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THE ACTIVIST PASSION OF GEORGIA COZZINI

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4/25/96
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A SOCIALIST HEART: THE ACTIVIST PASSION OF GEORGIA COZZINI

A Thesis
submitted in partial fulfillment of the requirements for the
degree of
Bachelor of Arts in Liberal Studies

By

Gina L. Cozzini

School for Summer and Continuing Education
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Washington, D.C.
May 1, 1996
A SOCIALIST HEART: THE ACTIVIST PASSION OF GEORGIA COZZINI

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ABSTRACT

This paper discusses the life and times of my mother, Georgia Cozzini, and her socialist activism. It sheds light on the historical and personal reasons why she chose to join the Socialist Labor Party, becoming its standard bearer in both local and national elections. It explains her dedication to the principles and program of the SLP, which she felt was key to social progress, and the program itself, Socialist Industrial Unionism, or government by industrial congress.

Beginning with her Victorian childhood it can be seen that the enterprise and good will of Georgia’s parents, Will and Daisy Purvis, laid the ground for her positive and humane view of the world. Labor turmoil and her father’s experiences as a union man on the railroad in the early part of this century, served to give Georgia personal insight into the strife between capital and labor. The family’s move to Milwaukee in 1924, a city of immigrants and industry where Georgia grew to adulthood, brought her a new understanding of urban poverty and hardship. There she finished high school, won a scholarship for a year’s college education, and met and married Artemio Cozzini. It was through Art and his intellectual passion that she encountered the Socialist Labor Party and its unique political program.
Georgia's work for the SLP accorded her a resolve and the courage to speak out on behalf of herself and others—to hold and carry forth her controversial beliefs. She was the first woman to run for governor in the state of Wisconsin, and in 1946 she ran for senator against the infamous Joseph McCarthy. It is clear that Georgia respected divergent views and opinions by respecting her opponents (even when she did not like them as individuals), because she believed in the democratic principles of a social order based upon the dignity of human ideas. The foundation of political liberty and the right to free speech, which lie at the core of American values, were very dear to her. Georgia could hold her own against Joseph McCarthy in a political campaign and not be taken in or led astray by personal ambition because she was a spokesperson for an idea, socialism, which for her was the path of heart—not political expediency.

This same vigor and principled commitment made her accept her party's nomination in 1956 and again in 1960 for vice president on its national ticket. She campaigned vigorously from west coast to east presenting socialism as the necessary step to bring about a world of peace and prosperity. In 1956 the networks were still required by federal regulation to give equal time to minority party candidates, and in this manner Georgia was able to take her message to the American people.

It is my belief that Georgia Cozzini's model of visionary, humane political activism is fundamental to the American way of life. She is remembered by all who knew her with admiration and abiding affection.
ACKNOWLEDGMENTS and DEDICATION

If it "takes a village" to raise a child, it takes at least that to write a thesis. I feel a well of sincere appreciation to all those who supported me in this effort. I am immediately fortunate that Dr. O'Callaghan and the board of liberal studies professors granted me the privilege of my mother as a thesis topic. I owe a debt of gratitude to my wonderfully wise mentor, Dr. Leona Fisher, whose knowledge of language is amazing, and who delighted with me in the project, encouraging me whenever I floundered. While working on this project, I have been most pleased to make the acquaintance of my mother's lifelong best friend, LaMyra Decker, whose oral histories and letters about Mama and the Purvis home have been a true source of delight. Heartfelt thanks to Robert Greiner who painstakingly read my paper giving me apt and loving criticism. To Robert Bills, the National Secretary of the SLP, who spent several hours of his time making me copies of articles from microfilm, my sincere thanks; and to Genevieve Gunderson (also of SLP headquarters), who made me a list of all the articles my mother had written over the years--my love. I also thank Nat Karp, the National Secretary of the SLP from 1969 to 1980, for telling me where to find the information I needed, and for being one of my mother's dearest comrades for many years. For hosting my husband and me while I did my research in California and letting me browse through old photos and memorabilia, thanks to my sweet brother, Bruce; and also to my Aunt Gina Millunzi for answering many questions about the early years of the Cozzini family in Milwaukee. Special thanks go to my friend since adolescence, Lila Reeves, who called several branches of the Wisconsin Historical Society to find which might have relevant research material on file. To my daughter, Cate Harrington whose computer skills are truly fine, I owe the beautiful photographic appendix to this paper, not to mention all the perfect formatting, and correct numerical system--footnotes included. I am so proud of her!

Finally, I am grateful for the love and support of my dear husband, Robert Condry and his kind family. Over the last five years he has spent many an hour working around the house while I wrote papers, including this thesis, and has given me countless suggestions and good advice. I could never have done it without him. As my father said when Mama died--a lifetime is not enough!

TO GEORGIA,
For Art, and all of us who loved you so...
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INTRODUCTION

The Milwaukee Journal
Monday, May 25, 1942
FOR GOVERNOR,
A BLOND OF 27

Socialist Labor Party
Convention Names Its State Ticket

The novelty of a political party in Wisconsin running a woman candidate for governor is presented by the Socialist Labor Party, which Sunday endorsed slender, blond, soft speaking Mrs. Georgia Cozzini, 27, of 4183 N. Montreal St., to carry its colors.

This newspaper clipping, yellowed with age, folded, and brittle, is similar in content to many of the newspaper articles written about my mother in the years that followed. The writer gives a brief biography of Georgia Cozzini--local honor student, scholarship winner, recently a mother, wife of a knife-grinder, states that the party’s chances are close to nonexistent. It quotes Mrs. Cozzini as saying the election is an opportunity for the party to explain its program to the people of Wisconsin "to make them think and talk about it," and declares that the party espouses the change from capitalism and ownership for profit, to socialism and government by industrial congress. Most importantly in light of the party’s program, Mrs. Cozzini affirms the party’s stance that the change from capitalism to socialism can be made peacefully, by ballot.

According to the article, she will travel the state and address the question: "How
Are We to Build a Better World?" On the back of the clipping is the capitalist response:

"You'll want Slacks
$5.98
Work in your Victory
Garden in a two-tone slack suit. . ."

Consumerism, capitalism's easy answer to building a better world, says happiness can be purchased. Consumerism first became possible in the late nineteenth century, when industrialization and the proliferation of goods and services it created made scarcity obsolete. This new possibility produced the mind-set that "more is better" but had little to do with ideas.

Ideas, however, were essential to Georgia Olive Purvis, later to become Georgia Cozzini. Indeed, her great enthusiasm for life centered around ideas and education, and though the Depression kept her from finishing her schooling at Wisconsin State Teachers College, she, like her husband and other socialist comrades, spent the greater part of her life in a process of self-education. It was not enough for a member in the socialist movement to keep abreast of news and current events; one also must steep oneself in history and the classics, as the basis for Western thought and culture. We can find this same intellectual vitality in the Victorian patterns of her childhood instilled by parents who were inventors, free-thinkers and humanitarians.

The Victorian world which shaped Georgia's parents envisioned continued progress through machines and machinery. The knowledge that we humans were
capable of making wonderful machines, tools, and contraptions turned into a theory that this, at last, might be our true purpose. Engineers and inventors were thought to hold "future destinies of the planet in their hands."¹ This exciting new vision of technology captured the Victorian imagination with its God-like quality of creation—not the dawn of time, but of a new, man-made time.

The antimaterialist, humanist reaction to this ideal of progress, combined with the harsh conditions of American labor in a newly industrialized society as well as the disparity between rich and poor in a land of supposed equal opportunity, gave birth to the American socialist movement. As time itself—the hours of the day—was standardized in part to accommodate the exact scheduling of interstate freight transportation. Goods became more easily available, and demand for those goods increased while the price of shipping declined accordingly. Paradoxically, our consumer society was born under an economy based on creating markets where there was no need, at the same time as the antimaterialist, or humanitarian vision of the ability (at long last) to produce for the use and benefit of humankind—to meet real needs. The socialists with an appreciation for and an understanding of the past along with the application of science, envisioned a truly modern society which directed humanity to seek the truth. Victorian America accepted "truth" as a universal bond possessing the divine ability to overcome human differences.²

Whose "truth" would prevail came into question when waves of immigrants arrived to work in industrialized America and disrupted its cultural isolation. American
fascination with foreign travel was enhanced by the presence of immigrants, who spoke other languages, wore odd clothing, and seemed altogether strange to the Victorians. This transformation in the homogeneous nature of Victorian society brought with it a new definition of what was culturally "American." There was even a change in the very meaning of the word "culture" to a definition we take for granted today, from its roots in agriculture, to "social improvement through discipline." Discipline, truth, and love were fundamental Victorian values whose roots were to be found in the Victorian home, and home was not just a place to hang one's hat. It was a sanctuary, and family was the glue that held it all together.
PART I - VICTORIAN VALUES
"Childhood Always Comes First!"

West Allis, Wis.
January 6, 1926

Dear Georgia,
We make ourselves the joy or fear
Of which our coming life is made
And fill our future atmosphere
With sunshine or with shade

The tissues of the life to be
We weave in colors all our own
And in the field of Destiny
We reap as we have sown. Whittier
Your loving mother, M.D. Purvis**

Georgia’s mother, Mary Daisy Pryor, was born in 1874, the fourth of five children, on a farm in Bethany, Missouri, which was still the edge of the American frontier. Her mother died in 1880, and Daisy, as she was called, was sent with the other children to the Indiana homestead of her mother’s family, the Quicks.*** Daisy grew to six feet and in her teenage years seemed too "willowy," so the family, fearing

* The title of Georgia Cozzini’s typewritten manuscript describing her childhood.

