







November, 1985

Gift of Eleni Matteson (Knox) 1940

THE 1938
YEARBOOK
of
BRYN MAWR COLLEGE

THE CLASS OF 1938
dedicates its yearbook
to
DR. DAVID HILT TENNENT



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FOUR UNITS OF REQUIRED READING OR MEASURE FOR MEASURE

A Midsummer Night's Dream

The Future is a wonderful force, and one of universal interest. I never used to have such good thoughts in my Youth! Waiting to get into Bryn Mawr has definitely changed my personality. Even so, I wouldn't dare say such a thing to anyone but you, Diary. People would make fun of me for being philosophical. Just wait! At Bryn Mawr a girl can be herself and talk about really important things. They're supposed to be deep there. It's strange, because when I was a sub-freshman and saw the girls at May Day they didn't *look* deep. I guess you can't, though, dancing in circles. Anyway, I'm sure I'd see it now, my observation has been sharpened so by all my experience with college boards. You'd certainly think they wouldn't ruin your whole summer's tour by keeping the results from you. How can I be broadened by the two hours we have in the Louvre when the only thing I want to know about is the next four years? Oh Diary, they all *said* I had a good mind! If I don't get into Bryn Mawr, I'll die, I know I will! I'll just see Naples and die!

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Oh Diary, at last I got a letter from Miss Ward! She said she was glad to tell me I'd been admitted to Bryn Mawr, and then she said to cable and say if I wanted to come! As if, after all that waiting I had any other intention! It is wonderful to be sure of one's life again! I shall major either in psychology or English or philosophy.

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I shall not be the kind of Bryn Mawr girl that people at dances are sarcastic about. I don't see how a college girl could possibly want to be sloppy—supposing some Haverford boys were to see you! And Bonwits and Bests have your clothes problems all worked out for you,—intriguing date dresses and contrasting tweeds. I won't have my room all full of trite chintz, either. Mother and I have picked out some maple furniture which will look very distinctive, and I have some big liquor bottles for my mantle: they'll be unusual and give it a worldly kind of air. I don't know yet which is to be my hall. Merion is supposed to have more esprit de corps, but Rock has running water in the rooms.

Bryn Mawr seems to give the individual so much chance for self-expression. There's the Parade Night song, for example. I'm going to try to write one. And if they let me write the Freshman Show, I think I'll have a Parrot for the Animal. They could teach it the Greek cheer.

I had my college uniforms sent home, instead of waiting till I got there to see them. They're dreadful! I suppose it's nice to have a class blazer, but I must say mine hasn't much shape, and my swimming suit looks just like a dead mouse—I know I couldn't float five minutes in it. But the gym suits look really very English, and if I don't make any teams—(I'm going to try out for all of them)—at least it will be thrilling watching the games. They probably sing all those wonderful songs that are in the little hand book. I've learned them already, so that they won't interfere with any of my homework. Imagine being part of the college you're cheering for! And imagine cheering for a goal in Latin!

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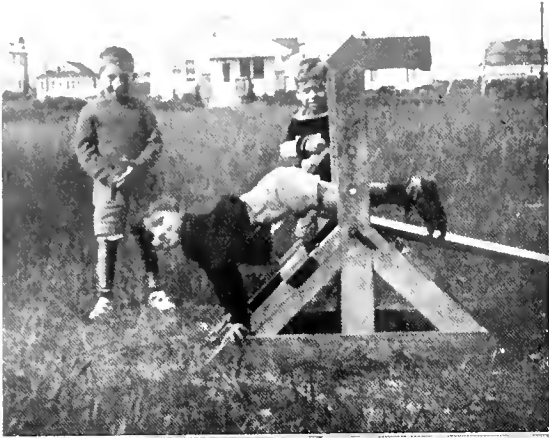
Dear Diary, I'm here and I'm lost! None of my lovely things have come, and my room is a big bare echoing place, and everyone else's room is just as bad, and oh, it's dismal! We sat at a great long table at lunch, and no one had anything to say. *Why* when there's a nice comfortable word like housemother do they have to say *warden*? I've never felt like such a nonentity in my life—when I think of how everyone used to look up to me in high school, I could just cry. You can't tell what courses you want to take because you don't know, really; and you never heard of any of the people the other girls ask you if you know; and just in case you have any self-esteem left, they make you undress, and put you in a strip of white flannel which is worse than being naked, and ask if you're coming out and how much you smoke.

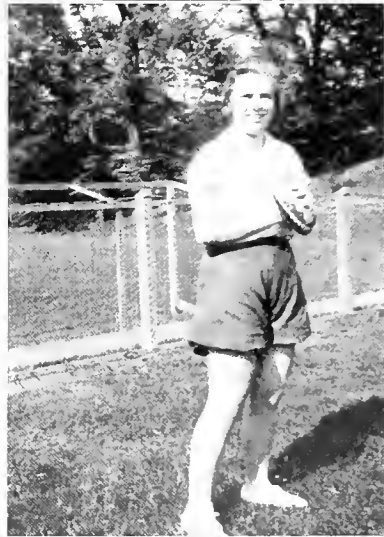
Everything is so enormous and confusing. Of course the reception committee is there to help, but what can they do for your soul? The upper classmen have come back and they're running around the hall screaming hello to each other—it isn't fair! B. and I sat in my room and tried to forget them by talking about the boys we know at home. B. is a sweet freshman who lives next door and doesn't have an accent that makes me feel ignorant.

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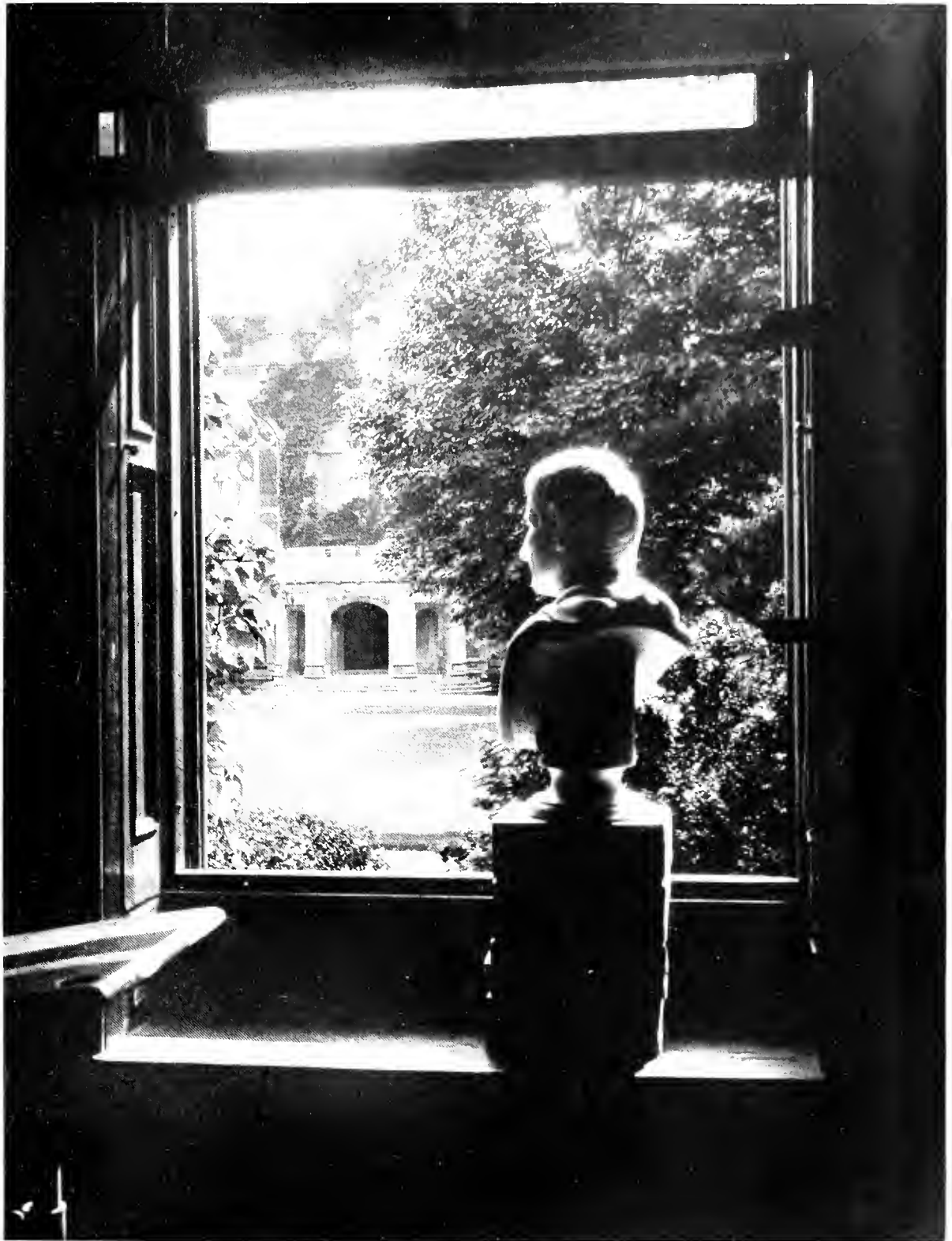
Miss Park said, "With the first classes at nine o'clock, the year of Bryn Mawr will begin. Bonum Annum." It was thrilling, like an oracle, or a good omen. College is going to be wonderful!











