

# San Diego Repertory Theatre

## The Curious REPort

an inside look at

### MY MAÑANA COMES

TASTE THE  
AMERICAN DREAM

#### MY MAÑANA COMES

By Elizabeth Irwin

Directed by

Delicia

Turner Sonnenberg

Oct 1 – Oct 25, 2015  
in the Lyceum Space

“Character study with  
a political edge—  
honed nearly as  
sharp as the men’s  
paring knives.”  
- *The New York Times*

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**This In Depth Guide was prepared by Literary Manager Danielle Ward  
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# WE ARE **EXCITED** ABOUT

Exploring an incredibly **REAL** and complex taste of the American Dream.

The dictum of the American Dream suggests that each of us will be financially rewarded for the hard work we put in, yet, no matter how hard they work, some people never get ahead—always struggling, living paycheck to paycheck.



*My Mañana Comes* gives faces to those grappling with America's promise of tomorrow. We are invited to peer behind the kitchen of this ritzy restaurant to discover the inner-workings of four hard-working busboys as they face-off against management and one another until tensions reach a boiling point. This humorous and haunting story—told through richly-layered characters that embody America's diverse working-

class—reveals a political edge as sharp as a paring knife.

*My Mañana Comes* was nominated for Best Play by the Lucille Lortel and Drama Desk Awards, as well as two Outer Critic Circle Awards, including the John Gassner Award for New American Play in 2015. It is no wonder it has gotten so many accolades. While the play offers a delicious slice-of-life view of the often overlooked people at the bottom of the economic ladder, the story goes beyond a theoretical socio-political discussion, striking right to the heart of sacrifice and survival.

We welcome Elizabeth Irwin, a new emerging voice to the REPs long history of Latino/a writers, and look forward to seeing more of her complex and insightful explorations of what it means to live in today's America—having been born in Worcester, raised by Brooklyn and finished by el D.F. (aka Mexico City). She was a 2013-14 Playwrights Realm Writing Fellow and is a member of the Public Theater's 2015 Emerging Writer's Group. While she



The mission of **San Diego Repertory Theatre** is to produce **intimate, exotic, provocative** theatre. We promote a more inclusive community through vivid works that nourish progressive political and social values and celebrate the multiple voices of our region. San Diego Repertory Theatre **feeds the curious soul.**

has written several other plays, *My Mañana Comes* is her break out work. It received an off-Broadway production by the Playwrights Realm in September 2014 and after our San Diego REP production, is already slated to be seen across the nation including productions at: Victory Gardens Theater, Marin Theater Company, and ArtsWest Playhouse.

**“Irwin writers fast, funny, lived-in dialogue.” –*Time Out New York***

We are particularly proud to have Delicia Turner Sonnenberg direct this piece. For our 40<sup>th</sup> anniversary season, we wanted to celebrate some of the artists that we consider our family. Delicia has been an important part of the REP’s history. She worked

with us for several years as an Artistic Associate and later mentored with Sam Woodhouse before co-founding the female-focused Moxie Theatre.

Over the past decade, she has returned to direct many plays for us, including:

*Intimate Apparel* by Lynn Nottage, *Miss Witherspoon*



by Christopher Durang, *The Good Body* by Eve Ensler, *The Seafarer* by Conor McPherson, and *In the Wake* by Lisa Kron. In all of these shows, she has used her hand to deftly shape works with a political message without preaching or alienating an audience—inviting you to ask yourself, “what would you do in the same situation?”

In addition to a fabulous local director, we are excited to feature a stage full of San Diego actors and all of the talent and versatility that comes with them! We welcome the chance to showcase Edred Utomi (Peter) on our main stage after working with him as an understudy and an actor in several in-house readings last season. Spencer Smith (Whalid) and Jorge Rodriguez (Jorge) will work their magic again, as they did in their recent standout performances in *Oedipus El Rey*. And, as a continued practice of developing young artists, Jose Martinez (Pepe) returns to San Diego in his first professional production after graduating from Arizona State University.

This play, while set in a New York restaurant, could just as easily take place here in San Diego. With local talent bringing this story to life on our stage, we look forward to the conversations that are sparked by this new and exciting American play.

# INTERESTING TIDBITS



Photograph by Ludovic Bertron

America is “a nation historically built on immigration, with **approximately 41.3 million immigrants living in the United States in 2013**, accounting for 13 percent of the overall U.S. population.” If you add in all their U.S. born children, **about ¼ of our total population is either first or second generation.**



According to the State Department, the imaginary "immigration line" is already 4.4 million people long. **Depending on the type of visa sought and the country of origin, the wait can be years to decades long.** In some countries, (Mexico or the Philippines) people have been waiting over 20 years on approval for a family-sponsored visa.

## 5 Immigration Myths Debunked (CNN)

### Myth # 1: *They don't pay taxes*

Undocumented immigrants are already U.S. taxpayers.

### Myth # 2: *They don't pay into Social Security*

The truth is that undocumented immigrants contribute more in payroll taxes than they will ever consume in public benefits.

### Myth #3: *They drain the system*

Undocumented immigrants do not qualify for welfare, food stamps, Medicaid, and most other public benefits.

### Myth # 4: *They take American jobs*

The American economy needs immigrant workers. The belief that immigrants take jobs that can otherwise be filled by hard-working Americans has been disputed by an overwhelming number of economic research studies and data.

### Myth # 5: *It's just a matter of following the law*

Many Americans want immigrants to enter the country legally. But under current immigration laws, there are very few options for legal immigration, the costs are increasingly prohibitive and the wait for any kind of status can be long and frustrating.



There are **11 million undocumented civilians in the U.S.** About 70% of these immigrants are Mexican. In 2013, over 600,000 deportations took place. 71% of these people were removed by force. A majority of them were Hispanic.

## DID YOU KNOW?

**The federal minimum wage for tipped workers has been frozen at \$2.13 since 1991.** Employers are allowed by law to pay \$2.13 per hour to tipped employees as long as tips make up the difference between \$2.13 and \$7.25.

[2015 Minimum Wage Tipped Workers per State](#)

[The Truth about Tips:  
a Video Series by  
David Cooper](#)



Just 20% of restaurants pay a living wage, and women, people of color and immigrants are often barred from getting these living-wage positions”

--Anya Sacharow at *Time Magazine*

The restaurant industry is growing more and more. Just a few years ago, studies showed that more than 50% of Americans eat out at least once a week; consumers are spending twice as much of their food budget at restaurants as they did in the 1950's. Consequently, almost half of all adults have worked in a restaurant at some point in their lives. This amount is expected to increase even further.

