

Princeton, N.J.,

1/9/15.

Dear Mother:-

I am now safe and sound in Princeton and back to hard work, as if I did not work during vacation! I reached here last night about 8:30, and would have written then, but I knew that you would not have received the letter any sooner, so I just waited until I could do more than merely drop you a post-card.

I made very good connections and got here about an hour sooner than I had thought I would. The C. & O. train was late in getting to Ashland. A little trouble with a freight-train on the road kept us back for a half-hour, and we could not make up the time before we got to Ashland. However, we made most of it up before we got to Washington, and we were only ten minutes late there. And I had just two minutes to catch a Pennsylvania train to Philadelphia. I did not get to see Coronella, for the train schedule has been changed and if I did not get the train that I did, I could not have gotten into Princeton till almost midnight, and that I did not want to do. As it was I just did make good connections at Philadelphia, and got here at about 8:30. Mow was surprised to see me, and said that he had not expected me till Monday. During his stay in Harrisburg, Pa., he was in an accident. He was coasting on a bob-sled and the thing broke and dumped the whole pack of about fifteen people into a ditch. Mow landed on some stones there and tore the seat out of his trousers, and actually had to eat his meals off of the mantel-piece for a while.

I am well and my cold is almost completely gone. Last night I had a little head-ache and tired feeling from the long journey, but had a good rest over night and today feel all right. I had two classes today, and study for them (one was at 8.00 p.m. tonight) and about a half-hour's basket-ball have kept me busy. It is now quite late so I shall close for the present time, and tell you of my trip later. I hope that all are well. Give my best love to Memie and Butzie, and you know what love and kisses I send you. So good-bye for a while.

Mizpah.

Always lovingly,
Joan.

Jan 9 - 1915

Princeton, N.J.,

Jan. 14, 1915.

Dear Mother:-

I am glad that I can take a few moments off and write to you, not that I am not busy and would not have anything to do otherwise, for my time is quite well filled. It seems that every day more and more work piles up on me, and whenever I do some part of it, about twice as much is left for me to do. I must tell you about some tests that I had to take just before I came home. I think that I told you about the German test. It was rather hard but I am glad to say that I did fairly well in it, and Dr. Priest was quite pleased with the Results. Another was in Biology. I had not had much time to study for this and did not think that I did very well in it. But much to my surprise I got 86%, which is unusually good, and, I must confess, much above what I had been getting in the tests in that course. The third test was in Prof. Bowman's course and was the one that surprised me the most. It is the course for which I had to write the essay during the vacation. We had the test on the last Monday that I was in Princeton, and I had studied for it quite hard but not very long. For I know the tests that Prof. Bowman gives, and it is useless to try to study up any definite thing that you think he is going to give. The test was just what I expected it would be, and a little more. There was not a single question asked which had been definitely discussed during the term. The questions, it is true, were based on material that had been given us, but we had to think out the various connections that the questions demanded, and write them down, and that too, in an hour. When the exam was over, I thought that I did very poorly, and was rather disappointed, for I had hoped to do well in the test. And I felt this much more in talking over the exam with some of the other fellows, who seemed to me to have all the "dope". So you can imagine my surprise when Prof. Bowman announced that "Mr." Heft got the highest mark, 80%! That may seem low when you compare it with the marks that are considered high in High School. But you can imagine how hard the exam was when Prof. Bowman spoke of a mark of 38% as "not very satisfactory, but still passing." A mark of 25% he was afraid was "not quite satisfactory." Compare that with tests in High School in which 67 or 70 was passing, and below was failure. However, as one of the men here remarked to his class once, this is a University, and not a country club. And I should like to say that there is very little danger of

this place becoming a country club with such men like Bowman here.

One thing that I like most about the Professors here is that they, as a rule, do not try to enforce their opinions on you, but give you credit for what you think and do. A short while ago I had a little private discussion with a Prof. Spaulding, a man that I like very much personally, but whose teachings I do not like to a great extent. So I stayed with him after one recitation, and told him just what I thought was the question at issue in the matter that we had been discussing. He said that I had gotten it correct, and then I told him frankly that I could not accept what he had been teaching in regard to it. He merely laughed and said that that was all right. He was not there to force his views down my throat, but merely to present the question as it seemed to him, and if I differed it did not matter. We were after the truth in the matter and not necessarily the view of any one person, and as long as I backed up my views with good reasons he could find no objection to my thinking differently from him, but could only present to me the case as it seemed to him. That is but a fair sample of the way that the men treat us here. The most of them realize that we are no longer in day school or even high school, and that we are now supposed to be in positions to think for ourselves. The result is that we often have quite spirited discussions, and that is really the best way to learn. For in those discussions points come up and things appear that one would never have thought of before, and in that way one often gets an entirely different view of things. I suppose that you have seen that I have changed quite radically in some respects. At any rate, whether it is noticeable or not, that is the case.

Jan 14-1915

I was down at the gymnasium today and played a little basketball and had a fine time. I was down yesterday to play a little handball, and that, with the basketball that I played last Saturday, has been the only exercise that I have had since I am back here. So that will serve in a way to show how busy I am. I am going to get the pair of skates sharpened that I found in the room here, and will try to get out and have some fun skating. I never like to do indoor work when it can possibly be done outdoors. Our bunch is going to get up a game of "Hockey" and I think that I had better take a mattress down with me to use in the game. The other day Kenyon Dzong, one of our Chinese population, came up from the lake. He has just been learning to skate, so you can guess what he has been doing on the ice in the way of standing up and sitting down. We asked him how the ice was,

3) meaning, of course, whether it was smooth, or soft, or thin. He at once assured us that it was very hard.

The Philharmonic Society of New York was here on Monday night and gave us a fine program. The first selection on the program was a symphony by Tchaikovsky, the great Russian composer and was wonderfully performed. Then came two solos on the cello by Leo Schultz, one of the greatest celloists in the country, and perhaps in the world. The first solo was the "Kol Nidri" of Max Bruch, a German composer. It is based on a hymn sung in the old Jewish synagogues on the Day of Atonement, and was indeed splendid. The other was a dainty little piece by David Popper, another German composer, called "Elfentanz"/ and while it was being played, you could just see, as it were, little fairies dancing around. The last part of the program was three selections from Wagner. First was the Prelude to the "Die Meistersinger von Nurnberg" and with that orchestra of almost seventy men it was great, to say the least. Next was his "Waldweben" from "Siegfried", and finally the Pilgrims' Chorus from "Tannhaeuser".

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Well, I am sorry but I must stop now as it is getting late, and I want to get a good rest for tomorrow. I have a lot of work ahead of me, and more so in view of the coming final exams, which start in just two weeks. So I must stop for this time. How is the little pup getting along? I cannot forget to ask about him. Tell Butzie that I want to write to him and will do so soon. Give my love to Memie. Tell her that I am once more reading Goethe, and will start on his "Faust" soon. And with much love and kisses to you, I am always

Lovingly,

Mizpah,

Ivan,

P.S.- Received stickpin. Many thanks.

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PRINCETON, N. J.

Feb 25
1915

Feb. 25, 1915.

Dear Mother:-

Have just a few minutes at the close of a busy day and want to scribble a few lines so that you will hear from me before the week is up. I have just been at the Y.M.C.A. here to hear a man speak on prison reform. He was very interesting and opened our eyes to some conditions that would make us think we were back in the middle ages. These things are gradually being righted however.

On Monday night I heard Dr. Humphreys' farewell address in which he "cut loose" on dancing, cards, theater, etc. He spoke for two solid hours and I think his arguments were decidedly weak. He just turned a lot of gas loose, and I don't think that every one with much power of discrimination could take any "stock" in what he said. "Doc" Severance and Maury Pate, two of the bunch, went with me and

as the church was crowded we went up in the gallery and found that we were the only ones there. At the end of the service Dr. Mumhall had a grand-stand play by which all the rows across church joined hands, people even standing in the aisles to bridge across, and then all sang "Shall we gather at the River?" Well, Doc, Maury & I, being alone did not think it necessary to join hands and anyway noone could see us so we stood calmly as we usually do. The Dr. stopped the singing and made a personal appeal to us, asking us to "come down from our high perch and join hands." Of course all the people turned around and looked up, and we were quite popular for a while. But we joined hands and appeared the pawns and there was no more rough house.

In regard to my group for this term, I told you that it was a second group. I got a ^{2nd} second in Seman, which with any one but Dr. Priest would have been a first, and I got first groups in my philosophy courses, but got a fourth in Biology!! I was surprised at that

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but not the least bit concerned for it will not count towards final honors, and as far as final honors at commencement are concerned - my group is a straight first group. However, I am not altogether pleased at getting such a low rating, but "I should worry." The fact that I got first groups does not mean that I know enough to do it, and neither does a fourth group mean that I am too stupid to do better. But, I repeat, I should worry!!

I met Prof. Brown a while ago and in telling me that I got a first group, he said that I "wrote a very good examination" and he was unusually pleased! That is all that concerns me. Prof. Spaulding gave me a first too, and I am satisfied.

On Sunday night, if the weather is good we shall start services at Stony Brook

again. I shall preach and use Heb. 2:13
as my text, "How shall we escape if we
neglect so great salvation?" I am deeply
interested in the work there and enjoy it
immensely. My training class is soon going to
take its first examination. I am hoping that
they will do well.

I am working steadily and hard now
for I am on the last stretch. I had my
picture taken for the class Record a few
days ago and just got the proofs. I don't like
any of them but have to make a choice. I'll
send you some as soon as they are ready
but I don't know where that will be.

