

Bryn Mawr College

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Bryn Mawr College Yearbooks

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1926

Bryn Mawr College Yearbook. Class of 1926

Bryn Mawr College. Senior Class

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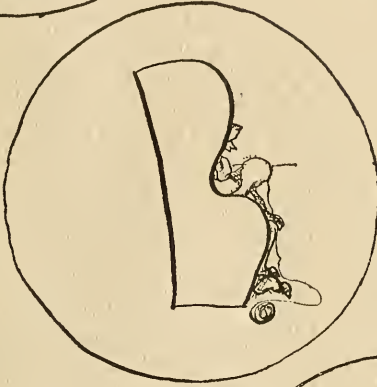
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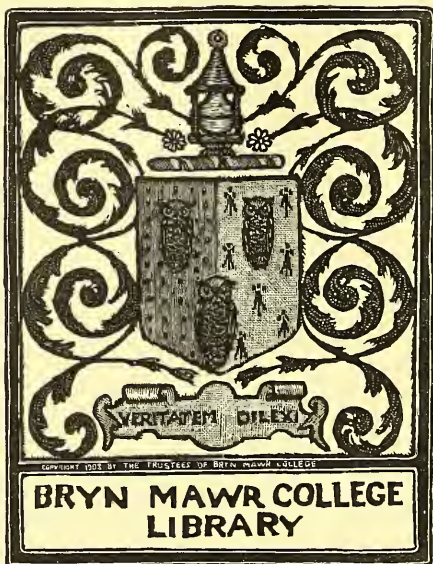
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Archives
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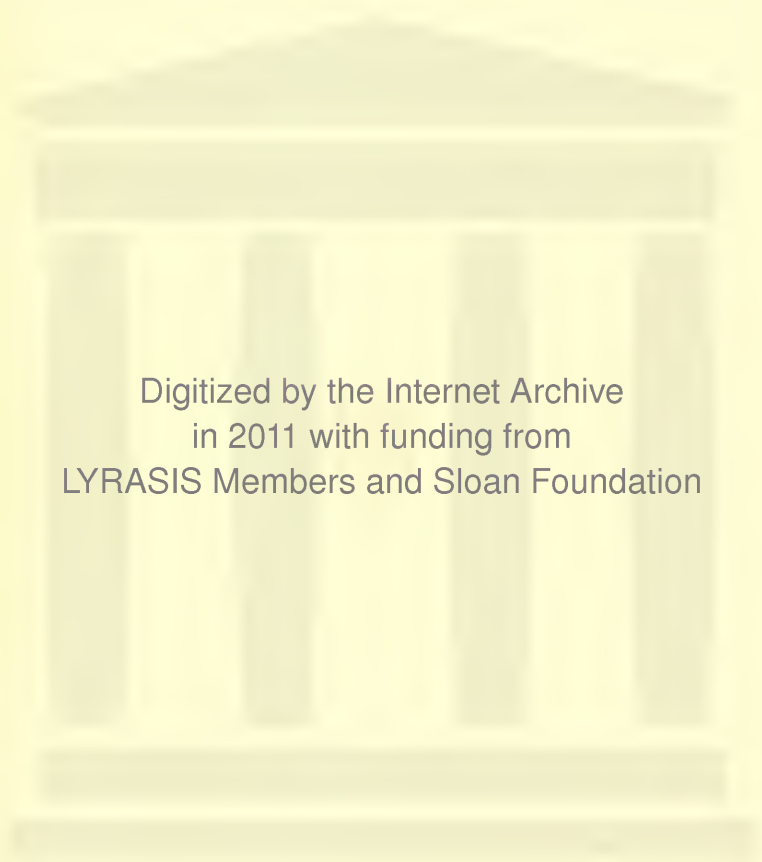


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To Mrs. Collins

with the compliments
and most cordial wishes

of 1926-



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THE · BOOK
OF · THE
CLASS · OF · NINETEEN · TWENTY · SIX



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BRYN · MAWR · COLLEGE · 1926



Archives
707



THE PHOTOGRAPHY HOUSE
1719
1926

TO

Horace Attyne

WHOSE PIANO CHARMS INTO PLACE
THE STONES OF THE MUSIC WING,
WE GRATEFULLY DEDICATE OUR BOOK
WITH HOPES
THAT HE MAY HEREIN ENJOY
THE RIDICULOUS AS WELL AS THE SUBLIME



