

1947

BRIDGEWAY



INTERNATIONAL HOUSE

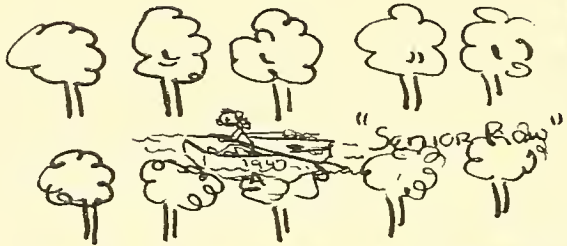


WE CLEAN!

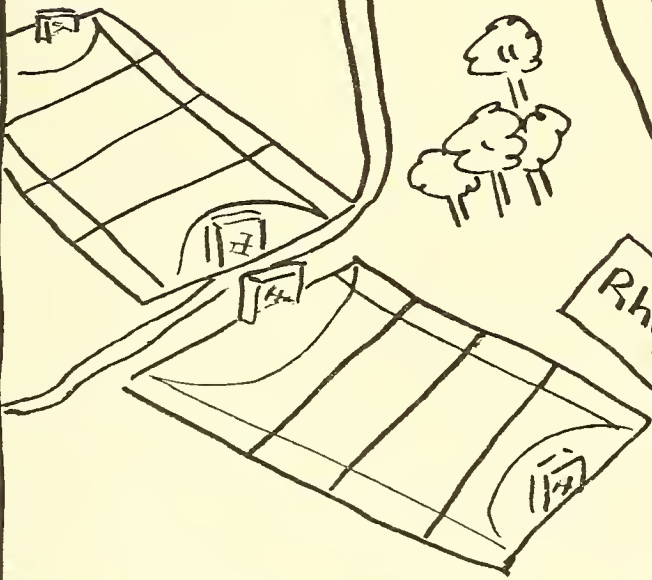
Home of beautiful WARDENS

TAYLOR Blue-Book FACTORY!!

Hot Rocks & Joy Rides!
 CH_3-CH_2-OH



10,000 books have NOT improved my looks!
Etching dept.



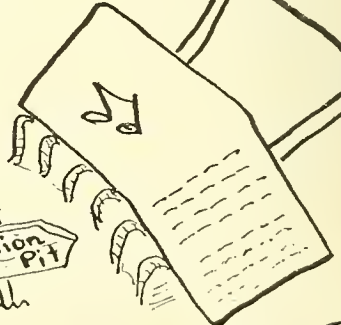
Rhoads Country Club

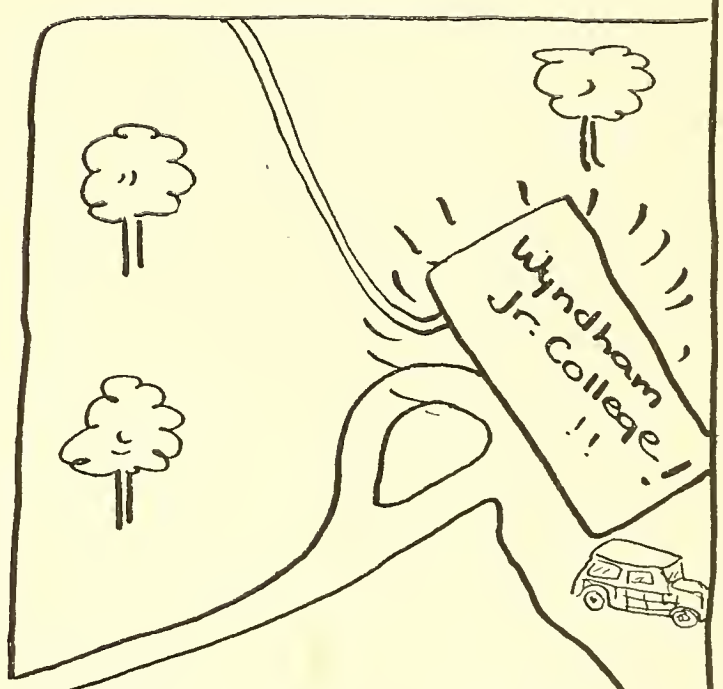
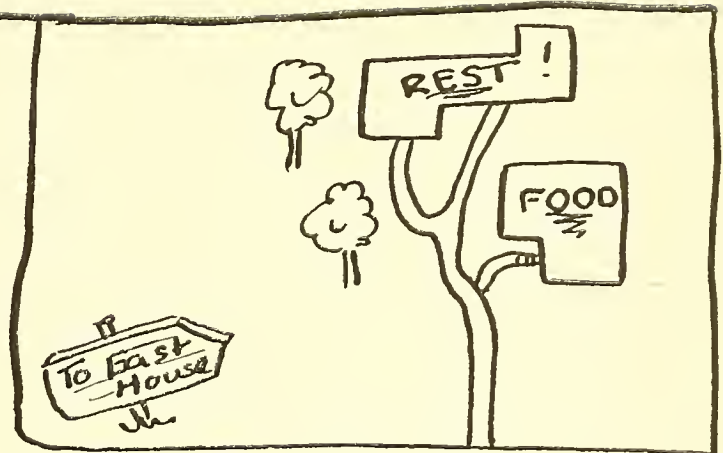
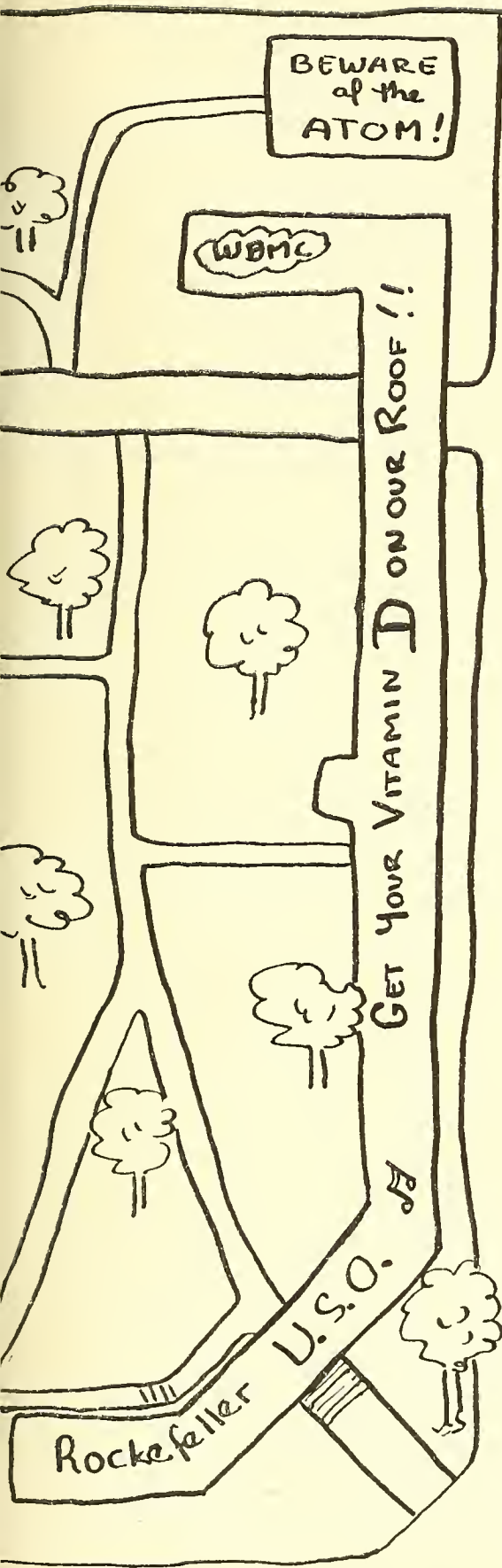
Alumnae H.G. \$\$\$

To Starvation Alley

(Please send checks to: nearest Alumnae Office!)

Passion Pit





No Man's Land

N ←

Elevation: 395'
Rainfall: 49 1/4"
Temp. Range 119°
Lat. 40° 3' N
Long. 75° 21' W





BRYN MAWR 1947 COLLEGE

To
Dorothy Nicole Nepper,
Dean of Bryn Mawr College.



The Follies of 1947 . . .

In the beginning there was the freshman, and she was confused, and she got lost on the way from the Vil.



We progressed in the usual way, forgetting our soap, our tennis racket, and our appointment with Miss McBride, in that order. The purpose of Freshman Week is to keep the new student so busy that she won't have time to be homesick. Do they have to stand you at the top of a cliff in the middle of the night, scream, and push you down it, headlong into a mammoth blaze that a man is trying to put out with one silly little hose? Parade night is a lovely, inspiring tradition intended to draw the new girls together in a feeling of class spirit. Well, as a matter of fact, it did. "Oh, Fireman's band—". Singing under Pem arch is a matter of hoping one of the other classes will make a few mistakes too, so as to ease the blushes resulting from too much freshman fervor and too few rehearsals.

Next we slaved and memorized to the tune of large and inglorious fines and the exhaustion of the juniors to perfect the unintelligible sounds required for Lantern Night. It even sounded pretty good, and tea was delicious. After Christmas dinner and vacation, we returned to greet our first midyear exams. Ah well, the faculty were kind, and Mrs. Broughton most understanding.

Freshman Show brought excitement and grease paint, and sundry other surprises. We removed the bicycles from our beds, the clocks from our window seats, and fell into weary slumber after days of painting pink clouds and picking the second skyscraper off Toni Boel's head. Our auctioneers were famous, but no less so was our own happy puff of southern wind from capitol hill. Even the upperclassmen survived it all.

Need we mention freshman long papers, and hot coffee and cold towels? And so came the glories of spring, sunburns, and the end of the year.

Veterans, we returned in the fall, took Lantern and Parade nights in our healthy stride, and mourned the lack of Thanksgiving vacation. We took Nurses Aide training and after weeks of creeping out of the hall in the cold winter dawn to go to Philadelphia hospitals, learned the intricacies of making beds complete with three sheets and occupant. In the spring Dr. Herben told us that, like Lady Godiva, we were approaching our close.

Junior year had us wondering whether we were awake or asleep, and we decided we didn't know. When May Day came this year we slept and appreciated it, but later in the day many of us posed in various avocations for Mrs. Sutton's photographer. The prom was idyllic, complete with balmy breezes and a full moon. In the best prom tradition, it was so crowded that the punch ran out.

The highlights of senior year were the coal strike, when we went to bed at twelve o'clock and remembered Mr. Lewis in our prayers, and our new name, "History-haunted women".

Spring, daffodils, and comprehensives. All things must have an end, and here may we.

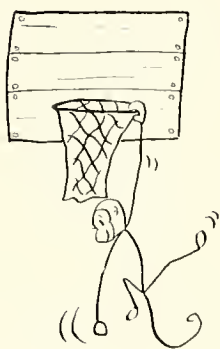
Parade Night . . .

Lantern Night



We passed our Sports Requirements . . .

Like the orals, sports are something the Bryn Mawrters must pass to graduate. There are those to whom a cig and a cozy chat seem a much better form of muscular relaxation. However, no matter how firmly she protests about being the non-athletic type, she seems to find herself surviving, during Freshman and Sophomore years, the required number of hours each week. And there are many to whom sports are a pleasure; the spirit of competition of a game well-fought, whether with Rosemont or Princeton's Ivy Club, the individual pride in a perfect shot or stroke, guarantee many well-filled teams.



Snowtime on the Main Line . . .



FRESHMAN SHOW

SURREALISTIC FRESHMAN SHOW INVOLVES
SKYSCRAPERS, PINK CLOUDS AND ROCKETTES

By Susan Oulahan, '46

The freshmen are waxing surrealistic this year, at least that's our impression. Having dreamed up a plot that revolves around the heights of two skyscrapers, they have transformed the Goodhart stage into an angel's-eye view of New York. Through a maze of paint buckets and a blue-jeaned crew, we could discern the peppermint-striped dome of the Chrysler building. The Empire State, plunked in the middle of two pink clouds surprised us for a minute-we thought it was a Franklin stove.

The usual bedlam held sway at the first real rehearsal, but noticeably absent this year were the sophomores. Maybe that's why we could hear Director Nicole Plevin's "louder, louder" screamed at the choruses.

We're still in the dark about who poor Yorick is and why he's being mourned. That remains '47's secret as well as the significance of the gremlinish figure poking his head out of the pearly gates in the upper right hand corner of the backdrop. But what we do know is that the freshman show features Rockettes, an amazing number of good solos, and Frank Sinatra.

Communistic rallies and peanut vendors tend to keep the show away from the campus. A love-sick couple pitching woo, and a lively duel promise to be the high spots of an as yet unpredictable freshman show.



GAIAS!
POOR YORICK!

"Poor Plato's Dead"

"Hello, Boys!"

"I like ping-pong, don't you?"



In Which We Served . . .



Before we plunge happily, like lemmings, into that limbo known as The World, let us stop and give a thought to those we are leaving behind us, not our aspiring contemporaries, but those for whom the end of every four year period means merely the beginning of another—our eminent friends, the faculty. We little dream how often in the last four years their attempts to instruct and inspire have been, in a number of ways, utterly thwarted.

Now and then obstacles arise to confront the unsuspecting instructor even before the learning session is under way. Such a discovery was made by one philosophy professor, not to mention a thoroughly bewildered French class, when he unwittingly came before them on the first day of a new semester and embarked upon an impassioned philosophical discussion. (They knew they had registered for a foreign language, but the question was, which one?)

Sometimes a fire drill is a threat to a teacher's peace of mind when it occurs at a particularly strategic point in the lecture. Yet it was no fire gong, but Dr. MacKinnon who, possibly unaccustomed to such emergencies, interrupted a professor and his class one winter day with the words "We think there's a fire" and quickly made his exit, closing the door carefully behind him. However, the arrival of red and green fire engines and the gallant preservation of the college records by one sagacious member of the faculty proved to be an anti-climax to an almost false alarm.