We are reading a new story in German,
"Die drei gnechtten Kammacher" by Gottfried
Keller. It is certainly fine. Also reading more in
Schiller. Best of love & kisses to Mennie and

Butzie, and loads of love and kisses to you.
Give my love to Aunt Ida, and Leslie and
the girls,

Wig pah.

Always lovingly,
Ivan.
(Sony I can't write more)

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PRINCETON, N. J.

1915-25
mch 25

Mar. 25, 1915.

Dear Mother:-

Another week has passed and my intentions to write have not been carried out. I am unusually busy now but am not letting such a thing trouble me. I took a little time off from my work today and played tennis for the first time this year. Horn and I played Steve Holmes & Doc Servance and beat them soundly. I weighed after I was done playing and tipped the scales at 138! The most I have ever weighed. Study seems to agree with me.

In regard to the question of my writing to Prof. Tinsley, I did not do so. I was surprised to find the fact published (I found it in the Times that Will Lambert sends me) and if I had my way, it never would have happened. Of course, it is nice for other people to know of one's honors, but after all, I think it is a cheap way to get before the public, and it is a way that I

thoroughly disapprove of as far as I am concerned.
Minnie wrote and said that Mrs. J. said I was
not necessarily bright, for plenty of others are as
bright as I am — the only difference is that they
do not work! Yes, that is the only difference, but
when you come to think of it, that is a big
difference. I do not claim to be bright, and in
fact, I am only too often painfully conscious
of dullness and stupidity. That is actually
true. And I know for a fact that there are many
in my class here who are brighter than I am
and yet who are not wearing their Phi Beta
Kappa key. But I wonder which is more
creditable, a fellow who has great talent neglecting
to use it, or one who has less talent accomplishing
more. A "bright" person certainly has no
cause to compliment him self on his "brightness"
for it is a natural gift or endowment on which
he has no control. But a person certainly can
feel satisfied if he has put to use the talent
that he does possess. You remember the parable
of the talents. "To him that hath, shall be given;
that is, he who uses what he has, will be given
more. "and from him that hath not shall be
taken away even that which he hath," that is
no matter what we possess, if we do not use
it and make it a part of ourselves, we soon

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lose it. If I were to tie my arm up in a sling and leave it that way for a long time, I would lose the use of it. It is only by using my arm that I can continue to use it. And it is only by trying through work to better the mind that I have, that I have accomplished what I have. There is one boy in my department here, who was taking the same Honors courses that I am. He is unusually bright, and often could get in a short time things that I could not get at all, even after hours of study. But what did it bring him? He did not work at all, and all his brilliance has not gotten him a single thing! He neglected his work so much that he was not only expelled from the Honors department, but will not be permitted to graduate with his class! Up till the middle of last year his standing in class was higher than mine! But where is he now! No, (you need not tell Mrs. J.) I do not claim to be bright but I am thankful that I have learned to stick to things till I master them. If I were really brilliant I

would not have been forced to study as I did in High School. It was not brilliance but work and hard work that got me my honors there. And too, in regard to my honor being published, I feel that I could have lived on just the same if other people knew nothing of it. My work is not in the least affected one way or the other. After all, it is not what people think or say of you - it is what you really are that counts. So don't worry or fret over Mrs. J. The fact that she quints so only proves that she is dissatisfied and jealous. So let her continue. She is the only lover. Time will tell.

There were some other things that I wanted to tell you but I am afraid that my time is too short at present, so I must beg off again. Give my love to Mennie and to Butzie, and with love and kisses to you I am always

Lovingly,
Loan.

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PRINCETON, N. J.

Mar. 29, 1915.

Dear Annie:-

It is such a long time since I have written to you that I think I ought to write. Let me tell you about the fine time I had yesterday. Miss Hale, one of the teachers at the Sunday School out at Stony Brook had asked me to go home with her to supper a couple of Sundays ago. It happened that I could not do it then so she told me to come home with her yesterday. Well, after Sunday School she took me home in her auto. The Hales live on a very historic place. I suppose you know of Washington's crossing the Delaware river on Christmas night in 1776 and surprising the Hessian soldiers that were in Trenton. Well, immediately, or soon after that, he started on his way north and the next battle was at Princeton. The old battle field is now the Hale farm. We walked all over the field, and I saw the remains of a trench that had been thrown up for the battle.

In the house were an old musket, picked up in the field, an old rusty bayonet, a ram-rod, some cannon balls, and numerous bullets and arrow-heads. The house itself is very old and almost exactly as it was at the time of the battle. The very same doors, and hinges, in fact, the self-same plastering is in the house just as it was at the time of the battle. There is one place where a bullet entered the house, probably through a window, and glanced off from the wall and struck the door. The marks are still to be seen. The living room in the house now, was, they think, the old kitchen. There is an immense tiled, open fire-place and nearby is a cupboard built in the wall. The old shelves are still there and there are grooves in them to prevent the plates from sliding down. The ceilings are very low, as you can imagine they would be in such an old house. General Mercer, a brigadier-general in the Continental army died in that house. He was wounded in the battle - Miss Hale said that he had thirteen bayonet wounds and one gunshot wound. He probably would have survived the bayonet wounds, but blood-poisoning set in and he died nine days after the battle. I stood in the very place in which the bed stood, on which the brave soldier died. Just in front of the house

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there is a monument to the memory of Gen. Mercer, and beside it is an old cannon and a flag pole flying the stars and stripes. Over on the battle field is a huge pile of cannon balls. You can well imagine that I enjoyed myself in such surroundings.

I had a strange coincidence in my going home with Miss Hale yesterday. Her brother's family was down from New York. Her brother is a doctor in New York and is a professor in the College of Physicians and Surgeons in Columbia University, and that, you know, is where Aunt Hattie is studying! However, Aunt Hattie does not have any work under him - at least, I do not think she does. Mrs. Hale is a very pleasant lady, and I was indeed glad to meet her. She has four children, a girl about twelve, a boy of about eight, and two more girls, one about five and the other, two. All the children were as bright and lively as could be. I have certainly never seen their Grandmother's family in New York. All of them, and Mrs. Hale, went out on the walk and those kids certainly know

How ~~to~~ have a good time. Once we were crossing the tracks of the Old Line Trolley, which goes from Princeton to Trenton and crosses the farm in one place, and little Anna (next to the youngest and usually called "Banana") wanted to know if a car was coming, so, in her good clothes, she flopped down right in the middle of the dusty road and put her ear to the car-track! She then got up and calmly announced that there was no car near, and did it seem the least bit concerned. Her mother looked at Miss Hale with a resigned smile. She did not scold Anna at all - I suppose that that was mild to some of the mischief that Anna gets into.

I also met Mr. Hale, a venerable old man, and very pleasant. He has lived on the farm for fifty one years! He could not have been kinder and more hospitable to me if he had tried to. He is indeed interesting to talk with and a lovely old man.

I almost forgot to tell you something. Miss Hale told me that her mother was born in Louisville! Her grand father was pastor of one of the Presbyterian churches in Louisville and her mother was born there. Miss Hale asked me how things were going along in New Albany! I was so surprised

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at the question that I hardly knew what to say. Miss Hale saw my surprise and laughed, and said that the family owns some property there and they were wondering whether the town was booming and whether the value of the property was increasing! It is certainly a coincidence to meet, as I have, in this distant part of the country, some one who can talk familiarly about home places! And it is also a coincidence to meet the wife and family of a professor in the same school where one's aunt is studying!

After supper Miss Hale and her sister-in-law sang and played for a while, and then we left for church. Miss Hale and her father took me in the auto and left me at the Stony Brook chapel, and they went on to Princeton to church there. Mr. Ross, a missionary from Korea, was out at Stony Brook and spoke to us.

Just a day morning was Communion Sunday at the Second Church, and also the Sunday for

taking in new members. There were sixty-four
new members! And I am happy to say that
eight of these were boys in my Sunday School
class. I am greatly encouraged for my work
has not been wholly in vain. How many were
confirmed at church? I am anxious to know.

What happened to the poor little doggie?
I am anxious to know. Write and tell me. I
am going to develop his picture this week. I'll
send ~~some~~ home as soon as I can.

How are mother and Butzie? And how
is Aunt Ida? Are you still troubled with
rheumatism? I hope all are well. Aunt Hattie
and Aunt I have asked me up to New York and I
probably shall go up on Friday and Saturday.
They are going to take me to see "Parsifal."

Well, hurray, good bye for a while. Best
love and kisses to all.

Always lovingly,
Loan.

P.S.- I have just gotten my Phi Beta
Kappa "key". It is a beauty.

1)
AMERICAN WHIG SOCIETY
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PRINCETON, N. J.

April 30 Thursday Eve.
1915

Dear Mother:-

I have finished my thesis and handed it in yesterday. It was forty three pages of type-written matter, so you can imagine how long it is. I certainly did work on it, and yet am far from satisfied with it. I intend to do a great deal more work on the subject later on. My hands are still full, however, as I still have four essays to hand in within a week's time, and one of the essays has to be a long one. However, after what I have done I'll not mind a little thing like an essay.

We had a debate on Woman Suffrage out at Stony Brook last Friday evening. We charged \$1.15 admission and then had a raffle sale. We made about \$15.00. In the debate, the younger boys of the district school upheld the affirmative - that is they debated for Woman Suffrage. The girls out at Stony Brook who are in the High School debated for the negative. The affirmative won. I helped write out the speeches of the boys and helped to coach them once or twice so I was glad that they won. After the debate we had a spelling-match. After standing up for some time I went down on "mytallize", for

2) I spelled it with only one "L." The spelling match was real funny at times, and there were a lot of us in it.