** This was written in the autograph book Georgia received as a Christmas present in December, 1925.

*** Mary Quick, Daisy’s mother, was from a landed, rather well-established family in Indiana, but fell in love and ran away with a handsome "traveling" man, Smith Pryor, of whom the family did not approve. Smith caught and trained wild horses on the frontier, brought them back and sold them in St. Joseph, Missouri. After Mary died she was buried in Bethany, because her father was still angry and would not allow her to be buried in the family plot in Indiana. Mary’s sister Hannah took the children and raised them as her own. Hannah never married.
tuberculosis, sent her to Denver (the mountain air was considered curative) to care for her father Smith Pryor, and brother Rollo, who were prospecting for gold and silver. A year or so later her younger sister, Bertha came to live with her there. In truth Daisy must have been fairly hardy, because she worked in a shirt factory to put Bertha through high school, studying Bertha’s text books in the evenings and thus educating herself. New Year’s 1898, Daisy was given an autograph book for a present. In the Victorian era, albums with cards and photos were often among the personal effects found on the parlor table, beside the Bible and a classical book or two. These set the moral tone for the home, and as often as a family might move, the “Good Book” and those few treasured books and albums always came along. Daisy’s father, ever true to her mother’s memory, never remarried. He wrote in Daisy’s album:

_The heart that has truly loved never forgets_
_But as truly loves on to the close._

_Your loving Father,_
_Smith Pryor_

Georgia’s father was obviously less serious when he wrote in her autograph book twenty-seven years later:

_West Allis_
_Jan_

_Dear Georgia,_
_I’ll write a verse_
_That’s different from_
_Any other in your Album_
_It’s not as good_
_As it is bad_
_It’s written by your ornery "Dad"
Her father, William Joseph Purvis, was born in 1869 and raised on the Purvis family farm in Sullivan, Illinois. Family oral history has it that the Purvises were neighbors to the Lincolns, but in any case Will spoke of his father as a staunch abolitionist. Will married young, and his first wife, Susan Hammond, died shortly after childbirth, leaving him with a son, Arden. After his wife's death Will Purvis worked the railroad as a fireman (and later a machinist) going "over the road through Colorado, Kansas, and Nebraska." Mobility was key to the Victorians, who seemed to be a society in transit. Along with immigration, there was a constant emigration from one part of the country to another.

To work the railroad was to be on the cutting edge of technology; to witness the construction of trestles, tunnels, bridges and viaducts along with thousands of miles of track. Like a giant web the railroad joined all of urban and rural America, dominating interstate commerce and forming the basis of the U.S. economy. This factor made it a spearhead for the trade union movement and the most contentious battle ground between capital and labor in the nineteenth century. Both railroad technology and the railroad brotherhood were dominant forces in Will Purvis's life between 1890 and 1922.

Will met Daisy at a "Young People's meeting" at the Baptist Church in Denver, and after they married, they purchased a farm and moved to Goodland, Kansas, around 1904. There was a railroad water tower on the land, so Will could walk to the edge of his property and board the train when it stopped to take on water. This gave him
more time at home and that was essential, because Will had an idea for building "a flying machine."*

He called it a Gyrocopter and had patents drawn up by an engineer, Charles A. Wilson. It operated with two counter-rotating blades,* each powered by a one horsepower motor. Since he had no light metals or wood with which to build the platform structure to hold the operator, the motors' power was not sufficient to lift all that weight. The basic principle was correct.**

Because the "Gyrocopter" never left the ground, Will felt it was a total failure.** After his unsuccessful invention, Will Purvis sold the Goodland farm to pay back all the neighbors who had helped contribute to his venture (though all who had donated money had done so with the understanding that they would lose their investment if the machine did not fly). Poor but proud was always better than being in someone's debt. With little money left, the Purvises could only afford a rocky piece of Ozark farm land near Willow Springs, Missouri. Will built his family a stone house there, but stones turned out to be the only thing the farm produced in abundance. After a few years of eking out a living, the family moved to Springfield, Missouri.

Georgia was born in Springfield on Valentine's Day 1915. By that time, her father was working for the railroad again, this time as a machinist in the roundhouse. The family home on Florida Street was a typical, small Victorian house, with a parlor.

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* Georgia said her father came upon the idea while walking in the fall, watching the double-winged maple seeds whirling in the wind.

** The Goodland Flying Machine (as it is now called) can be seen in the Museum in Goodland, Kansas, where it is the central attraction. The museum has mislabeled the photo of Wilson and Purvis, and has their identities reversed.
that was kept closed unless company came to call, an L-shaped porch to the west and south, and just enough room inside for a small, working-class family. Georgia’s sister Doris was five years older, and there were two older brothers, her half-brother Arden (who was grown and lived elsewhere) and her adopted, brother, Edward. The family lived well in Springfield because they were so industrious. Remembering life in Springfield, Georgia noted that the house was:

at the east edge of town and was on a large enough lot so that there was a good sized vegetable garden, long rows of Concord grape vines, a barn and outhouses, bee hives, a water pump and water trough (for the bees, chickens and cow.) There was a plum, a quince and an apple tree in the back yard, four cherry trees and a large catalpa tree in the front yard. . . . There was a dug-out cellar at the rear of the house with outside sloping doors. Bushels of apples, potatoes, onions and carrots kept throughout the winter in its even temperature and natural humidity. Mama canned the fruit from our trees and made jams and jellies to last the winter through. She bottled grape juice, and as a special Sunday afternoon or evening treat she would mix equal parts of the concentrated juice and cold water from the pump. . . . Another treat was Papa’s "sun-cured" cherries.¹⁰

Will also kept bees for their honey, and foraged the woods in the fall for hickory and black walnuts which the family would shell on winter evenings.

In January 1921 Georgia was enrolled in kindergarten but soon was promoted to second grade because she read well and could do arithmetic. She always attributed this precocious ability to the fact that her mother used games to teach the girls their numbers, and that their family spent a good bit of time reading aloud to one another. Parlor games were a favorite past time of the era, and Georgia’s family played learning games, among them "Flinch" (a card game of numbers) and "Authors," memorized
poetry for recitation, and sang together.

Mama was clever in ways of making education fun. She knew how important it is to learn, to love books, and the enjoyment there is in sharing them. Doris and I had to help [mama] washing dishes, so we took turns reading aloud while doing them. One would wash, one would dry and one would read.¹¹

Since publishing flourished in the Victorian era and books were more affordable and readily available, Victorians in general were avid readers.¹² The Purvis family had the largest home library of any of their neighbors, and Will and Daisy subscribed to the *Youth's Companion*, a magazine for the girls, but Doris and Georgia also went to the public library in search of new things to read. The librarian was very strict about children reading in their age bracket, so Georgia often told the librarian that she was taking out books for her sister, to get books at a reading level that interested her. Books were not treasured by Victorians simply for their educational value, but for the morals they instilled, so that one might clearly distinguish between good and evil. This was most important, since everything in the Victorian world was supposed to have a moral attached. The moral then could be translated into appropriate behavior, which in the world outside the home would be universally understood as "good."¹³

Though it was true that her parents' genteel attitude toward education shaped her, Georgia's desire to excel was a distinct part of her personality. At the age of three when the teenagers next door teased her for the babyish way she said her name, she ran into the kitchen and demanded that her mother repeat her name clearly and precisely.
[I] listened more carefully than ever before, then went to my room and practiced until I could say it correctly. I had felt ridicule's sting, and although I am sure Lorene [her teenaged neighbor] only thought it was cute and never meant to hurt my feelings, I was piqued.\textsuperscript{14}

The Purvis family always seemed willing to put forth a helping hand. In 1919 the "Spanish Flu" epidemic hit Springfield. There were only what Georgia referred to as "light cases" in their family, but her father went before and after work to see to the care of several of his "fellow workers" whose whole families were ill. He made soup or stew, brought medicine, and did anything he could to help.\textsuperscript{15} When "hoboes or bums" from the tracks bordering the back of their property would come to the door asking for food "in return for an hour or two of splitting wood," Daisy and Will were not the kind "to refuse a man food." Georgia wrote, "Papa was sure our place was marked in some way to let wayfarers know that here they could find compassion and food, for none of our neighbors were approached, to my knowledge."\textsuperscript{16}

The same sense of community that made the Purvises egalitarian and good neighbors also made Will Purvis the president of his local union. Will's union involvement led to the beginnings of Georgia's class consciousness when he and his railroad brotherhood struck in 1922. She recalled very clearly the strike and what it meant to her family:

"[F]eelings were bitter. I overheard neighbors talking of the scabs wearing guns. I was seven and old enough to know that meant my father on the daily picket line was in danger. I recall going down to the end of the block each afternoon, waiting to see the silhouette of Papa coming over the rise."\textsuperscript{17}
Indeed the father of Georgia’s best friend, Iona Baker, became a scab, and after that Georgia was not allowed to play with her. Then the strike was broken:

All the strikers were blackballed from any railroad job for the rest of their lives . . . and the scabs took over. Since Springfield was primarily a railroad center, there was no other industry where Papa could get a job as a machinist.¹⁸

Though there must have been anger and hard feelings over the lost strike, Georgia only spoke about her father’s efforts to stay in Springfield and find a way to make a go of things. As far as food was concerned they were fairly self-sufficient, what with the cow, chickens, vegetable garden, orchard, and grapes, but there was little money. For a time the Purvis family tried to make ends meet by raising guinea pigs for sale to laboratories, and by using a flatbed truck to take Springfield youth on hay rides or to the river to swim, but it was not enough. To add to the strain, another child came along, William Edward or "Billy." It was then that Will Purvis heard about job opportunities for machinists in the North--in Milwaukee, Wisconsin, where Georgia would live her adult life as a well-known socialist.
PART II - MILWAUKEE, WISCONSIN
Immigrants and Industry

Thursday, July 18th, 1912
House of Representatives, Washington, D.C.

MR. CLINE: Mr. Speaker, I understood the gentleman to say in his address that the Socialist Party was in favor of common ownership of most of the agencies of production and distribution.

