1)

Jan 3 - 1916

Princeton, N.J.,

Jan. 3, 1916. Jan 3 1916

Dear Mother:-

At last I have an opportunity to write to you. I wanted to write when I was in New York, but I was so rushed that I had scarcely time to breathe. I left for New York on Friday the 24th, and got up there about 5:30 p.m. I went up to Aunt T's at once, but when I got to the apartment where she lives, the coon janitor said that she had just left. I then asked whether Aunt Hattie was in and he said that she had gone out too. So I thought that both had had some engagement for the evening and had gone out for that. I had written and said that I would be up some time in the afternoon, but could not tell definitely. So when I found that they were gone I thought that they had probably inferred that I had missed a train and would be in later in the evening. So I went back down town, bummed around on Broadway for a while and then went to a movie to pass the time. After that was over, I went down to the Pennsysvania Station and got my suit-case and then went back up town to Aunt T. When I got there she and Aunt Hattiewere a little worried about me, thinking that something had happened to me on the train or on the subway, for a great many accidents have been taking place on the subway in the last few weeks. I told them that the coon said that they were both out and that I then went back down town. Aunt T said that Aunt Hattie had been down at the laboratory all the afternoon, and she herself had just gone out before I came - it could not have been five minutes sooner - and it was just for a few minutes. When she came back and did not find me there she asked the coon whether any one had called to see her. The coon said that there had been someone but "he seemed in a powerful hurry to leave". I know that that is not so, for I stayed there asking himquestions till he would have grown black in the face if he had not already so much resembled a baboon. Aunt T asked him whether the young man had a grip with him, and he said no. That puzzled her for she knew that I would bring a grip, and she then thought that possibly I had not called. However, the grip had been checked through and due to the congestion of baggage I could not wait for it so I just wenton without it. So that was one thing in which the coon was right. I remember that he was very careful to ask me whether I brought a grip with

me and seemed very much satisfied when I told him that I did not. Well, we talked late that night and finally I went to bed and certainly did sleep. The next morning was Christmas, and after starting the dinner, Aunt T left with me to go to church. We went to an Episcopal service. It was at the Cathedral of St. John the Divine. The Cathedral is a wonderful place. When it is finished it will be the second largest church in the world. Where we were sitting was just beneath an immense dome. I shoud say that it must have been almost a hundred feet from the floor to the top of the dome. There must have been over a thousand people present and yet the place was so large that it seemed like a mere handful. Some bishop preached the sermon and he certainly was dolled up in his priestly robes, for of course the service there is exceedingly high church. I did not hear much of the sermon for the bishop evidently could not speak very plainly in the first place, and in the second place, the acoustic properties of the place were not very good, due to the scaffolding about it. They have an immense organ there and a very large choir. And the music was very pretty. They sang many familiar things, and some of the things that we sing in choir at home. They made me think of our Christmas services at home. Well, we spent the rest of the day quietly. In the afternoon Aunt Hattie had to go down to the laboratory to do some work for her Professor. She has almost seventy rats that she has to feed daily, different sorts of food to different ones, and every once in a while she has to weigh them. They are just beginning to grow up now and are getting mean and she is growing afraid of them. She says that they never know who feeds them. They are totally different from dogs, of course. She once gave some bread and milk that had been left over to some dogs there and the poor animals have never forgotten it and always beg when they see her. But her rats are different. And as she had to feed them daily she had to go there on Christmas, and it happened that that was one of the days when she had to weigh them so that meant that she had to spend a longer time than usual. Aunt T and I went down town in the evening and saw some of the sights. However, most of the people were staying at home, and the streets were almost deserted. On sunday we had a terrible snow-storm. And there was a high wind along with it. I had been thinking of going over into Brooklyn to a Lutheran Church there whose minister is the father of one of the boys at the Graduate College here, the one that I have been speaking of named Weiskotten. However, with the wind and snow outside, I was glad to

George Parrott, who is in the same suit of rooms with me, and I, b
from batching together this vacation. North Dakota is too far to go home.

go to the nearest church, which was a Presbyterian church. I went to the Sunday School, but there could do nothing but sit by and look on, for there was no Men's class that day, and there were very few of the teachers and scholars there. The superintendent was absent, and the preacher himself could not come because of a sudden attack of the grip. The church service itself was very poorly attended, but it was very pretty. They had a boys' choir and a quartette, and the music was very good. Late in the afternoon Aunt T and I went to the Cathedral again. They had a Shristmas carol service there. The choir sang Gounod's Nazareth, some English carols and some German songs, among which was Silent Night. I thought that this was especially beautiful. After the service we went through the cathedral and saw the altar and the different chapels. Different parts of the Cathedral are given by different persons, the Altar, the organ the various chapels, etc. And there are chapels for different nationalities, English, German, French and Italian. They are all of most elegant architecture.

Well, during the week I saw a good many things. I told you of some of the things that I saw. I think I told you about Fritz Kreisler. He was wonderful, ~~to say the least. I enjoyed him more, I suppose, than anything~~ else in New York. Then I saw some different plays. Aunt T and I went to see Maude Adams in Peter Pan. This is a fairy story dramatized and was quite funny in places. I think that I wrote to you about this - I do not remember what I wrote, for I was in such a rush that I could not see straight On of the things that I did waz to visit one of my Chinese friends, Kenyon Dzung, who is studying at Columbia. He was very glad to see me, and we took a walk together and had quite a chat over old times. He is the same as ever, and many times I would have to laugh at his queer expressions and pronunciations. He would ask as usual "wassamatter" and I would tell him and he would enjoy the joke as much as I would. He says that Columbia is very different from Princeton and he does not like it nearly so much. However for the work that he is doing, Columbia is the best University in the world. He is studying education and pedagogy, and that is really the place for him. But after living as he did in Princeton, he does not like city life, and especially New York life, which is city life raised to a climax. In fact he never did like city life, and he says that Princeton spoiledhim and prejudiced him even more than he had been before. I am hoping that he may come dowm to Princeton and visit me some time. I also met another Chinese

class-mate of mine named Huang. He is a splendid fellow and I like him very much. Kenyon and I went across the Hudson River one morning into New Jersey to visit my old room-mate, Lloyd Magai. We had quite a trip. I metLloyd's father and mother and sister again, and they were all very glad to see me. Lloyd is now teaching in the northern part of New York state and has a fine position. The school is a private school and is very rich, and he gets, I think, $80 a monthand all his expenses. Kenyon and I got an invitation to come over to supper some night and Lloyd wanted me to come over on Thursday night as there was going to be a social down at his church. I was especially glad to do so, because Bob Williams, one of our bunch for the last two years, was to be up there with his banjo. By the way, I did not tell you that on the Monday before I left Princeton, Lloyd surprised me by dropping in to see me. So he and Doc Severance and I had a big pow-wow that night and indulged in old times till about two in the morning. Lloyd told me then about this social and said that Bob was going to be there with his banjo, and he wanted me to come up and bring the quitar along and then Bob and I could favor the astonished gathering with some of the stunts that we used to pull off. But when I went up to New York, I had no intention of staying as long as I did, so I did not take the quitar with me. I was very sorry too, for it would have been a lot of fun for me, and I am sure that the audience would have been edified. Well, Bob was over at Lloyd's that night when I went over to supper. Kenyon could not go over with me as some Chinese friends of his had come to see him and he could not leave them. There was also present at Lloyd's a young lady whom I met in Sophomore year, a Miss Rosenkranz. I met her twice, once when Lloyd's sister had her down to Princeton, and once when I was home with Lloyd for Thanksgiving. I surprised the company by remembering her name, while all that she could remember of my name was Ivan. So she called me Mister Ivan till she was told what my last name was! Bob Williams was there and was the same as ever. After supper we went down to the church, and had the entertainment. Bob was of course the star. He played his banjo and Lloyd accompanied him on the piano, and then he did some stunts by himself. He would play his banjo ith one hand and accompany himself on the piano with the other. Then he would stand at the piano backwards and play it with both hands behind him. Then he would crawl under the piano in some peculiar way and reach up and play, and finally he lay over the piano stool, put his

I got a lot of organ music up in N.Y. & have tried some of it. It is very pretty. I have many of our church anthems.

head down on the floor and twisted his arms so that the hands could reach the keys, and then played some more. And believe me, he made his fingers fly each time. The church was Episcopalian, so after the entertainment they had a dance. All the young ladies there tried to persuade me to join but I had to refuse. And too I had to leave early because it took so long to get back over to the other side of the river. Altogether I had a fine time there.