And then there was the point in our career when the philosophy department, in the person of Miss Stearns, was beset by some skeptical questioning of the aim and practicability of philosophy. As one student put it: "We know nothing about it and never can, so what's the sense in chasing ourselves all around the infinite?" Equally discouraging was an incident that occurred during an English comprehensive conference when Dr. Herben, after delivering a lengthy oration on the procedure of the dreaded English examinations, received from one student the reply: "Well, I don't care. I just want to get out of here." Our stubborn resistance to education must be baffling to those on the other end of the line.

Some of the faculty members, however, are by no means resigned to their failure to kindle the somnolent sparks of energy and genius in the Bryn Mawr student. Surely there must be a spark *somewhere!* Miss McCown has been known more than once to venture upon a discussion in her weekly conference with the senior politics majors with the lament, "Girls, girls, seniors, politics majors, the world is falling down around your stupid little heads, and you don't even know it!"

But we have learned. If nothing else, we can read French and German at sight while lazily crushing rocks. We are grateful to our mentors; "Neither air raid drill, nor deluge, nor blizzard can stay them from their appointments." And after all, where would Bryn Mawr be without them?



AFTER four years in the Biology department, we still feel properly humble—this year one of our professors, commenting on the length of time we took to make glycogen in the Bio-chemistry lab, told us that an embryo could do it much faster! Yet we can point to a vast increase in our skill and knowledge; in our first year we learned the theory of slicing a mouse embedded in a loaf of bread; we can peel onions and shed a minimum of tears over them; we developed an infallible technique for writing in the dark (we stopped taking notes during Embryology lectures). Moreover, in the face of striking revelations—observing

that the only typical growth of onions is atypical growth or watching an embryo fish develop into an egg cell (on the screen)—our department helped us to remain calm and unperturbed. In times of stress they offered us such recreational activities as playing ball with Fly, or Cops and Robbers with Jim. In return we gave Miss Opp the *Readers Digest* for Christmas. But senior year in the field of outside reading we resumed our place as followers as we joined the department every afternoon to enjoy the benefit of the sustaining contents of *Applied Biology*.



Biology . . .



ROSEMARY THERESE GILMARTIN



EMILY C. EVARTS



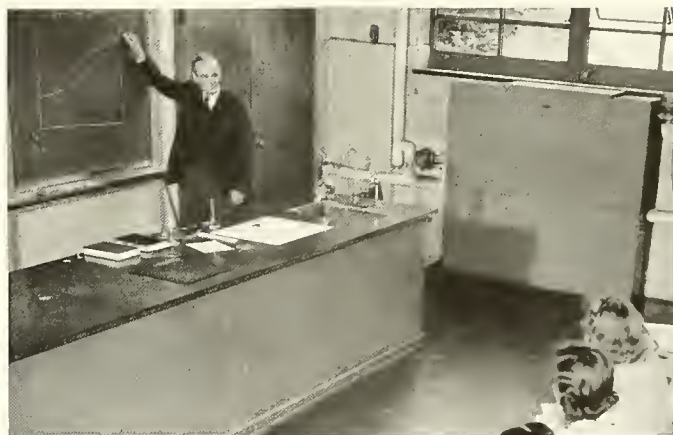
EVA KRAFFT

Chemistry . . .

The real hazards of a Chemistry major are encountered in Park. There is always the possibility (Ha!) of an explosion. If you take time out from your labors for a spot of tea—brewed in a beaker—there is constant danger of mixing it up with some cyanide. (For the information of those who want to end it all, cyanide kills you in fourteen seconds.) When you finally escape for a date, your hair is scented with hydrogen sulfide and your nails are repulsively black with silver nitrate.

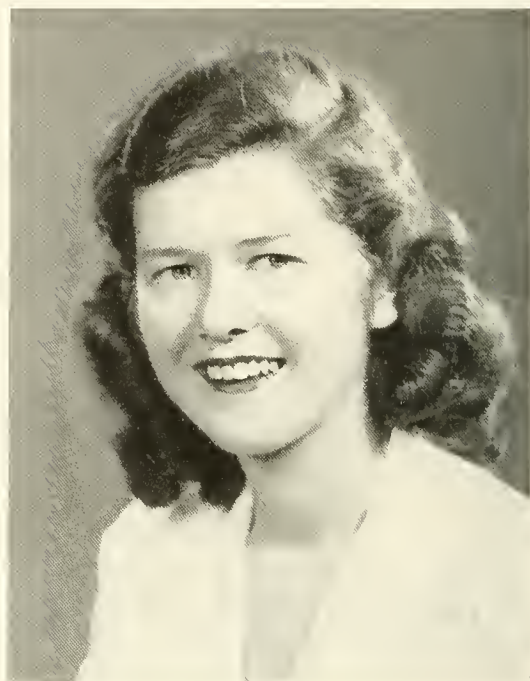
But there is one advantage which outweighs all the disadvantages: the good will

and high spirits of the department. Who can forget Dr. Crenshaw's gunpowder lecture, when he gleefully set off explosives, the last one nearly knocking us off our seats, and the magic touch of Dr. Berliner which produced red flowers from blue, the formula for nylon shaped like a stocking containing a lovely leg, and a trick synthesis which, on the blackboard, turned out to be Merry Xmas in the last class before Christmas Vacation. Then there were lollipops tossed to a drooling class after masquerading as atoms; ice cream cones . . . We could go on, but there are only five seconds left till the cyanide takes effect . . .

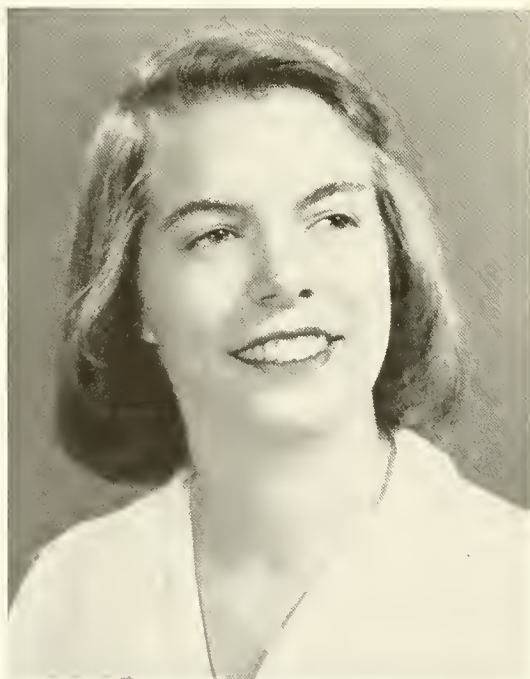




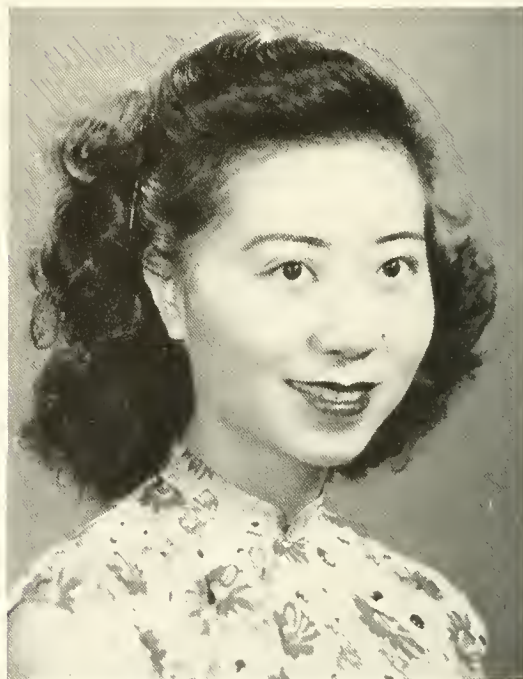
SARA BERMAN



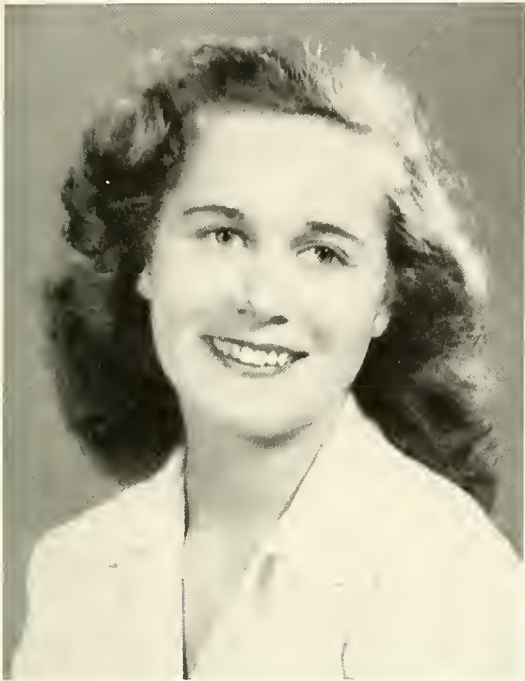
BARBARA H. BUNCE



ELLEN BROOKS CARY



RUBY LI-KUN CHEN



MARY G. CONROY



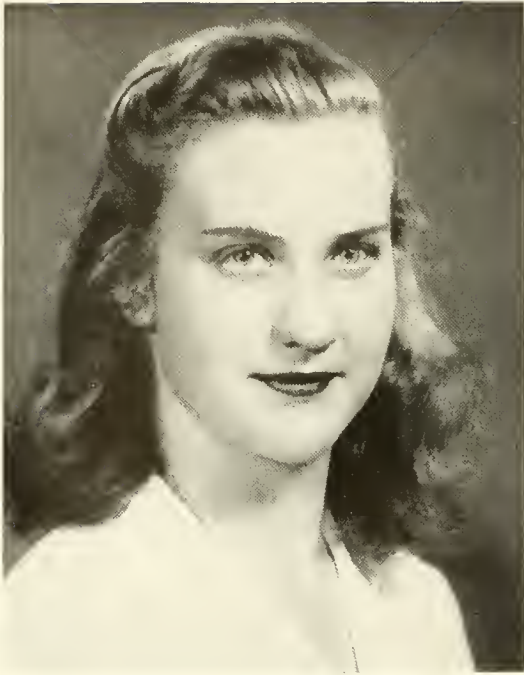
KATHLEEN HOLLIDAY JENSEN



ROSE GORDON JOHNSON



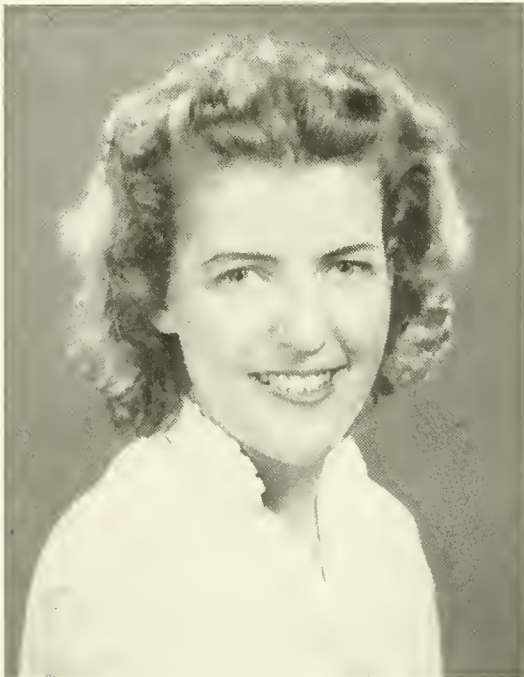
ELIZABETH B. KALTENTHALER



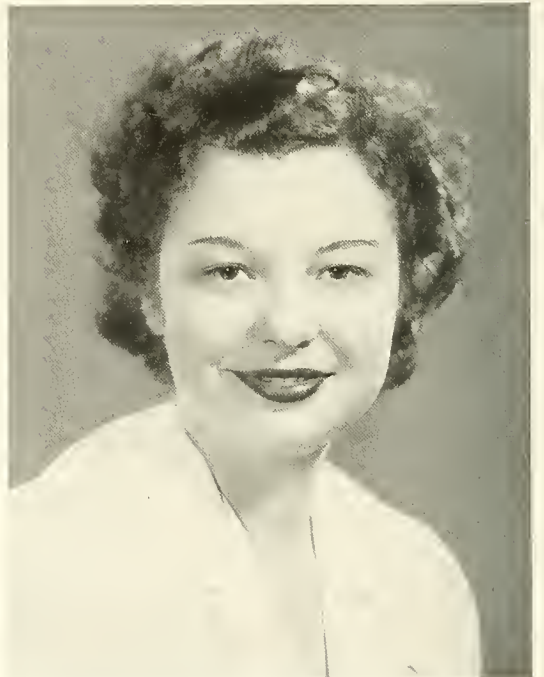
NANCY H. KRAFFERT



JOY LEVIN



MARY RODGERS PINCH



MARGARET JOSEPHINE QUINN



SIBYL P. STRAUB



NANCY CUPPER STRICKLER



KATHRYN WELKER WEISS

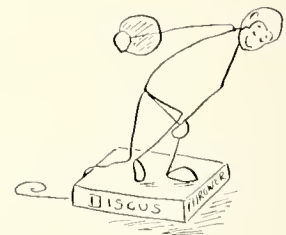
Classical Archeology . . .

