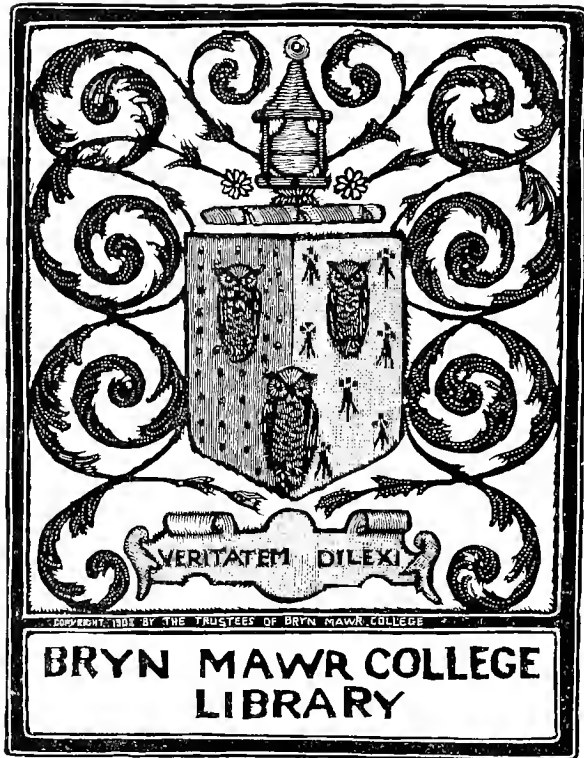


Archives
Q.Y
1939





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T H E 1 9 3 9

Y E A R B O O K

O F

B R Y N M A W R C O L L E G E



D E D I C A T I O N



THE CLASS OF 1939 DEDICATES ITS "YEAR-
BOOK" TO MISS MARION EDWARDS PARK,
TO MR. FRANCIS J. STOKES, AND TO MR.
CHARLES J. RHOADS, WHO HAVE CON-
TRIBUTED MOST TO THE CHANGES ON THE
BRYN MAWR CAMPUS DURING THE LAST

175563

FOUR YEARS.

F O R E W O R D

This YEABBOOK is intended above all to be a tangible representation of the students' view of Bryn Mawr. Contrary to custom, it is not designed primarily as a record of the achievements of the senior class. Rather, an attempt has been made to show our recognition of the lasting value of the changes and developments on the college campus.

The board wishes to thank all photographers, both amateur and professional, who have contributed pictures. The literary editors, being naturally lazy, saved themselves a good deal of labor by collecting articles that seemed to fit their purpose, from numerous sources around the campus. They rifled the "morgue" of the *College News*, and found hitherto unpublished try-outs, write-ups of many aspects of Bryn Mawr which were needed for this book. They combed Freshman English files, and even sank so low as to use scribblings from telephone pads and scraps from waste baskets. This method of massing material partly accounts for the miscellaneous character of some of the writing.



T A Y L O R

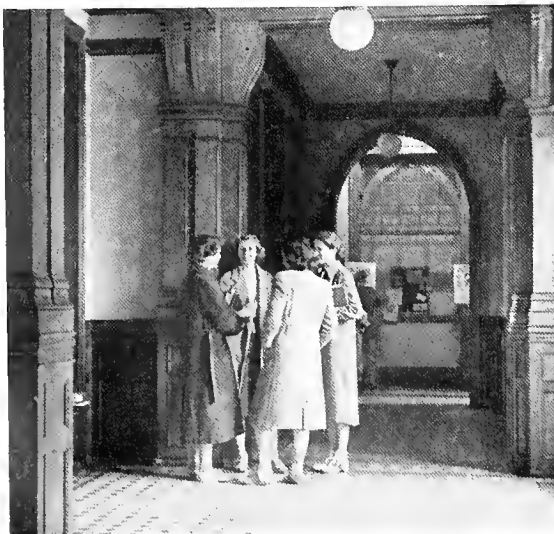


Before

TO J. G.

Our watchman-astronomer, Joe,
 Has quite a long distance to go
 At night through Bryn Mawr,
 One eye on a star,
 The other on girls down below.

After



GHOST WRITER FINDS TAYLOR HAUNTED

Tracks Down Elusive Campus Spirit

Taylor, March 6th. The Taylor mystery was solved when the ghost of Juno was discovered pacing the halls last night. She was a pathetic sight. Dust lay thick upon her insubstantial body, giving shape to the otherwise formless spirit, except where some over-zealous meddler had brushed off her nose. We present the results of her interview, uncensored.

When asked to give a brief resume of her life, she murmured inaudibly. "Life. Protoplasmic insignificance unconfined in mathematical formulae."

Q. "Pardon? Would you mind defining your terms?"

A. "Never mind. I was just remembering what life is today. It hasn't always been like this. I was a goddess once, an immortal. My life was wild and free. I tread the wine dark seas, or, like an eagle of the sun, scaled the snowy peaks of Olympus, glancing through space on the wings of the wind."

Q. "That must have given you an extraordinary, if classical, background."

A. "You're young, my dear. More is needed than classical knowledge nowadays. As an undergraduate I failed the German Oral twice. No matter. My hours are almost gone, and that reminds me I must get back to the subject. Where was I? Oh, yes. My life falls naturally into three periods, purely arbitrary distinctions of course, for convenience."

Q. "Yes, I know. You underwent a steady development throughout."

A. "Now my classical period was one of experimentation."

Q. "How interesting! What were you experimenting with?"

A. "Forms."

Q. "Literary, of course."

A. "No. Metamorphosis. I started out as a goddess, tried the woman, and ended up as a professor. Then I became a statue, and here I am a spirit."

Q. "Oh, I see. Experiments in zoological evolution, founded on the Pythagorean theory of metempsychosis."

A. "That brings me to the Bryn Mawr period."

Q. "What did you teach?"

A. "They made me dean. Judging from the circumstances, it was self-evident that I was doomed to be a misfit. For centuries I had been patroness of the domestic lives of women. Now to be made arbiter of their minds (frankly I never thought they had any)—well, to be brief, I found myself incompetent."

Q. "Yes, it does seem incompatible. What do you think of the modern woman?"

A. "Oh my, dear Jupiter would never have approved of this emancipation stuff. He always liked home bodies. In memory of him I tried to establish a chair in Home Economics. When the senate rejected the plan I became merely a figure head,—less even,—'atmosphere,'—that's what they called us. I heard them say again and again, 'What would Taylor be without the busts. They add such atmosphere.' Rot! Cheap sentiment, but potent, for now I really am atmosphere!"

She began to fade. In answer to a desperate "Come back! Come back! Would you return for a professorship?", she sighed, "Only if I could teach a marriage course."

Her noble intellectual brow disappeared, and your reporter rushed off to see the dean.



ANNE CAMPBELL TOLL

JULIA HARNED



Mrs. Nahm and Prospective Buyers.



1939 DECIDES TO ASSERT STUDENT OPINION

Platform Splits Over Lettuce

Room E. March 9th. The class of 1939 met today to discuss the question of a senior tree. Just as the Denbigh and Pembroke factions were agreeing on a Japanese Cherry, a half-starved Pembrokite moved in bitter tones that the class plant lettuce. Such a gift would save the college so much that eventually it could afford to replace the aforesaid article with something more nourishing. Her tirade ended impressively:

"I am not quibbling. This pierces not only to the roots of the undergraduate tummies, but it also touches the sacred right of human beings to command respect for their wants and opinions."

The class took over her cry and, led by the invincible Denbigh, drew up a platform abolishing everything from Comprehensives to Baccalaureate. When they had worked through the major grievances back to lettuce, a dissenting voice was heard again.

"Lettuce," it said, "is to the undergraduate as spinach is to Popeye. The accomplishments at this meeting prove that. Denbigh obviously ate its lettuce for lunch whereas Pembroke didn't. I beg you, abolish anything else, but don't abolish lettuce!"

Another timid dissenter took courage. "Bravo!", shouted Miss Grind. "Hurrah for lettuce! Hurray for comprehensives! They're spinach to the intellect!"



Freshman English; Miss Stapleton
Comptroller's Office



Bird's Eye View.



Miss Park



Mrs. Manning
Mr. Hurst

BIG-WIGS



"Your grades
aren't in yet."

PUBLIC OPINION

Dear Editor:

Any opinion we express about comprehensives may soon possess the ironic flavor of an article on the guillotine by Marie Antoinette. However, as in a game of musical chairs, we can safely predict that comprehensives won't get all of us. There will be some winners. There remains, though, some question as to the particular type of loser. Will it be the girl who does not know the courses in her major subject any too well and so is at a loss when the time comes to synthesize them? Or, will it be the girl who understands her major field but who hasn't a very good "exam technique"? In other words, will the losers be those people who really don't understand the game, or merely those who haven't learned how to hesitate in front of one chair until the next one is free?

In the cold light of reason, anyone who doesn't play the game well, deserves to lose. Only thus can winners be extolled. Only thus can we brag when we are fat and fifty, that every Bryn Mawr graduate can marshal the

great bulk of material gleaned from three or more courses, into three orderly comprehensive examinations at any moment that the exams are set.

Nobody thinks it unjust when girls who haven't studied flunk. They have probably gotten something else out of life besides grades. However, there might come a moment, after the excitement of graduation has subsided, when we would have a little queer feeling deep down inside about the girl who didn't pass her comprehensives. Maybe in the four years we knew her, we realized that she had a much keener mind than we had. She just didn't have the knack of exam-taking. Maybe she worried too much about the genuinely appalling fact that a whole college career hangs by the slim thread of nine hours of examination. Maybe she elaborated too much on one question when her professor wanted a well balanced paper.

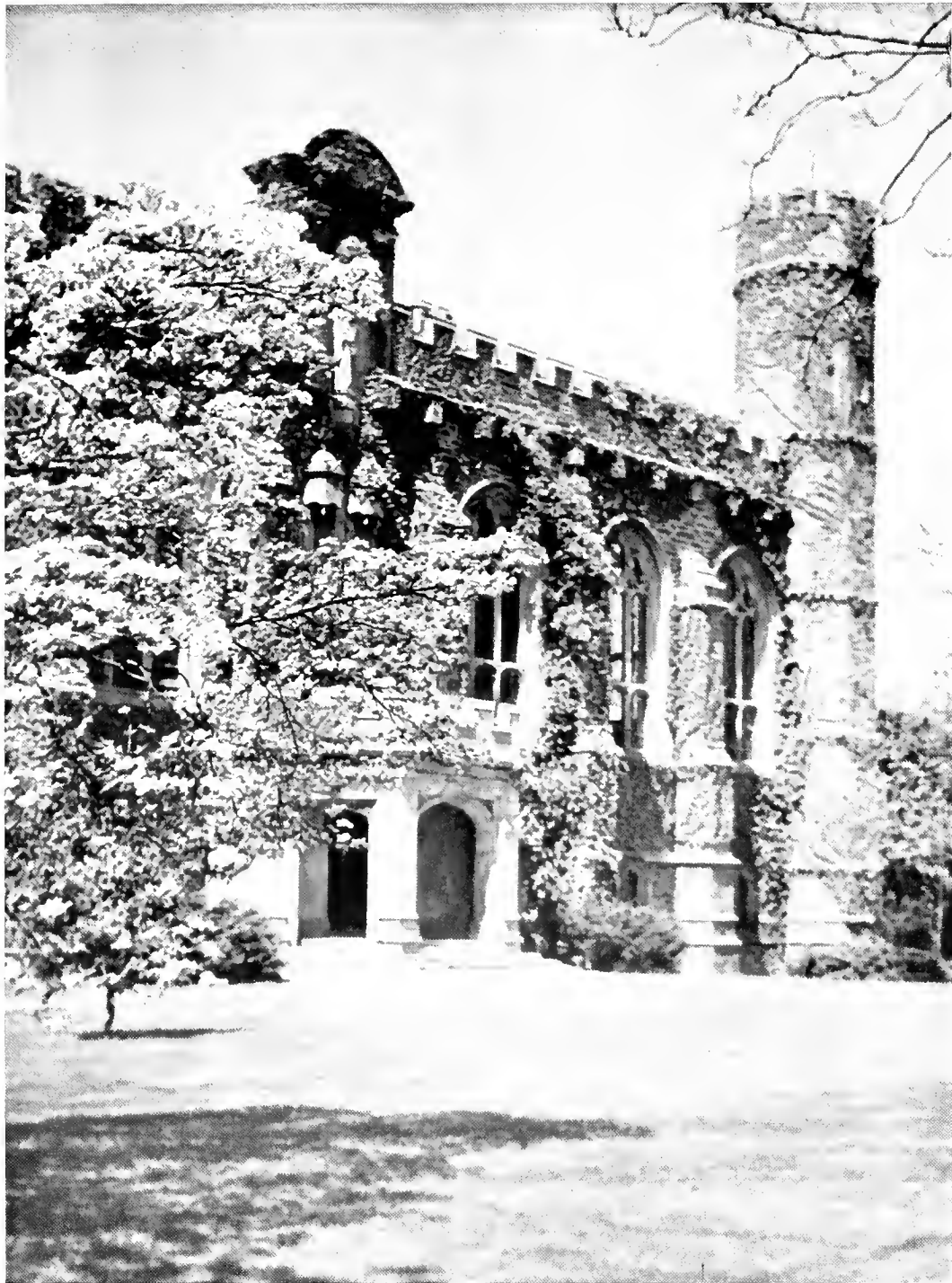
We don't bar race horses from the track because they are too high-strung to stand quietly in the paddock waiting for the race to begin. If they could they probably wouldn't be able to run very fast. We don't shoot Seabiscuit because he'd make a poor plough horse. Likewise, as often as not, the possessors of fine minds don't have a perfected exam technique. They haven't needed it like some of us slower-witted individuals. Thus, in the final comprehensive handicap, we sure-footed mules may beat the thoroughbred race horses.

The elimination of a girl with a high I. Q. because of exam-shyness is a fault of the examination system itself and cannot be helped until some better way of testing the ability of students is found. We would, however, suggest that the college palliate the blow of flunking comprehensives for this particular type of girl by allowing her to take part in all the formalities of graduation with her class, although postponing the signing of her diploma until she has passed conditioned exams reset at some later date.

SENIOR.



The Last Day of Classes



T H E L I B R A R Y

RESERVE ROOM AND STACKS

The demon that lives in the dumb waiter of the reserve room of the Library has a narrow but not uninteresting existence. Through his protecting grill he witnesses a wide variety of farces and tragedies. The most interesting performances are enacted in the afternoon and evening. Every hour on the hour, although sometimes a little late, girls rush into this small room. They drop piles of heavy books on the table; they inspect the shelves frantically. Freshmen feverishly search for that essay in a nameless collection, which must be read by tomorrow. Desperate looking economics students resign themselves to the ever recurring fact that all the Lutheringers are out and that the quiz is next week. Bespectacled philos. majors sit crosslegged on the floor and silently tear their hair over Kant for an hour or more, oblivious of those who step over them.

Sunday night breathless week-enders recount their adventures to black and white clad choir members, who, in turn, can give amusing anecdotes about the speaker or "the Willow." Paper writers keep up their morale by wearing odd clothes and bringing toys to the Lib.

The demon may get a warped idea of the college faculty as persons doing nothing but giving impossible assignments, but as to the students, even he cannot agree with the over-worked attendant who thinks man-eating lions are kinder. From his safer seat this reporter thinks reserve room habitues are rather to be pitied than censored. They are even to be congratulated for still being able to laugh.

Unlike Stevens College, Bryn Mawr offers no

"personality" or "how to behave in public" courses. However, with much less effort, it is able to achieve somewhat the same effect. As a place for impromptu rendezvous, where social crises are always arising and where one's wits are brought into play, there is nothing like the library stacks.

Here, professors, students, stray youths from Haverford, and visiting dignitaries, are thrown together on an equal plane. All have more or less the same difficult objective, i. e., finding books without the help of Miss Terrien. It is the suddenness of unexpected encounters that tests one's mettle. Coming suddenly around a corner and nearly knocking Miss Marti off a ladder, or tripping over Mr. Sprague while he is down on his hands and knees rescuing a volume of Gascoigne which "hasn't been taken out of the library for thirty years," involves a snappy come-back to their natural exclamations of surprise.

In addition, there is always the cut-up who practices Tarzan antics on the iron bars, and the practical joker who cleverly hides the reserve room alarm clock in the stacks and nearly scares to death the poor girl in charge of the loan desk. Handling these juveniles affords valuable opportunity in child training, over which several courses are spent at Vassar.

All Bryn Mawr students are exposed to this treatment sooner or later. After a point, they begin to take it in their stride, and, as their social poise grows, they admit that it's swell fun. Adventures in the catacombs make marvelous dinner table conversation.

Miss Terrien



Reading Room



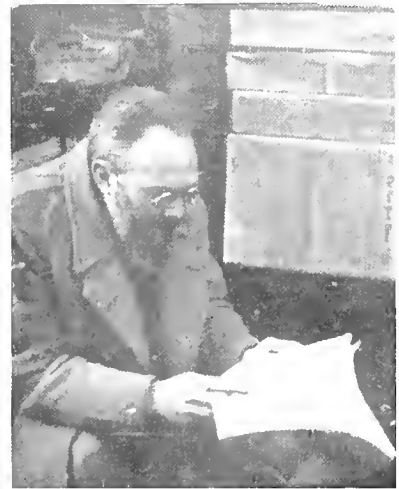


DORIS WICK RAY



Mr. Sprague

INHABITANTS



Mr. Herben

ELIZABETH COREY

JULIA DAY WATKINS

VIRGINIA PFEIL



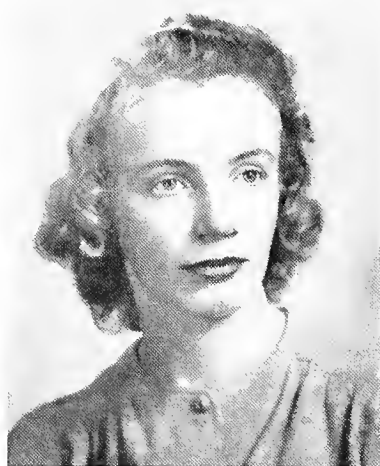
ART SEM



KATHLEEN MURCHISON VINUP



ALYS VIRGINIA WELSH



FRANCES ELEANOR HEINS



FLORENCE BENNETT WIGGAN



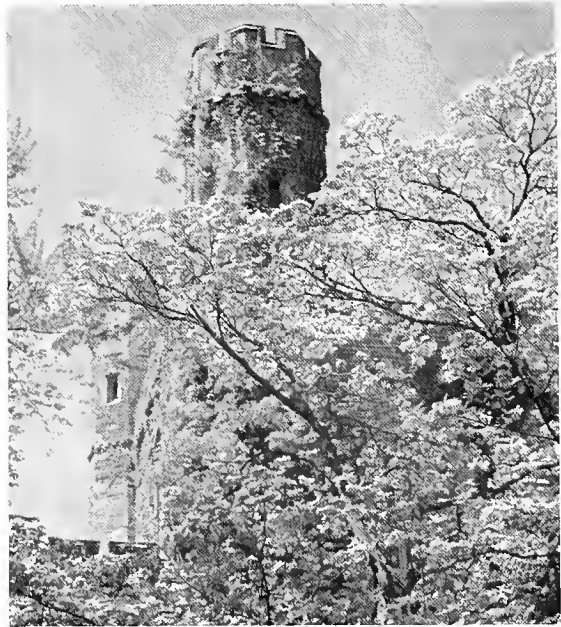
BEAUTIFUL DONATION TO GRACE NEW ART WING

Especially Contributed By A Benevolent But
Anonymous Father

Next to the water cooler there is a group of books which the library has seen fit to disgorge from its depths and to offer to the public for fifteen cents a volume. Among these miscellaneous tomes are a few priceless pearls, works moral, didactic, and literary, which can only have been discarded through ignorant blindness to the beautiful destiny of womanhood, for they are concerned with Woman in her pure untutored state. Beauty without and beauty within was once the sacred possession of every woman: it has only become an ideal in these days of equality of the sexes and women's colleges. Still, it is not an ideal ever to be despaired of, and in order to recapture it as a fact, I am donating these books to the new art wing, with the provision that they be given a sacred room of their own.

