

[Page 1] Left Cedar Rapids on the morning of Sept. 28-'16 for Chicago. Arrived at two o'clock & carried my two heavy grips over to Wabash avenue & there took a car to the YMCA Hotel. Expected to find my friend Arthur Hall there but he had not registered to date. Checked my grips – washed up a bit & walked down Michigan blvd. To the Art Institute. The sight of the building always provokes “I-do-not-know-what-kind” of a thrill & I experienced the same old thrill at this, the beginning of my third year at the Art Institute. Saw several of my old friends at the school – was able to pay my tuition only after standing in line for about an hour. After this ordeal was over I walked down the old school corridor – strangely vacant now but filled with the ghosts of scores[?] of friends who have been there in the past. In a few days its activities will [Page 2] resume & the long hall will be filled with “talk”. I notice one of my life drawing hung up in Mrs. Sterbas' old room – also some of the little colored decorative illustrations of last year hung in the corridor.

Took in the exhibitions up stairs until 5 o'clock. Then stood on the Institute steps until 5:15 in the hopes of seeing Sue Seeley but she failed to be seen. Back to the YMCA Hotel – I am surprised at the small size of rooms – things clean however & a good atmosphere is prevalent – Left my grips in the room, which overlooks the lake, & getting my overcoat which I had checked I walked north on Wabash Ave. to the new Glenn Inn. It is very gay in its new quarters & I found the food as usual. The same fine little orchestra of young ladies was playing. After my meal I walked over to the post office & wrote a postal home to Mother.

[Page 3] Then to the Blackstone Hotel where I endeavored to get my little darkhaired friend on the phone but found to my disappointment that she had gone out to dinner. Hence, what I was going to tell her, will have to wait. Back to YMCA where I read & sat around in the lobby in the hopes of running in to Hall. I think I shall go to bed early.

Just as I was half disrobed I heard footsteps down the hallway & in a moment a knock on my door- “Who's there?” “Hall” – well the door was opened & I greeted him heartily. He looks well. We chatted for about ¾ hr & then parted for the night. He having a room on the 15th floor. I found the bed very comfortable & slept well. The sunlight coming across the lake awakened me in the morning. It was six o'clock & I turned over & tried my best to go to sleep again but failed. So I shaved, dressed & walked up to Halls room.

[Page 4] found him scraping his face in the wash room. We checked our grips & left the hotel at 8 o'clock. Ate breakfast at a tiny little joint on Adams St. between Wabash & State. For the magnificent sum of 20¢ I had oatmeal, two pancakes & a cup of coffee. After this repas & Hall & I strolled over to the Institute – my little toe was hurting considerable – Hall registered & I visited with friends – At eleven o'clock we walked across the river to Newcomb-Machlin Co. where I took my picture of the girl on the windy hill to be framed. Then back to the loop for a lunch at the Glenn Inn. During the afternoon we kept a close look out for Cooke – took in the art galleries & visited Favor Ruhl & Co. Saturday evening we ate Chop Suey & after dinner sat around in the game room of the YMCA. My foot hurt me badly then. Cooke turned up here & we made arrangements to meet the next morning(Sunday) at 10:30 at the terminus of the Jackson Pk L line. Sunday morning Hall & I breakfasted [Page 5] at the YMCA cafeteria & found the food excellent. The elevated road then carried us to the park where we wandered around until 10:30. (Rather I hobbled for my toe hurt like the devil) Met Cooke & walked down the railway to Woodlawn. Here we looked at rooms & they suited us well but alas – the landlady had rented one of them only the day before. We sat down on a bench bordering the railway & talked things over – Cooke had an engagement for dinner so Hall & I took the elevated down town. Ate dinner at the YMCA – a very cheerful place is their cafeteria – cosy & home-like. This meal

over we walked to the Institute intending to take in a concert but found that they did not commence before the 15th of October. Consequently we enjoyed ourselves up in the galleries & ran across Henry J. He left us after about a half hours talking. Chop Suey was our food that evening. I walked with difficulty owing to my poor tow. Back to the hotel & [Page 6] to my room to get relief- Hall came up & we chatted & read a while. To bed at 10 oclock.

