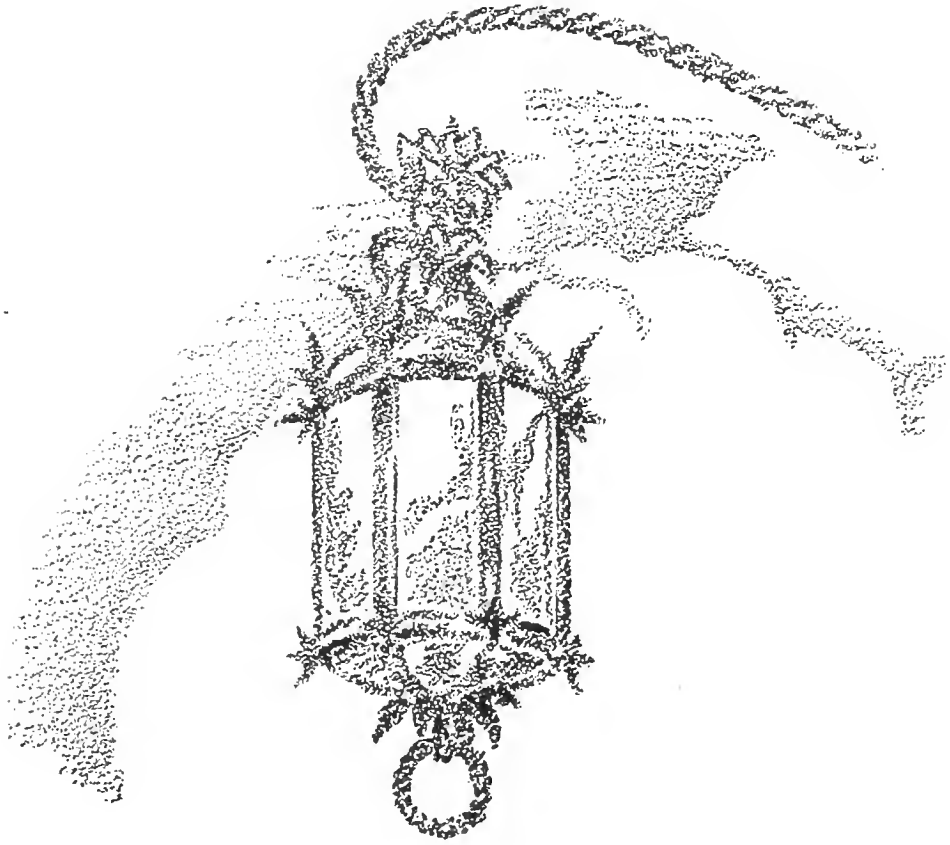


Archives
9.Y
1942







1942 Yearbook
Bryn Mawr College

F O R E W O R D

WE WILL be the war generation. We have gone through our four years at Bryn Mawr under the growing threat of conflict. Decisions have had to be made reflecting those of the nation—what traditions, what luxuries must be sacrificed; what standard can be maintained in a war world. We have had to postpone the realization of our ideals of peace and tolerance. We have had to study the Elizabethans, the French Revolution, Plato and Egyptian tombs when their value is most challenged and seems least fruitful.

But we are also the last of the generation of a past peace. And because we believe that its contribution to Bryn Mawr and to ourselves has been important, we have recorded in this book the achievements made, the values grasped, as well as the temporary changes this world war has made necessary.



1942 YEARBOOK
Bryn Mawr College



DEDICATION



TO MARION EDWARDS PARK WE OWE TWO
DEMOCRACY THAT DOES NOT PREACH BUT ACTS;
ONLY AN ADVANTAGE BUT A RESPONSIBILITY. FOR
IN KATHARINE E. McBRIDE WE PLACE OUR
WILL PRESERVE THE BEST OF ITS HERITAGE AND

DEDICATION



THINGS—THE EXPERIENCE AT BRYN MAWR OF A
AND THE KNOWLEDGE THAT EDUCATION IS NOT
BOTH OF THESE SHE HAS WON OUR DEVOTION.
CONFIDENCE. UNDER HER LEADERSHIP THE COLLEGE
WILL FULFILL ITS PROMISE IN FUTURE PROGRESS.

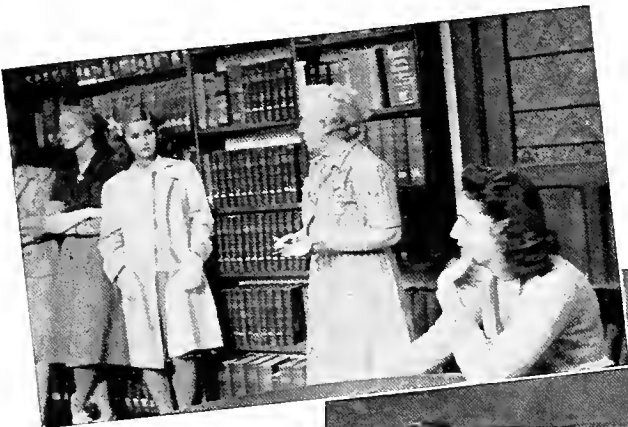


Traditional

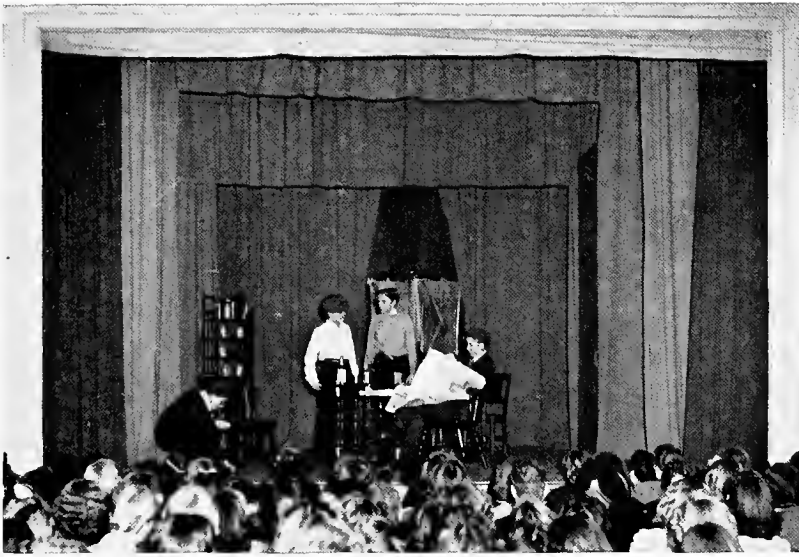
THERE are a few very important events in college that everyone who went to Bryn Mawr remembers. Some of them are the most exciting things that can happen to an undergraduate: the first moment she is received in her dormitory, and the last moment when she walks out of Goodhart with something to show for the past four years. These are remembered not as an experience that everyone had, but as her very own. There are special people, special emotions, certain little incidents that fit into Freshman Show or Senior Bonfire and make them different from a "traditional Bryn Mawr activity."

For the Class of '42, two major issues spanned the course of our college career: each year Big May Day was discussed, and each fall was shadowed by Miss Park's pending resignation. We are proud and happy that this year she stands on the commencement platform with us.

As any group of freshmen we entered Freshman Week with a great deal of ambition and hope beneath our shyness. We were awed by the interview with the dean, by the sight of that tremendous bonfire roaring



Freshman Week

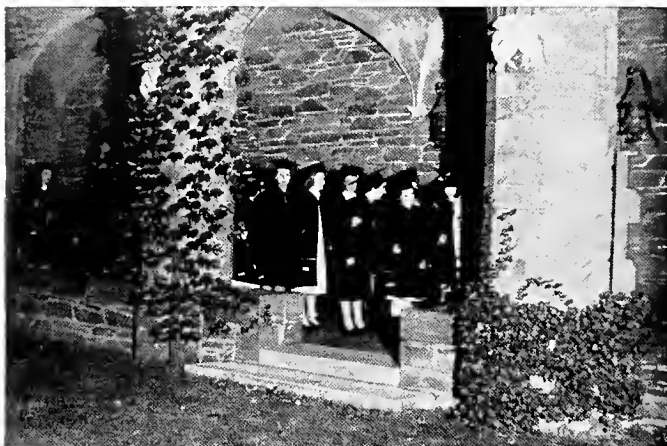


Freshman One-Acts

up into the sky, and later by the beauty of the faint blue lanterns swinging through the cold cloisters. We were excited by our caps and gowns, by our scraps with the sophomores. It was fun struggling through the snake dance on Parade Night, and much more fighting to preserve our dignity, our peace of mind, and our show at rehearsals. We were enraptured at staying up all night. We were scared about our first exams. But we learned a few things, too: the technique of pinning towels under our gowns, the use of paper plates and alarm clocks to baffle our adversaries. We also learned, at least some of us, how to find books in the library—the newspapers are still a mystery. We learned the proper smoking-room etiquette, and our bridge improved—even though it may have slipped a little since. This might be the debut of any class were it not for the fact that Rhoads was first occupied that year, and we were the first large Freshman class, and ungainly we were, too. It took quite some time to decide which was hand and which was head.



Nocturne



All of us—153 strong—were going to be presidents or honor students some day, and we leapt into affairs of state and erudition with great gusto. It was rumored our first weeks in college that a few of us habitually reserved books in the library for eight A. M., and so many of us were registered for geology that after two weeks the dean's office still had made no accurate estimate. We were known as “the tribe-of-reversible-plaid-coat-wearers.” So brave were we that even an encounter with a skunk could not keep a determined freshman from her appointment with the dean. Above all, it was different for we had a *man* for our Freshman Show animal. “Every class of glory tells a little story” about its Freshman Show, but ours was so unique that a special meeting had to be held to quiet down the Sophomores’





Hell's Belles



enthusiasm. Then there was the night we led an advertising parade through the halls. There were pie beds and no beds, interviews in the night and scuffles up and down the aisles of Goodhart, the kidnapping of the leading lady, and the amazing cooperation of our Western Union boy. Not to mention the fact that it was all a glorious success. Oh yes, that and more was our Freshman Year.

. . . ANGEL: Hot dogs, nectar, ambrosia, any flavor . . . GABRIEL (*climbing on a cloud*): Tickets for this evening's entertainment now on sale. Step right up to the cloud on your right. Seventy-five cents a seat. Under the auspices of the Bryn Mawr League. Little Miss Eva will climb up on that high cloud, two hundred feet in the air, and dive, dive into a bowl of nectar without disturbing a noodle. Step right up . . . DEVIL (*on soap box*): I'll promise you anything. I've got what you want. Will you give me a chance? Down with St. Peter! Down with the angels! Down with Philosophy! Down with Social Economy! Down with English Literature, and its classical allies! Let's go to Hell! . . .

JOCELYN FLEMING





The next year we plunged into college activities, scholastic and otherwise. This was the year we really began to get involved with orals—and Junior Year—and Senior Year. But outside of the necessary books and papers, we had more than a little fun. There's a certain warm satisfaction in being on the inside of things, and now we were really becoming a part of the college and could discuss with a superior attitude the small children who made up the Freshman Class. Now we could steal their parade night song and disturb their rehearsals. Now we could have lantern girls and be senior advisers. We were old hands at college week-ends and hall dances, at Christmas dinners and step singing. But aside from just being Sophomores, our year was different. That was the year Big May Day wasn't given.



MARION MERRILL CHESTER

CHRISTMAS



O, Tannenbaum

“ . . . Don't forget your dear teachers . . .
If you're left too much alone,
Send a call for Mr. Sloane . . .
If your joints begin to ache,
Notify Miss Agnes Lake . . .
Wells gets you out of hells,
Hold on to David and you'll be saved . . .
Here at the threshold of another year,
We stand a small, neglected company.
Our collars frayed, our hair a little thin . . .
Our feet each day drawn closer to the grave.
We stand among our cobwebs and look out,
And watch you dance down avenues of spring . . .
The chill blood stirs; we raise a palsied hand
And wave the years a fond farewell.
Goodby, dear girls, goodby, god-speed.
Keep clean,
And don't forget the Dean.”

(Read at Rhoads Christmas Dinner by Mr. Soper)



The Way of All Flesh



Junior Year we began to major, and no mountains moved, but we liked it anyway. Now we could go up the steps under the clock, we held high offices, we were beginning to be somebody—and we still knew enough college men to go away for week-ends. Work hard and play hard was our motto. We got to know the infirmary pretty well too. Our year was very exciting because of the third term election; politics were hot and furious on the campus during the autumn. The republicans led a torch-light parade, and held a rally at which Oren Root spoke. A lot of time was spent working

STEPSINGING



at Willkie Clubs in Philadelphia and vicinity.* But even after election we continued this national consciousness. The proximity of the war began to stir us to action. During the winter the students and faculty presented two ambulances to the British. Defense work was begun too; first aid and auto mechanics courses were given to a small group. Late that year the Alliance sprang into being. Politics, war, defense, preparedness were on everybody's lips. In theory we did not sleep. That was the year we had a wonderful time yelling about no Thanksgiving vacation. Our year too we went abroad at home, scattering to colleges all over the country. But in spite of this disturbing element, we carried on Junior traditions as usual. We elected our officers with great pomp and looked forward to being Seniors with a glint in the eye.

*"There was a young Democrats group, too."





Mimetic Magic

Then came the magnificence, the glory, and the hard day-labor of being a senior. We saw comprehensives looming on spring's verdant horizon; and were sorry that our eyes were open. We ran things in a grand style, and some of us were most effective air raid wardens, though no bombs fell. But we didn't really feel as if the last day was near, until May Day, like a beribboned hoop, rolled round. Before, we had cursed it as the invention of the Seniors, who received flowers and two breakfasts, made the whole

MAY DAY



"Wake me early, Mother dear."



"For I'm to be Queen of the May."

college reel hectically around their maypoles, and dispensed hoops and sticks with an annoying air of *noblesse oblige*.

But May Day, we find, is a final fling. The band plays, as it had for our first Parade Night—but now the animals aren't coming in, but going out, two by traditional two. The underclassmen look carefree, but we sing louder. We are the center of attention—but not, we know for long. Even May Day assembly and the first class after the jubilation have lost their former sting of anti-climax. And we think that perhaps it might have been wonderful to have given Big May Day after all.



