

Sunday May 17, 1903

Dearest Mamie

There you go worrying again when there's nothing to worry about. I am tired but I'm not sick the least bit, so don't disturb yourself, but just pray that I may collect my wits sufficiently to get through some of the awful exams which will soon be here. Literature and history are the only things

I know anything about. As if anybody could understand chemistry!

I've meant to tell you several times and forgot it, that I didn't go in for Field Day after all. I simply didn't have time.

I am enclosing a program of the Concert which came off Friday night. If you'll look on the last page under the "first altos" you'll find my name -- highly exciting!

The monotony of our Sunday bill of fare is not for me this day as I am going in town to dinner with a cousin of Bootoo's, Mrs Van Gieson. You will hear more of it later. Little Bootoo is a treasure Mamie, -- she is profoundly clever. She has the faculty of hitting the nail on the head in a delicious manner. The heads of departments here ask her if she will please tutor for them! And yet she never never digs. You showed your excellent good judgement in liking her right away. She made no impression whatever on me at first, but the longer I know her, the more I like her.

+++++++ Evening.

Well I had a charming time at the Van Gieson's. Mr Van Gieson is a delightful old man, minister of the Dutch Reform Church here, one of the largest and best churches here. His chief joys in life seem to be gardening, botany, and higher mathematics! He is over

seventy years old and very interesting. Notwithstanding his mania for higher mathematics he said he didn't think anyone ought to be made to study them unless they had a natural liking for them. Of the dinner I don't need to speak -- 't'was perfect, and exquisitely served. People in the east certainly know how to keep house, and the "old family silver" is not to be sniffed at. Bootoo and I ate enough to last us a week.

Then -- but first I must tell you of the architecture of the house. The front is on a line with the sidewalk which didn't seem very pleasant.

[Illustration] Back porch bed room Library Kitchen Dining Room Hall Sitting Room Parlor Front door [/Illustration]

Well when we went out from the dining room we walked through the hall to the back porch behind which was a beautiful yard, big as ours, one great garden of flowers, with pretty little paths winding in and out! There was no kitchen in back, nothing to mar the pleasure and privacy!

Evelyn Holliday and Elsie Appel have been visiting Elizabeth Baker and Nora Taggart respectfully, and it was awfully nice to see them. Just think my dear, in scarcely four weeks I'll be at home --

Farewell

Slews of love

Peg.

MUSIC

GMCANDLER

1900.

VASSAR COLLEGE,

Friday, May 15th, 1903, at 8 P.M.

CONCERT of the SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA,

MR. LEONARD B. MCWHOOD, Conductor,

assisted by

MR. GEORGE C. GOW, Organist,

and the

CHORAL CLUB.

PROGRAM.

1. MINUET IN A, Boccherini

SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.

2. THE DANCERS, Berwald.

THE CHORAL CLUB.

Behold these maidens in a row
Against the birches' freshening green;
Their lines like music sway and flow.
They move before the emerald screen
Like brodered figures dimly seen
On woven cloths, in moony glow--
Gracious, graceful and serene.
They hear the harp; its lovely tones
Each maiden in each motion owns,
As if she were a living note
Which from that curved harp doth float.

3. a, SEHNSUCHT, McWhood.

b, WILD ROSE, (arr.) MacDowell.
SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

4. SKETCHES FROM "SIGURD JORSALFAR," . Grieg
a, Borghild's Dream.
b, At the Feast. March.
MR. GOW.

5. PART SONGS: --
THE CHORAL CLUB.
a, Cynthia's Orb of Snow, from "Mefistofele," Boito.
Cynthia's orb of snow
Sheds o'er the earth below
Her silver radiance pale;
Balmy sweet odors rise
Like incense to the skies.
Deep from the dewy vale.
Dryads and Naiads fair
Thro' the mild ambient air
On light wing gently sail;
Zephyr is sighing,
Luna is dying,
Carol, O Syrens,
Sweet as the nightingale
Traveler, stay no more
On the enchanted shore,
By yonder moaning wave;
Soft, an alluring song
Draws thee like fate along,
E'en to a wat'ry grave.
'Tis the fair Syrens' lay
And thou wilt rue the day
With many a wail.
Zephyr is sighing,
Luna is dying,
Carol, O Syrens,
Sweet as the nightingale.

b, Bridal Chorus from "A Life for the Czar," Glinka.
Gaily advancing, free from the ice-pack,

Spring-waters flowing into the sea:
Laughingly flowing, singing, dancing,
What! foolish maiden hid at home!
See her sit grieving, far from pleasure,
Care at her heart-strings, bitter tears in her eyne!

Close in the young grass singeth a robin,
Her daily round-e-lay sorrowful;
Then swiftly flying speeds a falcon,
Snatches the birdling out of the nest.
Pray, leave me hiding, noble falcon,
With my dear mother in the nest.
Antoniduschka, fair Jwanowna
Grieving and sad, tears in her eyne,
Soon riding gaily comes her lover,
Then she must straightway go with him.
Ah! thou dear falcon, leave the maiden
Safe with her mother! leave to me my freedom here!

c, A March Night, Brahms.
Horch! wie brauset der Sturm
Und der schwellende Strom
In de Nacht hin!
Schaurig süßes Gefühl!
Lieblicher Frühling,
Du nahst.