I left New York on Friday afternoon. I wanted to catch the 4:04 train out so after telling Aunt T and Aunt Hattie good-bye, I left. I usually go down town by way of the subway, and then, if necessary take a surface car. I had a heavy grip to carry so I would have to take the surface car, and that would make the fare ten cents. So I decided to take a 'bus, for the fare to that was but ten cents, and too, I would not have to get off, but would be taken right up to the station. Well, the 'bus was a Fifth Ave. one, and that is the big street in N.Y. And when we finally got on the Ave. it seemed that at every corner the thing would stop while the driver swapped family news with the policeman. I watched the clocks as we went along and you can bet that I was not willing to bet very much on my chances for getting that train. When we pulled up before the station it was two minutes past four. I grabbed the grip and rushed in, and by the time I got my ticket it was almost time. Then I had to go out in the open and find the train and that is no easy job. I saw one track that had a light so I rushed over to it thinking that it would be the one that I wanted. Of course, it wasn't. I asked a uniformed man for the Philadelphia local and he pointed out a dismal corner to me about two hundred feet away. Just then the guy there yelled all aboard. Well, I got the train, but it was just with seconds to spare.

By the way, I must not forget to tell you that I met an old teacher of mine of whom I thought a great deal. He was a mathematics teacher that I had in Sophomore year. Kenyon Dzung and I were walking along when he passed us. I told Kenyon that that was Prof. Swift and he at first did not believe it. But when I insisted, he suggested that we speak to him. So we followed after him, and finally overtook him on the steps of the Columbia Library. He heard us following and stopped to see what we wanted. We told him that we were old pupils of his, and he said that he remembered our faces but not our names. I told him my last name and he at once remembered and gave the full name. We talked a while and then he had to go on. He is a Prof. in

If I run forget to do so, remind me to tell you of a visit that Aunt T + I took to some of the brass shops in N.Y.

the University of Vermont, but was in New York for a meeting of some mathematical association. He is a splendid teacher and a man that I liked very much. And it seemed strange that Kenyon and I should meet him together, for it was in Sophomore Calculus that Kenyon and I first became acquainted. And then four years later, in a strange city, we meet the teacher in that course.

I am trying to get down to work now, but am not succeeding very much. However, I had better succeed soon, for I have a lot to do. I think that I mentioned to you something about going on to Wittenberg next year. I have almost positively decided to do so. The work here is not what I want and I do not think that my time is being spent as profitably as it should be spent. So I think that I had better go on and take the Seminary work. I certainly hate the thought of leaving this place, and especially this Graduate College for you could not want more ideal surroundings. However, ideal surroundings are not all that must be considered, and I am not satisfied with some of the other considerations. I got a letter a few days ago from Dr. Bauslin, the Dean of the Seminary. He said that Frank Pryor had spoken to him about me, and he hoped that I would come to Wittenberg. I have not answered him yet, but shall tell him that I shall be there eventually, and in all probability next year. I shall also see whether I can secure any position as a teacher in the college, or else in private work. For I shall need something of the sort.

Just the day before I left for New York I got a note from Coronella which begged me to come down to Washington. She said that the family had an invitation to dinner on Xmas at a little town over in Virginia, and I was included in the invitation. An old-fashioned Southern country dinner! I hated to miss that and I would have enjoyed a trip to Washington, but I knew that I wouldn't have the time. I think that I shall go down there at Easter, if not sooner. For this may be my last year in the East and I want to see what can be seen before it is too late.

Well, I must say good-bye now. I had rambled at length and still I have a lot more to say. But if I continue this may have to be sent by the "partial" post. Give my best love to Memie and Buttie and Sis. You don't know how I missed being home this year. But the time will pass quickly. Aunt T and Aunt Hattie send love. And I too send lots of love and kisses.

Many thanks for your Xmas gift.

always loving Ivan.

Mizpah.

Princeton, N.J.,

Jan.20,1916.

Dear Mother:-

I am really sorry that I caused you so much trouble and worry as to what I was going to do for Xmas. I did not raelize from your other letter to just what extent you worried about me. Bit I promise that it will never happen again.

X In regard to my going to Wittenberg next year, I have written to Dr. Bauslin, the Dean of the Divinity School - or rather, he wrote to me first. I told him of my intentions, and said that I should be most glad to come to Wittenberg next year, but there were things that would have to be considered. And the most important one is the financial situation. Did I tell you that there is a possibility of my getting a big scholarship next year? If I cannot get it here I have a chance in such Universities as Harvard, and Yale, and Pennsylvania, and Columbia, and Cornell. And even if I do not get such a scholarship, I have the opportunity of doing private teaching here at Princeton at which I could more than make expenses and have a comfortable sum over at the end of the year. Now I really do not care to be back in the East next year. I am heartily tired of it and want to be back in the

"West", as they call almost any place that is beyond Philadelphia. However, I want to get something to do when I am at Wittenberg, in fact I have to, and so when I answered the Dean I told him of my prospects here. And I told him that I could not positively consider coming to Wittenberg unless assured of some position in which I could make something toward my expenses. Do not misunderstand me. I do not mean that I am going to stay here. I am just putting up an argument for a job next year. I told the Dean that if I did not secure anything favorable at Springfield, it would be better for me to stay out a year. And really, it would. Suppose, for instance, that the highest pay per hour that I could get there was $.50, while here I could get $1.50, as I could if I wanted to take the time. You see, it would take me three times as long to earn a certain amount there than it would take me to earn it here. At that rate, it would be better for me to stay here, and put in the time at teaching that I would put in at Springfield, and thereby I would not only make enough to keep me this year, but I would have enough to last for the next year without working. I pointed that out to the Dean, and asked him what could be done for me. I received an answer from him but he did not tell me of anything definite. He said that many of the students there were receiving

r not bought my Xmas gift from you yet, but will get some that I want. Will let you know what they are when I get them.

aid from their local synods, and thought that if I were desirous of so doing I could receive aid from our synod. And as to work, he said that many of the men there find something to do after they are on the grounds. I shall write to him and tell him in the first place, that I do not wish to receive any aid from our synod, or from any such organization. It has neverbeen necessary up till now, and never will be necessary if I can help it. As to getting something when I am once on the grounds, that is too vague for me. I should like to have a more definite assurance. The Dean did say that I might get something in the College. I shall write him and ask if that is possible. But you can see that if I can get a scholarship here in the East that would pay me from $500 to $600, it would be foolish for me to go to Springfield with no assurance of anything to do. Now I am not positive that I can get such a scholarship here - I at least have the possibility, but I can get ~~prospects~~ private teaching here that would pay me at least $1.50 an hour. But as I have said, if the least opening presents itself to me, I'll go to Wittenberg, for I want to be nearer home. I have been away for a long enough time to suit me. So do not accept it as positive that I shall be at Wittenberg next year, but if it is at all possible, I'll be there. X

over

el Mennie I got her letter + will answer soon.

I see in the Church Work and Observer that John Gardner is going to have the work at St. Paul's. You know he is one of the Second Church boys, and has been up in Indiana since his graduation at Wittenberg a few years ago. I also see that Trinity has a preacher, and that the mission down in the West End is started. What I should like, as I see things at present, would be for that mission to get a fair start toward being a moderate-sized congregation, and then get the job there when I am through. For I certainly would like to be at home in Louisville when I am through, and I do not believe that there is any other church that I would care to take. However, we must take things as they come and not try to anticipate too much. At present there is enough to be done without planning for things that we know almost nothing about.

I am very busy now. Examinations have been announced in two courses in which I had hoped they would not be required. However, I am not going to study for any grades, but even at that I shall have to work if I want to pass them at all creditably.

We had an interesting service out at Stony Brook on Sunday night. A young man over at the Seminary who is a graduate of the Lutheran Sem. in Philadelphia was there with me to conduct the service. And too the one who is here at the Grad. College went along, so we had quite a Lutheran gathering there.

Must say good-bye now. Best of love + kisses to + all, to Mennie, to Bettie, to Sis, + too yours. always lovingly Ivan

Mizpah.