There are only the last ends to tie—a paper to finish, a quiz perhaps. Comprehensives are the reality; and by this time apprehension has made us almost look forward to them. Class Day speeches ring with a reckless defiance; Tree Planting (with or without the aid of Haverford) shows that there is life in the old gals yet. "Good-bye Taylor!" is full, not of regret, but of anticipation of the world for which we are leaving it.



BONFIRE



Ashes to Ashes



And Senior Bonfire is an orgy. Flame consumes and fire devours the notes, the papers, the thousand sheets of crabbed handwriting, the dusty relics of a long career. And with the smoke vanish our recollections of halls dark before dawn, smoke in a closed and empty room, and coca-cola whose long vigil has sapped its snap. We remember the sunrises we saw; we forget those hours—those endless hours, when we thought it might never rise again.

ELIZABETH KERR

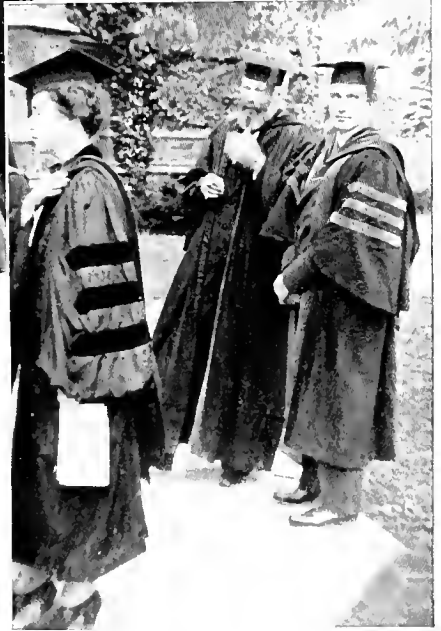




The strife is o'er; the battle won.
 The week before Commencement
 begun. We fold our hands, we
 watch underclassmen still studying,
 we play, we laugh again. We are
 very mature and poised at Garden
 Party—we have lost forever the
 awkwardness of blue-jeans. And the
 underclassmen feed us water-ice, and
 we smile.



COMMENCEMENT



The clock has struck for the last time. We are a part of the procession, as others have been, as others will be. But even here our Senior year was different. Miss MacBride has been chosen Bryn Mawr's fourth president. But, most of all, we graduated!

Who Wears the Gown in Your Family?

Academic Overture



Experimental

THE fever for exploration runs high in the Archeology department. So, for something new and exciting, and for the satisfaction of six of our indoor Archaeology students, Miss De Laguna conducted a dig near Flagstaff, Arizona, last summer. Excavations at Cinder Park uncovered remains of a civilization of the Sinagua Indian tribe which disappeared about 1300 A. D. This, the oldest civilization of the Sinagua tribe that has been found, was named in honor of President Park.

They had to dig under a very hot sun in hard, baked earth. At their first site, they dug six feet below the surface with shovels,



then took trowels, whisk brooms, ice picks and paint brushes and culled over the earth in six-inch layers. Artifacts were carefully wrapped in layers of newspaper.

The valuable finds brought back were pottery, stone axes, corn grinders, shell ornaments and a pipe, but most of their discoveries remain in the Museum of Northern Arizona.

CATHERINE HEAD COLEMAN



The course in 18th century is a detailed study of the economics, history, and thought trends of the period, given with the cooperation of the Economics, History, English, and Philosophy departments. During the first semester, which deals with the economic and historical background, each student selects a European country and gives oral reports from her research on different problems. In the second semester, trends in political and philosophic thought are discussed, bringing in specifically the influence of writers and philosophers. The students and faculty pool their information and discuss the topics. Controversy rose especially high during the study of political theory.



MARY CALLAHAN

The enthusiasm of both students and professors on this year's work may lead to further courses following the same patterns for other centuries.



A small group of boys and girls, serious and silent, sit on the stage of the Theatre Workshop, listening to Mr. John Gassner read one of the students' plays. He closes the script and looks sharply at the audience, "Now, what was the spine of this play? Let me put it another way, whose play was it?" There is a long puzzled pause. "I don't quite understand," one student answers, "but I don't think the end is necessary at all." Mr. Gassner turns with a smile, "Well, let's ask the author . . ."

This class in playwriting is a purely experimental group, tearing apart and putting together scripts for the stage and radio, seeing what is valuable and what is waste. All this creative effort culminates at the end of the year in a program of plays presented, with the aid of the Players Club, before the college.

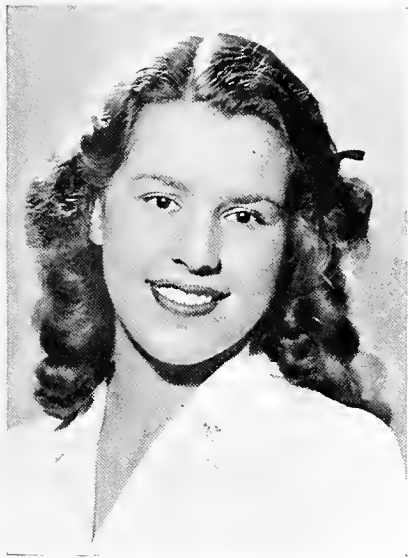
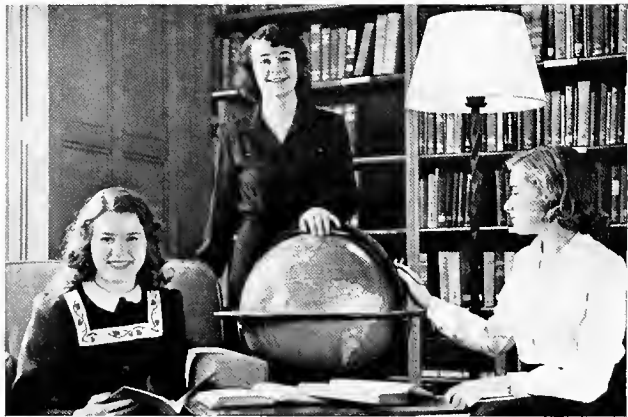
ISABEL MARTIN



MODEL LEAGUE



Geo-Politics



JANE ANN MAIER

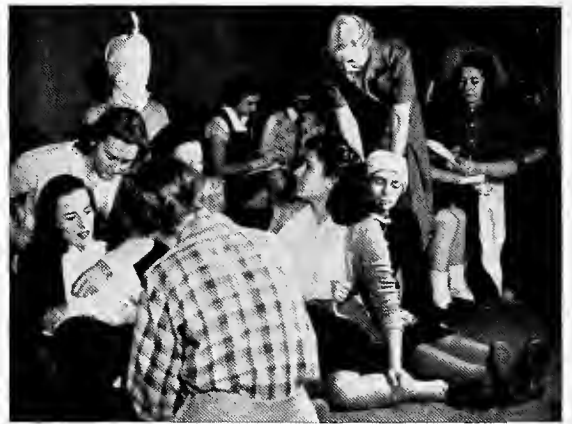
The International Relations Club has previously spent its time attending Model League Assemblies. This year, however, the Model League came to Bryn Mawr.

Two hundred delegates arrived in a typical spring blizzard. Pembroke was occupied by a male army of some 125 future diplomats—budding poets, too, they left behind an extraordinary collection of tributes.

Discussion dealt with complex, post-war problems: World Trade, Famine, Disease, Displaced Populations and Restoration of Order. National feeling ran high—so high that once Turkey and Ireland withdrew, either from a sincere national conviction or an equally sincere desire for lunch.



Bloody but Unbowed



A year ago, when spring did not bring another offensive, the Alliance was only a gleam in the eye. Last fall, it was little more—a group of people who met hectically in the Deanery over coca-colas (before the shortage had descended) and decided that there was room on campus for a new and large organization, designed to encourage and express student opinion on politics in general and, in particular, on the problems the incipient war and its ensuing peace would bring. Principles were drawn up, asserting the founders' conviction that to win the war was not enough, unless in the mobilization of national effort, consideration of the longer-range problems of education, opinion, and criticism was maintained.

DEFENSE COURSES

The inaugural meeting in Goodhart at which the Alliance (named in a flash of dubious inspiration to meet a *News* deadline, but now accepted on every tongue) was attended by only a few; but Pearl Harbor, several weeks later, found it ready to provide the outlets war-born enthusiasm demanded. With the valuable help of the Faculty Defense Group, the Defense Course program was taken over by the Alliance, expanded, and its many opportunities made available to both college and community.

These ran as planned, but the Alliance did not stop there. Its hope that there was a definite place for educational work was justified by the reception of the informal, interdepartmental course on Post-War Reconstruction and of the new Current Events lectures, presented by Miss Robbins and Mrs. Manning, which took up the terrifying sequence of events—Hong Kong, Singapore, the eruptions in the British Cabinet, Java, and the rehabilitation of M. Laval—as the news came over the air and through the doors in our morning papers. Two Forums, one on education, another on Congress since December 7th, gave some chance for free-lance opinion to be vocal; and Max Lerner's vibrant discussion of ideas for war and peace, also came to you by courtesy of the Alliance.

A new organization is a new experience; and we feel ourselves unable to analyze, to diagnose, the symptoms of the Alliance's growth. We think it is an up-and-coming affair; and are proud of whatever small part we have had in its inception. Although in our heretical moments, when Comprehensives loom most dourly, we are secretly glad that so far it has not stressed the "education" aspect too strongly, we know that it has better, braver things ahead.

MARY HALL GUMBART



Though groundwork for the Defense Courses was laid last summer, and nutrition, home nursing, shorthand and typing began in the first semester; Pearl Harbor touched a fuse and the Alliance, aided by the Faculty Defense Group, swung into vigorous action. Over beer and cider at the Nahm's a program was formed; a registration staff usurped the Ph.D. room in the library; and more than 300 people enrolled themselves for training and for community service. Seventy off-campus registrants for the nutrition course proved that we can share our loaves and fishes; and the great response from students showed we were eager to put our hearts in the right place.

With blackouts by night—prone forms in darkened halls, the voice of doom demanding that Pem's tower light conform to regulations (we realized that even ivory turrets get no exemption in this war), and the

*"I guess I gave you the
wrong number."*





*“On earth the broken leg,
In heaven the perfect
round.”*

strains of *Nearer My God to Thee* from throats of those who, in daylight, acknowledged themselves mutes—and the excitement of radio, newspaper and rumor by day, the Alliance proceeded efficiently. The expanded First Aiders had to conscript Handbooks; and the required course for all air-raid wardens, student and faculty, provided comic relief for the entire campus. Dr. Nahm’s idea of aid and comfort manifested itself in a strenuous half-nelson and the solicitous inquiry, “How’r’ya feeling now?” It was decided by unanimous vote that triangular bandages were not to be hemmed, and that it was safe to omit first aid for snake bites.

Eighty auto mechanics rolled off the assembly-line early in April, graduating under the enthusiastic auspices of the Keystone Automobile Club; who sent an Engineering Director to supply the final gilt, a lecture on



“History was never like this.”

*Firefighter**Blue Signal*

traffic regulations. Community courses, one on the planning and management of children's centers and another on community service techniques, were in full swing. Faculty members from the history, economics, sociology and politics departments mapped the ground-plans for a brave new world in the Post-War Reconstruction class; presenting an unscheduled added attraction, the Battle of the Goddesses, which stimulated attendance with the hope of a return engagement. The complete success of the course and the omniscience of Bryn Mawr undergraduates was attested, weekly, by the total silence which followed each lecturer's concluding statement: "And on these more technical points, are there any questions? . . ."

Most brilliant, however, was the overnight stand devoted to instruction in fire-fighting. Around a blazing pyre (just a plain destructive fire, no chemicals) on the hockey field the brave smoke-eaters learned that they should be loaded like dromedaries before approaching a blaze—their equipment consisting of



MARGARET LOUISE LEWIS

DEFENSE COURSES

two bags of sand, six buckets of water, a stirrup pump, a fire extinguisher, and a chair to ward off sparks. These were not all available, but armed with the pumps, candidates inched toward the blaze on their stomachs, one from each side. Boldly they aimed their sprays, and extinguished each other.

Courses on office techniques, involving the use of comptometers, mimeographs, and that vicious Medusa, the college switchboard, rounded out this year's program. The Bryn Mawr girl, new model, girl in triangular bandage, an extra blanket, with all lights extinguished and stirrup pump in hand, stands tiptoe on the threshold, equipped to serve wherever this war of ours may call her.





Government

Undergraduate Association

CUTS (FIGHT!)

This is the heading of the largest group of documents filed away in Goodhart, the records of Undergrad's storied past. It refers to the great Cut Battle which raged in 1913 and 1914, with final skirmishes extending into the 20's. During this epic struggle, Undergrad came of age.

But we anticipate. Nobody knows exactly how old this foremost campus organization is. When questioned, its president murmurs something about "an early Christian Association"—like our forebears, the first apostles of campus welfare lived, apparently, underground. The earliest records indicate a transition from a vague figure, a "chairman of the committee on Mass Meetings" to a real Undergraduate Association, which was in existence by 1906.

The great Cut Battle was its first test of strength. In 1912, the faculty proposed to limit sharply the number of class cuts taken; since they felt that the students no longer panted after knowledge as in the older, better days. Undergrad protested; the faculty persevered. Undergrad petitioned



VERA VIRGINIA FRENCH



ALICE MEIGS CROWDER



MARGOT DETHIER

the Trustees, who replied that the faculty should be trusted, the students should be patient. The faculty promised to reconsider, but perfidiously ignored the promise. In 1923, after a mammoth Mass Meeting, President Thomas graciously granted the privilege of a public discussion with the students, and in a full-dress debate in Goodhart, conceded their point. Shortly after the present student-administered cut system was begun.

*December 8: Vincent Sheean*



Were there crusades to be led today, Undergrad would lead them. But now it is more than a zealous Vigilante committee. It charters and fosters all campus organizations which do not fall into the special categories of League, Self-Gov, or A. A.—with the exceptions only of the *News*, the *Lantern*, and the Yearbook, which maintain their proud fourth-estate freedom.

Undergrad manages big things. It would have managed Big May Day—to perfection, we suggest—had not its frills and furbelows been forsworn. However it found the job of managing our infant united efforts was equally demanding. The



JANE HOWARD SMITH



*Reception for Miss
McBride*

Assemblies presented show the trend of the past year: Max Lerner heralded the all-out attitude last spring; the foreign students joined us to present a discussion on education at home and abroad in the fall; in March Dr. Murray of Harvard jolted us with his call to the colors. And though Vincent Sheean did not speak directly under Undergrad's sponsorship, few will forget the night of the eighth of December when, breathless, he brought the bad news and all its implications, from Washington to us.