The Taming of the Shrew

Oh Journal, it is such a feeling of power to come back to college and not be a Freshman! To be able to tell people where to go, and who at least half of the faculty are! Not to be memorizing the distinction between walking around the streets of Bryn Mawr and eating in the village! To come back, with a new diernid and monk's sandals, to your own room, your friends, and your Dean's Slip hidden in your own Complete Shakespeare! Now that I am a Sophomore, with no taint of Smiling Nasality, and have an S. A. girl to take to tea, college is definitely good.

They have measured my T. B. reaction with a centimetre stick and put me in a box to be X-rayed, like an amoeba under a microscope. I have no more privacy than the Hygiene Venus—but I hope they find me prettier!

I am sick of piles of little cards that have to be turned over to get the answer to ubertreffen, 'traf, 'trossen. *I especially hate them at the breakfast table.* I have no sympathy for Emil's mother who washes hair. And I must admit that "Where will the seniors be a hundred years from now," the night before, always makes me feel a little worse about the morning after.

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B. says that the campus tendency seems to be to take everything with even more grains of salt than leaves of tea. I don't see why it's cleverer to make fun of things than to like them, or what pleasure you can get out of having everything torn apart. Sometimes nothing seems safe any more except T. S. Eliot. And Lantern Night. . . . Cold silence and clear song, rhythmic light in cloistered dark, set themselves apart from scoffing. Even the way the sophomores sang could not be called funny, but I couldn't help laughing at the amount of wax spilled on purpose.

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My paper is handed in: I don't know what I could have done without that extension! Journal, you are an oasis in my restricted college life. No margins, no footnotes, and I can plagiarize without admitting it, and be as incoherent as I please! After all, a stream of consciousness is the only true expression, and I can't help the way my mind works. My thoughts come over me like the waves. . . .

It is absolutely incredible that Zeno cannot catch up with the tortoise. The solution might be "because I do not hope to turn again." I am not sure. Knowledge is power.

To desire the yellow flag by Merion is to lack the red thread of courage.

Mrs. G.'s intuitive vocational understanding is uncanny. She told me never to give up my art, and that's certainly what I'd never, never do! She must be remarkable; she has marriage and a career in a round hole.

I always wonder what will happen if I take a quiz in a place not prepared for me by a blue book. Senate and Self Gov. seem to work like a kind of underground railway; the mystery of the thing makes me go to chapel when they read rules.

I think the Ludovisi throne is simply baffling. No one will say exactly what it means, but the archaeology department all acts as if we knew. It's almost as puzzling as the Villa of Mysteries in Pompeii. I could grasp archaeology so much better if I were sure what the mystery was. B. is confused in one of her courses too; the art professor (he is a German) keeps talking about the "bear." and all she can see in the pictures are nude figures.

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I thought I'd staved off all evils until February Pay Day, but the Bryn Mawr League of Bryn Mawr College has put pledge cards on all the doors, and the Mail Table is full of pencils announcing a Saks sale at the Inn. In essence, I am on the two horns of a dilemma, without substance. And the Greeks have a word for my coffee and coke bill. The problem is definitely between idealism and materialism in the United States.

With seven dinners, one Current Events, the Philharmonic on Sunday, and the Flexner Lecture, I should be able to finish Mother's mittens before Christmas vacation, if I don't confuse the directions with my physics notes. I shall definitely not major in science, though I told Miss W. I would. She said I would not.

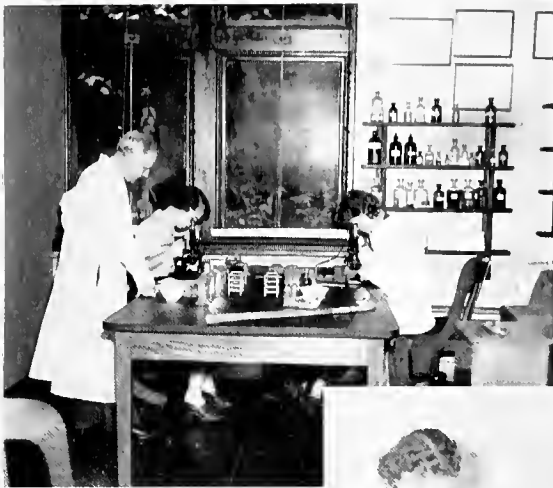
B. prefers fines for non-attendance to the apathy of class meeting where you elect people to offices no one hears of again. She says you get over class spirit when you stop wanting to be a girl cheerleader, but I disagree! I think all this Sophomore spying and Senior steps fighting is lots of fun. I guess I'm just an extrovert. I tried to work out exactly *what* I was in the bath tub tonight, but the ad for stockings kept distracting me.

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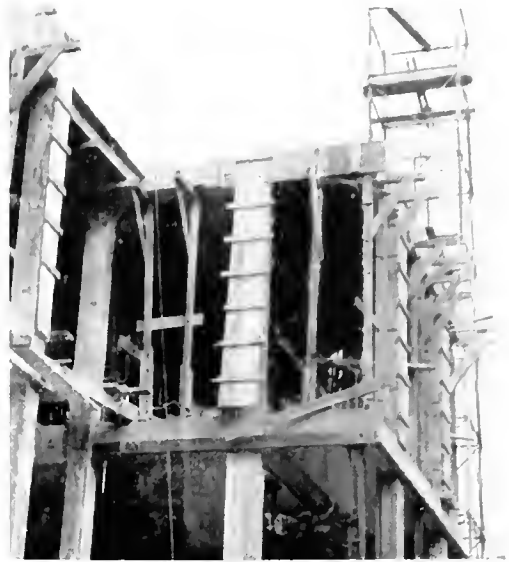
B. is perfectly wonderful. She can talk in the same cutting, curt way that the *News* editorials do. She said the arrival of the *News* is to Wednesday night what the 1:39 is to Friday, and both are vehicles of the voice of Bryn Mawr. I think college is very daring to begin vacation on a concert day. Stokowski is no one to be coughed at. He is so expressive. So is Victor Hugo. But it is good to see new waves and high heels everywhere on campus, and I am glad Christmas has come. Why, I don't know. My time will be all taken up with that paper on the Whetherness of Platonic Love in *Venus and Adonis*. I don't know yet if I'll hand it in for philosophy or English Lit.; the papers are due in the same week anyway. I have most of the Lib. in my suitcase. Not as many books, however, as Freshman Year.











PROGRESS







A BILL OF DIVORCEMENT









A Winter's Tale

I have not within the best of my knowledge been exposed to any communicable diseases during the winter vacation. Neither have I been exposed to any serious studying. I don't think it's liberal to have the first paper in my major subject due at six the Friday after we come back, even if it's to be a scant forty pages, with no padding.

I quite frankly don't see how I can finish it, anyway, for my heart's not in that field any more. It's awfully hard to write on Forests in the Reign of Henry II as Evidenced in French Tapestries Dyed in Flanders, when you've been awakened to the deeper needs of society. Diary, there was the most fundamentally stirring speech in the Common Room—even the display of water colors of women's souls couldn't distract me. The man wasn't appealing to our emotions, you see, he was just telling us, straight from the shoulder, of existing conditions. It's marvelous what a liberal minority can do if it's autonomous enough. I'm going to join the Union at once—I may even move to Denbigh after midyears. They have wonderful ideas, they're definitely against all sorts of prejudice, and they strike and boycott, and it's really not fair to say they're Communists, for they're in touch with all the acts in Washington, and they convene at Vassar. Oh, to think how long I've been the daughter of malefactors of great wealth, and never even observed industry in Campbell's soup plant! I'll burn my books and devote my life to service, if I ever come through my skiing lessons with my neck unbroken!

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The history of art lecture about the lyric Sienese line was so absolutely flutelike and inspiring that I went tearing down to the Gym as soon as it was over, and danced the rhythm of the Sant' Ansano Altarpiece. I could feel the music in the flowing garments, and under my arms, pushing up, up—it was transcending! I wrote a story about how I'd felt, as soon as I got back, but I'm afraid it's too happy and simple to be *Lantern* material.

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I don't understand why we gain so much weight during midyears. Surely tea, and two milk lunches don't make up for all the intellectual effort, and all the sleep we lose. I hate exhibitionists who come down to breakfast and tell you how late

they've been up. I hate people who drink coffee with an English opium eater expression, and who list how many weeks' notes they have to cover before nine. I hate exams. B. says the spirit of Verdun hangs over us—"They shall not pass."

B. wrote six books for her philos. exam and left out God, at that. Such is the way of a sceptic. As for me, I'd rather say anything was constitutional, at this point, than read a Supreme Court case about it.

"When I consider the case of the Standard Oil Company of New Jersey
I wonder about the Quality of Mercy."

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It's perfectly criminal the way we treat the Freshmen. Why, tonight when they dedicated their show to us, I was practically the only Junior who knew the words to our reply. It made Goodhart sound even more full of dead spots. It was such a clever play, too—a parody on college life. And their animal was one of the embryo dog fish from Dalton. They say one sophomore saw the jar under a freshman's bed, but she thought it was just another amateur incubator.