Inside, where all who enter must see it, will be hung an illuminated copy of the chart to be found in *Self-Measurement*, a volume in the *Art of Life Series*. This invaluable little book enables one to test her inner integrity, or dis-integrity, by answering direct, searching questions such as "Do you get up in the morning and hurl your shoes through a pane of glass?", or "Can you make two blades of grass grow where one grew before?" When she has answered these questions truthfully, she grades herself plus or minus on the moral ladder, represented by the chart. For example, an affirmative answer to the first question would give her minus three in her physical "relation to life" and would place her on the deplorable level of "murder." An affirmative to the second question would give her plus three and would place her in the admirable class of the "Captains of Industry."

Their education will not be without the inspiration of the classics, diluted of course. For this purpose *Shakespeare's Ideals of Womanhood* by George William Gerwig is admirably suited. Gerwig's scholastic achievement in recognizing the undying qualities of the great master and simplifying them to fit our modern idiom, finds no greater expression than in this ringing passage.



In the readiness of her wit and the sunniness of her charm, Shakespeare may almost be said to have discovered the American girl three hundred years before she discovered herself.

It is the privilege of each one of us to know Juliet the poetic, Portia the capable, . . . Cordelia the honest, . . . Viola the tender, Ophelia and Desdemona the sorrowful.

What greater proof of his discrimination and tact than his thoughtful omission of Lady Macbeth?

Finally, since no education is complete without provision for harmless enjoyment, the girls will be allowed to read *Chamber's Repository of Distinctive and Amusing Papers*, the ennobling virtues of which anthology are so pleasantly disguised that the young ladies will be improved even while relaxing. Let them read the story of *Grace Ayton*.

The foulest fiend that ever brooded over men's souls, and hatched discontent and spleen from black imaginings, must have turned himself to love if Grace had exorcised him by her great gray eyes of guilelessness and joy.

This is a tense moment when patient Grace is waiting for her drunken husband:

Then the young wife began to tire of her work—marvelous fine work was it; making up strange clothing, problems of diminutive dimensions and infinite portions, more like doll's clothes than anything else, and yet not doll's clothes either.

I know of no more touching picture, no other one which can stir in the depths of our hearts the question

"Well, 'was it' indeed?"

IN THE LIBRARY

Mr. Herben's office: A sign on the door saying, "Engaged." Later discovered to be euphemism for "Reading magazines in periodical room."

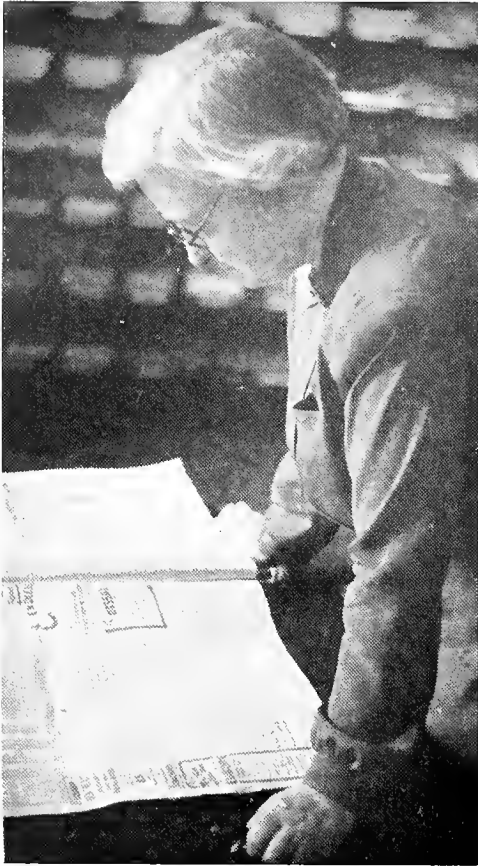
The reading room: Freshman laboriously trying to use Mr. Fenwick's home-made shorthand. She found the key to this cryptic system rustling in the grass beneath Fenny's window. Think it will bring her luck to translate her Pol. notes into Fenograms.

The periodical room: The Unfailing Four are holding another session. Librarians report that the only way you can note the passage of time is when one club member has to leave to hold a class.

Mr. Anderson's office: This is Swap morning. Everybody works in somebody else's office so that he can get some real concentration concentrated. We've got to hand it to you. It does baffle the students.

Mr. Chew's office: One would think he taught psychology instead of English, the way his desk is back against the light so that he can see every flinch of recalcitrant paper-writers while he remains a dark outline of the perfect gentleman and scholar.

The maid's chair: From this vantage point there seem to be two professors who never leave their nest in the lib for longer than a little leg-stretching in the hall ways. The maid confesses she always thinks of them as the "Two Settin' Hens." (Hint: One carries his books in a sack, the other is a member of the Unfailing Four.)



Miss Taylor

MARGARET HAILE COMMISKEY



DORIS JESSIE HASTINGS
(Mrs. Howard C. Darnell)



GRACE B. DOLOWITZ





CAROLINE deLANCEY COWL



AMANDA ELIZABETH GEHMAN

NEW FACULTY FACES

Youth, Pulchritude, and Variety Characterize New Professors

Mr. Bornemeier is that gentleman of unassuming manner and curly hair who inspires undergraduate interest in whether rats see color.

Miss deLaguna is not really a newcomer on the campus. She has long been listed among faculty children. However, this is her first year of teaching here. She adds something new to anthropology lectures with tales of her own adventures among the Eskimos of Alaska.

Miss Northrup gives economic students first hand information about the treasury department in Washington where she has worked. She is an authority on practically everything, raising kittens included. She has few dislikes except "loose thinking that is all form and no content."

Miss Pease is chiefly noted for her sense of

humor which once led her to show a slide of a cartoon from *Punch* on a classical archeology quiz.

Mr. Sloane was at first mistaken by his class for a visiting Princeton freshman, but his words proved him to be a man of wide experience, well acquainted with art museums and taverns. Both he and his wife, who is the nice but mysterious student listening in the back of the room, have become campus favorites.

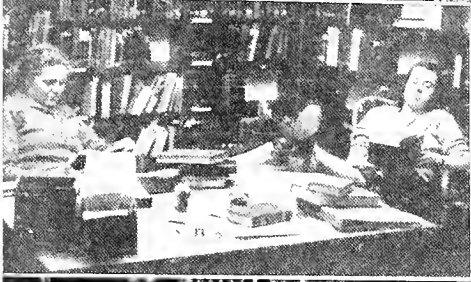
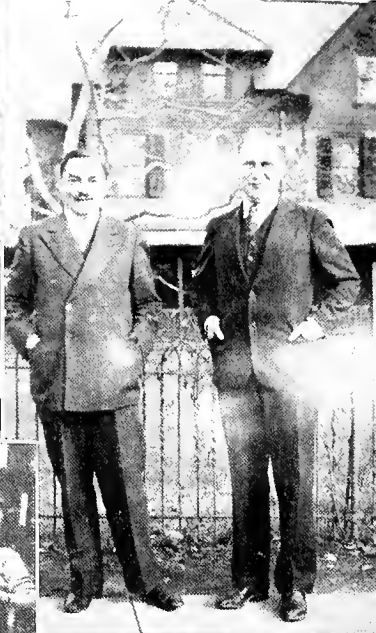
Mr. Steele of the flaming red hair, teaches giddy freshmen the rudiments of English composition. When not in his official capacity, he is often found willing to instruct them in other subjects, such as dancing and authentic Oxford slang.

EMILY DOAK



SUSANNE PRESTON WILSON





THE LIBRARY HALLS

or, Environment's Victim

The other day when enraged by one of the reserve room scrambles which always ensue before a quiz, we were suddenly seized with a wanderlust, an imperative desire to get away from it all and be utterly detached from ourselves and everybody else. Thinking to achieve a remote pinnacle of detachment from which to survey the great campus mecca, we tried roving up and down the library halls. Surely, we reflected, one should be able to escape from oneself in studying a place which may be thought of as the center of an enormous network, embracing the whole of man's intellectual, emotional and factual history,—well, not all perhaps, as we nostalgically considered the radio, the movies, and the latest copy of *Life*. Heretofore when we had wanted to forget we had taken a quick run to the "vill" to patronize the drug store, and, disgraceful to say, found it a very elevating experience. This method, however, our conscience told us, was psychologically wrong; we should lose ourselves in something bigger than we are, rather than lose an ice cream soda in something bigger than it.

Thus we embarked on what was for us a totally new experiment in self-effacement. In the first place it was impossible to be detached in the library halls. Every time we tried we were ensnared in an emotional or physical tangle. For example, while seeking inspiration by gazing at a professor's door and trying to absorb some of the cosmic brain waves which must be issuing thence, it suddenly occurred to us that we had met that door on another occasion. Then we remembered issuing from it, not like a cosmic brain wave, but like a disconcerted child bearing a paper marked 60.

With an uncomfortable sense of defeat we turned to an engraving of the Colosseum, trying to feel some of its cold indifference in our heart. Here we learned another lesson, namely, that though one may erase himself effectively from his own consciousness, it does not follow that he can remove his physical presence from the consciousness of others. Unaware of this simple law, we wandered down the corridor with a stony heart and glassy stare, only to have a resounding collision with an impressive personage. A horrible mixture of black frustration, disillusionment, and the now-not-quite-so-im-

pressive personage, flooded our consciousness. Our emotions as well as our body felt unbalanced: our mind seemed warped; and we had lost perspective, or rather we had a very good perspective of us, the library, and someone else, looming large and blotting out the world.

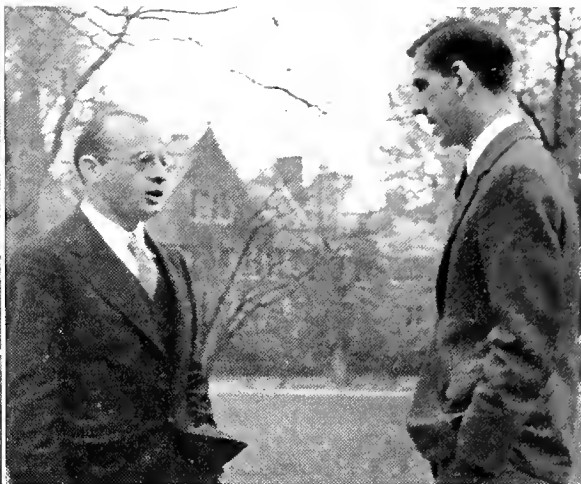
By now we felt rather like a cross between a psychological problem, and a human interest story. Our mind was working feverishly, an event of which to take advantage, so we continued the train of thought. Gradually the whole four years of library experience came into focus. It seemed as though we had undergone a constant process of embalming. The earliest picture showed us blundering around the halls like an insect in a burrow with movements about as meaningless. We scuttled to the reserve room and got a book: we returned it and got another, until suddenly a glimmer of inspiration hit us and we beat it down the burrow to the water cooler. At least the idea that there must have been some intellectual justification for these actions was comforting, but we couldn't remember that part of it now.

As the process of embalming continued we acquired the library whisper and the library shuffle. The next step was to become impervious to every one else's whispering and shuffling. In time we were able to gaze curiously through the open doors on a corridor and not be startled at catching a pair of glaring eyes in return. We even became so hardened that we could demand an extension without trembling.

Painting such dramatic mental pictures, we proceeded around the halls until we reached the art sem, when habit reminded us that our pictorial reminiscences had no composition, no flowing line, no plasticity. This blow to the ego brought us back to earth with a bang. What was the use of being an unencumbered intellect if you could not do any better than this at the end of your college career? At this moment Taylor's striking four suggested an antidote for the embalming. Though we had almost succeeded not only in losing ourselves but in getting lost, there was still an escape. With a bound we extroverted ourselves out of the library, dashed to the Inn, drained a cup of tea and once more felt strong enough to face our intellect.



Miss MacBride



Mr. Weiss and Mr. Anderson

S O C I A L S C I E N C E S

ELIZABETH AIKEN

GORDON GROSVENOR

JANE BRAUCHER





Ground Breaking: May, 1938



April, 1939

MAY TO SEE LIBRARY WING STARTED

Art and Archeology Departments to Profit Most

(Contributed in "News" try-outs)

Last June the college saw the symbolic, gilded spade break the ground where the long-wished-for new library wing is to stand, completing the square of the cloister according to the original plan. Mr. Sidney Martin intends to harmonize the architecture with the rest of the building. After long consideration and hard work on the part of the committee, the plans have at last been approved. This spring they are expected to be let for bid, so that this year's graduating class may see the actual work on the new wing started.

One of the greatest inconveniences of the library has been lack of space. The art and archeology departments, which have had to confine the greater part of their activities to the inadequate sem on the second floor, have been the most cramped. Their pictures, now scattered throughout various corridors, will reside on the third floor of the new wing. Below, will be a sem pre-eminently for graduate students, and lecture and class rooms, designed for the showing of slides. Monitors as well as students will rejoice to hear this news. No more endless shifting of seats in order to see the screen!

In the basement faculty and students can enjoy cloak rooms as luxurious as those in the new science building. The pride of the committee, however, is the stacks planned for the first floor. Opposite the row of shelves, windows will prevent duplication of the catacomb-like atmosphere of the central stacks. Under each window will be a study chair and table with a small shelf just above it. These are to be built like Rhoads' furniture, on extremely simple and practical lines. In addition to the art and archeology books, the new stacks may contain some of the classics to relieve the crowding in the main library.

We foresee art majors going to conferences and lectures, taking out books, studying, and thus spending three-quarters of their time in the same building, as many science majors do now. Working most of the time in one building may be limiting, but we feel that the confinement is more than outweighed by the advantages of saving time and eliminating unhealthy sprinting in bad weather. After all there are always week-ends for change of scene.

PUBLIC OPINION

Dear Editor:

I am a freshman who wants to express herself. (I know they want us to learn, so I am beginning now.) I have had such a beautiful experience. In freshman composition my beautiful experiences are always ungrammatical, and I do think beauty should transcend the adamantine fetters of sentence structure. I want to reawaken a sympathetic chord in the hearts, or rather minds, of all those who have received the light of true learning and have forgotten how it feels or rather what it means. Here at Bryn Mawr one is supposed to exalt the intellect over the emotions, and on Lantern Night my intellect simply burst into flame: it was positively mystical. I never knew I had an intellect before and here it was, an inner truth revealed to me. I am sure everyone who had a lantern presented to them must have felt the same way, or else how could they ever have faced required philosophy and fifty-page theses. Besides that it was all so beautiful,—the clear blackness, the cold stars and the bright stream of lanterns, and all of us young women in our caps and gowns. Fortunately it was so dark we couldn't see how becoming they were or we might have been disturbed by vanity, and we really are renouncing vanity for higher things. Now I understand how the upperclassmen can go around wearing those awful blue jeans. Then when I received my lantern I felt symbolic; I was a "torch to consecrate eternally," kindled by that little candle flame, the light of pure learning. In my inspiration I looked at the library, the home-to-be of my mind, only to notice with

horror the ominous sign that its lights were out. I could hardly trace its dim shape. And then we began to sing and I forgot my fear. The Greek words were so beautiful especially since I couldn't understand them. That increased their possible meaning infinitely. I resolved to take Greek, even though I, a nit-wit at languages, would never be able to know what it was about. It would make my college career meaningful and wonderful.

When it was all over I hurried back to the hall to meditate over a cigarette and ended up by meditating aloud to the upperclassmen. After I had described my sensations, especially about the symbolic lamp of learning, they laughed and muttered something about its turning into the midnight oil, or "the light that never was on land or sea." That seemed cruel, but then I found myself pitying them. For the first time I knew what cynicism was, and I realized the significance of the dark library. I told them that the lamp of true learning had been extinguished in them, but they only answered that it had been replaced by the light of reason. I felt terribly sad and decided to write this letter. Please remember that there is still hope. One of the most pessimistic and cynical of the upperclassmen touched an optimistic note. She said, after I had been arguing with her for a while, that at least lantern night served to make the (undergraduate) "darkness visible."

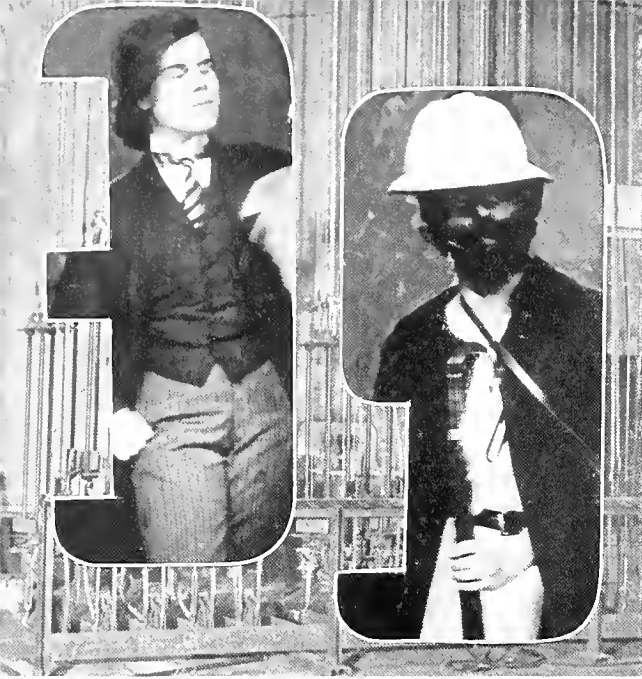
Inspired Freshman.

Lantern Night





G O O D H A R T



1936 and All That

The curtain arose on a wonder of shows, filled with Germans, "Heil! Heil!", men from the Onion Isle, Ethiopes from alar, and girls from Bryn Mawr. Dickie Reese said to Hitler, "I'll teach you good diction. Learn this wonderful thing of Sam Arthur King. Fire drills no more will disturb Goering's snore." "Of this," said der Fuehrer, "I'd no pre-deliction, when I married the girl." Selassie, too, drew a pearl, who established milk lunch for the very black bunch. His spouse said to Haile, "Send your clothes to Rock Laundry." His harem was very annoyed with Bar Cary. All Il Duce's great horde fought with pen not with sword. This peacelul aggression put him in a quandry. "From Dr. Fenwick, you see, this has all come to me," said his wife of fine fiber, who had just swum the Tiber. "We must go to Geneva to decide who to fight." "My girl went to Vassar, no one can surpass her," in the midst of some spats with his numerous brats, sang the man of Isle Onion. His wife answered "Quite." In Britain was seen Lord Cholomondelay and Pauline, at tea. "Oh, rather. It's all such a bother." "I've finished with this. Let us go to the station. At Bryn Mawr, I was queer, and I'm wild over here. It's something to be England's first lady. Although you're all stolid, you're quite a good nation." The conference was hectic; dictators apoplectic. The girls ran the works. The men's faces wore smirks. The husbands cried out, "We're just lowly worms!" Onion man had no knowledge. Wife attended wrong college. No war could be fought till he learned what was what. The wives made the husbands come to peaceful terms. The girls were on top. Thought of war had to stop. The curtain came down. Sophomores wore a frown. The audience rose to their feet with a leap! Yelled, "'59! '59! You are fine! You are fine!" They gave a great hand, not as in Wonderland, where a tale told like this had put Alice to sleep.