Sept 20-1916

AMERICAN WHIG SOCIETY
PRINCETON UNIVERSITY

FOUNDED 1769 PRINCETON, N. J.

Feb 3, 1916

Dear Mother:-

Have been wanting to write but exams are on now and I have been busy working for them. We had one last Saturday. It was not very hard, but I spent a lot of time in study for it and for some other things that came just about then. We then had an exam. scheduled for Tuesday and I put in some hard knocks for that. When we got to the place assigned for the exam we persuaded the Prof. that we did not need to take the exam so he excused us! Sounds queer, doesn't it? He had the exam papers printed and was just ready to distribute them when we managed to get excused. He said there was really no necessity for an exam. For we had all studied for it and that was all he wanted, and if he had any more fun out of us he would have to pay for it by marking the papers! So he let

we go! He then said that he had read some of the essays that we handed in and would spend the first hour of the next term in personal abuse! Tomorrow I have my third and last exam, It is in Ethics. Then for a loaf of about two days, and then work again.

Pardon this scrawl, but I want to be sure that this letter gets off so that you hear from me this week. Best of love and kisses to you and mamie, + Butz and Sis.

Always lovingly,

Joan.

Kiszpah.

Feb-3-1916

Feb-8-1916

(1)

Princeton, N.J.,
Feb. 8 - 1916.

Dear Mother:-

My exams are now over and I am loafing a little while before going back to work. I have been wanting to write to you but the time has passed so quickly since Friday that I hardly know where it has gone. On Friday night some of the fellows here came in and we had a high time. It was 2 in the morning when I got to bed. But after the work that I had been doing I did not mind this, but rather enjoyed it. The night before I was up till 2:30 studying and then got up at five in the morning. I hated to do this but I had to. I was going to be examined on a book that I had not fully read then. In fact, I had almost the entire book to read through on Thursday and the job was bigger than I thought it was. The exam was hard and I nearly busted my arm writing. But I was glad that I knew enough to bust the arm. I'd rather do that than bust my head thinking. On Saturday I read a little in a book by Scott called the Talisman. It is much on the order of Ivanhoe. The book was interesting enough but I was sleepy so I fell asleep in my chair before I knew it and slept almost the whole of the morning. In the afternoon one of my chums here had a telegram from home. He has the room that communicates with mine and is practically a room-mate to me. He lives out in North Dakota, and his father is a Professor in the University of North Dakota. Well, about three in the afternoon one of the boys came into my room and said that there was a telegram from the Western Union which said that George's father was critically sick and he should come home at once. Well, George was completely stunned. He had gotten a letter from his father just the day before in which his father was as well as could be. And the surprise was a terrible one. He at once began to look for his time tables to see when he could get a train.

(2)

But he was so nervous that I had to help him. But he suddenly calmed down and began to get ready to go. The worst of it was that if his father died, George in all probability would have to stay home and help support the family. He said that his father was subject to Bright's disease, and was afraid that that was the trouble with him. He finally got things straightened out a little in his room and then went out in town. He had to see the Prof. whom he is assisting and tend to some teaching that he is doing. When he came back he had bought his ticket and said that he would leave right after supper. I had gone around to some of the other fellows and told them of the trouble and we decided to make it as light as possible for him. So as soon as he got back from town the bunch of us helped him to pack and managed to keep his mind free from worry. The hard part is that in case his father dies George will not only have to quit his studies here but he will not even be able to come back and see after his things and tend to such business as he ought. So he asked me to send his things to him in case he could not come back, and took along with him only such things as he could get in a couple of suit-cases. Supper - or rather dinner - was a gloomy affair for us although we tried to make it cheerful. As soon as it was over five of us went to the station with George. He came near breaking down as the train pulled out but he bore up well under the strain. His leaving has cast a gloom over our bunch here, and especially over me, for I did not realize how much I had become attached to him till he left. He promised to send us a telegram if anything serious happened, and as we have not heard from him yet we think that the worst has not come, and sincerely hope that it will not.

On Sunday I went out to Stony Brook as usual. I had prepared a discourse on Ps. 119: 11, Thy word have I hid in my heart, that I might not sin against thee. However, there was such a small "congre-

gation" that I did not give my speech, but held an informal service instead. Edwin Hazen, one of the boys here, went out with me and sang for us. He has a very rich voice and uses it well. He sang the song "Hold Thou my Hand", which you have probably heard. The weather was not bad but the roads are quite bad since we have just had a snow and it is beginning to melt. Well, that just means less labor for me this week, and gives me more time to look ahead.

Last night a bunch of us went to the "Movies". It was the first time in a long time that I had been and I enjoyed the spree immensely. There were seven of us and we were very lively at times - much more so than we would even think of being anywhere but in Princeton. At one very touching place the heroine was seriously hurt and they were carrying her into the hospital in a curious sort of stretcher and bed. At this solemn part Fritz Schweitzer in a loud voice wanted to know why they were taking the load of coal in there. Between two of the scenes four young ladies came in and sat down just in front of us, and we recognized them to be some of the nurses in the infirmary. Just as they sat down, two of our "graduate-rest-students" went down the aisle, one of them named Jim Shively. He had just been in the "pest-house" for a week so he knew the nurses and nodded and spoke to them as he passed. At this point Fritz called out, "Jim, keep your eyes in the boat." Fritz has been getting quite live these days. The other afternoon I was playing hand-ball with him. He is just learning so I had all sorts of fun with him. He is very fat, and one time I soaked him square in the pants with the ball. He let out a yell and said that this was worse than the trenches. That night at supper he was telling someone about it and he said that he thought that something blew up. In the last game I promised him that if he got eight points the game would be called his. One of the boys asked him how that game came out, and he said that he couldn't even make one point

(4)

although he nearly busted his boiler trying to do so.

I am butting into musical society here. We have a mandolin club and I play the guitar in it. We certainly have fun. There are about eight mandolins and four guitars and the music is really good. We have been invited to give a public exhibition in the assembly room some time, and some even said that we would have to play at the dances that are occasionally held here. But we think that these gentlemen are kidding us. I am also getting to be very intimate with the workings of the organ. George Perrott, who was an organist in one of the churches at his home, said that he liked my registration, that is, the choosing of different tones and the combinations of the stops and key-boards. And another young man whom I do not know said that my foot- work was especially good. (Butz can tell you that I always was strong in the feet.) I have a lot of organ music that I got in N.Y. and have been trying it occasionally. I think that I shall try to get a job as organist in some church in Springfield next year. I now feel that while I am far from perfection, I can do as well as many who are trotting around as organists. Anyway, if I am too rotten, they can't do any more than bounce me and - nothing ventured, nothing gained. The job would give me about $15 or more a month and that would be enough to keep me supplied with chawing tobacco. And it would give me good practice.

On Friday a Chinese class-mate of mine visited me. He is up at Columbia University, in N.Y. He said that Kenyon Dzung, my especial Chinese chum, has gone back to China. I was certainly surprised, for when I saw him during the holidays he had no idea of leaving. But he has been quite sick and is home-sick too, and then I think that there is some family trouble or distress. I was mighty sorry to hear of his leaving.

Must stop now, as it is late. And well except for spring fever since last exam. But that will have to cease soon. Best of love to Mennie and Bu and Sis, and to you. With kisses, Always lovingly, Ivan.

Wig

Feb 23 - 1916

life and struggles. He certainly did grow eloquent, and said that any one of the pieces on the program would bring fame and fortune to a composer of today. At times Whiting had tears in his eyes when he spoke of Schubert.

Last night I was surprized by a visit from Bob Williams, one of our bunch. He lives in the northern part of the state and came down for the holiday, and stayed all night. He and Doc Severance and I had a good old-fashioned meeting that lasted till two o'clock. Cocoa and music! Bob took my guitar and I had a mandolin. Must stop, as I have a lot of work to do. Best of love to you and Minnie and Buttie and Sis.

With kisses,

Loan.

Mig pah.

Feb. 23. 1916.

Dear Mother:-

I am sending you a copy of the program to the Whiting Recital of last night. You can see that the songs are Schubert's, and that the whole program is of Schubert. It was wonderful. All parts of the program were very good but the three things that I liked best were the "Litanei," "Die Junge Nonne," and "Hark, hark! the lark!" "Wohin", the Huntsman song, and "Die Forelle" were also very good. Schubert's chief charm as shown last night lay in his ability to picture in music exactly the feeling of the poetry that he set to music.