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Just because you show enough intellectual versatility to want to change your major, they've no right to penalize you five dollars for it! It's pedantic and academic to limit originality that way—that's what produces mediocrity—that's what makes the college type! If I find Latin dead and restrictive, why can't I change to social economy without their attaching a financial stigma to it? I can't see that changing from a philosophy major first semester has anything to do with the present case; after all, *Cogito ergo sum*, and one *can* outgrow the Absolutes! If they were only progressive here, they'd stop the system of majors! I'd like to have three minors instead, it's much more comprehensive, and I know I could do it—my Breatly background is a perfect preparation for such a challenge.

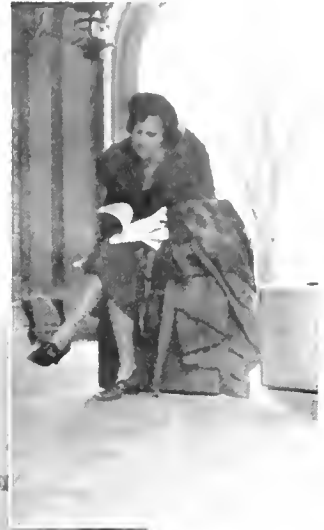
We had the most violent discussion about what caused modern trends. Ann had all sorts of wild theories—I had no idea she thought about anything but geology. I don't think she's ever stayed in the smoking room to talk before. There are such fascinating people here that you just come across by chance—it makes me sad to think how many we miss. B. says it's Dale Carnegie to be interested in so many that aren't even in your crowd, but I think personalities are marvelous! Why, it's amazing just to see what unexpected people turn up with figure skates on a Monday afternoon!





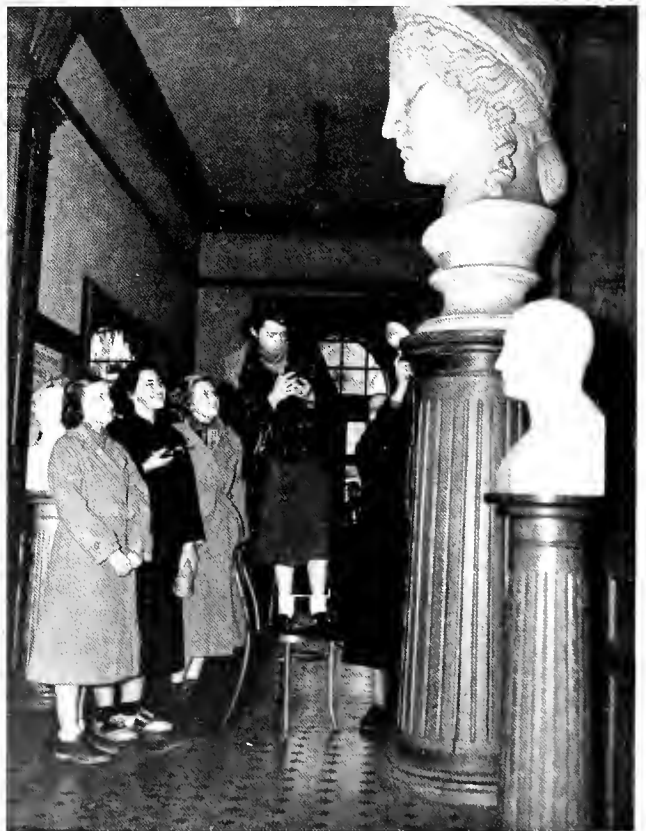
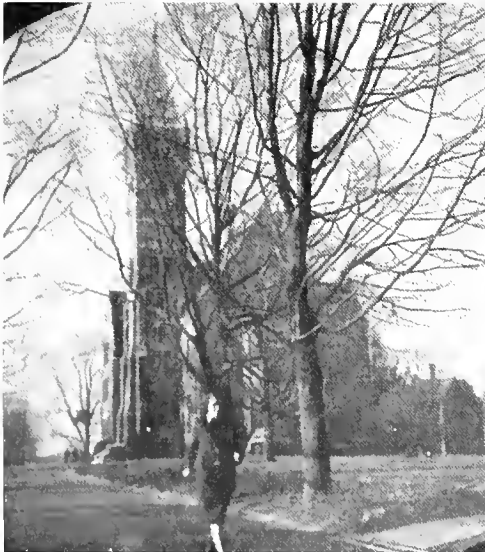














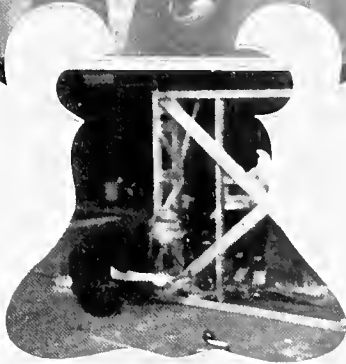
















All's Well That Ends Well

Oh to be a Senior now that April's here! Where? B. says that's not the point. The trouble is that Life is getting incredibly nearer and nearer and so few of us are sure what we're going to do about it. I *must* make some definite connections. I can't be left banking on the Prix de Paris—too many people have a unit's worth of time to spend on it. Alice wanted to know in the middle of a bridge game what “shocking pink” was, and she was annoyed when B. said Spender and I said Gaugin. What I'd really like to do is get on Broadway, though they say you can't get on Broadway unless you've been on Broadway. That must be exaggerated, because there *are* people there, and someone had to start. I'm going to keep trying. I am the spectacle of a will striving toward a goal. Miss Latham said that if I brought her a play written in my best manner, about a sea captain who in one word betrays his country with the consent of his murdered parents, she'd sell it. But all my cerebration will not bring my curtain up or my audience swarming over the footlights. I can't hold encounters. I can't put myself in Banquo's place. I'm too well bred, that's what's wrong! What can a nice refined college girl know about murder or religion? What do I know of Love? *Really* Love? I nail my line, and I kill my scenes! Oh honest Torvald, I did not foresee it!

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B. says the Venetian school of painting reminds her of the “skin you love to touch.” She's developed a poetic point of view, and she says,

Benozzo
Was not so,
Titian's torso
Was more so.

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I thought dancing around the May Pole would be so glorious, but it's funny what a lack of enthusiasm you feel when people tell you to be spontaneous. B. and I felt right in the English spirit all winter, but now when we ought to, we don't any more. B. says it's schizophrenia, but I'm just wondering when I'll get my work done. It seems to me we gambol away a lot of good time. I can't feel vernal anyway, when it's so cold we have to wear winter coats for concentric circles on the lower hockey field.

I hope it doesn't rain on May Day.

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The Publications Office just sent over for a sample of my hair: they want to get me a wig. If they'd kept me in my old part, they'd have saved themselves all this trouble. Of course, having tried out for everything from the Dragon to Titania, I wasn't very thrilled about being a strolling singer. Moreover, it was sort of crushing

to have Mrs. Collins look at me in my tights and say, "My dear, it's good technique to be discreet; I think we'd better change you to the Face in the Well or the Dancing Bear!" B. is the Dragon. She and I sew scales on her costume every day, and she's going to write a dirge called, "She didn't know what a tail entailed."

Jupiter—Minerva—Maia—don't let it rain on May Day!

The May Pole is down in the Gym! I felt so *proud* when I saw that great mass of paper flowers that *ice* made. in the smoking rooms all winter! Even the dissenters whom you can depend on to oppose anything a lot of people like. and who are going to influence next year's Freshmen against Big May Day ought to be thrilled—how can they help feeling the spirit of Selinger's Round?

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The sophomores assembling to serenade us made the dawn come up like thunder, but at least it woke me in time to get the curlers out of my hair before my May basket and kiss arrived. B. says listening to a sequence of "Bachelor of Arts '34, Exchange Fellow in Analytical Cytology, '35-'36, and Demonstrator-elect in Physical Chemistry '36-'37" is only less dull than Freshman Statistics, but I think the Hinchman, and "The Hunt Is Up" and Spring are wonderful!

Dear God, let Miss Read demand overnight books back at seven-thirty—let one white ox turn out to be the Dean's wire haired terrier,—let them decide to post marks again—only *don't* let it rain on May Day!

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The May Pole went up right, the milling looked natural, Noah found his beard just in time—Oh, May Day was wonderful! B. is embittered about it because people kept asking her if she wasn't hot in her costume, but they only looked at me and said, "How ghastly, all that paint!" I'm almost glad it goes on again tomorrow, it's such glorious fun once you're in it, and nothing like it will ever happen to us again.—The time is swift and will be on!

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Anyone who talks about love at first sight isn't familiar with the German Oral. I know Mrs. Spillain quite well now, but she doesn't remember from year to year. Yesterday she asked me if I were a senior, and when I said yes, she just sighed, "That's too bad—"

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Studying for Comprehensives is very revealing. I find that I took beautiful notes when I was a freshman, but the oddest things crop up in my senior ones. How can I be serious about spot passages when I see, in Carter's South Sea Blue, "Small wonder that the dramatic unities were violated—huge purple pansy in Dr. C.'s

button-hole.” We are all up on the roof, studying in our halts; naked truth, B. said. The sun gets hotter and hotter, and the time nearer and nearer; *Zeno* was a fool about not catching up with that tortoise—you *must*, whether you want to or not! I can’t imagine really taking those exams. How I can account for the four best years of my life in nine hours I just don’t see. All I’m sure of is that the Comprehensive fields I’m supposed to know are *not* Elysian!