Behind the Scenes



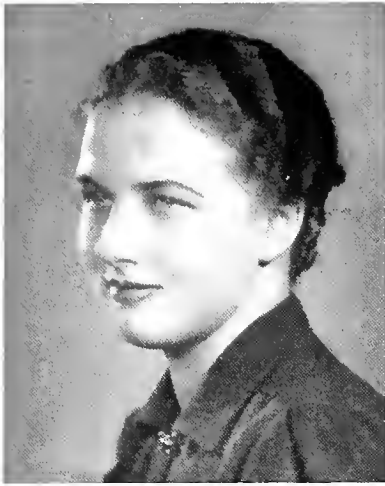
Chorus from "Patience"

"The Devil Did Grim"



"Night Must Fall"





ALICE JOHN



MARGARET FAIRBANK BELL

"Flotsam and Jetsam"
(Latin Play)



"Arms and the Man"



THEATRE WORKSHOP

The Theater Workshop at present consists of an old barn, plans and newspaper clippings, all but a modicum of the necessary funds, a great deal of discussion, and more enthusiasm.

We explored the old barn once with an eye to its architectural possibilities. The usual furnishings confronted us, a rake, an exhausted Tin Lizzie, lumber, hay, and cobwebs. With these materials well in mind, we closed our eyes and, giving flight to our dramatic imagination, tried to construct a theatrical setting. All we achieved was a very convincing old barn. For a while we considered this a sad reflection on the building, but it turned out to be a sadder reflection on us when, with surprise and admiration, we saw actual drawings of the workshop.

If we could not be constructive in one way, however, we could in another. We went to Katherine Hepburn's benefit performance and drank too many cocktails afterwards because it was in a good cause. Later we tried performing unbeneficially in amateur night; we didn't even mind when the gong and an unexpected hook removed us ungracefully from the stage. Often we regretted not having more money to give,

especially when working on scenery in Goodhart, but we tried to compensate for this lack by enthusiastic argument. We told obstinate objectors that what this college needed was a Theater Workshop, not more books for the library, and we argued from conviction. We have even seen some library books that we would have sold to help pay for the project.

As the workshop has approached realization the need for it has increased greatly. Progress in the Player's Club towards more and more experimentation has shown Goodhart to be impractical and somewhat of a hindrance to informal, spontaneous productions because it is continually in demand for other uses, for which scenery and rehearsals must make way. Yet the flock of one act plays, presented during the last few years in spite of these difficulties, are manifestations of a valuable and creative spirit. When given a place to themselves, these activities will no doubt increase greatly, offering opportunities not only for acting and directing, but for scene designing and independent playwrighting. We are only sorry that we will not be here to enjoy these advantages.

MARGARET MacGREGOR OTIS



MARY GORDON WOOD



FULL
(AUTHORIZED COPYR)

PATIENCE

BUNTHORNE'S BRIDE

WRITTEN BY
W. S. GILBERT



Vocal Gems (Selection, Words
Music) \$1.00
Libretto (Words only) \$0.50

NEW YORK
HRCITCOCK PUBLISHING
38 JOHN ST.



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DELIA PAGE MARSHALL



CORNELIA ROGERS KELLOGG

GLEE CLUB ACTIVITIES FORTIFY CAMPUS MORALE

Now that the Glee Club performance of *The Gondoliers* is approaching and the campus ether is ringing with its preparation, we present a brief history of this venerable organization. We skip over its origin and its healthy growth because that is prehistoric as far as the class of 1939 is concerned. They entered in the year 1935 when the Glee Club (to make way for May Day), had temporarily abandoned the spring production of a Gilbert and Sullivan operetta in favor of Handel's *Messiah*, presented with Princeton in the Autumn. This was a big jump in singing for most of the new members, who found themselves breathless in the face of non-stop running passages, or dizzy at the prospect of hurdling a series of unaccustomed intervals. Their hearts cast off the childish sing-song beat of youth and took on some of the quirks in tempo, which belong to a mature work of music. When the chorus was reminded that they were no longer singing Gilbert and Sullivan and were asked to produce a silver tone instead of a muddy one, these new members were silently thankful that they could produce anything at all. In the end, however, they were repaid for all their suffering by the excitement of singing in the Princeton Chapel, backed by men's voices, and by the thrill of making even Goodhart resound.

The next year Spring Fever was again mingled with Gilbert and Sullivan fever. The college

found the latter an excellent excuse to indulge in the former, as catchy strains from *The Mikado* juggled the warm zephyrs and beat in our weary brains, expelling both sleep and study. Instead of translating her Latin, one girl found herself adding Virgil, *Bucolics* and all, to Koko's "little list." Another spent long hours thinking up punishments to rhyme with the crimes of all her professors.

Patience provided a convenient and tempting code of behavior. A few girls told us that it was very amusing to go around looking "both angular and flat." They confided modestly that such an accomplishment came easily to Bryn Mawr girls. One said that she was happier than she had ever been before, now that she had found an authorized excuse "to lie among the daisies and discourse in novel phrases." All admitted that they found a justification for living (and not working) in such lines as "The dust of an earthy today is the earth of a dusty tomorrow."

On the whole, the evidence proves that the annual Glee Club performance does much each year to raise the campus morale by fortifying the wills of the girls against their consciences. It remains to be seen whether the approaching *Gondoliers*, reputedly the gayest of all the operettas, will ennoble them still further by adding a cheerful note to this atmosphere of stoic resolution.



Christmas Service



LORNA B. POTTBERG

Josef Hofmann



CHOIR

Being a member of the choir is not entirely a paradise of Palestrina, half yearly pay checks, and Mr. Willoughby's jokes. We are compensated for these pleasures by the usual crop of petty annoyances, humorous in retrospect but often monstrous in the present. Here are a few of them, mostly impressionistic in character.

At a quarter of nine having to go and listen to freshman statistics. One of the brightest in the class turns out to be the one who half an hour ago at breakfast had not the intelligence to reach as far as under her nose for the syrup. The really bright one who grabbed the last dish of corn flakes is not mentioned.

New rules,—rigour mollified by flattery. Strict fines for cutting, justified by a comparison of you with the young ladies who used to sing for Brahms.

Black stockings, very expensive. The dim religious light of chapel shows up the holes.

Marching into Chapel. Trying to look spiritually at the rafters: as a result stumbling over the unexpected conductor's platform. Getting into the wrong row and having everybody swear at you: or worse,—finding someone else in the wrong row and swearing at them.

Singing "All the saints who from their labors rest" in honour of the alumnae without a word about the saints who from their labors do not rest.

COLLEGE NEWS CHANGES HANDS

Passing of Don Juan and M. Meigs Mourned by Campus

NEXT YEAR'S BOARD MUST AIM HIGH TO MAINTAIN STANDARDS



MARY ROBERTS MEIGS



Tuesday Night



MARY DIMOCK



Lantern Board

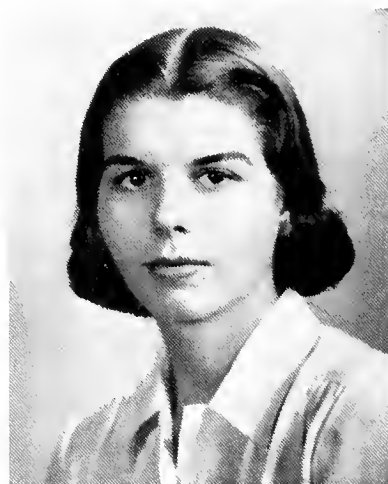
THE LANTERN

THE ART CLUB

Merion Basement



ADELE CLEMENT



INSPIRATION

The ominous chill of winter bit the October air, giving it a cutting edge as it swirled around the trees in Senior Row and eddied between a pair of swinging brown legs. While the trees shivered stiffly, the legs, impervious in their self-protecting warmth, continued to pull against the stubborn hill, still responding to the driving rhythmic cheers ringing in their owner's ears.

"Anassa kata kalo kale . . . Babs!" The strides stretched longer over the soft ground as Babs' heart beat to the magic words and her brain resounded joyfully with tune of "Thou gracious inspiration." She was feeling particularly well disposed toward her new found *alma mater* because, in spite of academic failures, it was very probable that she would become the guiding star of the hockey team.

Meanwhile the wind, as if frantically trying to share in her joy, was playing a rousing game of hockey with the first fallen leaf, but Babs did not notice. Her unthinking sunniness was never clouded with any such oversensitiveness to her environment. It showed in her English themes. The glaring red "Rewrite" which she had received this morning, however, was forgotten now in the rising tide of her happiness. Her joy gave another bound when she remembered her date for the Haverford dance this evening.

As she entered the hall, her cool radiance freshened the tense, smoky atmosphere, surging wave-like over the study-worn faces, leaving them unresponsive except for an imperceptible widening of the lips. Her cheery "Hello" echoed through dead ears and sadly muffled, escaped up the chimney. Undaunted, she dropped into a chair, her legs tingling with the first hint of stiffness, and picked up a copy of *The Lantern*. At first the jumble of strange words meant nothing to her; they slipped around the smooth edges of her unbattered brain, not caught by any familiar association. Then gradually their airy spirit penetrated the heavy gray matter and sifted into her subconscious, filling this untrammelled area with strange new experiences. At one moment her mind seemed to have expanded to embrace an infinite, unextended emptiness, only to contract again into a pin-point microcosm of swirling form and color. Gnawing, biting words sprang from the blank page and wormed into the new recesses of her self, leaving a burning light in her eyes as they passed. The world became an immensity enclosed between her mind and her outermost senses. When, far away, the supper bell tinkled, the sound seemed to be coming from somewhere down in her leg. It approached up her spinal column until it reached the echoing cavity of her skull where it clanged with rocking vibrations.

Automatically she got up and was drawn into the uncoordinated mass of pushing, hungry bodies. She hated them all. Routine-bound mechanisms filling themselves, with a monotonous repetition of jerky motions; she hated herself for feeling hungry, for having to assimilate these body-forming lumps of colored nothingness. Geometrically defined, they jostled each other for room on her plate; they would jostle forever, even when a part of her. She choked over a triangular carrot, while spherical peas, moved by the impact, rolled to the floor with squashy thumps. "Symbolic," she thought. "Form bound souls dragged to earth dimly thudding while mind weaves spiritual cobwebs of eternal destiny. Oh for a universe of abstract ideas!" she cried inwardly as she felt the material world closing around her. Terror seized her as she saw a tiny blue speck at the other end of the table begin to approach; it came nearer in a relentless wavy line as it passed from hand to hand, growing larger and larger until it obstructed

her whole vision. "God, the gravy!", she yelled, and ran from the hall.

Picking up *The Lantern*, now her only solace, she started for her room. Passing the show case she was arrested by a cheery

"Hurry up! We're going places tonight." Her forgotten date, Bernie, confronted her. His clear smile and clean cut features, the neat certainty of his black and white clothes irritated her.

She answered "Life,—fuzzy paradox of negated positivity, every Yes swallowed in the indivisible No." He did not understand, and she, unable to remember the formula of polite conversation, repeated "No!"

In her room she reread the poem which had first inspired her trying to visualize its author. Grace Eliot. The name was simple offering no clue to the appearance of its bearer. Tragic, elusive figures floated before her eyes from shadow into half light and into darkness,—sometimes gray and gauzy, transparent against the light,—sometimes plastic and soft, silhouetted against the light. Only the eyes were distinct, opalescent eyes where brilliance sank into infinite depth and both faded into blankness.

The visions disappeared, but now new meaning seemed to peer from the shadows behind the desk, and to rustle in the dim folds of the curtains. Yet it failed to come into the light, to replace the old life now tottering around her; she had glimpsed a new world which she could not grasp, and she had lost the old. Silly, hockey-playing Babs (the name echoed foolishly in her vacuumatic soul); she could never think thoughts like that or write like that; nor could she ever play hockey or go to dances again. Besides, "horror of undirection prisoned in wilful air," she wasn't even sure she could hit the ball straight,—if at all. She kicked her neat tunic into a heap of wan pleats on the floor while elusive Meaning giggled from the shadows. Finally in bed she went to sleep snoring:

"Suicide. Bright morning. Black wind. Suicide."

In the morning, after a cup of shapeless coffee, she was ready to face her destiny. She sat in the smoking room saying a silent farewell to her attitudinizing companions. One girl in particular made her destiny seem happy.

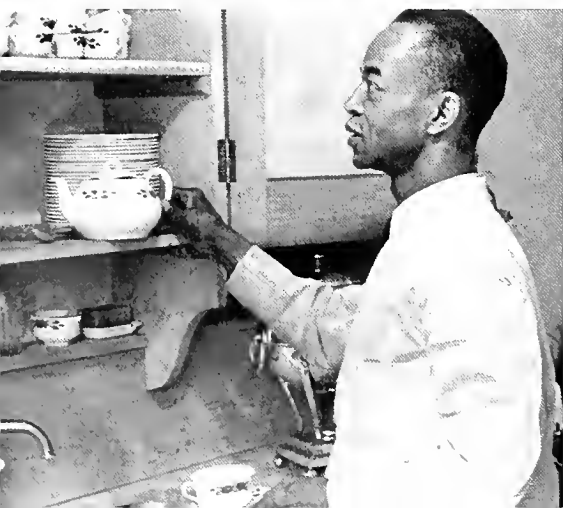
"P-f-o-oey," said the girl. "That's life for you! All kinds of things. No corn flakes at breakfast. Kicked off the varsity yesterday. 'Lavender' says no more extension on my paper. How can I play hockey if they do that to me? And the crowning insult! Jack, the little runt, asked me to marry him at the dance last night with Bernie, the divine Bernie, looking on and grinning the whole time. Was I mad!", she yelled back as she left the room. Babs watched her patched blue jeans and red shirt receding down the hall.

"Who was that?" asked a freshman.

"Oh that. That's Grace Eliot."

Grace Eliot! Babs felt mad reaction trampling within her. She rushed back to her room and tore up *The Lantern*. Tears cooled her ironic "P-f-o-oey!" as she threw the scraps into the waste basket. It all seemed vague and dream-like now except for a sense of horror within her and her tunic lying on the floor, its wrinkles stark in the sunlight. She hung it up carefully and then wrote a note of apology to Bernie. Her heart resounded

"Anassa kata kalo kale . . . Babs!"



CURRENT EVENTS

Gleaned from Tourists to Common Room

In troubled times it is fortunate that upon occasion we can talk about untroubled things. An example ought to be made of the Common Room. It is a place which, like Switzerland, has witnessed stormy debates on many problems from world events and industrial relations to religion, science, and philosophy, and has still been able to maintain its equilibrium.

Its ever changing population is not under the thumb of dictators. The people value their rights to free thinking and free speech. Although the majority do not agree with the points of view of Japan, of Hitler, or of the Arabs in Palestine, they are more than willing to listen to them. Even young Communists and Capitalists are able to meet on friendly terms.

The Common Room's most important people are Mr. Fenwick, who knows what is going on in the world, and George, the chef, who supplies excellent food for visiting dignitaries and hungry students.

Besides having a social conscience, the inhabitants are patrons of art and music. A special committee arranges exhibitions of pictures, varying from Spanish children's drawings to the works of Italian Renaissance painters. The choir assembles there nearly every Sunday night, before going on tour to the Music Room and auditorium.

Unlike Switzerland, however, the Common Room is in an unusually happy location that involves no immediate danger from unfriendly totalitarian states. Resembling its neighbors, the Library, Rockefeller, Rhoads, and the President's house, it is a liberal and cosmopolitan community.

GNASHINGS OF DESPAIR

If there's anything we have learned to do at college, it's
express ourselves,
Just as every one else has done for years and years, whose
efforts adorn the library shelves.
You may ask where we get such a pernicious and chronic
habit.
Well, we didn't pull it out of a hat like a rabbit.
It was drilled into us way back yonder in Freshman Comp.,
Where they taught us to get what was on our chest off it
in rich, beautiful prose, rather than by a good healthy
romp.
And when we didn't have anything we wanted to get off
our chests naturally.
They piled everything on us from T. S. Eliot to themes
on our relations and all the Arts Bach'lorally.
Ever since we have been trying to wiggle out from under
all this intellectual tonnage.
We tried everything from absorbing it to holding a sale
of spiritual rummage, but we couldn't get rid of it
for love or monage.
Anyway, ironically enough, all our attempts looked from
the outside rather like eccentric self-expressions
Of all our latent childhood repressions.
We seemed to be baring our individualities and soul secrets
all over the campus
To the dogs, to the squirrels and to the magazine salesmen
who vamp us.
In Taylor we got to be veritable whizzes
At dumping the contents of our brains into quizzes.
And when we got sick of absorbing the weighty words of
the professor and felt like letharging.
We kept ourselves awake by writing scathing notes in the
marging.
In the library our insistent whispering made some people's
nerves go to pieces.
Especially those who were expressing themselves in some
kind of thesis.
In the gym we let off our athletic and creative steam in
the dance,
Whether modern, or ballroom in which case we enticed
the men by behaving like shy, shrinking plants.
While in the halls we relieved ourselves lounging around in
strange-looking pants.
But Goodhart was the only place, let the college rejoice,
Where we did nothing but express ourselves by making noise.
From aspiring musicians in the cellar to bats in the belfry
Every one indulged his embryonic ego in very audible
artistic pelfry.
One might think it was a second tower of Babel.
Only in comparison Babel was tame as a fable,



MARY CHARLOTTE MOON



ELOISE CHADWICK-COLLINS

Practice





Because it probably didn't have any acoustics.
whereas Goodhart has plenty,
So that when you are standing in the middle
you can hear the choir and the stage crew
and Dr. Fenwick and you wish there were
a lot more *dolce far niente*.
To be brief it sounds as if pandemonium were
loose.
Even the college paper could join the din and
claim to be the people's voice if it didn't
prefer to be modest like the *Times* instead
of screaming headlines like the *Daily*
Noose.
In the common room when tired of the opera
and the speakers and the art exhibit the
girls discuss at tea
With heightened tones the meaning of life in
a univussity
And of their own and human pervussity.
While in the pantry the forgotten kettle splut-
ters with rage.

But all this is mild compared with when they
get on the stage.
Then with dramatic burnings
And operatic yearnings
And every kind of vocal tendency
In the ascendancy
They turn the rather but not too dignified
auditorium
Into a kind of bedlamic uproarium.
Until your only operatic yearning is to run
away in a fast but silent ride of the
Valkyria.
Instead of staying and having an undramatic
fit of noisy and nervous hysteria.
For if everybody expressed themselves, that's just
what self-expression would be reduced to.
Because for everyone else it's something over-
whelming and hard to get used to.
In mass doses
It will produce a variety of claustrophobial
psychosis.
So please let up on the self-expressions
And give us a few good healthy repressions.



A MERRY MISCELLANY

PRO HIGHER EDUCATION DEPARTMENT

(Note scribbled in an abandoned *Paradise Lost*):

Had Mother Eve e'er gone to college.
Oh, what would be the fruit of knowledge?

A THOUGHT FOR EVERY DAY

(Heard issuing from the black night near Pembroke arch):

"But the tragedy of it all is the immediacy of the Now!"

And How!

JUST POETRY

What we demur most at's
The deuced thermostats:
And still the heat
Has got us beat.

BRAIN TWISTER FOR THE BRAIN TWISTED*

Mary merited credit:
Her credit was merit.
Ellen had credit for her merit,
and had merit to her credit.

Jane's work was a credit to her merit,
Though her merit did not do her work credit.
Sally's work merited to be credited with merit,
but her credit was less merit than credit.

Read the above carefully and then answer the following questions:

1. Which girl was the brightest?
2. Which got what she deserved?
3. Which got the highest mark at Bryn Mawr?
4. Which graduated in hopeless confusion and was never again sure of her status in life?