MR. BERGER: For the collective ownership and the democratic management of the social means of production and distribution.19

From well before the turn of the century Milwaukee had been dubbed a "socialist" city, with humanist roots dating back to the immigrant Verein Freier Maenner (Society of Free Men) movement in the 1850s.20 Its socialist heritage began in the 1870s when a branch of the union that Karl Marx founded in London elected two Social Democrats for aldermen.21 In 1902 Eugene Debs called Milwaukee the "center of Socialism"22 in America, and Daniel De Leon, founder of the SLP, spoke there often, including the evening of June 8, 1905, the first night after the formation and ratification of the Industrial Workers of the World, called the "Wobblies," in Chicago.23

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* Victor L. Berger was the Socialist Party candidate for the House of Representatives, elected to represent Wisconsin (largely by the voters of Milwaukee and vicinity) in the fall of 1910. The Socialist Party differs in platform and goals from the Socialist Labor Party in that it believes in reforming the present system, rather than holding out for total social change--along the lines of the European Democratic Socialist movement.

** The IWW was a labor union of skilled and unskilled workers, an industrial union that was not craft-oriented as, for example was the American Federation of Labor. Initially the IWW had quite revolutionary economic and political
Milwaukee, a city with a predominantly German immigrant population, later joined by Jews, Irish, Poles, Czechs, Slovaks, Hungarians, and Italians, was--and still is--a city of heavy industry.\textsuperscript{24} A port city for Great Lakes shipping, it processed or manufactured a wide variety of food and products from tanned hides to beer to Milorganite (a type of fertilizer). It also produced heavy machinery, iron, steel, electrical equipment, and chemicals. If one was a machinist by trade, it was a likely place to expect to find work.

Will Purvis worked in Milwaukee for a year at the Obenberger Drop Forge Company before sending for his family in April 1924. Daisy had to hire an auctioneer to sell the house and all her furnishings to pay for the train tickets to Wisconsin. The auction was hard on Georgia. She felt "forlorn" seeing family things put "on the block," and told of going off into a nearby field far enough from the "droning sound of the auctioneer's voice so [she] couldn't distinguish the words."\textsuperscript{25} There she lay in the grass, put her fingers in her ears, looked at the sky, and sang to herself until the "droning" stopped and the auction was finished. What was happening was ugly to her, and though she understood that there was ugliness in the world, she believed throughout her life that it was important not to dwell on the unpleasant or let it detract from life's beauty, which she found fundamental.

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objectives in that it refused to divide the labor force it represented, being unwilling to enter into trade agreements which might harm any of its members.
\end{flushright}

\textsuperscript{*} In March 1981 she wrote a friend who was not overly happy about being transferred by the Air Force to North Dakota.

\begin{flushright}
*Grand Forks should be beautiful. I recall the first time I flew over Western Minnesota with its thousand lakes,
\end{flushright}
The train trip to Milwaukee was ten hours long and when the family arrived, there was snow on the ground. Georgia was surprised because "coming from appleblossom time in Springfield to six inches of snow [it seemed to me] that we must have moved to the North Pole!" If she felt any trepidation it soon vanished, however, because on the trip through the city she was so impressed with the many electric lights and the theatre marquees that she found it "thrilling." After a few days in the home where her father had roomed, the family moved to West Allis, a working-class community southwest of Milwaukee. For most of the next year the Purvises lived like working-class urban poor in a "third floor attic flat."

One could stand erect only in the center aisle of the flat, so beds, chairs and tables went under the slope on either side. Mama didn’t have a stove. There was just a double gas burner to cook on, so we lived mainly on heated canned food, with an occasional "sumptuous treat" of either hot dogs or hamburgers from Wolff’s lunch counter . . . just two long blocks away. The toilet was in the basement—quite an inconvenience, for sure!"

each, it seemed fed by one or more rivers. I was so excited I called the stewardess and said, "Look at the giant maple leaves formed by trees growing along side the streams, with little tributaries like veins of the leaf leading to the mainstem of the rivers, and the whole pattern placed against the smooth farm fields! . . . And you will be right on the banks of a main ‘stem’—the Red River. How lovely!"

** West Allis was really "Allis Chalmer’s Town," named for the factory which employed most of the community.

* Actually, the family did not have enough money for hotdogs or hamburgers for each, so they would buy two and split them (Billy was a baby and was not fed that sort of thing). Long years after hotdog and hamburger stands appeared as
In the next six years before the family was again able to buy property (a small farm at 60th and Oklahoma) the Purvises moved three times; one of the flats was directly behind Obenberger's, where the sound of the forge could be heard night and day, and one was near 73rd and Greenfield, where Will bought a popcorn stand to supplement the family income. Everyone in the family except the baby helped tend the stand:

We sold ice cream, penny candy, candy bars, gum, tobacco and of course our main product, popcorn. A bag sold for five cents and a box for ten cents. . . . I had never heard a foreign language spoken before. In West Allis there was a large European immigrant population. It was a challenge to me to try to decipher their requests—"Et Brudder" was "Eight Brothers" tobacco.30

After three or four years the lot the stand was on sold, the stand was torn down, and the family moved to a little larger flat on South 82nd Street because Edward had come home from the Army and was again living with them. By this time Will was working for Unit Drop Forge, where he stayed until 1930 when the shop closed its doors due to the Depression.

Early in her life, during this period of hardship, Georgia acquired some of her core values. She told two stories which I remember, in relation to the places they lived before moving to the farm on South Oklahoma. When Unit Drop Forge closed its doors, Will needed to find a cheaper place to live. He looked in the neighborhood nearest West Allis High School where Georgia was still a student. There he found a

chains on every corner, Georgia still considered them treats, and though she could afford it then, she did not often indulge so it would always remain a "treat."
small three bedroom home which was in dreadful condition—filthy, infested, run down, and bargained with the owner for three month's rent in exchange for totally cleaning and fixing up the place. Before they moved their family, Will went with Daisy and cleaned, repaired and painted until late at night while Georgia and Doris cared for Billy. Will and Daisy never told the children how difficult it had been to make the place habitable, but after they moved in, the postman mentioned to Georgia that he was amazed at the job they had done, because the house had been a filthy shell before Will and Daisy had cleaned it up. Thus Georgia learned in adolescence that poverty need not lack dignity, responsibility or concern for others.

The second story was about a neighbor of the Purvises' who would come home in a drunken state and beat his wife (who could be heard calling for help). Will and Daisy were teetotalers, and Daisy did not believe in corporal punishment of any kind, which became the rule in the Purvis home. According to sociologists, Victorians attempted to change the model of familial behavior to one in which husband and wife were to be "companionate"—"both lovers and friends." This was the case in the Purvis household, and though Will Purvis was a powerful giant of a man, and had certainly led a rugged life of hard physical labor, he was very gentle. Georgia said that one night when her father heard the woman screaming he set his jaw, put on his jacket and left the house. Shortly afterwards the screaming stopped, and as long as the Purvises lived there the woman was never again beaten by her husband. Will would not tell Georgia anything about what he had said or done to the man, but he did tell her
a story about his own father, who, in a similar situation, had put his mackinaw on
backwards, pulled his hat down so his face was not recognizable, and given a good
thrashing to a neighbor who was also drunk and battering his wife. That particular
time, the man had been so drunk, Will told her, that not only did he fail to recognize
who had trounced him, but the next day others in the community (who were tired of
the man's drunken escapades) convinced him it had been an avenging angel who was
heard to say he might come back if the man's drinking did not stop. "It stopped!" Will
told her with a wry smile. It was clearly a Purvis tradition to stand up for the rights
of others, especially those who could not stand up for themselves.

The Purvises moved from one part of the country to another and one part of the
city to another, but in the summer of 1922 while the Purvis family was struggling to
make ends meet after the strike, Giacomina Cozzini (who would later become Georgia's
mother-in-law) left Italy and immigrated to the United States. She crossed the Atlantic
Ocean in steerage on the ship the President Wilson, with her three children, Artemio,
Irena, and Luigina. They were going to join their father Eduardo, who had come to
the United States in 1913.* A factor behind Eduardo's decision to immigrate was the
threat of an impending war in Europe and possible conscription into the Austrian army.

* My Aunt Irene said that at the end of the passage the first mate addressed the
passengers in steerage. He remarked that he hoped they had been satisfied with
the food. (The ship's cook made spaghetti for them the entire voyage, not
understanding that they were a group of Northern Italians whose staples were
corn and wheat bread). There was quiet, and then my grandmother spoke up
loud and clear. She said "At home we fed the pigs better!" and all her
countrymen and women laughed.
When Eduardo left his family in the Val Rendena (a valley in the Italian Alps then a part of Austria), the Swiss border was already manned by German troops. He thought that he would still have time to send for his wife and the children, but that turned out not to be the case. Once in the United States he had intended to go to San Francisco, but along the way passed through Milwaukee, met a group of his countrymen, and stayed there.

Nine years later, when Giacomina and the children debarked on Ellis Island, their luggage was dumped in front of them, and they were led into a room for medical examinations. When they came out, their luggage was gone—it had been stolen. All the clothing they owned had been in the suitcases, so they rode a coal-fired train to their new home without any clean clothes to put on. It was two a.m. when Eduardo met them at the train station in Milwaukee. He looked at his family and told them that he was glad no one else was there to see them, as they were covered in dirt.

I do not know what Artemio ("Art," as he was called in America) thought of Milwaukee on first sight, but I do know that he missed the beauty of the mountains. The family moved into a house on Sixth and Garfield in a predominantly German neighborhood. By the time his family was able to join him, Eduardo had enough money to buy a house in a much nicer neighborhood, but he was working-class Italian and real estate in Milwaukee was controlled by other interests. The realtor informed Eduardo as to where in the city he could and could not purchase a home. The house was a two-story Victorian saltbox, with a side porch and yard large enough for a small
garden.

In some ways this new life was easier. There were stores close to the house for food and necessities, Giacomina did not have to tend the farm as she had in Italy, and the Cozzini family was together again. In some ways life was more difficult, however. The sermons in the local church were in German (even though the Mass was still in Latin), and the family had to learn English, which must have seemed a daunting task. There was also considerable prejudice directed against Italians as recent immigrants. Art told of a soda fountain attendant who would not give him the ice cream cones he was trying to buy for himself and his sister, because even though the man understood perfectly well what Art wanted, he did not want to serve Italians in his store. The privations of war-torn Italy had toughened Art, however, and he considered any prejudice directed against him as an Italian just another example of authoritarian tyranny (later he came to understand prejudice as an example of capitalist divisiveness). He learned English quickly, and eventually spoke it with very little accent.

