

1-21-1890

Report of the Annual Banquet

Phi Sigma

Mary I. Lyman

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REPORT OF THE PHI SIGMA BANQUET HELD JANUARY 1 1890.

Now listen, my children, and a tale you shall hear,
Of a banquet that happened in that long ago year
When Grandma was young, and her teeth were all sound.
How the men and the maidens from the country around,
Came to welcome the year 1890.

At dear old Aunty Fitch's we met on that night,
And when all were assembled 'twas a right goodly sight
To see the glad faces and hear the bright jokes;
For Phi Sigma Class were the wittiest folks
Met to welcome the year 1890.

When all had assembled the tables were brought.
And now every heart with excitement was fraught
As to what the surprise of the evening should be.
Our committee we trusted had tried faithfully
To distinguish this year 1890.

In a minute they came bearing trays loaded down
With little white books which we took with a frown
Of perplexity. What should we do with these books?
But turning them over we changed our sad looks
As we read January 1 1890.

Something pleasant we knew was in store for us soon;
So we hunted our partners by stripes, stars and moon;
Then seated at tables we laughed and we joked,
Told stories, ate olives and no--never choked
At that feast in the year 1890.

In the midst of our feasting some one called a lull;
When old Lawyer Wagner's wife read out in full
(You know her well, children, she lives round the square)
Some good resolutions we'd made true and fair

To be kept by the year 1890.

How we laughed with delight over good brother Fitch-
Dear Aunty's brother Fred--he'd not sworn to be rich,
But to try for himself, e'er the year should be over,
If ^{his} wife would bring bitter or sweet to her lover
^

In the months that preced 1890.

But at length the feast over we gather in glee,
For dear Sister Homer is waiting we see.
She wishes to echo the praise of each heart
To one ever faithful in his nobly-borne part

As President before 1890.

And then to our stories we hasten forthwith;
For now the surprise to you, dears, I'll bequeath;
Each couple must write, in one short half an hour,
A story of travel or romance or power,

Of two years from the year 1890.

The stories progressed with a wonderful ease,
And the writers were doing their utmost to please,
When the leader called "time"; then an uproar arose.
Not one was near ready. Why they Never could close.

Lend some minutes, O good year, 1890.

Five minutes; ten minutes; fifteen have gone by;
Then firmly the leader demands that each try
And wind up that long tale which his genius inspires
About the World's Fair, which no member desires

Two years from the year 1890.

Now we heeded the call of Lawyer Wagner's stern voice.
And soon in our hearts we were made to rejoice.
As we list to the reading of tale after tale
The sum of our joy turned to laughter. A gale

Swept the Class in the year 1890.

When the readings were over and we'd all sobered down,
A Virginia Reel was proposed; then black coat and gay gown
Took the floor and together they swung and they marched

They clapped and they galoped; while with hands overarched

Two stood as the others passed under.

Next round the piano the company stood
And joined in the College songs, jolly and good.
Then good-bye's must be said, and best greetings exchanged,
And wraps must be donned, and some escorts arranged.

So closed January 1 1890.

And now, my dear children, you've listened full well
To this long-ago tale Grandma loves so to tell.
The faces are old now, that once were so young;
The hair now, is gray and a f altering tongue

Tells the tale of the year 1890.

But the friends are as dear as when long years ago,
As young men and young maidens, with hearts all aglow
We met round some hearthstone, with frolic begun;
And we welcomed each year with as much kindly fun
As we did the good year 1890.

Friendship may be lasting and strengthen with age,
Though the years may write sorrows on many a page.
And if friends trust each other, through shade as through sun,
They may reap rich rewards as Phi Sigma has done
Since that night in the year 1890.

Mary I. Lyman.

Jan. 13 1890.