

Sunday Nov 23

Dearest family

Many pleasant things have happened to me since I wrote to you last. First, I have heard two lovely concerts, the first given by Misses Carmela and Grazia Carbone of the Boston symphony orchestra, the songs all being Italian; the second concert was "Mr Arthur Whiting in a recital of his vocal

Pianoforte compositions, with the assistance of—

Miss Marguerite Lemon (sop)

Miss Marguerite Hall (con)

Mr John Young (tenor)

Mr Francis Rogers (baritone)."

This concert was perfectly charming! The words of the songs were most of them by Kipling and Oliver Herford. The two hits of the evening were Fuzzy Wuzzy by the baritone and Marguerite Lemon in some of Herford's

"Overheard in a Garden." When she came on the stage I thought she was the biggest joy I ever saw. Her figure is terrible, she's very awkward, has a doll's face, —but you should hear her sing (only don't watch the [process]. Her voice is wonderful! I mustn't leave out Mr Whiting. He played all the accompaniments and also some piano solos most exquisitely. He has a charming face and manner. Have you ever heard any of his music?

This was on Friday night. When I came back to Raymond Emily Welch (junior, one of the best actors in college, awfully nice) hailed me on the stairs with "congratulations"!

"What for" says I. "You were elected a member of Omega to night" says she. Hip Hooray. Omega, I'd have ye know is the best of the four

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societies here. Chapters as they are called of the big Phil. alethean society to which anyone may belong. Maybe I'm not pleased!

Yesterday morning at half past eight exactly, six of us set on the walk I told you we had planned to take. There ere Alethea Pattison (seniors, hence chaperone, a perfect dear), Margaret Tucker (awfully nice and clever Massachusetts girl)

three other sophomores whom you never heard of, and myself. We took with us sandwiches, apples, ate and set out on what is known as the Hyde Park road. It is the old stage coach roach that goes from New York to Albany, a fine broad smooth road all the way. First we came to the insane asylum and walked through the grounds which are perfectly

beautiful, way up looking on the Hudson. They say that Matthew Vassar thought of putting the college there—alas why didn't he? Then we walked on till we came to a huge structure bigger than Main in process of building, which is to be a Jesuit Monastery! Doesn't it seem strange to think of a monastery's being built in America in this day and age? Well, we went thought it, and so such fun—to see their little cells and their kitchen and refectory and chapel, the court in the middle surrounded by colonades[colonnades] where the monks will walk their meditative rounds! I envy them their view of the Hudson. From the fifth story windows it is something superb. After we left the monastery we walked on and our thirst grew

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apace. We wanted some cider. We met a nice man raking leaves. He said "Why if you want some cider to drink just go to my wife Mrs Acherty, tell her I sent you, and she'll give you all you want." So we went to his little farm house and got a whole big pitcher of licious[luscious] sweet cider, and she wouldn't take a cent for it. Just as we were

leaving she took out of the oven a batch of the most heavenly rolls I ever saw! And we persuaded her to sell us six of them.

We ate them and then walked on, or ran, skipped, and jumped on, till we came to a little town Hyde Park. We didn't stop there, but took note of the old houses with brass door knockers, and other evidence of antiquity.

Beyond this town we came at last to the estate of Fred Vanderbilt, and what was our dissappointment[disappointment] at finding a sign on the grand marble entrance "Visitors not allowed on Saturdays + Sundays." Well we went on quite a bit farther to another great estate where the great mansion had been burned down two years ago. We went in behind where the house used to be, and there on a cliff right over the river we sat us down to feed. Were we hungry? Perhaps. It was then half past one and we had been walking right straight ahead at a good round pace, except when we stopped for the cider and rolls, since half past eight.

We didn't want to come

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back by the same route. The Hyde Park road though parallel with the river is separated from it by these great estates, and we wondered if there wasn't a path right along by the river, so we went to a little cottage and rang the bell. A most delightful lady opened the door. She said there was such a path but she feared

We couldn't find it since it went through woods, but she insisted upon becoming our guide, so all [hatless] and [coatless] she came along with us for half a mile and showed

us our path. Part of it would go, she said, through the Vanderbilt estate. "But can we go through it?" we said, "Oh yes, they won't care." And so after all, we went through

the grounds, saw the great white marble palace, the bridges, waterfalls, trees, everything! We got home at five minutes before six having walked twenty two miles. I never consumed so much food in my life as I did for supper. Mercy on us! After supper I went to a lecture on the Phillipines[Philippines] by President Schulman[Schurman] of Cornell, and it was simply splendid. Cornell ought to be great with such a man for its president. I went to bed at ten, slept till eight, and this morning haven't even the slightest stiffness to remind me unpleasantly of my long walk! I feel as happy as a jabberwocky. Oh yes, one more thing happened to me yesterday. Constance Warren on account of ill health resigned her position of "representative of 3rd corridor Raymond"

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and I was elected to take her place, so you can imagine me after this keeping peace and order, calling down juniors who make too much noise, and in fact enforcing all the laws of the Student's Association, [ahem]. It is a difficult and responsible position and one has to be exceedingly tactful, especially if one is a sophomore and most of the other people on one's corridor are juniors—but don't you care.

Sunday evening.

This morning I heard a wonderful sermon by Lyman Abbot. He was here last Sunday too, morning and evening, and in a few minutes I am going again to hear him. He is unlike any minister I ever heard. He is so smart and strong, he says things so simply and so well.

This afternoon Polly

and I walked to Poughkeepsie and back, the air was cold and bracing, and my joy was complete when on my return I found your nice letter including the five dollars and Mrs Snow's note. Thanks so much for the spondulix. You were peaches to send it. It is going to be spent for going to see Joe Jefferson in the Rivals on Wednesday night and for going to Lois Viele's to spend Thanksgiving day. She lives in Yonkers you know, between here and New York and she asked me to come and take Thanksgiving dinner with her. I shall go Thursday morning, and we're coming back Friday for the dance which is that evening. Edith Tallant is going too. It was awfully nice in

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her to ask us and I know we shall have a fine time and best of all a good home dinner. I'd have written to ask permission but she asked me so late that there wasn't time, and I knew you wouldn't mind my spending the day there. ++++++++ After chapel.

Dr Abbot was oh so fine. He is to be here next Sunday

again I believe.

One more thing before I close this lengthy epistle—it is a scheme which Ruth, Ernestine, Alethea, and I have planned for ourselves and which we are dying to carry out if it meets with the approval of Ruth's family and mine. Ruth, Alethea, and I have never seen Niagara Falls, and what we want to do is for the four of us to

take a state room on the train that leaves here at nine o'clock Friday evening December 19 and arrives at Buffalo at 7 o'clock the next morning, to stop over and see the falls, and take the regular train west at eleven at night which would get me home at 11.55 Sunday morning. Ruth would stay with friends in Buffalo over night, and the other two would be with me as far as Cleveland. Now don't you think it's a fine plan? Alethea is twenty-two and has lots of sense. Tell me as soon as you can what you think of it, as we want to arrange for stop-over tickets. This will make me just 24 hours later in getting home than if I came straight, —but I will have seen Niagara Falls!

Farewell,  
Slews of love, Peg.

Elected to "omega"

[unclear]

Long walk 22 miles

Joe Jefferson "The Rivals"

POUGHKEEPSIE NOV 24 930A[M] 1902 N.Y.

Mr Joseph P. Shipp

Miss Ship

1010 N. Delaware St

Indianapolis

Indiana.

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INDIANAPOLIS. IND. NOV 25 1230PM 1902