In California, 44% percent of families headed by a working minority parent are considered low- income, compared to 16% of white families, researchers found. (LA Times)



“Money transfers from workers abroad to family back home have tripled in a decade and are three times larger than global aid budgets” (Claire Provost)

# 1: Restaurant Realities

Ever since the movie *Waiting* in 2005 satirized what happens behind the kitchen door, people have had a drastically blurred perception of what working as a restaurant employee is actually like. There is a perception that waiters are uneducated, low class, untalented, or incompetent—like they somehow have less



worth than other people—because supposedly people stoop down to the food service industry only when they are society's biggest loser. Some **false stereotypes** suggest servers spitting in our food, licking our silverware, shedding their dandruff in our drinks, and getting irate about not getting a good tip. Do we really have any idea what the back of the house

is really like?

For starters, the worker's job isn't done when everybody has left the restaurant. Normally the staff needs an hour each morning to prepare and an hour after closing to clean up. There's another misconception that working in a restaurant is easy and the wait staff have nothing better to do than to relax or party in the back of the house. When they're **behind that door**, they are cutting lime garnishes, carving away at ice, and keeping up after each other in the haze of the kitchen heat.

A lot of work by a lot of people goes into making the restaurant experience pleasant for customers. The tip is going to all of them. There's an entire team of people—an assembly of waiters, bussers, bar staff, dishwashers, hosts. And surprisingly, chefs are often the most underappreciated person in the house and they do not get a cut of the tips. Generally they are paid a higher hourly salary, but it's often less than what the wait staff is making. If you thought your tip was going to the chef, **think again**.

Different restaurants adopt different systems to give tipped workers their due. For example, there is the "pool house," where everyone's tips are combined and the money is split equally among the wait staff. Others let the staff work it out amongst themselves. Servers and waiters become the ones to decide how much the teammates will get of the tip that they got alone. Your twenty percent often does not even go to the person you thought was helping you.



For some, restaurants are a field in which employees enter as a **placeholder to find something better**. This can be to save money for school, or to keep on paying rent until the dream job that the degree was for can be achieved. But for many others it's a means for survival. It is the one job that they can get, and even though the food service industry seems attractive because it is entry-level, the environment can be harsh.

Nowadays **restaurant owners are caught in a financial conundrum**. With wages increasing, owners have to either raise their prices—which could decrease attendance and sales—or minimize their staffs—which would diminish the quality of service the restaurant provides. This is why it's so common for managers to hire immigrants since undocumented workers will do **whatever they can to earn whatever they can**. These people get the shortest end of the stick, and they comprise of almost 20% of the food industry's workforce. Thus, they are *disposable*.



Chronicle / Mike Kepka

Owners can afford to keep their prices at a convenient level at the expense of their workers. They get severely mistreated, but if they can't tolerate their boss or the conditions of the working environment, then they don't measure up to the job. They are at the mercy of their bosses. They often do not have the legal back-up to file grievances against their employers. They have to be mindful that if they

try and take legal action against any injustice, they have **no protection from getting fired and must avoid deportation**. These workers are exploited for their vulnerability and forced to tolerate wrongdoings of all kinds. Each migrant worker can be easily replaced, because there are, of course, dozens of other able-bodied people in line willing to give an arm and a leg for the job.

While the food industry is seeing an annual increase in total sales, this is no cause for celebration for the worker. The National Restaurant Association reported that in 2011 the average full-service restaurant employee made \$274 a week, adding up to \$14,248 a year. If that employee is the only source of income for a family of 2 or more, they are roughly \$4,000 below the poverty line. Some restaurant owners pay their labor indiscriminately because they either have not encountered the gravity of the situation face-to-face or because their workers are not informed enough to take action for themselves. They do things like not paying for overtime, withholding shift pay, or directly taking money away from tip pools to pay for business fees.

So, be kind to your waiter, be thankful for their hard work, and give them a nice tip, because what you're about to find out might shock you. The darkest truth about the restaurant industry: tipping is **not what you think it is**. Rather than being a supplement to the worker's salary, it usually serves as the largest component of a staff member's income.

## 2: “Dinner and Deception”

### *Serving elaborate meals to the super-rich left me feeling empty*

Article by Edward Frame of the New York Times, August 22<sup>nd</sup> 2015

Illustrations by Owen Freeman

It's 4:25 p.m. I make my way through the kitchen, past the prep cooks, up to the locker room on the second floor. Getting dressed takes 10 minutes. That leaves 20 to get “family meal” before the porters break everything down. At 4:55, I'm ready. Lineup is in five minutes — “live at five.” I double-check my uniform, an expensive-looking suit issued by the restaurant, before I join the rest of the wait staff downstairs.

Lineup is our final meeting before service. The managers report on menu changes and our ranking on the world's top restaurants list. Sometimes they test us. “Where did Chef get his first Michelin star?” “What kind of stone is the floor made of?” But tonight we just taste the new wine. A classic Burgundy: red fruit, rose petal, under ripe cherry; med-high acid, soft tannins. It'll pair well with the pork.

The dining room has four “stations,” each with six or seven tables overseen by a four-person service team — captain, sommelier, server and assistant server. As a captain, I'm in charge of my team. It took me eight months to get promoted to this job; some captains waited for years.

Six food runners also roam the floor, along with three managers. Two expeditors — the “expos” — stay in the kitchen to decide when food leaves and where it goes. At most other three-Michelin-star restaurants in New York City, the system is much the same.

Doors open at 5:30. Tonight, the book says 152 covers. About 120 used to be normal, but the owners are opening a new place next month and need cash. So tonight it's 152. The service director calls this an “opportunity for more guests to experience the restaurant.” But this is spin, and everyone knows it. Thirty-two more covers means we need to turn eight more tables, two more in my section, which means I'll be taking a cab home at 3 a.m., not 2.

My team is good. Not perfect, good. The sommelier knows his wine, but on busy nights gets buried fast. I can rely on my server. My assistant server is great. Every captain knows that an assistant server can make or break you. “Crumb, clear, water” — that's all an assistant server technically does, but a good one keeps things moving in your section.

First table gets seated at 5:31. I print and scan the chit, a digital dossier we keep on every guest, new or old. *Who are these people? V.I.P.?* (“Soigné” is the preferred term.) It's the first seating, so I know they're not, but I check anyway. Have they been here before? Do they have a water preference? Food allergies? Likes? Dislikes? Spend big on wine?

I announce my presence on the greet: a flourish, a hand gesture, a pressing of the palms, anything to signal that everyone at the table needs to pay attention, that I'll be dictating the pace of the experience tonight, not the other way around. “Good evening.”



Big smile. “Do you still prefer sparkling water? Or would you like something else this time?” The assistant server stands by the credenza next to the Champagne bucket, waiting. A slight wiggle of my fingers behind my back means bubbles; a slashing motion, still; a twist of the fist, ice water. Like magic, he appears with the correct selection. “May I take a moment to explain the menu?”

Captains compete for the briefest menu spiel possible. The key is to eliminate unnecessary choices; most people just want to be told what to do. At 5:35 I’m back at the table for the order. I memorize every guest’s selection; writing things down would suggest a “transactional” relationship, something I want to avoid. Each guest should feel special. A minute later I dictate the orders to the server, who transcribes and then places them while I stay on the floor.