Preface

*S. t. e. q. v. b. e. Hoc quod dicimus connotat nunc nihil.
Ergo cape hoc cum grano salis. Cur est hoc librum? Non scimus.
Non est altus caput-cover, sed quo modo ex sow's earibus
possimus extrahere pursum silki? Quod voltis nickelo?
Ergo Ecce.*

Handy Literal Translation

IF you and the army carry yourselves in good health, receive our felicitations. This trifle which you are about to peruse, being a work, neither an abundant-flowing of sharp-edged wit, nor an unspotted offering to the gods; but a rustic laurel dug with unwearying labor from the bristling garden of our spirits; to be quaffed with the shining paternal salt cellar on the loaded board.

In the newly-opened spring, when cold moisture descends from the snow-covered hills; and when the willows are prolific with twigs; the little ear-bearing sows come jumping over the teeming earth in flocks, uttering cries to their fettered spouses; then having trapped them with wide-spreading snares and hard-knotted ropes of the unyielding vine; we, their ears having been plucked, of them endeavored to skilfully manufacture purses of the Oriental silk.

And now is to drink the generous Falernian and beat upon the ground with pulsing foot soaked with ample wine, leaving the dry cracker crumbed in the long-standing urn; and joyous amidst our cups to dance in the soft meadows on wine-skins smeared with oil, and roast the fat entrails upon hazel spits.



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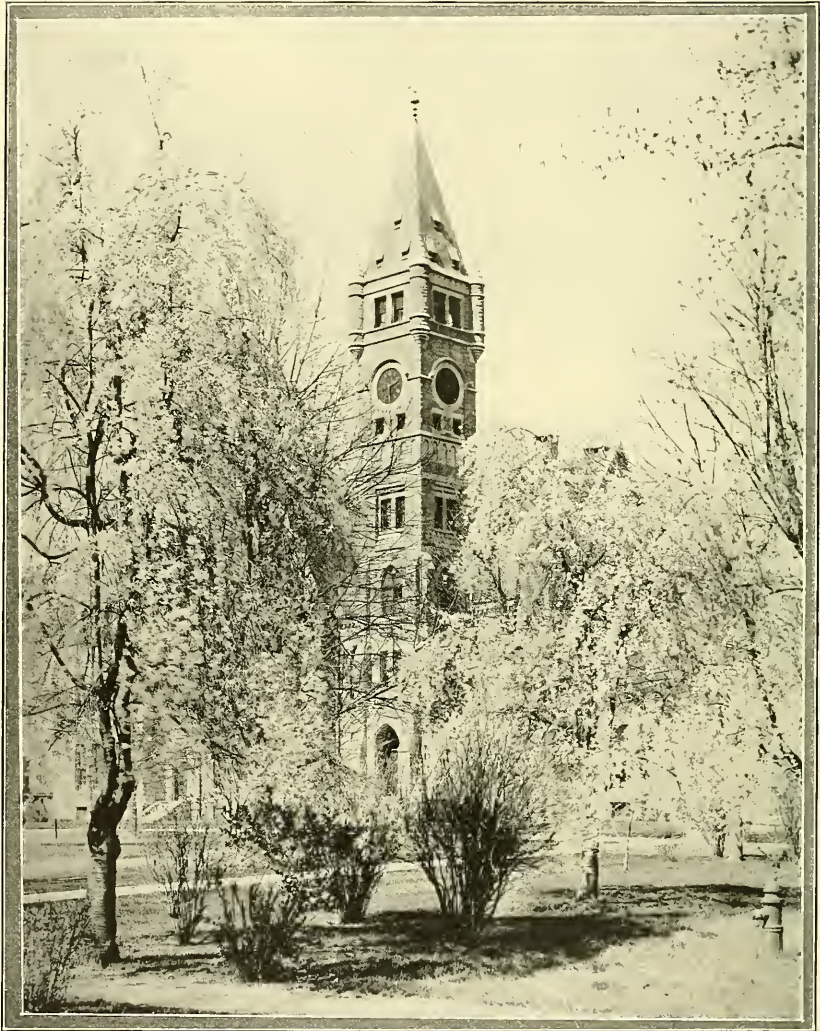
SELMA MORSE

