Entrance of the Classes

1924

March Hollaender
Words by Helen Stilwell

Goddess, our Diana, wrath our hearts has stirred,
Daughter of Jupiter, fleet as a bird,
Goddess, noble huntress, soul of moon-lit sky,
Come and lead our cohorts, set our four standards high.
Onward, great Diana, trust our sturdy shields;
Fame rewards the valiant soul, and scorns him who yields.
Vengeance, holy vengeance, right our cause and pure!
Victory awaits, let strength endure!

1923

March of the Priests—Mendelssohn
Words by Virginia Keck

Fleet Diana! ever dear, ever worshipped, ever near,
O Thou who o'er our hilly land
Gently rulest with virgin hand,
O hear our suppliant hymn.
Grant us beauty, fleetness of limb
While we dance and while we sing,
New honors to thy name!

Entrance of the Priestesses

Edith Paddock, 1923  Betty Fisher, 1924

Invocation to Diana
Edith Paddock

Goddess Diana and Queen, be near us now and impart
Skill to the games we shall play, unto our singing the heart,
And all the sweet might of thy beauty. To thee and thy love we would raise
Gifts of joy to thy virginal presence, peace to thy ways—
Peace of maidens hailing a maiden, gifts not of wine
Nor of sprinkled libation poured for a huntress divine,
Gifts not of shafts for thy bow, nor of sandals soft for thy feet,
Gifts not of circlet of silver—fit crown for thy brow and meet,
Not gifts from the field nor the market, not from the trade of a town;
'Tis no new craft from the shop that we offer—offer and hazard thy frown;
No, 'tis lyrics of maidens we bring thee—bring thee their dances and games,
The songs inspired of thy favor—the songs thy beauty inflames,
The sway of our white arms to music, the swiftness that flies in our feet;
The brisk strength that speeds true the discus—that hurries the torch in the race—
That lifts us like wings over hurdles, that makes each leap sure to its place:
These gifts, Queen Maiden, we bring thee—these and a choral song!
Accept them, Diana, we pray thee; O grant us thy favor—and long!

—Hubertus Cummings.
Contest in Chorus and Dance

1924
Dance by Dance Committee
Words by Alberta Kuller

Dancers
Emaleah Bahman
Laura Bell Bahman
Dorothy DeArmond
Dorothy DeBeck
Pauline Ehernberger
Dorothea Gano
Elinor Gano
Cherry Greve
Estelle Jacobs
Mabel Jones
Lillian Morris
Florence Norris
Norine O'Neil
Eleanor Phillips
Cecelia Scarborough
Mildred Schmid
Emily Scott
Mary Seibel
Charlotte Shorten
Bernice Williams

Camilla—Elizabeth Holman
Slave—Elsa Lobita

Synopsis of the Dance
Camilla, the favorite of Diana, is in camp with her band of followers, among whom various activities go on—races, formations for battle, the use of bow and javelin, the dance of a slave. Presently hearing that Turnus has declared war on Aeneas, Camilla allies herself with him, and leads her Amazons forth to battle. Several days later, while in pursuit of an enemy, she in turn is followed by Aruns, jealous of her deeds of valor. Intent on the chase and unaware of danger, Camilla is struck down by his javelin. She falls, dying, in the arms of her maidens. But Diana, ever watchful, avenges her favorite's death by striking down Aruns, with a secret arrow, as he steals away.