I was playing a little base ball this afternoon and got my hands all bruised up. You can guess how busy I am when I tell you that I have not been out sailing but once this season. Last year by this time I had already been out for about a month and a half, and almost every day at that. However, I manage to get a little tennis in once in a while, and have improved in it a great deal since last year.

I really don't know what I am going to do during the summer. Would you know of anything I could do? I have written to Mr. McHale, & asked him for a job at the Y.M.C.A., but he hardly thinks I can get anything there. I probably could get something away from home but don't want to do that. So if I can't get any work I think I shall take up some sort of study by myself. One thing that I want to do is to learn short hand and type-writing. I lose a great deal of time by not being able to type-write very fast, and if I knew short-hand I could save a great deal of work time & labor. So there is something for me to do. Something else that I want to do is to take up a thorough study of music, and I probably

3)

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could do that during the summer. So there will not be a lack of anything for me to do, but I should like to do something where the money will be coming in and not going out.

Minnie told me that Butz bought a house on Oak. It is near Preston, is it not? How long will it be before you move into it? Is it one that he had considered there before?

I had a little tumble on my wheel yesterday. I was going around a corner and the front wheel slipped. I felt myself going and couldn't stop, so I just let go of the wheel and let myself roll. I got a great deal more dust in that way than I would if I had tried to stiffen up and resist, but if I had tried to stop, I probably would have been hurt. As it was, I am not even bruised, except for a little scratch on my knee. When I tumbled, it was right in front of an old lady. She looked at me so strangely that I could not decide whether the look was one of sympathy or honor. However, I am used to such bumps. About a month ago I was

4) playing basket ball, and was going down the floor at full speed when I tripped suddenly and tumbled headlong. It was on a hard-wood floor, but I just let myself go and rolled - the way Walter used to do from years ago - and I am none the worse for it.

A few weeks ago our bunch got up two swimming teams among ourselves, and held a swimming meet. The team that I was on won by a large score. I won places in the 50-yard dash, the breast-stroke swim, the fancy dive, the plunge for distance, and swam in the victorious relay team! Some record! You can judge from that what grade of swimming was exhibited.

Before I forget it, let me thank you for the \$5.00 you gave me (if I have not mentioned before, I really don't remember but don't think I have - and any way, a second time would not hurt!) It was not my fault that I overdrew the account, for the Company soaked me \$6.50 for a court fee in being released from taxes or some thing of that sort, and did not tell me a thing about it - a part of their splendid book-keeping system - and if you had not told me I would not have known that the account was over drawn, and at any rate could not have found out how it happened

5)

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till the vouchers were sent, and that came about twenty days later. But I thank you very much for your gift and am glad that you attended to the matter as promptly as you did. So many thanks.

I must stop now, as it is getting late.

Best of love to you, and to Mennie, and to the Deacon, and many kisses.

Always lovingly,
Ida.

Wizpah.

P.S.- Give my love to Aunt Ida, and Leslie, and the girls.

april 30-1915

AMERICAN WHIG SOCIETY
PRINCETON UNIVERSITY

Mailed May 20 - 1915

FOUNDED 1769

PRINCETON, N. J.

Thursday Eve.

Dearest Mother:-

I am through with all my senior work now and tomorrow shall begin to study for final examinations. My first ones are on the 26th and then my big ones come on the 28th & 29th. On those two days I shall be examined on all the work of my department - all that I have had here, and not alone of this term, or even this year. The examination on Friday will be six hours long and will be followed by a three hour exam on Saturday. I am certainly scared of those exams for I don't know anything about those subjects, it seems. Some of the work I have had so long ago that I ^{have} forgotten anything that I did know. So from now till then I shall have some hard studying to do, and a lot of it. I have been studying quite hard now already to get through with my work, but I have always found time to play some tennis for a couple

of hours each day. I am developing into a fairly good player, and this year am training with some of the fellows who beat me last year. I am getting pretty well tanned and tough and am keeping my weight very well.

On Saturday I found that I had another dignity thrust upon me. This was athletic! You remember I said that I got a medal for soccer. That was for playing on the senior team. Well, I have also gotten what is known as "soccer numerals." In the different sports here those on the first team get a letter P, and if the sport is not one of the big ones they wear letters beside the P to show the sport, for instance ^{BPB} for Basket Ball. In soccer, they wear an ^{APF}, for "Association Football", the real name of the game. Those who play on the second team, or scrubs, get their "numerals." So now I can wear my 19^A_F 15! Fine, isn't it?

I am indeed sorry to hear of Aunt Ida's death. I got a letter from Mennie today telling of the funeral. I feel especially sorry

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for poor Leslie and the girls. It must be
terrible for them. However, poor Aunt Ida
suffered so much, and we should be glad
that she has gone to a better land. She has
no more pain there.

Aunt S and Aunt Hattie are coming
to commencement here. I have a place for
them to stay at Mrs. Stont's, where we eat. I do
not know just exactly on what day they will
come - we'll have to arrange that later.
Commencement is on Tuesday June 15 - quite
a way off yet. I think I shall be home
in just a couple of days after that.

I have gotten a room assigned to me
at the Graduate College next year. It is a
beauty. The whole Graduate College is a
beautiful place, as is the entire campus. I
hope that you + Mennie can come here next
year and see the place. We'll have to
arrange for that.

Sunday night before last I led the service out at Stony Brook and we had the largest crowd that we have ever had to our evening service. I think that there were at least fifty. I spoke on Psalm 23:3. I shall take charge again on this Sunday night.

Well, folks, either news is scarce, or else I'm too busy to chase it down. Nothing much is doing now, except baseball games and Senior Singing which has been going on for a short time. Well, I must say good-bye again for a brief time. Love and kisses to all
from

"Dirn dich lieberer Sohn"

Dad.

P.S.- In the brief time of last Friday evening and Saturday morning and afternoon, I worked up and wrote three essays totaling over 4,000 words! How's that for scrapping?

I was so hungry that I ate two but could go no more. A few hours later I had one of the awfullest pains I've ever had, and got a terrible headache, and felt so weak and dizzy that I could scarcely walk. A good sleep fixed me, and I am spring once more.

My last exam comes next week. It is German. It will not count in Honors so I am not going to study for it but am going to have a good time now. I figure out that I deserve it!

Am busy now, but will write more in a day or so. Best of love to Marnie and Butzie, and lots of kisses for you. So good-bye, for a few days.

Truly,
Ivan

Wingspah.

P.S. - What is it that Dr. Walk will have for me?

June 2 -
1915

Dear Mother -

My worst exams are over!

Had three exams on Friday and Saturday and then a glorious loaf began. I played tennis all Saturday afternoon, loafed at night, and went to bed early. Sunday I was busy. We had children's day in the morning at the Second Church. And my odd moments were devoted to preparing a "sermon" for Stony Brook that night since I was to preach. "Jim" Hailey had promised to go out and preach, and in the morning it was raining furiously, and looked as if it would keep up all day. So I knew that no people would come

Having had experience in that line before - and I told Jim he need not come. Well, during Sunday School in the afternoon it stopped raining and the sun came out! So that meant that I had to get something ready. I chose Psalm 126:5+6, and am sorry to say that I spoke on that for over a half hour. I never knew before that I could keep going that long. And if I can do that on just a couple of hours preparation, in the future you must expect from me two and three hour long sermons! On Sunday the girls at the Stony Brook S.S. gave a picnic. They had had one before, and none of the boys (that is the young men.) could come, so they gave another for us. Well, we had a ball game. Both girls and boys, ladies and men played! I pitched for one side and we won the game 9-5! And those girls and ladies really could play ball! In the evening I got permission to go into Alexander Hall - our big auditorium - and play the pipe-organ! I certainly had a fine time, although for the first few minutes I did not improve on the silence of the place. I may get a key for the place next year so that I can play there often.

Yesterday three of us went on a canoe trip but it turned out poorly for me. The only sandwiches along had huge slabs of butter on them.

That is far better than I had hoped to do.

Tomorrow we have "children's Day" at Strong Brook - my last service for me.

I do not know definitely where I shall come home but it will probably be Monday 21st. I'll write and let you know later.

Thank Butz for his letter. Give my best love to Maria. Aunt Hattie and Aunt I send love to all. With lots of love and kisses to you, and to all,

Lovingly,

Dean Hapt, A.D.

June 19/15

P.S. - Have you deposited the interest on my bonds yet? I want to know, in case I should have to draw.

Princeton, N.J.,
June 12 - 15

Dear Mother:-

Today has been an exciting day. The first was that only Aunt Hattie came. Aunt I was sick at the last minute and Aunt Hattie did not want to leave her but finally did coming hoping Aunt I will come on Monday. I went down to the train to meet Aunt Hattie and did not see her, so I came up to the room. A few moments later there was a knock, and a gentleman said that a lady wanted to see me downstairs. It was Aunt Hattie. She had missed the regular train and caught a "special" and that did not come to the station, but to a different part of the campus. Aunt Hattie

managed to find her way to the dormitory here, and a gentleman came upstairs to call me for her. In the afternoon we went to the baseball game with Yale. It was very close, and we lost 2-1. But we'll beat them in New York next week, so it doesn't matter! Tonight we had Senior Singing and Aunt Hattie liked it very much. Tomorrow we have the Baccalaureate Service. Pres. Hebburn will preach it. We have to be there in our caps and gowns.

We had a canoe trip a few days ago and got lost! We went up the wrong branch of the creek and it was so shallow that we had to wade. The branches and thorns tore and scratched us and the mosquitoes bit us, the rocks cut our feet and finally most of us slipped and fell or did something so that we were stopping wit. The stream was so shallow that in places we had to carry the canoe! Later we looked it up on a map and found that we were up "Devil's Brook." The one who named that brook knew his business!