In an ideal service, the captain never leaves the floor. After that, it’s all about table maintenance until I drop the check with some complimentary cognac in three or five hours, depending on whether they go four-course or tasting. I’ll do this 13 more times tonight.



Marx might have called this kind of work “estranged labor,” but the phrase isn’t quite right. My experience working in fine dining was marked by hard, repetitive and often meaningless work. But it wasn’t completely “estranging,” not at first. To the contrary, I found that hard, repetitive work, however “estranged” in some abstract or theoretical sense, could be incredibly affirming. Executing the same tasks with machine-like precision over and over and over again, like one of Adam Smith’s nail-cutters, offered a special kind of enjoyment. There was no reflection, no question about what my job required of me, and I could indulge, for hours, in the straightforward immediacy of action.

Next to a doorway leading into the dining room, a sign in the kitchen summed up the job in the form of a commandment: “Make it nice.”

Make it nice means you hold yourself accountable to every detail. It means everything in the restaurant must appear perfect — the position of the candle votives, the part in your hair. Everything matters.

Most of us internalized this mantra quickly. One of my first assignments as a food-runner was to polish glassware. I worked in a small alcove, connected to the dishwasher. Glass racks came out, I wiped away any watermarks or smudges, and then, just as I finished one rack, another appeared. This went on for hours, like some kind of Sisyphean fable revised for the hospitality industry. By hour two my fingers hurt and my back ached. But I couldn’t stop. The racks kept coming. Slowing down never occurred to me. There wasn’t time. I needed to make it nice. I *wanted* to make it nice.

I moved up the ranks quicker than most. Each promotion required a new but reassuringly mechanical set of skills. When setting food on a table, I learned to obey the maxim “raise right, lower left.” My movements had to be perfectly synchronized with the other food-runners, our arms dropping together like weighted levers. To replace a tablecloth, I would smooth it out with an antique iron, reset the table with glassware, silver and charger plates, making sure the labels on each were squared-off and facing the guest, all in under three minutes. Another server suggested that I hum the theme to “The Bourne Identity” under my breath to stay motivated. I did, and he was right. It

worked.

Duck came out on a special cart called a guéridon. Captains did the carving tableside. Slicing off the left breast was easy, but to get the right side required a little finesse. You couldn't turn the bird around, which felt natural to do, because the cavity could never face the guest. Chef decided this would be "unappealing." So you had to switch hands, carving ambidextrously. Regardless of your abilities wielding a knife with either hand, both breasts needed to be on the plate in less than a minute, before the kitchen sent out the sides. If you took longer you'd be caught finishing the job while some runner hovered awkwardly next to you with a tray full of saucepans and tweezers.

Not everyone can do this kind of work well. Captains joked that it wasn't worth learning a person's name until he got promoted at least once. But get promoted and suddenly you were admitted into an inner circle of people who excelled at this sort of thing. Most members of the service staff shared one thing in common — a quiet alliance against our betters: the guests, and our managers. When someone spoke about the "swan" in lineup, a metaphor for the ideal server, churning tirelessly beneath the surface while maintaining the impression of absolute poise to the casual observer, there was never a hint from management that, like us, they understood the psychological dividedness their favorite symbol suggested. But as captains or servers or sommeliers, our job wasn't just serving food, it was playing a part, and we did it with a degree of self-conscious irony that our bosses seemed incapable of.

Acting out your role during service could be fun. You could play guessing games like "hooker or daughter." Or the "adjective game," where you competed to successfully sell a wine with the least helpful descriptors possible. "Haunted" was a good one. You learned to read people. I still remember the Chinese businessman at Table 43. He had two companions that night: a pair of young women whose skin looked oddly synthetic. Right away he ordered a bottle of 1990 Krug — a thousand dollars, like that.

"May I take a moment to explain the menu?"

"We want the tasting menu," he said.

The two women stared at their phones, indifferent to our exchange. They clearly weren't planning to eat anything.

"Sir, the tasting menu is a five-hour experience." I looked at him, then at the two women. "Are you sure you wouldn't rather spend some of your evening elsewhere?"

He opted for four courses.

You experience a special rush when your job is to project an aura of warmth and hospitality while maintaining an almost clinical emotional distance. It's the thrill of the con. This pleasure in deception was suggested by another metaphor popular with upper management: lipstick on a pig. The key to fine dining, I was told by one manager, was to ensure that the guest never noticed the pig, only the lipstick. Guests wanted to believe the make-believe; they wanted to believe everything was perfect. But the moment someone noticed a minor imperfection — a smudge on the butter, a fingerprint on the fork — other imperfections would suddenly become noticeable, threatening the illusion we all worked to maintain.

In a playground for the superrich, I was an overpaid chaperone wearing a bespoke suit. Gluttony was common. So was sex; more than once we had to interrupt coitus in the restroom. Once a woman asked to leave her baby at the coat check. When the maître d' explained that dinner lasted at least three hours, she stared back at him, unfazed. "Yes, I know." Grown men wearing Zegna and Ferragamo would sit at the bar chanting, "We are the 1 percent!"

The nightly grotesquerie was almost exciting. But something happened after spending too many nights delivering four- or five-figure checks on silver trays. Estrangement *did* set in. I imagine pick-up artists experience something similar. You

learn what people want from you, and, for a while, you get a high making all the right gestures: the perfectly timed joke, the wry smile. But, deep down, you feel nothing. Until something forces you back to reality again.

When the guest falls, I'm standing at a credenza near the bar. It's lunch. The dining room is full. I don't see him go down, but he makes a loud, gasping sound before he hits the floor. We all know him. He's a regular. He's been to the restaurant maybe 150 times and always orders the same thing: double vodka on the rocks to start; first course lobster; second course duck; no dessert. Usually he comes with his wife, who freely complains about his diet. He tips well, and, like most regulars, he is generally considered to be a jerk. But now, as he's lying there, his skin turning a kind of grayish-white, it is impossible to feel anything for the man who has just had a stroke in the middle of our dining room except pity.

He is lying on the polished terrazzo floor, flat on his back. People are staring, not quite sure what to do, their thoughts clearly teetering between concern and that other more ugly thought — *I waited three weeks for this reservation and this is ruining my experience*. Everything leading up to this moment has been so carefully orchestrated: the timing of the courses, the neat folds of each napkin, the levels of every water glass. But not this. The normally composed servers are visibly shaken. How can anyone sanely elaborate on the virtues of left-bank Bordeaux next to a body?

Impossible, I think, so I turn to my manager and ask: "What should I do?" I assume somebody has called an ambulance. The manager has just finished hurrying to push a Champagne cart in front of the possibly dead man on the floor, a lame attempt to hide him from nearby diners. Nothing in the service manual can tell him how to answer my question. This isn't planned; the moment demands real empathy, real human understanding, and not the counterfeit variety he and I earn our living with.

"I'm going to go turn the music up," he says. "Just keep going."