Hint: If credit for merit

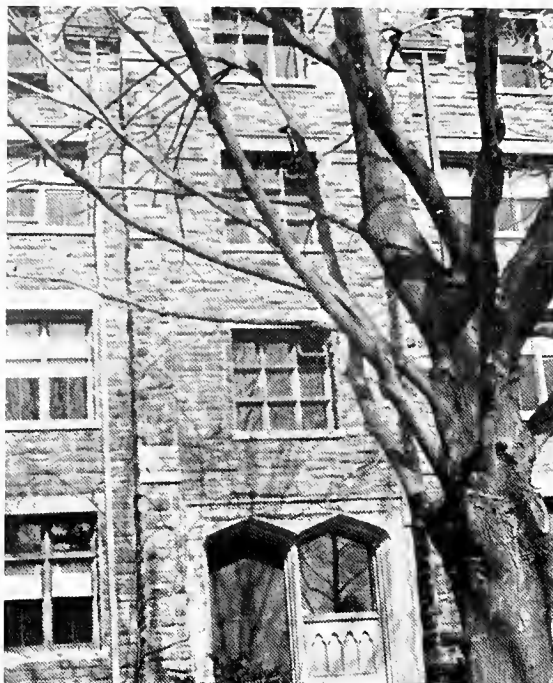
Is all we inherit,
Then merit for credit
Is what? You've said it!
A pip
Of a jip!

* Anyone who cannot solve this should not be allowed either to graduate from Bryn Mawr or to teach there.





D A L T O N



It seems that there were once two physicists, one named Pat and the other named Mike. They were walking into Dalton one day.

"Bedad," says Pat. "Here we've gotten the chemistry and geology departments out of the way, and what are we going to do about it?"

"Begorra," answers Mike. "Sure and maybe we'd better be cleaning house." So the first thing he did was to trim his beard. Pat didn't wear a beard so naturally he didn't trim it.

After that, they cleaned and cleaned, and installed soundproof rooms, and painted everything nice quiet greens and greys, so that the colors wouldn't swear too much with the general red departmental tinge. Then, as a result of the new color scheme, they took in a lot of new, un-red-haired majors, a far cry from the old days when one girl was ungallantly threatened with leaving the department or dyeing her hair.

Although it was in lights and optics that those two physicists really produced great changes, there were many minor improvements too. They removed the historic equipment from the lecture room, ripping out a forty-five-year-old hand

pump, showering much grease, dirt, and protest. The monitor's life was simplified by putting the entire first year lab in one room, except, of course, for the wandering experiments when half the class vanishes to the fourth floor to throw little balls at the autumn leaves.

But when it came to lights! They kept the old switches that are such a boon for Pat to play with when he wanders up and down the room lecturing. The windows in the second year lab still support the building, giving greater ground to the theory that Dalton would collapse if they were opened. Unpleasant complaints have been heard that the new optics laboratory, supposedly black and ventilated, causes spots before the eyes and asphyxiation. In spite of that minor problem, it is a new and superior lab, flanked by two smaller ones and hard by the famous Forty-second Street, the brilliant row of lights leading to the janitor's cubby hole.

The source of Forty-second Street is the new magnificence of switch and switchboard. As a very minor physicist, we do not understand these things, but from them, we judge that it isn't only Rhoads which has been giving the powerhouse jitters this year. It was a bitter moment for us when we learned that both A.C. and D.C. were readily available in the physics labs, complete with what sounded suspiciously like double sockets. The new switchboard gives from 200 to 300 per cent more light. Added power involves added responsibility however. The department, or at least the student members of it, live in a state of frenzy trying to remember to turn the lights off.

Even the new dark rooms off the first year lab are not all convenience. Because of them the lab is kept locked. As a faculty member remarked, they form such nice comfortable rooms for two when the showcases are crowded!

In conclusion, the walls are white; the creaks are gone; and in the spring we envy Mike and his little class of advanced students seeking knowledge under the trees. Oh, to be a physicist now that April's here!



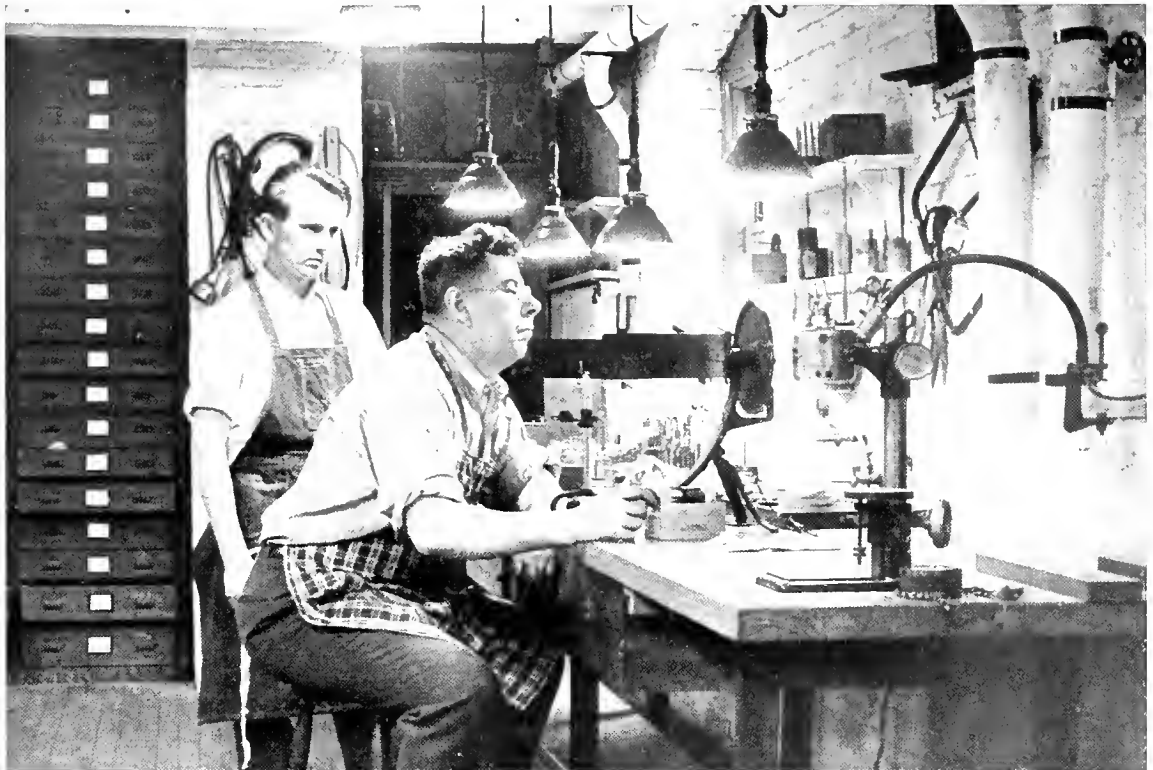
Before



After

P H Y S I C S

The Shop





Mr. Michels Demonstrates
Lab. Instruction.

HELEN HURD HAMILTON
ANN DEWEY

Minor Physics

Advanced Optics



CAMERA CLUB REVELS IN DARK ROOM

Hanging by the toes from the second window to the right on the third floor of Taylor is a trying occupation. Climbing silently under the desks in the Lib. at eight-forty-five the night before the minor history exam, is too. Join the Camera Club, and see Bryn Mawr from every angle. It demands neither pledges nor broad-mindedness. All that is necessary is a camera and intrepid hardihood. Even so, the female instinct survives. When Haverford requested the use of the dark room, several members objected on the ground that when in their developing clothes they did not like to bump into men.

Contrary to public opinion, professors are not frequent visitors at Camera Club parties. Mr. Willoughby, it seems, is a member, but so far he has confined his activities to contributing large brown bottles useful for hypo solution.

The main problem about the Camera Club is the mystery surrounding it. Light adjustment meters, and discussions of velvet or bromide film, confuse the uninitiated. Also, the words "Dark Room Party" suggest weird satanic festivities. Actually, the revelry seems to consist in harmless grape-juice, food, and the development of photographs of Mr. Watson and Mr. Dryden, etc. The mystery, however, remains. The Nucleus is good, successful, and incomprehensible.

DORIS GREY TURNER



Guess Who?

AESTHETIC JOYS DEPARTMENT

1. Mr. Michaels and Mr. Doyle, because you can tell they were scientists just to look at them.
2. Mrs. Patterson, because she's mistaken for a student, and that's a compliment to our youth and beauty.
3. Mrs. Wheeler, because she knows how to tell the college what she wants—and get it!
4. The whole Physics Department, because they look so happy coming back from lunch in the Deanery that we begin to think our food must have been better than it tasted.

Dark Room Party





Summer: 1933



2nd Year Lab

B I O L O G Y

CATHERINE DALLETT HEMPHILL

"A bird in hand."



DON JUAN

Juan threw down his musty old *Mort d'Arthur*.
"Alas," he groaned, "methinks vicarious
Adventure is a pain. I'd so much rather
Have life a soupçon more hilarious.
It really wouldn't be an awful bother
To save a damsel from a beast nefarious."
An unseen voice behind said, "Let me esk you.
Are you prepared to undertake a rescue?"

Juan arose with jump quite antelopic.
"Oh, to be sure! And who are you?", said he.
"No matter. If you're feeling philanthropic,
There are some forty damsels to set free
From jealous guard of monsters microscopic."
Up Juan leapt with joy and yelled, "Whoopee!
But where?" "You'll have to manage an assault
on
The Bi-lab. See it's over there in Dalton."

Protected by his mighty mental armour,
Juan felt quite invulnerable enough.
The faculty, however, feared lest harm or
Dis'lusionment break down his noble bluff.
"Old boy, we know that you are quite a
charmer,
But that makes you your own worst foe." "Oh
stuff
And nonsense," fumed our hero grabbing
tweezers
And mighty scalpel. "You will see, you geezers!"



Minor Bi.

Miss Gardiner





Time Out for Tea

Forth went Juan in glorious array,
 Like good St. George, the one who slew the
 dragon.
 "A toast," he cried, "the lobster and our fray!"
 With gurgle cavernous he drained a flagon.
 And, bowing to the people's loud "Hurray!"
 Stepped clankingly into the waiting wagon.
 (Required to bear his martial par'phernalia,
 Though he rather hoped he wouldn't need it and
 could indulge in a scientific Bacchanalia.)

Miss Ufford and Friend



Although in literary circles famous.
 In matters scientific, we admit,
 Our hero was a veteran ignoramus.
 Of hydra's heads he'd read with trembling fit.
 He dreamed it huge and slithery and squamous,
 With Octopus's tentacles. "But twit.
 Integer Vitae!", mused our mental grampus,
 "Nought but spiritual dangers on this campus."

He burst into the lab with thund'rous bellow.
 "Hi, girls, I've come to save you from your
 fate."
 "Shh!", said a small voice at his side. "Oh
 hello,"

Little Miss Muffert. "Whew! I'm in a state.
 Bring on the monster!" "What a jolly fellow!
 But please be quiet. We're busy and it's late.
 What kind of monsters? Species protozoic?"
 "Ouch . . . What an earful!" Juan felt less stoic.

"Come, here's the lobster, Juan. Get to work."
 With one fell stroke he killed the grim
 crnstacean.

"Please, something fierce! Where does the
 Hydra lurk?"

"It's in the mike!" He looked in mad frustra-
 tion.

"Oh, horror minuscule! Am I berserk?"
 Aghast. Recoiling with an imprecation
 Back from the Hydra, he slew the Paramoecium;
 Swooned dead away and woke up in Elysium.

(Not to be continued.)



Interview with Mr. Fobes



Math Library

MATHEMATICS



ANN CABELL WILLIAMS



Mrs. Wheeler's Office

EXCERPTS FROM ACADEMIC EXILE

Math is like childhood. You never see how perfect it is until after it's over. I shall never forget the moment when the beauties of math were revealed to me.

It was five o'clock the morning before the final exam in second year calculus. I'd learned all seven pages of the fundamental theorem until I was sure that it would be the first thing I'd say if I came out from under ether. I set the alarm for seven-thirty in the hopes that two and a half hours of sleep would drive the blank feeling from my mind, the tired taste from my mouth and the fatigue-shivers from my back.

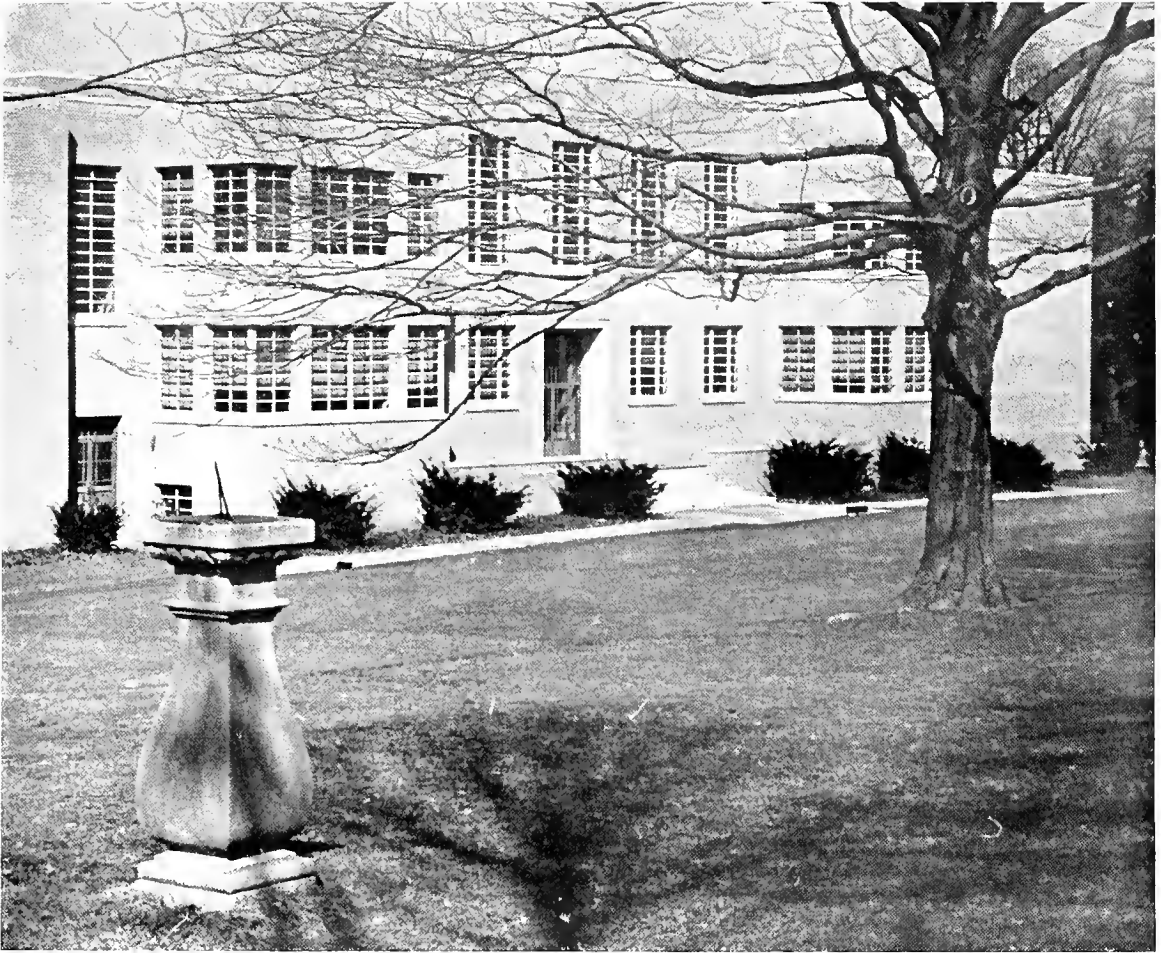
The room reeked with the smell of mothballs

from summer packing. As I lay on the bed trying to fall asleep before the sun came in the window, half-dozing, I suddenly realized what I'd been studying as math for two years—a beautiful structure of figments built on such phrases as “let something approach zero” and “we'll define this so that—” I'd learned a great piece of logic pulled out of thin air by definition and by letting things approach things.

Then I fell asleep strangely comforted and dreamed Miss Lehr was dragging Mr. Hedlund by the hair up and down the keys of a giant piano while Mrs. Wheeler dusted her Chinese antiques and murmured, “If it must be so, let it be by definition.”

Moving Out





THE NEW SCIENCE BUILDING



Going In

PUBLIC OPINION

March 10, 1939.

To the Editor of the *College News*:

Ever since my last visit to college I've been having periodical nightmares. I seem to see the Bryn Mawr campus turn to steel before my very eyes and the students transfigured into automatons jerking their way from class to class. The cause of all these dreams is my displeasure at the modernistic architecture of the New Science Building.

I used to think that the Bryn Mawr campus had a charming atmosphere. Now I come upon a sore thumb of a building which looks more like a high school constructed by the W.P.A. than an extension of the fine old tradition of the college. Is there anything taught in the New Science Building which necessitates those angular brick walls? Do special fumes go in or come out those slit windows, which could not as well enter or exit by the type of window in Rhoads?

Of course, I'm not suggesting plastic surgery for the New Science Building. The million dollar fund is spilt milk now. My only hope is that no similar mistakes will be made in the future. For the present, I console myself with the fact that the Science Building is down in a hole where it won't be noticed much.

Alumna.

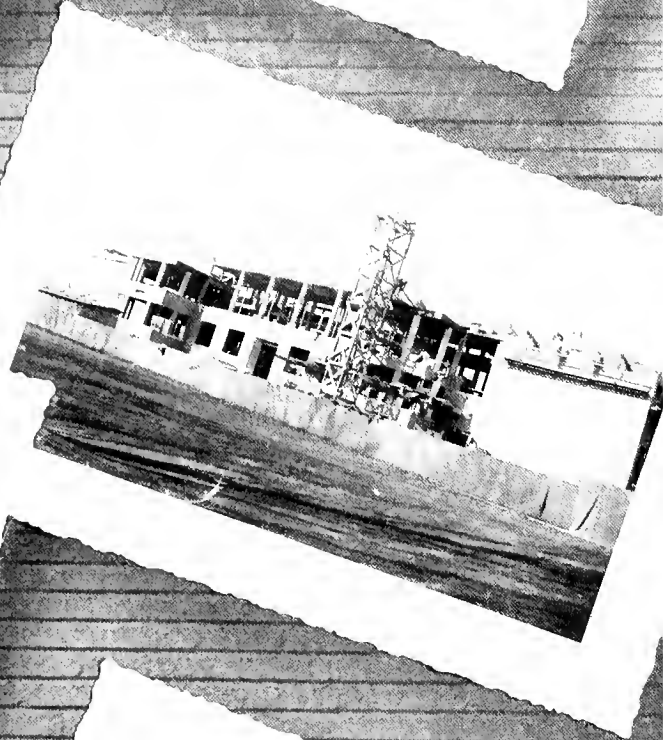
March 20, 1939.

To the Editor of the *College News*:

In reply to "Alumna's" letter of last week, in which she bountifully expressed her displeasure at the modernistic architecture of the New Science Building, may I say first that I burn to encounter such a woman as she must undoubtedly be. Failing this, I should like to recommend through your paper that "Alumna" watch her evening meals more carefully, just in case her nightmares should be fomented by dietary indiscretions.

I, for one, heartily approve of the architecture of the New Science Building. Surely, it must be a thrill to the students to work in a place as up to date as the science which they are learning. In addition, certainly "Alumna" doesn't delude herself into believing that all the other structures on campus are in the style of one period. I recommend that she compare Taylor and the Library. The modernity of the New Science Building is outward and visible proof that Bryn Mawr is progressing as the years go by. The entire college, rather than just one building, would be down in a hole and very little noticed, if it wanted every improvement to be in the style of the old order.

Progressive Alum.





CHEMISTRY

THREE GENERATIONS . . .