I got my report today. I got a 1st group in the History of Modern Science and a 2nd group in German, much better than I had hoped to get. In both of my philosophy courses I received no group but was just marked "passed." You see I took special exams in the whole department and not in those courses and consequently had no basis for a group mark there.

CABLE ADDRESS "CUMBERLAND"



BROADWAY AT 54TH STREET
NEW YORK

HARRY P. STIMSON,

Dear
Mum: I started
this letter to Mother
but read it to you so
that it will be opened
in time. Read it and
get word to Mother so she doesn't
wait at the station.

Sunday morning.

Dear Mother:-

June 20 - 1915

I have spent my first night
in a big hotel. Incidentally I spent nothing
else. I am up here with Harry Rehr, one of the
boys in Princeton. He is business manager for a
book issued annually at Princeton, and for one of
the advertisements in the book he got a ship
entitling him to \$15 in trade at the hotel. So
he and I are now in a \$4 suite, bedrooms, parlor,
and bath, and certainly luxurious. He still
stay here tonight yet and leave tomorrow morning.
I shall stay here two nights yet and leave
Tuesday morning. That means that I shall
get home Wednesday evening and not Tuesday
as I had hoped. I'll stay here at night but
during the day I shall be with Aunt I and
Aunt Hattie. You see, they are giving up
their apartment to go to Washington for the

CABLE ADDRESS "CUMBERLAND"



BROADWAY AT 54TH STREET
NEW YORK

HARRY P. STIMSON

summer and my staying and sleeping
there would be an additional expense to them,
whereas here it costs me nothing. I'll
write later and let you know exactly
what time I'll get home. I'll have to
stop over in Princeton on my way back
and see about some things. Will write this
afternoon and tell you. With love to all.

Always,
Harry.

Miss Grah.

Harry and I spent last night
travelling on Broadway!!!

over.

Mother: I am sending this to
Mennie, for I do not know whether it will
get to you on Monday or not. If it gets to
you on Tuesday Mennie can get word to you
so you don't wait at the station:

June 20-1915

CABLE ADDRESS "CUMBERLAND"



BROADWAY AT 54TH STREET
NEW YORK

HARRY P. STIMSON

Dear mother:-

Sunday Eve.
June 21-1915

I have had a busy day today. Went to S.S. & church this morning at the Fifth Ave. Pres. Church, about the most aristocratic one in N.Y. John D. Rockefeller was there! Immediately after church, Harry Belm & I went to Aunt T & Aunt Hattie. They were just splendid and we had a fine time. In the afternoon we went across the Hudson River to visit my old roommate, Lloyd Mogai, at whose home I spent Thanksgiving & Soph'rae. His father, an old man in his 70's remembered me. He says I am getting to be quite handsome! We went back to Aunt T's and had supper there and then all of us took a long walk. It was splendid. I am getting to be a regular New Yorker, taking subway, express, surface cars, elevated cars and ferries with much ease & comfort. Harry said all he could do was hang on to my coat tails and go - but he did not know where he was going.

CABLE ADDRESS "CUMBERLAND"



BROADWAY AT 54TH STREET
NEW YORK

HARRY P. STIMSON

In regard to my coming home, I do not know exactly when I can come, but it will be on Wednesday night. Do not attempt to meet me. I may come in on the C & O and it may be the L & N at 9:27. It all depends on when I get away from Princeton, and that I cannot tell now. I may even get in before the C & O at 7:30, but doubt it. So please do not try to meet me at the station - only wait for me at home. If I come on the L & N I'll get off at Baxter Ave. & come home from there. It will save me a lot of time. So just wait for me at home. Have lots to tell you. Aunt I & Aunt Hattie send love to all, and I do too.

Ever,

Harry.

Maggie.

9-16-15

Dinner Loller: - Am on the
train from W. Y. to

Princeton, so pardon bad
writing. (I have an

excuse this time!) I had
a glorious trip in every way.

Smooth ocean and hence
no seasickness, of which I
was afraid! But let me
tell you of my W. Y. experience

first. I reached the big
train at 3:30 p.m. I went
up to Columbia University

to the library. I had asked
Aunt A. to leave a note there
telling me where to meet her.

Of course, if I found no note
there, I would infer that she
Sept 16-15

was out of the city and in Princeton.
Well, I got no note from her, so
I went down to the RR station
hoping to catch an early train
for Princeton. The next train left
at 5.00 p.m. I reached the
station a couple of minutes before
5.00 but could not check my
baggage and get my ticket in
time to get it. So I just missed
it. The next train left at
7.00 p.m. I wanted to ~~leave~~
burn till then and as I
was tired, wanted to go to a
movie. I passed several
but they were so cheap-
looking that I did not go
in. Finally I came to a
place where a George Klein

film was being shown. (The
produced "The Last Days of
Pompeii," etc.) I asked how
long the show was. "Three
hours!" I said, "nothing
doing," and left. A surface
car (you must always
distinguish between them
and the subways and
elevators) was just passing
for Amsterdam Ave. That
would pass Union Seminary
where a class-mate of mine
will be this year. I wanted
a ride, and thought that
perhaps I could see "Doc"
at the Seminary. So I
jumped on. When we got

to 118th St (I had ridden
but about 80 or 90 blocks) the
car stopped —

↖ (So did the train
right here — hence the
jerk "s.") — and a man
got off. I suddenly remembered
that Aunt Hattie had lived
just a few doors from there
and decided to take one last
chance — and see if she was
still in N.Y. I jumped off
went to the apartment where
she had been when I was
last there, and asked for Miss
Hattie. The concierge wanted to
know who I was. I told
him, her nephew. So he

called up on the phone,
told Miss Stuft that her
nephew wanted to see her
and in the next minute I
was on the 5th floor in Aunt
Hattie's arm! I was as
surprised as she. She
had left a note for me at
the library but I did not get it.
She had been wondering about
me, and had wanted me to
stay all night, but as I had
my ticket, this could not be.
We talked a while, and then
both went down to the station
and reached there just in
time for me to catch the
last train to Princeton!

So I am on my way there
now, happy, and calm -
a very unusual circumstance,
as this trip has been most
exciting.

Aunt Hattie said that
she certainly was surprised
at Raymond's marriage. She
had not the slightest idea that
any thing of the sort would
happen. She sends love to all.

Well, I'd better stop now.
Writing here is too much of a
game of chance. I'm not
dead yet, & hope not to be so
for 70 years yet. Am well &
hope all are too. With love
to all,

As ever, Ivan.
more later / 10 P.M. / Safe in Princeton.

Princeton, N. J.,
Sept. 22, 1915.

Dear Mother:-

I am settled at last at the Graduate College. It is indeed a wonderful place. I only wish that you could see the room that I have. It is severely plain - bare, rough walls, no paper on them! Mission furniture, and heavy oak doors and furnishings. But that is really what I like about it. It is so simple that it is inspiring. I have a big open fire-place, too. It is of plain brick, and the mantel is of oak. The windows are latticed, and on the inside have plain canvas curtains. I am so pleased about the whole thing that I don't know what to do. The bed that I now have is a feather bed beside the one of last year. It is a box mattress and very soft and comfortable. Beddings and blankets are furnished, and the blankets are fine & soft. This place is fit for a king! And I am the king here!

Tonight we opened formally with dinner in the Dining Hall. I'll not try to describe the room, but will send you a picture of it. The service is all of silver (except the plates alone) - even down to the butter dishes.

Aunt I + I were over in Alexander Hall

tonight - the main auditorium of the University.
That is where the organ is. I got a key to the place
today. Aunt I liked the organ very much. She
said that I did well and could not understand
how I did it. The playing is coming easier now.

Some of my class-mates are in the Graduate
College with me, and others have been visiting
here. We have been having a sort of reunion.

Today I want to see the men under
whom I am going to work. I'll have just three
courses this year, and two of them are with one
man! Think of reciting only nine hours a week.

That is what I do. I did not know till today
what courses I was going to take, and the three
that I have chosen are totally different from
what I had hoped to get. But I know I shall
enjoy them.

I am sorry to have waited so long. But
something things have come up. I'll write soon
again. How are all the folks? Give my love to
each one.

Goodbye for a while. With love and
kisses to you.

Wingspan.

Always.

Joan.

Am very
well & sleep
soundly.

New Address = 61 G. C. (61 Graduate College)

gave Ocean trip back to Evan

AMERICAN WHIG SOCIETY
PRINCETON UNIVERSITY

FOUNDED 1769

PRINCETON, N. J.

Oct. 1-1915

Oct 1-1915

Dear brother:-

I am sending you a
"history" of my self, from the time of leaving
home to arriving in Princeton. When the
folks have read it, tell Raymond or Althea
to give it to Johnnie, and tell her to give
it to Miss Impey. I promised them to
tell of my trip, and cannot remite the
same thing a number of times. You can
give it to Mr. Zoll to read too, and to Leslie,
and any others who care to read it. When
you are finally through with it - unless
you want especially to keep it - I should
like to have it as a sort of diary account of the
trip.

Work is getting under way now and
I am beginning to settle down. I like
this place more and more each day.

The teachers that I have this year are all fine and I like them.

Aunt I left for N.Y. last night. She has had trouble with the people who rented her flat in Washington and may have to go there. Mrs. Stont cried when she left. I went part of the way with her and missed a train back, and was a little late to an engagement that I found waiting for me.

Other news is scarce. And, not having more than \$1.00 worth of stamps here, I'd better stop before this letter assumes freight proportions.

How are Mennie and Burt and Sis? Give my best love to all of them. Goodbye. With love and kisses,

As always,

Ivan.

Mizpah.