For instance, in the "Litanei" for the lines that read "Alle Seelen ruh'n in Friede" he had a most wonderful burst of melody. It was so calm and peaceful. It was so beautiful, and touching and tender. I was completely carried away by it. And the "Junge Nonne" was beautiful too. You see it opens with the words "Es brauset durch die Wipfel der heulende Sturm." These very words picture to you the raging storm. And the music does too. In the music you can hear the storm lashing the tree-tops. This is supposed to represent the storm of passion that takes place in the young nun's heart as she thinks of the earthly joys and ambitions she has left behind when she entered the convent. Then you have the words, "nun tobe du, wilder gewaltiger Sturm, Du Herzen ist Friede, im Herzen ist Ruh." The storm outside the convent subsides, as the words picture it, and with it dies away the storm in the young nun's heart. Und dann kommt der himmlische Bräutigam um die Braut zu holen; and she feels peace enter her soul. Und dann ertönet das Glöcklein friedlich von Turm; and in the music you can hear the bells faintly ringing. The music seems to stop for a moment, and just as the sound of the bells is dying away there comes in a final burst of glory. "Alleluja, Alleluja!" Oh, it was wonderful. I wish you could have heard it. I know that Hermie too would have enjoyed it. Mr. Whiting before giving the recital told of Schubert's

Princeton, N.J.,

Mar. 8, 1916.

Dear Mother:-

We thought that spring had come here when suddenly it began to snow. It started Monday morning, and soon it was coming down like a regular blizzard. In a very few hours almost six inches of snow had fallen. I had to go out in the afternoon and enjoyed the walking immensely. It was great sport. At hight some of us did a fine stunt. Edwin Hazen, Fritz Schweitzer and myself decided to take a walk. The snow was coming down in flakes like feathers and it was ideal outside for a walk. So we started out. It certainly was hard walking for the snow was very soft and we alipped all over ourselves. We started off across the country, and soon left the Graduate College behind us. There was no moon, but the little light that there was went a long way because of the snow, and we could see everything plainly. We soon reached a plowed field, and had a lot of fun in that, for the snow had drifted so that the field looked level, and we could not see when we stepped on the ridges. The result was several tumbles. We soon came to the water-works, and there crossed the Brook by means of a little bridge. That took us to a little path leading along the canal. We had some fine landscape here, the snowy banks with the long rows of trees. However, we had not gone very far along this path when we noticed that the snow was changing into a sleet and rain. And soon there was nothing but sleet. Still, it wasnot very bad, so we kept on going. Soon we reached the neighborhood of a little place on the canal called Port Mercer. This consists of a house for the keeper of the canal bridge, a "hotel", and a barn or so. From this place a road strikes off across the country, and we took this road. This is the road along which Washington led his men when he came to Princeton from Trenton. He may have had a bad night for his journey but I do not think that he had a worse one. We were now walking toward the north, from which there was a strong wind blowing. And the sleet was now coming down in earnest. A heavy crust had formed on the sonw and this made the walking exceedingl hard. We plowed along, and were soon coated with ice from head to foot.

March 8-1916

I felt the rim of my hat. It was coated with ice. In the same way my over-coat was a sheet of ice doen the front and in the back also. But That was as far as the wetness reached, for all of us were warm inside. We certainly had to work, for the walking grew worse and worse as we went along. Once I tripped on a log that was lying concealed in the snow and tumbled headlong. The snow was so heavy that I could not catch myself and I just had to tumble. I feel sorry for anyone who had to be out on that night, and especially for those who had no place to look forward to as we did. We finally reached the Graduate College, after being out almost tow and a half hours. We were both hungry and tired, and after having a cup of hot cocoa, and a few crackers, we went to bed and slept till late the next morning. Some of the fellows heard what we did and looked at us the next morning as if we were nuts! And I suppose that we were.

Last Saturday night I went over to Alexander Hall and played the organ. Before I knew it, it was after twelve. Time passes quickly when I play. I found a hymn-book there and it contained a number of good familiar hymns, and I became lost in them. I am anxious to get to the organ in our church. I could manage it all right after a little practice. I should like it much better than the one in Alexander Hall for that one does not have nearly as many stops as our one at home has.

Well, I am afraid that I must stop now. I have a class soon and must do a little work for it. Best of love to Memie, and Buttie and Sis, and you. With kisses, I am always

Lovingly,

Dan.

Mizpah.

AMERICAN WHIG SOCIETY
PRINCETON UNIVERSITY

FOUNDED 1769 PRINCETON, N. J.

Mar. 21, 1916.

Dear Mother:-

Spring is here, and with it a fall of snow in the morning which is about the tenth fall of snow we have had in the last two weeks or so. However, it is quite warm this afternoon.

I have had a disappointment in one of my courses. The head of our Philosophy Department, Prof. Kemp. Smith, has left for England. He is Scotch and has gone to help in the war. Our other Scotch prof., Bowman, is in England for almost a year now. I certainly was sorry to see Prof. Kemp. Smith go. I had looked forward to work with him and when I did get into the work this term I enjoyed it. Suddenly he announced ~~that~~ he had to stop. I certainly hope that nothing will

happen to him. He is far too big a man to be fighting in an army, and yet he feels it his duty to go, and I admire him for sacrificing himself as he is doing.

You write about Students joining the army! I wonder where our enterprising relative obtained her information. In the first place, as far as I know, no collegians in the country have come under governmental regulation. Some have adopted military training, but no obligation is imposed on the students. In the second place, there is no such thing as this going on at Princeton. Princeton is the one big Eastern University — I am happy to say — that has not gone crazy over war and preparedness and militarism. It is the only big college that has no courses in military training. I will not say that I do not believe in being prepared to some extent, but I do hope that I believe in showing sense about the matter. So there is no

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present or future possibility of my being drafted into military service and as to my doing so now, I'd like to find out where such news was obtained.

There is another revival going on in Princeton. This is the third in a surprisingly short time. Last spring we had Dr. Munhall, who to my notion is a gas-bag. If he were to go to Europe he would probably be seized by one of the countries to generate asphyxiating gases which could be thrown at the enemy. At any rate, according to my humble judgment, that is what he did to us. Then Billy Sunday had a continuous seven-weeks vaudeville at Trenton in which over $32,000.00 was given to Christian work — that is, to Billy Sunday. And now we are having another excitement. Jim

have probably heard of Gypsy Smith, the evangelist. Well, this is "Gypsy Junior," his son. I have not heard him yet. These revivals have knocked the slats out of the work at Stony Brook. I wish they'd stop.

Mother, could you, as soon as possible, go to Mr. Hulme and tell him to dispose of the $1,000 bond entrusted to the Company, and place the remainder of the money at your account? I have borrowed $800 on it already and shall need a little more soon, and I find that at my paying 6% interest & getting only 5% it would be better for me to have the whole thing disposed of. For you see, the interest on $900 at 6% would be $54 for a year and on $1,000 at 5% only $50. Of course, ~~even~~ for a short time it is less, but even then I pay a little more than I get. So

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I might as well have it settled and be done with it. So please tell Mr. Walker to do that, and see that he doesn't charge me for selling the bond, for he said that in such cases as this there is no charge.

Am well, and hope all are. Have lots to say but must stop. Love to Mamie, & to Bettie, & to Sis, & to you. With kisses,

Always.

Ivan.

Mizpah.

Mch 21 - 1916

(1)

Princeton, N.J.,

Apr. 5, 1916.

