



*H.C.*  
5602 Blackstone Avenue.

Dear Helen;-

I feel the most guilty person in the whole world. Think of your having written me a postal and a beautiful letter both of which I have not answered before now. Helen dear, I did love hearing from you, both I have been so wildly busy moving and attending to my financial affairs and rehearsing "The Nightingale" that I am really worn to a frazzle, and havent a decently coherent thought left to put into a letter.

It was adorable of you to visit Miss Sara. It touched me deeply to hear about her. I did not know of her accident; please give her my love and tell her I was so sorry to hear about it.

When are you coming back to Chicago ? Soon I do  
hope as I want you to be near me in my new home. It seems  
to me a very sweet, homelike little nest, and I hope to  
get much comfort and contentment out of it. In my mind I  
have been planning all sorts of nice little times you and  
I are to have when you come West. Now if Uncle Rollin is  
"full" you can just ring my bell and say "here I be", and  
Oh! such a welcome as you will get!

Helen dear, you were very sweet and comforting to  
me when last I saw you---like oil on a burn. I do wish I  
could see you oftener. The days are 'nt so bad, but the  
nights especially at five o'clock when his key used to  
slide into the lock are beyond words. Were ti not for <sup>Mary</sup>  
I should never be able to stand it. She is the greatest <sup>McDonald</sup>  
comfort in the world; she makes my life bearable. Every  
night I thank God for her---she is one of the finest  
characters that ever lived---almost perfect human , and



completely perfect as a friend.

My "Nightingale" bids fair to be a success. It goes just beautifully. The girls have been endlessly kind and considerate of me, and are working like troopers to do their best. The plan itself seems to be rather a good one. I shall send you clippings from the Maroon, if there are any.

Write to me as often as you can---I know you are busy, but I do love your letters. I cannot tell you how I want to see you. Any chance Easter?

With a heart full of love,

Faithfully,

[Gene Hyman]

Feb, 6, 1918.

Chicago, Ill.

*From an apartment she took  
after her husband's death*

*She was directing a dramatization of Rachel Lindsay  
Nightingale*



4.

men on campuses now. who  
 never would have got within  
 a 1000 miles of it under or-  
 = dinary circumstances = they  
 are the ones, naturally, who  
 are more "college boy" than  
 any of the others. They are  
 like fish out of water and  
 assume a sort of haughty at-  
 = titude, I think out of shyness.  
 Imagine a coal-heaver being  
 asked to dine at Court and  
 will sense what I mean.  
 Fanny asking Sophie to dine  
 with Mrs T. and Miss  
 Wallace. And they are all  
 so young!

The campus itself is different  
 — groups of soldiers drilling



560 2 Blackstone Ave

Dear Helen:-

I have waited until  
 college opened before answer-  
 = ing your letter so that I  
 could have some choice  
 morsels to spread before you  
 — and I have them. College!  
 God save the mark, you would  
 not recognize. The old air  
 is gone — gone completely!  
 There is a spirit of unrest, an  
 air of hurry and bustle and  
 confusion none confounded.  
 No one seems to have their  
 bearings, professors or stud-  
 = ents. Classes are all mixed  
 up. Eng I is entirely different.



by that I mean, no long themes no card notes, much more oral work and the topics assigned are all work topics. as an example the first assignment is a "four minute" speech to be written out. Instructors will have to give lessons in pronunciation of Eng; that has been done in the form of commands — such as "Present-arms! Company Right Face!" etc. They were so short of teachers that men like Mr Goodspeed have taken Eng I. — Many has two sections — all men! No consultations; the five best men = bus of the class have to act as tutors to the poorer ones and give the consultations.

Mary McDonald of Dorchester Bore

They have established a W. S.T.C. (Women Students Training Corps). I have joined. We have drill, wear a uniform and, pledge ourselves to a definite amount of essential work. For my share I am working as librarian in W. 41 on Wed. from 1 to 6, besides some Red Cross work.

The Freshmen men are the most callow non-descript collection you have ever gazed upon — the butcher, the baker and the candle-stick maker have descended upon us and are more "college boy" than ever a regular set of "Fresbies" dared be. Of course there are





— bangle calls ringing at odd times. Well, you have to be here to understand. Of course it is very sad to us of the old guard; and were it not that we feel a golden gleam of hope and a new unity of man with man shining through it all, it would be unendurable. It has mellowed us all; made us more tolerant; made us stress the spiritual as well as the academic side of college, and made us proud that we are not too aloof to be of essential use during this time of ~~stress~~ <sup>depression</sup>.

As for my own work — I am



Mary McDonald

6.  
having a beautiful time with  
Miss Reynolds in Eng 44 - that  
is my period as you know,  
and of course I am having  
a gorgeous feast.

Mrs T. Lint, Frank Webster, Mr  
Abbott and Mary - of course  
and always Mary - dine  
with me next Friday eve-  
ning. I wish that you were  
here to join us.

Mary becomes more precious  
to me each day. She is the  
very light of my existence,  
There is no more news,  
Write to me when you are  
not too tired - I shall

always welcome your letters  
Give my love to Miss Eastman  
Helen, you are very dear to me  
and I love you very, very  
much

Affectionately

Mary McDonald

OCT 5 - 1913.