Chorus
Jeanette Albies
Evelyn Brink
Ellen Crane
Laura Davis
Sue Ely
Florence Hanlon
Jane Henderson
Muriel Holle
Lillian James
Matilda Jones
Mary Elizabeth Kunz
Elsie Lalle
Virginia Lewis
Elizabeth McCarthy
Mary Myers
Marie Pickleheimer
Katharine Porter
Leila Price
Catharine Rauch
Emily Richardson
Aria Schawe
Mary Turner
Katharine Turner
Mildred Waters
Thelma West

Words of Dance Chorus
Thou daughter of imperial Jove, Goddess of the Moon, Queen of the chase, but shunning love, We crave a boon, Our warrior-maid, Camilla fair, Thy favored nymph, oh queen. Now with Turnus' host hath taken arms; Mark her war-like mien. 'Gainst thee, Aeneas, Priam's son, Her war-cry loud doth ring, 'Death to the foe: I am Camilla Heir to the Volscian King!' * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * Then Aruns hurls his fatal deadly steel, Too late Camilla hears the wild alarms, True to its mark flies the detested spear, And dying, sinks she in her maidens' arms. * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * Hail Diana, goddess sublime, Thou who so avengest Camilla's fate, Unto thee we raise our deepest prayers: Hail, thou queen, goddess elate!

1923
Dance by Dance Committee
Words by Margaret Sisson

Dancers
Estella Borreson
Miriam Bebinger
Hazel Burke
Josephine Crane
Anita Dolle
Katharine Enig
Beatrice Evans
Dorothy Gradolf
Margaret Hall
Eleanor Krieger
Florence Merkle
Reland Miller
Mary Louise Nickerson
Helen Weber
Maiden—Harriette Saunders
Youth—Dorothy Duncan

Synopsis of the Dance
Greek maidens, returning from a hunt in a nearby wood, stop for a moment to dance and worship before their priestess in the temple of Diana. As the group departs one of the maidens lags behind, and just at the entrance is met by a youth. Unnoticed by the Priestess and never realizing that they are in that sacred shrine that no man has ever previously penetrated, they dance with all the exuberance of youth. In their thoughtlessness they move nearer and nearer the center of the temple until they find themselves directly before the altar. The Priestess is aroused by the entrance of the maidens returning in search of their lost companion. Angered at the violation of the sacred temple, they appeal to the Priestess, who, in turn, invokes Diana to kill the youth.
Chorus

Estelle Benton
Isabel Blair
Helen Connor
Helen Dale
Corinne DeCamp
Helen Duckworth
Mary Evelyn Eaton
Hannah Fillmore
Elizabeth Finke
Clarine Fry

Ruth Grant
Anna Hoffman
Helen Hysan
Ruth Jemison
Virginia Keck
Dorothy Monro
Grace Nash
Margaret Niland
Alma Paddock
Eleanor Pease

Marie Peaslee
Dorothy Sachs
Elizabeth Schulze
Margaret Sisson
Catharine Snyder
Mildred Snyder
Louise Stiebel
Clare Valerio
Helen Whitacre
Isabelle Wolfstein

Leader—Dorothy Barnett

Words of Dance Chorus
The green shady grove is agleam with dew,
Oh there have we hunted the morning through,
The hart and the hare with soft brown eyes,
Peeped at us and fled with wild surprise.
With strong skillful arms our bows we drew,
With whiz and a whir the arrows flew;
The hart leaped up, we brought him low,
Thanks to thee, Diana of the Bow!
Now to thee, her worthy priestess,
Have we brought an humble offering;
Oh hear, oh hear, gracious goddess, hear,
Praise to thee in singing.

We'll sing and we'll dance in moonlight,
We'll hunt through the long noontoon,
We'll dance in the temple softly,
In praise of Diana, in praise of the huntress, in praise of the Goddess Moon!

See this youth within the sacred shrine,
Where never man may enter free from blame;
Virgin goddess in thy wrath divine,
Oh let him die who dares defy
Thy glorious name!