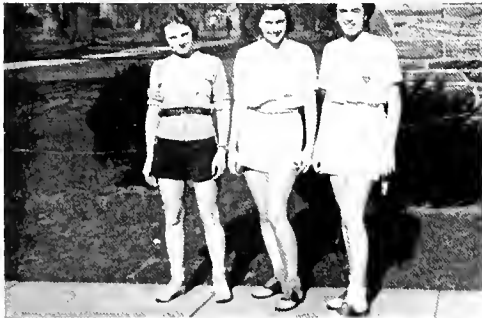
And after Comprehensives—if there really is such a time—everything will happen at once. Garden Party—(*what* will B. look like in one of those wide-brimmed feminine hats?). And packing up my room—I don’t understand how I came to buy so many books or collect so many papers in four years. Four years! It’s impossible that they could have gone so quickly. It seems just a reading period ago that I was writing great pretentious wisdom about the future, and now that very future is almost here. There will be Baccalaureate, and the surprise of seeing the faculty in academic regalia; Commencement, with black caps and fur hoods and Latin dignity, and one of us to “take her place on the platform with the rest of the Bryn Mawr Fellows.” And then we will have our degrees and we must go.

“But we, thy daughters, will thy vestals be—
Thy torch to consecrate eternally.”





MARCH 21



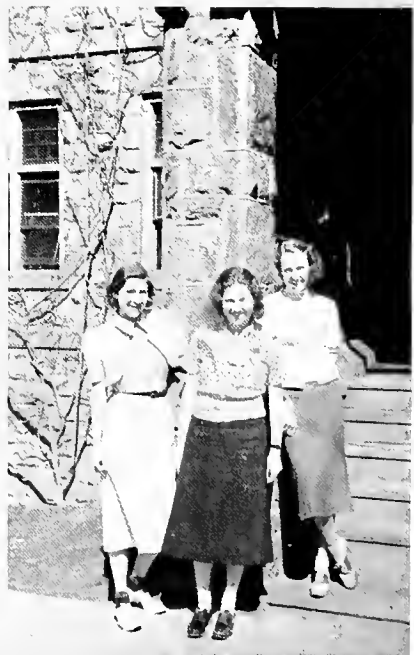




















NOTICE

YALE MEN WORKING ON THIS JOB

- 1: PROFANITY OR LEUD TALK ALLOWED
- 2: NO CONVERSATION OR ANNOYANCE TO COLLEGE EMPLOYEES, FACULTY, STUDENTS
- 3: NO PASSING ON COLLEGE PROPERTY

VIOLATORS WILL BE IMMEDIATELY DISMISSED

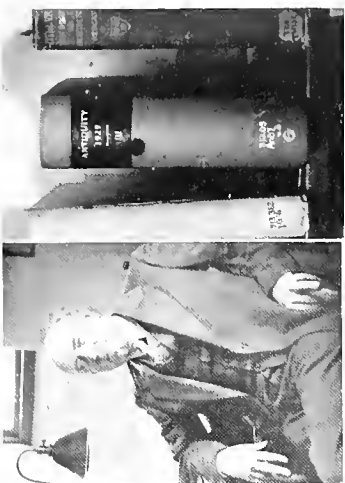
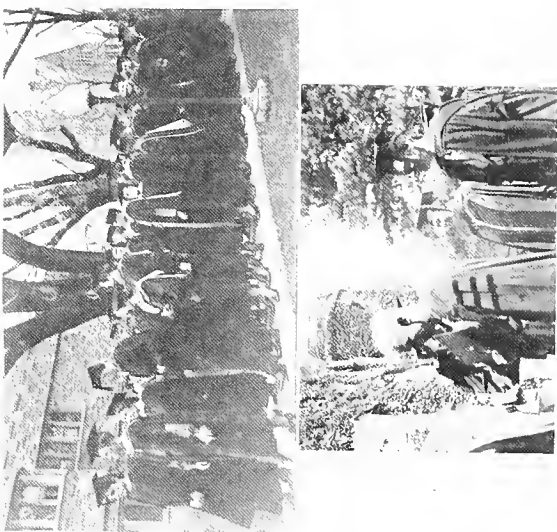
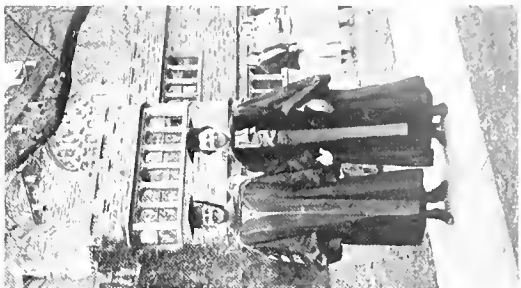
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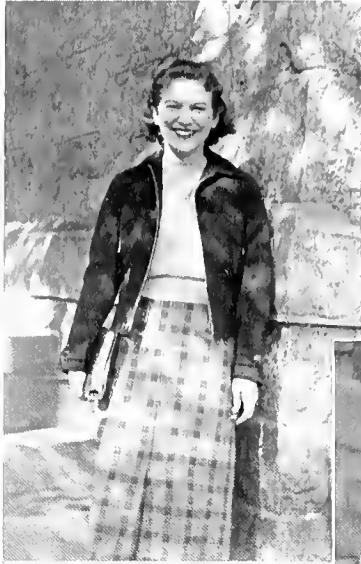


THE DANCE



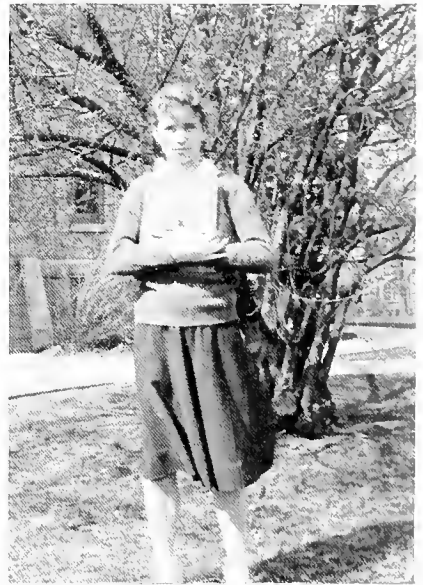








THE
GLEE
CLUB





SELF
GOVERNMENT
ASSOCIATION





IN MEMORIAM

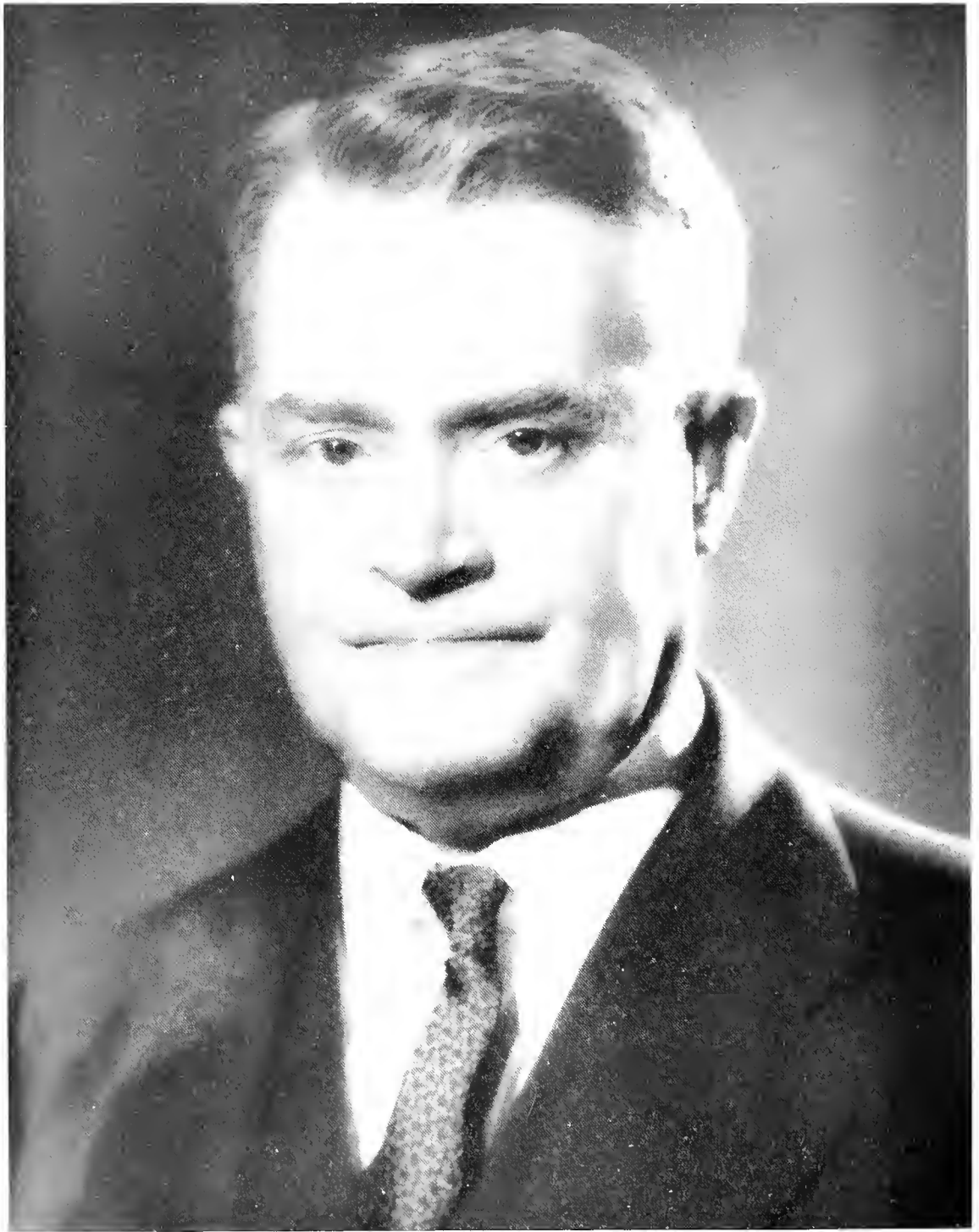


Photo by DeJar

WILLIAM ROY SMITH, Ph.D.