Talk about *nouveau riches*! Better to talk about them than listen to them gloat about the comforts that the New Science Building has brought to chemistry students. Remember the good old crowded days in Dalton, where the sinks didn't drain and the air was heavy with fumes? Those were the times when you could flood the biology department (who flunked you last year) by merely letting an excess of water down the pre-clogged drains. Those were the fine old days when you didn't know whether you'd really gotten a grey precipitate or whether it was just the poorly lighted lab—where the smell of the rabbit made you sway and grow dizzy until you grabbed for a drink of what ever happened to be in the nearest beaker and bolted for the fire escape.

All this is changed now. The *parvenues* who use the chem labs in the New Science Building will doubtless degenerate to the jellyfish genus after several generations. They have everything—light, air, water—even room to breathe. Nothing can be expected except a race of Softie Scientists.

One redeeming feature of the organic lab is the provision of showers. Of course, the latter are only supposed to be used by people being eaten alive by acid or going up in flames. However, sometimes completely by accident, sometimes completely on purpose, a budding young chemist finds herself bathed in the waters from on high. These sudden drenchings are the only ray of hope of forcing the adaptive abilities to toughen the chemists of tomorrow. In time, the paleontologists claim chem majors may develop hard shells so that even sudden drenchings will cease to disturb an experiment.

The ventilating system will certainly give the nostrils of chem students a new lease on life. They brag that when they stage four-alarm explosions, the new hoods suck up the flames so fast that not even an eyelash is singed. It's perfectly grand for everyone except the neighbors, who get all the smells which are piped out of the building. Rents in the Low Buildings district are said to be lower with no indication of firming.

If you want to know what's really dreamy, it's the drying ovens and the instantaneous steam



LABORATORY

baths. And the new iceboxes help with other problems beside that of lunch. The white tile-topped desks in the analytical lab are as good as a white table-cloth at the Bellevue any day. However, the smoothest gadgets are the left-handed desks in the lecture rooms. Now, being left-handed is sort of distinguished, like a white streak in black hair.

Also the New Science Building contains a whole score of possibilities. The ping pong table and the smoking room (as well as the roof and the dark room which doesn't let in even a chink of light!) should provide avenues for getting to know the faculty better. The fluorescent rock exhibit smacks of a World's Fair, and soothes those who long for the bright lights.

Does the college realize the secondary effects which the New Science Building may have? Primarily, of course, it will sissy-fy our scientists, or at least the half who don't use hand-me-down Dalton. Secondly, when once the news of our truly beautiful equipment leaks out, Smith and Vassar may feel the repercussions. Our type of student will change until we have few Taylor-made graduates and many would-be

Madame Curies. It will be very easy to get into Bryn Mawr if on your application blank is a pledge to major in history, politics, or languages. The German oral will cease to be a sifter with so many scientists in the college. The faculty offices in the library will be quiet sanctuaries where professors work untroubled by conferences with students. Cobwebs will cover the desks in the reading room. The new wing will only be disturbed by the chatter of squirrels on the sill outside the dusty windows.

However, this will not be the end! Those same chem majors who revel in the lap of left-handed desks will be weakened by their snap existence. Let them gloat now, for tomorrow they die out. Such a little shock as an unexpected shower will be fatal. Then Miss Terrien can get out her feather duster and prepare for students as the Library had them in the old days. Veronica will have to shut down her three storerooms for chemistry apparatus, for there will hardly be business enough for one. How fitting that the New Science Building should furnish a proof of Darwinism!



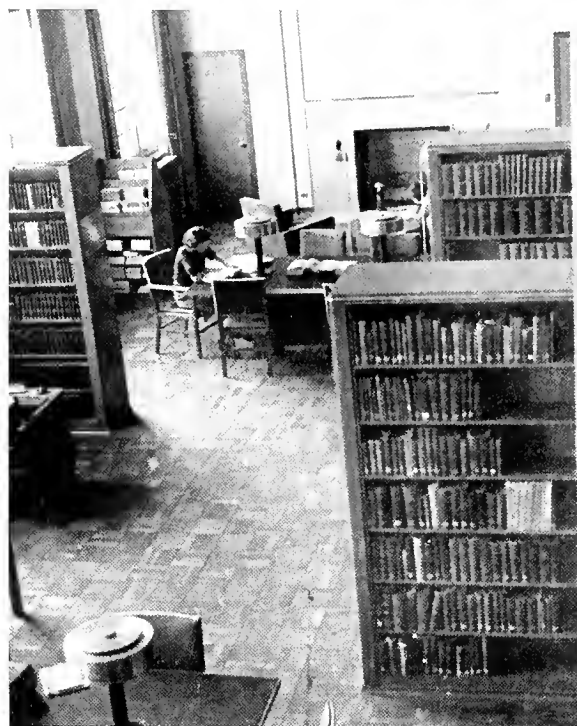
DENISE ANDREE DEBRY



CATHERINE C. EIDE

CHEMISTRY





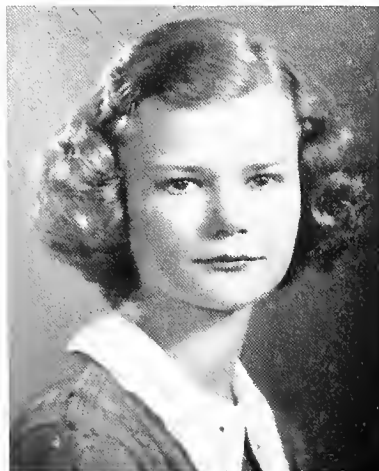
Above: "Veronica."
Left: Science Library.
Right: Miss Lauman

ALIEN



ELEANOR BENDITT

RUTH STODDARD



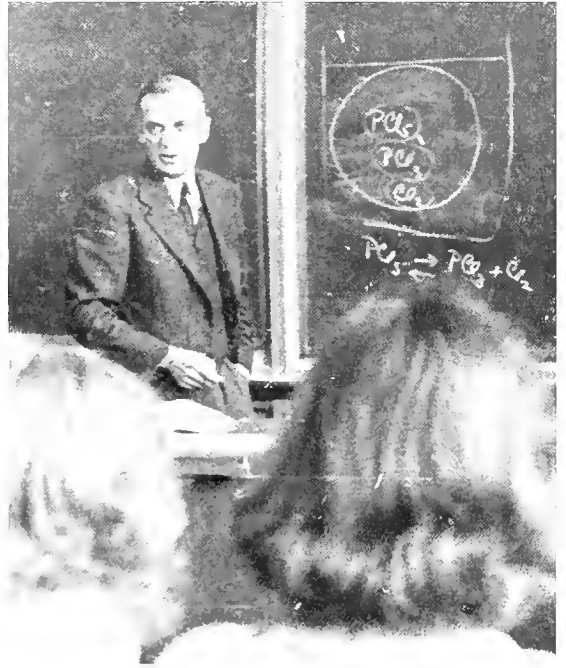
DOROTHEA REINWALD HEYL

Once upon a time, a poor English major, in search of peace, quiet, and a change of scene, found herself in the library of the New Science Building. As far as studying went, she was doomed from the start. Only a mind steeled to scientific concentration could work in such a leisurely spot. Although the books are dull tomes dealing with *Geologic Aspects of Physical Chemistry*, or vice versa, and the magazines are not as enlivening as the *Punch* and *Life* of the Periodical Room in the Lib, the atmosphere is unbelievably giddy. The polished aluminum of the indirect lights, the terra-cotta of the conch, and the huge Venetian blinded windows, are wholly unscientific.

Once past the dedicatory plaques, the English major headed for the couch. She had just settled down with her books and had opened to Canto IV of the *Faerie Queene*, when her pencil clattered to the floor. As she stooped to pick it up, the couch separated like ancient Gaul, into three parts. Schooled by Chaucer to withstand all shocks, she overlooked this, and continued to pursue the pencil toward the fireplace, where it had become mixed up with the fire curtain. This proved to be a complex mesh with a steel cord that may be pulled to open it. The English major intelligently untangled the pencil, and decided to try studying at one of the tables. The indirect lighting was so brilliant that her eyes, used to the dull green and brown of the Lib, were nearly blinded. The room, moreover, was oppressively hot. She pulled ropes dangling from the Venetian blinds until she discovered that this had no effect on the windows. She saw several interesting handles, and by playing with them produced startling results.

All the panes of the window flew open at once. She pushed the knobs frantically, and the window closed again, leaving only one pane open, through which swept a comfortable draft.

The couch looked inviting, the light was pleasant, and the *Faerie Queene* was slow going. The English major curled up on the third section of the sofa, and dreamed splendid dreams of a knight clad in steel-mesh armor, who was equipped with test-tubes and a Bunsen burner, and who rode on a coal black Venetian blind.



Mr. Cope and Mr. Crenshaw





Mr. Watson and Rocks on Display

GEOLOGY

Reflections on Paleontology



GEOLOGY FIELD TRIP REPORT

November, 1938

1. Pembroke Arch. No notable rock formations were visible, but there was a conglomerate group of beslacked and bewildered students, equipped with hammers, compasses, maps, notebooks, pencils, mittens, extra sweaters, and food, all out of equilibrium. Goaded by jeers about female slowness from Mr. Watson, they piled into the bus, a rare species formerly thought to be extinct except as a fossil in junk yards. Mr. and Mrs. Dryden followed in the car with Tonto.

2. Three miles up side of hill near Conshohocken. Bus collapsed. Students clambered out, heavily laden with paraphernalia, and staggered up the hill after the receding Watson legs. The summit, when finally achieved, afforded an excellent view of Conshohocken steel mills although a mist obscured the consequent or subsequent Schuylkill. A large green snake wiggled around the hardier members of the party, the rest fleeing.

3. Quarry, two miles west of the S in Springfield. Students, being gneiss girls, were undaunted by jeering C.C.C. workers, and tentatively used their hammers only to procure specimens of grey rock to be thrown out immediately on return to college. The next half hour, devoted to riding, brought forth examples of poetic and vocal talent. Roads rang with "Minnie the Moocher," "Bell Bottom Trousers," and assorted parodies to popular songs, largely derogatory to geology.

4. Location unknown. Wholly new sensation of taking notes with mittens was experienced. When this proved impossible, writing barehanded and then warming the fingers with lighted cigarettes was tried, but was equally unsuccessful. Tonto showed himself the noblest geologist of us all by unearthing a particularly rare fossil. There are three theories to account for his prowess:

a. that, belonging to the Drydens he is naturally conformable to their interests;

b. that it was a kind of accident (catastrophism theory);

c. that he uncovered the fossil while nosing for a rabbit, this being a form of mechanical erosion.



Co-ed

Meanwhile, the general effect of thirty students sitting in the road cracking rocks was magnificent. It supported the theory that workers in chain gangs are really primitive geologists (see G. S. Ashpooft: "Die Geologische Bedeutung der Kettemenge" in "Die Zeitungspruenge des Geologischenwissens," Band 279, 1939, pp. 216-238).

5. Pembroke Arch. Weathered students disembarked. Miraculously, all reported that they still had their hammers. Some had been secondarily enriched by the acquisition of fossils and minerals to form a breccia, an incongruous mixture of substances brought together by mechanical forces. In the opinion of the majority, the process was painless, although in other instances it may be accompanied by more destructive forces such as poison ivy, sedimentation—i. e., falling down in the mud, and even faulting from cliffs, accompanied by horst and graben.



FACULTY NOTES

How are we to know them now, the faculty whose cubby-holes we used to visit so gloomily after every mid-semester?

Mr. Cope, whose office increased in inaccessibility proportionally to the decrease in our chemical ability, now breezes cheerfully to the main floor of the New Science Building, where he performs mighty researches both by day and night.

Miss Lanman still has to rescue the first year students from astounding smoke screens, but she covers wider areas than the lab and measurement rooms of Dalton's third floor.

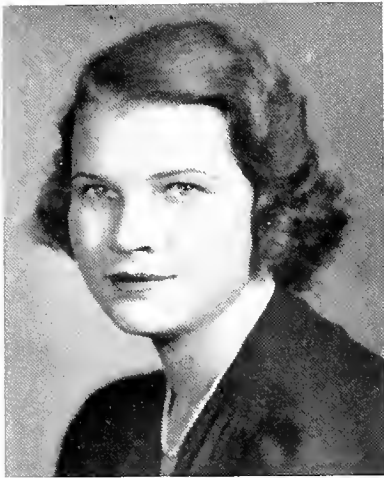
Moving to the new building has confused our attitude toward Mr. Crenshaw most. Although his office is always full of conferring dignitaries, we can't help remembering him as Mrs. Manning's Latin lover in the faculty skit last fall.

Mr. Watson has achieved his heart's desire, a room through whose door every student cannot gaze to watch him at work. It must be said, though, that at times he still leaves the door open while he strides about in his blue smock.

The change in climate brought out Miss Wyckoff's latent artistic talent. Let it be whispered: she paints green dinosaurs with lovely orange spots.

The Drydens are still the same, but Tonto, the spaniel, grew incredibly over the summer. He gets most of his exercise chasing a shoe down to the first year chemistry lab, into which he slides with much clatter of toenails.





CHRISTIE DULANEY SOLTER



Field Trip

ANNE ERWIN FERGUSON



MARGARET HUYLER

Plane Table Surveying



SCIENCE CLUB

The Science Club has made its appearance in various forms at different times during the history of the college. Two years ago it was not only non-existent but almost forgotten. Last year, however, this phoenix rose very rapidly to an extremely energetic life, and is now one of the most popular extra-curricular activities on the campus.

This miraculous achievement is due largely to the energy of the students who re-organized the club, and to the unusually enthusiastic cooperation on the part of the science faculty and the members. Miss Gardiner was the first contributor to the infant cause. After a social and rather unscientific dinner in the Deanery, she gave a lecture on heredity.

Since then the Science Club has met about six or seven times a year, eating and being sociable in Denbigh, and then going to Goodhart auditorium or Common Room for a lecture. Last year the club was very proud to have as speaker the eminent physicist Mr. Karl Darrow. Unfortunately, the audience grew more and more puzzled as time went on. To most of his listeners, first year physics students, Mr. Darrow seemed to be talking some strange un-English tongue containing no words of less than six syllables. When the lecture was over, Mr. Michels and Mr. Patterson found themselves besieged by eager students filled with intellectual curiosity, who wanted to know what had been said. Explanations had to be simplified more and more until finally even the most ignorant questioners went away having discov-

ered that electricity and magnetism are closely related.

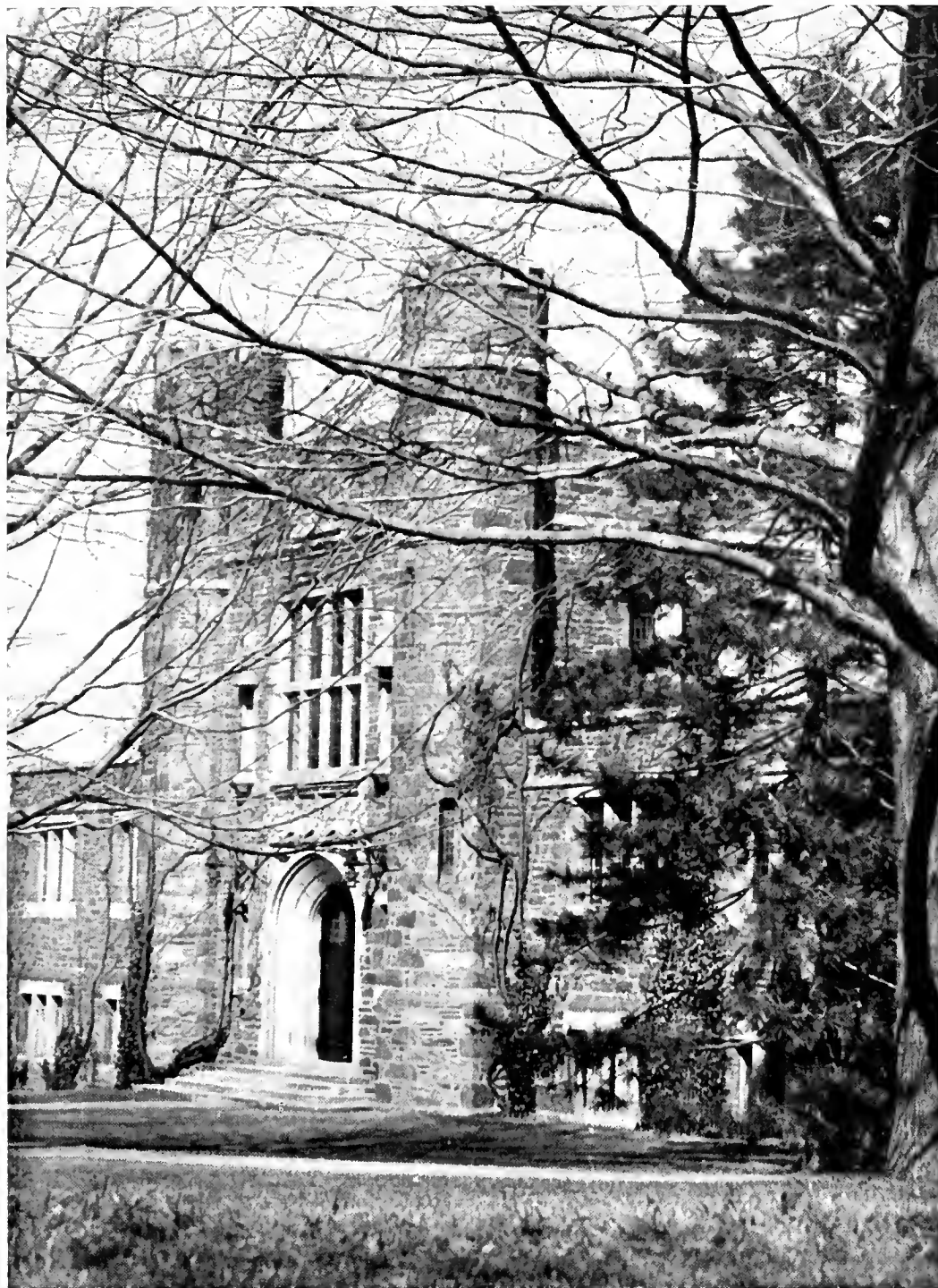
This year the Science Club decided to make a less erudite appeal, at least for their first lecture. As a result, Mr. Alexander Gettler, professor of toxicology at New York University, spoke on the enticing subject of *Chemistry in the Detection of Crime*. Scientists, detective story addicts, and the morbidly curious, all remembered the date and justified the use of the Goodhart auditorium. The sound chemistry and the blood chilling horror of bodies wrapped in "boint boilap," and "poisoned poisons" satisfied everyone.

Mr. Michels' lecture, announced next by the Science Club, was called *Spinning Tops*. This title occasioned some jokes about the infantile pursuits of science. In spite of their outward scorn, the scoffers must have considered the subject too abstruse for them, as the audience consisted almost entirely of scientists who were properly appreciative.

The climax of the Science Club year is the annual spring picnic. That day, test tubes, rocks, and rabbits are forgotten in favor of bicycling, country air, baseball, and food. Scientists on bicycles and in cars set out for the open spaces. Handsome geologists, athletic chemists, red-haired physicists, and busy biologists, all worked together in harmony. Salad festooned Mr. Cope's car, and dying left-overs unscientifically preserved provided between meal snacks for several days afterwards.

Picnic





T H E G Y M N A S I U M

WRITTEN BY A BLACK SHEEP

A long time ago there used to be a flag on Merion green when conditions were bad for tennis. Then we used to sign our names for an hour's walk and return to the smoking room for an hour's bridge. Sometimes the weather was inescapably good. Then we feebly practiced until Miss Brady, red-haired and forceful, informed us that the backboard was the place for our kind. At that we would trek slowly up to the green below Radnor and hit balls over and around the backboard, behind which there was a lovely jungle—final resting place for all our best shots.