So I do. I keep going, pouring wine, giving spiels on food and dropping handwritten checks until the paramedics arrive 10 minutes later. The manager comps the bill for those people seated near "the accident." No one else seems to mind.

The guest, I learned a few days later, survived. But he never returned to the restaurant. Neither did I, after I left a few months later to go to graduate school. In the end, "making it nice" for 80 hours a week left me feeling empty and tired. As the regular's wife used to say when he ordered his usual lunch, "eating like that is bad for you."



### 3: The Economy of Transfers

Now more than ever, it is common for people to work abroad and send their income back home in what is known as “remittance”. Claire Provost reported for The Guardian that “the flow of migrant money around the world has shot up to **record levels**,” reaching over \$530 billion (this is more money than some countries have in their entire economy). Data from the World Bank shows that in 2012 the U.S. was the greatest sender of remittance in the world, having exported over \$120 billion in remittances (more than 80% of total global aid flow that year).



For some countries, remittances account for a large portion of their national income. In 2012, nearly half of U.S. remittances were sent to Mexico, making it America’s prime beneficiary for about \$23 billion. Other countries receiving money in ten figure from U.S. migrant workers included China, India, and the Philippines. Therefore, it’s no surprise that the U.S. is home to more



immigrants than any other country in the world. 42.8 million migrants reside in the U.S, which is around 14% of the American population, and 11.6 million of those workers are Mexican. On the other hand, only a half million Americans work south of the border. Out of the total 2.4 million emigrants, only \$5.1 billion are earned back to the U.S.

Meanwhile, some countries rely entirely on remittance to sustain their economy. Liberia and Tajikistan, for example, accounts these transfers for nearly half of their GDP. Rwandan government specifically asks its citizens to emigrate so they can send money home. These nations are in such a severe state of financial distress that it has become customary to leave. In another article from *The Guardian*, Claire Provost writes, “**If remittances at the level recorded by the World Bank were a single economy, it would be the 22nd largest in the world**, bigger than Iran or Argentina...Globally, there are more than 214 million migrants; if they lived in one country, it would be the fifth most populous, trailing only China, India, America and Indonesia.” There are dozens of countries that are developing, but they are hanging by a thread. The aid they receive is not enough for the nation to thrive. The remittances that are brought back home

sometimes are greater than the aid that is being *given* to them. Conclusively, countries like these are highly dependant on their citizens skedaddling.

Moreover, exchange rates play a heavily dramatic role in the transaction of remittances. It's easy to see the appeal for why Mexican workers would come to the U.S, because the American dollar is equal to about 15 Mexican pesos.

Here are some facts to help put the implications of an exchange rate into perspective:

<b>The Cost of Living Indices Difference</b> (as of June 15 <sup>th</sup> , 2015)
Consumer Prices in New York, NY are <b>159.17% higher</b> than in Puebla, Mexico
Rent Prices in New York are <b>913.62% higher</b> than in Puebla
Restaurant Prices in New York are <b>206.39% higher</b> than in Puebla
Groceries Prices in New York are <b>181.26% higher</b> than in Puebla
Local Purchasing Power in New York is <b>41.27% higher</b> than in Puebla

Groceries- something as simple as a bottle of water in New York is estimated to be 222% more expensive than it would cost in Puebla (\$1.67 vs. \$0.52).

Rent- the average cost of rent for a one bedroom apartment in New York outside of the city center is estimated to be about \$1,896.37 compared to \$167.37 in Puebla. That is a spike of +1,033.06 %.

Wages- a cashier in Mexico getting paid at minimum wage would make about 88 (\$5.71) per day. In New York, a cashier doing the same job at state minimum wage earns about \$70 before taxes.

*In conclusion, you would need around \$7,000 to maintain the same standard of life in New York City that you can have with \$1,700 in Puebla. Therefore, not only do people make more money working here, but also **the money they make is worth more in Mexico than it's worth here.***

Currently, migrant workers are facing bad news. While the price of sending money across the border had been falling for several years, banks are expected to raise the fee because of a growing fear of drug trafficking and terrorism. This means that due to the increase in costs for remittance, immigrants are more inclined to send larger amounts of money back home. The idea is to get more bang for the buck, but the risk is that they are more likely to carry all their eggs in one basket. Immigrants have to be cautious of sending too much money away in case the transaction fails to clear.



## 4: America Vs. “The Other”

A quote from “Why Don’t They Just Get In Line?”- Immigration Policy Center

*Many Americans wonder why all immigrants do not just come to the United States legally or simply “get in line” to gain residence (a “green card”) if they are undocumented. Yet few people understand how grossly out-of-date the U.S. immigration system is and how unable it is to keep up with the demands of a growing and changing U.S. economy and to reflect the needs and values of our diverse nation. Lawmakers have failed for nearly 20 years to update our immigration laws or address the limited opportunities for securing legal immigration status. Today’s overly restrictive legal limits on green cards mean that virtually all undocumented immigrants have no avenues for legal entry to the U.S.*

The truth is that **there is no line**. There are many, and the wait times for all of them are shockingly long. Elite scholars and business executives virtually have no wait time, but these are few in comparison to the majority of visa applicants—some who have been waiting for twenty-five years. This is the result of a larger problem called the “**backlog**”. Only around



650,000 visas are allotted each year. Often times not all of them are put into use because of bureaucratic delays, so they go to waste. About **4 ½ million people are waiting** for legal status in the U.S.

There are four chief characteristics in which an immigrant can obtain a visa: employment, family ties, refugee/asylum, and the diversity lottery. Wait times are dependant on which category a person falls under. Depending on the country an immigrant is from, this time can be even longer. Studies show that if this system continued without new visas being made available, **it would take 19 years to clear the existing backlog just for the family category**. In 2012, the Philippines had around 400,000 and Mexico had about 1,300,000 people apply for entry in the United States. These are countries that are “over-subscribed”, so they are limited to down to simply limited down to 47,250 per year. As a result, some applicants don’t even get assigned visa numbers.

Jacquellena Carrero commented on NBC Latino that “the estimated numbers paint a **bleak picture for immigrants who hope to gain legal status**.” Experts are claiming that the presence of 11 million undocumented immigrants living in the states prove as powerful evidence the immigration services are

failing to encourage migrants to seek authorization. Furthermore, the difficulties within the system are counter-intuitively promoting illegal crossings. Because of all these hoops, people resort to crossing illegally and/or overstaying the welcome of their short-term visas.

The U.S-Mexico border is almost 2,000 miles coast-to-coast wide. There are several layers of barbed wire fencing that act as the separation between the two countries. However, the fence is not continuous. In these gaps, there is nothing but the open sands standing on the migration trail. The scorches of the deserts draw a shocking amount of people to attempt the way across. They pay “coyotes” to smuggle them through the desert. “Coyotes” will charge anywhere from \$3,000 to \$70,000 to smuggle a migrant across the border, according to the Mexican Migration Project. But the journey can be deadly.