6. "PEER GYNT" MUSIC, from the First Suite, Grieg.
a, Åse's Death.
b, Anitra's Dance.
SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.

7. PART SONGS: --
THE CHORAL CLUB.
a, Come, my Love to me, .. Chaminade.
Once again zephyrs soft are blowing,
April comes again fair and free!
While my heart with rapture is glowing,
Come, my love, to me.

They are gone, all the gloomy hours,
And the gardens now, fair to see,
Teem with singing birds and with flowers;
Come, my love, to me!

O Sun, thy warmth my soul possesses,
And a tender glow comes from thee;
But sweeter far are thy caresses:
Come, my love, to me!

All is still, and in countless numbers
The stars shine out o'er land and see;
When the earth in silence slumbers,
Come, my love, to me.

b, My Lady Chlo', .. Clough-Leighter.

De jasmines am swayin' in de moon's embrace,
Swayin', Chlo';

Yo' lover am waitin' at de wooin' place,
Waitin', Chlo';

O come with yo' dusky eyes of night,
O come en shame de white moonlight,
I'll claso you close en hol' you tight,
My lady Chloe.

De winds am whisp'rin in de bayou and break,
Whisp'rin, Chlo';

En while de winds whisper sweet kisses I'd take,
Kiss you, Chlo';
I'll tell how de bee stolen sweetness sips,
From de orange buds en sugar-cane tips,
Den kiss yo' eyes, yo' cheeks, yo' lips,
My lady Chloe

8. CONCERTO IN G MINOR, for Harpsichord or Organ, Handel.

Larghetto.

Allegro.

MR. GOW and the ORCHESTRA.

VASSAR COLLEGE

[column 1]

HELEN A. SMITH, Concert Meister,

NELLIE A. DUNBAR, Secretary and Treasurer

[column 2]

JULIET F. ROBBINS, Librarian.

PROFESSOR MOULTON, Business Manager

First Violins:

[column 1]

E. M. Heath,

K. Holman,

E. Murphy,

[column 2]

H. L. Payne,

H. A. Smith.

Second Violins:

[column 1]

F. A. Bell,

F. G. Gunnea,

A. Hubbell

[column 2]

G. Keith,

G. E. Marrett.

Violas:

N. A. Dunbar, J. F. Robbins, E. Riedell.

Cello, Professor Moulton.

Double Bass, Miss Wells.

Flute, Professor Dwight.

VASSAR COLLEGE CHORAL CLUB.

L. H. GREGORY, President

[column 1]

L. JACKSON, Secretary.

C. L. REILEY, Librarian.

Prof. GEORGE C. GOW, Director.

[column 2]

M. N. ARROWSMITH, Treasurer.

L. A. WANDEL, Assistant Librarian.

Miss E. A. WILLIAMS, Accompanist.

First Sopranos:

[column 1]

M. R. Amen,

M. N. Arrowsmith,

S. Y. Beiermeister,

G. L. Besse,

E. Bowman,

M. W. Gross,

[column 2]

L. H. Gregory,

A. C. Halsey,

F. M. Hedden,

E. M. Hill,

A. W. Hoag,

M. W. Holden,

[column 3]

M. B. Hutchinson,

L. Jackson,

H. M. McWilliams,

J. F. Melvain,

R. A. Merselis,

H. B. Price,

C. L. Reiley,

[column 4]

J. F. Robbins,

H. A. Scouton,

P. Stone,

H. E. Stull,

L. J. Wile,

F. E. Williams,

R. Witherbee.

Second Sopranos:

[column 1]

M. F. Anderson,

C. L. Barnes,

A. Bourne,

E. L. Campbell,

M. R. Canby,

I. M. Coon,

C. C. Eastman,
M. de Fremery,
L. Hatch,
J. R. Henkel,
[column 2]
E. F. Hopson,
H. T. Hopson,
N. B. Kimball,
H. Platt,
S. C. Russell,
M. S. Spencer,
B. M. Street,
E. A. Street,
E. Wilford.

First Altos:

M. Brunner,
L. Chapin,
L. E. Leonard,
J. S. Norton,
G. H. Richardson,
G. A. Sample,
M. M. Shipp,
A. C. Webster.

Second Altos:

R. A. Bahret,

L. Brunner,

H. Hague,

H. F. Hubbell,

M. H. Noble,

W. Smith,

L. A. Wandel.

Honorary Member:

Mrs. E. S. Atwater, Mrs. J. R. Kendrick, Mrs. J. L. Moore.

Tired

Mostly worried about exams

Evelyn Holliday + Elsie Appel visiting

Eliz. Baker + Nora Taggart visits someone

Choral concert

POUGHKEEPSIE, N.Y. MAY 18 930AM 1903

Miss Shipp

1010 North Delaware Street

Indianapolis

Indiana

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

MAY 19

1230PM

1903