JEANNE DE R. QUISTGAARD



JEANNE CRAWFORD HISLOP

CLASS OF 1938—PERSONAL HISTORY

FRESHMEN

Born October 1934 to Bryn Mawr, a class of 1938, 120 members described by Dr. Leary as very light smokers. First printed line in which any members were recognized ran in hockey item: "The list of freshmen is probably not yet complete but among the players are Bakewell, Hasse, Carpenter, Pittroff, Leighton and P. Evans."

Appointed at first class meeting was Chairman Shepard. Ensuing chairmen were Sayre, Pittroff, Whalen and J. Grant, J. Grant being elected president.

Parade Night successfully conducted by mellow voiced Helen Shepard, assisted by able Esther Hearne.

First outstanding freshman impression was Lantern night, traditional event at which sophomores present younger class with lanterns, in the shadow filled cloisters.

Impressed were freshmen, rapidly subjected to Miss Ely, "give-me-a-hand-girls", and to G. Stein of roseate fame. Curious effect on undergraduate mentality: announcement that spinach was favorite food at tea time.

Presented in February by those who survived their first mid years, *The National Recovery Act*, by Huldah Check. Unforgettable were roles taken by blonde Grace Fales, Sylvia Wright, Robbie Hoxton and petite Mary Sands. Marys Walker and Whalen, as two Junior Leaguers, played their parts with ease. Commendable aplomb was displayed by auburn-haired Ellen Newton, who supported a collapsing palm tree during the performance. Class animal, the amoeba, gave promise of curious emblems and insignias for '38 group.

Vivid impressions of infant class included Dr. Fenwick's Current Events, tea with Mrs. Manning, interviews with Miss Ward, the Wyndham fire alarm, the 1,000,000 dollar drive, the invasion of the campus by *Vogue*, and *Fortune*, cavortings of the Faculty in *Much Ado But Not for Nothing*, their first, rainy, little May Day, and the Glee Club's *Pirates of Penzance*.

Although after finals most of the freshmen sped homeward, several of the class of '38 took parts in the *Bacchae* of Euripides, directed by Alme, Sikilianos, who, it is to be remembered, in sandals and flowing garb, was seen not only in the ville, but actually leaning across the counter at the Greeks, chatting with Mike. Among the freshmen names of those in this entertainment for the benefit of the Million Dollar Drive, were: M. Winternitz, F. Lewis, E. Webster, D. Seelye, B. Cole, G. Leighton, H. Mayer, B. Allen, E. Mann, and K. Taylor.

SOPHOMORES

Tanned and enthusiastic members of sophomore class returned for what might be called May Day Year. On December nineteenth, a saddened college attended memorial services held for President Emeritus M. Carey Thomas.

The following March 25, 1936, it was announced that those of the class of 1938 who had maintained a *cum laude* average were: Bakewell, Chase, Collic, Devigne, Fox, Frank, Goldstein, Goodman, H. Hartman, Hessing, J. Howson, Ingalls, Leighton, F. Lewis, Mayer, Mesier, Naramore, Newton, Quistgaard, Raymond, Rothschild, Sands, Seelye, Simeon, Staples, Watson and Williams.

Work on May Day progressed. Sophomore Jane Lewis, voted May Queen by

overwhelming majority, posed and smiled for nationwide news photographers. Mothers of Veterans of Future Wars paraded violently and rallied with Princeton, then fell back to making paper flowers.

Among the confused memories of Sophomore year are: The birth of Judith Weiss, the return of the Bryn Mawr Summer School to the campus, the *Messiah*, Little May Day with the award of the English prize to Sylvia Wright, and then May Day rehearsals, Folk dancing, the band on Merion green, faculty members in Elizabethan costumes, thick, greasy makeup blotted out everything else.

In *The Old Wives' Tale* were Huldah Check with beard, Sue Williams, Catharine Corson, and Kate Bingham. In the cast of *The Masque of the Flowers* were Jane Ludwig, Alex Grange, Eleanor Mackenzie, Ethel Mann, Jane Farrar, Mary Graves and Eleanor Sayre. Nancy Angell, disguised in moustache and ruff, and Sue Watson represented '38 in *A Midsummer Night's Dream*. Unforgettable were Mary Howe DeWolf, Frances Fox and Anne Goodman in *The Creation*. Special country dancers included Frieda Schreiber, Esther Buchen, Caroline duPont, Louisa Russell, Charlotte Wescott, Frances Schaeffer, Sylvia Perry, Betty Ballard and Ann Marsh. Among the tumblers were Lee Leonard, Anne Reynolds, Florence Scott, Lenora Myers and Sue Garner. Conspicuous in the Morris and Horn dance ranks were Virginia Baker, Barbara Longcope, Blanca Noel, Margaret Jones, Louie Perkins and Deborah Hubbard. Bear and trainer were Elise LeFevre and Dorothy Garretson, while other special characters included Alice Shurecliff as bellringer, Betty Welbourn as herald, Ruth Dutt as magician and Catherine Sanders and Eugenia Whitmore as beekeepers. In *St. George*, with other sophomores, were handsome Helen Hartman as St. George and triumphant Tilly Tyler as Giant Blunderbore.



Flowers of the Masque

Class of 1938—Personal History—(Continued)

JUNIORS

France bound for junior year were Eleanor Mackenzie, Esther Buchen, Dorothy Rothschild and Boone Staples. In Germany were Mary Howe DeWolf, Alice Chase and Betty Simeon. At home the year was eventful. Tension of seniors, first victims of the comprehensive system, pervaded the atmosphere. The class of '38 was younger and more carefree. c. f. News item to the effect that Marie Bischoff, member of junior class, sang Frankie and Johnny in her own inimitable manner, Hallowe'en night in Denbigh. Less burdened by work than older class, juniors enjoyed to utmost election night mass meeting, Shan-Kar Ballet, Andres Segovia, Myra Hess and Cornelia Otis Skinner. In the cast of the Mikado was Helen Shepard as Katisha, while Anne Wyld and Jeanne Quistgaard played Simon Legrees to the backstage slaves.

This was the year of Dr. Fenwick's appointment as delegate to the Inter-American Conference for the Maintenance of Peace, of the retirement of Miss Georgianna Goddard King, of the lectures *On the Nature of Man* and of the never-to-be-forgotten abdication speech. With little May Day came the award of English prize to Frances Fox for her outstanding work. Janet Thom as editor-in-chief, assisted by her staff, which included from the class of '38 A. Ingalls, M. Hartman, M. Howson, E. Henkelman and A. Low, set about renovating the *Notes*.



THE NEW BOARD
"... set about renovating the *Notes*"

SENIORS

Returned for last long stretch, hoary class of 1938 sees new Science Building rearing its head, hears once again freshman statistics, this time class of '41, sees maze of pegs and strings beside Goodhart turn into new dormitory.

In the French house for first semester were LeFevre, D. Grant, Staples, Shaw and Rothschild. Olivia Taylor represented the class of '38 in the German house. According to a January *Notes* issue which ran berserk, a Russian house was to be established, serving vodka at midnight and having as senior members Naomi Coplin, Sylvia Wright, Augusta Arnold and Jane Carpenter.

Flexner lecturer Panofsky (*Studies on Humanistic Trends in the Art of the Renaissance*), The Hampton Dancers, H. A. Miller on Masaryk, filled out the program for entertainment along with the Vienna Choir Boys, *A Bill of Divorcement* presented by the Varsity Players and Princeton's Intimes, and Hindemith.

Startled was the entire college by *Three Marxo Lecturers, or Mrs. Swinburne Comes to Town*, skit presented by faculty in the Deanery. Memorable scene in which Haverford's Hotson, "the man who discovered that Marlowe died", thinly disguised under Groucho's moustache, chased our Mrs. Chadwick Collins.

Startled also was Rockefeller at the election of Louie Perkins to the pontifical chair.

Lantern highly praised by Miss Walsh, Sylvia Wright, editor-in-chief, assisted by seniors Anne Goodman, Julia Grant, Frances Fox and Augusta Arnold.

Lecture by Hans Schumann, at Rockefeller Centre, illustrated by Bonnie Allen and Jane Ludwig of class of '38, both of them ardent devotees of the Duncan school.