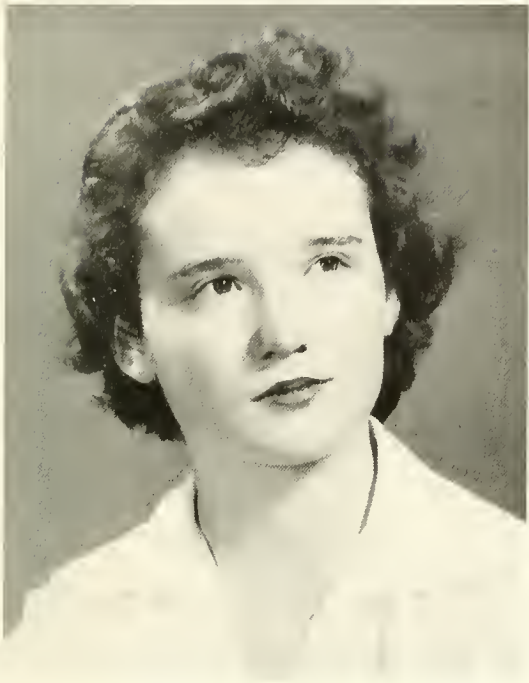
Our first taste of Archeology will always be connected in our minds with the sumptuous teas that preceded the weekly conference. Large helpings of cherry jam accompanied tales of Egyptian tombs, or the complications caused by a turkey bought for the wrong Thanksgiving. Weekly communiqués on the mysterious invasion of insects kept us on tenterhooks all spring.

The 1945 spring term saw two replacements, as one professor left for California for a much-needed rest. We are thankful, since the College had to suffer his loss, that we had that year the privilege of working with Dr. Valentine Müller.

Junior year, the kaleidoscopic faculty presented us with still another combination. Assuming our most learned air, we attended lectures at the Philosophical Society, and searched frantically for water to wash down the salty fish-paste sandwiches afterwards. For the last step-singing, we braided our tassels and prepared, as the traditional two Archeology majors, to enter the Senior class.

For the final picture, a new member was added to the faculty. The sem, timidly entered in other years, became our base of operations, where the grad students proved equally good as reference sources and conversationalists.





MARION RUPERT HOLLAND



CHARLOTTE DEBORAH RIDER

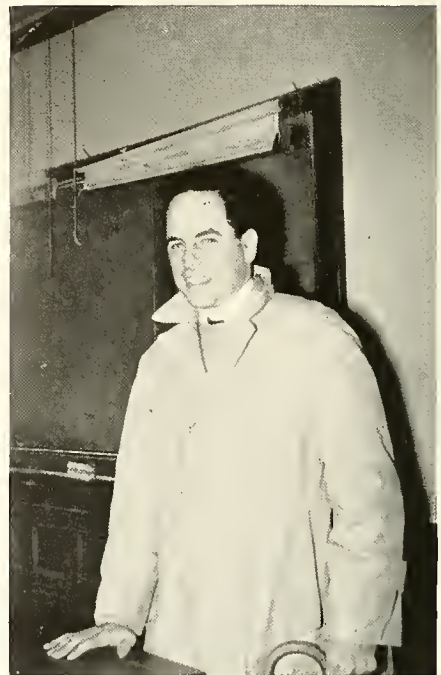
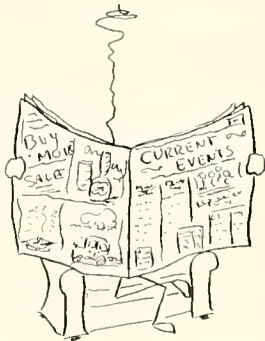
Economics and Political Science . . .

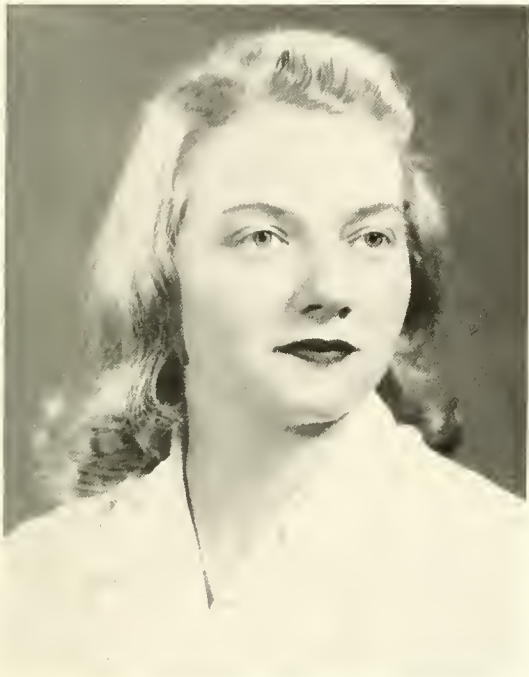
Sixty eager economists in 101 feel "money is the root of all evil". As our numbers dwindle and our classes move to the library, we become more convinced of it. Miss Northrop's course informs us there is an equilibrium of prices, but staring at Chamberlin's graphs makes us *lose* our equilibrium! Our senior year we are labeled as transients as we trudge to Low Buildings for comprehensive conferences (and tea). Full employment leaves *us* depressed, but as we embark on our search for employment, (housewives aren't classified as employed, Jonesie) we have decided we *must* come to the root of all evil.

Professors come and professors go, but the

politics department stays on. As freshmen we started out under the able guidance of Rodger Wells and Margaret Reed. Soon, however, the government staked its claims. Swiss Miss Staerk taught American Government and American Rodger Wells went to Germany.

In the next three years we progressed through W. Brooks Graves, Miss McCown, and Bryce Wood. Around mid-years, we realized that impermanence was going to dog us 'till comprehensives. The State Department called Miss McCown, thereby reducing the department to one. The Bachrachs, not to be outdone, raised it one with the birth of Catherine (with a C) Bachrach.





ELIZABETH ANN HOUCK



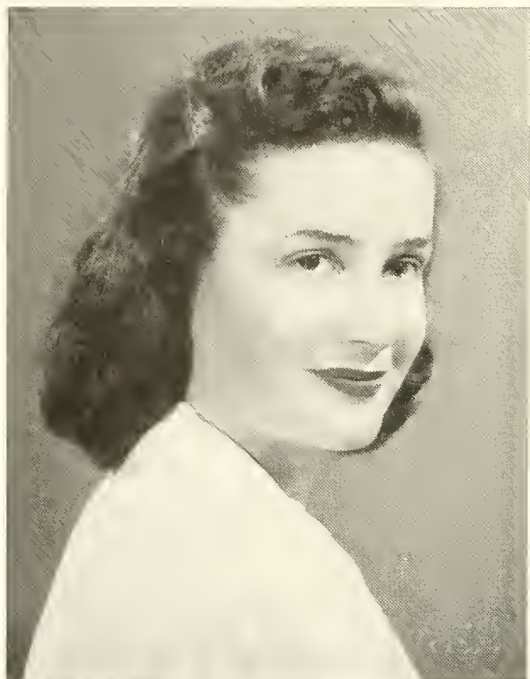
DOROTHY WILTON JONES



HELEN BELLE POLAND



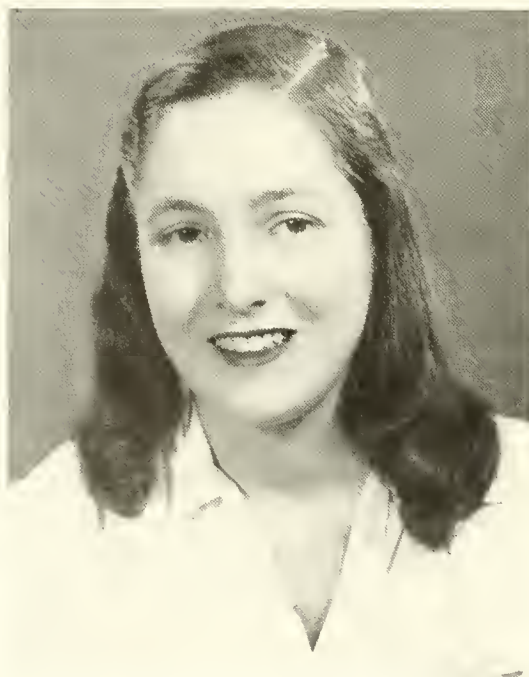
EDITH ANNIN



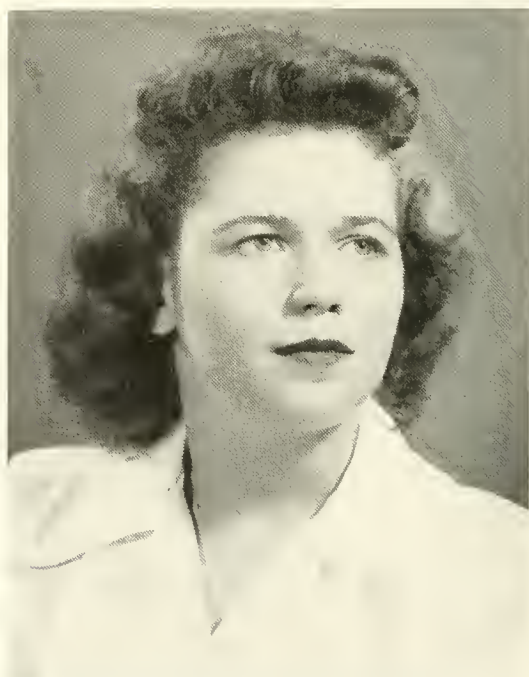
MARCIA DEMBOW



LAURA DIMOND



JACQUELINE HEBERLING



MILDRED FRANCES NELSON



GERRY PATTISON



LOUISE RINGWALT



CARYL ROSAMUND ROSS

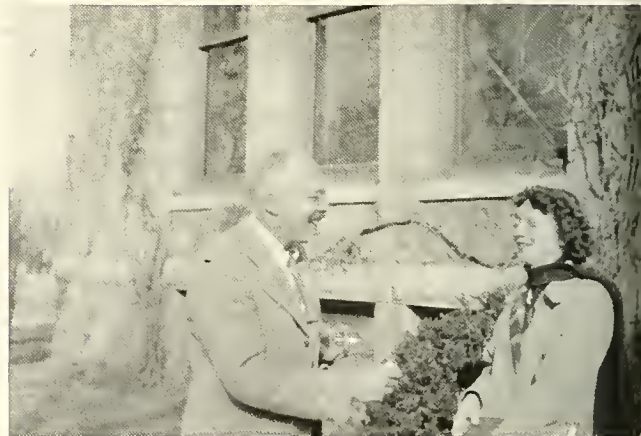


MARY H. N. SCHAEFER

English . . .

Friendship with the English department began with "a rat named Arthur" who tried to impress us with the value of speaking correct English—"words, words, words." However, we soon found that he was wrong: "The proper study of mankind is Man", for after all, "Stone walls do not a prison make nor iron bars a cage." But now "We hear time's winged chariot drawing near" and find the eternal truths of English literature written on the English department's bulletin board: "A little learning is a dangerous thing". So "Close thy Byron, open thy Goethe" and no one shall say "The lady doth

protest too much". We too have served by standing and waiting—"Shake not thy gory locks at me . . ."). We have learned what is meant by the magic letters C. B. E. L. and are now prepared to continue our studies with a copy of "The Owl" in our collective pockets. We stand at the threshold of the world, pen-sive but not in thought. Perhaps we will meet Anna Livia Purebell, perhaps only the reverend Dimmesdale. But despite agenbite of inwit, we push ever onward; "Our strength is as the strength of ten because our hearts are pure."