Dear Mother:-

I am feeling very sore and uncomfortable at present. This morning I took a long bicycle ride and when I came back for dinner I was so hungry that I ate too much and now I am feeling uncomfortable in that way. The ride this morning was a fine one. A chum of mine here went along with me and we rode over twelve miles in two hours. In some of the places where we were, the roads were so steep and rocky and muddy that we had to salk. The fellow who was with me was not so used to riding as I was and he had to do a good deal more walking than I did. I pride myself that there are not many places where I have to walk a bicycle, but here were some that made me get down. In these places the road was constantly up hill, and now and then we would come to a large bump in the hill. They were so steep that I couldstand up on the pedals and push with all my strength, and I could not move. Considering the country that we went through, I think that six miles an hour was pretty good speed. I certainly was hungry when I reached this place. And then too, I was sore and stiff from yesterday. I played a match in hand-ball in a tournament that we are having here. The man that I was to play is the second-best man in the place, and he is mighty good. From the way he has been playing I considered that I'd be lucky if I got more than five points off of him in a game. Well, we played three games, and while he won I made him work for what he got. And in the last game I got fourteen points out of the twenty-one, instead of five. We were both so tired that we could scarcely stand. And when I took the ride today, my muscles still felt the results of yesterday's work. But this is what I want, for such work will bring me out. Tennis starts soon, and I can have some more fun there. And then there is base-ball. I was out playing some of that a few days ago, and my hands were bruised and swollen badly when I stopped. I am certainly glad for this recreation, for I have been staying in a great deal during the winter, and I need something to tone me up. And when I come home again, I'll be as red as an Indian, and as tough as hickory.

Apr. 5 1916

(2) I have just received some new music, a lot of Schubert's songs. The collection contains a number of his famous ones, such as"Wohin", "Der Lindenbaum", the "Serenade", "Erlkoenig", "Die Junge Nonne", and"Hark! hark the lark". I mentioned some of these to you when I wrote of the Whiting Recital at which many of Schubert's songs were sung. I am anxious to get at the organ and try them. I am sure that you know some of them, you know the melody,if you do not happen to remember the name. These that I have mentioned are so famous that they are now practically folk-songs. They will be fine for us to sing at home.

I must tell you of some fun that we've been having here. It is in the line of spiritualistic stuff. I suppose that you have heard of these table-moving stunts, such as Anna Eva Fay, and others do. Well, there is a fellow here who firmly believes in such stuff, and he invited us up to his room one night to a seance. Well, we got the table moving fine and it did all sorts of stunts. However, it must be said that the fellow who invited us up is of a very nervous and shaky temperament, and the table had good reason to move. The choice thing happened another night in Doc Severance's room. I was not there but they told me about it. One of the fellows there faked a message in old French. The fellows thought that Doc was the only one there who knew French well enough to fake a message in old French, and Doc was absolutely certain that he did not do it. Furthermore, the "Spirit" answered all sorts of interesting questions, and gave answers that Doc looked up the next day and found were absolutely correct. Well, this seemed to prove to them that they did have a spirit that had lived in the time mentioned during the seance, when one day Doc found in his room not only the little bit of verse that they had received during the meeting, but the whole poem from which it was taken! And then Bob Coffin, one of the brightest fellows that I know, confessed that he did it - to the disgust of those who had been talking of the wonderful spirit that we had. Bob confessed that he had a hard time working the thing. The way we did was to repeat the alphabet, and when the proper letter came the table would move toward a certain person. You can imagine the trouble that Bob would have in keeping everything in mind. The fellows did not think that

3)

they were getting anything. They thought of course that the message would be in English. One of the French words was "coeur", "heart". And when the o,e,u came the whole bunch was disgusted and said that they weregetting nothing but a mess of letters. One of the fellows had taken the message down, and did not know what it was. Then Doc Severance looked at it, and saw that it was old French, and unusually fine French at that. Well, the bunch was a sorry looking set when the trick was discovered.

I wish that I could be home for Palm Sunday and Easter. I thank you for the "Easter Greetings" that you sent me from the church. I'd like to hear the music especially. By the way, last Sunday at the Second Church here, we had about forty converts join the church as a result of the revival that we have been having here. And something happened that to my mind showed just the results that you can expect from such a haphazard gathering of people. The incident was told to me by Edwin Hazen, a chum of mine here, who has the Bible class in the Sunday School. He said that as he was going into the church #### with one who was going to join that morning, the young man saw the arrangements being made for the communion. For the first Sunday in April is Communion Sunday in the Presbyterian Church - as against Easter Sunday in our Lutheran and other churches. Well, the young man asked what the elders were doing, and Edwin told him that it was communion Sunday. The young man wanted to know what that was, and Edwin told him that it was the Lord's Supper. The young man had not the faintest notion of what that was! And yet he was taken into the church and partook of the Supper. That is one of a number of examples. And that brings up to my mind something else in the Presbyterian Church that I think unwise, and that is that they take people into the church only on comminion Sundays, and these come but four times a year. So you see, if they did not take this young man in at this time he would have to wait three months, and they wanted him to join the church while he was in the mood for doing so. And the result was that they permitted him to make a step which he was far from understanding. I do not think that it is fair to the young man, nor is it fair to the church. Now I do not believe in the Methodist "probation" membership, but I do think that a man

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should know what he is doing in a case like this. And I might say that the instruction classes in Catechism, and the Confirmation that our Church has, are two things that get at this difficulty in a way that these other churches lack.

Well, I have rambled on and on, and it is time for me to stop. How is the weather at home? We are having perfect spring weather here. It certainly is glorious outside. The only trouble with this weather is that it is poor weather for any one who wants to study. Well, I'll not be a pessimist, so I'll let that pass. How are all the folks? I hope that your and Memie's rheumatism will be better when the good weather comes. Remember me to any who ask about me. Best of love and kisses to Memie, and Buttie, and Sis, and you.

Always lovingly,
Ivan.

Mizpah.

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AMERICAN WHIG SOCIETY
PRINCETON UNIVERSITY

FOUNDED 1769 PRINCETON, N. J.

April 8 – 1916

Mother: –

I shall need some more money. Please have Mr. Malone sell another $100 bond as soon as possible and place it to my credit. Do this just as soon as you can. Also have him place to my account the $25 interest on the $1000 bond. Please write when you do this so that I can know as soon as possible when I can draw on the money.

Thanks for sending to the office.

Dan.

April 8 – 1916

april 16-1916

Princeton, N.J.,
Apr. 16, 1916.

Dear Mother:-

Today is Palm Sunday, but from the services that we have had in Princeton today you would not suspect it. I felt rather provoked this morning at the Second Church because they did not have a Palm Sunday service. It is true that they sang the Palms, but it was awful. It was positively the worst arrangement of the piece that I haveever heard. The soloist carried the melody and the organ and choir accompanied her. Now there were six men and five girls in the choir beside the soloist, and with the organ the result was that you could not hear the solo except at intervals. All that you could hear was this droning chant. The music made me feel sulky and sore. And then the preacher chose a text which was as far removed as possible from Palm Sunday. He had a very good sermon, but I was greatly disappointed - and provoked too. These Presbyterians sometimes go to too great extremes in their simplicity. I certainly wish that I was home. I was speaking to our other Lutheran here and he was to another church out in town. He said the same, and wished that he had been at home at the confirmation service. Well, next year I hope to be in good Lutheran territory, and I won't have to have my feelings riled in this way.

Our service tonoght was rather unusual. We had a cottage prayer-meeting. A Mrs. Hunt out at Stony Brook had broken her ankle a number of weeks ago, and as she is rather well along in years it seemed as if it was going to be serious. However, she is all right now and is almost well. We went around to the Hunt home tonight and had our service there. We had quite a crowd, and had some there who do not ordinarily come because it is so far from the chapel, but who could easily get to the Hunts'. I should think that we had over thirty people there, and that is a large crowd for us. Our service was very informal. We did not have any "speeches" but just had Bible reading, prayer and singing. I

enjoyed the meeting very much, and some of the people there asked to have more of such meetings in their homes. I should like very much to do so, and yet I do not want to omit any more meetings at the chapel than necessary. We have not many more Sundays left, and I want to have a strong finish. After a number of months of strenuous revivals, I want to close the season with some quiet services. And too, I have a number of sermons that I simply have to get rid of. I have been working on them all along, and they have piled up on me, and the result is that I am over-stocked with them. I may have to hold two services in succession on Sunday evenings, or else give two sermons in the same evening. I do not think that the people would object. They might all go to sleep, but the preacher ought notmind that.

When you see Mr. Malone thank him for me. And tell him to sell the bond and place the balance to my credit as soon as he thinks it wise to do so. In the meanwhile, mother, could you sell one of the small bonds for me? The treasurer here is grunting at me for some money, and I do not have any to give him. And too, I have some small expenses, and am getting rather cramped. So please sell one of the $100.00 - or have Mr. Malone do it - as soon as possible and place the money to my credit.