According to federal records, more than 6,000 **people have died** crossing the southern border since 1998. Meanwhile, others are caught on surveillance and are, thus, ironically saved by U.S. Border Patrol. However, the technology on the border is not enough to dissuade migrants from attempting other methods. For instance, a civil rights lawyer, R. Sebastian Gibson reported, “Over forty **tunnels** have been found since 2001 and **some have been extremely sophisticated**. One such tunnel from Tijuana to San Diego was half a mile long, sixty to eighty feet deep, and eight feet tall. It had drainage, electricity and a concrete floor, and its entrance from the California side was in a modern warehouse. The entrance to the tunnel in Mexico was in another building.”



The political debates over which policies to pursue on these matters go back and forth. Commentators at the Washington Post are saying, “Unless the line of legal immigration speeds up, the **illegal immigrants will be languishing without citizenship**, as well.



While more resources could help cut some of the red tape slowing down the process, such measures alone wouldn't be enough to reduce the backlog in a meaningful way, says Giovagnoli. "At some level, you can't speed it

up if Congress doesn't have more visas. Immigration advocates worry that the promise of citizenship could end up being "in name only" for some undocumented immigrants.” She quotes Angelo Paparelli, "Instead of dying in the desert, they might just die waiting to become permanent residents.”

For more information about green cards and the immigration system, click here: [U.S. Citizenship and Immigration Services](#) and/or [Immigration Policy Center](#)

# 5: “Is the American Dream Still Alive?”

by Bob Miglani, author of *Embrace the Chaos: How India Taught Me to Stop Overthinking and Start Living*

It's not an easy question to answer, especially in our current times full of uncertainty in our work and in our lives. We read the news, go to work, run a business or meet friends and all we hear about is the challenging nature of life these days. And it feels as though **the American dream is a distant memory** of a past that we are trying so hard to hold onto.

When my family moved from India to America in 1979, we had nothing more than a handful of clothes in an old suitcase and about \$75. When I would ask my dad why he brought us here, he always answered, "for a better opportunity of course!"

*“The owners of this country know the truth. It's called the American Dream, because you have to be asleep to believe it.” --George Carlin*

And those first several years, even though we had very little, we felt hopeful. My parents found employment and while it was hard work, it did put food on the table and allowed us to pitch in for the rent for the tiny apartment we shared with another family.

Over the years as I grew up, mowing lawns, delivering newspapers in the suburbs of small towns in New Jersey, I thought there was this **formula for success and happiness** in America.

I thought that only **if I got a good education, treated people right, worked harder than anyone else that I would be fine**. And for a while that formula seemed to work as our effort allowed us to save enough money to buy a Dairy Queen franchise of our own, which we ran and my parents continue to run today for the last 23 years.



today for the last 23 years.

Running a quintessential piece of Americana, a Dairy Queen store wasn't all sunshine and rainbow sprinkles. It was hard but it gave us a path of possibilities as well as that tuition for college that my sisters and I desperately needed.

As I grew up and moved into a corporate career, I took the same formula for success and applied it to my work. Some years were better than others but I grew in my career and felt happy in my life.

But then things changed, especially since 2008. With constant change at work, the complex nature of careers, unpredictability of jobs and the speed of life, everything became overwhelming. And I found myself stuck, trying to figure out what happened to the American dream we came searching for not too long ago.

I couldn't let go of the notion that I did all I was supposed to do but how come I can't keep up.

**Somewhere along the way, I felt as though I was let down by that 'formula' for life.** 'Work hard and do everything right' wasn't working for me. I felt constantly stressed and worried about being able to save enough for my kids' education, provide for my family and care for my older parents.

### **What happened to the American dream?**

My pattern of over thinking was interrupted by a chance trip to show a friend all that is India. It was there, in the capital of chaos that I rediscovered how to move forward in uncertain and complicated times. It was there which led me to rediscover my faith in human potential, which brought my family to America in the first place.

I came to the full realization that there is no formula for life. And a perfect job, a house, a business or a spouse is an illusion of our mind trying to bring order to a life that has none.

Whether in India or America, life is not a linear proposition but one full of ups, downs and every way in between. I hadn't gotten here in a straight line and I wasn't going to move forward in a straight line.

There are **no guarantees in America, only better chances.**

I recognize that while the American dream for some may have lost its luster, it still remains vibrant within me. It is because it is in America that we have choices, chances and possibilities that my family didn't have in India.

Sure, gaps in incomes, health, jobs and the like exist in America, as they do in most countries. And each of us can play a role in addressing those in our own unique way. But the essence of the American dream is **not a destination**. We were never promised a big house and a fancy car. Only **an opportunity to pursue possibilities**, just as my father had stated so many years ago.

And while it helps to have a fair and just system, affordable education and supporting infrastructure and the rest, pursuing those possibilities is not necessarily up to someone else, it's up to us.

I realized that **pursuing life's opportunities is dependant more on me** and what actions I take than many of those external factors. It helps if things are always fair. But the reality is that no system is perfect and life isn't fair. But we can't wait for that perfect system because it may never appear. All we can do is to see an opportunity to learn, contribute and serve and get busy doing.

I believe the American dream is alive in each of us who wish to move forward and make a contribution to the place we work and to those we love. It is what we make of it. Realizing the imperfections of life was through a rediscovery of the land of my birth and getting a chance to serve and pursue opportunities are found in the land I now call home.



# 6: A TALE OF TWO CITIES

## IN MEXICO

Mexico's cultural landscape varies from state to state and region to region. In fact, there is no single Mexican dialect. The people from the north speak Spanish in an entirely different way than people from the south.

In *My Mañana Comes*, we have a character from Puebla and another from Juarez. These two cities are tremendously distinct from each other—the former being one of the most beautiful cities in the whole country, the latter being one of the most dangerous (perhaps in the whole world). Knowing what these two cities are like gives us a stronger sense of the vastness that can be the Mexican cultural landscape.



There are dozens of cities along the coast, several of which are right below us on the map in Baja California, that are intensely popular tourist attractions. People from all around vacation in

Mexico to enjoy its beaches, Mariachi music, historic murals, fish tacos, warm hospitality and night-life. In central Mexico there are states like Puebla that are rich in history. Its cities are a vibrant blend



of contemporary and old Mexican culture; its streets are strewn with ruins and bustling food markets. Down south in places like Oaxaca, the locals can brave the jungle and enjoy a more indigenous lifestyle. Cities like Cabo San Lucas or Cancun are booming from the holiday-party industry due to an influx of travelers.

Alternatively, there are other parts of Mexico that, needless to say, aren't exactly the kind of place someone would want to go on vacation.

Northern cities, particularly by the border, are hubs for some of the worst criminal activity in the whole world. Juarez, neighbor to El Paso, Texas, has become notorious for its homicide rates and drug cartel scene.



Ashley Fantz reported on CNN, “For most of us, Mexico is reduced several times a week to a sickening barrage of horror flick headlines. Thirty-five bodies left on the freeway during rush-hour in a major tourist city. A person's face sewn onto a soccer ball. Bodies found stuffed in barrels of acid. Heads sent rolling onto busy nightclub dance floors.”