5602 Blackstone Avenue.

Dearest Helen;-

I dare say about the most untactful, unfriendly thing a person can do is to answer a letter too promptly. Therefore, mes excuses s'il vous plait. The reason for this unseemly conduct is that if it is not too late I should very much like to have a copy of the College News that had my letter in it; and why----? Because I don't remember what I wrote you and would like to have my own impressions of the University while they were fresh----they have changed and become blunted in the meanwhile. If it is not too much trouble will you send me a copy of that edition? Thanks awfully.

Perhaps I told you---perhaps I did not tell you that I have charge of W 41 every Wednesday afternoon from one to six. Thereby hangs many a tale. I have had my troubles of various kinds, but also my compensations. One of the greatest things this job has done for me is to cure me of my desire to obtain a higher degree. From what I can see of the "grads" their souls have turned into paper and their brains into dust. Their livers are all out of order, and the jaundice has reached their dispositions----not all of them, but most of them. I find them querulous and small-souled and pettish over every little circumstance which they consider their "just due". My greatest aversion has been once Miss Meinhardt. Perhaps you know her; if so I need add little to the picture, but for fear she may have escaped you I must recount <sup>some</sup> ~~some~~ of my adventures with her.

I must preface all this by telling you that when they set me to work in W.41 no one thought it worth while to instruct me in my duties. They just put me there and let me worry along as best I could. Since I had had no previous library experience the first few weeks were extremely trying to say the



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Dearest Helen:-

I dare say about the most unfeeling, unfriendly thing a person can do is to answer a letter too promptly. Therefore, men excuse all your blots. The reason for this unseemly conduct is that it is not too late I should very much like to have a copy of the College news that had my letter in it; and why----? Because I don't remember what I wrote you and would like to have my own impressions of the University while they were fresh----they have changed and become dimmed in the meanwhile. If it is not too much trouble will you send me a copy of that edition? Thanks awfully.

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least. I did not know the place of a single book ; I did not know the accessions system ; I did not know the charging and charging off system for the books in circulation ; and all around I had a very hard time. Most of the students were patient and helpful----all, in fact, save the Meinhardt. This friend invented every method to make my life miserable . I stood her for four weeks without a murmur, but last wednesday I laid her low. The tale is worth repeating I think.

I was seated at my desk reading---all was calm and the atmosphere as fetid as usual when at five minutes to three the door opened and two rather rough looking men came to the desk. They asked for a certain "Mr Essher". I told them he was not in the room. Then followed a rather lengthy conversation about him and his whereabouts. During this interview I heard a sharp rapping on the table behind me. Looking around I saw the Meinhardt knocking her pen against the table. I thought "how silly; you'll break it". As I went on talking the rapping increased in volume and rapidity. Then the thought dawned upon me-----she was rapping to keep me quiet. The men had told me that they had come "on government business"----the thought of that Hun trying to stop me from carrying out my business sent my Spanish blood racing and rearing through my veins-----!!! I exploded with rage. I turned sharply in my chair. "What does this mean, Miss Meinhardt ?" I said with no sweetness in my tone. "You are making a noise" she answered in her detestable thick German accent. " I am attending to my business and I can not be disturbed----if you have any complaints kindly make them to the head of the library, but in the meanwhile do not attempt to interfere with my affairs". said I. By this time , as you can well imagine W.4I was in a "state".

After a while it became necessary for me to take the men to W.40 and while I was outside the door Miss Meinhardt came out of the room. She



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But to other things. Eleanor Pellet and I have become good friends and I like her very much. She is dining with me tonight. I see Frank and Sam and Mrs Flint every now and then---they are all the same as ever and will be glad to know that I have heard from you.

Howard Mumford Jones did me a beautiful poem about "Don Quixote"

Frank Webster  
Sam Kaplan



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Aagin about the campus. We all have a feeling that we were being over-warred, but since peace has been declared the feeling is wearing off. S.A.T.C. still goes on, but there is a subtle something that is not the same. We all pray for the old spirit to return, which it certainly has not as yet. I was quite moved by the reproof to the girls in Wellesley after the demonstration. That's all wrong, Helen. The world is not the repressed place they would make of Wellesley, and after all we have to live in the world as it is. Of course you have to begin to reform the world by reforming the individual, but they have not convinced me that the soul-compressed person is the most desirable individual, or that the world would be a better place if it were all "controlled" and repressed. Progress is built out of red blood not out of thin blue and white mixture. That is the composition of poor milk not of nourishing steak. When you want to raise a beautiful rose you pour on ground beef blood mixture---not water. Water makes weeds grow. I know you need water for the roses as well as the blood, but you do need the blood if you are to have the perfect rose; you cannot get <sup>it</sup> by water alone.

I am no believer in unrestrained emotionalism----that leads to Bolshevism. But I do heartily believe in sunlight and freedom and a chance to express one's individuality within the limit of reason. I suppose what I'm really driving at is what the Greeks called the "Golden Mean" (I'm not sure my spelling is correct, nor am I quite sure it was the Greeks, but you get my idea do you not?) I do not believe in either starvation or in gluttony in the emotions or in any phase of life----just enough Oh, Lord!

Now really I must stop. This letter has grown to disgraceful length



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-5-

it is so long that i am terribly ashamed of myself. Thanks awfully for reading such a long letter. Answer when you get time.

With loads of love.

*Sam Hyman*

November, twenty-sixth.  
Nineteen hundred and eighteen.  
Chicago, Ill.



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With love to love.

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