I have definitely made up my mind to go on to Wittenberg next year. I certainly ~~th~~ hate to think of leaving this place. It is wonderful, and I have made a lot of new friends this year, and the most of this particular circle will be back next year. But the work that I would get here would not be satisfactory, and there would be no use in my coming back. Did I tell you that when Prof. Kemp Smith left, he took me aside and advised me not to come back here for any more work? He siad that as far as he could see it would be best for me to get on to the work in the seminary at once. And another, in fact, several other of my teachers here told me the same. So I have decided to do so. I shall get another degree in June, the degree of Master of Arts - the other was Bachelor of Arts - and this will be useful to me. One thing that I'll be glad of is that I'll be near home and can come home oftener than I have done this year, for instance!

Well, I've reached the end of my paper and as it is late I'll say good-night. Best of love to Mennie, & Bobbie, and Sis, and lots of love & kiss to you.

Always,
Jean.

April 27-1916

AMERICAN WHIG SOCIETY
PRINCETON UNIVERSITY

FOUNDED 1769 PRINCETON, N. J.

4/27/16.

Dear Mother:-

I have been working steadily, and yet I do not seem to have done much. I suppose that it is because I have not been working steadily at any one thing, but have been jumping from one thing to another. That is the way I spent my Easter vacation - just jumping from one thing to another. And that is the reason why I did not write home; I always intended to write, and then something would come up that I would have to do.

We have had a scare in measles here, but I fail to see any reasons for the scare. There wereseveral cases down at the infirmary, and there seemed to be danger out in the twon, so the result was that the vacation was extended for a week. Unfortunately this applied only to the undergraduate departments, and not to the Graduate College. However, two of my five classes are in the undergraduate department, so I come in for a brief vacation there.

over.

The other day we had a crew race with Harvard. Some of us were down to see it in our canoes. The race was very close, and I thought that Harvard won it. However, I could not see the finish except at an angle, so that accounted for my misjudgment. However, we did not win by much - it was only a matter of a couple of feet, and this is small indeed in a race of over a mile and a half.

I am going to write on to Wittenberg this week, to the dean of the Divinity School and make arrangements for next year. I certainly hate to leave Princeton, and especially the Graduate College. The place is wonderful, and I have come to have a number of intimate friends whom I hate to leave. When I came here this year I had hoped to lead the life of a hermit to a great extent. That was because I had based so much on the work that I was going to do. But my work turned out in a way that I had not expected, and fortunately I came to know more men than I had expected to know, and now I can say that the chief benefit that I have had here

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has come from the men that I have rubbed up against. A number of us were here during the holidays, and we had a royal time. We celebrated the first night with a feed and rough-house. We were up in Doc Severance's room. We had for our feed some real fat "dogs", some buns, sweet cookies, and some tea. It is very seldom that I really care for tea, but this was great. It was some tea that a Chinese student left here last year, and I have never tasted anything like it. Furthermore, I drank it in the approved way of drinking tea here, that is, with nothing in it but sugar - some drink it without the sugar, but I am not educated to such an extent yet. After the feed we had some music. I unburied my fiddle, and George Perrott played the piano in accompaniment, and we kept the court in agony for some time. Then two of the fellows played some duets on the piano, and finally we played some trios. The racket was awful. It was then about one o'clock. Ordinarily we are

over

supposed to make no noise after eleven, but this was vacation and we made the most of it. Our final stunt was to give the College a salute of guns and bugles. One of the fellows here has an old gun whose noise is far greater than the damage it can do. Others had some six-shooters and there was a shot-gun. The rest of us took the nozzles from the fire-hoses in the halls, and as a last resort, one of us had some rattle-bones that made a terrible clatter. At a given signal we fired off the guns, and blew on the nozzles in a way that made them sound like bugles. Just before we did this, while we were marching out into the court, the night-watchman came out to meet us. He is certainly on the job for everything that is going on. However, he has no power to do anything, so if he does stop anything that is going on, it is not because thefellows are afraid of him. He saw that we wereabout to make a racket, so he said that if he were in our places he would not do that, as it might wake up Prof. Butler. Prof. "Mabel" Butler is the Master of the House here.Well, we

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knew that Prof. Butler was up in New York and hence would not be greatly bothered by our noise and in the second place, we knew that he would not care if he were here. So inspite of the poor night-watchman, we blazed away. The poor watchman then said that he was sorry but he would have to hand our names in! We have all had such threats before, and nothing has ever happened, so we did not worry much over the matter. The next morning, George Perrott and I were talking withanother fellow. He wanted to know if we heard the racket during the night. We asked him what time it happened. He told us. We asked him what it was. He said that it sounded like guns and horns. George and I admitted that we did not sleep! Then Tom said that he thought that he had heard George's voice! We then told him that we had been in it! A little while later a fourth fellow came along. Tom had evidently been talking with him about the noise, for he told him that he had found two who were in the

rough-house during the night. Billy, the fourth fellow started to jump on us and maul us for doing this - inspite of the fact that he was the one who fired the shot-gun, and made the most racket in the bunch! At lunch of the same day we heard that Prof. Paul van Dyke, a crabby little cuss, said that those who made the noise of the night before ought not be permitted to live in the Graduate College! Those of us who were near did not venture to express what we thought of the matter. I personally think of him that he ought not be permitted to run loose in any civilized community. However, he is harmless so it doesn't make any difference.

Well, I must stop. Thank Sis for me for her letter and tell her that I'll write soon. I do not know yet just when I shall be home, but it is not such a long time off. Best of love to Buttie and Sis and Memie, and Best of love and kisses to you.

Always,

Ivan.

Mizpah.

Mother, have you seen about the $100 yet? Let me know as soon as you can.

April 28-1916

AMERICAN WHIG SOCIETY
PRINCETON UNIVERSITY

FOUNDED 1769 PRINCETON, N. J.

4/28/16.

Dear Mother:-

I received your letter yesterday and am answering about the money matters at once. I am sending the blanks back that you sent me so you can tend to the interest. In regard to drawing money on the $1000, I think that it would be unwise. In the first place, I should get only $96 instead of a hundred, so there would be a loss of $4 there, and in the second place it would be a loss to me from the standpoint of the interest that I should have to pay, for I should be paying 6% for the use of this money and should be drawing only 5% on it. Rather than draw only $96, I would ~~rather~~ wait until the whole bond is sold, and then I should get more, and if it so happen that the bond cannot be sold at more than 96, I don't lose anything in that respect, and save on the interest. So as soon

as you have collected the interest on the $100 bonds, please have Mr. Malone sell one and place the money to my account. Please do this as soon as you can, for the treasurer is getting impatient for me to pay my bill, and if I have this $100 I can pay the greater part of it. So please do this as soon as possible, and do not borrow any money on the $1000 bond unless it is quoted at a higher figure.

Have more to write later, but must stop now. Best of love and kisses to all.

Always.

Ivan.

Mizpah.

April 8-1916

AMERICAN WHIG SOCIETY
PRINCETON UNIVERSITY

FOUNDED 1769 PRINCETON, N. J.

5/8/16.

Dear Mother:-

My time here is drawing to a close. As a result I am rushed with work, and yet I do not seem to have the ambition to do it. I certainly have enough to do to keep me busy for several weeks yet, and yet I cannot get down to work. One cause is the weather. It is unfortunate that we are having such good weather - when I have to stay in and work I am very selfish and want to have bad weather, so that there is no temptation to be outside.

During the past week we took some canoe trips. One was an all day trip. We took some lunch from here and went down the Millstone River. Now don't be alarmed at our going down a river, for while we call it officially the Millstone River, it is not even large enough to be called a brook. However, the banks are overhung with trees, and the scenery is very pretty. Four of us took the trip, and we

certainly had a fine time. We had a generous amount of lunch, and as we were hungry when lunch time came, we found a good place and just stuffed. We had some bacon along and fried it in a way that seems unusual, but which is commonly used by campers and picnicers. We got some large stones, cleaned them, and then built a roaring fire on them. When they were hot, we pulled them out of the fire, cleaned the soot off, and then laid the slices of bacon on them. They were soon fried toa crisp. I got terribly sun-burned. I had on a shirt with the sleeves cut off at the elbows. As a result, the sun beamed down on my fore-arms all day. They were a fiery red that night and so was my face, especially my nose. On Sunday my nose began to peel, and I certainly was a beauty.