THELMA BALDASSARRE



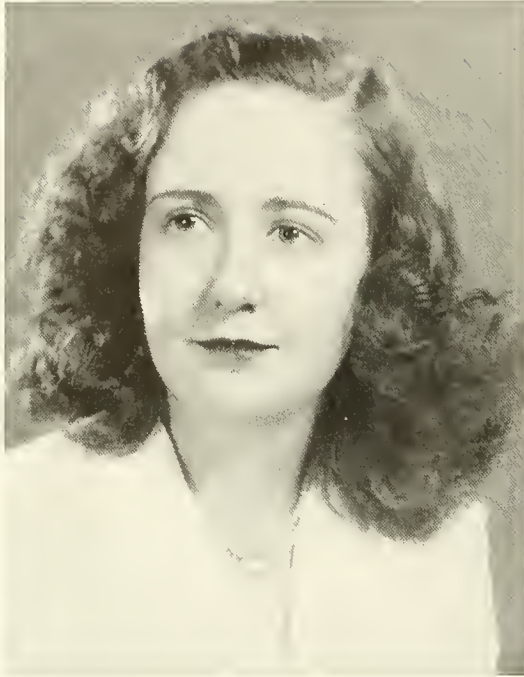
MARY LEE BLAKELY



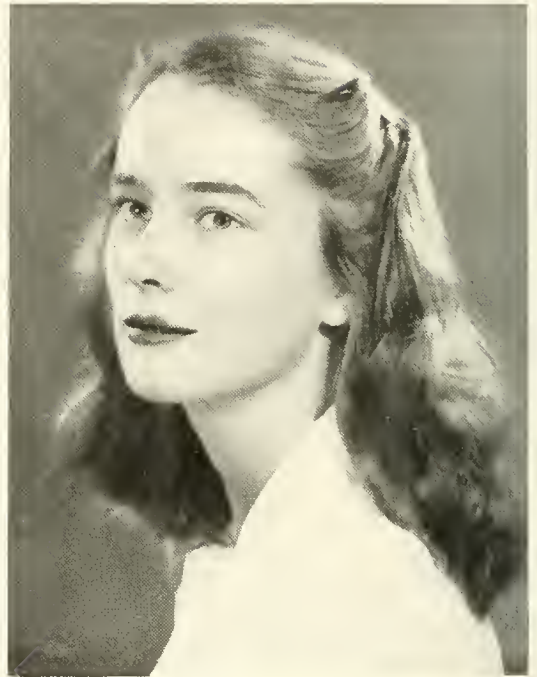
CATHERINE PIERCE CLARK



MARY N. CROSS



VELMA L. DOUGHERTY



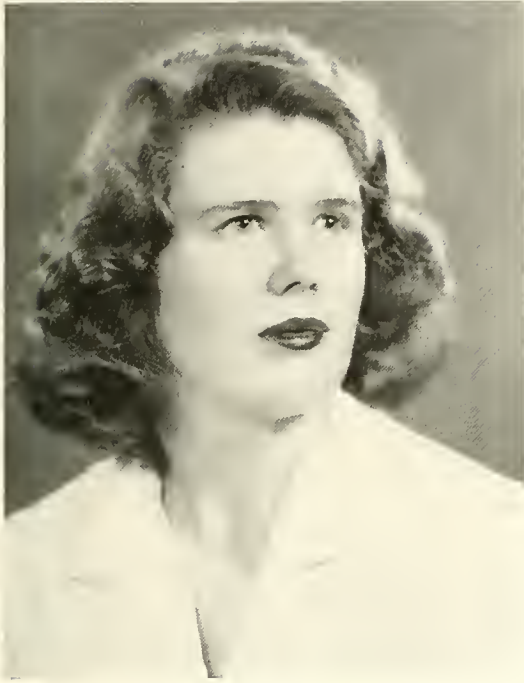
JANICE ELAINE FERNSTROM



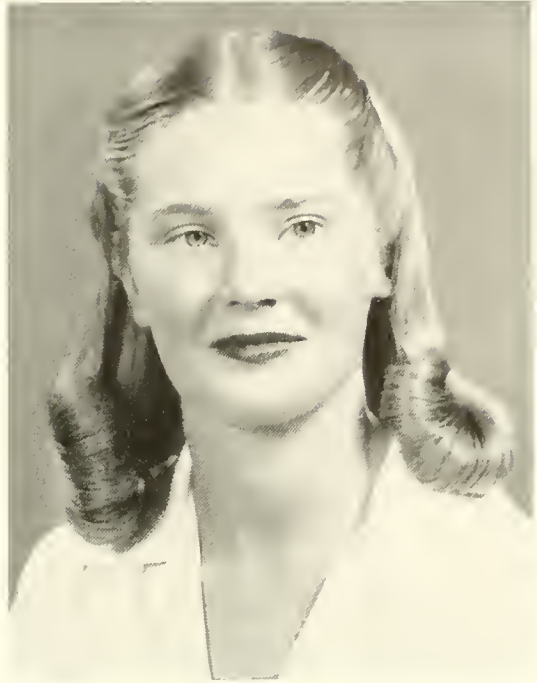
JOAN CAROL GOULD



ALICE LINDSEY HART



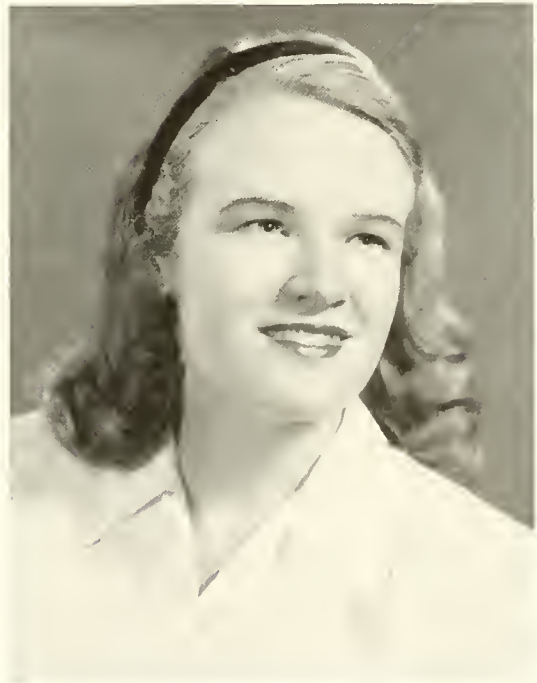
DARST HYATT



MARJORY H. JOHNSON



NANCY ANN KNETTLE



ELISABETH LILLY



ELIZABETH COURTNEY McKOWN



JACQUELYN MILLER



ALAINÉ RAE MOOG



DOROTHY DEUTSCH ROSENBERG



MARGARET ELIZABETH RUDD



ELLEN WILLIAMS SHEPHERD



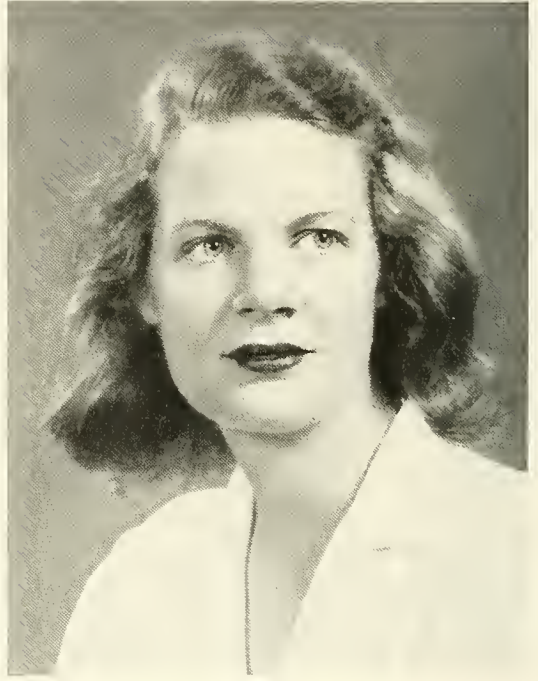
MIRIAM ROSE STEINHARDT



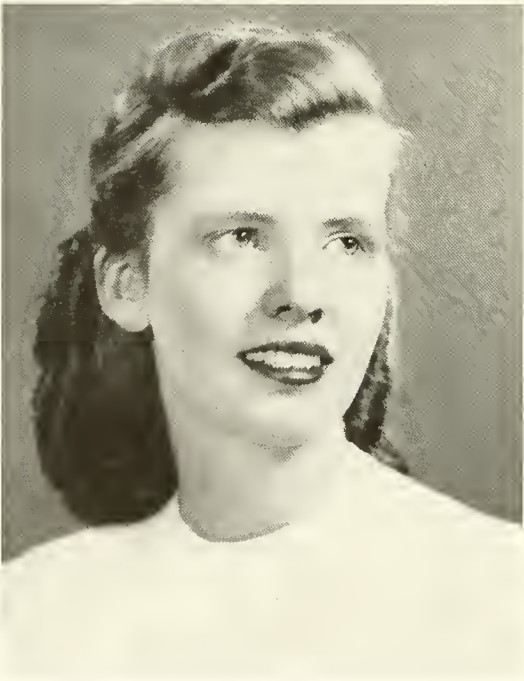
MARGARET DUMONT STEPHENS



BARBARA STIX



KATHRYN TANNER



MARIETTA PREWITT TAYLOR



CAROL HOPKINS VEJVODA



BARBARA RUBIN WEINER



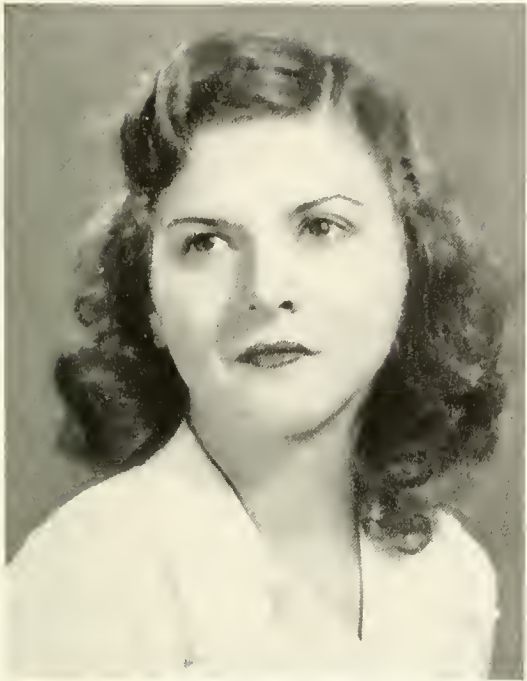
PATSY VON KIENBUSCH

French . . .

The French department carries on "toujours". At first we said "c'est la guerre" to explain the lack of French gentleman professors and philosophically turned back to Flaubert and Stendhal for consolation. But when "la guerre" was ended we rejoiced at the sight of Mlle. Brée walking the library corridors in her later-to-be-discarded uniform. For a while comprehensive conferences took on the aspect of an official court-martial. Our enthusiasm suddenly shot up when Monsieur Pamplume arrived, and the second year French class vied for popularity with the "Modern Drama" course and Miss Schenck's famous teas. In the fall, we all en-

joyed pouring through the "Romantic" or "Realistic" pages of dusty French novels. As winter came and the temperature fell, we strove in vain to solve the problems of Existentialism and pull Sartres and Camu out of their dilemma, but in the spring a young French major's fancy turns to comprehensive and we roamed the cloisters muttering fierce "explications" under our breath. Then, finally, success: Miss Gilman solemnly announces that all her protégées "ont passés" and we confidently set out into the world, leaving Villon and Lamartine far behind us, in search of a job to which we can apply all our knowledge of "l'amour courtois".





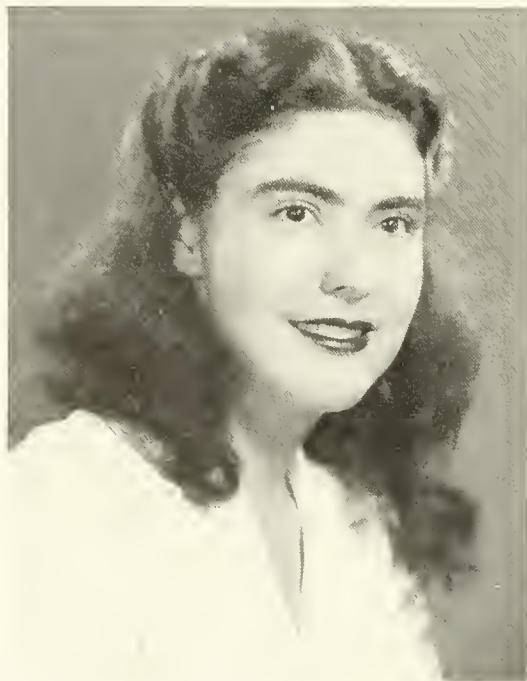
DOREEN HURWITZ



MARTHA A. MACDONALD



JOANNE H. MOTT



AVIS BIGELOW REYNICK

Geology . . .

"There rolls the hoop where grew the tree.
O Earth, what changes shalt thou see?
Will there, where Taylor stands, yet be
The stillness of a central sea?"

Freshman year we first trod that well-beaten path leading below the sundial to the yellow-brick and glass splendor that is Park. In those days we didn't have co-eds, but we had Flower. That was the year the Rhumba gave way to the Dip Slip.

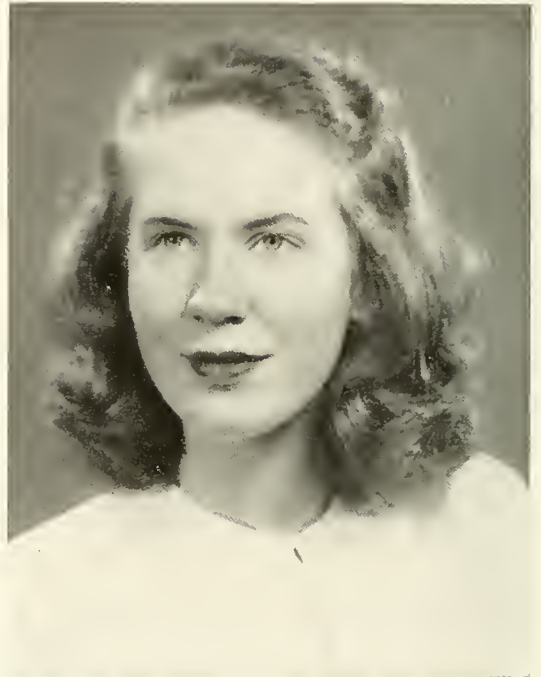
At the end of the first year, after passing through a period of stress and strain, we ended up with a preferred orientation leading—to Park again.

We at last acquired the Scientific Approach which led to discovering that the roof is good for secluded sunbaths, and that Adam, Eve, and all their ancestors are parading up the library wall. It was no new discovery that the area of greatest magnetic attraction centers around a blue smock worn with hair like the incompetent micaceous phases of the Wissahickon schist.

Little ripples leave their mark, and so shall we. With but an index fossil to guide us, we face the future with just one question in mind: Shall the hand that cradles the rock, rock the cradle?

. . . Time will tell.





LOIS LINN KILLOUGH



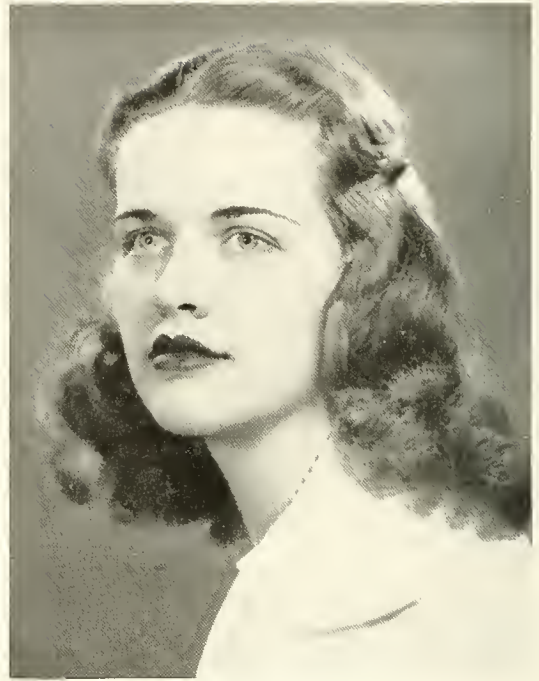
ELIZABETH WILLARD

German . . .