Monday Morning – Oct 2nd ‘16

My toe very very sore – I sterilized a needle & got some relief by releasing quite a quantity of pus. It is very aggravating to have this trouble just when I want to use my feet – met Hall at 8 oclock – we breakfasted in they YM Cafeteria & at half past eight started for the Institute. I had much trouble in getting an easel & also in obtaining a stretcher & canvas owing to the crowds of students – about eleven oclock I was ready for work but only had time to roughly draw in the figure in charcoal. The model was a young man – very excellently built – standing pose. The class is large & I will have to compete with experienced men. Ate dinner at the Glenn Inn with the old crowd- including DeYoung. After dinner we returned to the Institute & Hall attended an [Page 7] anatomy lecture. I scanned the halls looking in vain for a certain party.

At one thirty Cooke, Hall & I started out to look for rooms-

[Page 8] She wore a dainty little blue satin party frock – this little pink cheeked model – her shoulders & arms were bare – beautifully tapering arms she had – and her feet were encased well in Pink slippers – her hair – brown – was tightly done up around her shapely little head & here she was – graciously posing for me ~~for two hours~~, for a little picture which I hoped, rather faint heartedly, would make the coming exhibit but which she was confident would be accepted. At each rest period she ~~would~~ looks at the progressing drawing & smiles approvingly.

“That is enough work for today,” I remark as I woughly indicate some of the lower folds of the dress. “Oh,” ~~remarks~~ returns my model, “See if there is’nt something else yet for you to do. I’m not so very tired & I’ll be glad to sit here a while longer – for you.” And so I true up my drawing as best I can in the fast fading light & when ~~I have~~ it is finished she jumps lightly from her chair & stands behind my back while I spray the charcoal lines with fixative. And then the paints are packed, ~~up~~, my coat is put on & she stretches out her hand to me – “Good bye – ~~tomorrow at three~~,” she say with smiles & in a true spirit of camaraderie – goodbye ---, tomorrow at three.”

[Page 9] the little girl who was in the class when I just entered – an odd but charming little thing with brown hair combed down over her eyes & behind down on her neck – rather disheveled too – she wore a gray blue apron & a most winning smile. She interested me. But in a week or two she left & I have never seen her since but the rumor is that she married an artist.

I remember the awe in which I held several members of the class whom I thot could draw exceptionally well. This soon vanished for I soon was able to do as well myself. The days were indeed happy ones. The ride to town, the walk from the station along the boulevard to the institute, showing your ticket to the guard(and on cold mornings numbed fingers found it difficult to get a hold of the ticket readily), walking down the stairs & across Blackstone Hall through the windows of which the sunlight glared in ones eyes – offering your ticket to be punched & taking 2 steps up into the hallway & office – looking into your mail box in the hope of a letter from home & then going to your locker & getting ready for work, - this was the order of things. And then there were the fellow students – an abundance of youth all striving, hoping & some doubting. But every one had a smile & some of them had [Page 10] two.

At nine o'clock one took his place in front of his chosen cast & set to work. Drudgery at first but becoming more & more interesting as one gained skill in the use of the charcoal stick & especially in the use of one's eyes. How difficult it seemed to get that nose just right but how simple it became when the instructor resolved it into its planes. And when the eye became tired & the arm a little weary there was always the long hallway to be traversed & a bubbling fountain near at hand. I remember the walks I have taken up & down that hall – looking at the students work displayed along its walls & looking at the closed doors of many of the studios & - wondering. Yes, everyone in the cast class wonders - & longs – wonder how it is to work from the nude model & longs to reach the goal _ the life class. And after one has reached that goal, it ceases to be a goal – all the wonder disappears & the work becomes often prose unless one continually works up enthusiasm for himself.

They were great days – those past months in the art school. Days so novel- so full of untenably[?] interesting happenings & sights. One is truly impressed [Page 11] by the “atmosphere” in those days – how it uplifts & takes one out of one's self. I lived in a dreamland then; I knew little but was not conscious of “how little” As the weeks went by, however, the realization of the paucity of one's knowledge & the scope of the knowledge that one must acquire. – This comes over a person & is rather staggering at first and it is here that many drop out. One's inability is so apparent & persistent effort & thought – hard work – this is the price of ability – perhaps – perhaps not. But everyone hopes & believes in himself which is good.