

[May 9, 1910]

Dear Folks:-

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Well the Ceremonies are over and such a proud class you never saw! We were to have [them] Friday night, and Friday I [arrived] fair and [warm] so we were delighted. We had a song-practice that afternoon (around our telegraph pole!) and while we were doing that, lo and behold! The sky was overcast with clouds. We finished however

and went to the Senior-Freshman Basketball Game before it began to rain. There it drizzled and finally poured, so we scuttled home. But by 7 it had all cleared up beautifully, and we went to Chapel rejoicing. But while we were there, and couldn't watch it, the sky cooked up another shower which lasted till 10 o'clock! A madder set you never saw! We got dressed anyhow in our cutey [unreadable], with white chrysanthemums in our

hair, and white sashed tied in a big square bow, and hoped it might stop in time, but no! So we had to content ourselves with giving an opera (?) for Mrs. Brady's benefit in Dutch's room. It was a [unreadable]! Saturday morning was Field Day and it was grand. But Jean, steel yourself, your record is broken, and by whom do you think? Inez! She didn't come [within] a mile of it in her regular [throw], but she got first place, and that entitles her to 3 trials to break the record, you know, so she did it. Jean's was 172 ft. and something, and Inez did 177 ft. 5 in. tho' [though] at first she only threw 168 ft. and something. I know you'll be heart broken. We almost broke the [unreadable] Record, but our lady couldn't quite do it. She --

Almeda Barr -- wore her "V" however by making the record for the 75 yd. Dash. The Seniors won as they deserved and then the classes were properly [unreadable] the scale -- 1910, 1911, 1912! It was a boiling hot day, and you've never seen such a scarlet faced bunch as we all were.

Saturday afternoon was the All Chapter Play -- "Op-o-Me. Thumb" which was very good. There

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Dickens had a picnic on Sunset - a very spitty one, with ice cream, etc., and [unreadable] Cooper and Charlotte [unreadable] and Kate Foster and I [acted] 2 lovely charades for them "up-lift-(+)ed" and "bar-ba-ric!" The last was very realistic when we acted the whole word for [Monte] was a mother and Kate a little girl, and Charlotte and I

were Indians. She had a striped blanket and I had a red halo tied round my forehead. We

skulked up beyond them, and just at the proper moment Charlotte gave an ungodly screech, and we proceeded to scalp them!

After chapel tho' [though] came the event. We all hopped into our [unreadable] once more, took our chysies and a box of matches firmly in our hands, and tore down to the lake. There we were given darling little Japanese lanterns on poles, and even got into our formation and came in quietly thro' [through] the Library gate in 3 divisions. At the proper moment we all lit our lanterns, and I wish you could have seen how perfect it looked. Just imagine about 200 little lights dotted along between the Library and Raymond and a perfect, quiet dark night,

and no sound but our voices and the violins. [Unreadable] sticks were lighted and used to keep time as we came up singing the song to the "Japanese Lullaby," and then counter-marched, and came around the tree in a huge circle some eight rows deep. We ended our song with a chorus which went, "Surging, swaying, swaying lanterns have guided us in," and then we swayed our lanterns back and forth. When we

finished, Laura, as the priest, sang a prayer to the God of Light, and the harmony was made by a chorus humming. I have never heard her sing more beautifully, and all the chorus were exactly in with her -- everyone says the effect was heavenly. In the response to her prayer chimes were heard in the distance, there was a moment of perfect silliness and then the tree flashed into light, as we [showed]

with our arms raised in supplication. Then we sang a song of triumph. Then the Orator (Lilias) made her speech, which was exquisite -- very mystical and symbolic. Then Helen Lathrop, our President, made her speech - which was dear and sweet - and then she put the seal round the tree and, as she expressed it, "clasped with a clasp as firm as our mutual purpose." At a given signal, and as we sang the Lullaby music again, we all filed off in an [unreadable] circle -- the first now turned to the left -- the second to the right, and so on, so that the effect was a swirling mass of lanterns growing fewer and fewer, or, as someone else said, it looked like a swaying veil of light round the tree. We disappeared among the trees

and, the lights went out and it was all over. It was beautiful to be in, and everybody says it was exquisite to watch. But I'm sorry in some ways that it's all over. Nevertheless we have a perfect darling of a tree -- it is next to 1908's -- between the Library and Raymond, and is a very pretty shape -- not very tall. It is a Norway Maple, and is always [set] first thing in the Spring. After the ceremonies we marched round campus

singing lustily, and then put the banner round the tree, where it has been ever since. Goodness! Haven't I gabbled about that tree? I'm sorry, but it's what we have lived on for the last 48 hours!

This afternoon Mrs. Brady took Jean and me on the most perfect automobile ride out to Fishkill Landing. It was a [glorious] day, and we enjoyed every minute of the ride.

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Next Week's Hall Plays is Hall Play on Sunset, and it is "As You Like It," and we all know it so well, we are much excited.

I hope this letter isn't too much of a bore with the Ceremonies -- I'll try to behave after this.

Lots of love from
Marjorie

POUGHKEEPSIE, N.Y.

10--30AM

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