To many undergraduates Freshman year is synonymous with "baby" German. Once past this hurdle some acquire a love for Teutonic culture—Wein, Weib, und Gesang. Speaking for ourselves, Miss Cohn and Mrs. Jessen "introduced" us, and soon we progressed to Wagner, from whom we learned the Bridal Chorus. This, we assured Mrs. Diez, would undoubtedly be of great assistance as we ourselves strolled down the aisle. Memorable are the delightfully informal Friday afternoons at 610 Pembroke Road . . . Herr Diez as Konzertmeister . . . Frau Diez

servicing cokes to students, who stretch out on the floor and sigh dreamily to the strains of "Liebestod". With the Age of Goethe we made our acquaintance with the pleasant and now familiar aroma of Dr. Diez' pipe. Sufficiently advanced we arrived at senior year, where we became bosom pals with the bust of Goethe in the German Sem. Now our dreams are a mixture of Paleolithic skin-clad men, Minnesänger, and Mrs. Jessen's dramatists. We leave our May baskets, bid Auf Wiedersehen and become bi-lingual alumnae.





MARILYN J. BEHNER



ELIZABETH BREADY

History . . .

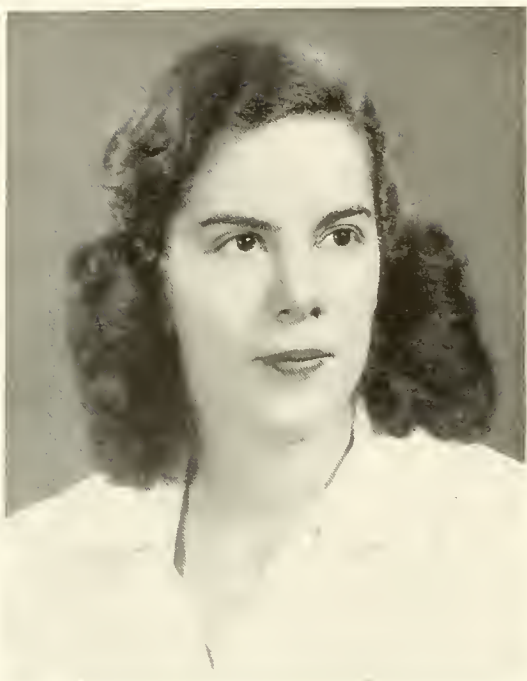
Our lives as History majors have been governed largely by that mystic personality, the History Department. The ingredients of this exotic concoction are somewhat obscure, but they seem to stem primarily from the personalities of our various mentors.

After one has turned the library upside down in search of Mrs. Manning's brief case, seen her arrive at class innumerable times with the wrong lecture notes, or heard her pause dramatically in the course of a lecture on the French Revolution to announce that she was in the year, one gains a certain healthy disrespect for inconsequential facts. Miss Robbins' caustic wit has often made us test the ground under our feet to see whether it

is air, fire, water or all three, but there is something singularly appropriate in being taught English History with an English accent.

Californian Dr. Miller stands for the American continental viewpoint, while Dr. Gilbert's omniscience provides us with a universal outlook, not unenlivened by biographical anecdotes of the world's great. Our medievalists go into temporal seclusion with Dr. Cuttino, while the rest of us regard the vagaries of modern life, content with the one notable change in the department in our lifetime: *Europe Since 1870* has become *Europe Since 1890*.





ALISON BARBOUR



JOAN ANN BLACK



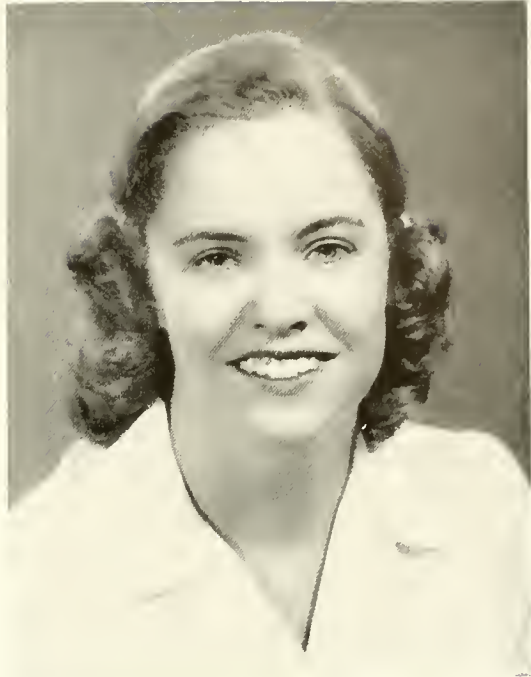
NANCY E. BIERWIRTH



ANN E. BORUM



BETTY ANN BYFIELD



HELEN PATRICIA COWLES



ELIZABETH JANE DAVIS



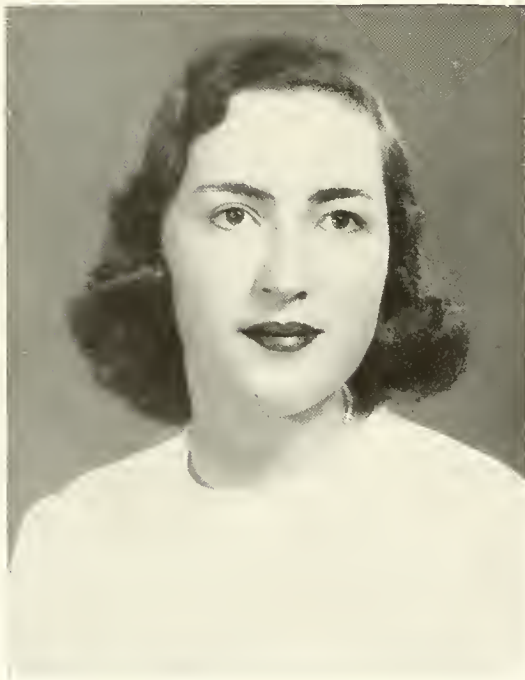
ELIZABETH HILBERT DAY



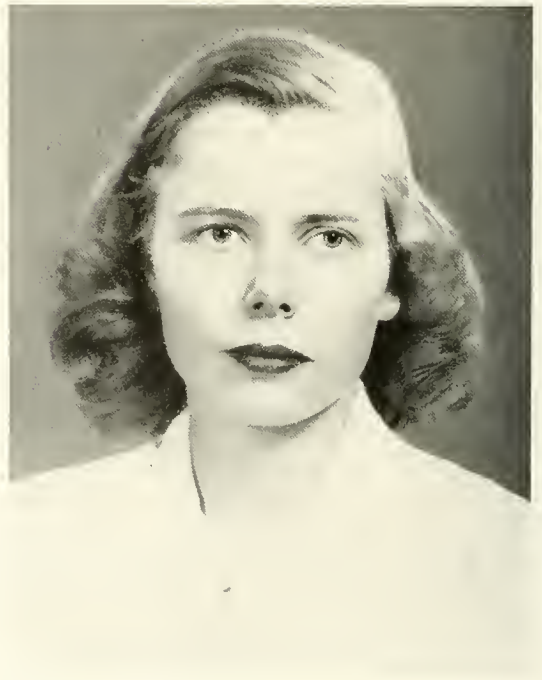
SHIRLEY GOLDGERG



LOUISE A. GORHAM



CECILIA ROSENBLUM GROSS



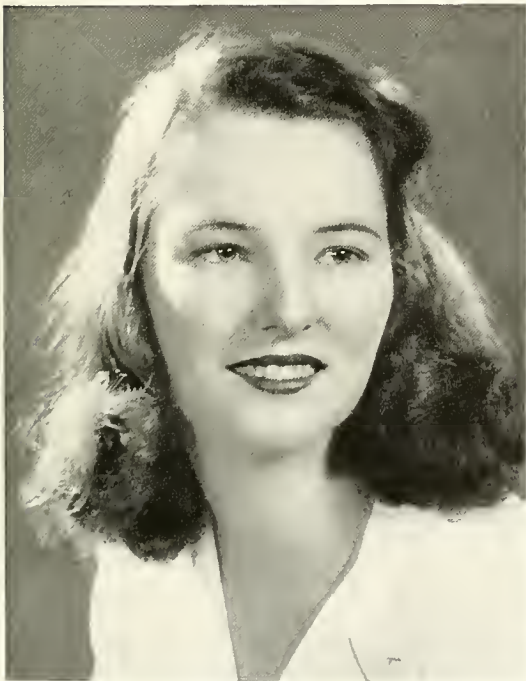
NANCY ANDERSON MOREHOUSE



BETTY ANN ORLOV



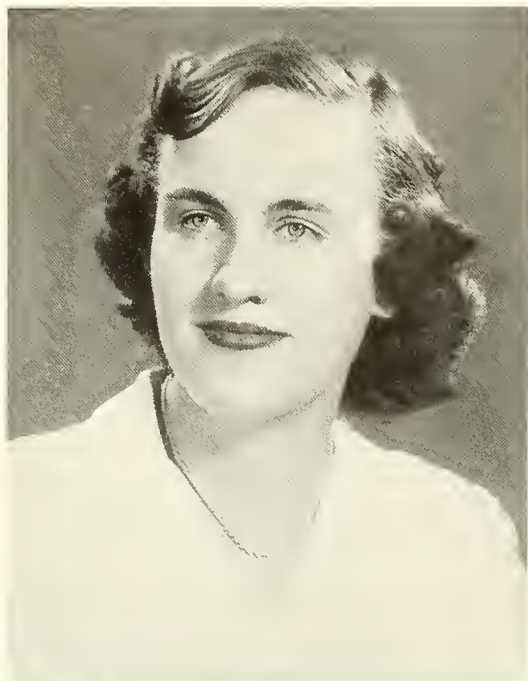
CONSTANCE LENORE ROTHSCHILD



MARY HOYT SHERMAN



MARY STEWART



BARBARA DORN YOUNG

History of Art . . .

Forty Expectant students

In the art room skeptically waited;
Eager anticipation on their faces—
For a lecture they were fated.

It seemed from the professor's point of view
To be going as well as wanted,
Though, true, the waste basket was an
obstacle
As back and forth he jaunted.

The climax of the career of Van Eyck
To be exemplified by slides of note.
But sadly the buzzer, rung with great zest
No signal did connote.

Thus, the classroom seemed transformed
Into an air-o-plane.

Signals from podium to slide room:

Dr. B. calling, Dr. B. calling—but all in
vain!

The years went by. It's now '47.

(The radio transmitter, by the way, Mr. S.
has managed to fix.)

But the same old art room has its troubles—
The thermometer (no windows allowed)
reads 96.

Six art majors in the sem do cram,

For it is now *June* '47 A. D.

We might pass, we might fail, who can tell,
But God knows, we've had our A.E.*

* Aesthetic Experience.





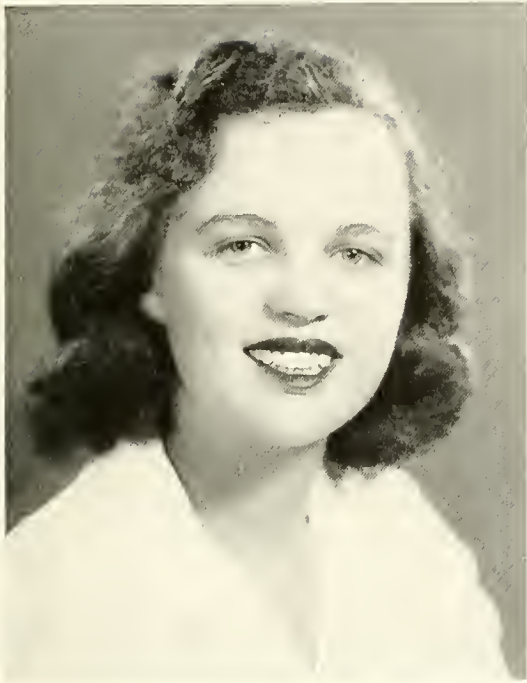
NADINE CHERNER



MARGARET AMELIE MECHLIN



MARY MOSSMAN



CLAIRE RACHEL ROSS



CAROLINE E. SEAMANS



NORMA EVELYN ULIAN

Latin . . .

AVE

We feel that any dissertation “de natura maiorum Latinorum” (local color) should begin by answering the oft-posed query trembling on the lips of young America: “What are you going to do with it?” We can be the “Cloak and Dagger” girls of the future. Our skill in untangling periodics, hexameters, pentameters, speedometers, and double entendres endears us to the Cryptography Department of Hush-Hush. Because of our gustatorial proclivities, our knowledge of Chian and Falernian wines, we may procure highly-paid, interesting, in fact enticing positions trampling grapes in a winery or arranging olives in an olive factory.



As even our gracious and noble guardians have realized the value of food in ancient and modern times, we have often combined the ignoble Roman bean with the regal hamburger to the consternation of those other inhabitants of the Inn who prefer to combine eating with eating.

Our mood had been “Toujours gaie”; our accomplishments—insignificant according to most, but to those who knew us when we started—monumental! Now, with the knowledge that we have proclaimed Vergil “a glorious failure”, Thucydides “The great historian”, and Tacitus “a subject for Freud”, we move on perhaps to sell triangular togas in Saks Anticipation department.