Tea for Lady Halifax

CURRICULUM COMMITTEE



And there were new things which promised to be big. The Alliance, inaugurated by Undergrad, presented a program of present training for future service to the college. The young Sub-Freshman Committee asserted itself, mapping plans for a new Handbook, a bigger responsibility of student advisers to the novices, and a better freshman week for all concerned. The Vocational Committee came to new life and met the challenge of summer sessions for acceleration by planning, with members of the Alliance board, jobs for summer to supplement winter learning.



Junior Prom

And then there are the less spectacular committees, whose work is continuous and important. The Curriculum Committee, once the dream-quest of Thanksgiving vacation had perished, continued work begun last year toward establishing a reading period. The Faculty Curriculum Committee met with the undergraduates' representatives, and agreed that, if the college year could be lengthened and first year courses retain the mid-year exam, a reading period is desirable and should be initiated. A minor revolution, the election of Committee representatives by members of each major department, gives promise that next year's important work will have campus support and vigor.



DANCES



After "Stage Door"



The Entertainment Committee, another of Undergrad's subsidiaries, chose a particularly appropriate year to throw in the sponge. With war at first imminent and then actual, elaborate entertainments withered. The poor reception of Dorothy Maynor's concert and Arthur Menken's lecture showed unmistakably that the campus wants smaller, more specialized and less expensive diversions. With a bow to the good old



Mint without Julep





Apprentice Teacher



days, the Series of Six, and a wistful glance at discarded evening gowns, we pass on. There will be no Mayris Chaney on this campus.

With this behind us, there is nothing we would wish changed by Undergrad—unless, miraculously, a new crusade could secure the privilege of slacks-in-Taylor, even if only for the duration.

JEAN ANN SHAFFER



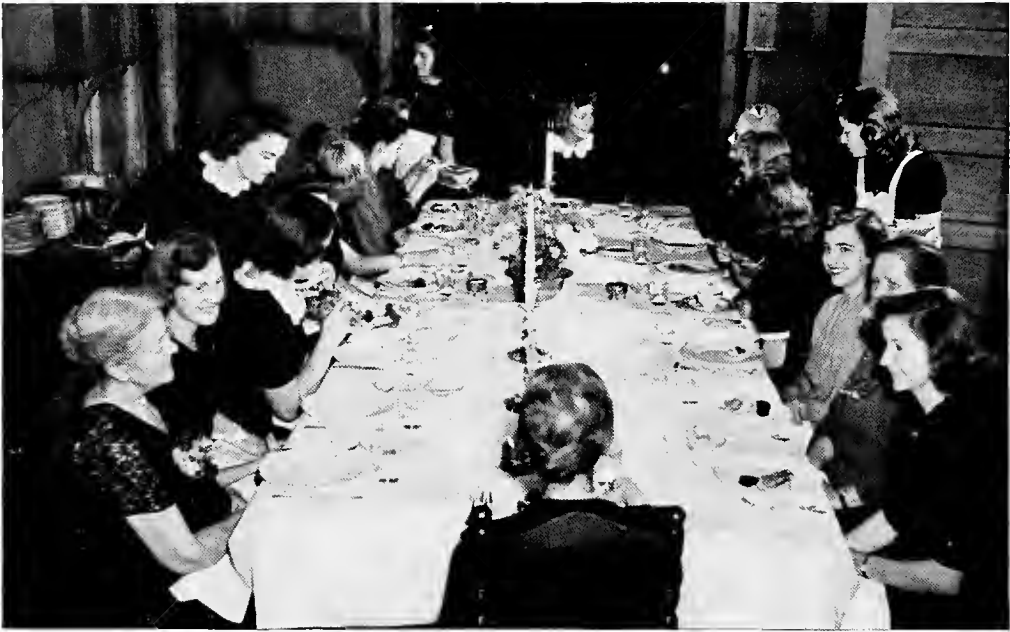
Self Government

SELF-Government is ambitious. It has undertaken "to regulate all those matters concerning the conduct of the members in their college life. When the Association was chartered in 1892, the first in any women's college, President Eliot of Harvard wrote Dean M. Carey Thomas predicting, with heavy Harvard gloom, that within six months the doors of Bryn Mawr would be closed forever.

But they're still open—until 10:30 every night. And after that (for Self-Gov works mainly in the dark), the system functions efficiently, sensibly, and with a minimum of furor. There is no differentiation between seniors and freshmen, no limits upon overnight leaves or late permissions. These liberties apparently do not encourage criminals; for cases of suspension are very rare.



By the People



Fiftieth Anniversary Dinner

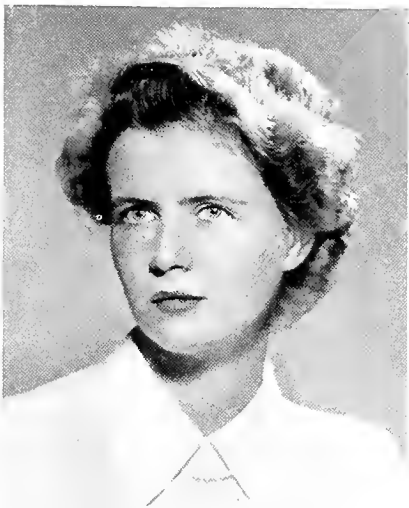
Success has attended Self-Gov's gentle but firm efforts for fifty years. The Fiftieth Anniversary of the Association this year brought nostalgic thoughts of early hazards—young unmarried male professors, "The Young Temptations," warned Miss Thomas, whose influence among the students had to be curbed, the control of cheering in the dining-rooms, and that burning question of the twenties: Should Women Smoke? This was settled for all time in 1929, when Self-Government came out into the open, made smoking permissible, and put Bryn Mawr's name on the front page of the *New York Times* for the only time in its history.

SELF-GOVERNMENT

Every girl in college is, willy-nilly, a member of the Association; and occasionally the masses exert the full powers of a united effort. Last year saw an epic struggle between the leaders and the multitude. The question: shall permission be required for overnight absence? The proposal, by a Board apparently timorous, fearful of possible errors in individual judgment: yes. The reaction: violent. Impromptu meetings, impassioned speeches from imaginary soapboxes, and, eventually, a reasonable discussion of the issue in Hall Meetings, resulted in the adoption of a new rule, under which each girl now decides for herself what constitutes proper chaperonage. The Trustees endorsed the decision. A new definition had been born.



CATHERINE McCLELLAN



MARJORIE FLETCHER CATRON



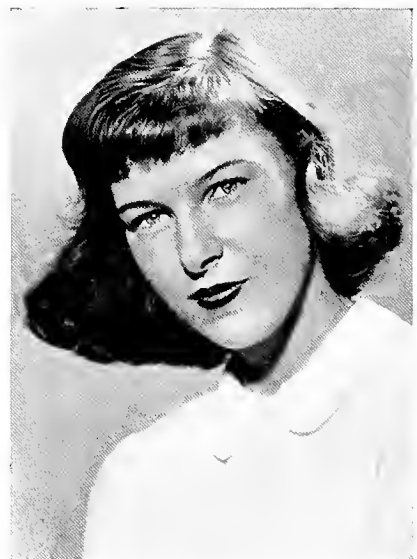
HELEN LANSDOWNE RESOR



A weight was lifted from the shoulders of the permission-givers, who are extremely conscientious and faithful girls; and who have forced us to explain that the picture on this page was taken in the afternoon, and not at night.



JOSEPHINE VAIL PERRY



NANCY SAGE PYLE

SELF-GOVERNMENT



ELEANOR FUNK HARZ



MARGARET SYBIL WELTZEIN

But Self-Government is not all major issues and democracy-in-action. It has its purely comic aspects. Biggest and best is the annual Freshman examination on rules and regulations. Usually the freshmen are timid. Vestigial apron-strings restrain them, the shade of boarding school hangs heavily above their heads. At least two-thirds of them recommend calling the Dean if you are unable to return to college at the appointed time.



SHEILA GAMBLE



*Smoking
in Shaded
Areas
Only*

Bryn Mawr League

THE Bryn Mawr League could be called a charity organization or, more properly, a social service league, but it goes beyond that. The value of its activities lies not only in the contribution its members make but in the educational value it affords to girls who donate time and thought to carrying out its projects. Blind School, the Community Center and YWCA, Better Babies and the Summer Camp all add interesting experience in working with those less privileged. The Hudson Shore Labor School provides an opportunity for Bryn Mawr students to study and play with girls their own age whose backgrounds and experiences have been very different.

Work with the refugees at the Quaker Workshop in Haverford brings contact with many brilliant European exiles.

The League then is an integrating organization which sponsors a varied type of activity. It answers the students' demand for practise teaching, for social service and for religious instruction. Funds for maintaining chapel services and choir, for maids' classes, the Summer Camp and Hudson Shore come from the Activities Drive which supports other campus organizations and contributes to Red Cross and War Relief funds as well.



VIRGINIA CHANDLER MARKHAM



Chapel Picnic

CHAPEL



Morning Services

Our first three years at college, chapel struggled along forlornly with outstanding ministers, a large top-heavy choir and a meagre handful of a congregation. Services became fewer and farther between in an effort to make chapel inviting. The change came this winter, simultaneously with the war. The purge of choir members brought choir into better proportion to a swelling congregation—ministers no longer had to face sideways in order to preach to the bulk of their listeners. With many of the same min-

isters as in former years, attendance at chapel boomed; services were held every Sunday night except during exams (the Dean's office wanted students to realize that God can't help you pass if you don't help yourself). A dressing room in Goodhart was converted into a minute chapel where services are conducted by students for fifteen minutes every morning.



PRUDENCE HOLBROOK WELLMAN



Bryn Mawr's camp for underprivileged children at Stone Harbour, New Jersey, is the only one for very young children in this area. Lice and the mumps were the two main menaces last year. The four-year-old victim of mumps was amply consoled by having her picture taken three times.

These crises don't disturb the girls who run the camp a bit. Three groups of children—two from Philadelphia, one from the Main Line, each spend two weeks in a big house by the seashore. Minnie of Pembroke and Annie of Denbigh cater so successfully that one camper, home again, refused to eat the Spanish rice his mother prepared until she got the authentic recipe from Annie herself.

The youngest children are taught to dress themselves and to string seashell necklaces; the older ones are taken to see the Coast Guard Station's breeches-buoy drill. And conflicts are rare—the only black eyes last year were the pair received by one boy racing against another—running in different directions.



MARGARET RALSTON PERKINS

BETTER BABIES



Haverford Community Center

Elective Study: the Younger Generation—all ages. The general course covers many fields, but specifically, how to keep a dancing lesson from becoming a jam session at the Community Center, how to handle weeping infants at the Better Babies Clinic, how to keep a group of playful youngsters from drowning each other in the swimming pool at the YMCA. Tact, ingenuity, first aid desired of each student. After a few weeks of experience, nothing is amazing.



NORMA SPIELMAN ◀



Sewing Bureau



Carolling

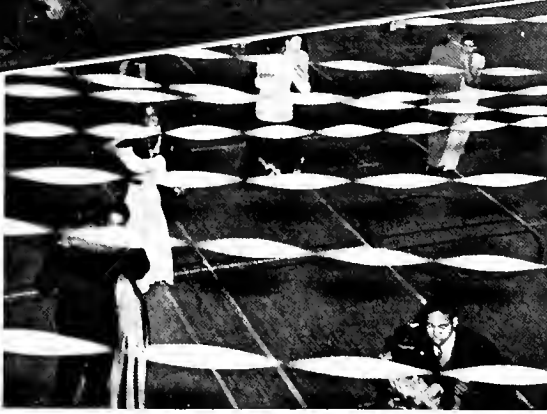
The Maids and Porters always have a good year, and always let the campus in on it. Christmas could not come without the quartet and the carollers; spring would be wan without the spring play—or, as this year, their own program for Miss Park.

But classes—particularly those in negro history (taught this year by a negro graduate student), typing, hygiene, music, and sewing—are run during the whole year. From the last of these has developed the Maids' Bureau, which has become a permanent asset to the college, providing a seamstress service so



MAUDE THOMAS

MAIDS AND PORTERS



Christmas Dance

successful that the maids now offer to upholster or slip-cover chairs as well as chassis. The maids and porters were also included in the Defense Courses, and registered for first aid, home nursing, shorthand, and office techniques. The dream of the Maids' Council (joint student and employee membership) is to have the credit for such courses accepted by night schools and colleges.

And then there is the annual dance. This year the dancing contest was revived, and a vision in grey net was awarded the prize—in spite of the extraordinary jitterbugging which gave competition and contrast.

If anyone tells you that the maids and porters lead a dull life—It ain't necessarily so!



SUSAN LAMBERT DARLING

HUDSON SHORE LABOR SCHOOL



The rolling banks of the Hudson inherited a summer school for women industrial workers, once conducted at Bryn Mawr. M. Carey Thomas began it all, riding on a camel through the Sahara sand dunes. In this arid land, Bryn Mawr's imaginative scholar-president decided to give workers a taste of higher education. At the Hudson Shore Labor School girls from Ohio steel mills, Pennsylvania coal towns, New England clothing shops learn economics, history and problems of the American workers, using pooled practical experience as the source of material for teaching.





German Refugee

824 Buck Lane, Haverford. The rumble of conversation staccatoed with laughter which overflowed the large living room might have set the scene for any tea in a comfortable old house. Book-lined walls, a fire crackled behind brass-topped andirons; thick-toned conversation continued, the background and yet the melody.

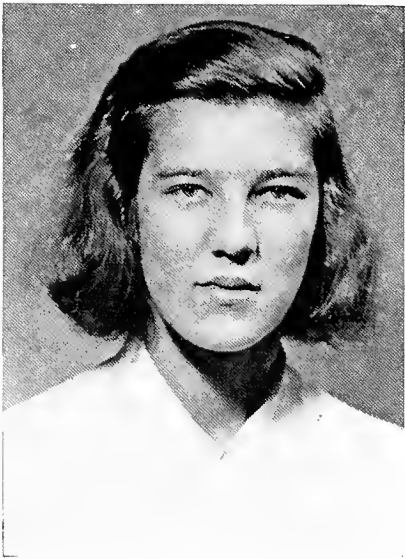
Soon the dissonant notes which made up this harmony became clear. Most of the people over tea and thin cakes spoke excited broken English. Inadequate words came tumbling out and faltered, supplemented by frequent gestures and interspersed Germanisms.