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Oct 1-1915

PRINCETON, N. J.

Left home Monday morning on the 9⁰⁰ C. & O. After checking my trunk with a steam-trunkist I caught the train and was soon on my way. Nothing of importance happened on the journey to Washington, except that, for the first time in my experience, I was troubled with a strange sort of train-sickness. About 9.00 p.m. I had about made up my mind to get off at the next station and then catch the next train in the morning. However, I stayed on, and reached Washington the next morning.

The first thing I did in Washington was to get some food, the second, to find my way to the boat. I hap hazardedly took a car labeled "wharves" and by good chance reached the "Norfolk & Washington Steamship Co." Then I went to Cornella's. Dorothy was waiting at the window, and as soon as she saw me coming she ran out, took a hop-skip-and-

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PRINCETON, N. J.

jump and throw her arms about my neck. Cornella had been feeling sick, and, thinking that I would not get there till the afternoon, was still in bed. She came down, though, as soon as she heard that I came.

Dorothy had grown quite a bit since I last saw her. She was very brown, too, having just come from the country. Horis, Jr., was not there but was out visiting a friend. He soon came back, bringing a new top, and after some hesitation and bashfulness, remembered me. I spent a very pleasant day there, playing marbles with Horis and Dorothy and talking with Cornella. In the afternoon, Horis went with me to meet his father. He is looking very much the same, and is his old self. We then had supper, and while we were talking together afterward, Dorothy brought me a bouquet of flowers from her garden. It consisted of marigolds! I

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PRINCETON, N. J.

thanked her very gravely for them, and then she had to leave. Cornella and Norris laughed and told me to give them away as soon as I got out of sight! Well, we talked and talked, and finally Norris said that he didn't want to chase me, but if I wanted to catch that boat I'd better go some. I looked at my watch, and had but a half hour. I hurriedly said good by, and went down to wait for the car. It finally came. And slow! The motorman could doubtless have gone faster, but you see he had to stay in the car. We finally got to the Union Station and I got my grip. I jumped the next car, and after a slow transfer, was on my way to the wharves. I had my watch in hand, wondering who'd beat, I or the boat. I managed to win by about a minute!

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PRINCETON, N. J.

Then came the ride down the Potomac. It was wonderful. There was a full moon and the scenery was grand. Near 10⁰⁰ p.m. we passed Mt. Vernon, and the search light played on it. At one town where we stopped, the pilot threw the search light up a long street. Almost instantly the place was swarming with children, screaming and running and dancing. The light suddenly went out, and an "Aw!" came from the street, long-drawn-out, and all was still. I slept well that night. I had a comfortable state-room, but hot as I-won't-say-what. The next morning we reached Norfolk.

First I went down to the Old Dominion lines and found out about time of sailing, etc! Then I got some much-needed feed. Then I sent the postals home to you. I am sure the good man was pleased, from whom I bought the cards. After buying them, I asked

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PRINCETON, N. J.

for stamps, and then for a pen & ink. He did it seem particularly well pleased. I wanted to go over to Old Point Comfort — Fortress Monroe. But the boat did not leave for there till 11.00 a.m. so I had a few hours to loaf. I took a car-ride out to the river, and that ate up part of the time, so I thought I'd stroll a little. I soon found myself in an old section of the town. The streets were narrow, but clean, the houses, old-fashioned, with shrubs and trees covering the front yards. One house had some rose-trees in bloom and it was pretty. I soon managed to get confused, and was just about to ask my way of some one, when I turned out on a street that I knew would lead to the wharves. As I was walking along it, I saw something that seemed familiar. You remember, I got some postals. One of them was a picture of a church that had been hit

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by a cannon-ball during the Revolution. Well, that was the church. I soon found the corner that had been struck. The cannon-ball was laid in cement there. I went into the yard. It was full of old tombstones. Ah, I saw, from 1752. I did not have time to look for older ones. The church itself was built in 1739 (?) and very few changes had been made. It was a quiet spot, indeed, in the heart of that bustling city.

I finally left the church, and went down to the wharf, and boarded a little tug that was to go over to Old Point. The trip was fine, and took almost two hours. On landing, I went to the Fort. I passed along the main street, which was filled with houses in which army officers lived. On every house there was a sign, "1st Lieut. —", or "Capt. —". I finally reached the fort. I asked the guard if I could take pictures there. He said, "yes, if all

but the guns." Well, I took pictures of guns and every thing, but as no one hindered me I went ahead. The fort is just a little town, surrounded by battlements and a moat. Houses for the officers, barracks for the soldiers, athletic fields, stores, walks and trees - an establishment in itself. Some of the soldiers were playing foot-ball and base-ball when I was there. They were for the most part, splendid-looking fellows. The fort itself, while very impressive in appearance, is nothing but a barracks. Once impregnable, it would be but a morning's sport for the big guns of today. Behind the fort, in a broad meadow, there are disappearing guns. These constitute the main defences.

After I had seen the fort, I had some time to spend before going back to Norfolk. I hurried down to the wharves, and finally thought of a car ride. I took the next car. I rode on, and we passed

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th rough several different forms. Finally the conductor began changing the cash register, and I decided that I had gone far enough. So I left him, to his disgust. I took a car going back, and soon discovered that I was in a town called Hampton. Next thing I knew, the conductor called out "Hampton Institute." You have probably heard of that. It is a splendid training school for negroes. I was surprised to know that I was so near the Institute, for I just knew vaguely that it was somewhere in that part of Virginia. So I rang the bell and got off. I finally found my way to the main building on the campus, and a splendid-looking negro, black as coal, and speaking fine English, said he would show me the place. This he did, taking me into the shops and class rooms, and showing me the work done there. It was really wonderful. Almost all the buildings on the campus were erected by the students there. Even a large part of the

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ma chimney ~~was~~ in the shops was made there. I told my guide that I was from Princeton. He remembered visiting here, and said that Hampton's campus was the second-largest in the country, Princeton's being largest. After going over the place, I left for the national cemetery and Soldiers' Home, which were near by. The Home was quite an institution, having a number of buildings. A number of old colored veterans were there, and they were all very polite. All saluted me or took off their hats, and when I took a picture of some of them on their veranda, they were tickled beyond measure. I passed through the cemetery, which was very beautiful and peaceful. No one could gaze at those spotless stones, in their orderly rows, and be afraid of death. Indeed, the whole place seemed to be but symbolic of death — the silence of the stones showing that it is but a gentle slumber, and their spotless surfaces typifying the

10 pure joy of the hereafter. But I was soon
roused from these notions by wondering what
had happened to the car. If it did not come
soon I could not hope to catch the boat. It
finally came, and I reached the wharf
before the appointed time, but all concern could
have been avoided. The boat had not yet come.
It was supposed to leave at 5⁰⁰ pm and at
6⁰⁰ it was not yet in sight. However, I had
been told that the steamer at Norfolk would
wait and make connections with it, so I could
only bide my time. A tug soon came, hailing for
Norfolk. It was not the Old Dominion Line, but
when told that it would take but thirty minutes
to get to Norfolk, I was about to get on. On the
gang-plank, I asked an officer how long it would
take for me to get from their wharf to that of
the Old Dom. in Norfolk. About forty-five minutes.
That would be too late, so I decided to take my
chances on the other boat, and the tug left.
The Old Dominion boat came at 6¹⁵ and
made a quick trip back. Sure enough, the
steamer waited for it, and I had plenty of time
to make connections.

Well, I went on board, was shown up

to my stateroom, and then came down to
dinner in the saloon. And it was some splendid.
Almost everything imaginable, and I had a
swell time, you can bet. Then I sat on
deck and watched the strange boats and
fast disappearing lights on shore. Soon we
felt the tide, and the ship rolled on the
long swells - gently, it is true, but I soon began
to feel rather uneasy about the belt, and wish
that I had partaken less of the ship's bounty.
However, no violent demonstrations resulted
and I soon went to bed and slept soundly,
"rocked in the cradle of the deep."

The next day at sea was splendid.
I had splendid appetites and ate well,
and the scenery was fine. In the course
of the day we came in sight of the Jersey
shore, and from then on were never out of
sight of land. The time on board was en-
joyably spent, and many things lent to my
amusement. There was a gentle man
joking with one of the officers because his
name was left off of the passenger list!
And it had happened once before, too! Then
there were many ships of all types and
nations passing. We exchanged mail with one

Off these ships, a man rowing out in a small skiff and picking up the canvas packages that was thrown out to him. Again, I went over the whole ship, and saw and heard all sorts of things - a man good-naturedly jibing the Captain for smoking on a hot day and for living in Brooklyn instead of New York, a corpulent and opulent gentle man sending some homing pigeons out, sending a boy up the smokestack to chase me off that refused to go, and many other things. About 2³⁰ New York came in sight and we began to go more slowly. Here the harbor was full of ships. Many of them had their countries plainly advertised down near the water's edge, because of German submarines. For instance, some had a Norwegian flag painted in the middle of the hull, and "Norge" in large letters on both sides of it. The harbor was very interesting, with Liberty Island, Ellis Island, and the Battery. We finally reached the wharves of the Old Dominion Co., and two funny little tugs put us in place.

13. When I "landed" the first thing that happened to me was to be surrounded by a swarm of men, each trying to haul my baggage for me. I picked out one man and had him make out a check for me. I asked him the charges. Seventy-five cents! I told him it was too much, took back my check, and immediately got a man to do it for \$1.50. I might have looked green but I did it like. Then an industrious man assured me that a cab was the best way to go up town — charges \$1.00. I went sub-way for \$.05. Then came my adventures in hunting for Aunt Hattie and finally getting her, of which I have already told you. So I'll stop here, except to say that I reached Princeton safe and sound. I got here about 9.30 p.m. and immediately went up to my old room. I left my things there and then went out in town and met Aunt L. She was at Mrs. Stunt's, and after a talk with them both I went back to 10 N.R. and was soon sound asleep.

humor. I did not go to the meeting today. One is enough for me.