VALE





ELIZABETH M. DOWLING



ANNE EVELYN KINGSBURY



CORNELIA STANTON PICKENS



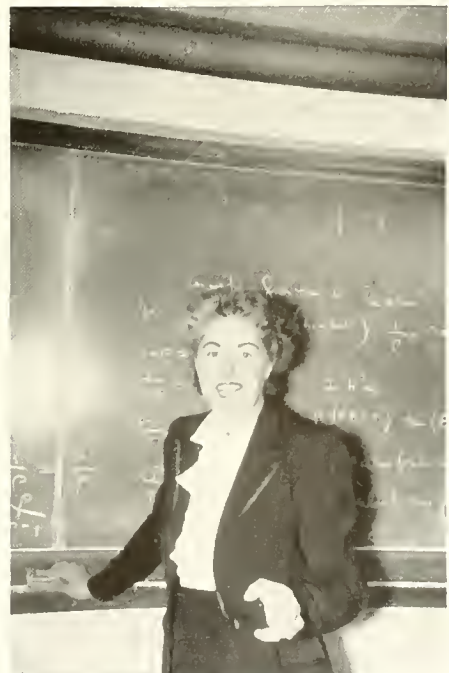
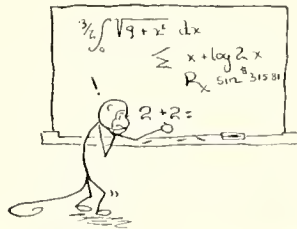
ELIZABETH STEINERT

Mathematics . . .

In order to meet the Mathematics department, you have to climb to the fourth floor of Dalton, no mean accomplishment at nine A. M. This is one reason why there are not very many Math majors. But for the faithful, it is worth the climb, and after four years we even enjoy the climb, sorting out the distinctive and always interesting Biology smells as we go from floor to floor.

Having completed this hazardous journey, we encounter the people for whom it was undertaken; they seem to have survived the altitude remarkably well. There is Mrs. Wheeler, who introduced us to the mysteries

of College Mathematics freshman year, and is still giving us badly needed help to finish off what she started four years ago. There is Miss Lehr, well-liked geometrician and statistician, who is under severe censure for having traitorously given classes in Taylor this year, but has promised to improve in the future. There is Mr. Oxtoby, who has taught us a great deal, including what we somehow missed by being in the advanced class freshman year and the value of the expression "Without loss of generality". And there is Mr. Hewitt, who came to Bryn Mawr shortly before we leave; we hope this isn't significant!





ELEANOR H. COLWELL



RUTH HEINSHEIMER



MARGHRITA LARIMER ONEIL



CLARE PARTRIDGE

Philosophy . . .

"Oh, Plato, Plato, you have paved the way with your confounded fallacies to more immoral conduct . . ." Yet, how I love thee! I love thy little ladder climbing to the sea of beauty where Dr. Nahm stands aesthetically handing out the ways and means to happiness, where in the glow of the absolute Essence Dr. Frank smiles. Do not worry about the date of the paper. It is not yet due until yesterday.

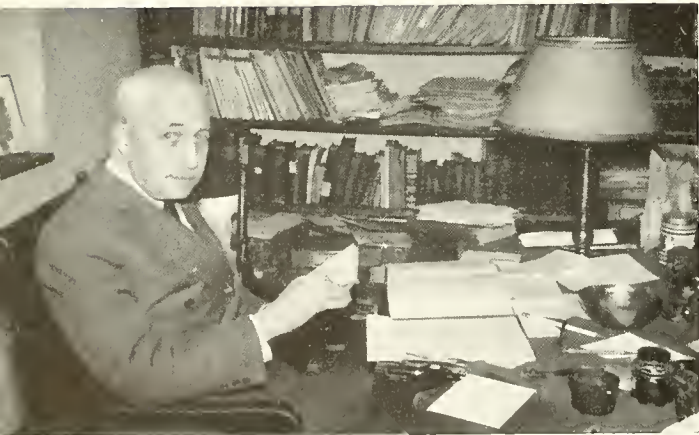
Be not concerned about trifles! You can quickly light a candle, and perhaps, aided by the flame and your highly developed speculative powers, you will be able to see the darkness. If not, *The Idea of Perfection* must lead *Human Nature and Conduct*

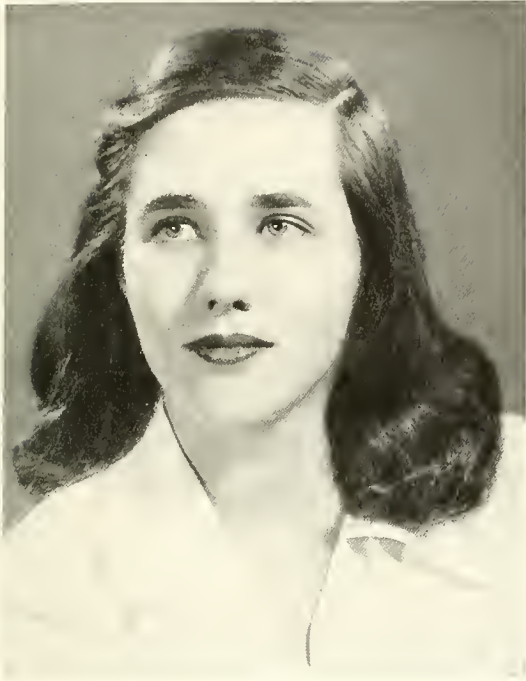
through *Aesthetic Experience and its Presuppositions* to *The Two Sources of Morality and Religion*, the Categorical Imperative, and Dialectic, or, *The Way of All Flesh*.

"God created man in His own image, and man returned the compliment." Ah, man, you sinful, miserable, fallible, contingent creature—Please, Miss Stearns, hurry to your office, bring Plato, and tell me quickly, WHY????? Think deep!! Before and after meals. 'Edo ergo sum' plus 'ergo edo'.

But, no, discard all coffee, benzidrene, logic, ontologic, and aspirin. Open wide your eyes, and you shall BE!

(At least it *is* a possibility.)

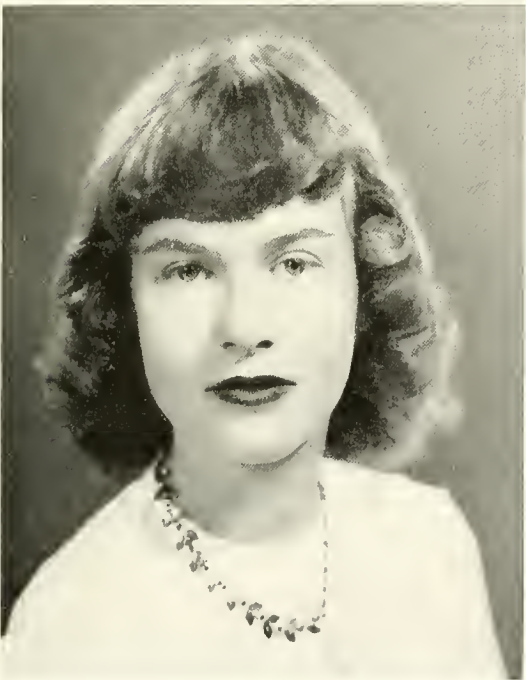




JUDITH A. BRODSKY



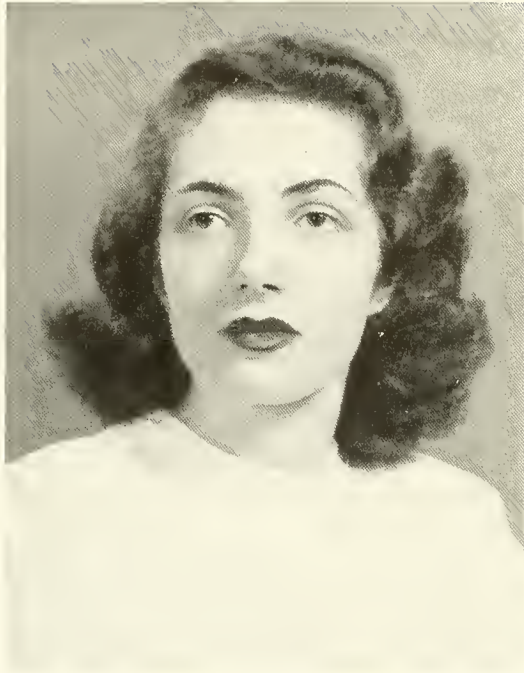
MARILYN RUTH COOPER



LANIER DUNN



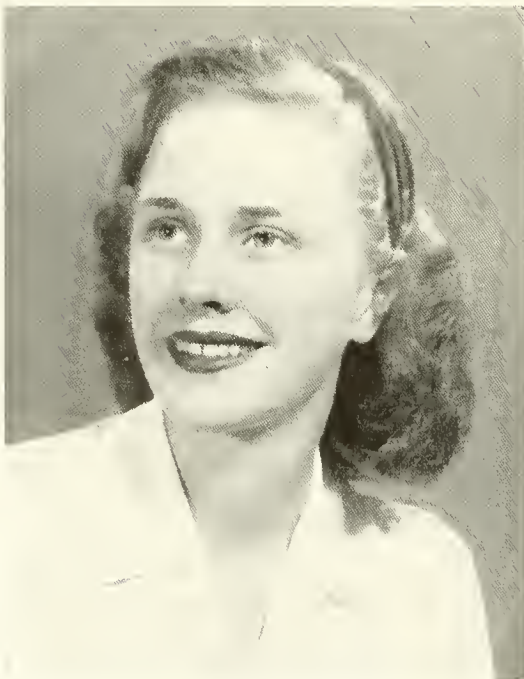
SHEILA MARGARET PARKER



MARILYN Z. RAAB



ESTHER JOSEPHINE SMITH



MARGARET HODGE URBAN

Physics . . .

The increasing intensity of solar illumination announces day. Accordingly, we wend our way Daltonward.

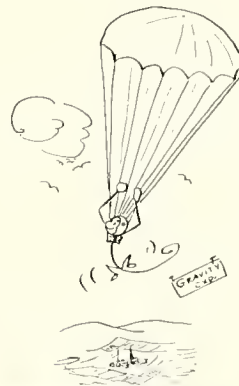
Glassblowing hour is a cross between self-cremation and variations on a theme by Robert. When discouraged, we work on Christmas presents; during the course of the year these decreased in complexity from insulated cocktail glasses to ducks.

Next we work on our latest 'breadboard'. Once we doubted the necessity of such construction, but now we know it is good for the soul. After Electricity and Magnetism (Subtitle: The Development of Self-Confidence), the nearest indicator of Taylor's vector time gives a brief respite for sustenance.

Afternoon finds us in electricity lab, where suddenly our boudoir ammeter shows an alarming current. It will be obvious to the reader that something is wrong. Tripping over the Optics class, found busily measuring the length of the hall, we find that once again a large charge has been sent into the wrong room. Tea follows, a delightful opportunity for gathering jokes and stories of Dalton's fire.

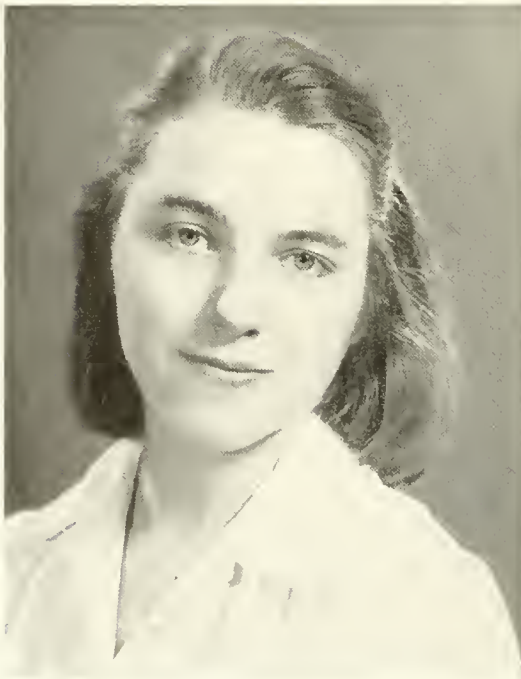
Night finally falls! But we still have the elephants—not pink, nor circus—but the Elephants of Modern Physics, with which we shall probably end all our days.

1. Proof of this statement is beyond the scope of the text.





JEAN ALBERT



LEILA A. DRAGONETTE



ANN STIRLING GREGORY



MARTHA BAILEY GROSS



ANN SANFORD WERNER

Psychology . . .

ON LOOKING INTO BORING, LANGFELD, AND WELD (For the first time)

I

Helson has one recurrent refrain.
Every time that we ask he'll explain:
"Level of adaptation
Will startle the nation".
—If it first doesn't drive them insane.

II

There once was a prof named MacKinaon
Who taught us there's no fun in sinnin'.
For milk, when once spilt
Leads to complex of guilt;
—We think that's just one man's opinion.

III

Mrs. Cox takes our measurements, mental,
With manner both gracious and gentle.

When she, with Binet,
Watched all of us play,
We came out in the lowest percentile.

IV

Miss Higbee knows all about rats,
Their effect on decorticate cats;
She makes witty retorts
On our shoddy reports
Though she'd rather pursue us with gats.

V

After taking four years of Psychology,
We now make a feeble apology
For results inexplicable
With conditions predictable.
From now on for us it's astrology!





JOAN AUERBACH



NANCY F. COWARD



HELEN R. DYSON



ANN DUDLEY EDWARDS



SHIRLEY HECKHEIMER HEINEMANN



MARGARET ANN McLEAN



LOIS EDITH REICHHARD



ALTHEA ROBILLARD

Sociology . . .