Today only the yellow flag remains. Two years ago, most of us passed our last gym requirements, leaving the rest to struggle pathetically through semester after semester of folk-dancing. Last year the construction of the New Science Building put an end to the old backboard. This year we have Miss Yaeger in place of Miss Brady.

Perhaps because the gym instructors are the only ones who leave us the individuality of our first names, enthusiasm for them always runs high. The attitude toward Miss Yaeger is no exception. Students like her looks, her voice and her adaptability. They rave about her Red Cross life-saving course. There is even hope that the inter-class swimming meets may develop into real contests now that a cup is being offered to the best non-varsity swimmer.

For those of us who were not born athletes, the sport of sports has always been folk-dancing. Who can forget the ungodly hours when we

used to do Celinger's Round for Big May Day? There was the early rehearsal, cool but hard on the disposition; the noon-day rehearsal, when we always expected heat prostration; and the late afternoon one, followed by popsicles and Eskimo-pies.

Folk-dancing in the gym differs from these only in the wooden floor underfoot. Even in mid-winter we get appallingly hot trying vainly to be as lightfooted as Miss Grant. However, judging from the redness of our friends' faces after a game of hockey, it seems that emulating her in that is ten times more exhausting.

In the quieter line, Miss Petts' dancers, with their little floating garments and yards of elastic, entrance us. We marvel at the death defying leaps of the Doris Humphreyites. Finally, the nicest sport of all is sitting on the running track, where no one has ever been known to have had the courage to run, and watching Mr. Ware instruct the ballroom dancers.

Once, inspired by the spring or by too much studying, we ventured down to the gym for ping-pong. Flanked by a mournful array of bathing suits, the ping-pong table was deserted, while ex-players searched under the lockers and around the showers for the ball.

Thwarted by this crowning blow, we, the unathletic, decided to give up all form of exercise. To the joy of the majority, in the future there may be a new and magnificent gymnasium, but there will probably be invented six or eight new indoor sports. A bitter thought to us who know no better.

HELEN MEDLAR BRIDGMAN



Vassar Baseball Team: 1938

BLESSED EVENT

LUCILE JARMAN SAUDER

Sufficient knowledge of dancing to distinguish between Bill Robinson and the Ballet Russe used to be the humble aim of the undergraduates. Now the field has widened to include real interest in the dance groups on campus. Not only have the established Duncan classes increased steadily in the last four years, but there is also a newcomer, the Modern Dance.

The latter has met with steady success. After a few weeks of laughter at the contortions and resulting aches of its devotees, the college began to be interested. Instead of its early status as an alien meeting at odd and discarded hours, the Modern Dance is now given for credit, is self-supporting, and has an hour and place all its own. Without doubt there is something fascinating about controlled but strenuous rhythmic movement. In addition modern dancing is creative, a counterbalance to the assimilative work of studying. Let those who hide the smoking room chairs, who put salt and pepper in the pillows, and who bring cow bells to class, take heed. It is from such spur-of-the-moment ideas that modern dancing is derived, though worked up and thought out to a high degree. It has taken the underlying originality of the jokes for its own, to give serious entertainment and enjoyment. The modern dancers have gone a long way towards pure art since the days when they had to haul themselves up the bannisters by the arms because they could no longer bend their legs.



CONSTANCE RENNINGER





Miss Yeager

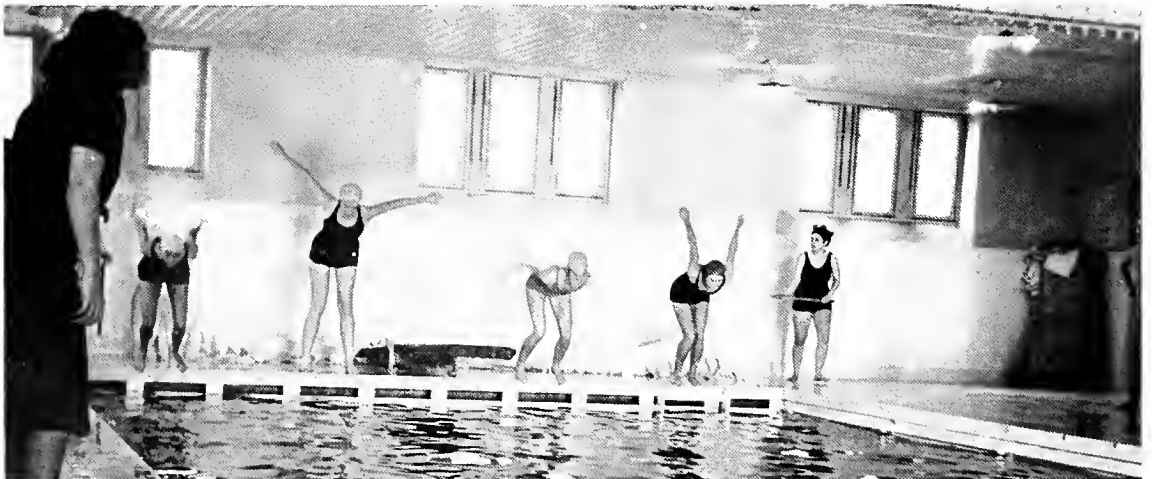


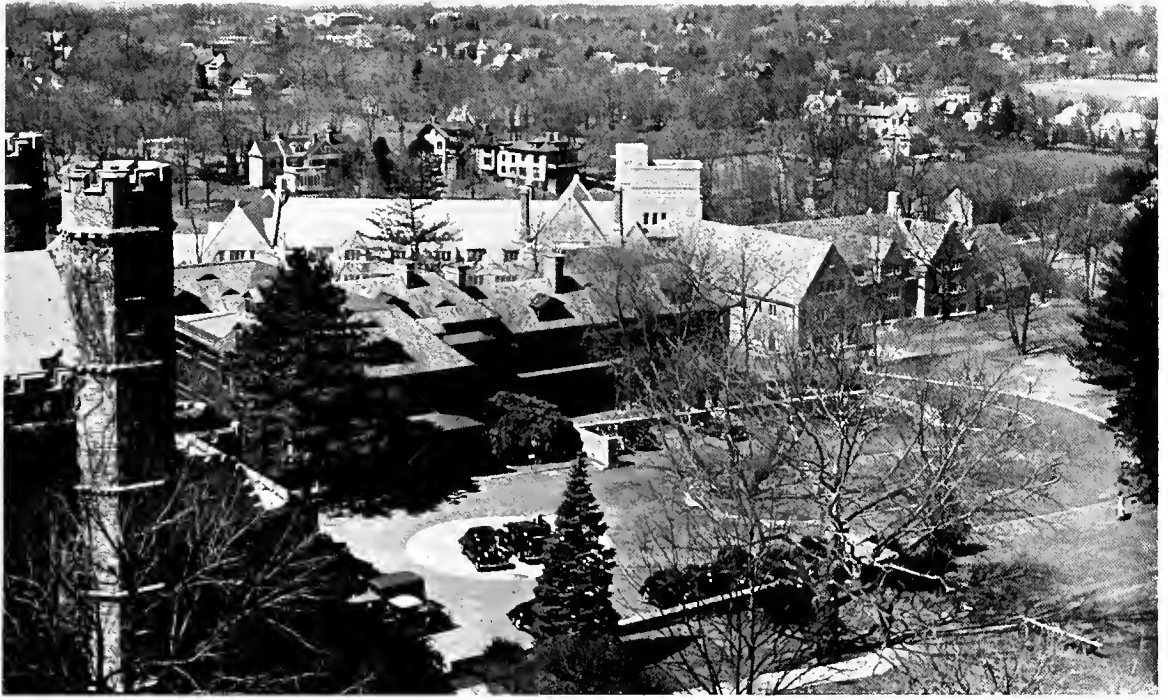
Faculty Team



MARY CAROLINE WHITMER

Swimming Meet





T H E C A M P U S

COLLEGE CALENDAR



October 1935.—Sophomores and Freshman Parade Night. Lower hockey field.

February 1936.—Freshman Show, 1936 and All That. Saturday. Goodhart auditorium.

May 1936.—Last day of classes. Freshman Night. Tug-of-War. In front of Taylor.

June 1937.—Garden Party for Seniors. Sophomores as aides. Wyndham garden.

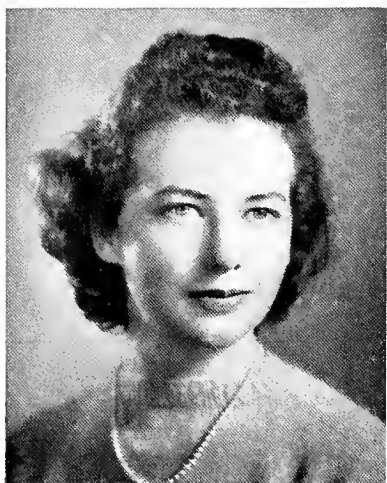
October 1937-June 1939.—Walking up and down senior stairs by 1939. Taylor.

March 1938.—Inaugurations of officers for 1938-39. Class President, Anne C. Toll. President of Undergraduate Association, Eleanor K. Taft. President of Self-Government Association, Jean Morrill. President of Athletic Association, Anne Janet Clark. President of Bryn Mawr League, Martha Van Hoesen.

May 1938.—Step singing. Introduction of "Ann Boleyn" by 1939. Taylor. Junior Picnic. Wyndham porch and garden. Taking over of Senior Steps by Class of 1939. Taylor.

May 1, 1939.—Little May Day. Singing on Rock tower. Hoop rolling. Senior Row. Goodhart auditorium.

June 4-7, 1939.—Baccalaureate. Goodhart auditorium. Bonfire. Lower hockey field. Garden Party. Wyndham garden. GRADUATION?



ELEANOR KELLOGG TAFT

ANNE JANET CLARK

MARTHA CORRIN VAN HOESEN



MAY DAY

To the May pole let us on

Blue and gold uniforms beating up the walk,
Blowing men, breathless men puff into holes.
Fingers jabbing stops, sound wrenching souls,
Hurled from funnels of burning brass,
Shiver the grass.
May tunes drummed into marching time:
Musical doggerel hits the rhyme.
Drum dum, Dum dum, Boom doom, Zing.

The time is swift and will be gone

Big girls, little lassies, Trip hop trip,
Skip step skipping, Skip step skip,
Lightly press the grass or thump mud oozing,
Wish that they were snoozing.
Grace of an elephant hopping like a gnat,
Squush pop, Squush pop: what are they at?
Heffalumpine flea swings on a streamer
Weave in, Weave out, Tangle, Chatter chatter.
All for *alma mater*

Sacrificial rites. Sacrifice a pole!
Red, blue, green streamers pull, pull tighter,
Choke pole. Splutter, as hearts grow lighter.
Skip hop trip step. Strangle. Chatter chatter!

There your beauties may be seen

On the battered green is tragic incongruity.
There they indulge academic superfluity.
Crashing old Band:
Drum dum Dum dum Boom doom Zing!
Dancing hand in hand:
Skip step Trip hop Thump Squish Sing!
May pole's in a tangle,
Pull, pull. Choke, splutter. Grunt—Strangle!

EULOGY ON THE BAND

To equal it the Philharmonic
Needs to take a vitamin tonic,
Next to it our godlike Stoky
Seem just a little bit slow pokey.
Even Jack Benny, Bernie Goodman
Are merely swinging, puppet wood men,
Only its dogmatic Beat
Can make us really use our feet.



Bonfire

SONG WRITTEN BY A SENIOR

Oh, I didn't see what the point of it was,
When they stuck words in my mouth and told
me to hide them.

I didn't care if the Sophomores found out—
I rather liked than despised them.

But now I see what the point of it was,
And it worked like a charm as they planned;
For I didn't write home how lonely I felt,
But how loud and peculiar the band.

CAROLLING



Wanderlust

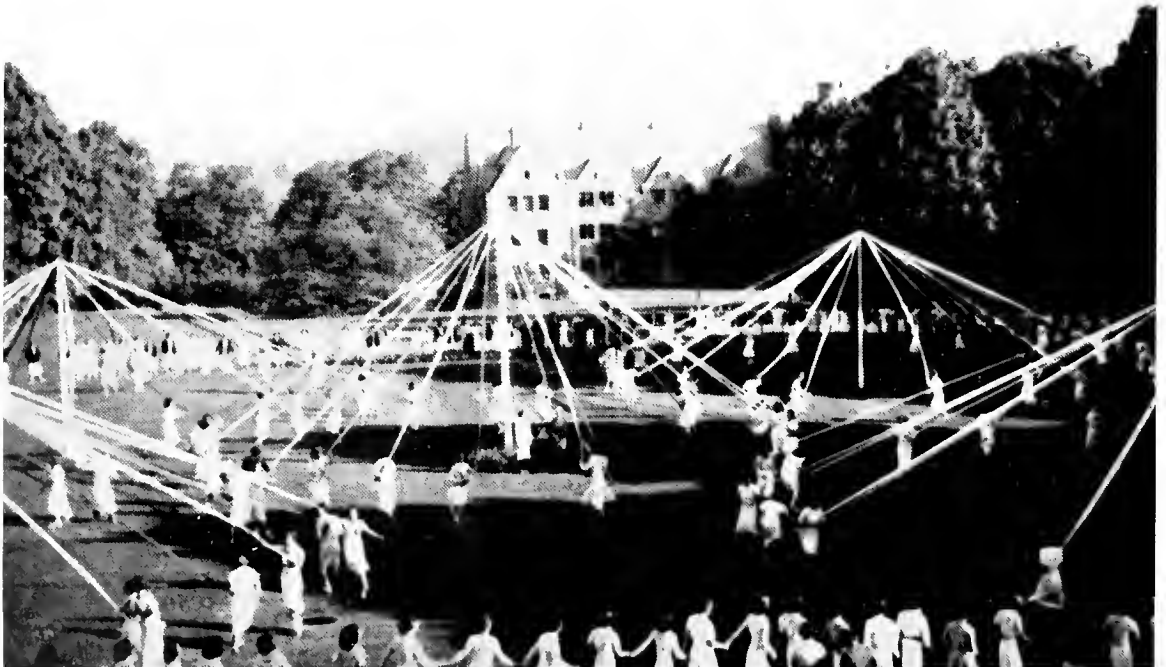
As I am reserving all my sentimentality about Bryn Mawr for my feelings as an alumna, I want to record the matter-of-fact side of some of our customs while it is still apparent.

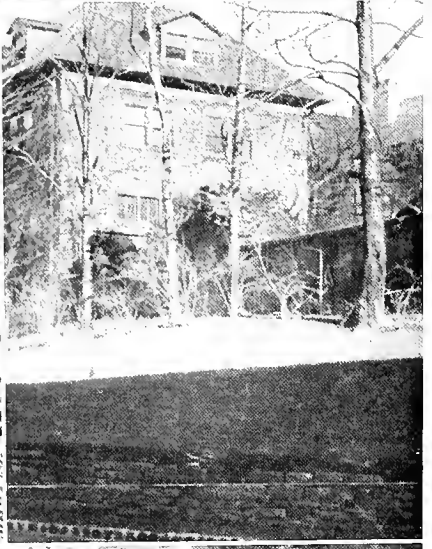
To be matter-of-fact about carolling is to notice that the alto next to you has not memorized the words and that the one on the other side does not know the part and to admit that you know neither. Also, that from what you can hear, the sopranos at the head of the line are three measures ahead of the altos at the rear, so that poor old Wenceslas is muttering three different things in the same breath.

You hope that it sounds right to the audience, but you are not sure, so you think about something else,—the Christmas spirit of giving (and getting), perhaps. Here you are giving the joy and fulness of your heart to your faculty hosts (and you are receiving joy and fulness in your stomach). This seems like a happy union of the spiritual and material worlds until it occurs to you that you are thanking your host by singing in a cake and cocoa-ish, not a spiritual voice.

Oh well. " 'Tis the season to be jolly, fala, la."

Little May Day







Summer School



Julia and Ann MacKinnon and Margaret Broughton

JUDITH WEISS HAS FALSE IMPRESSION OF US

Sidewalk by Dolgelly, February 27:—

"The girls eat too much," declared Miss Judith Evelyn Weiss, pretty three-year-old daughter of Bryn Mawr professor, Dr. Paul Weiss, in a press interview today.

"I always see them coming to the Inn," she added.

When questioned further, Miss Weiss admitted that she, too, would like to go to the Inn. She practices roller-skating almost daily in front of Dolgelly, and it makes her want to eat when so many girls go past her on the way to food. Miss Judith Evelyn (she scolds you vociferously if you call her plain "Judith") admitted that the reason for her thinking that they eat too

College Inn

much might be because she rarely sees Bryn Mawr girls going anywhere but the Inn.

"They are too big anyway," she remarked scornfully.

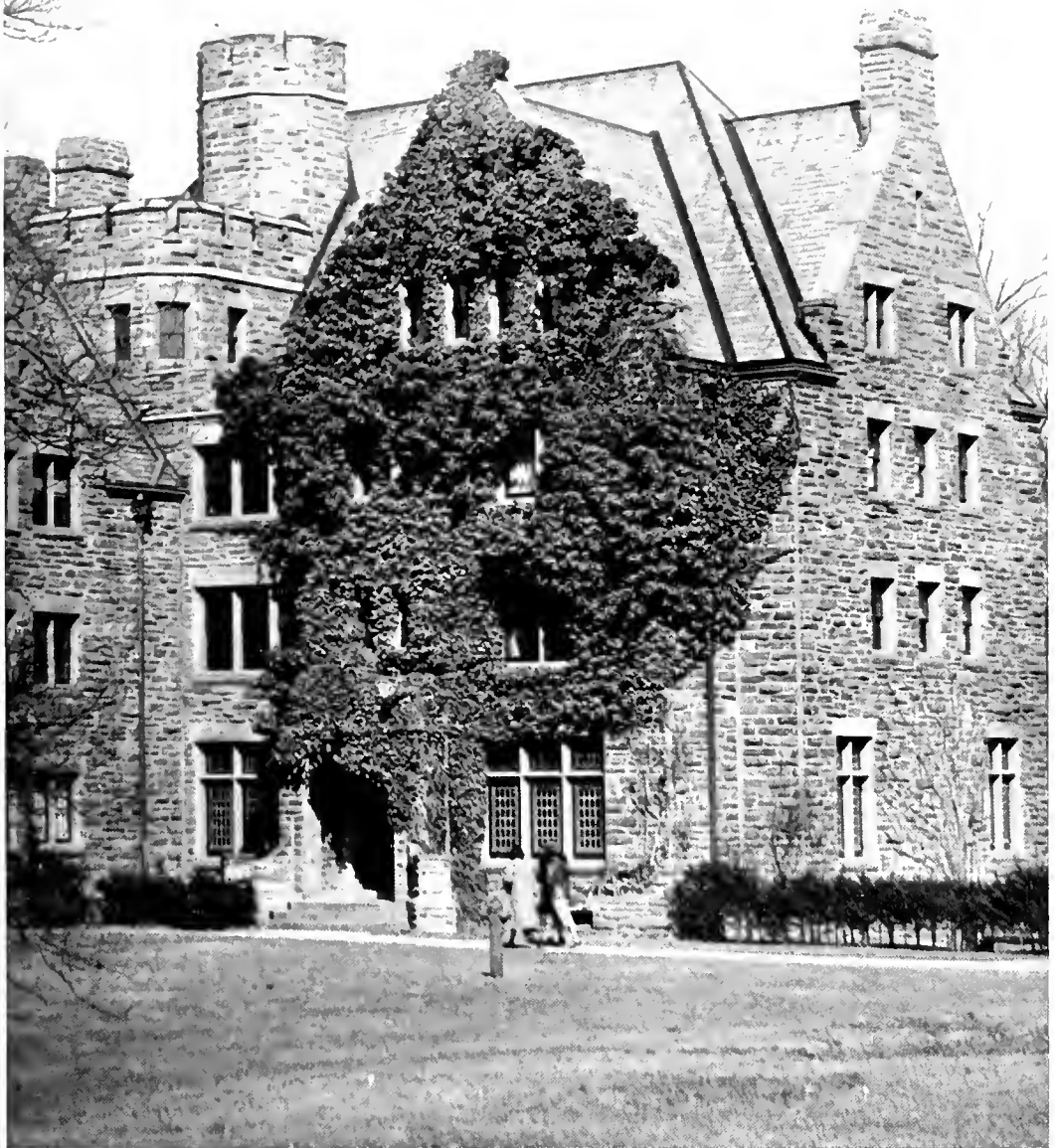
Your correspondent, being always eager for all the news that's fit to print, asked her for a statement about her father.