Art was twelve years old when the family arrived in Milwaukee, but his growth was so stunted from the malnutrition he had suffered in the war years that he was put in a school classroom with children his size—third grade instead of sixth. In Italy he had been a very bright (though mischievous) student and he soon advanced to fourth grade, but the work was much too easy and he was totally bored. He had always loved to read, and now he read voraciously in his newly acquired language. When he graduated from sixth grade his parents sent him to vocational school for two years, until
he turned sixteen and could work legally. It was there that he cultivated his love of technology, and easily learned the fundamentals of mechanics and engineering. This basis, plus a natural ability to see practical applications for the principles he had learned, made it possible for him to patent ideas and to design and build machinery later in his life.

Art set about immediately to apply these skills. In 1926, he and his father ground knives together using a horse and cart for transportation. The cold in Wisconsin (especially while working on a wet grinding wheel out-of-doors) was brutal, so Art outfitted their first knife-grinding truck. Although the truck was unheated, they were somewhat protected from the elements while making their rounds of the city. This was fifty years before the era of the hollow grinding machines he later invented, which would put an edge even on the finest of surgical steel.

Just as the railroad had been the technological wonder of the nineteenth century, manned flight was cutting-edge technology in the 1920s. Art's love of technology, lightning reflexes and a young man's lust for speed and adventure prompted his lifelong fascination with aviation. He learned to fly in 1930 and first flew a Canadian Jenny, called a "Canuck." (Art actually built a plane with some friends, which crashed shortly after its first flight.) He had read dime novels about World War I aces and liked to stunt fearlessly in a Waco Five, prompting a group of his aviator friends to nickname him "Crazy Cozzini."

Art met Georgia in 1931 on a blind date and always swore that for him, it was
love at first sight. He must have seemed very different from any of the boys Georgia had known in high school, but her family approved of Art, and after they were engaged, he got permission from Georgia’s parents to take her on a sunrise flight. She wrote a poem about it:

Like snow-white clustered flowers  
The clouds beneath me  
Lift their faces to the sun;

And I, who ride aloft  
with dew drenched wings,  
sip the nectar from each one;

And having drunk my fill  
Of thrilling beauty  
Drone to earth, my journey done.

Georgia and Art were married in January 1936 and had their first child, Bruce, in November of that year. About that same time, Art came in contact with the Socialist Labor Party, and brought some of its literature home to read. He had become accustomed to analytical reading as a teenager when he abandoned Catholicism. After his mother bore four more children in America (two of them still-born) Art suffered a great deal of anger. He blamed the church for what he felt was an inexcusable stance on birth control, and his father for not defying its authority to protect his mother’s health. He searched for answers and read insatiably. After a great deal of reflection and deliberation, Art decided that he was an atheist. The rest of the Cozzini family were not particularly interested in his heretical ideas or the books he was reading at the time, but Art was very convincing in debate, and over the years managed even to
change his own father’s mind on the subject of religion (along with four of his five siblings). The clarity and vigor of the Socialist Labor Party’s argument were very appealing to Art at a time when Europe was once again on the road to war, and the United States was still rising from the dust of the Great Depression.
PART III - ENCOUNTERING SOCIALISM:
A New World Vision

BOSTON, IN THE YEAR 2,000
As no such thing as the labor question is known nowadays, . . . and there is no way in which is could arise, I suppose we may claim to have solved it. Society would indeed have fully deserved being devoured if it had failed to answer a riddle so entirely simple. In fact, to speak by the book, it was not necessary for society to solve the riddle at all. It may be said to have solved itself. The solution came as the result of a process of industrial evolution which could not have terminated otherwise. All that society had to do was to recognize and cooperate with that evolution, when its tendency had become unmistakable.³³

When Edward Bellamy wrote Looking Backward in 1888, it seemed imminently possible that technological capacity, combined with the human desire to do right, could create a world of peace and prosperity.³⁴ Many "socialist clubs" were formed with Bellamy's utopia as their theme, and there were high hopes for an equitable, peaceful solution to "the labor problem." Meanwhile, labor, organized and otherwise, had to actively contend with and forcefully combat the dramatic rise of industrial monopoly's inherent greed and privation. Labor unions and political parties alike spent much of their time talking about workable solutions to the problems of low wages, long hours and deplorable working conditions.

The party Georgia was to join in 1939 began in Philadelphia in 1876 as the Working Men's Party, but in 1877 changed its name to the Socialistic Labor Party (a translation from German), later Americanized to Socialist Labor Party. By 1890 it had
ten thousand members in twenty-five states. In that same year the SLP acquired a new member who would lend focus, substance and direction to the organization: Daniel De Leon.

Before De Leon joined the SLP in 1890, its platform was not strictly Marxist. In 1886, the party even supported the New York mayoral campaign of Henry George, an economist with a plan to tax all land owners, thus filling the public coffers and eliminating poverty. Members differed over whether the organization should align with the trade union movement or oppose it. Contemporary Victorian attitudes that immigrants needed to become "Americans," learn English, and lose their old-country ways if they expected to become established in this country made De Leon realize that the SLP needed to make itself more accessible to the working class. He therefore sought to Americanize the party by exchanging American for German leadership; working to make socialist principles a part of the trade union movement by establishing the Socialist Trade and Labor Alliance; and creating a nationally known organization by publishing a newspaper, the Daily People, in English. The party already owned its own publishing house, the New York Labor News Company, which was the first to translate the works of Marx into English and make them available to the American public. All this was necessary groundwork for the SLP's entrance into the political arena, to promote socialism as the next logical step in society's development.

Marx believed that the United States was unlikely ground for a socialist framework because the land was vast and much of it still unclaimed, which afforded
not only the possibility of escape from urban industrialism, but a sense of individualism impossible in predetermined European society. De Leon thought the opposite was true. He reasoned that a vast and bountiful country, unburdened by a feudal past (which still held European capitalism in its grip), and revolutionary in spirit, was a perfect setting. As an honors graduate of Columbia University Law School he won recognition for his ability in both constitutional and international law. De Leon therefore had profound knowledge of and great respect for the democratic ideas upon which the United States was founded. Capitalism in America did not evolve in reaction to and on top of a feudal society, as it had in Europe, but upon a bedrock of democratic ideas—the United States Constitution. Furthermore, in the United States, violence would be unnecessary to make the change from capitalism to socialism, since the right to vote for change was Constitutionally guaranteed. The transformation could take place with civility, legally and appropriately through the use of the ballot. By 1904-5 the SLP had clearly accepted De Leon’s idea that the working class must organize to emancipate itself by forming, peacefully, by means of the ballot, an industrial union (industrial congress) whose elected representatives would govern through industry instead of through the political state.

Neither De Leon nor Marx could have imagined the extent to which increasingly sophisticated American capitalism and its panacea, consumerism, would use the notion of American individuality to isolate and divide members of the working class one from another. Or perhaps the reaction to individual isolation and the new age poverty we
are currently experiencing will be the rebirth of our nation’s social consciousness. Possibly we have not waited long enough, or are not at the appropriate point in history for a change to Socialism, because both Marx and De Leon believed in historical materialism (that economics is the primary factor in determining social progress), and that the particular societal change determined by the economics of an era, is inevitable.

Whether or not a Socialist Utopia is the destiny of the class struggle, it was not destiny, but great good fortune that Georgia Purvis would marry Artemio Cozzini, and begin to play her part in labor’s struggle and the Socialist Labor Party of America.

Art liked nothing better than to argue ideas, politics and religion with Georgia (and many other topics for that matter), but Georgia never called this "arguing"—she would say they were just "discussing." When Art had read enough to become convinced that the SLP had the answers to society’s ills, Georgia began losing those "discussions." She was still very weak and sick from an infection and operation she had barely managed to survive after Bruce’s birth, but she picked up the SLP pamphlets and papers in sheer self-defense and began to read.

One day, I sat down and [read] a pamphlet by a Danish Socialist named Gustaf Bang, entitled Crisis in European History. How clearly the historical processes unfolded! With each succeeding era, mankind’s development depended upon the material conditions at hand and the tools needed to use the available materials to sustain life. The tool of production therefore was the key to the social structure in each era. It followed that those who owned the tools whereby society lived controlled society.\textsuperscript{43}

It was easy for Georgia to relate her own life experience to the materials she
was reading. At the height of the Depression, with her father out of work, selling honey from his hives and homemade horseradish door to door to bring in what money he could, Georgia graduated from high school at the age of sixteen in 1931. As Honor Student of the Year, she had won a year’s scholarship to State Teacher’s College in Milwaukee from the Women’s Club in West Allis. She tried to find a summer job to help with the coming school year’s expenses, but amid the general unemployment, the only job a sixteen-year-old could find turned out to be selling one-volume encyclopedias door to door. Her high school years had left her with good friends and ties to the community, and as young people will be, she was hopeful. Her sister Doris (who had also won a year’s scholarship to the State Teacher’s College) had to drop out of school after the year was up and managed to find a job with the Electric Company. Georgia hoped she would be able to find some way to meet expenses and continue her schooling after the scholarship money was gone, but realized that

[anyone who could get a job doing anything was considered lucky. I worked at Woolworth’s on Greenfield Avenue during the Christmas holiday, 1930, at fifty cents an hour. LaMyra [Decker, her lifetime best friend] earned pin-money cashiering at the school cafeteria at lunchtime during her senior year. Upon graduation she got a job playing popular tunes in the sheet music department at Woolworth’s, 3rd and Wisconsin [Avenue] store.]

The Volume Library encyclopedia company promised Georgia two hundred dollars at the end of sixty days. After getting her to memorize the sales pitch and sign a contract, they assigned her to Darlington, Wisconsin, more than two hundred miles
southwest of Milwaukee.

