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History of the Annual Social

Phi Sigma

Jessie C. Fitch

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Up to five minutes past seven
on the evening of Phi Sigma's an-
nual banquet; - we supposed, - and
believe that the majority of the mem-
bers of the class were with us - in
this supposition, - we supposed that
Miss Willcox was to be our hostess, - at
least we were so informed by our
invitations. At ten minutes
past seven, we discovered that we
were mistaken, found that Miss
Willcox had deserted us, found that
in her place had appeared a young
lady, who so closely resembled
Miss Willcox that we doubt if her
own father could have distinguished
between them. This second
young lady who was to act as
hostess was known as Portia.

When Miss Willcox vanished
she caused to vanish with her
all the old familiar names
which we are accustomed to hear
in our gatherings together, wheth-
er they be of a literary or a social
character. In their places
we heard names, familiar to
be sure, but so strange, so
strange that these personages,
historical or fictitious, living in
such widely separated countries
in ages divided by so many hun-
dred years should have assem-
bled under one roof for a New
Year's "merry-making."

But truth is stranger than
fiction" and there they were
slowly and majestically des-
cending to the dining room -
Anthony and Cleopatra, followed
by Koko and Yum-Yum, John
Alden and Priscilla with Paul

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and Virginia, Romeo and Juliet
with Hiawatha and Minnehaha.

It is doubtful if some of
these ever heard of escalopee
oyaties or salted almonds - minced
potatoes or chicken salad with
which they were bountifully sup-
plied during the hour and a half
which they spent in the dining-room.

This however did not prevent the
rapid disappearance of the good
things provided for their consump-
tion! Appetites too were improved
by the almost constant moving
about on the part of the gentle-
men to see if the lady over in the
corner was engaged for topic No
7 on the conversation program -
or "could the lady with the blue
ribbon discuss it's 3 with the gen-
tleman of the green ribbon?"

Supper finished, the company
returned to the parlors - and soon

fifteen couples were trying to decide the momentous question "Is self the best companion?"

Topic 10 to 11 - on our conversation programs read - "Each hour has its appointed sound" - but this must have been a typographical error, for it was very evident that the program committee had meant to state that "Each period of three minutes has its appointed sound" meaning the tap of the bell, which was the signal for a general up-rising from one partner and down sitting with another for another three minutes conversation on the next topic.

Reports from various members of the company are cited to prove that medical problems, learned discourses upon the Concord philosophy, confidences, theories, doubts, ridiculous nonsense and mere nothing

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ness - used as elements, entered extensively into the composition of those three minute conversations.

New year's resolutions are altogether likely to give expression to some heart felt desire whether it be for the correction of some fault or the determination to ~~fulfill~~ some long cherished hope. These faults or hopes as the case may be are usually so successfully concealed that even our closest friends are not aware of their existence, and therefore create considerable surprise and amusement when revealed as upon the occasion of Phi Sigmas banquet of '88 which took place in '89. We disapprove of flirting on general principles and are indeed glad that two of our number have fully resolved that hence forward they will abstain from that entertaining

but dangerous practice—and that one of these goes even farther and says he will not drink, smoke, chew, swear, say rats, quote poetry, pun, giggle, or go to sleep in church again. We suspect that some of these items were inserted in this resolution to make it appear that he was making a great sacrifice, but if the truth were known we would find that he never could be accused of having such habits.

Notwithstanding the old adage about "girls that whistle and hens that crow"; also in the face of the recent supposed discovery that whistling causes the hair to fall out we think the young lady who resolves to abstain from whistling and climbing fences will do well to reconsider her decision. It has occasionally

been necessary for her to climb fences in the past and should the emergency ever occur when she must choose between climbing the fence or staying on the side where she greatly prefers not to be, we feel sure she will regret having ever made such a resolution.

We soon begin to hear again the names of Phi Sigma friends and from moment to moment they become more numerous until all have returned and with their return have put to flight the curious company who for a time has displaced them.

Then we realize that all things have an end, that Phi Sigma banquets are included in all things, and therefore Phi Sigma banquets have an end.

The one under present considera-

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tion had its dying moments en-
livened by the old familiar
college songs, participated in by
all, — and slowly but not
silently came to be numbered
among the events of the past.
as the hands of the clock on the
mantel neared the hour of mid-
night on Jan 1 - 1889 and we
said Good bye to our ~~friends~~
feeling that this had been one
of the most enjoyable of Phi
Sigma's always delightful
Banquets.

Jessie C. Felch
Jan 22-1889

Report of
Banquet
Jan 1899
Jessie Cottrell

Dinner - Luncheon