She declared, "Daddy smokes a pipe," and could probably have been induced to testify further had not young Alan Broughton, son of Bryn Mawr professor, Dr. Robert Broughton, at that moment come out on the porch to play.

Regarding him as a perfect stranger, although she has known him nearly all her life, Miss Weiss yelled with glee, "There's that little boy! Look at him!" Young Broughton in his turn gurgled sounds of happiness. All interest in your correspondent and the press was lost.

Infirmary





R A D N O R



Interest in Life

EXCERPTS FROM SEMI-EXILE

(*Editor's note:* We have just received the following letter from one of our graduate-student friends telling us about her habitat.)

Dear Kidlets of the Undergraduate Body:

Radnor is the graduate hall, but being on the other side of the gym is like the distinction of the tracks—almost. Graduates are animals who are either still around Bryn Mawr for no reason, or who come to Bryn Mawr for relatively the same purpose. They delve into books—for the most part, because this is Bryn Mawr.

Graduates think they are better than undergraduates: first, because most of them don't wear pants on the campus; second, because they sometimes react to a primordial self-consciousness (it has been rumored this happens only to those who see themselves in a mirror and can remember having seen themselves in a mirror when their mothers or brothers or someone was there); third, because they have been aware of something called future or job or home; and fourth, because they can be self-governing, so they spend their spare time looking for an excuse to accomplish that fact (which is why they have so many committees).

No one has ever been able to discover what graduates like. Radnor exhibited as individual has been able to determine what it doesn't like, but not as a whole, except in so far as each

member participates in the phobia of plague Radnor. Members as individuals don't like nearly everything. Meals are things to be hastened from demonstrably. Coffee is always at its worst. Breakfast is always the difficult aftermath of staying up the night before. Everyone likes to make a noise—vocal or instrumental, but no one likes anyone else's noise.

There are good things about graduates. Frequently they say nothing in class, so they say nothing wrong. They eat a great deal, which helps along the business of the country, and more specifically, of the Greeks. They are young this year and not bad looking on the whole, which in part makes up for their being graduates. Some wear ankle socks with high-heeled shoes and others talk about the well-dressed students of their own alma maters. In fact, for each, her own alma mater holds no illusions: beyond doubt it was excellent. They would gladly fix Bryn Mawr up if only Bryn Mawr didn't think itself capable of doing its own good job.

Graduates do have ideas of fun. Kidlets, even though they can't contribute anything except a form of anarchy which is noisy with opinion, as far as Radnor is concerned. The other side of the gym isn't so bad, you know.

Mollie.

Radnor, March 22.



M E R I O N



DOROTHEA RADLEY PECK

AS WE WOULD TELL THE FRESHMEN

Merion is the oldest dormitory in Bryn Mawr, which is not hard to guess since there are no closets, and since the floors are so splintery that you can't sit down on them. Also it is ill planned. You usually have to walk a block 'twixt bedroom and bath. You can even tell what lunch is from the kitchen smells that waft up the register. Some Merionites say they can differentiate between the smell of rancid grease burned and of burned grease rancid, when they live on the fourth floor and have a cold in the head.

This leads us to the thought of Rhoads. Would college perhaps be more palatable where odors can't even float up the stairs without sneaking through a swinging door? Beware! Such modernity as Rhoads is well purchased with regulation. There is a clock above the signing-out book. Thus, there is none of this gambling on the clemency of a warden's wrist watch. There are fines for enjoying the streamlined showcase without guests. At least, in Merion, the decrepit old green furniture always extends open, if uncomfortable, arms to its own.

Of course there is more to a hall than its smells and its furniture. In Merion, for instance, there is that air of artistic temperament. Over such a little thing as too many boiled potatoes, a few inhabitants fake hysterics, and, as a result, others have them. Merionites seem to have a faculty for upsetting themselves like fifty-seven brooding Hamlets.

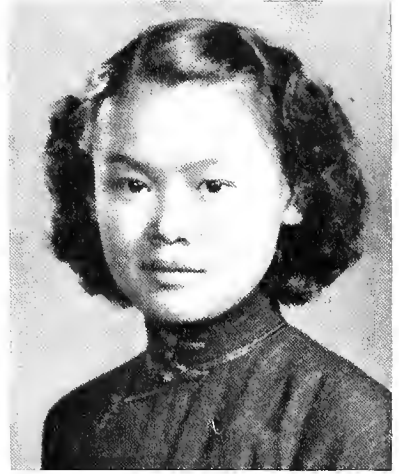
If Merion hits the low spots it hits the high ones too. Hall dances are getting to be as frequent as inspections for double sockets. The thumb tacks for the decorations aren't taken out of the ceiling any more. No longer does Merion envy Denhigh for her young men who stroll up the sidewalk. She has some of her own to appraise from dormer windows.

There are some strong theoretical advantages to living in Merion. For instance, if her inhabitants aren't hop-skipping around madly in a hot itchy costume on the green, they can calmly watch Big May Day from their own bedroom windows. There are practical advantages too. If it's raining, Merionites can run over to Taylor, without first going upstairs to get a coat, and only smell mildly like damp tweed during class. If they wash their hair, they can run like Bush-women for the gym and the dryers without being seen enough to increase Bryn Mawr's reputation of unkemptness. The Paoli Local, our passport to the magic realm of the world outside, is a little farther from Merion than from Rock. However, this advantage is more than made up for by getting a good twenty-five cents worth out of a taxi on the way back from a joyous but tiring week-end. You have to be pretty far gone to justify paying to ride from the station to Rock.

Merion is like an old charwoman, untroubled by social aspirations or by an excess of hall or class spirit. She does her work without any illusions of grandeur, and on her nights off, she does as she pleases, while more ordinary people whisper, "What a drole character!"



Chinese Checkers



MAY SHAN-FENG CHOW



New Luxury



JIMMIE BROUGHTON

Spring Fever



ISABEL KURTZ



MARIE CRESPI KEITH



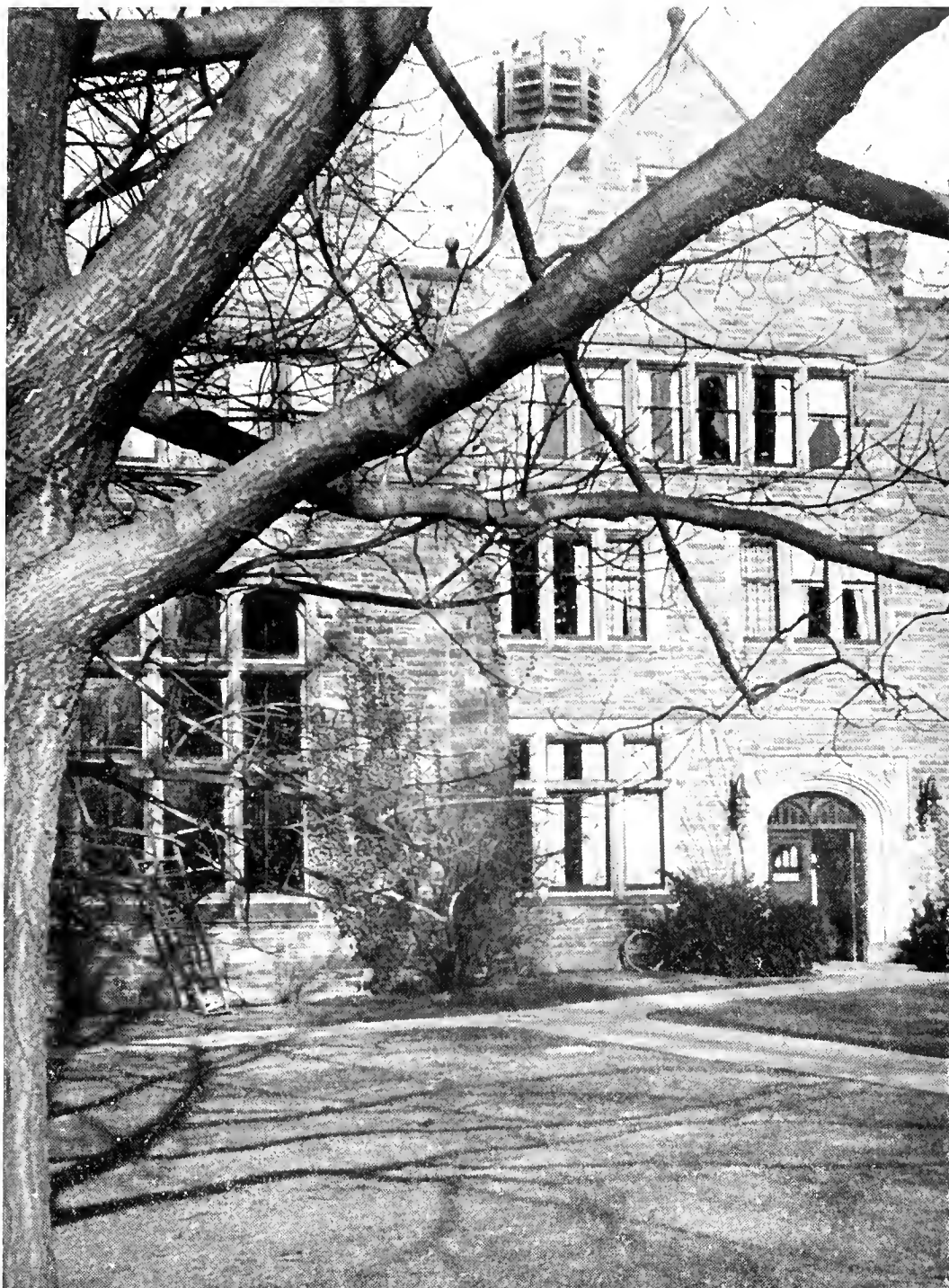
INGEBORG JESSEN



Bridge



New Smoking Room



D E N B I G H

DENBIGH FAVORS FOOD AND FACULTY

Pocket Guide to the Intricacies of the Hall

Denbigh Hall is that graceful, pseudo-gothic building parallel to Taylor and the Lib, and directly under the eye of the Dean's Office. It is the original of the photograph in the Freshman Handbook, labelled "One of the halls of residence." The interior, however, confuses the uninitiated. Even the language is peculiarly local. Bewildered visitors are told to look for their friends in the "Quiet," in the "Chicken Coop," in the "Rabbit Hutch," or in the "Grad Wing." If pinned down, Denbighites usually prefer to escort strangers personally to these places rather than to attempt verbal directions.

Life in Denbigh follows fairly consistently the trends of the campus as a whole. The most important change effecting the hall in recent times has been the installation of the German House in the lower floor of the wing. The sound of two languages shouted simultaneously, an overflow of *gemuetlichkeit* and German music, and of course the ubiquitous Bimbo, have now become an integral part of Denbigh atmosphere.

With a happy disregard for quiet hours and for their uncomplimentary reputation in certain other halls, those who live in Denbigh study, complain about the food, sing on the steps, play cards, and go to the Lib. They write "walk" instead of "foot" in the signing-out book. They have a very special weakness for Miss Marti.

the Diezes, the MacKinnons, the Andersons, the science departments, Mr. Sprague, and a few other favored professors.

Many Denbigh customs seem to be connected with eating and with faculty. Each spring the hall gives a giant outdoor tea. The stone memorial bench facing Dalton is sat upon for the only time in the year, but is then often honored with the most exalted authorities on campus.

Last year, Friday night faculty dinners were introduced. They were very popular and continue to be so this year. Two or three faculty members are invited to meals in the hall and talk informally with the students about every subject except work. Denbighites only complain that there are too few Friday nights.

The idiosyncrasies of the faculty, along with music, Bermuda, Noel Coward, and other cultured subjects, form the conversation around the coffee pot after dinner. The Freshmen dutifully get coffee for the upperclassmen, who drink it with the dignity appropriate to the surroundings. However, deprived of the elevating influence of Hawksie who usually takes her leave around seven-thirty, a process of degeneration sets in. After apologetic students have to interrupt sessions of gymnastic or ballet exercises in order to study in the quiet smoking room.





EUGENIA BOWEN COBLRY



LAURA ESTABROOK



MYRTLE DANICO NICOLLS

Miss Jones and Mr. Steele



Intermission



Mail!



Smoking Room



Dining Room



Miss Hawks and Mr. Nahm



DOROTHY FRANCIS DICKSON







ETHEL SHEPHERD DANA



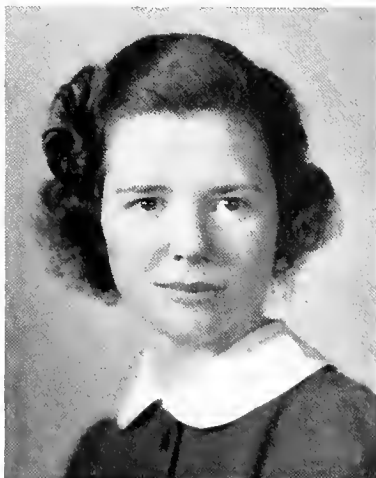
AGNES WILLIAMS SPENCER

BRYN MAWR COLLEGE GERMAN LANGUAGE EXAM

Spring 1939

I. SIGHT TRANSLATION

Das deutsche Haus ist eine ganz einmalige Angelegenheit auf dem Campus. Geographisch nimmt es den Fluegel von Denbigh ein, den Graduate Wing. Es wird von acht Senioren, drei Junioren, Familie Frank, und Peggy bewohnt, und von Fraulein Doktor Hilde Cohn von Low Buildings die uns zum Abendbrot die Ehre gibt. Es wird Deutsch gesprochen—immer bei Tisch, meistens im Wohnzimmer, oft aber nicht so regelmaessig im Badezimmer. Es rangiert von solchen mit einem starken Neu England Accent zu dem reinem klassischen Deutsch unserer Philologin.



BARBARA BIGELOW

Im ersten Jahr war das intellektuelle Niveau beträchtlich tiefer. Dirndkleider, ein bisschen Kommunismus, Kino im Seville, und ein wenig zu viel "Jaeger aus Kurpfalz" waren auf der Tages Ordnung. Aber dieses Jahr, dank dem Familienzuwachs der uns drei Soziologie Majors brachte, und mit ihnen Norristown, koennen wir ohne Sorgen ueber die tiefsten Probleme sprechen. Die beliebtesten Themen sind jetzt immer noch Kommunismus, aber dazu ist das britische Weltreich und Die Gefahr des Fas-zismus in USA gekommen. (Oder mit der grossen Van Hoesen zu sprechen, "Something is Bund to happen.")

Aber der eigentliche Centralpunkt ist Familie Frank die auch zur Soziologie tendiert. Das Haus zeichnet sich nicht nur dadurch aus, dass es fuenfzig Prozent der Kommunisten auf dem Campus beherbergt, sondern auch das einzige maennliche weisse Wesen das je auf dem Campus gelebt hat, den beruehmten Bim. der zusammen mit seinen Freunden und Freundinnen den Campus mit Rollschuhen und Schneeballen unsicher macht.

Die gegenwaertigen Bewohner des Deutschen Hauses glauben "das gibts nur einmal. das kommt nicht wieder"—so eine Sammlung von Interessen an Philologie, Weltfrieden. Kuehen, Glee Club. sozialen Fragen, und Medizin. Und sicher, wenn wir auch gehen, wird dank den geliebten Diezens, Frau Frank, und Hilde, das Deutsche Haus ebenso weiter bluehen und gedeihen: wir werden es nie vergessen.



P E M B R O K E E A S T



MARY TYRRELL RITCHIE

EAST IS EAST . . .

At nine-fifty-five in the evening, the inhabitants of East are arranged in a pattern like their room locations. The corridors are comparatively silent. However at ten-five a great hand has turned the kaleidoscope. The inmates have fallen into another pattern, not in parallel rows lining the halls, but neat bunches of threes and fours. In the smoking room, four seniors claim the bridge table. In the library, three sophomores discuss philosophy. To one walking down the corridor, the sonorous melodies of Tchaikovski's Fifth Symphony mingle with bathtub howls, and beyond, violin music. When straightened out, the sounds reveal a flute, a

fiddle, and Bach, a freshman and a senior together wooing the muse. Here a typewriter labors for the *News*; there one works for the English department. Some sophomores, homesick for the West, croon "Home on the Range," replete with guitar accompaniment and ten gallon hats. A peep through the door of a freshman room reveals several artists crouched on the floor over their posters and paints. Charitable juniors clean up the pantry where sandwiches had been made, and on the third floor, the "garret," the hearty Germanophiles rally round.

East has as many activities as it has participants, but it has no character as a whole. There are those who love music (during a trip from dining room to the backstairs one would not miss a note of the RCA Victor program), and those who practice music (three violins, a flute, and several accordions), and those who manage teams and clubs finances, and those who are skilled in drawing and acting. East inhabitants seldom take one stand for or against anything. At hall meetings flourish important arguments which are never resolved. The trouble is that every one can see both sides. However, if once East learns what Denbigh has decided, then the solution is simple; opposition of course. Otherwise a deadlock.

All these things contribute toward making Pembroke East the home of rugged individualism.

"1940, Song!"





LOUISE HERRON



ANNE WIGHT



FRANCIS TAPLIN BOURNE



Jimmy and Tyrrell



In the Library



1939—ORAL SONG

Music: Sir Arthur Sullivan

There'll be a time—

When we will say, "At last—hurrah, hurray!

Oral exams are

Are now things of the past—callooh, callay!

One pill, one gulp, one sigh.

And by and by—

German and French will be

Grasped easily, intuitively,

And painlessly!

"They're buried, buried, and the grave's closed

o'er

Torture that was and never will be more!

They're buried, buried by a chemist smart,

Who found the way to ally science with art!"



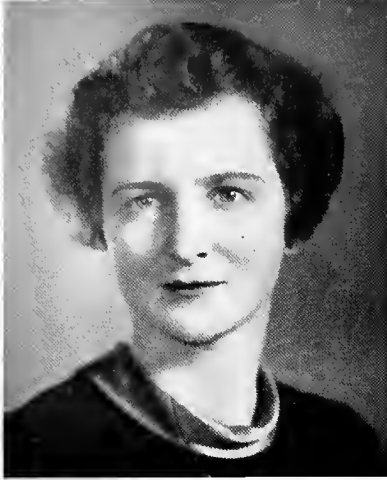
Aftermath of Swimming

Oral Singing





P E M B R O K E W E S T



NANCY COOPER WOOD

... AND WEST IS WEST

In attempting to analyze and describe a group of young women dwelling together in that peculiar social unit, the dormitory, I am at a loss how to proceed. The Travelog method would be confined to their exterior aspects and would consequently be unfair since they spend their whole time at college nurturing their interiors, both abdominal and cerebral.

On the other hand I might reveal their collective stream of consciousness, which, to extend the metaphor, would somewhat resemble the spring floods of the Mississippi at this time of year, and would be about as devoid of intelligible order without the subtle sifting of trivial from weighty matter. While withered lettuce leaves swirled angrily on the surface along with cigarette stubs and movie cards, and, while the torrent roared a chorus from the *Gondoliers*, more important considerations such as Plato and mid-semesters would have sunk out of sight. In addition I cannot over-emphasize the danger of tampering with floods. I heard once of a college girl who was dragged to her grave in her own stream of consciousness because she had attached herself too firmly to a German dictionary.

