MARY B. GILSON 1134 EAST 56TH STREET CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

Sent [illegible]

Apr. 27 (1939)

My dearest dear Miss Tarbell,

My precious book arrived yesterday. I already had two copies which friends, knowing my devotion to you, had given me last week, but I shall always cherish the one you so beautifully inscribed for me. The other two copies I shall send to my sister and a friend.

You are a "very dear lady" and you don't know what an inspiration you have always been to me. I've been reading "All in a Day's Work" and you fairly shine through its pages to me! Your courage, your persistence, your search for truth, your many sterling qualities are there, though your humility has forbidden anything but a straightforward story

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of your interests. Some one sound-
day will have to be less indirect
about your virtues, my dear! He
who runs may not read what those
of us who have had intimate glimpses
of you so well know lies between
the lines. But the book is fas-
cinating.

I suppose people in general
latently admire in others qualities
they cannot achieve. I've always
wanted to summon enough courage
to be a "free lance". But somehow
I've just never been able to. One must
throw caution to the winds & be
sure one can make a go of it. I've
clung too closely to security, a-
fraid (the Scotch in me!) I might
be a dependent old lady if I
did not cling to a sure salary. I
think it has been a mistake. I
have had a rich, full life and
much of the richness has come
from the groups to which I have
attached myself. But I am

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conceited enough to think I might have developed far more capacity if I hadn't been a coward. I never have any trouble interviewing & drawing people out and I enjoy batting around the world & nosing out news. I don't believe I would have made too bad a journalist.

But maybe that would not have given me twelve consecutive years of rich contact with workers and these eight years of working with students. I love 'em and I wonder why I applied for a Guggenheim fellowship which will now take me away from them for a year! I suppose, if I'm very frank with myself. I must confess

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it was because of the academic pressure to "produce"! The war, which I am sure is not avoidable now that we have let the bully dictators proceed as far as they have, will probably prevent my year abroad. So that's that. These young people are not coming into a pleasant world! If only I can influence them to regard principles more valuable than their bed + board! The Germans would not have Row-towed + goose-stepped if they had.

With deep affection, + hoping you will come to see me some time, I am

Your devoted

Mary Gilson

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Are Oxfords "high shoes" in the eyes of modern youth??

From "Pulse" for April, 1939 (a student periodical)

THREE TEACHERS

By BOB KRONEMEYER

Discussion Leader

Miss Gilson is a small and energetic woman in her fifties. She lisps with a British accent, wears high shoes, and is a graduate of Wellesley.

!!!

Although she has the appearance of a Methodist deaconess, she is the most militant woman on the faculty. Ever since she came to the campus, her chief gripe has been the bad air maintained in the classrooms by Buildings and Grounds. Although she has made an intensive study of unemployment insurance in Great Britain, she is best known as the most acrimonious anti-Tory on the campus. When not flaying Winston Churchill or Lady Ashley, she is denouncing that bully Hitler with all her feminist might. On occasion, she even addresses a sizzling letter to the editors of the Daily Maroon. A New Dealer of sorts, she deplores the Tory tactics of employers who refuse to cooperate with the Illinois unemployment compensation committee, which she heads.

And who is Lady Ashley?

I never "flay" Churchill!

She's a dear despite her militancy. Every year she gives up a large portion of her salary for the aid of Fascist refugees, and always stands as an eager target for student fund drives. She presides willingly at student meetings where her colleagues would be either bored to death or scared stiff. Her heart really being in England, she serves tea once a week to her students. Her home is a modest apartment with cozy English windows. Students who seek her office with questions about their work are cautioned to guard their eyes and to get plenty of fresh air. Although her efforts have seldom been recognized, she has probably done more than any other person on the faculty in dispelling student apathy towards social problems.

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College Adviser

Swenson is swell. A smooth bachelor in his forties, the genial psychologist could easily be mistaken for a bond salesman. Famous for his stories and his cigar box fiddle, he is not only the best billiard player in the Quadrangle Club but an amateur magician as well. For thirteen years he has given free advice to college students and has conducted snap courses in Psychology. During all this time he has never sprung a stale joke or told a single student what to do.

As an adviser he has a simple but sure-fire technique. First he gets the subject to relax under his well-fed voice. When the newcomer has confessed everything from study trouble to girl trouble, he invariably demands advice. In his most affable manner, Swenson asks him what he really wants to do about his difficulties, and then promptly advises him to go ahead and do it.

His hilarious lectures keep his classes in an uproar. Students recently complained that they had too much fun learning the fundamentals of Psychology. They reasoned that a course is good if it's hard, but must be worthless if it's easy. Always obliging, Swenson cracked down with three term papers a quarter.

Sadly enough, Swenson is slipping. When Carr retired as chairman of the Department of Psychology, the jolly Swede knew he was on his way out and he makes no secret of the situation.

Since he joined the faculty in the high twenties, he has set an example of gracious living for fifteen hundred undergraduates, and when he leaves, a humdrum campus will suffer a real loss. Swenson, a former vagabond, is about to set forth once again.

Kelly Democrat

Paul Douglas will be the most competent man on the city council if he wins the runoff against Cusack on April 4. Not just a Cusack on April 4. Although he warned Kelly that the city machine supported him at its own risk, he lent respectability to the Kelly Nash primary. Now our bewildered spoilsmen are likely to have the country's foremost labor economist in their midst.

Despite his reputation as a leading economist, Douglas is big and human. He combines a booming voice with a near-Boston accent, and livens his lectures with literary allusions. He delights in buttonholing bravos in the front row, and never misses a chance to sharpen his wits against their bruised shins. For him economics is certainly not the dismal science. Bulky as a bear, he wears a boyish smile. Genial and gregarious, he is somewhat of a social lion. Coeds love the way he loops his belt and hitches up his baggy trousers. The fact is that he didn't win the Hart, Shaffner, and Marx Prize for being the best dressed man on the faculty, but for making the most outstanding contribution to a theory of wages.

In class he sticks to his economics, but when at large he is an outspoken laborite. His sympathies are as wide as his waistline. Although he is Professor of Economics at the University of Chicago, Douglas is no diehard. He's not afraid to stick out his neck while an issue is still up in the air. All this makes him an outcast not only in the city council but in his own department as well. If it weren't so convenient to have a licensed lunatic around, conservative colleagues would have run him off the campus long ago.

this last sentence compensates for what has gone before!

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