824 Buck Lane was established two years ago by the American Friends Service Committee as a home for about thirty European refugees—Austrian poet, German economist, violinist, Viennese Socialist, young Hungarian, newspaper editor—gathered threads from a torn civilization. They are weaving a new pattern, learning and contributing. Silent observers, they listen to classes at Bryn Mawr and Haverford, learning our teaching methods. Students from both colleges have conferences with each refugee to correct his English pronunciation and enlarge his speaking vocabulary.

Athletic Association

COLLEGE is divided into two classes: captains of teams and seniors who flunked required athletics. In the old days it was different—the division lay between those who played on the first American hockey team and those who took sun-bathing for a spring sport. You can still sun-bathe or walk down senior row—but not for credit. Modern counterparts of sun-bathing athletes are writing a book called: OUR ATHLETIC EDUCATION or “How to get thin watching swimming meets.”

Bryn Mawr flaunted its six All-College Hockey players before other quailing college teams with complete success. The Bryn Mawr team is well known for its consistency and cooperation in play, and these qualities were especially evident in the intra-



ELEANOR CHRISTINE WAPLES



LOUISA HILL ALEXANDER

HOCKEY



college games. We have the distinction of being the first American college to have a field hockey team and this season's results were brilliant additions to its record. Against local teams, the Varsity strengthened itself by meeting excellent opposition.

But the golden team's halo was completely dulled by competition with Princeton and Haverford 150-pound football teams in off-the-record games. The girls themselves were upset by the football tendencies of their opponents and by the sudden discovery in the second quarter that Prince-

ton had fourteen men on the field. Tripping up the opposition, driving like Sammy Snead, were tactics Miss Yeager never taught. Even the rabid underclass games were more chivalrously conducted.



BADMINTON-SOCCER

Snow covers the ground—wind-shoved sleet tears at trees and buildings. Girls in white sharkskin shorts and sneakers pile into the station wagon, clutching racquets. July? January?—The Badminton team off to a match.

Annual demands for squash courts have so far been unsuccessful in themselves, but have resulted instead in an active badminton team. The Gym room swamped by an enlarged and athletic-minded college is the inadequate shelter for dancing, basketball and badminton. But weekly games at the Merion Cricket Club and at all the colleges in the Philadelphia area have whipped the Badminton team into nearly professional form.

Soccer games are high spots of college week-ends. More organized on both sides than the inter-sex hockey, the loss through injury is often as high as 50 per cent. Feminists now free to be educated are channeling their energies into athletics.



BASKETBALL



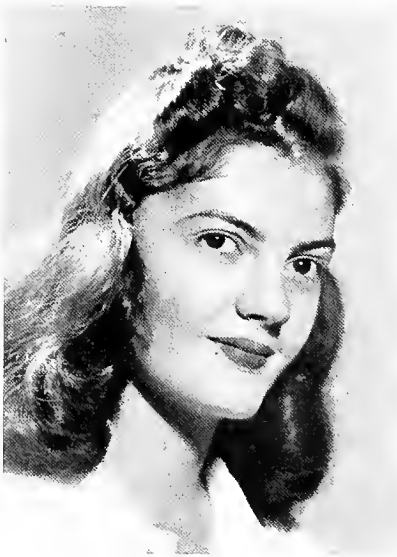
Basketball is one of our favorite sports. We can sit on the balcony, dangling our feet over the heads of the distracted players. Our ever-feminine minds cannot help delighting in the magnificent colour combinations when a pink Rosemont forward falls on a yellow Bryn Mawrter, while a blue reserve runs to the rescue.

But the players are the ones that actually get exercise. The Varsity has had an erratic season—sometimes sparkling, at others mediocre. The reserves out-stripped all possible expectations, piling up incredibly high scores in their victories. Besides having accurate shooters, the Owls have been deservedly praised for their fast defense.





Keep 'em flying!



EFFIE CLARICE WOOLSEY

"Bodies high" chimes through the unsilenced crystals of Wyndham's chandelier. Modern dancers extend themselves in the general direction of the ceiling. Concentration is rewarded by a hazy impression that it is now possible to float on air. This is a fallacy. It takes almost three winters to realize the meaning of "turn," "extension," "release" or leap, or even "moving in space."

Outstanding event of the year, a "Symposium" with the University of Pennsylvania and Cheyney college dance clubs. Miss Ruth Schindler, from New York, plans to instill "pride of motion" and "excitement" into an even larger group of sluggish Bryn Mawrters next year.

DANCE CLUB

Last year's Dance Club presentation became a tradition this spring when a fairy tale in dancing was again given on the gym steps. Mr. Schumann, composer of the score of *Cinderella*, planned it as a sort of *opera bouffe* in dancing. Some of the performers came from the Body Mechanics and dancing classes, but Miss Petts and the Dance Club were the guiding force and main spring. Planned within the scope of their potentialities, it served to stimulate their work as well as present in a pleasing manner what has been accomplished during the year. The tradition of the spring production marks the vital reawakening of the Dance Club, originally organized eight years ago. Since dancing is essentially a part of A. A., it was recognized that outstanding dancers, selected by the Club's committee, should be awarded varsity owls.



HELEN ABIGAIL WADE



*Spirit of
Isadora Duncan*





Skating as a winter sport or a downright diversion has grown in the last two years. Last year the skaters' exercise included a long tramp through Ardmore's Harlem, while the hikers sang the Blue Danube to keep their spirits up. Once inside the arena, conversation slid into technicalities: "I kind of hump in the middle of my camel spin." Then came the exhausting practise of theory, with a waltz to end the evening. Another lonely trek separated the skaters from campus; but now they are driven in style in the station wagon.

Enthusiasm among the skating group varies. There are a few dazzled by the novelty of it all, a few that gloomily storm down for requirement purposes only; but the freshmen

(always devoted) persevere to the point of skating before breakfast. From our warm beds, we salute them.

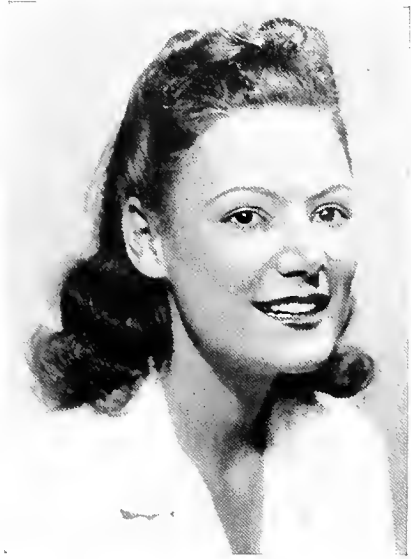


SKIING

Bryn Mawr has to travel for its winter sports. The trip to Ardmore for skating can be made in half an hour, but we can guarantee skiing no closer than the Poconos.

It's a cloudy day in January and the thick flakes swirl down. At least eight inches, we think, as it continues all night. Then frantic rummaging next morning in closets and basements for sleds, skis, and poles. But the sun has appeared—the warmest, brightest of suns. We see the whiteness trickle off in rivulets and mush on the streets.

But in the Poconos the snow still lies. Yet, ironically, this year the invaluable station wagon, which was to have transported skiing groups to the mountains for week-ends, fell a victim to tire and gas restrictions.



CLAUDE-OLGA MARCOVICI CLÉJA



Saunders Barn

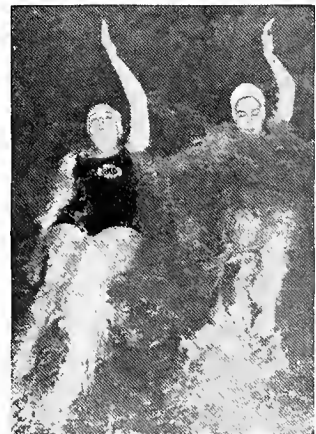




Something new has been added to the chlorine-cloyed tiles in the Gym basement—streamlined swimming. In true World's Fair style, divers and floaters reproduced this year their second Aquacade. What New York never saw in its production was Bryn Mawr's version of the "three little fishies—and their moth-ah" theme. We never knew before what they saw on the other side of the dam until our swimmers made it clear by costumes and pantomime that one saw a circus, one a real Viennese waltz, and one, lucky fish, saw Bryn Mawr in 1880.



MARY ELIZABETH BROWN



RIDING

Bryn Mawr's Riding Club finally gave its horse show. After two false alarms, the riders exhibited the fruits of their labors carried on through bitter wind and enervating heat. True carnival spirit prevailed, with booths selling "Popco-orn, Peanuts! Only a nickel, folks!" This was the first public performance of the new club which practices at Mrs. Fitzgerald's Radnor Ride. About thirty girls, whose skill ranges from falling off Rip-Rap (impossible!) to advanced equitation and jumping, took part in the show.

Winter weather, with its bucking horses and frozen toes, weeded out the unhardy equestrians, but those who continued received a thorough training, working ultimately toward instructorship. In April, the Club brought Captain Littauer, ex-captain of the St. Petersburg guard and president of Boots and Saddles, to speak at the college and to give special instruction to advanced riders.





A. A. Transportation

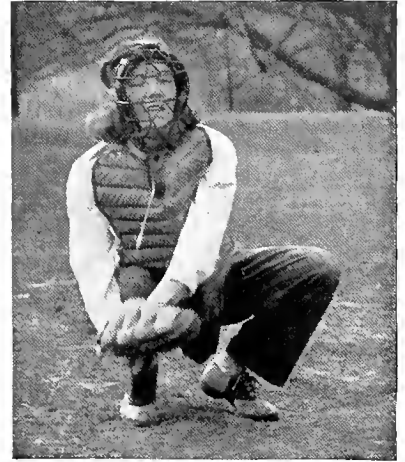
The rustic tendency and iron constitution of today's Bryn Mawr has appeared in the organization of an Outing Club. To those whose idea of bliss is wading in a stream, sleeping in a haystack, and flipping flapjacks by the cold light of dawn, the Outing Club is heaven-sent.

Expedition the first recruited ten eager apostles of nature including Miss Yeager and Miss Raymond. Equipped with blue jeans, a knapsack, and bare feet, outers took possession of a piece of property containing one waterfall and several dozen caterpillars. The travelers barely saved their lunch from a watery grave and emerged from the woods, wet but satisfied.

Interrupted in their sleep at the Youth Hostel by the girlish giggles of the chaperones and the howling of a dog, the Club still claims it found its haystack more hospitable than Pembroke beds.



BASEBALL



When President Roosevelt put the green light on baseball as an approved war sport, we were all set to stage weekly Faculty-Student games. But we were sharply reminded that professors have little time to gambol on the green diamond. However we have pledged ourselves to give the bespectacled ones a severe Yankee trouncing.

Our spring training has begun in earnest; the warm sun, the grassy field, that old glove in our hands brings out the Ted Williams in us. Last year so many members of the Varsity batted over .500 that we expect to maintain a club average of at least .499 this season. One batter's slump brought forth a wail, "I guess they'll farm me out to Rosemont."

Bryn Mawr is a great baseball town and you can put your money on the Owls to finish in first division, actually to win the imaginary pennant.





Tennis is a spring sport and therefore subject to the effects of Spring Fever. One Freshmen was heard saying: It is five-thirty.

Answer: It can't be.

But it is.

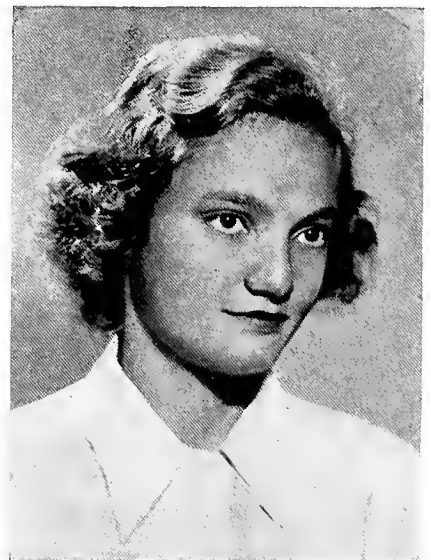
It can't be.

But it is.

But I had a class at five.

I mean the score, you dope.

With the first appearance of our prolific jonquils, girls don their professional looking all-white clothes and descend to the courts. But as soon as golf begins to usurp their attentions, we know Spring Fever is over and Summer is here.



NANCY PAINE NORTON



Clubs

"The Pirates
of Penzance"



Haverford may be Haverford, but men are men when it comes to being a heavy dragoon. Last year's successful experiment with the Haverford Glee Club in *The Pirates of Penzance* proved that tenors and basses can sing tenor and bass much better than the gruffest of second altos, so this year the two Glee Clubs combined to give *Patience* together.

Of course, the new Bryn Mawr-Haverford solidarity movement had its awkward moments. Confusion invariably descended upon every lovesick maiden whenever she had to embrace her dragcon fondly, in spite of Mr. Alwynne's arguments that it is possible to look at such situations "objectively."

The choruses were directed by Mr. Lafford, who cuts a dashing figure on his motorcycle, and Mr. Willoughby, who looks even more dashing in the sidecar. Portia Miller, '43, President of the Glee Club, and Mr. Alwynne had charge of the stage work. There was much speculation on where Mr. Alwynne learned the authentic can-can he tried to teach the girls' chorus, but everyone agreed that he would have stopped the show if he could only have done it in person the night of the performance.



LOUISE DENIS ALLEN



"Elijah"

This year will stand out forever in the annals of choir history as the year of the great purge. In spite of Margot's pink and blue seating charts, the choir straggled untidily on and off the platform. The frivolous were weeded out unmercifully, but the diminished choir is now better adapted to Sunday evening services.