Judges of Music
Miss Baur
Miss Brown
Mrs. Altamer

Judges of Dance
Miss Brunhoff
Miss Dabney
Miss Campbell

Judges of Costuming
Miss Smith
Miss Fry
Miss Craighead

Contest in Lyrics

The Wooing of Diana
Eleanor Phillips, 1924

In the dusk, when quivering shadows veil and half obscure the sight,
Great Orion saw Diana, glorious virgin-queen of night.
Then the giant's strong heart trembled, and his sun-tanned visage paled,
For the gay smile of the huntress conquered where bold man had failed.
So he worshipped his Diana, with a heart of glowing fire,
And he sang his love at dew-fall, to the soft tones of his lyre;
But the goddess, pausing, heard him with a mingled joy and pain,
For though heart to heart was yielding, love must ever call in vain.

"My Diana, pale moon goddess, radiant mistress of the chase,
Hear a lover's supplication, look with favor on my face!
In thy silver chariot speeding, through the blue-black velvet skies
Know you that my life is brightened by the flash of thy dark eyes."

Fair Diana, white and regal, heard the hero, eyes cast low,
For her joyous heart was saddened by a vow of long ago.
She would live, for aye, a virgin, so she pledged by fires on high,
And the man who sought to win her by her jeweled bow must die.

As she reached for deadly arrow, to her eye lash clung a tear,
Honor stood—she slew her lover, but she longed to keep him near.
In her arms she raised Orion, helpless victim of her love,
And most tenderly she bore him to her realm, the skies above.

When Diana's deer-drawn chariot flashes through the moon-swept sky,
Look you well to see Orion, for he hovers always nigh.
There, outlined by glistening starpoints, his tall, noble form is seen
Ever following Diana, his adored—the virgin-queen.

Diana
Dorothy Koch, 1924

Oh, lithe-limbed goddess of the moon,
Whom, white-robed in ethereal light,
Apollo set to guard the night,
Drive high thy chariot through the skies
Supreme until the sun arise;
Drive on, nor fade too soon.

Then, when thy heavy task is done,
Descend, with eager steps to roam
Among the trees—thy sylvan home.
Unsheath those silver bars whose sheen
The sunbeam flashes through the green,
In vain attempt to mock the sun.

Swift-footed through the grassy glen,
Thy form with huntress dress b.e.r.g;
Thy senses keen, thy eye alert,
Pursue the deer in ardent chase,
Outstrip thy maidens in the race,
In games ne'er seen by mortal men.

Diana, goddess of today,
Whose prowess won immortal fame.
Be now the sponsor of our game.
Guide thou the discus in its flight;
Imbue each runner with thy might,
And choose the victor of the fray.
Hymn to Diana
Alberta Kumler, 1924

Sweet-scented eve steals softly o'er the world,
Slowly the wooded valley sinks to sleep;
The purple violets have their petals furled,
And gentle lambs tread weary to their keep;
Even the brook sings its song soft and deep.
Diana scatters wide her silver beams
To lighten the dim spots where wood-nymphs creep;
Lulled by the music of the murm'ring streams,
Curl'd on a flow'ry bank, Eros slumbers and dreams.

Hail, thou Night, mother of rest,
Thou who brightest sleep to weary eyes,
Breathe thy soft even-song,
Wrap us in slumber,
Sing to the weary world thy lullaby.

Now from the portals of an ancient fane,
Whose whitened columns glimmer in the vale,
Steal shadowy forms which throng the glassy lane,
Mistlike, drifting through the sleeping dale.
None speak aloud, nor send forth merry hail.

Spirits of youths and maidens in stately line
Worship forgotten gods at altars fail.
As shadows, spirits, moonbeams intertwine,
Sweet ghostly incense rises from each sacred shrine.

Hail, thou Night, mother of rest,
'Neath whose caressing hand day's sorrows die,
Soft with thy even-song
Mingles the western wind.
Sing to the weary world thy lullaby.

To Diana
Estelle Borreson, 1923

Oh thou Diana, virgin goddess fair,
Who guidest e'er across the star-lit skies
Thy golden crescent boat, to thee thy nympha do call,
Deep from their dusky vales and sylvan paradise;
Let dewy-lipped Aurora end thy vigil now.