It was a hot dry summer over much of the country. The dust storms turned the setting sun into an angry red signal light in the hazy atmosphere. Darlington was a farm community, so when the farmers prospered so did Darlington. But along with the drought came a plague of seven year locusts... And I discovered that another Volume Library saleman had worked the territory the previous year! I faithfully kept on, however, trying my own as well as the company’s sales pitch. No sale!45

After Darlington, the company sent her on to Belmont, Wisconsin, where she sold one book. (Volume Library salespeople could keep the downpayment of twenty percent as commission.) One volume, depending on quality of binding, cost fifteen, or thirty dollars, so Georgia made three dollars on the sale, paying her room rent for the week.

Fortunately, the kindly woman she stayed with made sandwiches, cookies and lemonade in the afternoons and shared them with Georgia, because after Georgia had paid for her room she had very little money left for food.

I knew I wouldn’t be able to afford full meals, so I stopped at a grocery and got a half-dozen oranges and a box of graham crackers. With those and one meal a day, I thought I could manage... I found a tavern-restaurant nearby where I could get a huge bowl of cornflakes with an 8 ounce pitcher of milk for five cents. It didn’t occur to me at the time, but I never saw anyone else eat breakfast there. I think he [the tavern keeper] knew I was hungry.46

After the company sent her on to Cuba City with no greater success, they wrote requesting she return to Milwaukee for further training. As fortune would have it, her sister Doris also wrote, enclosing a ten-dollar bill, because the twenty-one dollars
Georgia had borrowed from a friend’s mother at the start of her travels had been spent on train fare and rent.

The $10. paid the balance of room rent and the train fare to Milwaukee, with not a cent left over for food. . . . I arrived home about 9 o’clock that night, lugging my suitcase and fighting back tears of relief. The first thing I said after greeting everyone was “Is there anything in the house to eat?” Mama said, “There are potatoes and vegetables from the garden.” She fried the potatoes, made a salad, and I feasted!47

At home again, Georgia was sent along with one of the company’s best saleswomen (who fared little better in some of Milwaukee’s wealthiest neighborhoods), and then did not assign Georgia further territory. The contract she had signed with the company promised to pay two hundred dollars after sixty days of work, but the summer had passed, school was about to begin and it was obvious the company was going to let the contract default. Georgia went to her father, explained the situation, and Will Purvis took Georgia and the information directly to the Better Business Bureau.

I told my story and the woman official listened sympathetically. It was when she learned my age, she ejaculated, "you mean to say she made a contract with a minor, without getting your parent’s signature, and sent you 200 miles from home? She’s in trouble! She must pay you the minimum wage for the time you worked or she will be fined $100. a day for each work day." She picked up the phone and summoned the [Volume Library] woman to appear immediately. In ten minutes she was there. There was a conference with the three adults—as a minor I was excluded. I received a check for $21. which is what they figured I had coming (I think fifty cents was the minimum wage, and travel time was not included in the work week.) I signed the check over to
Mrs. Griswold [exactly what Georgia had borrowed] and started the Fall semester no richer but wiser, to coin a phrase.48

Georgia thoroughly enjoyed her year in school before she too had to get a job with the Electric Company. She had intended to become a teacher of the deaf, having read about and seen a newsreel of Helen Keller, who was one of her heroes. She greatly admired Keller’s ability to overcome adversity, learn from it, and pass that knowledge on to others, and hoped to help others do the same.

Georgia found this same kind of hopeful humanitarian vision in the socialist message to the working class. The Socialist Labor Party also professed what was termed "scientific socialism," which related to the Marxist concept of historical materialism and the idea that socialism was the next, inevitable, and most logical form of political structure in the evolution of society. This held an ultimate appeal to someone steeped in the Victorian idea that science was progress, and that progress was bound to bring about the best for all of humanity. Socialism, therefore, posed no conflict in values and was consistent with Georgia’s Victorian heritage.

One of the inspiring aspects of the socialist movement was and still is that it is replete with its own heroes. I don’t mean its founders, Marx and Engels, or those who like De Leon, "Big Bill" Haywood, or Debs, became leaders in the name of American socialism, but the members of the working class themselves--those hard-working men and women who give speeches, hold study classes, collect signatures, pass out leaflets at factory gates in the wee hours when shifts change, and give their hard-earned dollars
(no matter what their financial circumstances) to sustain the party and the socialist movement.

I remember an elderly rag-tag gentleman who came to Socialist Labor Party meetings when I was a child, and who my mother said was very poor. My memory does not include his name, but he was old, had no family, had been a laborer, and spent his days reading in the Milwaukee Public Library. He had taught himself to read after retirement, and was trying to read everything he could before he died. He would give ten dollars when collection time came at meetings, and Mama would say it was like a thousand dollars from a rich person. Everyone at the SLP meetings treated him with such respect, and his efforts to educate himself and do what he could to help others had given him a sense of personal pride. To be a Socialist Labor Party member has always meant an understanding of, and respect for, the sacrifices of the American working class.

Convinced that the SLP program held the key to "peace and social progress," Art and Georgia committed themselves to the advancement of the Socialism in America, joined the party, and began a life of dedication to its ideas and principles.\(^9\)

In 1939 when the Cozzinis joined the Socialist Labor Party, Francisco Franco (assisted by fascist Italy and Germany) smashed Republican Spain; Hitler marched his armies into Poland, shattering the agreement he made with British Prime Minister Neville Chamberlain (thus beginning World War II); and Japan invaded China in its quest for expansionist power. The United States, struggling with its post-First World
War isolationist stance, was still trying to avoid getting involved in the war in Europe. Movies in the States reflected a sense of romance or escapist desire, and while Jews in the Third Reich were being rounded up and forced into concentration camps, many Americans were distracted from reality with an invitation to "follow the yellow-brick road."
PART IV - LIVING THE SOCIALIST LIFE:
The McCarthy Years

"And If brutality stains my page,
Bear with me well to-night;
For I dreed my weird in a brutal age,
When Earth was ruled by the hate and rage
Of the Kid-gloved troglodyte." 50

The "Kid-gloved troglodyte" is an allusion to the capitalist class with its guise of suave sophistication used to camouflage the economic extortionist beneath. This stanza was one of my favorites as a child. I was born in 1945, six days before the United States dropped the atom bomb on Hiroshima— a "brutal" and, from the humanist, socialist standpoint, unconscionable act. The socialist message— to establish a world in which peace, plenty, and freedom would abound— took on the same sense of urgency the nation felt, when this stunning scientific achievement revealed its unprecedented ability to annihilate life as we know it. There was a song (sort of talking blues) called "Old Man Atom" that we had on a record I played over and over. It began with the whistle of a bomb and then an explosion. The chorus (sung in a minor key) went, "Hiroshima, Nagasaki, Alamagordo, Bikini," and the first verse I recall was: "I'm going to tell you the story of old man atom. Not the Adam in the Bible datum. Not the Adam that Eve elated, but the thing that science liberated . . . put a harness on old Sol."

The exigency to develop and promote awareness of the perils of atomic warfare was immediately apparent to the Socialist Labor Party. Though its members clearly
understood the killing power of the bomb, thus recognizing that bomb shelters would be useless, they had faith in humanity’s (including the capitalist’s) instinct for survival. The socialist view that war is economically driven also made it obvious that nuclear war would be fundamentally more costly than beneficial, even if a winner were possible. Military historian John Keegan confirms that war in the atomic age has indeed become too dear:

Despite confusion and uncertainty, it seems just possible to glimpse the emerging outline of a world without war. It would be a bold man who argued that war was going out of fashion. . . . Yet the fact that the effort is being made betokens a profound change in civilization’s attitude to war. . . . Throughout much of the time for which we have a record of human behaviour, mankind can clearly be seen to have judged that war’s benefits outweighed its costs, or appeared to do so when a putative balance was struck. Now the computation works in the opposite direction. Costs clearly exceed benefits. Some of these costs are the budgets even of the richest states, while poor states deny themselves the chance of economic emancipation when they seek to make themselves militarily formidable. . . . A world political economy which makes no room for war demands, it must be recognized, a new culture of human relations. 51

I found an article in my grandmother’s scrapbook clipped from an unknown Wisconsin (identified by the business interests listed on the back) paper. The headline reads: "Armies Now ‘Archaic,’ Mrs. Cozzini Avers." If Mr. Keegan thought it "bold" in 1993 for a man to suggest an end to war, it is impressive to note that a woman was not afraid to state war’s obsolescence in 1946, to point out that war is economically driven, and to put forward a new "culture," Socialist Industrial Unionism, to boot. The article
continues:

"The atomic bomb has rendered armies 'archaic,'" Mrs. Georgia Cozzini, speaking for the Socialist Labor Party said over WTMJ Saturday in a talk against compulsory peacetime military conscription.

The cause of militarism, capitalism, must be uprooted before mankind will be free from its threat," said Mrs. Cozzini. She said United Nations organizations would not stop war "so long as capitalist exploitation of the working class and the world-wide quest for profits remain the ruling principles of society."

Mrs. Cozzini urged that through the ballot box the industries and land become the collective property of society.*

By the time I was born, my mother had been organizer of the Socialist Labor Party, Section Milwaukee for five years, giving her first speech for the party in 1941.

A National Organizer for the Party, Joseph Pirincin was a great influence in my SLP life. He encouraged me to speak and to write articles for the Weekly People [the SLP newspaper, and]... to accept the nomination as candidate for Governor of Wisconsin in 1942 and 1944. As I recall, I was the first woman in this century to be nominated to that post.52

Joseph Pirincin became a great influence in the life of our family. A dedicated and brilliant party organizer, he was an old fashioned orator with a spellbinding voice that made the revolution seem just around the corner. Born in Dalmatia, he had an eye poked out as a baby, and when my mother first met him, at times he wore a patch. He

* This speech may have been given as a part of her first campaign for U.S. senator from Wisconsin that same year.
used to claim that as a young man he had been "a tough," and that the SLP had made a man of him. Joe spoke and wrote in several languages, and for a time was the editor of the Radnishka Borba, the Socialist Labor Party newspaper published in Serbo-Croatian. It is not surprising that Joe Pirincin’s influence sent my mother into the political arena; his enthusiasm was contagious. To get a minority party on the ballot in the state was not easy, however. Wisconsin required a minimum of five thousand signatures per candidate.