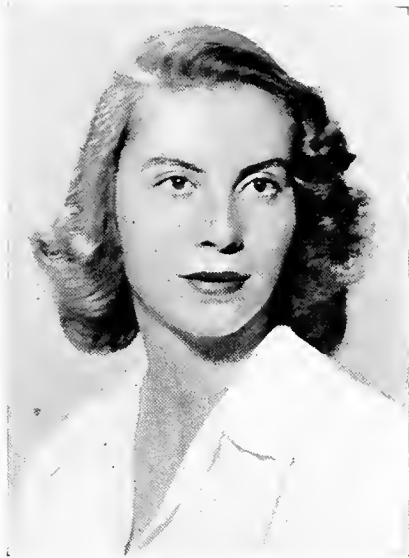
Purged singers were included in a new College Chorus, which sang with Haverford in the Christmas service. In March, the Choir gave Mendelsohn's *Elijah*, with Haverford, accompanied by both colleges' orchestras. Inspiration was added by the story of Mr. Willoughby's father, who sang in the first performance of *Elijah* and fell on the organ pedals.



STRING ENSEMBLE



We were first aware of the string ensemble Freshman year when the arpeggios of *Jesu, Joy of Man's Desiring* arose tremulously from the window below morning and evening. Since then its importance has grown in direct ratio to its repertoire. Augmented by the Haverford orchestra, the string ensemble accompanied the Christmas Service this year and the performance of *Elijah*. It also gives a concert of its own every spring. An added importance of the ensemble is that it draws members from both graduates and undergraduates—one of the few colleges activities which bridge the gap.



JACQUELIN MERRYMAN WILSON



HENRIETTA RUSSUM BUTLER



"Is 20-19 all right
for 18-18?"

Take a generous helping of blue-jeans, typewriters, clamoring telephones, gossip, poker, late hours; the resulting stew is, as everyone knows, a newspaper. The noticeably higher calibre of the *College News* this winter is due unquestionably to two facts; another telephone was installed and the board began to squander allowances on poker games. This raised standard has sometimes been attributed to the influence of a new bulletin board, crowded with model heads and rules for the four "W's;" but that is a fallacy.



Tank Tester

Going through the Mill



NEWS

The *News* has four functions in college:

1. To write up lectures nobody went to or wants to read about;
2. To collect amusing stories about such annual catastrophes as orals, Freshman Show, dances and Parade Night;
3. To print editorials which will arouse someone to write a letter which will fill up space next week;
4. To learn the identity of the European Fellow days before the announcement and then go around looking knowing.

This year the *News* developed a policy of extending its subject matter beyond the campus limits. An America First rally in Madison Square Garden, Indiantown Gap army camp, a tank ride, tire and autocar factories were all feature subjects. Perhaps most spectacular of all was the crashing of the Barnes art collection, scoping the *Saturday Evening Post*. The development of the Second Column and *Penn Points* (critical column on state politics and policies) were other results. Investigations of the college budget, promotion of the Alliance, of a Press Club, summer jobs, and the reorganization of the Activities Drive are constructive achievements of the 1941-42 *News*.



JOAN GROSS



REBECCA ROBBINS



ELIZABETH ANNE GREGG



The February issue of the *Lantern*, attempting to define “the place of poetry in the war,” came editorially to the conclusion that “it seems wise to dismiss or at least to postpone any discussion on writing in relation to the war. The writer we think should act upon his impulse.” The bulk of the issue was consumed by rather ephemeral satires by equally ephemeral authors. The Spring issue declared that more important than preserving culture is “the preservation of the power to produce beauty”; adding, more specifically, “seeing the ridiculous presupposes a realization of the dignified. And it is this realization that produces works of art, or, in other words, keeps culture alive, not of the past but of the present and the future.” Contributions to the *Lantern* have thus far failed to exhibit much awareness of either the dignity or ridiculousness of man.

Taking it on the Chins



PLAYERS' CLUB



Stage Door



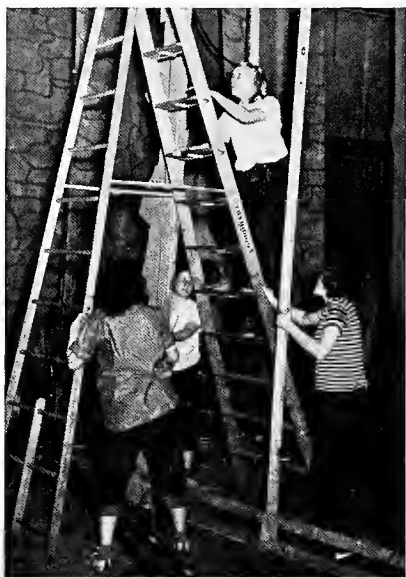
Dionysus came down from the wild mountains of Thrace into Bryn Mawr College and said, "I am with you," and there was light—and grease paint and curtains and fervor. So the Bacchantes got together, and this fall, imbued with Dionysian intoxication, presented *Stage Door*, bringing the gamut of Broadway into the cloisters of education.



JANET CAMERON BROWN DOWLING



ANN TAYLOR UPDEGRAFF



Props and Drops

But the Players Club and the Stage Guild are no new organizations, acting merely on inspiration and light. They have a past and a future of hard and agreeable labor. Theirs is, to a certain extent, a field of experimentation and endeavor, of trying and hoping, of success and failure. The Stage Guild, a sub-division of the Players Club, is made up of the paint, hammer, and gelatin experts and is responsible for all the back stage work of the plays. The major fall production, *Stage Door* (men courtesy of Haverford), came gracefully off its hinges and was a

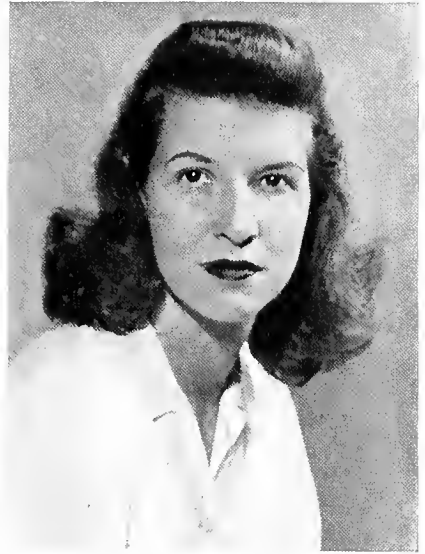


KATHERINE DEWEY

PLAYERS' CLUB

banging success with the Goodhart audience. In the spring, Haverford played turn about for all Bryn Mawr's work on *Stage Door*, and managed rehearsals and did most of the work on the spring production, Noel Coward's *Hay Fever*.

This year the Club fostered one entirely new experiment: a series of one-act plays presented by the freshmen with an upperclassman director. This is a new lease on life for the freshmen, who have hitherto not been allowed to take part in any outside activity until their Freshman Show.



DORCAS M. DUNKLEE



Hay Fever

EDITH MAY VORHAUS



RUTH FINGER

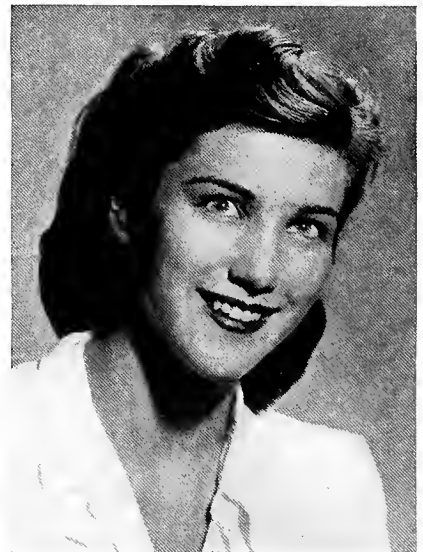


Chez Guiton

Yelling for the mail at breakfast, fighting over the hammock after dinner, trying to study with the thump, thump of the modern dancers beneath, hanging out of the windows to listen to the one o'clock conversation on the front porch below. It sounds like it—un poulailler with a few French spring chickens. And to hear them chatter is amazing. Just imagine collecting brains sufficiently at eight in the morning to discuss a two-minute egg and a piece of raisin toast in French! "Epatant! Mais mon Dieu—impossible!"



KATHERINE LOUISE CLASSEN



PATRICIA DELANEY

FRENCH CLUB

Maison Francaise



The French Club makes its headquarters at the French House. They hold there the soirees, plays, dances, and meetings which collect more students than any other club on the campus. Besides the fun of the French nativity play, the food and conversation at the soirees, the Club raises enough money by their benefits to send contributions abroad for French relief.

EDNA ELLEN SCULLEY



TONI JOAN STERN



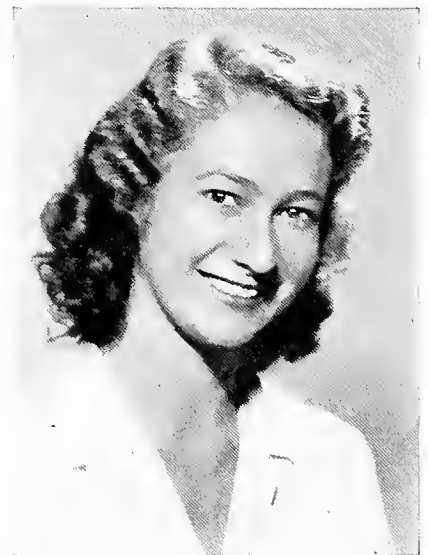
ANTOINETTE
MICHEL



When a Spanish student learns she can become a cultural attaché by “drinking—and drinking the potion of culture,” she is amazed; when she hears that the Latins are “selling love in Washington,” she wants to go to Washington; when she meets a Latin at a dance, she wants to go to South America—for good. Is it surprising that the Spanish Club has had a three hundred per cent increase in membership? For so young an organization, it has learned an unbelievable amount about South America—maybe because a Latin is easy to get to know. When a handsome Columbian comes rumbaing up and asks in broken English if he “is becoming to you,” *what* can you do?



In Spain they Say “Si, si.”



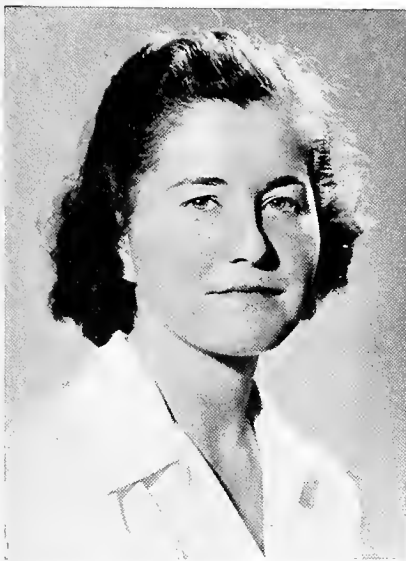
MARQUERITE SUAREZ-MURIAS

GERMAN CLUB

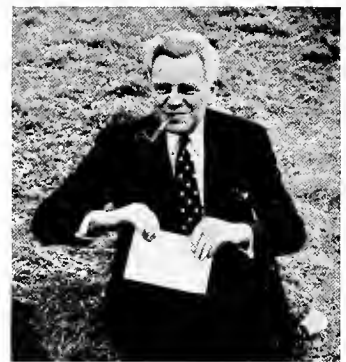


*Freuliche
Weihnacht*

“Waltz me around again, Wilhelm, and I’ll invite you to the German House for dinner some night, where you will sit in your Lederhosen and eat Sauerbraten and Kartoffel-klose to your heart’s content, and sing me Liebeslieder all night—until ten-thirty. If you are a very good Junge, I might even ask you to see our Weihnachts-spiel. Wie est das Leben schon!”



ETHEL ALMA POPE



Herr Doktor



Ignorance is bliss . . .

The climax of the public function of the philosophy club was Dr. Weiss on pacifism. The discussion lasted for three and a half hours, and the coffee and cookies prepared for thirty proved to be only a polite gesture when more than one hundred people crowded the Common Room. Since then the philosophy club has refrained from offering more than spiritual food in discussions.

This evening strengthened our belief that it is possible to have a living philosophy club in which the whole campus has a share.



MARIANNE SCHWEITZER

SCIENCE CLUB



Since the Tennent Memorial lectures presented distinguished scientific speakers this year, the Club held informal preparatory discussions on the same topics.

Scientists also merged with Philosophers at a joint meeting in which their contributions to the formulation of the ideals of democracy were discussed. As a special feature the Club presented a group of colored movies on marine life, prepared by Rutgers's Department of Biophotography. For people who study preserved specimens, it was a treat to see those horrible pickled things prancing around in their natural habitats.



The climax of the year for the Science Club is always the spring Picnic. Both faculty and students in the science departments go out into the country for a baseball game and supper—not to mention wading in the brook.





The Art Club meets every Thursday afternoon in the Theatre Workshop to materialize some of their inspirations by sculpture, painting and drawing, usually from a living model. The Club also sponsors lectures and exhibits of paintings, etchings and photographs. Toward the end of the year, they turned to interior decorating and covered the second floor of Goodhart with pink and blue paint. Project for next year is a poster bureau which will fill orders for a small fee.



ELIZABETH DAUTHENDEY FRAZIER



Departments

ARCHAEOLOGY

Enthusiastic outsiders tell us we have the best archaeological department in the country. This is well known to all who have come in contact with the Departmental Tempo of lecturing outside, editing the *American Journal of Archaeology*, and writing books, as well as fulfilling the college demands on professors. Important events of the year were the opening of Bryn Mawr's already rapidly expanding museum, and the lecture series on Early Greek Sculpture by Gisela M. A. Richter, curator of the Metropolitan Museum.

Archaeology deals with the dust of history, but it is far from dusty itself. Dr. Carpenter raises Dobermanns on his farm, and when he is away from college it is always a question whether he is on a lecture tour or at a dog show. And in the days when Greece was still a peaceful glory, Miss Swindler strode over the ruins of Troy in riding breeches and a sun-helmet.

But though war rages, there is still America, the undiscovered country, Arizona beckons.



Tea at Miss Swindler's



Behind the Scenes



How long, O Lord, how long!

We biologists combine a life of fun, hard work, and pathos. Dr. Doyle himself autopsied the guinea pig whose death left one animal-lover in tears. We created a sensation spring vacation by carrying home dozens of fly bottles in baskets. We have counted 700 *Drosophila* at one sitting, far into the night muttering "25 little weenie hes. 27 little weenie shes."

In addition to his famous Texan hospitality, Dr. Berry must also be admired for occasional but gallant attempts at bicycling from Haver-



MARGARET SANDERSON GILMAN



ELIZABETH CHARLOTTE SUSKIND

BIOLOGY

ford to Dalton. The steed is a 1918 army model. Says Dr. Berry, "It's the only one big enough to fit mah legs, and ah still haven't found a way of coasting up those hills." Miss Gardiner's activities would compare favorably with those of the First Lady; as faculty chairman of defense, she leads a full life. "Corky" is an integral part of Dalton, attending Miss Oppenheimer's lectures and uttering approving snorts at proper moments.