We’re talking about a single city in which in thousands of people are caught in the crossfire of drug violence each year. They thrive off the incorporation of “maquiladoras,” factories that manufacture exported goods back to the U.S. and consist almost entirely of women. These workers inhabit a place where justice is not always served. In the last twenty years, murder rates against women have been so high that journalists have gone as far as coining a term for “femicide”.



Though these cities are finally showing signs of improvement, it has taken a dangerously long time to get local law enforcement to confront issues. It’s common for people to protest how the police turn their backs to the violence, or sometimes worsen the situation by demanding bribes from those that complain.

On top of that, a large section of society is trapped in a “third world” stasis, built and sustained by the manufacturing economy. Though the unemployment rate is about the same as it in the United States, with their minimum wage all citizens can afford are houses made with paper-thin sheets of metal, scraps of food instead of daily meals. They often don’t have flooring, plumbing, electric, you name it—the basic amenities that we require as a standard quality of living for ourselves.

So, those coming to America believe they have something to reach for—a place where “mañana” is possible. Literally translated from Spanish to mean “tomorrow,” “mañana” is what is said as an expression to ease the pain from today and perseverance until tomorrow. It is the way one fantasizes what the future holds and hopes that a day will come when life will be better.

## 7: “Working to Stay Poor”

by Ianta Summers, originally in *The Center for American Progress*

I have a friend who works at Foot Locker — the successful international retail chain of more than 3,300 stores — who is struggling to make ends meet. He’s an assistant manager at a store in a suburb of Washington, D.C. He told me he earns \$7.55 an hour for a 40-hour work week. In addition, he said he gets a 2 percent commission on sales, discounts on in-store purchases, stock options, and health care. My friend does well, selling dozens of pairs of sneakers every pay period that cost as much as \$250 each. But even if those benefits seem generous, when his check reaches his pocket, he doesn’t have enough money to support himself—or a family.

Consider, for example, if he chooses to take advantage of a 30 percent discount to buy store merchandise. To do so, he would have to scrimp on some other basic necessity, such as paying rent, buying food, or covering the cost of getting to and from work. Even his health care is a hard choice because he said the cost of his basic, company-sponsored coverage is about \$60 each paycheck. Like the vast majority of poorly paid workers, my friend often has to rely on support from family, friends, or government assistance just to live and work every day. Sure, **he’s employed, but he’s mired in poverty nonetheless**. I call this indentured servitude.

Companies and their well-heeled executives who practice this type of capitalism are cheating society. By failing to pay workers a fair living wage, they’re forcing taxpayers to pick up the slack. In other words, corporations that don’t do their share to support workers in feeding and caring for their families push that burden onto taxpayers, who ultimately provide a safety net for the working poor. **If corporations would pay their employees a living wage, the size of government would shrink** because these indentured servants wouldn’t have to rely on Medicaid and emergency rooms when they get sick, food stamps because they are hungry, or Section 8 housing because they can’t afford rent. They work to stay poor.



It’s no secret that companies are profiting big during this slow economic recovery. The Dow Jones average just breached 16,000—a record for the historic stock indicator. **Companies are sitting on piles of profits, but little of their largess trickles down to their workers.** In some cases, the firms aren’t hiring at all; the unemployment rate remains stubbornly high as corporate executives argue they’re not confident enough in the recovery to employ more workers or pay them higher wages.

Corporations have legions of lobbyists, lawyers, and accountants protecting them from paying a fairer share of taxes. They do everything they can

to keep and hide their wealth in offshore accounts, embrace corporate welfare, and hire foreign workers who toil in dangerous sweatshop conditions. When inflation and the cost of living are considered, a company paying \$15 for flipping burgers is not unreasonable, considering how much money they give away in dividends. People who work deserve to earn a wage that can, in the very least, sustain them and feed their families.

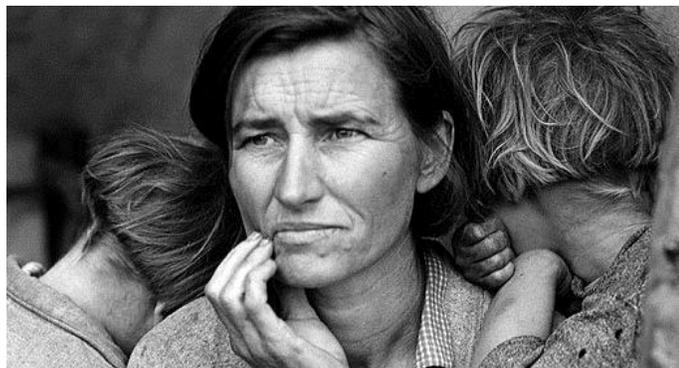
**Low-wage work is not inferior labor.** In some cases, laborers' hard work is far more challenging and difficult than sitting at a desk or shuffling papers. It's grossly unfair for taxpayers to foot the bill for the enormous income gap simply because corporations refuse to pay a living wage.

Government programs such as Medicaid, Social Security, and living assistance are signature pieces of legislation from our government. We pride ourselves on being compassionate and charitable as individuals. Corporations add to the size of government when they refuse to play their monetary part in the American Dream.

**When corporations pay their employees minimum wage, they add to the deficit and take money out of the hands of consumers, which weakens the economy.** A person making \$7.50 an hour—25 percent more than the federal minimum wage, or about \$1,200 a month in pre-tax income—gets by only with help from family, friends, or some sort of publicly supported assistance. Any person that makes that in an entire year relies on the government to eat, live, and survive. By one estimate, taxpayers subsidize a single Walmart in Wisconsin with \$900,000 per year in government assistance for its underpaid workers.

Former Secretary of Labor Robert Reich draws in interesting comparison involving Walmart—the nation's largest private employer, with more than 4,000 stores—to General Motors, which held that title in the 1950s. "General Motors in today's dollars was then paying its workers about \$50 to \$60 an hour," he observes. Today, Walmart's median wage, including part-time workers, is \$8.80 an hour.

How can Americans live with so many workers being forced into **indentured servitude**? While capitalism provides many in the country with abundant freedom and opportunity, the downside is that greedy executives deny many at the bottom to provide for the few at the top. Worse, they're rarely accountable for their role in the immoral practices that produce a country bifurcated into stark rich or poor contrasts.



When will millions of voices collectively say enough is enough? When will the middle class collectively use their spending power to demand better for their less-affluent neighbors? Our shared future depends on it, and the clock is ticking.

# 8: “The Psychology of Survival”

Sometimes the best choice is just to make one. A good indication about how someone will react in a survival situation is how they react now. If they are constantly looking for help and making excuses now the same will hold true in a disaster situation.

Survival means more than how well stocked you are or how long you have been prepping; survival means understanding the situation and knowing what the best course of action will be. It also means thinking of your supplies as tools that will help your situation...not tools vital for the situation.