I also considered the psycho-analytic method, but stopped, hesitating at the frightful complexes and associations that would have to be

revealed. For example, every girl on the second floor has experienced complete and utter frustration when with dripping, soapy hands she has reached for a paper towel and has discovered that they were upside down in the container. The girls' reactions were interesting but tragic. Only one retained presence of mind enough to turn the towels right side up. Some risked future frustration from disapproving authorities by drying their hands on the shower curtains. A few bruised their hands by beating them pathetically against the unyielding walls of the container. The least resourceful were paralyzed in every respect but the vocal one. All of the subjects were permanently affected, with the exception of the first. They lost confidence in the paper towels and, what is more important, in their ability to manage a mechanized world.

I thought of investigating their characteristics as a social group, but the contradictions I encountered were discouraging. I found the tea pantry rife with a kind of capitalistic communism, exhibiting itself in the unrestrained public use of pans, tea cups, spoons, and other private property. Strangest of all was the eventual return of each one of these items into someone else's private property. Such a phenomenon could only be attributed to suppressed domestic instincts. The book shop reeked of capitalism, whereas the smoking room was admittedly anarchistic. Only the halls themselves retained any features of democracy.

Privately, and this is an accepted secret, some of the inhabitants have noticed touches of fascism in the management of the dining room, especially at lunch, when they feel that they are being deprived of enough milk by some sort of arbitrary power.

Finally from the historical point of view, I might mention that I discovered that there is practically no historical point of view. Conditions both geographical and racial are such as to prevent any complication of the sort. In the first place up 'til last year the color of the main arteries of the domain was a shade of anemic rose, enough to stifle all martial and political aspirations. Now they remain a comfortable undemanding yellow.



Relaxation.



MARGARET ELIZABETH HARVEY



Hall Store.

On Time.

SARAH TYLER MEIGS





HELEN W. GRIFFETH



DOROTHY FOX RICHARDSON

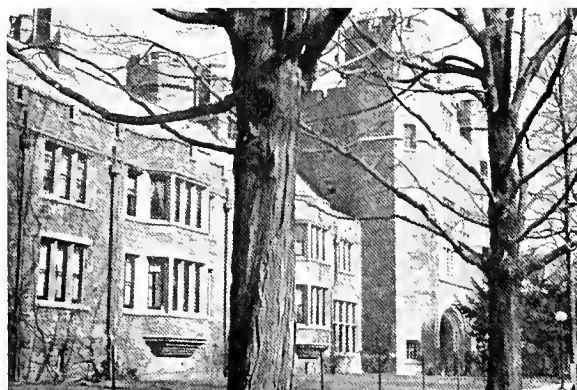


MARY RIESMAN

In desperation I resort to personal observation as an unmethodical means of presenting what is left of Pembroke West. Statistics and the law of averages show that every inhabitant spends half her waking and an undetermined percentage of her sleeping hours in the smoking room. Hence I feel justified in describing this as the representative microcosm. Innocent outsiders have often wondered what the girls did with themselves during those long hours. They, with the varied world at their feet, little realize what diversity of life can be confined within four walls. Some of the girls are able to satisfy their social instincts by talking. Others wrap themselves in a thesis or a book to catch up on the academic life. Still others go into seclusion over a game of solitaire. Occasionally the different occupations encroach upon one another,

as for example when the athletic and artistic world, represented by the modern dancer, lands in the middle of big business, upheld by the pay day mistress and her adding machine. Smoking is the one pastime in common. Even the fire joins the fun here, at times threatening to out-smoke the others since its brand, smelling of coal gas, is more potent than theirs.

To sum up I might say that everything has made its impression on the rug, which has become the Pem West relic. In spots the fabric has been renewed and transformed by the unearned increment accumulated through the years. —everything from ink to crackers. But in other spots it is worn threadbare. As such, may I also say that the character of the rug has left an indelible impression on us.





LA MAISON FRANÇAISE

Cherchez la Place

“Y a-t-il de la place à la maison française?”—question importante qui se pose vers l’heure de diner.

Il faut d’abord aller consulter la double liste de noms suspendue près de la salle à manger: noms des internes qui sortent et des invités qui les remplacent. Comme la Présidente de la maison française le fait remarquer avec fermeté, il faut que le nombre des invités ne dépasse pas le nombre des jeunes filles qui sortent. Ainsi, malheureusement, il n’y a pas très souvent “de la place.”

Pourquoi cette concurrence pour les places vides à la maison française? Pour commencer, le Français soutient qu’il n’est pas proprement bavard. S’il faut le croire la maison française est très peu française à cet égard—ou peut-être est-ce le phénomène d’Américaines parlant français, qui est responsable pour la contradiction. Peut-être, dans ce cas loin d’être une obstacle à la pensée, le français serait-il une sorte de

langue liberatrice des idées: les jeunes filles qui parlaient peu au commencement de l’année sont maintenant toutes aussi bavardes que les autres. Dans les grands dortoirs, le sens de manger en masse et la forme même des tables qui s’étalent en longueur désespérant enlève quelquefois toute envie de bavarder. La parole libre et spontanée s’allie, comme le témoigne la maison française, plutôt avec une atmosphère d’intimité non-institutionnelle.

En tous les cas, aller diner à la maison française, ce n’est pas pour s’y ennuyer.

Mademoiselle Brée, la warden actuelle, est encore une raison pour demander “Y a-t-il de la place?” Assise à la tête de la grande table, “l’oeil éveillé, l’oreille au guet,” et toujours prête à rattraper une idée pour la relancer encore plus haut, elle produit un constant renouvellement de débats et de blagues. On est sur, aussi d’y trouver des autres membres de la facul-



PATRICIA R. ROBINSON



CATHERINE JANDINE RICHARDS



LOUISE THOMPSON



broad at Home

té de temps en temps qui ont l'air de s'amuser tout autant que les étudiantes.

Il ne faudrait pas oublier, en marge, que la cuisine de Wyndham semble avoir fait un effort considérable pour justifier sa nouvelle relation avec la France. (Les esprits plus littéraux comprendront qu'il est plus facile de faire la cuisine pour un petit nombre que pour un grand.)

Mais bien trop souvent on trouve "qu'il n'y a pas de la place." Alors on y va après dîner pour prendre le café dans le salon qui, à l'encontre des showcases, a les proportions confortables et naturelles d'une maison habitée. On y trouve assez de place sur le parquet pour d'énormes parties de pounce, et de divans et fauteuils en assez grand nombre pour que tout le monde peut causer confortablement. Parfois ces causeries prennent une tournure littéraire ou politique; bien souvent leur ton vont tout simplement s'abaissant, tout le monde y mettant son poids avec grand plaisir, pour tomber finalement dans une sorte de vulgarité post-prandiale, agréable, et souriante.

Mais à toute heure, il nous semble à nous qui ne sont pas de la maison, que c'est d'une façon bien avantageuse que Wyndham a pris conscience de sa nouvelle nationalité: par l'intimité, la bonne cuisine, et la parole gaie et vivante.



R O C K E F E L L E R



MARIAN DIEHL



CAROLYN R. SHINE



ANNE RAUCH



BERTHA RAUCH COHEN





PEGGY McEWAN



MARTH EATON

A ROCK GARDEN OF DOGGEREL

Four and twenty blackbirds
 Baked in a pie;
 And speeches and toasting,
 But specially pageantry,
 Does Rock present at Christmas,
 That's different from the rest.
 Now isn't that superior fare
 To offer to a guest.

The north wind doth blow.
 And we shall have snow—
 Martha Washington, bells, and streamers of
 white
 For Rock is having a dance tonight.
 The night is cold but the music is hot;
 Ma Washington's white but the orchestra's not.

Jack be nimble,
 Jack be quick.
 Fasten the streamer to the chandelier
 Then help us move the furniture, dear.

As to a maypole, let us on.
 Sloan's here, girls,

But he'll soon be gone.
 "My turn now! Oh dear! Please Lyn,
 Go away darling, I've just cut in."

Who killed Cock Robin?
 For he's been found dead
 With a rubber tipped dart
 In the back of his head.
 It's someone from Rock,
 For they practice their aim
 On a ticking tin target.
 See what comes of a game!

In Buzzy's head is many a trick,
 Like long-lived fire alarms (how we did kick!)
 Bruce Hopkins turned down the chance of their
 life
 When they feared she wasn't the right sort of
 wife.

Rub-a-dub-dub
 Two girls and a wagon
 On Monday to Rock
 Our laundry are draggin'.



Double



CAROLINE RANSOM



Hall Dance



JEAN CHANDLER SMITH

French Table



ADELE THIBAUT



R H O A D S

ALL ROADS LEAD TO RHOADS



Follow the lure of luxury. Prepare to have the thrill of a lifetime relaxing in its climactic comfort. Approach it easily from the south along magnificent Goodhart highway. On one hand you will glimpse the superb peak known as Taylor tower, mythological prison for young ladies who were lured there annually by its strange geological formations and detained cruelly by an invisible monster. Your other hand will tingle with the gothic atmosphere of Goodhart hall, home of the great Bryn Mawr dramatic and musical arts for the last two decades.



When you arrive you will be delighted with the secluded exclusiveness of the place. Old-world charm pervades from the inspiring tower to the ping-pong table in the basement. Inside,—miracles of modern magic!—a world of wonder unfolds before you. We won't attempt to anticipate the sheer sorcery of that moment by anything as prosaic as a description, except to drop a few words of alchemy which will transmute your dreams.



Perpetual sunshine: pigeon holes: water units: P.P.P.s; le sport; lolling on lounges of jewel-like colors guaranteed to produce an illusion of anything from the tropics to the Grand Canyon: gazing at walls of brilliant blankness designed to make the imagination work by producing a mental *horror vacui*.

We now present some juicy highlights from the great body of publicity that Rhoads has received.

DON JUAN DOWN RHOADS LAUNDRY CHUTE

Campus Brummel Makes Speedy but Unsuccessful
Escape

Rhoads, Oct. 6th. Startled while enjoying one of his well known after hours rendezvous with Miss Dove-my-Love, Beau Juan beat it down the laundry chute. In his heroic escape he set himself up as a living testimonial of the modern conveniences of the new hall. Unfortunately he was hauled out the next morning more dead than alive, almost suffocated by a pink slip. Further action will be taken here today.

College News.

OLD FASHIONED BRYN MAWR GIRL BURIED IN TIME CAPSULE

Bobby pin, Sock, and Coca-Cola Bottle Symbolically
Interred in Rhoads Corner Stone

Inhabitants of Rhoads expected to start a new era.
New Yorker will have to seek elsewhere for college
material.

RHOADS "INFALLIBLE" WATER UNITS OUT OF ORDER

Freshman Reported Mysteriously Missing

... The Dean's office and Miss Howe are for once
having difficulty putting two and two together.

STATISTICS SHOW MORE RHOADS GIRLS ENGAGED THAN IN ANY OTHER HALL

The results of a recent vote of men visitors on the
campus reveal that:

a. Men like the cocktail lounge atmosphere of Rhoads,
also the bright colors and the balmy air-cooled breezes.

b. They like to think of their girls as living at a safe
distance from the intellectual and cloistered precincts
of Taylor and the Library. Some were worried, how-
ever, by the fact that Radnor is at an even safer
distance and is affected. The slogan that they are
at present trying to teach the girls as an antiseptic
measure is "Out of sight, out of mind." In addition
they unanimously selected the following as the Rhoads
theme song:

It's a long way to Taylorary
It's a long way to go.

WINNERS OF NATION-WIDE CONTEST ANNOUNCED

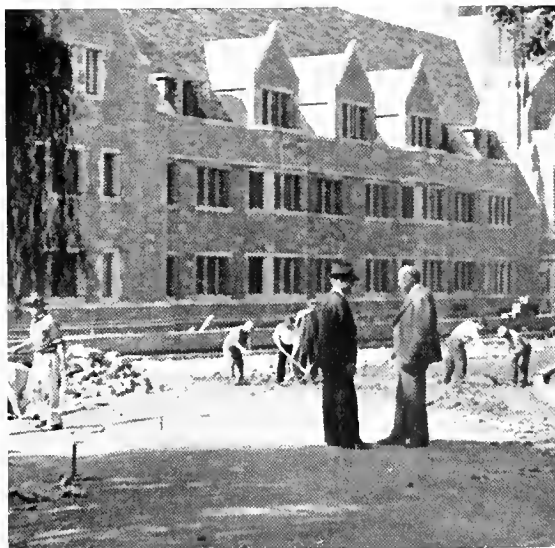
Here is what you have been waiting for: the best
answers to our query "Is your boy friend embarrassed?"

This grateful little lady says: "Not any longer. Only
the other night he said to me, 'Honey, I sure do like
these P.P.P.s. I shudder every time I think of my
experiences in the Pembroke goldfish bowl. I'm so
glad you came to Rhoads.' Am I glad too?"

Another happy lassie writes: "I don't know about
my boy friend, but I do know that I am not embarrassed
any more when he calls because of the plumbing
noises. He knows that Rhoads has taught me the
modern way to housekeeping and that he will not
have to suffer such embarrassments in his own home.
It looks like wedding bells for us."

A prospective bride answers: "Jim has telephoned
twice as often now that he doesn't have to pay for
five minutes worth of the maid's going up to find me.
We are going to be married on the money he saved.
Everything's so wonderful, and we owe it all to Rhoads."

A young woman who a year ago was suffering from a
malignant and chronic case of indigestion rejoices:
"Last year the doctors had given me up for starved.
They had sent me to Merion, Pembroke, Denbigh, and
even Rock, but I only got worse and worse. In despair
I went to Rhoads and in one day was 100% improved.
In three days I felt fit as a fiddle. Joe was so delighted
that he came to dinner and was 100% improved too.
Joe wasn't the only one though. They all flock around
me now and I am going to have to go back to Pembroke
once a week to keep my figure and them too."





Show Case!!

Banquet Hall





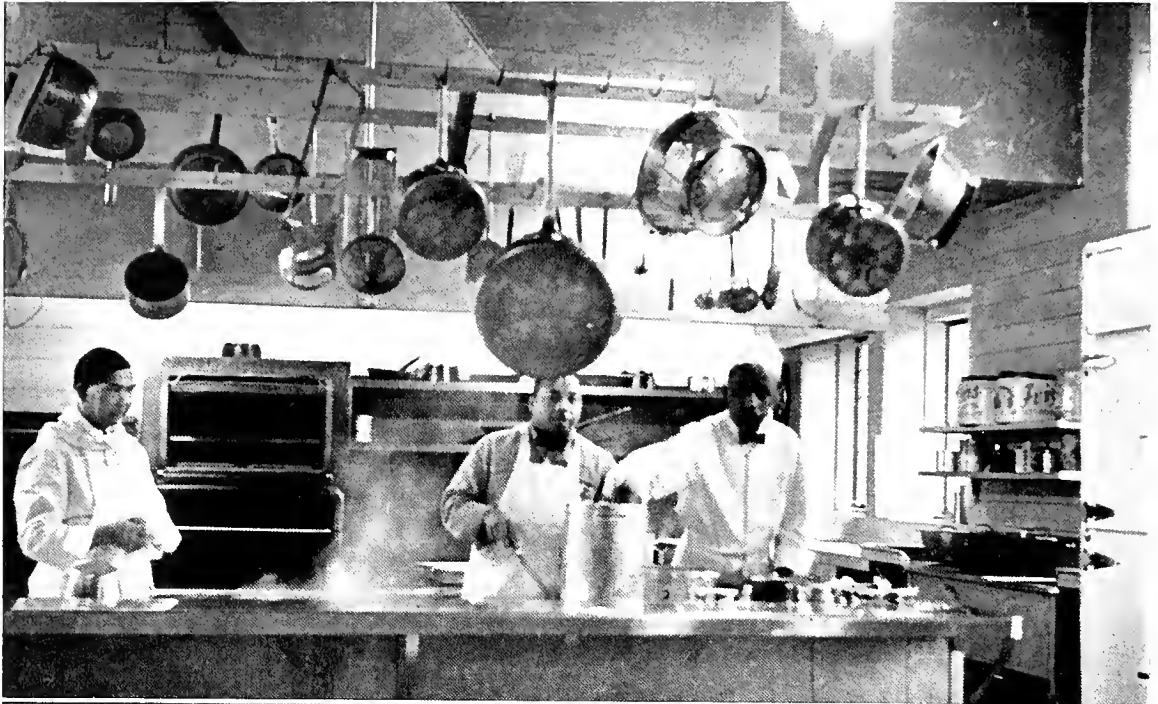
GENE ROBERTS IRISH



ANNE BLAKE

Smoking Room—Quiet





The Kitchen



Name Please!

Darts

Play Room





Miss Rice and String Quartette

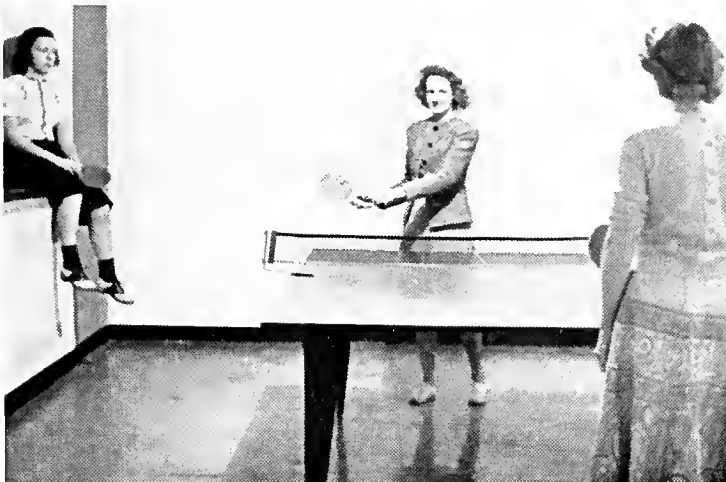


JEAN RAUH



ALICE BIDDLE

Ping-Pong



ELEANOR BAIENSON



F O R R E N T

Desirable Rooms

in

RHOADS NORTH

Inquire - Director of Admissions

BRYN MAWR COLLEGE





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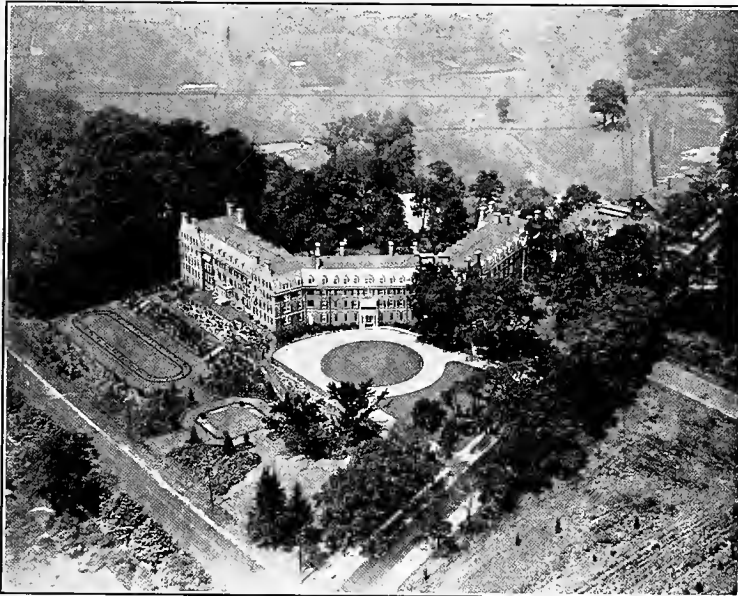
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