

My dear, dear Dilma,-

You will find out very quickly now that you are a teacher some things that teachers do not tell their pupils and this particular thing is that although the mind may have its laws and rules, the heart frequently over-rides all rational codes. Now it is a law recognized by all pedagogics that all the pupils are the same to the teacher and every earnest, fair teacher seeks to express in action this law which her conscience ratifies. But more fundamental than rational and pedagogical laws is the law of attraction. One cannot reason about "falling in love," nor can one

explain why we love one man more than
another any more than we can ex-
plain why the stars are held together
by a certain stellar attraction and
repulsion. You may treat all pupils
alike but you don't feel that way. And
now, Drisma, that you are a teacher
and our relationship is one of equality
let me tell you that I shall never
forget the dear girl who leaned against
the iron-post in history-class, whose eyes
smiled back into mine across that
great wall betwixt pupil and teacher -
the desk - whom I loved with that pe-
culiar love that exists between pupil
and teacher and comes the nearest to
mother-love of any relationship.

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So when your letter came it started
a whole flood tide of memories in my
mind and I imagined myself back
in Ovid. How scared I was Orlma
when I faced you all - you can't know -
because I struggled so hard to keep up my
own spirits. I wish I could teach again
for you can know I'd never teach the
same as I did. Such cut and dried stuff
as I gave you people, such conventional
viewpoints as I taught you - and now
that I know real life for myself!
Oh it makes me sick!

I'm going to tell you of my
work here and also send you some of
our literature. I myself have charge
of all recreative features and am
making a study of play, on its histor-

and pedagogical, psychological side as well as its application and practice. I am collecting games from far and wide (so if you hear any good ones let me know of them) and am compiling them. All parties, plays, drills, socials I direct and then besides have this regular program

Mon.	afternoon	night
Tues.	women's club	girls club (30) home
Wed.	children's dramatics -	Boys Club ^{home}
Thurs.	girls Club (Stadium)	girls Club
Fri.	girls Club "	rehearsals & G.C.
Sat.	driving school	Neighborhood social.

Of course in the girls clubs I have assistants and am not even present at some ~~supt~~ except the game period but I have charge of them nominally. At present I am getting up two plays one a parody on Island Driller

the other "The District School," given by
a club of young men and women, for
all the dramatic work is mine, too. Morn-
ings I study, prepare for clubs and
call on my girls and their mothers.

Last week was an exciting one for me
Tuesday morn (Mr. Burt and myself) went
to call upon the mother of one of my
children, Hazel Shank. Mr. Burt is
truant and probation-court officer &
one of our residents. He is dandy with
tips (married, by the way) and well known
by them in our ward. I had noticed
how very dirty little Hazel was of late
her hair full of — and not enough
clothes so I thought I'd look into the case.
Well we got there, knocked at the door
and a child's voice said "who is there?"
"Mr. Burt" so Hazel opened the door into

a tall, dirty woman - the most bare you can imagine. Yet she fairness did not make so profound an impression as the figure of the mother, sitting in a chair, her hair hanging madly about her thin white face, her big blue eyes staring and glassy, her mouth open as if she might of her chin drawn it down. Her dress was open and her corsets and shirt showed also the bare skin. "I'm sick," she said thickly. "Yes," said Mr. Bush, "you call it sick, I call it drunk." For ten days she had been on a drunk and little Hazel - 12 yrs. had stayed home from school to protect her "ma" from going out on the streets. Clean-time men had been coming up there, the children starved and cold. Dr. Bush

I took Hazel home with me, got Sally 8
from her school, put the baby with the
grandma and telephoned Gertrude⁽¹⁶⁾ the
oldest who works out. The next week I
took them all in court, and the judge
sent them to a home. The father, a good
for-nothing drunkard, has left the family
and my how they fought in court - both
appeared. The children are so dear - I
just love them all and wish someone
would adopt them.

Friday night about eight o'clock,
the mother of one of my cut girls, Esther,
came in tears to the house and said
Esther with two other girls were in a house
of ill-fame on Monroe street - runaways -
and wouldn't Dr. Burt and I go get her.
I telephoned to the nearest police sta-
tion for the warrants and then with the
mother started out to the station, where
two plain clothes men and the warrants

mn ready. I found the house all
right, all marched in detection,
mother and myself. There sat the
three girls. I took them to the station
where after a brief examination they
mn sent to the "Annex" - a women's
jail. This was Friday and the case
came off next Tuesday. I went each
day to jail to see my girls and Tuesday
to court all day long. Esther was sent to
a "refuge" (Home for girls) the two others
released on parole to report to Mr. Burt
monthly. Esther was to run off with an
actor the next morning - Well, - the city
is a hard place for girls. Now one of
these girls supports an old grandma
and grandfather. They all live in two
basement rooms, dirty and smelly. She
works early and late for them. Now

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as she grew older (16) she longed for some fun, some pleasure, and the only fun and pleasure a factory girl can get isn't apt to be good. Hundreds of girls can't bring company home, they live in such close huddled quarters, so they meet their "steady" on the corner, the dance hall, the theater - then comes ruin. The young girls life is so hard and joyless here. I feel so sorry for them. Of course they want to go with the boys and that is right they should but there is no place to go - good - and right here the settlement comes in and offers them a place.

Oh Mama I could go on forever about these "slums": so called but I must not now. I forgot to say I have a Sunday school class in the Sunday School

of my church - Episcopal - sweet dear
girls of High school age. They are not
in this neighborhood but come from
well-to-do homes. Do you ever hear
the word Socialism or Socialist and
if I were to tell you I was a Socialist
would you feel scared of me?

Your letter interest me so
much Drama. I should love to see
that great big tent you describe. I
may send some books to you and I
want them to be read. Will you? And
will you write me some more of your
school, your pupils and your difficult-
ies. Your spirit & soul is very near
mine and I know no understand
each other as no other pupil of mine
ever did. I'd like to hear from the

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Ypsi girls. I wish they'd write me a joint letter and I'd answer them all. I can see them just as they sat in the assembly room. Did Mrs. High get a divorce, do you know?

Elliott is here working; he rooms in the neighborhood and boards here. He asked me to remember him to you. Braun has got another year in West School. My family are all coming here for Thanksgiving.

The paragraphing in this letter is like a 9th grader's, isn't it? Thoughts come so fast, they spilled over the confines of paragraphs. Tell you and my love to those Ypsi girls - real genuine love that will go down the years with them. And you

will write me once more now, won't
you? I am always

Yours truly
Mary Field.