On Saturday a bunch of us went out for an evening picnic in our canoes. There were just thirteen of us! We had four canoes, and a big lunch had been fixed for us . We told the house manager that we would not be here for

supper, and that we were going out in our canoes, and he fixed us up in true style. We had a lot of bread for our sandwiches, some fine cold roast beef, "dogs" in such a quantity that each got three, jelly, (and butter!), ginger snaps, and an orange and apple for each. We set out in our canoes about half past five, and paddled up the brook till it was seven o'clock. We then went ashore, and built a big fire. In this we roasted our "dogs" bu putting them on the ends of long twigs. The lunch was just right for each one had enough, and there was but little left over. I had taken the guitar along, so after supper we had singing. That is what we called it, but we were so full that I think we flattered ourselves to say that we sang. At any rate, we disturbed the silence till about nine o'clock. We started back in the canoes, and soon found that it was not an easy matter to paddle in the dark. we ran

into logs and all sorts of things. However, the brook is very shallow in these places, so we were never in any danger. When we had gone for a little while, one of the canoes began to leak, and the result was that it could not hold the three men who were in it. So one man stayed in it to take it down, and the other two men went into other canoes. As our canoe is a very large one, we took one of the extra men, in spite of the fact that we already had four men in it. We added up the weights of the men who were in the canoe, and found that we had over 800 pounds in the boat! Quite an amount of junk for one canoe. However, it did not seem to make much difference in the steadiness of the canoe; the only difference was that it was harder to paddle.- It happened that our canoe was the last in the procession of canoes. But we decided that we would not be the last ones in at the boat house, and in fact, we decided that we would be the first ones there. We fooled the whole bunch in doing this too. The canal runs along parallel to the brook in

some places, and when we came to a place where the canal was near the brook we got out, and carried the canoe over to the canal. By this time the first canoes were quite far ahead of us, but we soon passed them. For the canal goes in a straight line, whereas the brook goes in a very winding course; and the canal was free from snags, whereas the brook was quite full of them in this particular place. And then too, we had more light on the canal, as the trees were farther apart. All in all, we had every advantage, and the other fellows did not realize that we had done this. We certainly did paddle. It is true that the weight which we had in the canoe helped to keep it going, but it is also true that we had to work. And we made unusually good speed. We finally got to the boat-house at half past ten. We took the canoe out and put it up, and then waited. Fifteen minutes later the first canoe came in. It was the leaky canoe with the

one fellow in it. We heard him take the canoe out of the watter, dump the water out, and examine the boat. A few minutes later the second canoe came in. It happened that we had left a wodden back-rest down on the dock. The fellows in the second canoe discovered this, and were very much perplexed about it. But we kept still and they did not discover us. At last the other canoe came in. They were the slowest fellows in the bunch, and the funny part was that they thought that they were the first ones in. They were just consoling themselves that they were notthe last ones in when we walked out and surprised the whole crowd. They could not see how we passed them, for they knew that we did not pass them on the brook.-Well, that was the end of the trip. I might say that I slept soundly that night.

Best of love and kisses to all. Tell Sis ~~that~~ I'll write to her in a few days. How are you and Mennie with your rheumatism? With love, Clancy.

Mizpah. Joan.

June 15 – 1916

Princeton, N.J.
Wednesday.
June 15 – 1916

Dear Mother:–

It hardly seems to be almost a week ago since I scribbled a note to you, for time has flown very quickly. Commencement has come and gone. The big "doings" started on Friday night and kept on continuously. On Saturday we had our alumni parade and baseball game. I marched in the parade and, with the rest of my class, had on the usual sailor's clothes. We looked like real sailors. The game was very interesting, and exciting to say the least. Yale had us five to nothing and it looked as if we had lost the game, and as we lost the first game that would mean that we lost the series. Then we suddenly began to pick up. In one inning we got one run; then we simply went wild and batted that Yale team all around the field. When Yale finally settled down we had made <u>six</u> runs. So the final score was 7-5 in our favor. Well, that tied the series. Today we won the third game from Yale, making us the victors. I was out on my wheel and heard the bell in Old North tower ringing. For a moment I wondered

what it was for, and then it flashed on me that it was in celebration of the game which, I inferred, we had won. So we have beaten Yale again.

Mother, I do not know definitely when I'll be home. It will probably be on Wednesday. I'll write and let you know if it will be any later.

A queer thing happened on the morning of the Commencement. I had not intended to march in the academic parade, for I should have to get a totally new outfit and I did not want to give out the money. But I had wanted to sit in the gallery and see the works. Well, we had had a singing concert the night before, and it was day light when I got to bed. When I woke up my clock said 6:30. So I turned over and went to sleep again. When I woke again my clock still said 6:30. It was just beginning to dawn on me that something possibly was wrong, when I heard the trial fire-alarm bell which always rings just after twelve. I got up and looked at my watch and it was 12:15! So instead of hurrying for the commencement I hurried for lunch. I went around to the treasurer's office this morning and got my diploma. So now I am a Master of Arts instead of a Bachelor of Arts.

Well, I am in a terrible rush, so I must stop. Will scribble to you soon again — I can't honestly say that it's writing.

Love to each & every one,

always,

Ivan.

P.S.— Sit postal announcing sale of Cond. Thanks.

Princeton,

June 4, 19 —

Dear Mother:-

Am in a terrible rush. I plan to be home on Friday evening of this week. It will be about 10 p.m. when I get in. Do not try to meet me, as I do not know yet on what ~~train~~ R.R. I shall come in. Have much to say, but no time. Best of love to all.

Always.

Ivan.

More soon.

(I go to N.Y., then Annapolis to a friend, then Washington, then home by B&O. probably.)

June 19-1916

Sept 17-1916

Springfield, O.
Sept. 17, 1916.

Dear Mother:-

Sunday afternoon has come & I at last am free to write to you. I have been working along and am gradually getting settled. I haven't hung any pictures yet, but shall do that at my leisure. By the way, I think I told Alethea to have Raymond pack up my Princeton 1915 banner, the little table throw, & the leather cover that Miss Helen gave me, & send them here by express. If this has not been done, please do so as soon as possible & in addition pack my mackinaw - the little brown overcoat - in with the other things. It has been quite cool up here - much colder than down at home. - Oh, by the way, send those blankets, too, that I left behind. We didn't discover them till it was too late.

I went to the first church here this morning. They have a very large Sunday School, their average attendance being around 800. On Rally Days they have over 1000. It is the largest S. S. in Springfield. I was in a

2) men's class this morning which had 129 present. The teacher is Mr. John L. Zimmerman, a prominent lawyer in the city, and a man who is known all over the country in Lutheran circles. He is a splendid teacher. I think I shall attend his class regularly. The church itself is quite large. The S.S. occupies the whole ground floor, and the church is on the second floor. It is very pretty, but it cannot compare with ours. There are few people in our church who realize what a beautiful church we have. It is only when they get away & see what others have & lack, that they see the beauties in ours. In all the churches ~~that~~ I have been in I have seen few ~~that~~ have an altar to equal ours. Dr. Gardner is the pastor at the 1st church & is very good, although he reads too much of his sermons. But his thought and subject-matter are good. On Friday night the 1st church gave a reception for the college & seminary students. The whole affair was very

formal, but I have come to such a state that I do not expect much informality & warmth except in Louisville. I have never found churches that take people in as our home churches do. So when Louisville folks go to other cities, it seems hard to them. Still, this was not wholly the church's fault on Friday night, for there were such swarms of students, both girls & boys, that it was hard to get the church to feel alive.

There is one thing that I do not like about the life up here & that is boarding. We lead a restaurant life & that is by no means pleasant. There are few places - scarcely any this year - that will take in students as boarders, for they are big rates and poor payers, and there is no money in it. So we have to eat at restaurants out in town. Well, I suppose that I'll get used to it, but I certainly could wish for better arrangements, & I know just how poor Dr. Watts feels about the matter.

Did I tell you that on Friday night (the reception at the 1st church was on Thursday) I went to see Dr. Prince? He is a fine old man.

You can imagine how old he is, for he taught Dr. Waltz in college. I had a very pleasant evening. His two daughters are very pleasant and lovely.

Well, I must stop for this time. Lessons begin tomorrow. We are going to study the catechism, just as we had to do in our catechetical instruction classes. We also have a lesson in Hebrew. I used to think ~~that~~ Greek was bad enough, but this is worse.

