

Alice Hagan Rice

Probably 1934

1444 ST. JAMES COURT

LOUISVILLE, KY.

15(2)

Dearest Julie:

There is a letter, started to you, some where in my desk, dated Dec. 27th 1933. It began by thanking you for your Christmas gift, and it never got itself finished. Even though I live with fear in hand I never pass to get around to writing the letters I want to write. Who was I that coined the good phrase "life's minor domesticities?"

The trouble with most girls is that we are trying to do too many things, but like the man who had had of the bear's tail, it's hard to let go!

Since September I have
written another book which
is now being revised.
If I can place it as ad-
vantageously as a serial
as I did "The Paley Co." it will
materially help the River
on the uphill road to
recovery. Cecil Byron plays
a really fine drama, has
been the cause of the pro-
ducers who, as usual,
commenced it as literature,
but feel that Byron is
not a sympathetic character
for best office purposes.
While old sister Wigg
has bobbed up in her fourth
screen version, this time a
tack, with Pauline Lord playing
the title role. Sir Barry Bell-
son is also putting on a
stage revival in Birmingham,
and may take it to London
later. The play has been sold &

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passed so many times that
it's long division for every
one concerned, but it's
good to know "there is"
life in the old girl yet.
Your picture sketch in
bag of Old Experiences ought
to do some good. If only
more people could open
the wrong door, perhaps
they would be more concern-
ed. We have our fine
hundred deserving families
on our relief list at the
Chicago Relief Department, and
know how I know such
poverty and suffering. The
resident workers are giving
all their time and strength,
and we have 170 volunteers,
a splendid organization, but
even at that we are not

begin to meet the emergency.
 Every Thursday afternoon I
 leave office hours, and
 pick the most difficult
 cases, working out with
 boys who have gotten in jail,
 men who should be there,
 and women who, with huge
 families already up, go on
 bringing more and more
 sickly babies into the world.
 The Government tries to help,
 but it can't give what it
 has, and the result is often
 baffling. For instance I had
 a family last week of ten,
 including a five month baby.
 They had not a lump of coal,
 or a bit of food in the
 house. At Uncle Sam's expense
 I gave them 6 lbs. of lard, 5 lbs
 of butter, 10 lbs of salt pork!
 The woman having nothing to
 put the butter on, and no
 fire to cook the meat, sold
 her portion to buy bread, and
 was promptly struck off the
 list of future recipients! (of
 course I got her reinstated.)

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5
It certainly is a crazy old
world, and as one poor fellow
said to me, "You can't get
help if you have it more than
two children, and they scold
you if you have a big family,
and if you ain't married,
at all you can't get a show."
Mr. Fred Kelly, who said he
knew you and all the old
American around here
recently, and asked me
what I thought had brought
about present economic conditions,
and where it was all going
to end. I told him I was too
busy see the firing line to
have the faintest idea what
the war was all about.
Of one thing I am convinced,
and that is of the patience,
endurance, and superb courage
of the common people. I have

men were and women tried
to the breaking point, puzzled
bewildered and frightened, but
carrying on with a heroism
that is as great or greater
than that shown under the
excitement of war.

In your last letter you
spoke of your brother's ill-
ness. Is he better? What a
long, hard time he has had,
and what a strain on
those of you who bore him.

We have had the usual num-
ber of catastrophes in the family
circle, some rather serious,
but Alice and I have man-
aged to keep pretty well,
and have had a busy,
happy winter on the whole.

I am sending in this a map
you may be interested in, made
by one of the Spauld boys. Will
be happy to return it.

How I long to see you, dear
Julie! You don't know how often we
talk of you. Yours as always
Alice.