We of the biology department feel definitely superior to our non-scientific classmates who have no such second "home."



ALICE MYRA DICKINSON



CATHERINE CAPEL SMITH

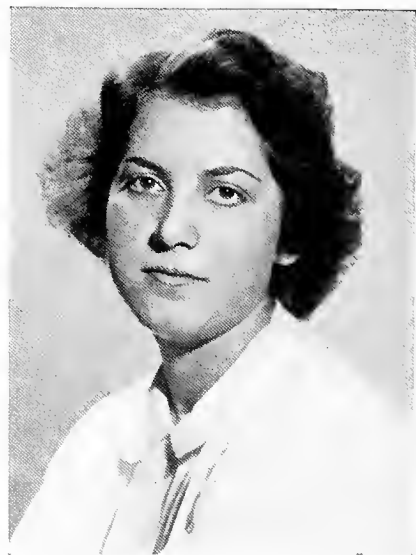


T. N. T.

To the layman life in the chemistry department may look like a gay round of lab teas (which are all right as long as you don't drop the beaker on your feet); the initiate however sees it rather as a conglomeration of floods, fires, explosions, First Aid, and German periodicals. Mostly German periodicals.



HELEN LEIBER WASSERMAN



EVELYN ASH HODES

CHEMISTRY

Chemistry, we are convinced, is the one subject that offers everything. Especially practise in dish washing. And the faculty is a mine of valuable information—about the grisly effects of lead poisoning (you lose your hair and teeth), or a substance known as cadaverine (extracted from you-guess-what), or what makes Philip Morris different from all other cigarettes.

We may lead an isolated life down there—in contact with nothing but geologists, subfreshmen, and Latin majors who write their honors papers in our library—but we have each other, and we're happy.



LILLI SCHWENK



JUDITH BREGMAN



No one will let the Economics Department think of peace. The Civil Service Commission won't, the Bureau of Recommendations won't, and the Federal Reserve Bulletin dropped the idea. With one foot in Washington—one professor, that is, along with the conscious spirits of six seniors, the department has mobilized all resources to the ultimate end of winning the war. The job is to be done with computing machines and a clear notion of what is meant by monopolistic competition.

Due to the pressure of the nation's war effort, most of the activity is on Economics row in the Library and no time and a half, either. Aspiring Junior Professional Assistants are still chewing TNEC reports, and treating, with a cold eye, the exchange control which manipulates German marks, and the business of non-ferrous metals. They are still mentally roller-coasting up and down the curves of prosperity and depression; they are still playing seesaw with the forces of supply and demand. The marginal utility of one



MARY MARGARET MAGRATH

ECONOMICS

more bathtub in a Washington apartment has assumed, to some seniors, an importance worthy of a Comprehensive question.

One major, absorbed in the vats that Swift and Co. use to make soap, will talk glue-ily, any time, about the by-products of sausages. Her paper, sprung from the subject matter of Industrial Organization, is known to its author (who has an Anti-Trust attitude) as *Meat, the Feeding and Bleeding of America*.

Other things the department bats around are Keynes, and Dr. Heilperin's concept of the role of gold in International Economics. Also, Money.

Lending a tuneful note to anyone's schedule are Mrs. Geiringer's statistical formulae, which run like wallpaper over three blackboards in Room A, Taylor. $A^{\circ} - A_1$ $A^{\circ} - A_2$

Meanwhile, there is coffee at the Inn, Dougy and Jane and How They Grew, and Miss Northrop's acute acquisition of a second-hand car as one example of perfect forecasting.

But sharp disequilibrium is setting in. As Washington beckons the department's staff, earnest students file past the accumulated mail banked outside of Dr. Anderson's office, contemplate the thinning ranks, and wonder—The Economics Department: Full Recovery or Stagnation?



JANE KATHLEEN DAVIS



ANNE MAY SCHAPIRO

Allow

*Us who have followed thee through warm and cool
(oh, gee)*

To sing thy praises in a final eulogy.¹

They told us never to end a paper with a quotation; but we soon learned that we might well start with one. They told us that it must have a beginning, a middle and an end; but were more than generous when those handed in had not progressed that far. They enlarged our views of life greatly; for the advance from Pem East basement, through the Reserves and Reading Rooms and finally to the second floor hall (the

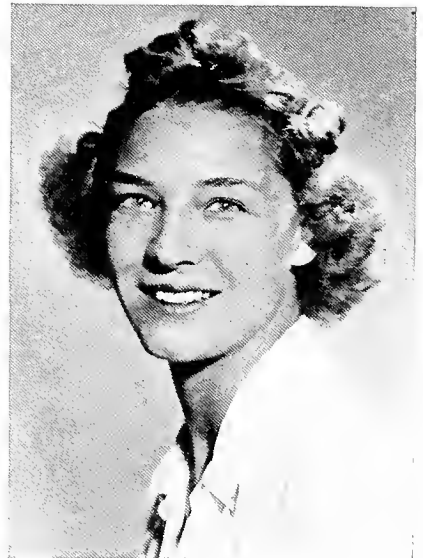
1. *Don Juan*, Canto xviii continued; Bryn Mawr 1939



Branches of Learning



VITA HELEN BROADWIN



ANN MURRAY ELLICOTT

eternal pilgrimage theme) has brought us to Parnassus at last.

We learned other tricks too; that papers due at midnight would not be collected until 8:30 next morning; that Middle English is synonymous with Chaucer and not much else, until Comprehensives; and that the spondee almost *never* occurs.

In Freshman Year we walked between the violet and the violet, but they soon showed us how to leave Eliot to stew in his own sour juice.

Buried in the stacks between the 24th and



MARTHA
ANN GANS



SUSAN KIRTLEY



MARGARET EDNA HUGHES



25th cantos of Lazamian and Cegouis' opus, *The Anatomie of MelanKoller*, we found a fly leaf (or tent flap) with the following words:

Act III, Sc. 3, l. 1392:—Do² you³ see yonder⁴

² Sayers, D. L., *Busman's Honeymoon*, library copy (stack privileges suspended for two weeks), p. 326.

³ you—brings up the whole compendious problem of Elizabethian intimacy, as can easily be seen by the following typical instances:

"I'll see *thee* hanged on Sunday."

"Anoint *thee*, witch, the rump-fed runion cried."

⁴ yonder—implies arm motion, perhaps the sweep or as Irving conceived it the double sweep. Very significant word for it shows how Shakespeare can do more than one thing at a time—here in this word there are directions for the actor, descriptions of scenery for the audience and an analysis of the character of Hamlet the man and the mood of Hamlet the play.



GERALDINE HAINES REHRIG



ENGLISH

cloud⁵ that's⁶⁻⁷ almost shaped like a camel?⁸

We have been in the Workshop, in the World,
in the Depths, and the Heights are beckoning.
And

Father Time in semblance of a mower
Wields his two-handed engine at the door.⁹

⁵cloud—scholars have never ascertained whether cumulus or cyrrus (Dr. Johnson), though most modern critics believed it must have been nimbus.

Other references:

I wandered lonely as a . . .

The . . .

Must have a silver lining, every . . .

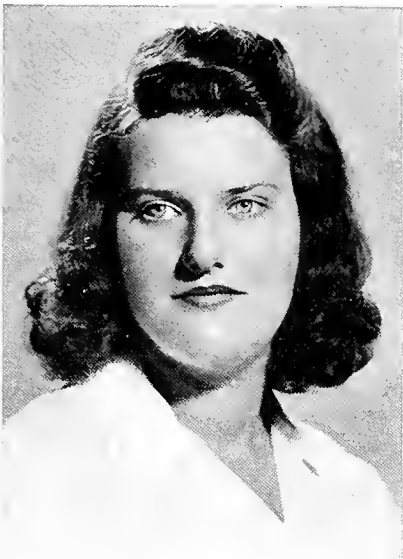
Hamlet points to a cloud which Polonius cannot see because it is night in Elsinore, but which the audience can see because it is daylight in London, so the audience looks at the cloud and sees it and knows it cannot see it because the torches are lit and everyone knows that when the torches are lit, it's night. Modern critics date Hamlet by this line because this is clearly a reference to the great eclipse of 1602. At this point Granvillehyphenbarker and White Cliffs Wilson wail, "I didn't know what time it was."

⁶That—the meaning of this is obvious.

⁷s—this is the very ecstasy of madness.

⁸Camel—fully explained in article on Hudson Shore Labor School, Bryn Mawr 1942 Yearbook.

⁹Op. Cit., *Don Juan*.



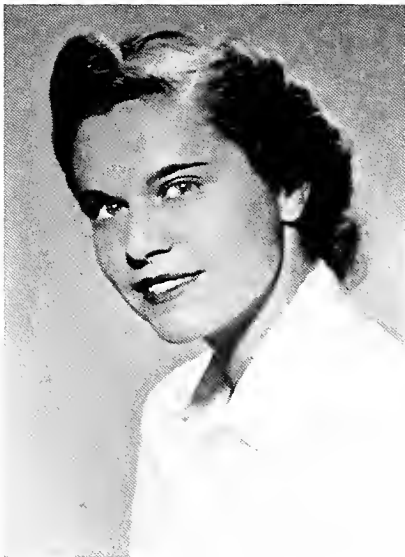
MABEL CAMPBELL RICHARDSON



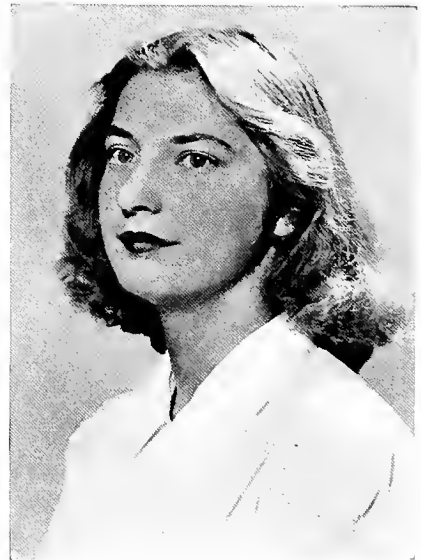
BARBARA WALTON



Tourjours gai—Mehitabel would have understood the French department. M. Guiton loves to dance—preferably fast, and rhumbas are his meat. Mademoiselle Brée has evolved an even better escape from reality, for when she retires she is going to hire a boat and sail up and down the International Date Line, and never grow old. This means that she will be living the day before yesterday, we think—precarious, but she likes it.



MIRA EITONGON



ANNE HEFFENGER

FRENCH

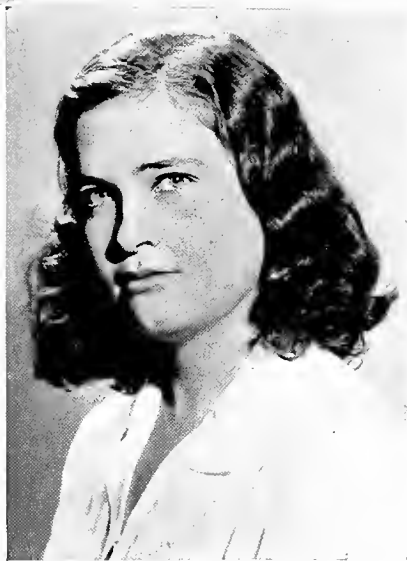
Miss Gilman plans to gain her security piece by piece. With fine Gallic thrift she has converted all her students to smoking one brand of cigarettes, the kind that dispenses coupons. These used to pay off in bicycle tires and bridge lamps, but now only defense stamps are awarded to the customer. Madame Doni, however, is really war-conscious. She is planning to raise tea in Wyndham garden.



KATHERINE MacAUSLAND



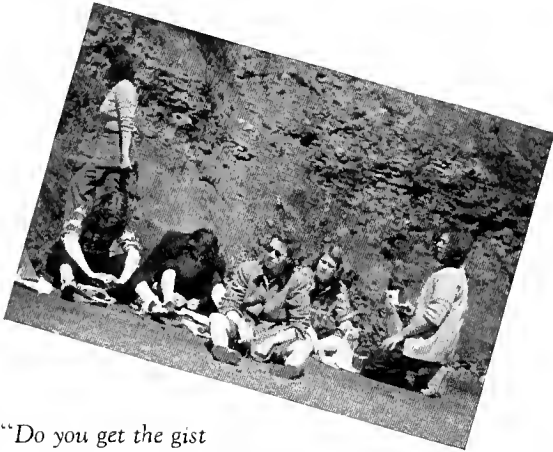
VIOLA MOORE



MARY BROMLEY SPARHAWK



*"The Field Trip was a wild
success.
O, God, I loved it so!"*



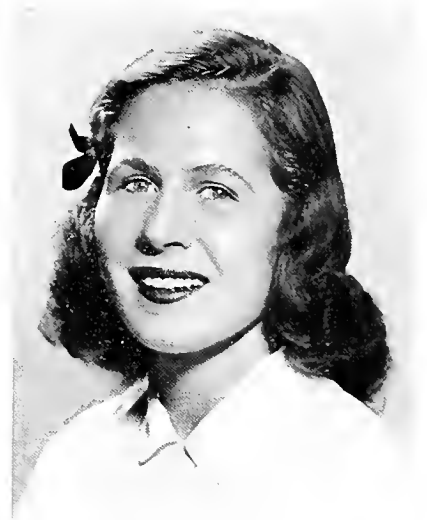
*"Do you get the gist
Of the Wissahickon Schist?"*

The activities of the Geology department can be outlined. In fact it is essential if a clear grasp of the subject is to be obtained.

Geology, 1) Mapping the campus, an experience fraught with danger from dogs and hockey balls. Surveyors flat on their stomachs provoke crude comments. The book shop was the most quickly plotted spot on the map, and became the center point for all further operations.