I have just come from Stony Brook. We had a rather small crowd, but as it was the first time I rather expected it.

The boy in the room adjoining mine has just been in. He is from N. Dorken, and as this is his first time away from home, he feels homesick at times. He is a mighty nice fellow, and I have taken a great liking to him. He is studying chemistry.

I had a little sick spell this week - in fact, on Friday I went to bed, and tried to sleep, but could only toss about. However, I was all right Saturday morning except for feeling weak, and was fine all right again.

The other day I played hand ball with a fellow whose father is a Lutheran preacher, and who is going to enter the Luth. Seminary at Philadelphia. His name is Weiskotten.

Had hoped to write more but it is late. Thank Sir for me for her letter and give my best love to her & Buz and Annie. And best love & kisses to you - I am always, Lovingly, Joan.

Miguel.

I started to address the envelope 827 - !

Oct 11-15

Dear Brothers:-

Oct 17
Sunday Evening.

I have just been taking a little "time out." I was at S.S. this morning, as usual, at Lehigh, and then out to Stony Brook for S.S. And there I put some finishing touches to my speech for tonight. I then read some in our Lutheran Book of worship, and by that time it grew dark. So I sat down on my hard oak window-seat - built into the wall in Gothic style - and looked out of the latticed windows at the stars. I'll have to send you a picture of that scene. The road from the Graduate College leads past the Seminary and it is wonderful. Finally the lights sprang up, and it grew quite dark. So I thought I'd start a letter to you.

This morning was my last morning at the Second Presbyterian S.S. I have decided to give up my class there, and this morning put my

decision into effect. I wrote to Dr. Jenkins during the week and told him how I felt. I said that I thought that I owed it to myself, to the boys, and to the work at Stony Brook: to myself, because it is far too much for me to do, to the boys, because I was not doing, and could not do, justice to them, and to Stony Brook, because I thought that my concentrated efforts would mean more there. I met Dr. Jenkins during the week, and he said that he was sorry to have me go, but knew that I was the best judge. So this morning I told the Sup't. of the S.S., Prof. Arnold, and he said the same. I told the boys, and one of them was crying about it. After the lesson I introduced the new teacher to the class. He is a freshman and - if I am any judge of character as shown in the face - a splendid fellow. I told good-bye to some of the people there, in particular, to a Mr. Smith, an old man who first took charge of me when I entered the Sunday School. He was as kind as ever, and said good-bye to me with just as much feeling as he greeted me four years ago. I certainly did feel badly in leaving but knew that it would be best. I shall continue to attend Belvedere Services at the Second Church in the morning, but shall have the time of the S.S. to devote to my "sermons" for Stony Brook.

Our S.S. at Stony Brook today was broken up by a meeting held in the Quaker meeting-house near by - most of the people going there, because the meeting occurs so seldom. ~~After Church Service at Stony Brook.~~ There was a similar meeting held at the Quaker House two weeks ago, and I went. It was very interesting. You know, they have no form of service, but they wait till the Spirit moves one of them to speak, and then he gets up and talks. They disband by mutual consent, too. Some of the talks were good, but mostly too pious and without a saving sense of

Oct 19-1915

Princeton, N.J.

Oct. 19, 1915.

Dear Mother:-

I was glad to receive your nice long letter but cannot attempt to answer it now. Am sending you this signed blank. I have given my P.O. address to the Company as signed on the blank, so thought it best to sign it with the one they had. Could you, with this same blank attend to the \$25 interest on the \$1,000 bond? If you can, please do so, and if not, send me another blank, and I will return it at once. And if you want this blank signed with my homeville address, send me another and I will return it at once. Am also sending you my bank-book. You can just keep it at home.

Sunday night we had a service at Stony Brook. I used Matt. 5:5 as my text. In the afternoon a Seminary student visited the Sunday School and said he was coming out at night again. Miss Suork asked me if I was

afraid. I told her no. You remember, she is
the school teacher at there. Still, she felt rather
apprehensive for me, for the Sem. students are
a rather critical bunch. But that night, when
I was through, Miss Snook shook hands with me
and said that I had no need to fear the
gentlemen present. She asked me if I knew what
she meant. I think I do, and it made me feel happy.

Tomorrow I am going to Phila. to the oculist.
My eyes have troubled me, and one day I was
quite sick, and I feel sure that they caused
the trouble. I am well now, but do not want to
put off the repair work any longer. So I shall
go tomorrow. Dr. Schrideman wrote a nice
note saying that he would be pleased to see
me. Will write as soon after as possible.

Best of love to Mennie, and Sis, and
Butz. And with love and kisses to you,
Always lovingly,

Loam.

Wizpah.

P.S.- Am going out now to vote on the Constitutional
amendments. I sent you the ballot.

Oct 22 - 1915

Princeton, N.J.,

Oct. 22, 1915.

Dear Mother:-

It would not be very complimentary if I would say that as I can do nothing else, I am starting a letter to you. However, that is the case. I cannot yet use my eyes for close work, but can use a type-writer all right. So I am going to pass my time by telling you some of the news. I went down to Philadelphia on Wednesday morning. I slept a little later than I wanted to and just did catch the train. As I was buying my ticket, the conductor was yelling all aboard, and I had to make a sprint for the train. I got the train all right and got in Philadelphia in time to walk up to the Doctor's office, and get there in good time. Of course, the whole proceeding was very monotonous. Every ten minutes I would be called in to the inner office, and some drops would be put in my eyes. But when I would go in to the doctor he would chat about Princeton and the conditions here, so that relieved me of some of the monotony. About a half hour after the first drops had been put in I discovered that my eyes leaked, and I was tasting the stuff down in my throat. And that stuff was as bitter as gall. After a couple of hours my eyes were tested. It happened that another oculist was visiting the doctor, and was watching his methods; and the doctor explained everything as he went along. It was very interesting to me and I could see how he went from test to test. A certain lens acting in a certain way meant that I wanted a stronger lens, another meant that I wanted one that was weaker. And so he went from one to another until he got the one that was just right. And then he tested this by several different ways to show that that was the best one. The visitor was very much pleased at the way in which the doctor made the tests, and expressed his admiration. I left the office then for a short time and came back later in the afternoon, and the doctor confirmed the tests of the morning. Then I went around to the optician and gave the order for the lenses. There is a marked difference between these glasses and the old ones. I had decided to take the boat to Trenton, so I went down to the wharf to see about it. I had a few minutes to wait so I strolled about for a while and got something to eat. The boat, as usual, was late in starting and it was near five when we went out into the Delaware River. And of course the boat lost time on the

2) and it was after eight when we got up to Trenton. This was no Potomac River trip. The boat was rather small, and what scenery there was on the river was hidden by the darkness which soon settled down. And on board, there was a rather rough bunch, mostly of young gentlemen who are at the age of self-importance, loud clothes, and coarse language. However, they did not trouble me, although they annoyed me at times. All this while, of course, my eyes were badly blurred. Single lights out on the river, no matter how near or far away, all looked like this: . It really did make things look pretty, especially when we would pass little towns and there were a number of lights.

We finally got to Trenton, and I took a car that went up into the city. I usually walk that distance, for I can keep my sense of direction better by so doing, but the section of town, being near the river-front, is none of the best, and with my eyes as they were I did not want to risk the walk. Finally the conductor yelled "State and Broad" and that was where I had to get off. So I got off and began to look for the Princeton Trolley. And in a few minutes I managed to get so confused that I did not know where I was. And as I could not read, I asked a cop where I could get the trolley to Princeton. He told me, and soon a car came along and I managed to make out that the car had Princeton on it. I got on and soon began to wonder whether the car was the right one, for it was turning differently from what it did last year when I was last on it. But it soon turned into the right way, and I realized then that the car was making a different loop than it did last year. So my confusion was not wholly my fault. This trolley line was the slow one, the one on which the motormen are heart-broken when they come in on time, and who use every means known to their art to delay the car. Our motorman that night was relieved of this responsibility by the one on the car ahead. He gummed the trolley-wire at Port Mercer. (This place consists of about two dwellings. In one the keeper of the canal draw-bridge lives, and the other is a general store.) We finally got past the place and got into Princeton after ten. I went up to Doc Severance's room for a while and then went to bed.

The next morning, Thursday, I had to go down to Philadelphia again. This time I decided to go down by trolley. I did not care to pay the full R.R. fare, and the boat from Trenton would have been too slow at the best. So I went down by electricity. The trolley trip that I took this

2
time was different from the other trolley trip that I have taken to Philadelphia. The other one went down on the Jersey side, and I would have to ferry over from Camden to Philadelphia. This trolley went down on the Pennsylvania side, and went into Philadelphia itself. First I had to go from Trenton to a little dump called Morrisville. I was through this place once last year - when our immortal scrub soccer team went on one of its trips. I caught a car there and went on down through Bristol, Croydon, Tacony and other such places and finally landed in a suburb of Phila. called Frankford. From there I got a car into the city, getting there about 12:30. I went to the optician and got my glasses, and then wanted to go to Dr. Schneideman to let him see them. It was after his morning office hours, but I thought that I would take a chance on meeting him. I met him on the elevator! He looked at the glasses and said that they were all right, and after a short chat I left. I at once took a car out to Frankford and had the joy of seeing a Morrisville car leave the place just as I got off of the other car. I had to wait a half hour, with nothing to amuse me but a noisy stone monument works. I finally caught the car and eventually

(4)
reached Trenton. By the way, in Morrisville I saw a drug store owned and operated by a man named F. C. Pryor! In Trenton I met a senior in the College whom I know so my trip from Trenton to Princeton was made lively. The boy was working in Wall St. During the summer and he was telling me all about the place. I also met a fellow at the Grad. College, so I had company here from the car. I got here just in time for supper. After supper I went over to Alexander Hall and played on the organ till it was quite late, and then when I came back here I went to visit the man in the next room and talked with him for a while. So it was late when I got to bed.