Forth from Bryn Mawr's halls, a small group crusades through the dark cities of America. Above their heads flies a banner, "More Houses". At every door they stop, knock, and ask that eternal question: "Do you suffer from Cultural Lag?" The answer varies from "No, I tried Serutan" to "Yes, we have no bananas." These are the flower of the Bryn Mawr Sociology Department. Theirs is a noble calling. Witness, the Valley of Death Housing Project for Low Income Groups. They accomplish their purpose, this small group!

Returning to America and *the* question: In the Philadelphia Museum of Natural History, the missing link is asked: "Do you have

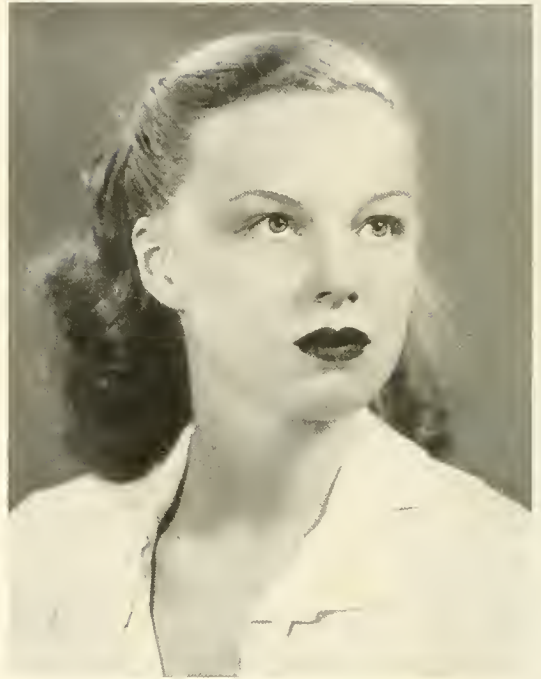
Cultural Lag?" The reply: "Goo". Translation: "I was a sociological irregular, but plenty of outdoor life and healthy exercise cured me forever."

But, dear reader, you have not heard the end of this group. No such luck. Across America and neighboring countries they crusade, always with that fatal problem. They question Eskimoes, Indians, Fiji Islanders; but always the answer: "Yours for a happy constitution, a bottle of prune juice, and happy travels". So we leave the seven lone survivors sailing into the west, feet planted on the deck of their adventuring ship, their last words ringing in our ears: "Mores Serutan; Mores Sociologists".





ELIZABETH K. FENSTERMACHER



PATRICIA R. HENNE



MARY LEVIN



MARTHA BOWMAN McFADDEN



MARY JEAN McILVRIED



JOAN ERNA POLAKOFF



JEAN BOYER SALAS

Spanish . . .

Don Quijote's back and the Spanish majors got him! He was found hiding under the table in our seminar but soon lost his shyness when he visited the Spanish House. Here he felt at home with our Spanish-American league.

At Christmas time, our festivities were rampant. We collected our sartorial souvenirs, wielded the mighty needle, and hoped for costume authenticity. A Mexican "Pinata", the hanging grab-bag, poured fourth presents for everyone.

And as for year-'round festivities—Our Spanish and Mexican phonograph records have worn thin, but if you hurry you may

still be in time to investigate the secrets of the Samba, Bamba, or Rhumba steps, faster than Arthur Murray can say "Popocatepetl". Incidentally, our last survey showed that "South America Take It Away" was at an all-time-all-timer LOW on our hit parade. (Finally somebody took *it* away!)

The "Casa Espanola" has been honored by special attention from its own members of the faculty. The head of the Spanish department bestowed upon it a large supply of kindling wood which he had hewn during vacation. (Undergraduates please note, in case of any more coal strikes!) And to top it all, we've even had the Dean on our side!





MONNIE L. BELLOW



BARBARA BENNETT



NANETTE CLAIRE EMERY

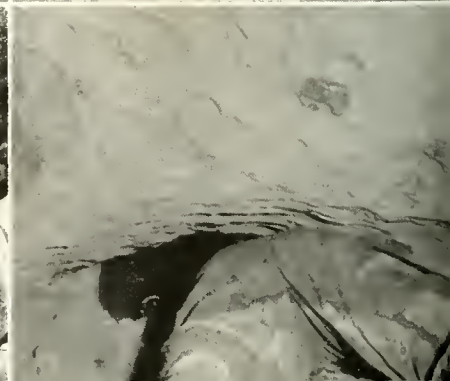
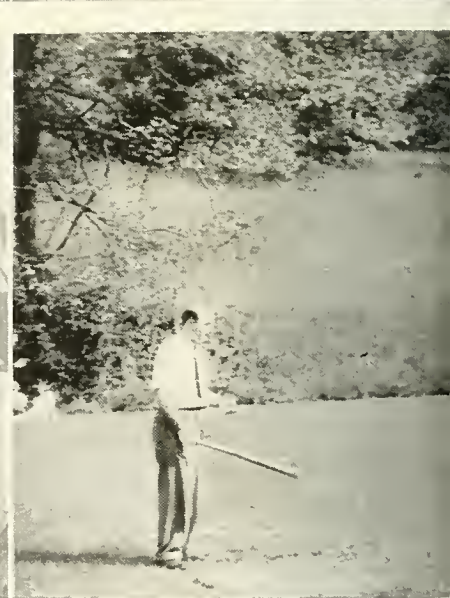


ROSALIE B. SCOTT

Former members of the class

Josephine Arader	Clare Jenkins
Roberta Arrowsmith Mills	Jean Barbara Kelley
(Mrs. Louis B.)	Isabella C. Koehler
Mary Helen Barrett	Phyllis Kratz
Helen Sedgwick Barss	Margaret Krenz
Rosina Bateson Rue	Gertrude Lanman
(Mrs. Francis)	Cristobel Locke
Anne Blanke	Alice Ann MacMillan
Laura Blinn	Mahala McMullen
Lise Bloch	Virginia Michelson
Antoinette Boel	Marian Moise Bierwirth
Barbara Brady	(Mrs. John)
Cynthia Bregman	Marie E. J. Meyers
Eleanor Elizabeth Calder	Barbara Jean Nathan
Joan Campbell Blalack	Barbara Nicholls
(Mrs. R. E.)	Anne Whitridge Niles
Barbara Anne Carlson	Virginia O'Rear
Barbara Ann Clark	Virginia Penfield
Constance Cohen	Annette Peters Gras
Aubrey Pendleton Cole	(Mrs. R. W.)
Elizabeth Corkran Gamble	Nicole Pleven Mangin
(Mrs. Robert)	(Mrs. S.)
Barbara Cotins	Janet E. Potters
Mary DuBois	Cordelia Savage
Susanna Shaw Durgin	Nancy Tyson Scott
Emily F. Eaton	Shirley Ann Seubert
Norma Jean Edgehill	Frances L. Stern
Katherine Bailey Egerton	Jennie Strike Watkins
Mary Carey Foster	(Mrs. George T. III)
June Goldman	Marcia Taff
Marjorie Ellen Grossman	Sylvia Taylor
Mildred Bayard Hamilton	Margaret Weaver
Mary Russel Hitchcock	Georgiana Whitney
Sara Thomas Hundley	Phyllis Wreden







Four years in Rhoads hasn't changed its inmates greatly from the day when Rebecca smilingly and efficiently guided us into that cool tiled hall. But the passage of time shows in little ways. Take for example the removal of the black-out paint from the transoms,

the more frequent use of our handsome show-cases, or even the exhilarating bouts with Peter the Prowler. Rhoads has a majestic Gothic beauty but we remember wistfully that beauty is only skin deep and once we had to send an S.O.S. to the plumber.



Ivy-covered arch . . . Tudor dining room above . . . the one point where East meets West . . . windier than Tremont and Boylston . . . the arch from which all roads lead to the Inn, and all Pem East follows the beaten path . . . Show case stuffed with men . . . furniture stuffed with horsehair . . . lively smoker . . . fireplace well-located for pitching butts . . . Sunday in the Smoker . . . always a mad recap of the weekend . . . Strong sunlight playing on blue smoke and weary faces . . . Up three steps to the silent smokers . . . Always some enlightening conversation going on.

* * *

"Land of Oz, Wizard speaking . . ."

1944—Untutored Freshmen hysterical over ACADEMIC crisis: the geology final.

1945—May Day streamers painstakingly pressed with cold iron (DC).

1946—News Quartet leaped into public ear ("Dorothy Nepper made nut bread")—fishing and circus found ideal cure for spring fever.

1947—Three queens of Orient Art start intellectual trudge to Nirvana, "self-propelled"—Seniors with complexions matching monotone meals lift voices in mournful strains: "I do not ask, Oh Lord, that life may be a pleasant road . . ."

*No. 633, Tabernacle Hymnal.

Denbigh usually manages to keep its head above water and its grades above the Senate. However, it must confess to not being above censure at one point this year when a carefree band of its inhabitants departed in the wee hours of morning, armed with musical instruments, to awaken each hall with the soothing clash of horn and drum. But loyalty and brotherhood prevailed. They didn't come home 'till eight!



Merion is the oldest hall; that is its greatest distinction. We used to be pointed out as people who lived without closets, but recently the closet has found its way even within our venerable walls.

We have watched the Merion Ghouls rise to campus fame, and once yearly we don white shorts and skull-and-crossbones-embazoned black tunics and appear on the hockey field in all our ghoulish splendor.



As we slide along the campus path, which Robert carefully preserves as a skating rink in January and February, we think of spring, when we sun-bathe ("Hey, *don't* stand up!") and sit on the steps after lunch and watch the world go by. Rock is famous for its priority on certain members of the Freshman class, for its evening of innocent fun on Halloween, and for a number of its doors, which stick. And of course, Rock gets the mail first!

Wyndham has wall paper, a short-cut to the vil, and a real music room. It is the meeting place of many of the French professors, notably M. Ezban, and boasts some unusual and highly desirable Christmas dinner customs.

The Non-residents always were a happy group! This year there are all kinds. They sometimes get tired of repeatedly giving directions to errant strangers who wander into their basement lair in search of something else, but their transient lives are still pleasant.





There are various approaches to Goodhart. You may enter the front doors and be ushered to your red plush seat for a lecture. You may descend romantically under the willow boughs and go to the Common Room for a meeting, a tea, or Current Events. And you may dash through the side door of the auditorium bearing anything from a sofa to an irate cat—Stage Guild always comes through, even with *The End of the World!*

Four years have seen many changes in Choir. A few of us still remember "The Willow". "Cookie" took over in the spring of Freshman year, bringing "The Mikado" and a visit from Harvard. Sophomore year increased Choir to the Chorus of ninety and contact with Princeton was established. February brought "Woody" and Harvard back again. Junior year introduced quartet trials to be added to our other trials, and Senior year Chorus made a broadcast and visited Vassar.





THE PULSE OF THE CAMPUS

Setting: Smoke-filled room in Goodhart.
 Dramatis Personae: Double octet of 16 ghosts, shadows of their former selves.
 Causes of death: Shattering events of the years 1943-1947.

Head Ghost (Evarts) (Stirring papers in the news basket) "Headlines, headlines, meet the deadlines."

First Ghost (Gorham) (Pursuing her head across the floor) "Is that a dummy I see before me?"

Second Ghost (Morehouse) (Declaiming from her recent work Vol. III, entitled *The Ethical and Moral Aspects of an Historian*): "We perceive distinct signs of our own disintegration . . ."

Chorus (Dunn, Rudd, Baldassarre, Day,

Black, Jones, Hyatt, Dembow, Dimond, Blakely, Bateson, Taylor):

Pulse and repulse, beat and repeat,
 Break the make-up editor's pate.

Thirty-six words to a column inch.

* * *

Work at the Bryn Mawr soda fountain; see life, or at least a hamburger, in the raw. You'll have fun, and you'll be helping a good cause, the Bryn Mawr Summer Camp.

Down the hall is a room that has changed its name almost as much as its purpose. Under the misnomer of the May Day room, it was the headquarters of all packaging for overseas shipments of food. Yorick, the class animal, stayed there. Now the floors, once burdened by cartons of food and clothes support ping-pong, dancing, or just commotion. Its name is now, appropriately, the Rumpus Room.





Spring Fling . . .

The last patches of snow disappear and spring slowly creeps into being. Chunky skirts from the maid's bureau and bright cotton dresses are on everyone. Work gets done while you still think you're being lethargic. The fruit trees are indescribable masses of bloom and the robins in front of the library battle eternally for worms.

Arms and faces are turned to the sun. Picnics, parties and the Junior prom are sudden realities of laughter and color. The Cloister fountain plays again and studying becomes an outdoor sport.

Comprehensives and papers have overtaken us, but it's May Day—it's almost graduation—why worry?





AND HERE, friends and History majors, we have the Library. Our freshman show perpetrated its fame: "Avoid the stacks". After opening (*Yes, Richard*) the door, we find this building occupied by people, lost cats, and an occasional sparrow. There are cliques here: The Skull Gulley group; the people who write signs to themselves (SMILE!); the people who wear squeaky shoes.

We who live there do not mind the library, with its resounding echoes of the meekest sneeze. We do not mind the glass floors of the gallery, which give one a disturbingly unstable feeling. We rather like the cloister rabbit. But when, O when, ye powers of learning, are you going to admit us by the *back* door to the west wing stacks?





On May Day we go medieval. We wake each other with May baskets, look nervously at the early morning sky, and sing at breakfast.

May
Day . . .





What would this all be without May-poles? Besides, it gets us in practice for the violent exercise of hoop rolling. Aroint thee, reporter!



THE YEARBOOK STAFF

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Lest We Forget . . .