Whether you are in the wilderness or in an urban setting **a key ingredient in any survival situation is mental attitude and the psychology of survival.** And while having survival skills is important, having the will to survive is critical.

It might be a little tough keeping a positive attitude when everything around you seems to be falling apart, but it's crucial to try and keep a level head and avoid getting “stressed out.”

## When Panic Sets In

You have probably heard that in a wilderness survival situation the worst thing you can do is panic. How you handle the effects of the situation and your ability to defeat panic before it sets in will determine your rate of success or failure in any emergency situation.



If you ever find yourself in a situation like this, there is a simple acronym I use, the acronym S.T.O.P. It stands for Sit, Think, Observe and Plan.

**Sit:** Before you do anything, sit down and collect your thoughts and think about what you have that will help you.

**Think:** Think about what supplies you have. Think about how you have prepared for a situation like this in advance. Most importantly, keep a positive attitude and don't let your mind go overboard on you.

**Observe:** Look at your surroundings and decide what poses a threat, and what resources might be available to you. Observing will also give you a more confident feeling about the situation.

**Plan:** Now that you have thought rationally about the situation, it's time to take action. You have conquered the major danger of not allowing panic to cast your fate. Stay positive and remind yourself that you have the will to conquer anything else that confronts you.

## You're Stressing Me Out

Stress can be something that sneaks up on us before we even notice it. All people handle stress differently. Some people hold it inside and some people

let it affect their decision making process more outright. Some general signs of stress are:

- Difficulty making decisions
- Angry outbursts
- Forgetfulness
- Low energy level
- Constant worrying
- Thoughts about death or suicide
- Trouble getting along with others
- Withdrawing from others
- Hiding from responsibilities
- Carelessness

Once the body recognizes the presence of a stressor, it then begins to act to protect itself. A stressor can be a single event or multiple events that affect someone's decision making process or cause a full breakdown. It's impossible to tell what might be a stressor for someone until after the fact, but the more you know about how people react to stressful situations, the quicker you can address the issues before they become bigger problems.

### **Fight or Flight**

In response to a stressor, our body goes into "fight or flight" mode, reverting back to our primal instincts. This can produce an adrenalin rush as the body releases stored fuels to provide a quick energy boost and your breathing rate will increase to supply more oxygen to the blood as it prepares for action.



As a stressor causes you to go into "fight or flight" mode your senses will become more acute. Your hearing becomes more sensitive and your vision and smell become sharper so that you are more aware of your surroundings and possible dangers. Stressors can add up, and depending on how the person reacts, their personality can change immediately or it can be a "the straw that broke the camel's back" type scenario.

### **The Survival Mindset**

Having the will to survive is more important than any tool you have. Being able to manage your fears and understand how you or anyone else might react in a crisis goes a long way in keeping you out of unneeded dangerous situations.

Even though most situations can be better managed by thinking them through, you still need the supplies to make the job easier. But having the knowledge to make the correct decisions—or at least the most educated decisions—gives you a psychological advantage most people won't have.

Remember, having the survival mindset and understanding the psychology of survival will not guarantee that everything will go as planned, but flipping out and giving up WILL guarantee a poor outcome. We all have the will to survive right now, but how will you react when push comes to shove?

For entire article, click: [The Psychology of Survival – Because Sometimes Prepping Just Isn't Enough.](#)

# 9: Living for Today or Saving for Tomorrow?

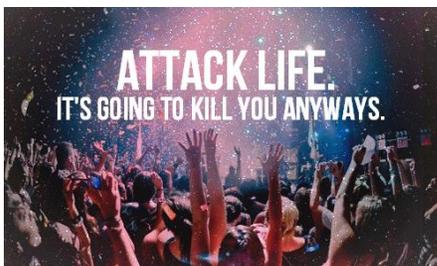
“There’s no time like the present!” Everywhere we go, we are bombarded with messages about how we should treat ourselves and enjoy the moment. At the same time, we are incessantly instructed that we need to be considerate of the future. A person can search online to find dozens of ads and articles promoting different ways to *enjoy* life. “Carpe diem” vs. “a penny saved is a penny earned.” “Live like there’s no tomorrow” but also “do things now that your future self will be thankful for.” And how about that viral earworm that swept social media in days not long ago: Y.O.L.O-you only live once? These lessons come down to two opposing arguments. **So which is better?**

**Living for today means living without fear and concern for the future.** It’s an instinctual mindset. These kinds of people thrive on their impulses. Nothing is more important than the present moment. If a person feels like buying something, then they do. As a result, they typically have less money. They spend the little they have on simple, temporary pleasures like dining out and buying drinks. They think that in order to live life to the fullest, they must treat each day like their last day on Earth. People that prioritize now over later find more value in experiences, making memories, and celebration.

The thought is: what good is it to save for the future? If we’re always working and never get to enjoy ourselves, then by the time the future comes when we need that money, we won’t be happy. We’ll be rich, but unfulfilled. All that time and energy spent on saving wasted.

**On the other hand, saving for tomorrow means making sacrifices in the present.** The idea is to abstain from spending now so one can spend more later. These people keep track of their bank accounts, are heavily mindful of their spending habits, and make a point not to be wasteful. Those who pile their money tend to idealize things like stability, comfort, and ownership. This mindset is effective for saving up to buy a home, paying for a child’s college tuition, retirement, etc. It’s especially helpful in providing a financial safety net for whatever potential disaster that can occur. All the decisions a person with this philosophy makes add up to security.

They might argue: what’s supposed to happen if something goes wrong and we don’t have any money to fix it? I will have wasted years of my life spending money on pointless things, things that don’t mean anything. My life would be better now if I hadn’t splurged.



Here's an abridged version of an article that Trent Hamm wrote for *The Simple Dollar*, called "Living for Today Doesn't Require You to Drain Tomorrow":

"Why would I want to live in misery just so I have a few more dollars when I'm old?" I completely understand where the question is coming from, but the question is based on a few assumptions that aren't really factual.

First of all, **the question implies a connection between enjoyment of life and spending money.** This is the biggest issue I have with the question, because I've found that, once you get beyond a certain point, there isn't much of a connection there at all. Having more money doesn't increase one's life fulfillment. A person that makes \$40,000 a year is *not* spending to excess. The numbers simply don't add up. Once a person has covered the basic needs of their life and taken care of other requirements like paying taxes, there's not a *ton* left for non-essential spending on a \$40,000 per year salary.

**What does increase one's life fulfillment outside of spending money?** Friends. Family. Social connections. Romance. Meaningful work. In other words, living a fulfilling life has an awful lot to do with positive interactions with other people along with a healthy dose of spending one's time on things that one identifies as meaningful or valuable. None of that has to do with spending money.

The question at the start of this article brings up another implication I disagree with: that **the act of saving money for the future is somehow wasteful.** Often, the implication is made that a person won't be able to enjoy life to the fullest when they're older. Perhaps your experience is different than mine, but most of the people I've had the privilege to know as they grew older managed to maintain pretty fulfilling and enjoyable lives until perhaps the last year or two of their life. I know a man in his mid-*eighties* that is going to go on his first international trip later this year, for example.