I think that I told you that I had a little spell of sickness a short time ago. It was due to my eyes, I feel quite sure. But I am quite well now, and as soon as my eyes are normal I'll get back to work. How is every one? Give my love to Memie and Sis and Butz, and remember me to all who ask about me. With love and kisses, as always,

Loan.

Mizpah.

with too "one-spots" inside. So things are all right. The paper is a splendid paper and I enjoy it.

On Sunday night at Stony Brook I am going to make it a Luthraan night. All people but Luthraans - that is almost all - and a good many Luthraans, never know what Oct. 31 means in the history of the church. So I shall have to tell them that on that day the hammer of Luther sounded out religious freedom, and shall tell them of the life of Luther, and of the fundamental things that the Reformation stood for. I hope to have my flock better educated when they go to sleep Sunday night that is, if they don't go to sleep too soon in the evening.

Well, I must stop for a while. Eyes are all right now and I am well & fine. Best of love and kisses to each & every one.

Always lovingly,
Mizpah.

Thursday Evening.
Oct 28-15

Dear Mother:-

I had a surprise yesterday. As I was sitting at the table for lunch I heard some one say the words "male High School." Now that is unusual, indeed, one is, or was, the only male High School that I ever heard of. A few moments later I heard the young man say that there was another school called the Manual Training High School. I felt suspicious, but still remained silent. The fellow next to the one talking then asked the question that always came to me when I said that the S. M. H. S. on my cushion was for the Finsville male High School. "Do they have a female High School?" The young man replied that it was called the Girls High School. That decided me. I could keep still no

Oct 28-1915

longer, so I asked the fellow when he had been in Louisville! He just looked puzzled, and I told him that I was a graduate of the male High School. He then said that he used to live in Louisville, and attended the H.S. for two weeks. And then he fired a string of questions at me. Did I know Cole Simpson, Wally Dorman, Ken Lavin, and a bunch of others? What happened to Supt. Mark? What was Rube doing? Did I remember Raymond Jones, who used to live in Beechmont? He used to go out and stay with him, being a good chum of his. We swapped news and questions for a while, and when we calmed down asked each other's names. His name is Mathew. After living in Louisville, he went to Hardinsburg. Then the fellow next to him started up. He is a droll sort of fellow and was kidding a bunch of us the night before, so I did not know at first how to take him. He asked me what became of the cop who had the beat past Mathew's house. I of course didn't know. Then he wanted to know if I knew a fellow named Pickler. Now there was one at H.S. when I was there, but I wondered how this fellow knew him. While I hesitated I was informed that Pickler was a red-headed fellow and he was! I said yes, and then found out that this fellow had met Pickler at Wabash College. So it was a day of surprises for me in regard to meeting strangers from the past.

A couple of weeks ago I subscribed for the Lutheran Church work and the Lutheran Observer. The total tax was \$3.00. Behold, this week, I got a paper called the Lutheran Church work & Observer. The two had combined! And the subscription of the new paper is \$1.00! I was just beginning to think that I was \$2.00 short in the deal, when today I got a letter from the Publication Society

the Lord's Prayer and Benediction. During the service some good-natured pleasantries passed between Mr. McCusker and Mr. Lake, as to the respective merits of Presbyterianism and Methodism. Mr. McClure said that in speaking of the church, he meant, of course, the Presbyterian church, and would never mean the Methodist church unless he qualified it! Mr. Lake objected, and Mr. McClure turned around and said that in some of his "community cooperation", some the Methodists joined in and helped. Mr. Lake couldn't understand it, and Mr. McClure said that the reason was that they knew a good thing! And the reason was in the Methodist preacher. When Mr. McClure sat down Mr. Lake assented to his words with an "Amen." Mr. McClure turned to him and said that that was a very weak "Amen," and not a Methodist one at all. Mr. Lake said he knew it, but gave a Presbyterian one out of deference to Mr. McClure! So Mr. Lake laughed last, and, I think, best. We had quite a crowd - I should judge about a hundred - a large crowd for the chapel. Some people came even from Jersey City.

Have just made a little shade with three canvas screens and a lake scene for the parlor. It looks fine.

Nov. 8 - 1915

Princeton, N.J.

Dear Mother:-

Today we had our anniversary service at Stony Brook. It was the celebration of the 20th anniversary of dedication of the building. We had a splendid program. First we sang "Holy, holy, holy." Then we had a responsive reading of some selections from the last part of Heb. 11, & the first part of Heb. 12, my idea being to show the people that they really are "compassed about with a great cloud of witnesses" - how great they are I did not know till later. Then we sang "The Church's One Foundation." After that we had the scripture and then prayer. I read for the scripture I Chron. 6: 1-21 and then from verse 40 to verse 3 of the next chapter. This, you will see, is from the account of the dedication of Solomon's Temple, and gives his prayer. Then came the offering, and address followed from the Rev. Mr. Lake, the Methodist preacher in town. He spoke from

Isa. 62:5, and hoped that the people would take their wedding-vows to the Church seriously. We then sang "In Faste Burg." Another address followed, from the Rev. Mr. McClenaghan, a Presb. preacher, and sort of district overseer.

He spoke on "community coöperation" and "spanked" the people a little for not being so responsive in the past. We then sang "O God our help in ages past" - a hymn that has an especial meaning at Princeton, as it is the first hymn sung at the opening exercises of the University in the fall, and the last one sung at the Commencement exercises. Prof. Willson then gave some reminiscences of the past. First he scored the two previous speakers for going over time. The second one, he said, had scolded the first for that fault, and then himself went five minutes over, and each minute had 114 seconds! Prof. Willson, an unmarried professor now - that is, one "by merit", one who is retired

from active teaching - then spoke on the men who had helped in the work of the past, and I was astonished. There were just numbers of men who are famous throughout their denominations, and the country too. One especially astonished me - Prof. James Mark Baldwin. He is a Princeton graduate, and one of the greatest psychologists and scientists living - his name is mentioned with reverence and authority throughout the whole world. He is now a member of the French Academy, an honor sought by every big man in Europe, no matter what his nationality. So you can see what a big man he is. Well, when he was in Princeton, he helped in the work at Strong Brook. So you can see what the work has been in the past. The work started in 1878 and in 1895 the present building was built. No extensive repairing has been done on the building since that time except to re-shingle the roof & install a furnace. Even the roll-partitions that were put in there work perfectly now. After Prof. Willson, I gave a short address, making a plea for greater numbers. Then we sang "Blest be the tie that binds" and were dismissed with

Ten seconds later we could not have jumped off. And the first stop was Newark! Sam had forgotten it, but I assured him that I would never forget how the tried to requite my country by trying to kidnap me out of town! And tonight, too, I came near being caught again. At the first signal I told Sam goodbye, but a large crowd on the platform of the station waited till the train started and boarded it as it was going. And I just did break through them and got out.

Yesterday was a big day here - that is, it was supposed to have been, but we lost, doggone it. We should have beaten Harvard - that is, we have should have been better than it was. But Harvard decided to win that game. Two costly fumbles cost for us. I met some old chums and class-mates at the game. Willie Haines, one of our "bums," came Saturday night and stayed with Doc Lawrence and me. That night we had a musical recital in Doc's room, playing with great feeling a new Oriental symphony that Doc has just composed. So great was our gusto that we attracted others and soon there was about

I was afraid that the meeting would run out to a terrible length, but it did not even take an hour & a half! And I had thought that that would be the very smallest we would do it in. But it was well, for the people were beginning to get restless. On the whole, I thought that the service was most enjoyable.

To night I met one of my old chums & classmates, Sam Bowenburg. He is a Jew & worked his way thru college entirely alone. One of the last things he said to me was that if college did nothing more for him, it gave him some good friends, and I owe one of them. He is a splendid fellow in every way. When I first met him today he was with Prof. Gauss, a teacher here. Prof. Gauss got interested in Sam, and one day had Sam give him his story, and then, without using any names, he wrote the story, with Sam's reluctant consent, in a book called "Through College on Nothing a Year." Sam came to the room tonight and said that after I left him on the street Gauss asked him my name. Sam told him, and he stopped short and said that it reminded him of an omission that he had made.