MARGARET JANE COPELAND



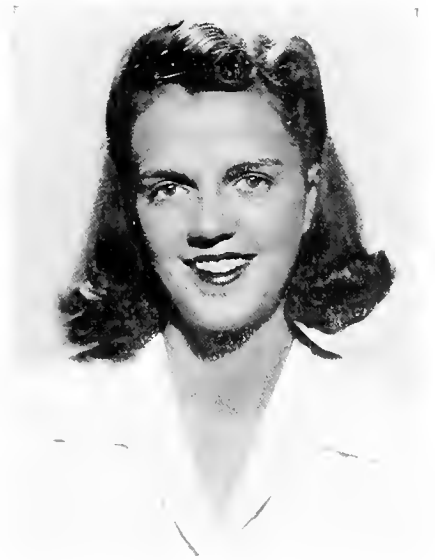
ELIZABETH REILY GROSS

GEOLOGY



MURIEL CECIL HUMBART

SARA JANE MANN



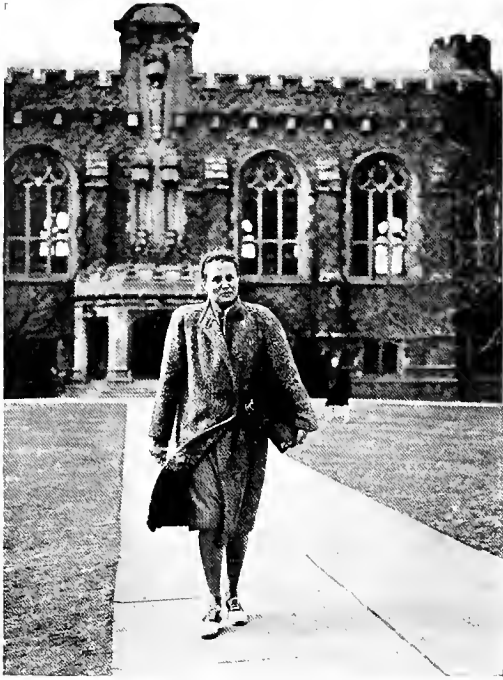
2) Tea in the basement, a cherished institution. Hazards are HCl or HAc from the beaker it's brewed in, or rocks that sometimes become entangled among the food.

Non-Geology, 1) Air-Raid Warden Dr. Watson inspects at drills, 'noughsaid.

2) Detectives, who effected a thrilling capture of a light-fingered rock thief. The specimens have been recovered, the fear remains that Dr. Watson will forsake the Earth for the career of Dick Tracy or Bulldog Drummond.



Subversive Activities

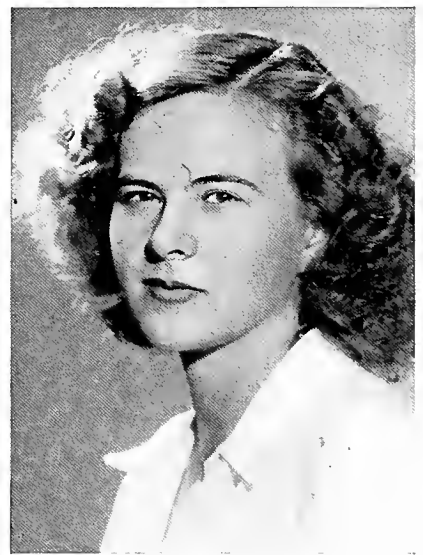


Perhaps it was the Diez's hospitality, or the thought of a list of possible questions for comprehensives, that lured us from the French department. The only time we regretted our choice was when we drew stage plans for Faust's ascent to Heaven and put the various saints and angels on the wrong mountains.

Dr. Diez's "Come now, ladies" has elicited many an irrelevant answer, but we have never been able to disturb his good humor. We saw the classic example when a harassed freshman rushed into the middle of a lecture, seized some papers she had forgotten, all this without a word. Dr. Diez said, in the politest of voices, "Excuse me, young lady," but she had already disappeared.



BARBARA ANN BECHTOLD



DOLETHA SOORN WATT

GREEK



Extra-curricular

A Greek major, we hear, gets attention. This is due not only to the excellent caliber of her professors but, particularly, to her own solitude. And there is a certain trust which her devotion inspires, for this lone senior has yet to write a paper for either one of her supervisors.

But the department has a high sense of realities. Mr. Cameron, when the song of the siren was heard in the land, sprang like Hermes, flashlight in hand, to the campus' defense. And, like Morpheus, Poppy follows him wherever he goes. Mr. Lattimore's realism takes an even more practical form, for, come Hades and Achilles, coffee is an essential of the interdepartmental program and must be ceremoniously drunk, every morning between ten-thirty and eleven.



MARGARET EWEN MACVEAGH



Let's pass through the cloisters, climb the stark staircase and penetrate the shrine of Saints. Or are these Vestal Virgins in their seminary, these angels watched over by their patron saint from Princeton! Each one is industrious, each quietly contemplating her particular attribute. The only indication of disturbance is a certain Oriental pallor suffusing the brow of the Patron who attacks a calligraphic



HELENE ELEANOR ARD

HISTORY OF ART

*"Here's to Princeton's aesthete band,
Making culture's final stand."*



*"A garden is a lovable thing,
God wot."*



mystery with table-shaking frenzy. Beside him as inspiration for his noble task sits an exotic Buddhist divinity drawing her lips to a fine line and softening the atmosphere with incomparable incense.

Standing nearby, scrutinizing the assembled archives is Saint Jenkins—hers is the Golden Halo of artistic Achievement. Her stance is natural and

MARCELLA HERON



MARJORY MacLEOD



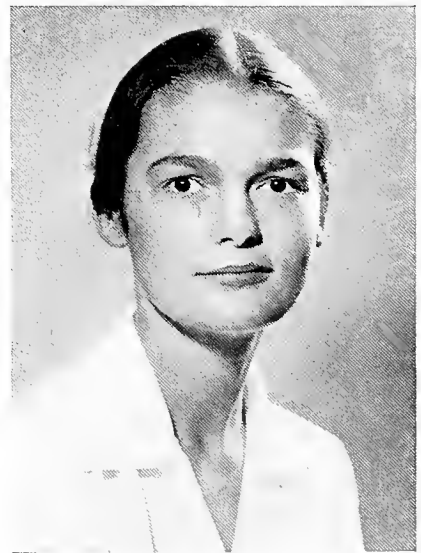
she carelessly upholds in one hand a Cathedral spire, in the other a classroom pointer. Quietly in a corner, Dr. Bernheimer, his tie loosened and his eyes abstracted, meditates mystically. It is hot and silent and the vestal virgins are oblivious, a picture of perfect medieval, spiritual serenity.



But someone has followed us up the stairs; they are chanting lowly and shuffling their feet outside the door. Then to the clanking of chains, the Rhoads Gang enters the room, tall, stooped, enigmatic, they transform the atmosphere from one of serenity to one of maniacal depression. Alas, they mourn their godfather who has joined the Marines.



SUZANNE SPRAGUE LIPPINCOTT



MARY THEODORA SIZER

ODE TO THE HISTORY DEPARTMENT

To chemists, physicists, geologists,
Biologists and anthropologists,
To major in the field of the humanities
Is one of life's enormousest inanities;
And why a girl should study history
Appears to them life's biggest mystery.



MARGARET SPENCER BARROLL

MADELEINE MULQUEEN DALY



MARJORIE ANNE FLOOD



JANET ELIZABETH GROFF

This poem will explain to them, I'm sure
 The history department's great allure.
 In lengthy chapters full of immoralities,
 You meet the most amazing personalities.
 You haven't lived if you have never reckoned,
 With Gregory or John the twenty-second.
 Students loving gossip catty can
 Peruse the scandals of the Vatican.
 And other fields must be a deadly bore
 Without embellishments like Pompadour,
 For Versailles, lacking though it was in sewers,
 Was check full of enchanting paramours.



HISTORY

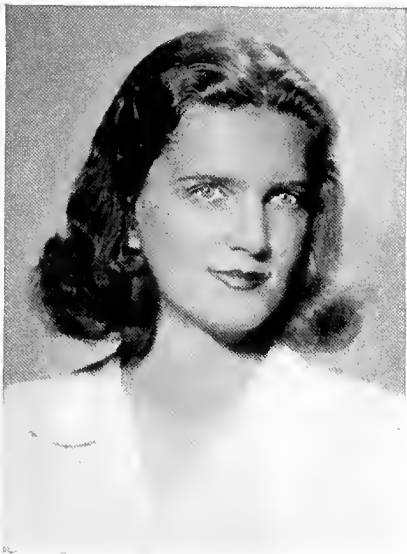


MARGARET GILLMER KROEHLE



JOANNE LOEWE

Was chock full of enchanting paramours.
No treaty can remain entirely messy,
Rejoicing in the name Umskiar Skelessi.
All these are dead and gone, but still we see
A fascinating group of faculty.
Miss Robbins, we would bet our bottom dollar,
Knows as much as any ancient scholar.
The goddesses who rage in Gotterdammerung
Are nothing when compared with Mrs. Cameron.



JANET GRINNELL MEYER





MARY MINOT REED



VIRGINIA LEIGH WILLIAMS

And Palmerston or Castlereagh or Canning
 Would recognize their peer in Mrs. Manning.
 No kings were prouder of their sons and heirs
 Than Dr. and Mrs. David are of theirs.
 And better far than any ten-cent thriller
 Is hearing wealth denounced by Dr. Miller.
 You can see from this ode oratorical
 The fascinations of the life historical.
 So to continue would be only folly.
 Hail History! And Ave Atque Vale.



LATIN



The Latin department has the reputation of being congenial—a black reputation. There is a thickening atmosphere of disapproval among fellow-students of the social sciences, that anything as unhelpful now as a Latin department should associate only with themselves. But this only strengthens the bond between us and other useless branches of learning, such as Greek and French. We love to insinuate to the Politics major that all their good ideas come from Cicero. We argue with the English department that the appreciation we acquire for our native language is based on something more than blessed relief. But this is probably just a war measure.



RUTH ERIKA FIESEL



HESTER ANN CORNER



Why do people major in Math?

There are a few who like it *and* understand it, but the rest major at the risk of their degrees and despite an inability to add 2 and 2. They major in Math because of the faculty.

Mrs. Wheeler is one of the foremost ping-pong players in the country. Then there's Miss Lehr, who is most to blame for the misfits. Freshman Year she gave Math an irresistible glamour. Before we knew it, we were Math majors.



JEAN M. WILKINSON WRIGHT



JULIA MARTIN SHENTON

MATHEMATICS

The guardian angel of would-be statisticians, Mrs. Geiringer, gets the credit for making a statement, that smacked uncannily of Bryn Mawr's flavor. "Where is a ruler in this theoretical institution?" she asked.



BETTY ROSE KRAMER



CHRISTINE SYKES WILLIAMS



1. *What is the onus of o?*
2. *What is the genus of g?*
3. *What a hole the whole world is. Why?*

They are all very different, and if the name philosophy did not unite them nothing would. They range from Mr. Veltman, who believes in the inphilosophicality of Bryn Mawr students, to Mr. Weiss who thinks everyone is a potential philosopher. From Mrs. de Laguna who believes in clothing the most difficult system in the simplest terms, to Mr. Nahm who believes that one should not break it easily to the students. And when you are a major, you will see how valuable it is to look at all things from four angles.



ELLEN NEWTON STONE



BARBARA MARIE LUCAS

PHYSICS



Washington is fast becoming the Dalton of D. C. Dr. Michels has departed, beard and baggage, so Dr. Patterson is doing the work of two men. The department has undergone a complete reorganization. Mrs. Paul is helping Miss Cox with the first year lab and struggling to teach freshmen the mysteries of "sig figs." The second year physics class gets tangled in red tape and spends many happy hours under the table looking for G.

Meteorology has taken the department by storm. Rumor has it that the physicists spent one whole afternoon watching the approach of a "cold front," and Mrs. Paul's Junior Meteorologists wiled away an afternoon with their heads in the clouds. Individuality is the order of the day, especially in weather predictions.



ELIZABETH ANNE CAMPBELL



*Current Events*

The politics department is made up of people who once were charmed by Dr. Fenwick's smile, or found their intellectual thirst satisfied by the cokes Dr. Wells served at exams.

But that was in a dim, young past. The majority of the majors have since discovered that they majored in politics because they have what is almost a Mission. They have a sincere academic belief in the World That Is To Come. The politics department is full of admirable internationalists.

The fruit of it all: the careful explanation to the outside world that we do *not* call it Political Science. We are not sententious.



CONSTANCE ATHERTON MURPHY



HELEN ELIZABETH PEIRCE

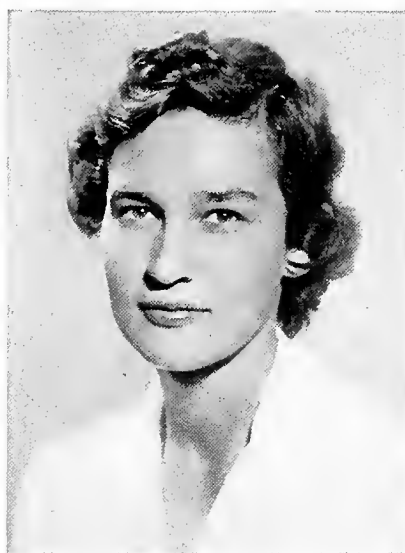
PSYCHOLOGY



"There is no past experience," a certain psychology professor was once heard to declare. Nevertheless, psychology's devotees at the moment face a situation which menaces, though momentarily, their present, for both Mr. Helson and Mr. Bornemeier have been called to special government service, and the students they leave behind them must content themselves with contemplation of the department's past glories or future triumphs. All who have worked in psychology here are pleased and proud that Miss MacBride has risen from their ranks, and excited at the prospect of her course in child psychology next year.



ANNE DEAN



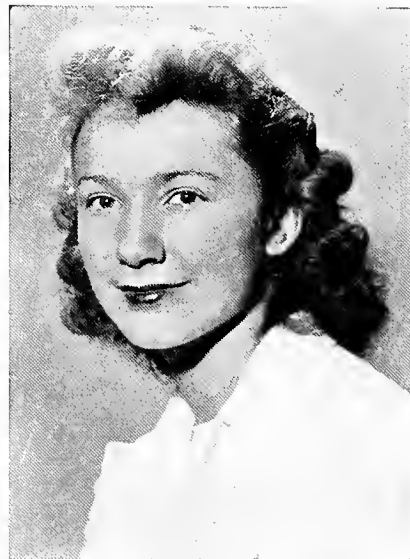
ALICE VIRGINIA DERSHIMER



First year psychology students, who deal with "memory and imagination, thinking, perceiving, and willing, emotive behavior . . . and the elementary theory of measuring the human variabilities" (authority, College Calendar), sometimes feel that they are too ambitious: or are so upset by the laboratory (Know thyself) that it is impossible to adjust the measuring instruments. Its major students, however, show great improvements. Their wind is strong, their step is firm, and we are willing to guarantee that they will make excellent presidents of any college.



