, two-year-old Minna and infant Judy so that Norman could help her father manage Fligelman's New York Dry Goods Store.

Despite responsibilities to her family, which later included a son, Henry, Mrs. Winestine always found time for her interests in politics. Throughout the twenties she was active in Jeannette Rankin's Good Government Clubs, and their successor, the League of Women Voters. She was also a self-appointed lobbyist for various causes, ranging from women's right to serve on juries (finally won in 1939), to the ratification of the national child labor amendment and the establishment of Mountain View School for Girls in the Helena Valley.

The apathy of male legislators toward issues of interest to women led to her only sortie into active politics. During the depths of the Depression in 1932, she made an unsuccessful try for the State Senate. Often taking her children with her as she rang doorbells, she was startled to find herself accused by voters, regardless of the issues, of "not needing the job" because her husband could support her! Although only nominally a Republican, Mrs. Winestine's campaign appeal for "smaller and better senators" was swamped by the Roosevelt landslide.

Toward the end of the 1933 legislative session, an unexpected surplus of \$2,000 remained in the Senate Appropriations Committee — just what the Children's Bureau needed! Mrs. Winestine took five women speakers to the committee hearing, but her opponent in the recent election was interested in other matters. The \$2,000 went toward a new sheepshed at the State Fairgrounds in Helena. Mrs. Winestine hopes that she can be forgiven for still feeling slightly pleased that the roof of the sheepshed caved in after an early winter storm.

Politics has been only one of Mrs. Winestine's wide-ranging interests. Her main enthusiasm has been writing, which had its natural beginnings in her youthful journalism experience. She contributed with some regularity to *Frontier and Midland*, published by Dr. H. G. Merriam at the University of Montana, as well as to *Inter-American Magazine*. She was listed in *Foley's Short Stories of 1953* among authors of distinctive fiction for a story published in the *Atlantic Monthly*. One of her plays, "The Gravy Boat," produced by the Pasadena Community Playhouse, was inspired by Governor Joseph M. Dixon's failure to be re-elected when his opponents launched a "whispering campaign" in drought-stricken Montana, charging that Mrs. Dixon had spent \$8.00 for a gravy boat when the farmers had no gravy to put in one.