Reading period instead of mid year examinations served thoroughly to frighten senior class. It is rumored that relaxation and refuge from this fear was sought by some. Ensuing spring vacation, vacation in no sense of the word.

Produced in late April was *Patience*.

Senior talent only sparsely represented, future talent apparent from lower classes. Directors Alwyne and Willoughby received deserved ovation.

Kissed were Seniors by Sophomores little May Day morning, thereof many declined this mark of affection. Class of '38 drawing dreamily in the plush back of good hard seats, wondered at Miss Park's vocal endurance.

Dragged out the rest of the final spring. Weather tantalizing but seniors insensible to all but Comprehensives.

Baccalaureate with Dean Wicks of Princeton speaking and Commencement with Francis Sayre. Degrees by the grace of God and the faculty.

Passed on, June, 1938, at Bryn Mawr College, the class of 1938. 90 members described as heavy smokers.



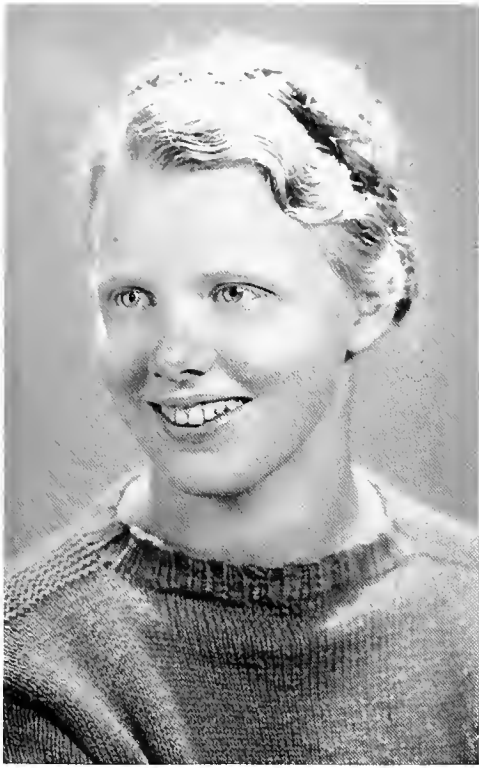
HIS HOLINESS POPE LEO III
... shocked was the Catholic World



BONNIE ANN NEOMA ALLEN



NANCY ANGELL



AUGUSTA ARNOLD



VIRGINIA ROSS BAKER



MILDRED PALMER BAKEWELL



ELIZABETH HUNTINGTON BALLARD



KATHERINE BESBORD BINGHAM



MARIE HERMINE BISCHOFF



ESTHER REED BUCHEN



JANE HUDSON CARPENTER



ALICE CHASE



HULDAH WARFIELD CHEEK



GRETCHEN PRISCILLA COLLIE



NAOMI GLADYS COPLIN



CATHARINE ALICE CORSON



JOSEPHINE CATHERINE DEVIGNE



MARY HOWE DEWOLF



CAROLYN LESESNE DUPONT



PAULINE RUTH DUTT



MARGARET EVANS



GRACE LYNDE FALES



JANE HEARNE FARRAR



FRANCES LANGSDORF FOX



DOROTHY FAULKS GARRETSON



BERTHA GOLDSTEIN



ANNE LEIGH GOODMAN



ALEXANDRA MELLON GRANGE



DOROTHY ROSS GRANT



JULIA GRANT



MARY LOUISE HOLT GRAVES



HELEN STRAUB HARTMAN



MARGERY CAROLINE HARTMAN



ESTHER STEELE HEARNE



ETHEL NEULS HENKELMAN



VIRGINIA FERREL HESSING



JOAN HOWSON



MARGARET HOWSON



FANNY ROBINSON HOXTON



DEBORAH ANN HUBBARD



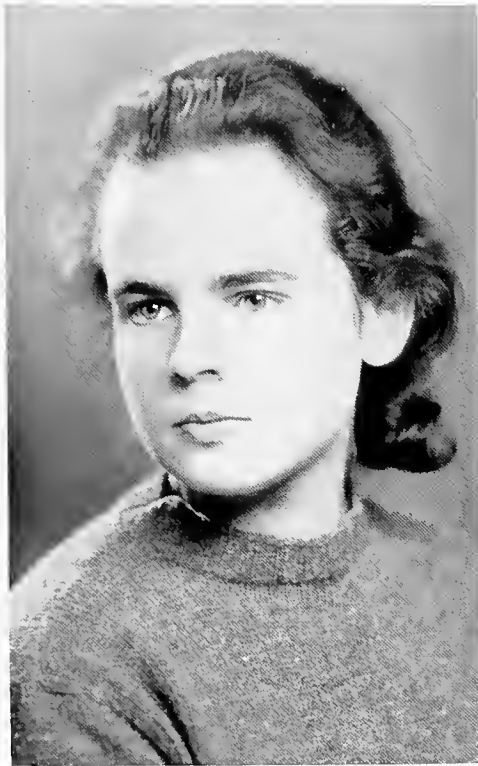
ESTHER ABBIE INGALLS



MARGARET JONES



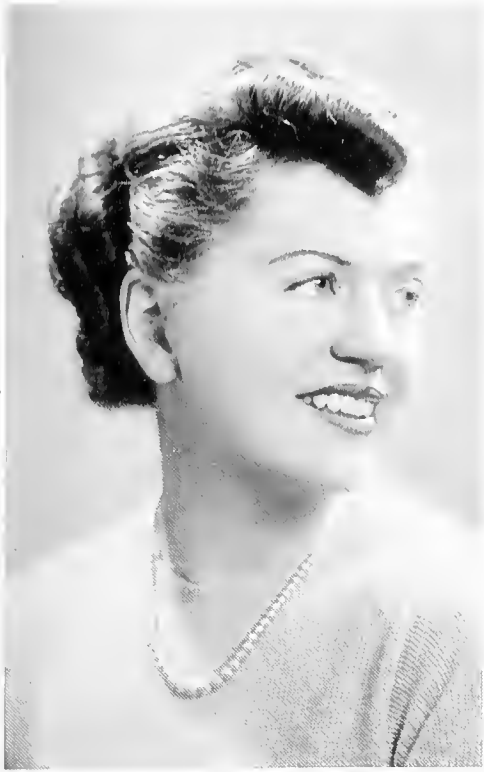
ELISE LEFEVRE



GERTRUDE CATHERINE KERR LEIGHTON



FLORENCE LEE LEONARD



FLORA LOUISE LEWIS



BARBARA LONGCOPE



ALICE FRIEND LOW



SARAH JANE LUDWIG



ELEANOR HOBSON MACKENZIE



ETHEL ROSALIND MANN



ANN MARSH



MARY HERMINE MAYER



LENORA ELIZABETH MYERS



DEWILDA ELLEN NARAMORE



ELLEN BROOKS NEWTON



BLANCA DUNCAN NOËL



MARIA LOUISA PERKINS



SYLVIA COPE PERRY



GRACE ALISON RAYMOND



ANNE MAXWELL REYNOLDS



DOROTHY ROTHSCHILD



LOUISA ELIZABETH RUSSELL



CATHERINE SANDERS



MARY CUNNINGHAM SANDS



ELEANOR AXSON SAYRE



FRANCES C. SCHAEFFER



FRIEDA SCHREIBER



FLORENCE POWELL SCOTT



ELEANOR STOCKTON SHAW



HELEN ROTHWELL SHEPARD



ALICE WARBURTON SHURCLIFF



ELIZABETH KING SIMEON



MARY BOONE STAPLES



KATHERINE REED TAYLOR



OLIVIA BREWSTER TAYLOR



JANET HYNES THOM



MATILDA JAYNES TYLER



SUZETTE FLAGLER WATSON



ELIZABETH FABIAN WEBSTER



ELIZABETH CLAGETT WELBOURN



CHARLOTTE LESLIE WESCOTT



MARY ELEANORE WHALEN



EUGENIA FRANCIS WHITMORE



SUZANNE WILLIAMS



MARGARET ELIZABETH WINTERNITZ



SYLVIA WRIGHT



ANNE FALCONER WYLD

FORMER MEMBERS OF THE CLASS OF 1938

CELENTHA AARONSON
HELEN ADLER
ESTHER BROWN
ELIZABETH BRYAN
DIANA CHURCH
BARBARA COLE
ELIZABETH DEWES
ANN DILL
NANCY FOSS
DORIS FRANK
ANN FRED
KATHERINE FREEMAN
SUSAN GARNER
HOPE GIBBON
DOROTHY HARTWELL

PHYLLIS HASSE
ANN KEAY
JANE LEWIS
LOUISE MAYNARD
MARY MESIER
MARGARET MURTA
FALVIA PITTROFF
GERTRUDE RICHTER
DORIS RUSSELL
ALICE SECKEL
DOROTHEA SEELYE
FLORENCE STINSON
JANE SWINERTON
FRANCES TURNER
MARY WALKER
SUSANNA WILSON

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HILDAY CHEEK

Assistant Editors

JANE FARRAR

FRANCES FOX

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KATHERINE BINGHAM

Business Adviser

DEWILDA NAKAMORE

Subscription Manager

GRETCHEN COLLIE

Advertising Manager

ETHEL HENKELMAN

Junior Assistants (Business Board)

LAURA ESTABROOK

GENE IRISH

Photographic Editor

ALICE LOW

Staff Photographer

DORIS TURNER

Thanks are due particularly to Anne Reynolds, '38, and Fairchild Bowler, '40, and to many others who have contributed, for their assistance with the photography. Mr. Livingston, printer of the book, aided the staff by taking the lantern photos for the end sheets: the two pages of 1936 May Day pictures; "Clouds Over Rock," introducing the Winter section, and a number of snapshots.