Therefore a full slate of five state nominees called for 5,000 persons to sign 5 times or 25,000 single signatures. Needless to say that was a monumental chore for a small number of members. I went out on busy street corners during the day, and Art and I went to highly populated residential areas at night.53

It was only every other year, but it seemed like every summer that Mama was out gathering signatures for yet another fall election.* From the time I was a little girl until my teenage years, I often went with her. We would stand on street corners under the awning of one of the larger department stores, in front of factory gates, or go house to house asking folks to sign petitions allowing the SLP to appear on the ballot. As might be expected, the poorer areas of the city were most receptive to the socialist message.

I remember on hot summer days going into tenement apartments in the black

* I remember my anger at Senator McCarthy for, among other things, dying in a non-campaign year (1957); requiring yet another summer of signature gathering. My mother found my anger amusing. The Milwaukee SLP members gathered the requisite number of signatures in any case.
neighborhood and being asked to sit down in someone's apartment kitchen to share a lemonade, while several of the neighbors stopped by to ask Mother questions about socialism and sign her petitions. Though people often politely refused to sign, there were very few instances of angry response. When Georgia did not have signatures to get there were leaflets to be distributed--there too, she rarely met with rudeness. She always approached people in her own kindly, dignified manner.

Occasionally there were funny incidents, rarely were there ugly ones, like the brisk army officer who passed me outside the Allis Chalmers factory gate. He took a leaflet, glanced at it, tore it up and threw the pieces on the ground. "I'd like to hang you from that lamp post!" he said, and strode into the plant. Startled, I could only call after him, "You and Hitler!"54

It is important to point out that my mother was singularly unafraid, though she received other death threats in the 1950s when she opposed Joseph McCarthy's "Red baiting" and "loyalty oaths" in an outspoken and courageous manner. As a woman she might have felt herself vulnerable, but August Bebel in his book Woman under Socialism had counseled workers to be militant, and to rely upon "self-action rather than saviors and tribunes."55 I was not immune to fearing for her, however. When I was seven years old I answered the phone and heard a voice in menacing tone say, "Your mother should be hung [sic]," then the line went dead. I ran to the kitchen where Mama was cooking dinner (she was an amazing cook). When I told her about the call and, frightened, asked what should be done, she answered "hanged" was correct, "hung" was what one did with wash, and that a bully who would so cruelly frighten a child was more to be
pitted than feared. My mother knew herself and what she stood for, and she also understood the motivations of those who would have called themselves her enemy.

She ran for senator against first-time candidate Joseph McCarthy in the 1946 election, when fears of radicalism were already being fanned in the press under the label "anti-communist." With an increasing polarity between East and West after the Second World War, the shortages of food and housing created by returning American soldiers, plus continued and dramatic shifts in population compelled by an ever advancing industrial economy, the United States needed and was looking for a scapegoat. Labor disturbances were rife, and by July 1946 there were three million workers on strike.56

McCarthy won the Republican primary by defeating Bob LaFollette Jr. (son of the progressive, "Fighting Bob") because LaFollette foolishly absented himself from the state campaign thinking he could not be beaten, while McCarthy tirelessly combed the Wisconsin backwaters campaigning.

What he [LaFollette] didn’t realize was that McCarthy made a thorough trip throughout the farming areas of Wisconsin, personally meeting individual farmers; making notes of family first names, names of pets, etc. After finishing a trek, he would have postcards sent to each family he had visited, with a little personal message, such as "Dear Mr. Clark: I enjoyed my chat with you. How is Tommy’s toothache? Did Mrs. Clark get all that canning finished? Best Wishes, Joe McCarthy."57

There was also a large crossover vote in the primary from the Democrats who were sure their candidate, McMurray, could not beat LaFollette, but had a chance against the
unknown McCarthy. Then, as strange as it may seem in retrospect, the Communist Party, "which was supporting Democratic candidates whenever they didn’t have one of their own, did the same,"58 crossed over, and McCarthy became the Republican candidate.

Georgia’s description of a day in the 1946 senatorial campaign is colorful and insightful:

That year the League of Women Voters went all out in sponsoring candidate forums. There were three in one day in Milwaukee. The first was in a downtown office building. There were about forty in the audience. We had five minutes each for our presentation and a three minute conclusion speech. There were no questions. McCarthy made an "on the shores of Iwo Jima" (actually, he saw no action in his term in the Marines) speech.

I challenged the other candidates to spell out a program by which World War III could be averted, now that the terrible toll of World War II could be counted. I pointed out that peace could only be maintained if all power were in the hands of the people as a whole, which in Jefferson’s words "is the only safe place for power to be." The SLP program was the means for accomplishing that transition of power.

McMurray (to remind his audience that he was a professor and also make his point) started by saying "I always tell my students the difference between Socialists and Communists is that Communists are Socialists in a hell of a hurry." There was a polite little wave of laughter after which he rambled on. In my rebuttal I pointed out that no one had accepted my challenge—to present a program whereby World War III could be averted, except the SLP. I ended with, "It seems like we’d better all be ‘in a hell of a hurry’ to build a society that can maintain a lasting peace."
The afternoon forum was in the Shorewood High School auditorium. An initial speech of 10 minutes per candidate would be followed by a question period. It went without incident until the questions began. McCarthy was asked a question. He replied, "I can answer that by giving the three main points of my platform. In the first place"--(he raised his left index finger and grasped it firmly with his right hand) "and in the second place"--(he grasped two fingers) "and in the third place..." (and the three fingers were waving in the air, for he'd forgotten that point). Who should get up in the audience but a man who had sold the Daily Worker [the Communist Party newspaper] for years at auditorium meetings and on street corners--and he gave McCarthy the third point of his program. The audience laughed. I'm sure McCarthy didn't know who the man was, but just thought the laughter was because he had forgotten his own platform.

The evening forum was in an old elementary school at 27th and Wisconsin Avenue. There were old fashioned high-backed chairs with the candidates names on each. McMurray was on the extreme left, the Socialist Party candidate next, and then me. On the other side were McCarthy and the Communist Party candidate. Again it was to be ten minutes each and then audience questions.

When the SP-ite [Socialist Party candidate] started to speak, McCarthy strolled across the platform and sat in the vacated seat. Putting his arm on the back of McMurray's chair, he engaged in friendly conversation. When the Socialist Party candidate was through, he saw his seat was occupied so he sat in McCarthy's chair. It was my turn. I gestured toward the two still in earnest conversation. "You see before you the living representatives of the Republican and Democratic parties. They make a pretense of being enemies with opposing points of view. Actually, they are palsy-walsies." (McCarthy withdrew his arm and sat facing forward.) I had with me Woodrow Wilson's quote which pointed out that the real masters of government were the combined industrialists of the nation. Then I followed with the SLP
program in contrast.

When I sat down, it was McMurray’s turn. McCarthy inched his chair toward me. "Now I’m going to be palsy-walsy with you." I frowned and shook my head. "If you ever get tired of working for that penny-ante organization of yours, I can get you a job that will make you real money," he said in sotto voice. I was so stunned, I could only reply, "They don’t make that kind of money!" 59

One can only imagine what "Tail-Gunner Joe" must have thought of such an ethical, principled response.*

In 1947 anti-Communist sentiment in the United States, fanned by the investigations (or what some more accurately labeled "witch hunts") of the House Committee on Un-American Activities, prompted President Truman to put into place a procedure for "the screening [of] all federal employees in reference to their loyalty." 60 For a peace-time America where questioning the loyalty of civil servants should not have been an issue, this redefinition of republican government was truly reactionary in nature. Mother was never one to lose her sense of humor, or her ability to use that humor to speak about reactionary political and economic issues. She did a series of articles for the Weekly People about an Irishman named O’Toole (with apologies to Finley Peter Dunne’s Mr. Dooley) beginning in 1948, the last of which

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* "Tail-Gunner Joe" was McCarthy’s campaign nickname (though the only tail-gunning he had done was sniping at coconut palms on non-combat rides given him by pilots in his squadron) stemming from a campaign poster he had made of himself wearing flight gear, an aviator’s helmet and goggles. Corroboration of this may be found in Robert Goldston’s book The American Nightmare: Senator Joseph R. McCarthy and the Politics of Hate (The Bobs-Merrill Company, Inc.: Indianapolis, 1973) p.14.
appeared in November 1973. O'Toole always seemed to have the low-down on the situation at hand. This particular episode was not published in the SLP newspaper I suspect because it was not submitted. I found it in draft form among Georgia's memoirs. It has a real Milwaukee flavor to it, while revealing what was at the time a national phenomenon.

Characters: O'Toole; and a Welder

Welder: "Boy, the 'Loyalty Oath' bills are sure coming hot and heavy this year in the legislatures!"

O'Toole: "'Tis the truth ye're sayin'. I've even picked out me fav'ret, fer laughs, that is. The Wisconsin Assembly is studyin' a bill to make Tavern Keepers take the 'Loyalty Oath.' I thought iv appearin' before the hearin' committee with a questionnaire form suitable fer th' occasion--such questions as: "Have ye in stock or have ye iver carried the 'Beer that made the Kremlin famous'?" or "Do ye serve 'wine like babushka used to make.'" Tis me candid opinion that such questions wud bring the Oaths flying fastest!"

Welder: "Yeah. One assemblyman said in 'cloak and dagger operations' subversives used taverns as places to 'pick up information.'"