Also, **retirement is not the only future savings goal out there.** There are a *lot* of life goals that can be achieved through spending a little less now that occur far before retirement. Going back to school for a new career. Taking your entire family on a trip to the other side of the world.

**I think the question that starts this article actually doesn't have much to do with money at all.** It has more to do with fear. There is never a bad moment to step back and re-examine what you actually want out of your life.



# 10: No Habla Español? Spanish Vocabulary

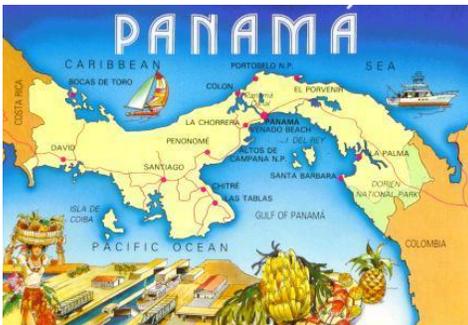


Ahorrar	To save
Año	Year
Arriba	Up
Bailar	To dance
Bolsa	Bag
Burro	Donkey
Campeño	Peasant
Callate	Shut up
Calmate	Calm down
Caro	Expensive
Chido	Cool
Claro	Of course
Cocinar	To Cook
Conocer	To meet, or know a person
Dejame	Leave me
Dijo	Said
Dile	Tell them
Divertido	Fun, entertaining
Ellos	Them
Enviar	To Send
Eschuchame	Listen
Ese	Dude, bro, homeboy
Felicidades	Congratulations
Fuga	Leak
Ganar	To win, or to earn
Gemelos	Twins
Gordito	Fat boy
Gringa	American girl
Hacer	To do
Hermano	Brother
Hielo	Ice
Hoy	Today





Huelga	Strike
Joven	Young
Lindo	Pretty
Listo	Ready
Mamacita	Pretty, little lady
Mejores precios	Best prices
Metiche	nosy
Mijo	My son
Mundo	World
No hay nadie	There is nobody
Otra	Other
Pachanga!	Party!
Pensar	To think
Preguntando	Ssking
Puede ser	It could be
Que lastima	What a shame
Recibir	To receive
Regresar	To return
Somos	We are
Suegra	Mother-in-law
Suficiente	Enough
Tonteria	Foolishness
Trabajando	Working
Vamonos	Let's go



# A TIMELINE ON WORKER'S RIGHTS MOVEMENTS

**1845:** The Female Labor Reform Association was created. Women cotton mill workers reduced the work day from 12-13 hours to 10 hours and improved sanitation/safety.



**1902:** 147,000 miners went on strike over union recognition in the Great Anthracite Coal Strike. Big Bill Haywood lead the Western Federation of Miners (WFM) through a bloody series of conflicts spanning two years in what became known as the Colorado Labor Wars.

**1909:** Female shirtwaist workers in New York went on strike against sweatshop conditions. This “Uprising of 20,000” laid the groundwork for the formation of the International Ladies Garment Workers Union.

**1912:** The “Wobblies” led a strike of 23,000 men, women and children to organize the "Bread & Roses" strike, which was hailed as the first successful multi-ethnic strike.

**1868:** The first 8-hour workday for federal workers took effect.

**1881:** In Atlanta, Georgia, 3,000 Black women laundry workers staged one of the largest and most effective strikes in history.

**1886:**

- **March** - 200,000 workers went on strike against the Union Pacific and Missouri Pacific railroads
- **May** - a bomb went off in the middle of a Chicago protest rally against the killing of 4 strikers who had been on strike for the 8-hour day. This began the international tradition of celebrating May Day for workers rights on May 1.
- **December** - The American Federation of Labor is created (AFL).

**1903:**

- “Mother” Jones led a protest march of mill children—many of whom were victims of industrial accidents—from Philadelphia to New York.
- At the AFL convention in Boston, women unionists unite to form the National Women's Trade Union League.

**1911:** The Triangle Waist Company Fire in New York killed 146 workers, a majority of the deaths were of young immigrant women.



**1934:** The strike of 400,000 textile workers from all over the East coast lasted 22 days. The strike's ultimate failure set the groundwork for the Southeastern portion of the U.S. to become a largely unorganized, anti-union region.

**1962:** President Kennedy issued Executive Order 10988 giving federal workers the right to join unions and bargain for wages and working conditions. This set the groundwork for large-scale unionization efforts in the public sector.

**1965:** The Delano Grape Strike began as Filipino workers walked off the farms



demanding wages on level with the federal minimum wage. A week after the strike began,

Cesar Chavez and Dolores Huerta joined the strike. The United Farm Workers of America was formed. The strike quickly spread to over 2,000 workers.

**2005:** The Coalition of Immokalee Workers won a major victory by getting Yum Foods to agree to raise the rate they pay for tomatoes. This victory came after a three-year boycott of Taco Bell.



**1919:** The Seattle General Strike shut down the city to protest two years of WWI wage controls.

**1947:** The Taft-Hartley Act was passed, suppressing the rights of unions.

**1964:** Discrimination was banned in the workplace.



**1981:** President Ronald Reagan fired all Air Traffic Controller strikers and broke the union. The solidarity day labor rally drew 400,000 supporters to the Mall in Washington D.C.

**1993:** The Family and Medical Leave Act was passed.

**1999:** Unions and social justice activists came together to protest the World Trade Organization in Seattle. The meetings were shut down by the protests.

**2010:** The Domestic Workers Bill of Rights went into effect in New York State. The bill reforms New York laws to guarantee basic work standards and protections for the nannies, caregivers, and housekeepers who keep New York families functioning and make all other work possible.

# FOOD FOR THOUGHT QUESTIONS

Many restaurant workers bend over backwards to do a good job for their guests, but their efforts often go unappreciated. Have you been tipping well enough?

How thankful have you been for the life that's been given to you?

The American Dream is not lost, but it is in a state of transition. In a country with such a diverse cultural make-up, everybody is free to pursue their own version of it. What is your American Dream?

Do you need to spend or save to get what you want out of life? Which is most important to you: the present or the future?

## INTERESTED IN LEARNING MORE?



Here's an article urging the reader to support an increase in the federal minimum wage for tipped workers: [Twenty-three Years and Still Waiting for Change](#)

[Minimum Wages Across the US](#) versus [2015 Minimum Wage Tipped Workers per State](#)

To find out more about what's happening now with tipped wage controversy, see how [Lawmakers want tipped employee exemption in minimum-wage law](#)

Recent developments in the remittance economy are making things harder for our migrant workforce. Read [Immigrants Sending Money Back Home Face Fewer Options](#)

This is an extensive article about [High-End Food, Low-Wage Labor](#)

For a closer look at the food industry, *Behind the Kitchen Door* by Saru Jayaraman is "a must-read for anyone who eats at restaurants."