MARY HELEN HARDIN



NORMA LOUISE LANDWEHR

SOCIOLOGY



We claim the most versatile professor on campus: athletic (water polo, tennis and badminton), artistic, musical (violin), intellectual, and domestic. Sociologists learn first-hand about Chicago, South Carolina and babies from Dr. Faris. Dr. Kraus brings students face to face with LIFE on Social Welfare field trips to Sleighton Farms, children's hospitals, homes for the aged, and juvenile courts.

Dr. Fairchild is faced with the problem of breaking down prejudices formed in our cradles. To her goes the credit for our ability to hear the word "agitator" without cringing. The intrusion of statistics into sociology is a dubious delight, but at least we now can pronounce it without stuttering.



EVELYN SMADBECK



Sr. Enrigue Lassalle



A terrific increase in the number of people taking Spanish has bewildered the department's three faculty members. If the demand continues to rise there will soon be as many sections of baby Spanish as there are of Freshman English. Linguaphone records are supposed to teach the aspiring student the Spanish *r*, but the French overtones are hard to eliminate, and the practitioner finds herself protruding the tongue disrespectfully in Miss Nepper's face.

Definition of the year: The Caves of Salamanca Dr. Gillett called "subterranean schools for neck-romancing."



MARGARET ELIZABETH EDDY



MARY LOUISE SAUERBRUN



Last summer on a tour of the West, a Bryn Mawr professor found a letter under his windshield-wiper. His colleagues register amazement.

Wynne King

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If you break your date, let some pretty prowler blitzkrieg your man, you'll find yourself getting dusty on a shelf. Try it twice and you'll be the forgotten female!

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How do other girls manage?

How do up-to-date and dated-up girls manage? Ask them! See how many of them tell you they choose Kotex sanitary napkins!

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You'll give thanks, too, for the flat, pressed ends of Kotex! No more embarrassing, telltale bulges . . . your secret is safe!

So now you know! Know why Kotex is helping millions take "difficult days" in stride! Why it's more popular than all other brands of pads *put together!* You know why *you* should try Kotex next time!

**Be confident . . . comfortable . . . carefree
— with Kotex*!**

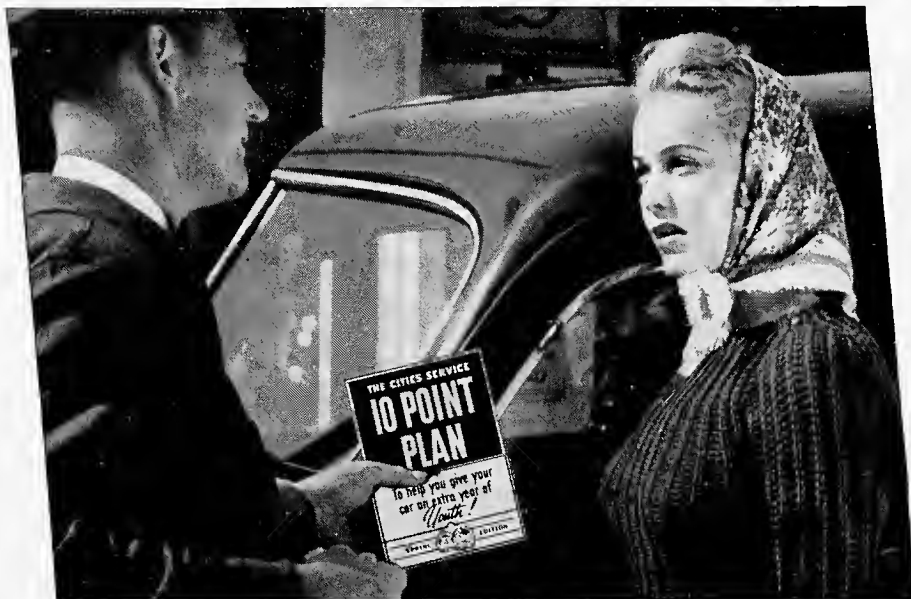
DO'S AND DON'T'S FOR GIRLS!

Send today for the new free booklet, "As One Girl To Another." It contains the answers to a girl's intimate questions . . . gives lots of tips on how to make "difficult days" *less* difficult. Just mail your name and address to Post Office Box 3434, Dept. B-42, Chicago, Ill., and your copy will be sent you **FREE**.



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To get better performance and to make your car last longer, we suggest you stop at your neighborhood Cities Service station and obtain a copy of the Cities Service 10-Point Plan booklet. An extra year of youth and service from your car is always important, but now, with new car purchases drastically restricted, it is imperative.

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Cisco Solvent is in the Army now. Yes, sir, this remarkable Cities Service petroleum product which cleans engines internally and restores new-car pep and power to tired motors has gone to work for Uncle Sam.

Just a few weeks ago the Army ordered a few gallons of Cisco Solvent for experimental use on trucks and transport vehicles at one of the training camps in the South. Cisco Solvent was put to every conceivable test and came through with flying colors. Since then, Cities Service has sent more than 12,000 gallons of Cisco Solvent to this one camp alone.

If your car is acting sluggish, needs pepping up, take a tip from Uncle Sam and give it a Cisco Solvent treatment this very week. You'll be amazed at the results of just one treatment.



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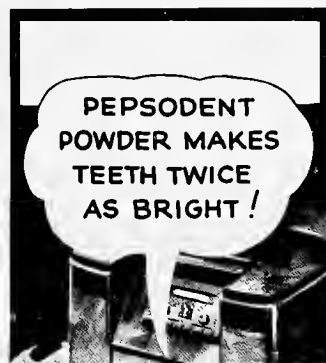
or Pepsodent to the Rescue



1...Twins are confusing enough. But when one of them deliberately tries to fool a fellow...well...I was all at sea...



2...I'd have popped the question to Joan weeks ago if I'd been sure she wasn't that mischievous twin of hers who never let me be quite sure. Then, one night...



PEPSODENT
POWDER MAKES
TEETH TWICE
AS BRIGHT!



4... Suddenly we had a wonderful idea... Joan and I decided to turn the tables on her twin sister. Joan switched to Pepsodent Powder. Her twin kept right on using her old brand.



5...It worked like a charm! One quick glance told me Joan's teeth were *far brighter!* They both use Pepsodent now, but it doesn't bother me... I can tell Joan every time... she's the one with my solitaire on her finger!

PEPSODENT
TOOTH POWDER CAN MAKE
TEETH TWICE AS BRIGHT
AS THE AVERAGE
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Double your chances by making your teeth Twice as Bright. Get Pepsodent Tooth Powder today.



DON'T PUT A COLD UNDER YOUR PILLOW!

I'VE LEARNED...USE STRONG,
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THEN DESTROY... GERMS AND ALL!

(from a letter by
L. A. S., Baltimore, Md.)

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WHO WANTS TO FUMBLE
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(from a letter by E. M., Stroud, Okla.)



I SAVED MY FACE

BY USING **KLEENEX**
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(from a letter by M. S. D., Kokomo, Ind.)

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FOLGER'S *Mountain-Grown* FLAVOR WINS

Professional coffee buyers say . . .



YOUR FIRST TASTE TELLS YOU THE DIFFERENCE IN **MOUNTAIN-GROWN** COFFEE! ITS FLAVOR IS FAR MORE VIGOROUS THAN COFFEES GROWN IN THE LOWLANDS

Coffee buyers pay highest prices for finer mountain-grown coffees...The same vigorous flavored coffees you get in Folger's.

50,000 women say . . .



WE FIND IT REALLY ECONOMICAL TO SERVE FOLGER'S! ITS RICHER **MOUNTAIN-GROWN** FLAVOR MAKES IT GO FURTHER THAN OTHER BRANDS WE'VE TRIED!

50,000 women have written saying they find Folger's economical. Many say they use *less* of Folger's than of other brands they've tried.



LOOK! ITS MOUNTAIN-GROWN FLAVOR IS A COFFEE-SAVER!

TRY USING 1/4 LESS OF FOLGER'S

ON THIS MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE!

Get Folger's—and make your coffee the usual way, except use 1/4 less of Folger's than you've been using with your present brand. If you don't agree Folger's tastes better...return the empty Folger can to your grocer and get your money back. We'll pay him.

IF you've been experimenting trying to find a coffee that's really *different* . . . that *tastes* better—and yet, is *economical* to serve . . . You'll find just what you're looking for in *Folger's!* Here's coffee with the fuller, more vigorous flavor that both coffee experts and housewives agree is *tops!* And we vouch for its *economy* with a money-back guarantee!

A Different Kind of Coffee!

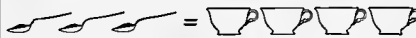
The vast bulk of the world's coffee supply is grown in the lowlands. It's plentiful and cheap . . . and it's the kind used in most coffees on grocers' shelves. But Folger's is *mountain-grown* coffee!

Coffee from the volcanic heights of the Tropical Americas. In the crisp, bracing air and dazzling sunshine up there—the drenching tropic rains and amazingly fertile volcanic soil—coffee berries swell to the bursting point with flavor! Acquire an *extra* richness and vigorous tang no lowland coffee can match!

Try It At Our Risk!

Because we're so sure you'll like it better—we invite you to **TRY USING 1/4 LESS OF FOLGER'S** at our risk. Try it on our money-back guarantee stated above! You have nothing to lose . . . and new coffee pleasure to gain!

Many Saving 1/4 on Coffee This Way!
Instead of using 4 spoons of coffee for 4 cups—try using 3 spoons of Folger's.



That's the saving thousands are making with Folger's. Saving 1/4 on coffee every day is like getting every fourth pound free, isn't it?

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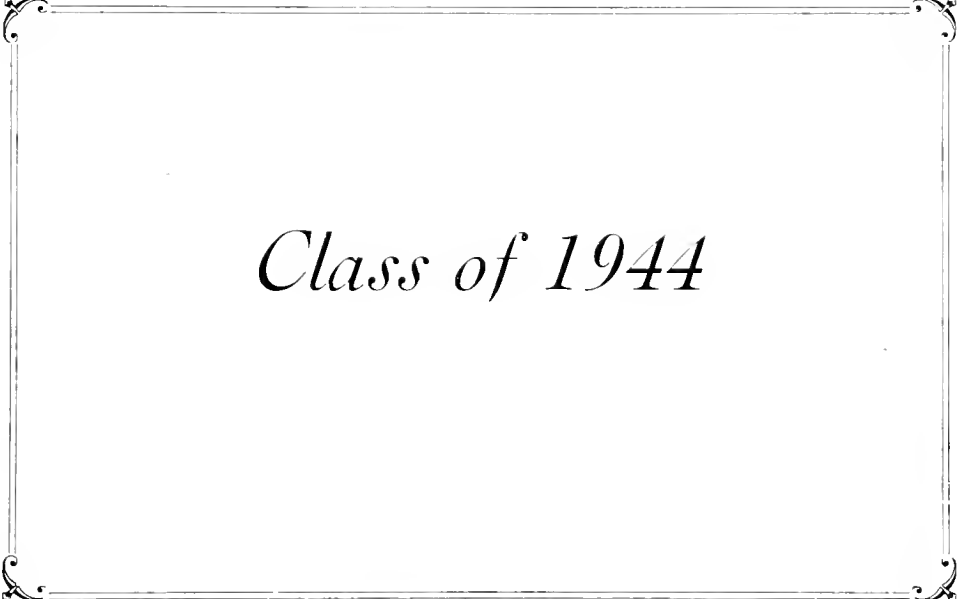




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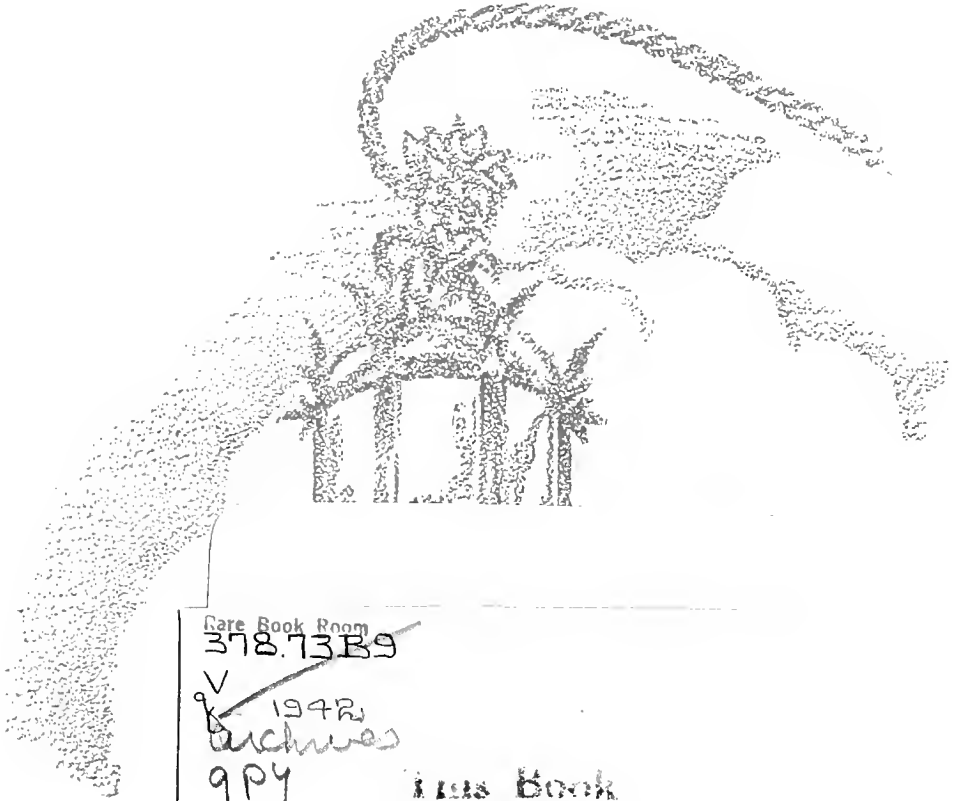
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