Come then, away, fleet goddess of the glade,
The antlered stag hath called thee to the chase.
Let now the winged arrow sure-aimed pierce its heart,
That we may swifly hear thy spoils with fear-struck grace
Out from the bosky woods to heap before thy shrine.

Oh, we beseech thee, patron of our games,
Evince thy pleasure in our festive sports.
Grant us, we pray, lithe grace, and speed, and skill supreme.
Inspire our muse to praise thy own cool woodland courts,
Bestow on us the favor of thy virgin power.

To Diana
Beatrice Evans, 1923

Thou, virgin goddess, once didst love
Orion, handsome hunter, skilled at chase.
Now thou dost ride radiantly above
At even, when the constellations grace
The heavens. Oh, goddess of our silv'ry moon,
And patron of all sylvan sport, for thee
Each year the Greeks and Romans all festoon
Themselves with laurel suppliantly.
Diana, sing we songs of praise to Thee;
Thy beauty unsurpassed fore'er remains;
Thy name is chanted through eternity,
And virtue, skill, and beauty it proclaims.

To Diana
Louise Stiebel, 1923

Moon-queen and goddess of the chase!
To thee, as guardian of my virgin state,
I pour my last libations
And final off'lings bring.

Tomorrow I obey the gods' decree,
So now I crave this blessing as I pass
From thy divine protection
To that of my betrothed.

Tonight the lovely crescent of the moon
Sails down so low and near to my bowed head,
That I do feel thy presence
Drawing near, on this last night.

Upon this altar of lifeless stone I press my lips,
Giving my thanks to thee, who hast been so kind.
Come near, receive my off'lings
And kiss me once, "Farewell!"

Judges of Lyrics
Dean Chandler  Miss Stanley  Dr. Shipherd
Athletic Events

1923  Hurdling for Form  1924
Mildred Downer  Sarah Meakin
Mary Evelyn Eaton  Emily Richardson
Geneva Wright  Mary Turner

Substitutes: Florence Merkle  Elizabeth McGowan
Leone Rosenbaum  Dorothy DeArmon

Discus Hurling
Anita Dolle  Elise Hauck
Mary Louise Nickerson  Florence Sohrer
Isabelle Wolfstein  Dorothy Holman

Substitutes: Dorothy Colson  Helen Allison
Georgia Leming  Mary Myers

Running Leap
Estelle Borreson  Marie Pickleheimer
Anita Dolle  Elise Hauck
Lillian Isler  Elizabeth McGowan

Substitutes: Helen Weber  Helen Norris
Isabelle Wolfstein  Dorothy DeArmond

Torch Race
Anita Dolle  Cecelia Wharton
Mildred Downer  Helen Allison
Hannah Fillmore  Francis Brickel
Mary Louise Nickerson  Mildred Pennekeh
Leone Rosenbaum  Elise Hauck
Isabelle Wolfstein  Marie Pickleheimer

Substitutes: Dorothy Sachs  Mildred Schmid

Relay
Estelle Benton  T. Hoffman
Estella Borreson  Dorothy Holman
Elizabeth Finke  Mildred Bywater
Grace Mathews  Gladys Kloak
Florence Merkle  Neva Mote
Geneva Wright  Helen Stilwell

Substitutes: Josephine Crane  Virginia Bowdle

Judges of Athletics—Dr. Morrison, Dr. Carson, Mr. Hoehler

Committees
Edith Paddock, Chairman  Betty Fisher, Chairman
Mary Burns  Isabel Draper
Mildred Downer  Elizabeth Holman
Lillian Isler  Cherry Greve
Mary Louise Nickerson  Elizabeth McGowan
Reland Miller  Cecelia Wharton
Isabelle Wolfstein

Supervisor—Marjorie Hillas

The Greek Games Committees wish to extend thanks to Miss Kellogg, Dr. Cummings, Miss Lindsay, Miss Barber, Mr. Keck and to the judges of the various events for their interest and co-operation.