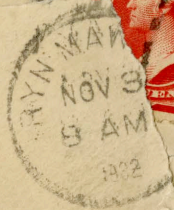


Mrs J. L. Greene,
49 West 68 Street,
New York City.



NEW YORK
NOV 3 1 30 PM
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Merion Hall
Bryn Mawr
Nov 2nd, 1902

Dearest Mother,

The illustrious
class of 1905 has passed through
the crisis successfully. Friday
night the college received the
fruit of our six months labor
and approved.

This week has been an
awful strain. Rehearsals all
afternoon and evening made
no improvement in our acting.
Thursday found the play in
the same crude condition
that Oct. 1st did. No costumes
had arrived, no scenery

was made All was hopeless
Confusion. The prompter timed
the production and found
that it took an hour more
than it ought to have. The
actors as a whole spoke too
low and I too indistinctly.

My savings were unintelligible
gibberish. So much for Thurs-
day. I could not sleep that night.

The next afternoon we had
the dress rehearsal which the
maids attended. In the back
of the room the paperers
were hard at work on the
scenery. The excited actresses
split their clothes and wobbled
with uncertain steps in their
loose skirts. My wig

was much too ³ small and
my whiskers would not stick
The first act dragged miserably
The second went fairly well when
I appeared in bed room attire
The paperers put down their
tools and watched. Nothing
could be done about it. The
Manager asked them to go
but they said they had not
finished. So I was obliged
to continue.

The next act and the last
were abominable. My whiskers
flew off and in my agony
I began the scene on the
wrong end. The basket on
which I should have sat

④

was full of stage paraphernalia
which stuck out on all sides
I perched on the point of a
Sword and the audience
howled. Nothing could
have been worse than
that reversal. We en-
dured the agonies of the
"Inferno"

At half past five Leslie
Harewell gave us supper in
her room, tomato or chicken
soup, fried oysters and ice
cream. My cheeks were stiff
with whisker cream and
my head was strapped into
that tiny wig. I was too tired

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And Discouraged to Eat.

By seven the miserable cast
gathered in the green room.

One side Carriages were driving
up. The bus troupe was bring-
ing dozens of grads. Last
year Seniors had a reunion

and came in a body to the
Jeu. From all the dining

hall we could hear singing
cheering and laughing.

Flourish boys were ringing
the green room bell and
handing in box after box

of magnificent roses, Chrysan-
themums and violets. I was
all dressed so I stood around
and discovered one or two bouquets

for Sir William that cleared
me some what little Willie
began to assume the dignity
of a Vice Chancellor

Gradually the hall filled
with faculty (feminine) and
freshmen: cheering and
singing ^{at} sounded and filled
us with a strong desire to
do honour to 1905 in the
eyes of the public

^{at} 7:30 The manager quietly and
quickly notified all that
the play was about to begin
A bell ~~sounds~~ rang and
the curtains rose. I did not
come in till the second act

So I spent the ⁷ intermediate
time with my eyes fixed
stomily on the wings trying
to gather courage. Life like
pulp. Violent applause and
cheers told me that one act had
been successful and that my
hour had come.

Trafalgar, my sister (M. Parks)
sat near me on the stage and we
both snored for five minutes,
taking care to come in during
the pauses. Then Rose's singing
awakened me and I delivered
my long oration on the sins
of modern courting. Half
way through my eyes fell on

Dean Thomas in the front row
in company with the woman
who supplies the college with
pin money & furniture. I gasped
and forgot my part, but a line
from Mayby wound me up
again. I had visions of our
chairs and tables breaking down
never to be replaced by a
patroness disgusted with poor
acting. Soon terror left me
and I enjoyed all my master's
line prerogatives to their fullest
extent.