And that omission was in regard to me! Sam had told him the incident, using my name, and Gauss had misplaced the material and forgotten about it. The incident was one that happened at the end of 1st term Sophomore year. I was taking Calculus then and had a very easy time of it, studying about 45 minutes a week and having a term grade of 100%. But Sam was having a poor time of it, and if he did badly in the exam. would lose a remission of tuition of \$100 that he had. So I offered to help him and stayed up with him till after 2 am on the night just before the exam. Sam said he was imposing on me but I did not mind it, in fact, enjoyed it, and went into the exam. the next day and got a 1st group as though nothing had happened. Sam got a high enough mark to keep his remission and has never stopped thanking me. I told him that I was glad Gauss forgot it, and wished he would, for it really was nothing to speak of - that is no great trouble or inconvenience for me. It is true that it helped him a lot, and yet it was not due to any great pains-taking on my part. So I always tell Sam to "forget" it. He was in the room here, along with his old roommate who is working in town at the Princeton Bank. Both are as bad as you, and for a half hour the room was thick with reminiscences. Then Sam had to catch the train to N.Y. where he is working and we three marched to the Station in old "p. rade" formation singing the "Song of a Burglar Bold" as we went. At the station I went on the train with Sam and reminded him of an incident that happened almost exactly 3 years ago. Sam had some friends visit him for one of the big games, and that night had me come up to his room & meet them. About 9 pm. we went down to the station & boarded a "Special" to N.Y. Now these trains pull out without any signal except from the conductor outside. So, not knowing this, I was rather surprised to see the landscape slowly moving when I glanced out of the window. I told Sam, and we then saw that the train was leaving! We called a hasty good bye and got off the train just as it was leaving the yard.

twenty Graduate-colleagues in the room. Then we got our inspiration to sing some German songs, and we grabbed a German "Volksliederbuch" and went to it. We sang several selections and there hit "Die Wacht am Rhein". The noise was terrific! Then came "Deutschland über alles." The racket was so bad that we rooted Doc Taylor out of bed. He is from England, & naturally was prejudiced when he came to judge our production. He yelled up and told us "bloody Austrians to shut up," to "sing 'God save the King' and go to bed." And the funny part was that there was not a single pro-German in the room!

Last night we had some more fun. George Barnett, the man in the room adjoining mine, was going to go to the dance held here in the Great Hall, and was going to have the girls visit in his room before the dance. He borrowed a lot of stuff from me, as cushions, etc., which I gladly gave him. But two other fellows, Edwin Hazen and Wesley Blair, had planned to fix his room for him and they came in to take me in on it. Two fellows of my "bunch" - Cupid Whitehouse & Carl Adams - were in my room & they helped.

we did a plenty! First we decorated his plate-rail with a lot of rotten apples. On his tastily arranged table we put his cider-jug, and then shrouded his shaving stuff and tooth brush all around the jug. We also put there a woman's fashion book, to show the kind of literature George liked. Then we draped his nice duck trousers over a chair, threw a shirt over another, and his old collars and ties in other places, & propped his foot-pillow up among the cushions. We then got outside & waited results. The door soon opened and Shirley Weber, another student here, kicked over the waste-basket, thus fulfilling our plans that far. You should have seen the expressions of blank amazement on the faces of all. But after the first shock wore off they all laughed and took it as a good joke. The two girls were from Trenton. Shirley said merrily that they should have locked the door. But a lot of good that would have done! All in all we had a fine time.

I must stop now, as it is quite late. Best of love to nannie, and to Sis, and Butz. Remember me to all who ask about me. With best of love & kisses,

Always lovingly,

Levan.

Mizpah.

P.S. - Am feeling well & fine now. Eyes are all right.

Nov 7
1915

Nov 29-1915

AMERICAN WHIG SOCIETY
PRINCETON UNIVERSITY

FOUNDED 1769

PRINCETON, N. J.

Nov. 29, 1915.

Dear Mother:-

You have asked me to write you a personal letter, and I have just been putting it off and putting it off, until now I have determined to write. You asked me about Aunt J & Aunt Bathie, and how they felt toward Raymond and Aletha. Later Mennie wrote - I think it was Mennie & not you - and said that they wrote home, but did not say a word about Aletha. Well, that is the way they both felt. When I first saw Aunt Bathie in New York, almost the first thing she said to me was, "Why did Raymond do that?" She said that she was dazed and could think or do nothing. Aunt J, too, was hurt. She had no idea that it was going to happen, and said that at first she felt surprised and then sorrowful. I wish Raymond had written and told them about his intended marriage. I am sure that they would have felt better, and know that I would have had an easier time. But let us say no more.

And now I want to tell you something, something that I have been wanting to tell you and which I did not like to speak of till it was settled and till there was no more uncertainty about it. Last year I was studying for an honor - an honor that I did not get. This was a prize and the one who gets it gets \$500.00 to come back to the Graduate College and study. I had hoped to win this prize but I did not. I did not say anything about it last year because I knew that you would worry if you knew that I was striving for that honor and I wanted to save you that worry. And too, I felt by no means sure of getting it so I wanted to save you any disappointment that might follow if I did not get it. - But I am sure that you would ask me why I studied in this way after the experiences that I have had in working for honors. The reason was that I was disappointed in a claim of mine. I had expected great things of him and he failed to come up to what I had hoped and thought he would. Have you ever been disappointed in friends? You will understand then how I felt. I was bitterly disappointed.

AMERICAN WHIG SOCIETY
PRINCETON UNIVERSITY

FOUNDED 1769

PRINCETON, N. J.

and I wanted to do something to keep me from brooding over this. So I decided to study for this honor as a goal. And in working for it I tried to hide my disappointment. However, by so doing, I only got another disappointment, for I did not get it. Still, I had the satisfaction of coming close to it and of knowing that the man who did get it had more advantage than I did. For during my whole junior year I could do no work toward this - could not even do my required work. And all that I could do toward this honor was done in one year, in addition to making up for the loss of the year before. In other words, in one year I did almost as much as he did in two. However, I keenly felt the disappointment at the time because I worked so hard for it.

But it was not ended there, for the fellow who got this prize told me that he did not know whether he would take it. He was thinking of studying medicine, and if he decided to do so,

the scholarship would go to me. So I did not say any thing to you during the summer, because it was uncertain. However, he decided to accept the scholarship, so I did not get it. I wish you would not say anything about this to anyone, unless you want to tell the folks at home. It is not anyone else's business, and I do not want to have it spread abroad.

I am not satisfied with the work I am doing here. It lacks interest to me. I love the place, and had hoped to stay here till I got a Doctor's degree. But I have almost made up my mind to go on to the seminary next year. Then, too, if I do that, I'll be nearer home. But I certainly hate the thought of leaving this place.

Well, I must stop for a while. Best of love and kisses to you. Will write soon to the folks at home.

Always lovingly,

Ivan.

Mizpah.

Dec. 25 - 1915.

Dear Mother:-

I am ashamed to say that I have not written to you as I wanted to. But I cannot tell you how I have been rushed. I am going to spend a few days at N.Y. with Aunt J & H. I'll not have time to go down to Washington. I shall spend but a few days in N.Y. and shall then come back here & work. I wish I could write more, but there are a lot of Xmas postals that I want to get off so I must stop for this time. Shall write as soon as I get to N.Y. Best of love & kisses to each & every one, and prayers & wishes for a merry & happy Xmas for all.

Always lovingly,

Loam.

Muzpah.

Dec 23-1915

TEACHERS COLLEGE
COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY
NEW YORK

Dec. 30-1915

Dear Mother :-

Am in N. Y. and having a
wishing, big time. Got here last Friday and
was rather peaceable the first few days. Then
I began to fish about & am still fishing. Have
been to four theatres, and also to a concert in which
Fritz Kreisler played. You know he is the Austrian
violinist, and, I believe, the greatest living one. He
was splendid. If I could play like that this
town couldn't hold me. At first I feared that his
reception would be cold because of the feeling now
toward Austria. But the audience outdid itself
in applauding him. He appeared on the program
twice, each time to play three pieces. The first time
he played he gave us an encore, which is unusual at
that part of the program. And the second time, he was
applauded so much that he played four encores.
Finally he came out on the stage without his
violin and bowed, and the storm of applause was
simply terrific. Kreisler seemed to be deeply

touching. You know he is a lieutenant in the Austrian army, and I think that he was afraid that the people would not overlook that. And I think that that is the reason why he gave so many encores - to show his appreciation. One thing impressed me in regard to the audience, and that was the way in which it recognised his own compositions. For some of his encores he played his own pieces, and it seemed as if he had scarcely played a measure but what the audience would give a short burst of applause to show its recognition of it.

One of the plays that Aunt I & I saw was Peter Pan. It is a fairy story dramatized. It has dogs, and wolves, and crocodiles, and fairies, and pirates and all sorts of things in it. This is the place where a crocodile was always hunting for a certain man, but the crocodile had swallowed ~~the~~ a clock once, and the man could always tell where he was coming by hearing the tick! and what the man feared was that the clock would run down some day, and then he would be caught!

Another play that I saw was called "Hit-the-trail Holliday." Billy Holliday was a temperance

TEACHERS COLLEGE
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NEW YORK

speaker. In one of his speeches he terrified his audience by telling them that beer contained sodium chloride and yet they drank that stuff. Billy got this from an encyclopedia! Raymond can tell you whether they had any cause for alarm.

This morning Aunt I + I visited the brass shops. They are second-hand stores and are down in the Jewish quarter. I wanted to get some brass candlesticks. We went around to all the shops and finally went back to one where we saw a good pair of old Russian ones which had been priced at \$2.25. I judged that they were at least worth \$2.50 from what I saw of the other stores. But Aunt I + I said that we did not want to pay much, so they said \$2.00. We still hesitated, and then the old fellow & his wife, who was selling the stuff, began to jabber together. We caught the word "winter"! and decided to hold out. She then said \$1.75 and when we offered \$1.50 said she would lose

money in it! Love money!! I bet they paid
about 25¢ for the pair. Well, we finally
compromised on paying \$1.75 for the pair
of candlesticks with a box of salve or grease or
polish or something like it thrown in. Aunt
Hattie said that the things would bring \$4.00
at other places.

Well, I am going back to Princeton tomorrow
and work. Have a lot to do. Will write to you
at greater length there. Aunt S & H. Send love.
They have both been talking a great deal about
home. Give my best love to Mennie, & Sis &
Butz. And with love & kisses to you, I say
good-bye for a while.

Always lovingly,

Wizpah.

Joan.