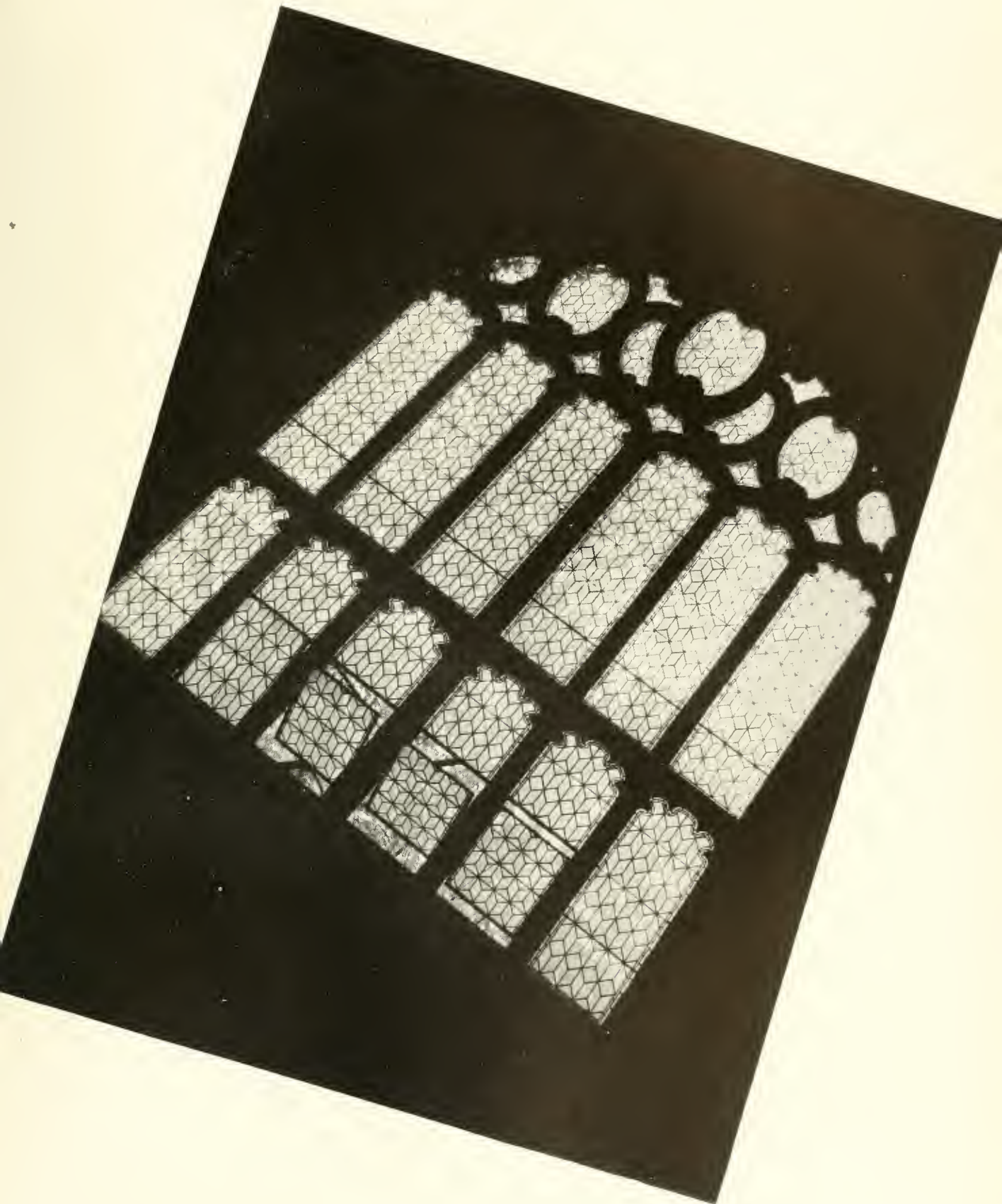
. . . The awesome atmosphere of the Deanery, noted for bronzes, student waitresses, and a lovely garden . . . The flourishing ivy on Rhoads . . . The paths which persistent undergraduate feet insert where the campus planners missed; i.e. the Professorial Promenade or Student Speedway between Taylor and the Library . . . Those canine members of the college community in search of a higher education, who by listening to classes or by private interviews seem to foretell a new trend in Education (This does not take into account mere transients, such as certain great danes.) . . . The sleek, sizzling, soporific forms, which blossom with the first crocus and attract many of our more air-minded neighbors . . . Step singers, who waken echoes from a startled Taylor tower, and woe to the unsuspecting faculty member who passes, shaken out of his after-dinner thoughtfulness by an amiable blast of cheering . . . The command performances in the dining rooms, when the finer points of May-Pole dancing are displayed, with the added incentive of a dish of melting ice cream to come home to . . . The interminable bridge games after meals . . . Senior tree planting, and the interested search, by the uninitiate, for a towering oak the next morning . . . Bryn Mawr's winds, which at their best present a problem to the student desiring to carry a sheet of poster board across the campus . . . The tinkle of falling knitting needles which pervades the college a week before Christmas vacation . . . The smell of hamburgers floating down the hall from the soda fountain.

. . . The plays: "Ladies in Retirement", "Arsenic and Old Lace", with its non-squeaking window seat, Arts Nights, and all the other performances which fall into the pattern of items too easily forgotten, for they are transient, (with the possible exception of the ominous "S.O.O.T." painted on the back door to the stage) . . . Prowlers, too, have an ethereal element about them, a trait which many a resident of the first floors of Denbigh, Rhoads, Rock and the others may have wished were more predominant . . . More welcome Gentleman visitors have come to stay, though classed in the directories as "Non-resident", through the courtesy of the G.I. Bill . . . The influx of men on weekends, a situation, to those who knew Bryn Mawr in the war days, that seems highly and pleasantly incredible.

. . . The surprise that always comes with the discovery of how much food one can hold when carolling before vacation . . . The change in the landscape behind Rhoads, from ski-slope to violet bed . . . the snowflakes on Goodhart.

. . . The addition to life at Bryn Mawr made by Pearl and her regular tending of Taylor's bell . . . Al and "Ave Maria" . . . Louis and the "Lost Ford" . . . Irene, Rebecca, Portia George and all the rest . . . The Inn—need more be said?

. . . Of life off the campus . . . Whose mouth does not water at the mention of Hamburger Hearth or our earlier days at the "Greeks" . . . The Farmer's Market . . . The bike rides on spring weekends . . . The Lantern Man . . .
. . . And so we remember . . .



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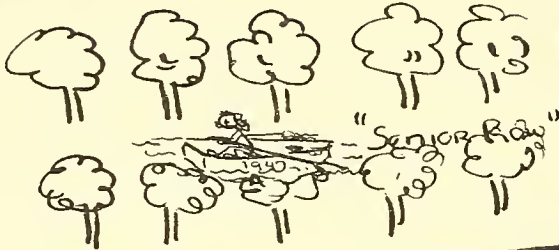


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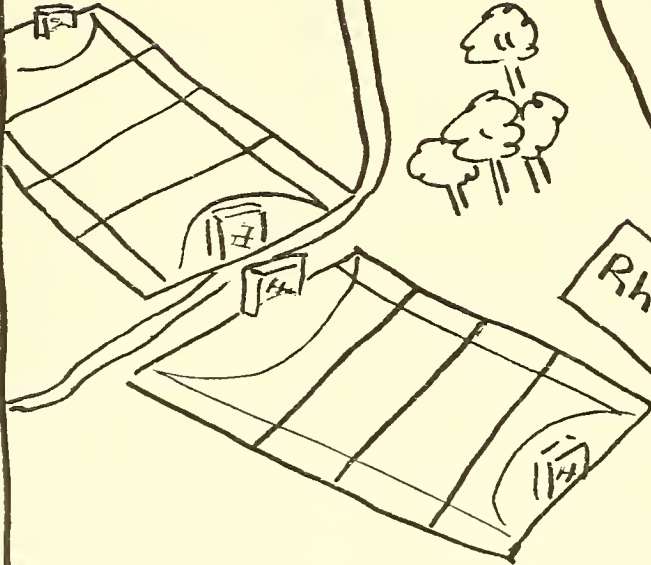
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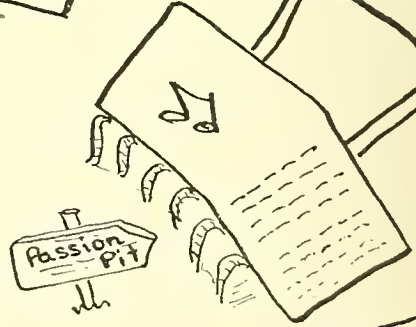
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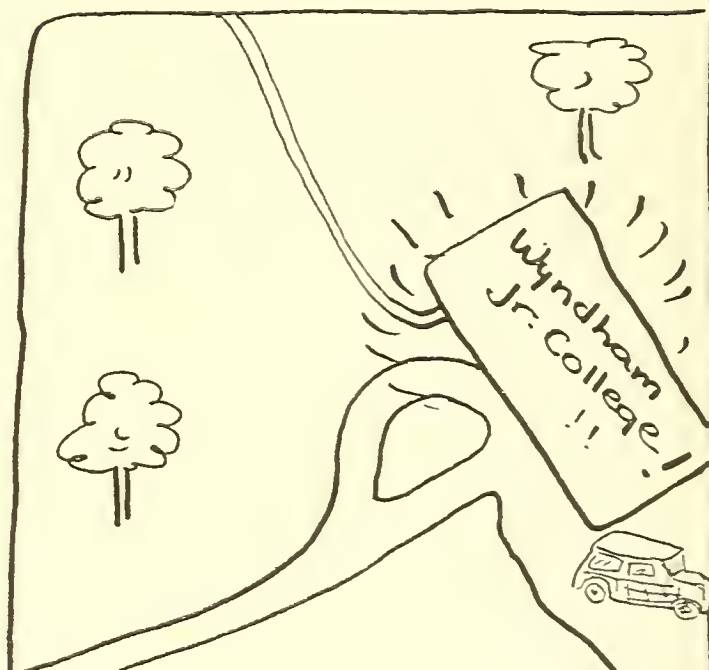
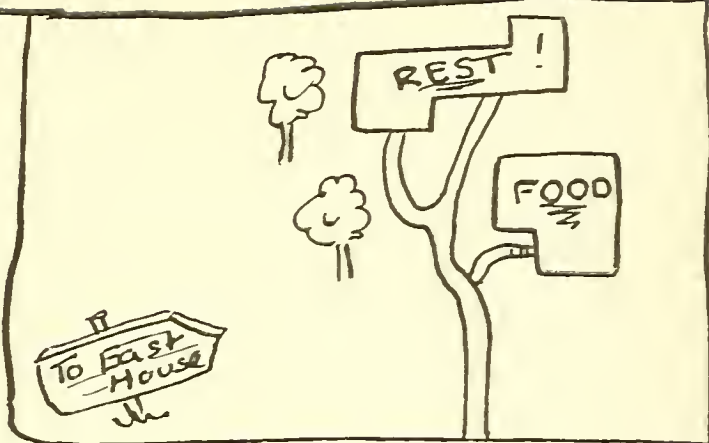
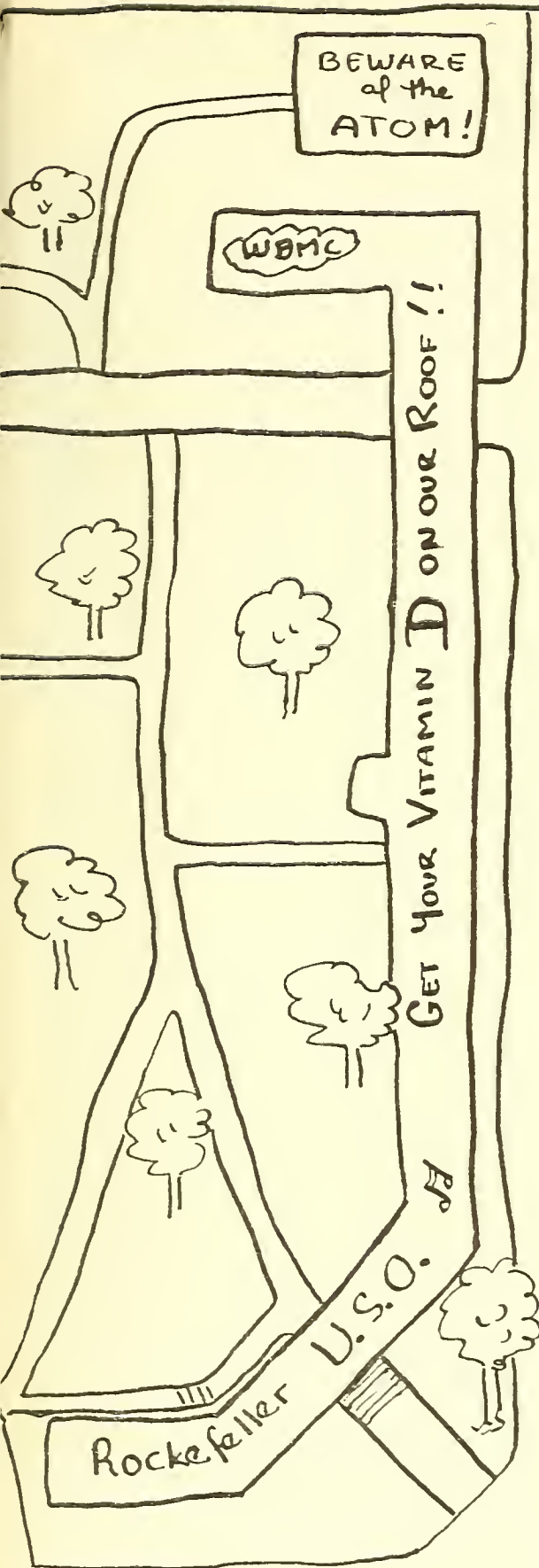


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