Well, good-bye. Best of love to Mamma & Bertie, & Sis, and best of love & kisses to you.

Always lovingly,

Joan.

Wizzpah.

Springfield, O.
Friday Eve.
Sept 28

Dear Mother:-

I am ashamed of myself for not writing but have been terribly busy. My packages from home did not get here till Wednesday morning, + some from Jewell till yesterday. I have their contents scattered all over the room and it certainly is a mess. I haven't made my bed for two weeks now and it looks it. But as far as ~~that~~ is concerned, Luther once went for a half year ~~without~~ making his! However, tomorrow I'll fix up.

Sept 28-1916

Dr. Neve has to send to a Rally Day service next Sunday out in the country. He wants me to come along and make the address. Some to get $5 and the expenses. What do you think of that? Last Sunday night at the 4th Church here I gave a talk on the Lutheran view of Confession & Absolution. Rev. Brown, the pastor, & Dr. Neve complimented me highly. I must stop now.

Best of love to all.

Affectionately

Dan

Mizpah

Springfield, Ohio,
Sept. 29,1916.

Dear Mother:-

I had a job this afternoon of doing some type-writing for one of the professors here. I'll get about a dollar and a quarter for it. I have the promise of more work along the same lines, and I am really glad to get it. The work this afternoon was rather mechanical, but some of the other work will be far from such. I'll have, for instance, to make manuscript copies of articles and books that Dr. Tressler writes, and in that way can get some of his work first-hand before others see it. I think that I can get some work from another one of the professors too.

I am getting along in my classesvery well. I have very little trouble with my Greek; I find that it is all coming back to me. I have had far more Greek than any other man in the class, and the result is that I can go into the work far more deeply than the average man in the class. Today, after class, I stopped and talked a while with Dr. Tressler about a rather obscure point, and discussed some work that I had done in Princeton in connection with this line of thought. Dr. Tressler was very much pleased, and told me to feel free to have such discussions with him whenever I wanted to do so. I did the same with Dr. Keyser a few days ago, and we had quite an interesting talk.

My chief trouble is Hebrew. That stuff is awful. Greek in its worst form is paradise compared with that Hebrew. However, it is beginning to clear up, and I am not having as much trouble with it as I did at the first. All my other work is easy. One of the things that we are studying - and we'll keep at it till we finish it - is Luther's Smaller Catechism. Dr. Keyser is making it very

interesting. When I first had that catechism I little dreamed that one day I would be studying it again, and that time in a theological seminary. If I had I probably would have studied it better than I did, for I remember very little of it, and at times it is a task for me to remember the exact wording.

Well, I should like to say more but must stop. I had intended to write this afternoon, but the work came up suddenly, and I could not refuse it at the time. So I'll have to postpone the rest till later. However, I really have nothing of importance to say

The box came all right, and I thank you and the folks very much. The jelly was safe and sound. I'll have very good use for it. I am getting my breakfast in my own room and I can use it for that and it will be more than welcome. I get milk from a very good dairy co. here and when it comes in the morning you can see the cream on the top of the ~~bottle~~ milk and it fills fully a fourth of the bottle. My other meals I get over in the basement of the dormitory where a Mrs. Swearingen has a little boarding- room. The food is very good, absolutely clean, and thoroughly cooked. In addition to that it is cheaper than you can get out in town on the average. So as regards board I am well satisfied.

Do you remember Chris Wessel who was at Frank Sackstsder's? I had quite a chat with him today. He is getting along pretty well although he has been quite sick. He had to be taken to a hospital in an ambulance very suddenly.

Well, will say good-bye for this time. Best of love to Memie and Buttie and Sis. And with Love and many kisses to you I am

Always,

Ivan.

Sept 29-1916

Oct 22-1916

Springfield, Ohio,

Oct. 22, 1916.

Dear Mother:-

Have just a few minutes before Church, but want to drop you just a line. You remember that Dr. Waltz, on the night of Charlie Seng's wedding, said that he had spoken to Dr. Tressler here about me? Well, On Thursday night Dr. Tressler had me around to supper. I had a very delightful time. I met Mrs. Tressler, who is a very lovable old lady, and also the daughter, who is married, and her little boy, and later in the evening, her husband, who is a business man here in Springfield. The whole family treated me in a very cordial manner. At the supper table Mrs. Remsberger, the daughter, asked me how I liked my work here. Dr. Tressler told her that that was not a fair question to ask me when I was company! I told them that I liked the work very much and even in this short time was better satisfied than I was with all my work at Princeton last year. I told Dr. Tressler what I had done, and we got to talking about the thesis subject that I had for my degree last June. I told the Doctor what my professor taught on the subject and then told him that I wrote my thesis on that. I could see that the Doctor wondered how I treated the subject, for if I treated it in the way my professor did, it would be absolutely contrary to some of the things that Christianity would teach. So I told him that my thesis was throughout a strong denial of what my professor taught. He was very much pleased, and said that he would like to read it some time. The Doctor told me quite a few things about Germany and student life there, for he has his Doctor's degree from Leipsic. He certainly is an interesting man, and a deeply learned man. I am getting a great deal out of him. I told him of some of

men we have at Princeton, and he was greatly interested to hear about them. I told him about the head of our department and the work that he was doing. He is doing work in German philosophy, and Dr. Tressler is especially interested in that. At one time I happened to tell of a conversation that I had with Prof. Kemp-Smith, who is the head of our department. Prof. Kemp-Smith wanted to know where I was going to study theology. I told him Wittenberg. He had never heard of it. Now it happened that there was once a man here named Stuckenburg, who has written a very famous biography of Kant, who is the German thinker that Prof. Kemp-Smith is especially working in. And Prof. Kemp-Smith thinks a great deal of Stuckenburg, who later went to Germany at the University of Berlin. So you can imagine what kind of a man he was. Well, I told Prof. Kemp-Smith that Wittenberg was the place where Stuckenburg was. And he at once knew that it must be no mean place. I told Dr. Tressler about this and he was very much pleased. Well, we may be small here, but we have had some mighty good men in the past and we have some good ones today.

Well, it is time for me to leave for Church, so I must stop. How are Alethea and the baby? Give them my love. I am very anxious to see the baby. Give my love to Buttie and to Memie. Tell her that I'll try to write to her soon. Well, good-bye. Best of love and kisses. I am to preach at one of the churches here next Sunday.

always lovingly
Ivan Always lo
Iva

Mizpah.

Many thanks for the $1 for the Lutheran Church Work & Observer
The paper is coming to me here now.

Nov 16-1916

Friday Night.
Nov 16-1916

Dear Mother:-

Well, hasn't there been some excitement over the election? On Sunday I knew there was going to be a close race. On Tuesday I thought there had been a land-slide for Hughes. All day Wednesday we were expecting a final report, and two reports came out that claimed to be official, but since the one had Hughes as victor and the other Wilson, we doubted them both. All day Thursday things looked doubtful, and even last night at 12 o'clock, when Steven Strutzel and I went down town, there was no certain report although it seemed certain that Wilson would get it. This morning as I was going to class one of the Republican fellows who had been very hot for Hughes admitted that Wilson was elected, so I felt assured that it was so. However, even now I feel as if the whole thing is a dream, and the danger is that some of the states in which the vote was very close, may take a moment and turn against Wilson. Well, at any rate, I'm happy at the present result.

and I think that the Louisville Herald will have to modify what it reported on Wednesday morning. That paper certainly can make a big fool of itself when it gets started.

I do not know what the trouble is but I do not seem to have much time for anything. It is not that my work is so hard. Indeed, it is very easy. The trouble, I think, lies in the fact that I have so many different subjects to work on. And when I get my mind centered on one thing, I have to give it up and go to something else. I ought to be getting a lot more done than I am doing.

Brother, could you get the $25 coupon on my $1,000 bond and deposit it as soon as you can, or have Raymond do it? I need the money and would like to have you do this as soon as you can. And let me know then how much I owe you for the interest that you paid, for I want to settle that.

Well, I am ashamed to write so little, but I want you to get this this week yet, and I have to take it out in town to mail it. How is Alethea, and how is the baby now? Give them my love, and also Minnie and Bettie. Good-bye. Best of love and kisses.

Always,

Dan.

Mizpah.