O'Toole: "The poor fellow must have watched too much television. Tis the man who frequents taverns that generally either knows the least of what's goin' on in the world, or he goes there to forget it! The latest ball scores are amongst the most profound information jockeyed about, to me own knowledge. The frenzy and suspicion regardin' 'subversives' and 'spies' in today's public servants is now virgin' on the psychopathic it appears. Did ye notice raycintly when a Milwaukee Alderman tried to find out the financial condition in the City Water Department--the Superintendent said he couldn't giv out th' information fer the raysin that suburban 'spies' might latch onto the figures and 'take over' the Milwaukee water utility."
"Me wife has redecorated the house in what she claims is the
fashion color iv th’ year. Now whin the Loyalty Oath
Committee calls me to swear, I’ll be forced to admit to havin’ a
parlor-pink and a Chinese-red in the kitchen. The shame iv it all
will probably drive me t’drink—at a properly sworn tavern
keeper’s establishment, iv course!"61

Georgia’s O’Toole certainly makes it clear how foolish the state-sponsored anti-
communist paranoia was. Unfortunately, it had captured the attention of someone
unscrupulous and melodramatic enough to make it an issue of consuming national
interest.

By the time McCarthy ran again in 1952, he had seized upon the political
"nerve" he needed to boost his lackluster legislative record—"communists-in-
government."62 It is interesting to note that the idea for McCarthy’s anti-communist
agenda originated as a suggestion from Father Edmund A. Walsh, then the dean of the
School of Foreign Service at Georgetown University, while he and attorney William A.
Roberts were having dinner with McCarthy in 1950, trying to brainstorm issues of
national interest for McCarthy’s 1952 campaign.63

Playing on media-generated fears harking back to the Russian Revolution and
United States reticence even to recognize the Soviet Union—it was sixteen years after
the revolution when it finally did so64—McCarthy was also aided by the powerful
Time-Life-Fortune publishing empire and its owner Henry Luce, who was furious over
the fall of Chiang Kai-shek’s China to the communist, Mao Zedong, in October 1949.
The son of a Calvinist missionary, Luce spent his youth in China, and especially hated
the fact that communists were atheists, which to Luce was the same as being immoral. "Luce allowed McCarthyism to take place, he created a vacuum in which the misinterpretation of events led to conspiracy theories. He had no sympathy for those men who had been right and were about to be sacrificed to the witch-hunters, he remained bitter about Marshall and Acheson and the State Department [whom he blamed for Chiang’s downfall]." So it is that the term "McCarthyism" became a synonym for the suppression of our First Amendment right: freedom of speech.

McCarthy’s insinuations of unbridled communist conspiracy led to "blacklisting," network censorship of people and organizations, and the House Committee on Un-American Activities continued, with even more zeal, to conduct its investigations. The SLP rightfully pointed out that if the airwaves had not been sponsored by big business, this could not have come about. Capitalists, afraid they might lose a few dollars if their product became tainted by communist suspicion, had the network fire actors, writers, and directors who were thought to be leftist or have any connection to the Communist Party. "In one case, the protests of four persons caused a crisis for the great General Foods Corporation. The crisis led to the firing and suicide of an actor who was never shown to be a communist." Decency and the profit motive seldom go hand in hand.

Even the death of Stalin in 1953 did not serve to check the tide of Cold War escalation in the United States. To intensify the already grim course of Red-baiting being played out in Washington and reported daily by the press, the country voted for
a Republican majority in the Senate. With "his overblown sense of drama, his talent for political invective, [and] his willingness to raise on the poor hands" (alluding to his poker-playing strategy),\(^{67}\) Joseph McCarthy then became chair of the Committee on Government Operations. It was a minor committee to be sure, but one that had a "Permanent Subcommittee on Investigations with wide discretionary authority to investigate the operations of Government activities at all levels."\(^{68}\)

I remember hearing McCarthy's monotonous voice rail on and on in what became known as the "Army-McCarthy" hearings. Mother listened to him on the radio and he would say, "Point of order, Mr. Chairman . . . point of order . . ." endlessly. I recall all of us listening to an amusing tape recording of a Canadian radio broadcast in which McCarthy is supposedly killed in a plane crash and tries to reorganize a communist-free heaven in the same media-savvy, cavalier and unethical manner he used on Earth.

Socialist Labor Party members were called before McCarthy's committee, but because the party had never in its history advocated violent overthrow of the United States government, its members were not condemned like the communists and even their "suspected" sympathizers. McCarthy had come into contact with the Socialist Labor Party in Wisconsin campaigns, and he was familiar with its program.

McCarthy must have learned about the SLP from our brief encounters, because when I was on the Vice Presidential tour in 1956, a Boston member told me of an incident during the McCarthy 1952 Un-American Activities Committee. Because [our member] was
[employed in] a strategic defense plant, each employee was called before the Committee. At a long table, McCarthy sat in the center with two Committee members on each side. In his droning monotone, McCarthy asked, "Are you or have you ever been a member of the Communist Party?" In answer, our member took out his SLP membership card and handed it to McCarthy, who looked at it, then waved it in front of him, commenting to the rest of the Committee, "This is probably the only man in this plant who can prove he's not a Communist!"  

In 1954 when McCarthy attacked the secretary of the army and his staff, bringing charges of espionage, he had definitely gone too far. By year’s end the charges were proven false and the Senate realized it would have to put an end to McCarthy and his "hearings." At long last the senators voted to censure their most infamous member, but the fear McCarthy had elicited left its taint of censorship on American journalism, especially in regard to the electronic media, TV, and radio. As an example of the trend toward tightened control of the airwaves, the 1956 presidential campaign was the last in which networks were compelled, by the Federal Communications Act, to offer equal time to "legally qualified" candidates. An amendment to the act, Section 315, eliminated "crackpots" and "nonrepresentative candidates," which was easily interpreted to mean anyone other than Democrat or Republican. Without the funding of the majority parties and with curtailed access to the air waves, the possibilities of educating and projecting the SLP program (or any other minority program, for that matter) were seriously limited.
PART V - ON TO SOCIALISM:
The Campaign Trail

[In a very real sense she personified her principles which embodied a deep concern for the welfare of humanity and an unqualified commitment to work for them. Georgia herself may have summed up her life-perspective best in the following slightly paraphrased quote from Tennyson's "Ulysses," with which she closed her acceptance speech at the 1960 national convention: "Come my friends, 'tis not too late to seek a better world. . . . To strive, to seek, to find--and not to yield.""

In 1956 much of the world was in the process of decolonization. The United States was locked in an arms race with the Soviet Union, and the Middle East went to war over shipping rights in the Suez Canal. It was a presidential election year, and the SLP nominated Eric Hass for president ("A Socialist editor"), and Georgia Cozzini ("a housewife") for vice president.72 The same team would run again in 1960. The idea of a woman candidate for the office of Vice President of the United States was quite unheard of, but as Art stated in Georgia's obituary, she was "a liberated woman before her time."73 In her acceptance speech, made in New York at the SLP Convention in May 1956, she explained:

Outside the Socialist Labor Party, there may be surprise over a woman being nominated on the national slate. But

it is not as a woman that I accept the nomination! It is as a member of the only political party—the only organization that represents the interests of the majority—the working class. For the major economic struggle today recognizes neither division nor difference as to sex or race. This is the struggle between the working class and the capitalist class over the division of the products of labor.\textsuperscript{74}

But she was a woman, and in preparation for her campaign, we bought her a suit. Joseph Pirincin, my parents, and I went to the garment district in New York (our family had attended the SLP convention there), not to a department store but to a clothier, picked the fabric and pattern and had the suit made to order. I was ten years old, and among the bolts of cloth, I found a beautiful fine purple wool (my mother’s favorite color). I asked if we could please have the suit made in purple, but my father answered that Mama was entering a man’s world, and would not be taken seriously if she looked in the least frivolous. The material they chose was a pale grey and the suit, as I remember, was simple but elegant.

Since the television networks still were required by federal regulation to give equal air time to minority party candidates, Georgia was able to take her message to the American people. The message was the Socialist Labor Party’s program and the fact that a vote for Republican and Democratic candidates (Dwight D. Eisenhower and Adlai E. Stevenson in 1956; Richard M. Nixon and John F. Kennedy in 1960) alike would be a vote for a series of reforms, a seeming contradiction when both Democrats and Republicans "acclaim capitalism as the best of all possible systems."\textsuperscript{75}
It was and still is necessary to distinguish the Socialist Labor Party from all the other parties with "socialist" as a part of their title, and distinguish it from the Communist Party and its splinter organizations. They are all very different from the SLP. The Socialist Party of Eugene Debs and Norman Thomas is reformist and often aligned with the Democratic Party; the American Communist Party followed the Soviet lead for many years and aligned itself with the Soviet political state; and the Trotskyist Socialist Worker's Party is a communist splinter group which formed when Leon Trotsky fled the Russian Communist Party. It is also important to note that the SLP's program is not a form of "nationalization" or bureaucratic state, as was so-called socialism in Britain or Russia, but a system of socially owned, collectively operated Industrial Unions. These would be run not for profit but for the benefit of society as a whole. In a truly socialist country the political state would be replaced with a form of government based on industrial organization.

Your democratically elected representatives from industry [rather than political demographics] would have as their task the coordination of industrial output and its distribution, as well as the outlining and carrying out of your needs and desires.

Instead of a nation of "bargain hunters," we would become producers and users of quality products. . . . The wasted man-hours today spent in carrying on the political State, or in maintaining the armed forces, would be put to useful service, for all able-bodied adults would share in the social production. . . . And so, with the end of commercial rivalry and with complete control of the Socialist Industrial Republic of Labor in your [the American peoples'] hands,
peace, freedom and plenty will be your reward.  

Unlike the major party candidates, when Socialist Labor Party candidates went on national tour they had no staff to help them make personal or political arrangements--no group of political advance men and women--just the local membership wherever they were campaigning. Typically, before either Georgia or Eric Hass were scheduled to visit a locale, SLP members would distribute leaflets. If it was a large enough party section and funds were available, they also would buy newspaper space to advertise a lecture or a broadcast. In one week's "Candidates Diaries," a regular feature article in the Weekly People during the campaigns of 1956 and 1960, Georgia writes about a successful visit to Boston:

The Boston comrades had distributed 12,000 fliers advertising the evening lecture. They had bought an ad for page one of the Boston Globe, morning and evening editions. They had sent pre-press announcements, which resulted in publicity in both the Herald and the Globe. (The former was on the entertainment page, the latter on the comics page--now at last I can say, "see me in the funny papers.") The Globe reporter assured me that was the best place for the announcement to be, since it was "the most read page in the whole paper.