HILDA-BELLE LEICA LEAKE

"Dolly"

Poised on the shore, before setting sail on future's unknown sea, we look back once more on the enchanted fields that we are leaving now forever. A figure stands out, strikingly outlined in the setting sun. Daring, dramatic Dolly strides dauntlessly across the dregs of high endeavor. The persuasive charm of the Old South clings about her, fraught with the faint perfume of magnolia and flowering bushwah. For four years we have found her irresistible. Her untiring energy and her inimitable service in countless walks of college life constantly inspire us. Stage, song, script, snapshot and study vie merrily in her college repertoire. She audaciously divides her long waking hours between Minerva and the Muses, yet so masterfully does she direct her quiet efficiency that, though she may find pediments in her college work (her major is archaeology), she never finds impediments. We wish we knew the secret of her success, but we can find no clue in the fascinating mystery of her melting manner. She is a winsome leader,—the guiding hand in the pigskin glove. She has earned our sincere appreciation for our earnest cooperation which her effervescent enthusiasm unflinchingly won to her. Knowing her has been a memorable experience in our Bryn Mawr career, which we will always deeply cherish. We predict that she will cross all the Rubicons and Hellespontos of life with the ease of a veritable mermaid, and that we will some day hear great things of her. Thoughts of Dolly and her indomitable spirit will always bring to our minds the challenging poetry:



*"None but the brave,
None but the brave,
None but the brave deserve the fair."*





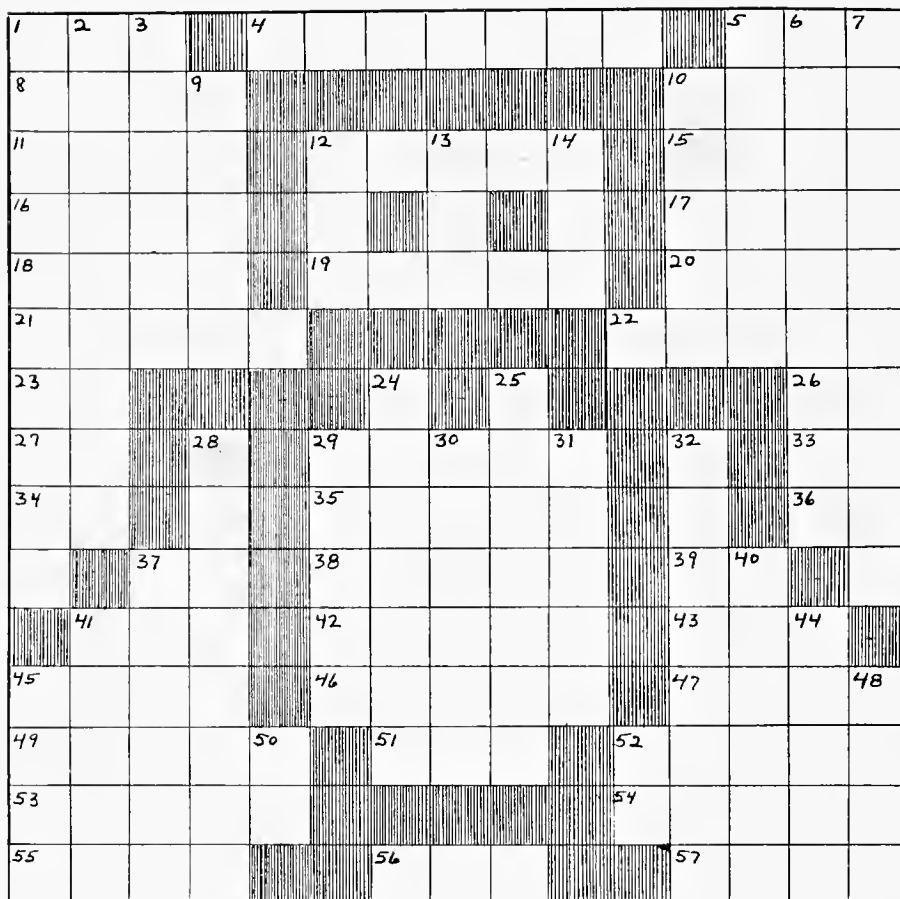
BEWILDA ENERGINE BRINGHAM

"Toots"

Four years have rolled into eternity—four years rendered brighter and richer by the presence of our Bewilda Bringham, who follows her elder sister in taking up and consecrating eternally the torch of Bryn Mawr learning. Bryn Mawr will miss her—her cheery smile, her Gibraltar integrity, her quiet, inexhaustible efficiency. She possesses a fascination equally persuasive with business men (and *other* men, no doubt!) and college mates. It is human to have faults, and we are not rash enough to claim that Bewilda, like Parsifal, is unblemished. But Bewilda's faults, if they can be called such, add to her charm. We love to see her brilliant flashes of temperament, she is magnificent when she loses her temper, her lightning-like changes of mind are always for the best. Walking into the smoking room at almost any time, one, if one looks hard, will discover Bewilda actually encompassed by a host of friends and freshman devotees. In spite of her triple honours work, ranging from economics to Spanish, Bewilda always has time for her friends. Even to aspirants for scholarships, and in those fields where she is not directly concerned, she is a ready source of advice. Why not!—her wide experience gives an undeniable authority, which she dispenses with obliging grace. There is an air of mystery about Bewilda. When we gaze into those lovely eyes, sometimes green, sometimes brown, we wonder . . . and want to know her better.



*"Twinkle, twinkle, little star,
How I wonder what you are."*



Across

1. A large clock in London
4. Songmistress
5. A golf accessory
8. A three-hour trial
10. Scotch hats
11. A charming campus classicist (first name)
12. Judith's father
15. Prefix signifying under, beneath
16. Appellation
17. The lights are—
18. Tints
19. One (Genitive—German)
20. Traditional knowledge
21. Freshman English opus
22. To die (French)
23. Pronoun
26. Two thirds of C. I. O.
27. What we all think of most
29. Contradictory first name of a professor and a course
33. The kind of current we don't have
34. Why Bryn Mawr? (abbreviation)
35. Silly

36. Quadrivium and Trivium (abbreviation)
37. Comparative of some (dialect)
38. What are locked at ten-thirty?
39. Concerning
41. Weapon of the Bryn Mawr girl
42. Engine (anagram)
43. An industrious insect
45. Part of No. 54
46. Minstrel songs (French)
47. Prefix to an Indian royal title
49. Path (anagram)
51. Louisiana State Seminary (abbreviation)
52. We ate nothing but—
53. Water animal
54. Constellation
55. Russian emperor
56. Week-end Mecca (abbreviation)
57. Lohengrin's lady

Down

1. A Medievalist wedded to the dance
2. Worn out
3. Old English appellation
5. Campus Olympus

6. Type of Berkeley's philosophy
7. Antonym of exoterical
9. Buttes (anagram)
10. Singular of a Pre-Socratic
12. Adjective describing I. Seltzer
13. The refuge for late breakfasts
14. Respectful address
24. What is Quartz?*
25. U. S. doctrine of "keep out"
28. Where officials examine your baggage
29. A pain alleviator
30. The reddest hair on campus is —(possessive)
31. What one does in the library fire-side chairs
32. Erstwhile business manager
37. Part of the name of an early Renaissance equestrian statue
40. Hard smooth surface-cover*
41. Isadora Duncan's successor
44. Greek for God
45. Uncontrolled ink
48. The mother of St. Mary
50. Usual means of leaving Bryn Mawr (abbreviation)
52. Where (German)

* Exclusive Year Book spelling.



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Swimming Captain.....CONSTANCE RENNINGER, 1939
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Tennis Captain.....MARY WHITMER, 1930

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AssistantSUSAN MILLER, 1940

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Assistant.....TYRRELL RITCHIE, 1939
Maids' Vespers, Chairman.....GENIEANN PARKER, 1940

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 1941—PEGGY SHORTLIDGE

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President of the Bryn Mawr League.

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MILDRED BAKEWELL, 1938

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TERRY FERRER, 1940.....Merion
ANNE GOODMAN, 1938.....Merion
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Pembroke East, Sem. II
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Denhigh, Sem. II

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DORIS HASTINGS, 1939.....Merion
ELLEN MATTESON, 1940.....Pembroke East
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MIRIAM CAMP, A.B.Radnor
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JANE HARPER, 1941.....Wyndham

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EMILY CHENEY, 1940.....Pembroke East
HELEN LINK, 1940.....Pembroke East
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Vice-PresidentMARION GREENEBAU M, M.A.
Social ChairmaaSARA ANDERSON, A.B.