In the next scene some
theatrical friends of Mr Rose
visit her late at night

Sir William, hearing the racket
appears in night shirt, dressing
gown and slippers to find out
the trouble and to drive the
intruders away. At the last
moment I could not find my
cane so I grabbed an old
umbrella, and followed by

Tragalgar in wrapper &
night cap, I advanced upon
the company. The audience
howled. It was fully five
minutes before I could go on
with my speech. Even the
Dean laughed and followed
me around the stage, so the
girls tell me. Isn't that ex-
citing? I feel "set up", even

if my attire was unladylike
 You would be tired hearing
 of all my ranting after this for
 I lived on the stage till the
 End

When the curtain rose for the
 last time to show the cast entering,
 the ushers showered us with
 flowers. Seven freshmen, two
 Juniors and one Sophomore gave
 me stunning Chrysanthemums
 and carnations, not to mention
 the flowers presented to the cast
 by the class of 1906

Now for the newspaper com-
 ments. Dean Thomas said that
 she had brought Miss Terrell
 (the furniture lady) to the play

because she knew that 1905 was
well able to represent the college
in dramatic as well as other lines,
that, as our Freshman play was
the finest comic opera ever seen
in B. M. C., so did "Frelawney
of the Wells" surpass all others ^{plays}
in action and diction. On hearing
this I remembered that I had
used the broad a exactly once
in the course of the evening.

Our English reader was heard to
remark that the play was "too
awfully good."

A grad gave as her verdict
that our production was the
best ever seen because all the
actors were equally good. The

was no one-man affair.

I came in for a share of praise because I was a unique figure in the dramatic history of B.M.

No one was ever idiot enough before this to attempt a choleric old man. This is very good for me because there can be no injurious comparisons. I bear like the Turk no brother near the throne"

Gladys King gave a case supper after eleven o'clock, so we sang ate and talked till twelve. We had an other invitation for that night, but we could not accept. Likewise in the afternoon we had a pressing

invitation to ¹³ ~~two~~ ^{three} teas. Rehearsal
kept us from those

By one o'clock we were ready to
retire, but not for long. The next
morning we had to pack up all our
things and have our pictures taken
in Broadbents. There were eight
or nine groups. Does the Father
want to give them to me for a
Christmas present? I figure in
four.

We caught the 2.15 back, after
lunching in Wana maker's.

Several girls invited us to teas on
five (there were three), but I
didn't go. I was bordering on
weariness.

The hero and heroine were to

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lead the dance in the evening.
But the heroine was sick.

Therefore Fred, on a pony of
Whiskey, lead the German alone
I gallantly, escorted a blushing
freshman who had a faint
suspicion that I was a real
man. In fact several of them
did. When I put on my spec-
tacles and examined them from
head to foot, they trembled.
I never enjoyed anything more
than that German. If people
bumped into ~~they~~ me, I hurled
all the fiery invective I could,
at their defenseless heads. Being
a hot headed old man I could

talk as I pleased. Finally I discovered that I was terrorizing the guests, so I changed tactics. I told them "that I was old in years, but young in spirit; that my heart beat loudly in the presence of such beauty etc"

At ten o'clock one of the most prominent girls in the Freshman class asked my hand for the Virginia reel. That my was a jovial dance. I kicked so high I nearly fell down. I was obliged to confess that the my wet garments impeded the grace and agility

Virginia reel. That my was a jovial dance. I kicked so high I nearly fell down. I was obliged to confess that the my wet garments impeded the grace and agility

Of my movements

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Fred gave a supper to some
freshmen and the case after
we had taken our ladies home
One o'clock again saw exhausted
Willie crawling into bed, there
to die. On ten the next morning
his grey head went back to
Van Horn's, his whiskers
disappeared in a drawer and
his tired form donned a
foulard

Ella Powell spent the after-
noon with me, so I could not
send this letter off by the five
o'clock mail. Helen Sturgis
asked us to meet a friend late

this afternoon. All the nicest girls in the class were there and we sang till tea.

By now I am feeling seedy. The "cats" that I have devoured have gone to - my head.

A most killing 1901 girl has just gone after calling for two hours. She was so funny that I have roared steadily the whole time. It is wearing on the ribs.

Dearest mother, you will have to take a day off to read this effusion
Lovingly,
Anne.

this after noon. All the wisest
girls in the class were there
and we sang till tea.

By way of feeling sorry
the "cat" that I have chosen

have gone to my bed

I was killed 1901 girl
and just gave after calling for
two bars. She was as funny
that I have never thought the
what time it is wearing on
the ribs

Don't water you will
have to take away off to read the
officials

Barings

mine