All this publicity, plus personal contact work, brought a good audience to the

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* "The following is an address by Georgia Cozzini, S.L.P. candidate for Vice president over radio station WHKK, Akron, Ohio, July 15." (See note 64 for citation.)
evening lecture. [October, 1960]77

It is important to remember that these were working men and women taking time off from their regular jobs, doing their best to publicize Georgia’s arrival and prepare for her speaking engagements. At times the membership did better than others to advance the campaign, but their efforts never lacked spirit.

When I arrived at the Willow Run airport, Comrade Ralph Muncy was there to meet me. He escorted me to his pickup truck, which had a sign on either side (about 4 X 7) advertising the fact that I was to speak at an open-air meeting at Willow Run Village that evening [June 2]. Comrade Al Mills had made the attractively lettered signs. . . . He [Muncy] had a public-address system in the car, with which he made periodic announcements as he drove.

. . .

The weather man had predicted nice weather for the week end, but the weather proved to be as contradictory as capitalism. The evening was cold and damp, so we aimed the speaker’s stand on the back of the truck at the cars parked across the street, and I talked for about 25 minutes to the occupants of nine cars. To make it more difficult, the buildings a block away bounced back the sound of my voice so that I was hearing the words I had just said as I was pronouncing the words to come. [June, 1956]78

I think my mother was at her best when she spoke to students. Even in non-campaign years she was often asked to speak at various colleges and universities.
There seemed an immediate bond between Georgia and young people because she was intellectually young, sympathetic to the problems of youth, obviously idealistic and humanitarian. At Boston University during the '56 campaign she spoke and answered questions for more than an hour. Professor Levin, who introduced her, had previously commented that the students seemed not to challenge what was said, but Mama found them enthusiastic.

One young man asked three questions at once. I answered the last one, the second one, and then apologized for not remembering his first question and asked him to repeat it. He stood up and blurted out: "I've lost my own train of thought. I'm excited." I told him that I was glad he had said that, because Socialism is the most exciting issue in this campaign. . . . I quoted Victor Hugo's "Greater than the tread of mighty armies is the force of an idea whose time has come." [October, 1956]79

Even when air time was given the party it was often equal-but-unequal—like Steve Allison’s live radio talk-show in Philadelphia that gave Georgia "equal time" at one A.M. On that occasion, the radio station's attempt to give her short shrift backfired.

Almost immediately questions began pouring in from the radio audience. At least 125 questions were asked. Allison asked questions, read questions and relayed questions from the phones that were constantly signaling that someone was on the line. There were seven SLP members
who had accompanied me, and people at adjacent tables [club atmosphere] got so impatient to ask me their questions that they asked the members for the answers. There was applause from some of the guests. Allison sent me back to my table, but the phones kept flashing, so he called me back again to answer more questions until the hour was up and the program was over. [October, 1956] ^{80}

Some stations simply would not give the party equal time, federal regulation or no. With typical good humor Georgia wrote from Cleveland that it seemed "Ohio had seceded from the union in so far as the civil rights of a minority party were concerned." ^{81}

There were those reporters in both 1956 and 1960 who wanted to interview "the woman" behind the candidate. They were always disappointed because they simply did not understand she was the "program" behind the woman. One young talk show hostess with KPLR-TV in St. Louis told Georgia the questions would be personal, and that she could not say the party's name on the show. Mother, while answering a question, explained that she was forbidden to use the name of her party, and that was the end of her interview. ^{82} Another woman reporter writing a feature article tried to interview her as she would have any female politician—or perhaps in that era—any candidate's wife.

Her line of questioning indicated that she thought I must have had an unhappy childhood, an unhappy marriage, or family problems too great to cope with, otherwise
why should I have become such a "malcontent" as to identify myself with an organization calling for a revolutionary social change. [August, 1956]

If there were those who could not understand, there were enough who did. We loved her and supported all her efforts while waiting for the campaign to end and for her to come home. Georgia saw Niagara Falls during the 1956 tour. It was the only sightseeing adventure she had while campaigning, and she send me two postcards from there. The second was my favorite because it was so like her.

Dear Gina:
See what I meant in my letter--the jukebox garishness was beautiful in spite of everything, because the Falls are beautiful enough to make up for man's attempt to outdo nature. Love, Mama

When Georgia came home from campaigning she went to the polls and voted for the principles and program of the SLP. In both 1956 and 1960 she campaigned tirelessly from west coast to east for two months straight, and traveled a great deal from the convention in May until September when the real push started. Mama did not run for office because she expected to win. At times the SLP was forced to write in candidates when they did not have a listing on the official ballot, which never brings a high vote count. In fact our family often laughed at newspaper headlines reporting Georgia's candidacy, like: "Used to Failure" (California Sun Times, 10/19/60); or "Losing Becomes a Habit" (Milwaukee Sentinel, 11/2/62). In order to understand the difference in our point of view and that of the press, it is easiest to quote the
closing of Georgia's speech entitled "Socialist Reconstruction!":

[D]on't be disappointed if we do not poll a large vote. Truth is slow in getting around, but in the end truth triumphs. We shall probably have to start our next campaign the day after election. We need your help. So we urge you to study our program to inform yourself so that you, in turn, can inform others.

Remember: He who would be free must himself strike the blow.\(^\text{84}\)

In 1956 Eric Hass and Georgia Cozzini were on the ballot in fourteen states and received a total vote of 44,547.\(^\text{85}\) In 1960 they were on the ballot in fifteen states and received a total vote of 47,647.\(^\text{86}\) Quite remarkable for the times and the number of actual party members.

If Georgia had run for office with the idea of gaining some tribute in dollars or honors bestowed, she would have been disappointed. This was not the case, and at the close of the 1960 campaign she felt "satisfied."

I ha[ve] experienced throughout my tour across this immense country the feeling that the SLP's members and friends ha[ve] worked in complete co-ordination and harmony with me to help make this the best SLP campaign in the history of the Party. The treasury of memories of this tour that I will carry throughout my life is priceless!\(^\text{87}\)
CONCLUSION
"Turn Down An Empty Glass"

And when Thyself with shining Foot shall pass
Among the Guests Star-scatter'd on The Grass,
And in Thy joyous Errand reach the Spot
Where I made one--turn down an empty Glass!88

As a community activist, organizer, fund raiser, and spokesperson for the Socialist Labor Party, Georgia Cozzini worked tirelessly to bring about the fundamental social change from capitalism to socialism. Convinced that her party’s program held the key to social progress, she was a dauntless advocate of Socialist Industrial Unionism, or government by industrial congress. The energy she put forth on behalf of the Socialist Labor Party’s unique program, and the thought process and ideas generated in that pursuit, made her life full and rich. She believed profoundly in the Constitution and the democratic principles upon which the United States and its republic rest, and felt that because the Socialist Labor Party espoused peaceful revolution by ballot, it was the only truly "American" socialist party--both in foundation being the first, and in spirit.

It is my belief that visionary, humanitarian political action makes for a better world. From an activist perspective, the bond formed with like minds, those fighting for the rights of humankind (an end to poverty, racism, and societal ills) adds to the richness of life by minimizing human loneliness and isolation, and brings forth a character as strong as it is humane. Georgia Cozzini’s passionate sense of purpose and commitment to improve the world were inspiring, and added color and diversity to her
community and the American political spectrum.

I have explored my mother's roots and how she became a force in the socialist movement in Wisconsin, as well as a national presence. Her model of political activism is fundamental to the American way of life. To believe that she continued to struggle against all odds for what some would label a "lost cause" would be to misunderstand societal change and its possibilities. The abolition of slavery, for example, was inconceivable before the world recognized its evils and fought to bring about its end. This would have been considered a "lost cause" to anyone a mere generation before the Civil War.

The history and personal insight which kept Georgia Cozzini engaged and active in the Socialist movement from 1939 until her death in 1983 have been the focus of this paper. Throughout her 44 years as a Socialist, she wrote countless editorials for local, state and national newspapers, taped radio scripts, and appeared on national television. With her love of humanity and a highly defined morality inherited from Victorian parents, she moved to shape and educate the American working class in an effort to build what she believed would be a brighter future: a world of peace, equality and fraternity. In contemporary society, as we still struggle toward these same goals, there is much to be learned from her stalwart spirit. As one of her Wisconsin comrades wrote after her death, "We will always remember her for her leadership ability, her strong convictions, her quick smile but most of all--her loving heart."
END NOTES


3. Stevenson, p.64.


7. Schlereth, p.23.


24. Wells, p.152.
26. Ibid.
27. Ibid.
28. Ibid.
29. Ibid.
36. National Executive Committee, p.89.
37. Stevenson, p.64-65.


41. National Executive Committee, p.89.


44. Cozzini, "Childhood" p.11.


46. Ibid.

47. Cozzini, "Summer" p.3.

48. Ibid.

49. Cozzini, "Memoirs" p.3.


52. Cozzini, "Memoirs" p.3.

53. Ibid.


58. Ibid.
63. Ibid.
64. Griffith, p.30.
68. Griffith, p.208.
71. Ibid.
74. "SLP National Ticket," (continuation) p.5.
75. Ibid.
86. Girard and Perry, p.102.
APPENDIX

Georgia Cozzini's SLP campaign photo, 1956

SLP presidential campaign style, 1940

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Georgia deplaning in Phoenix, campaign 1960

SLP bumper-sticker, Hass and Cozzini, 1960
Public lecture, 1942, Joseph Pirincin speaker

Steinhilber cartoon, Weekly People, 11/10/56

Art and Georgia Cozzini with Joseph Pirincin, 1939
Will Purvis and his gyrocopter

Doris in front of the popcorn stand

The Purvis home in Springfield

The sisters, Georgia and Doris, 1921
The Cozzini family, Milwaukee, 1935

Art's first grinding truck, 1926

Art with his Canuck, 1936
The sweethearts, 1942

Georgia practices her campaign handshake with Bruce, 1942
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