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DOROTHEA PECK, 1939.....Merion
HELEN SHEPARD, 1938.....Pembroke West
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RUTH STODDARD, 1939.....Rockefeller

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- LOUISE MORLEY, 1940.....Merion
- ELLEN NEWTON, 1938.....Pembroke East
- SUZANNE WILLIAMS, 1938.....Pembroke East
- VIRGINIA BAKER, 1938.....Pembroke West
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- MARGARET McEWAN, 1939.....Rockefeller
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 MARY WHALEN, 1938
President of the Athletic Association.
 MILDRED BAKEWELL, 1938
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- HELEN SHEPARD, 1938.....Pembroke West
- NANCY SIOUSSAT, 1940.....Pembroke East
- LEE LEONARD, 1938.....Rockefeller

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- ANNE WILLIAMS, 1939.....Denbigh
- ROBBIE HIXTON, 1938.....Merion
- FRANCES BOURNE, 1939.....Pembroke East
- MARGARET HARVEY, 1939.....Pembroke West
- SARA ANDERSON, M.A.Radnor
- GENIEANN PARKER, 1940.....Rockefeller

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- CORNELIA KELLOGG
- LOUISE SHARP
- JOSEPHINE McCLELLAN
- VIRGINIA NICHOLS

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- ELEANOR SHAW
- BARBARA BRGELOW

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Vice-President-Treasurer.....ALISON RAYMOND
Secretary.....ALICE CHASE
College and Senior Song Mistress.....HELEN SHEPARD

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Vice-President.....MARY SANDS, 1938
Secretary.....SARAH MEIGS, 1939
Treasurer.....ANNE LOUISE AXON, 1940
Advisory Board:
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Second Junior Member.....DELIA MARSHALL, 1939
Sophomore Member.....ELEANOR EMERY, 1940
Freshman Member, ADELAIDE CHATFIELD-TAYLOR, 1941
Head Usher.....ELEANOR SHAW, 1938

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Vice-PresidentHULDAH CHEEK, 1938
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Board:
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Chairman of LightingCATHERINE HEMPHILL, 1939
Chairman of Costumes.....ANNE LOUISE AXON, 1940
Chairman of Construction.....ANNE WYLD, 1938
Chairman of Acting.....HULDAH CHEEK, 1938
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Chairman of PropertiesPOLLY OLNEY, 1940

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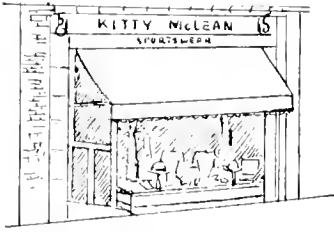


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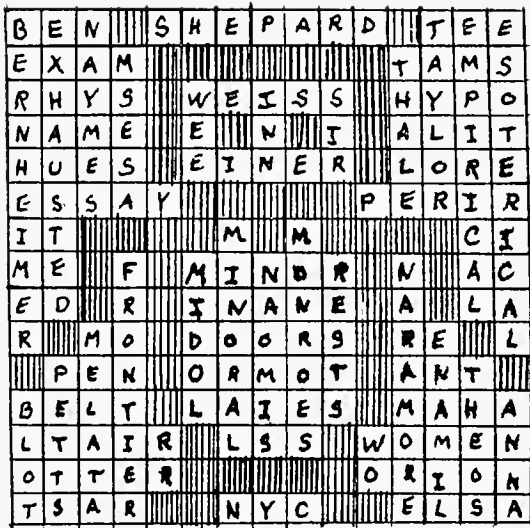
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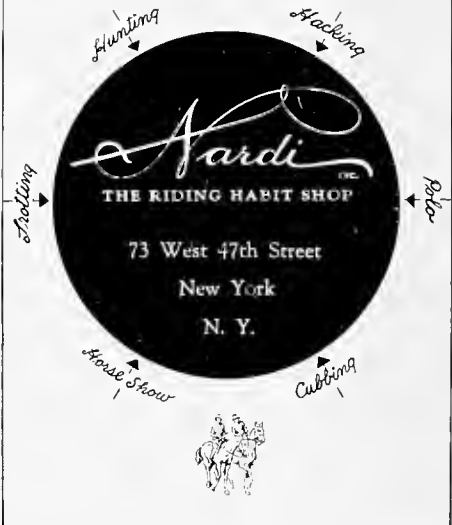
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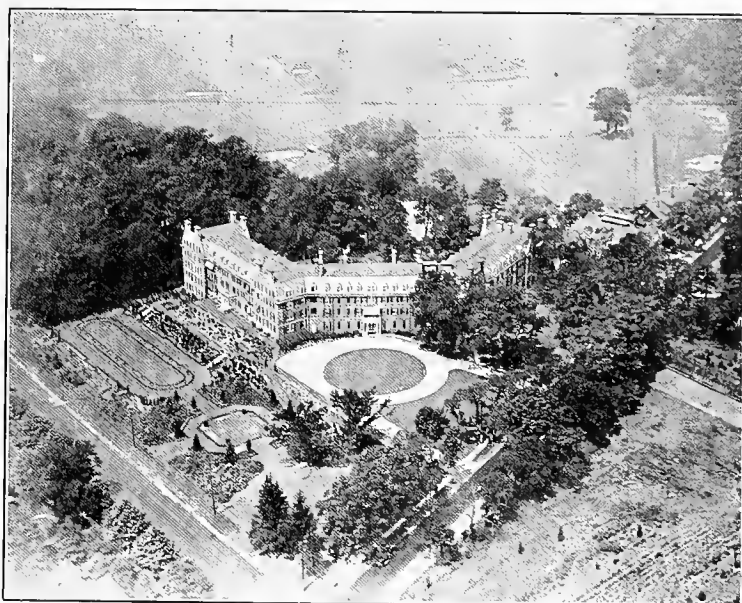


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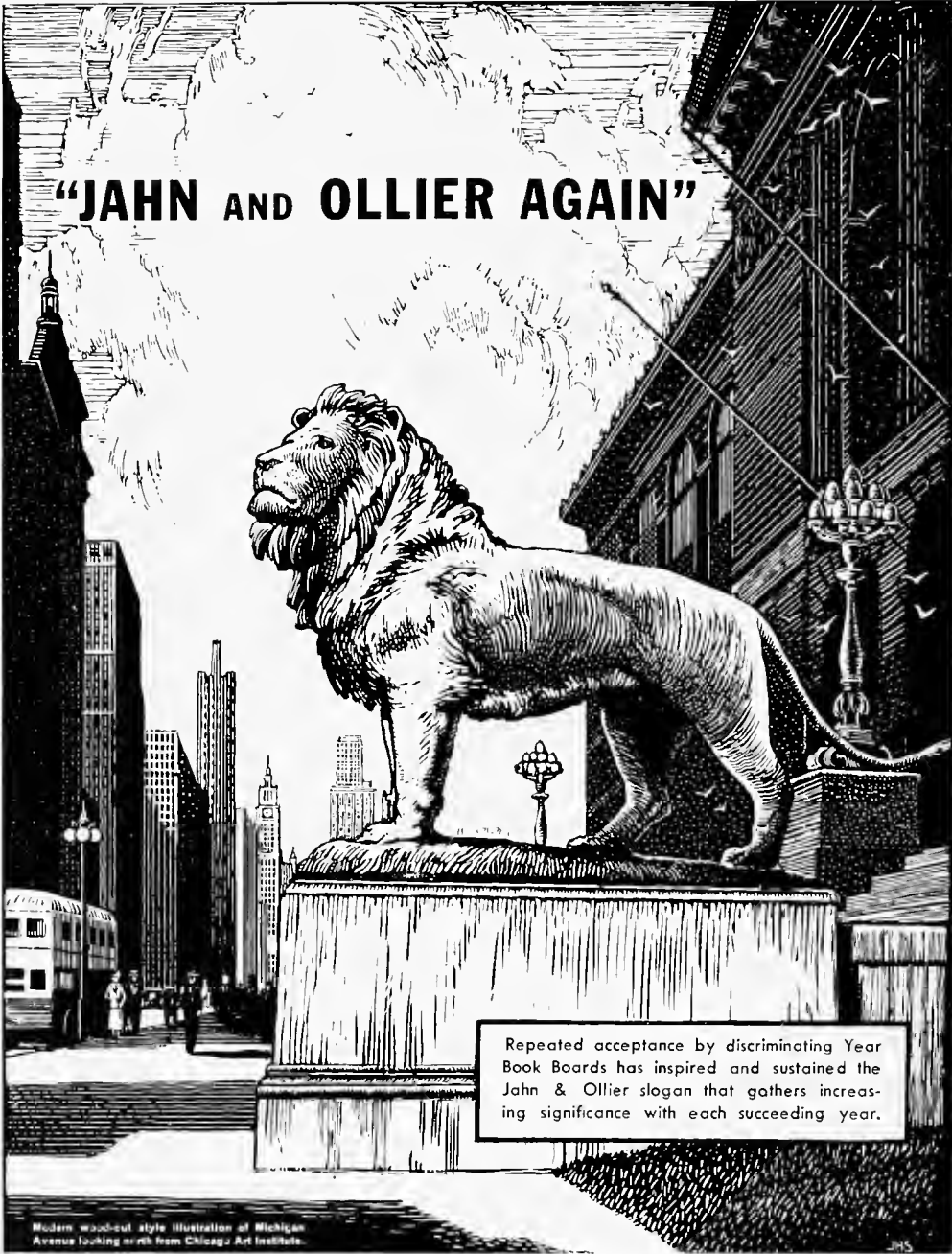
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