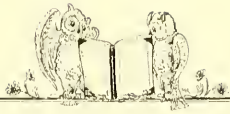
TREVANIA DALLAS DUDLEY

August 10, 1905 — January 26, 1924

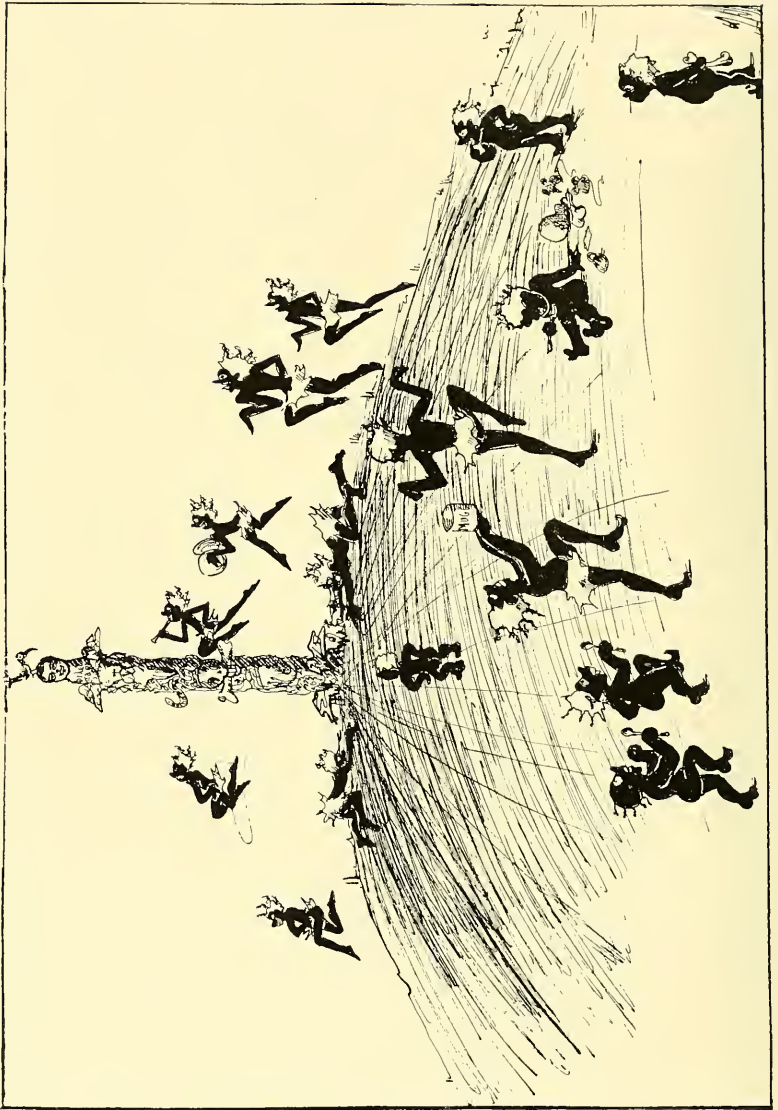
*“Wherefore we, who run the thoughtless race
Of youth, for a little while, nor seem to care,
Shall take her image to a secret place——”*







FRESHMAN YEAR



BACK in the days when this world was new—at least to its most important inhabitants—they didn't know they were prehistoric, but they thought they were most daringly modern. No one ever confesses to being prehistoric—which is why things are so hard for the prehistorian. So, instead of giving a vivid picture of the life of the aborigines as transmitted by oral tradition, he can reconstruct it only from fragmentary relics. For instance, all he has to guide him in estimating the probable size of Taylor Tower before its recent chipping, are the mouldy galoshes discovered in the Pembroke icebox. (The fact that they were discovered in the icebox is as yet unexplained, but it is sinister—and significant.)

Our idea of prehistoric sports is based on exhumed geology hammers, and strips of papyrus stained with blood and tears. As regards food, this was the pre-soup period of history, for records unearthed show traffic only in muggle, crackers and George Washington. The subject of muggle is an interesting one, since there were strange rites connected with muggle-eating around the hearth. The word seems to be connected etymologically with the Latin word "mugio"—"to bellow." This is made more certain because a part of the rite of muggling seems to have been the destruction of a cow with an axe.

But why did such poor, undeveloped creatures of a crude society imagine themselves modern? For the same reason that any people consider themselves modern and progressive—they had discarded the ancient deity of their tribe as a mere solar myth. They had a new god all their own, adopted from a neighboring tribe, the Rad Cliff-dwellers.*

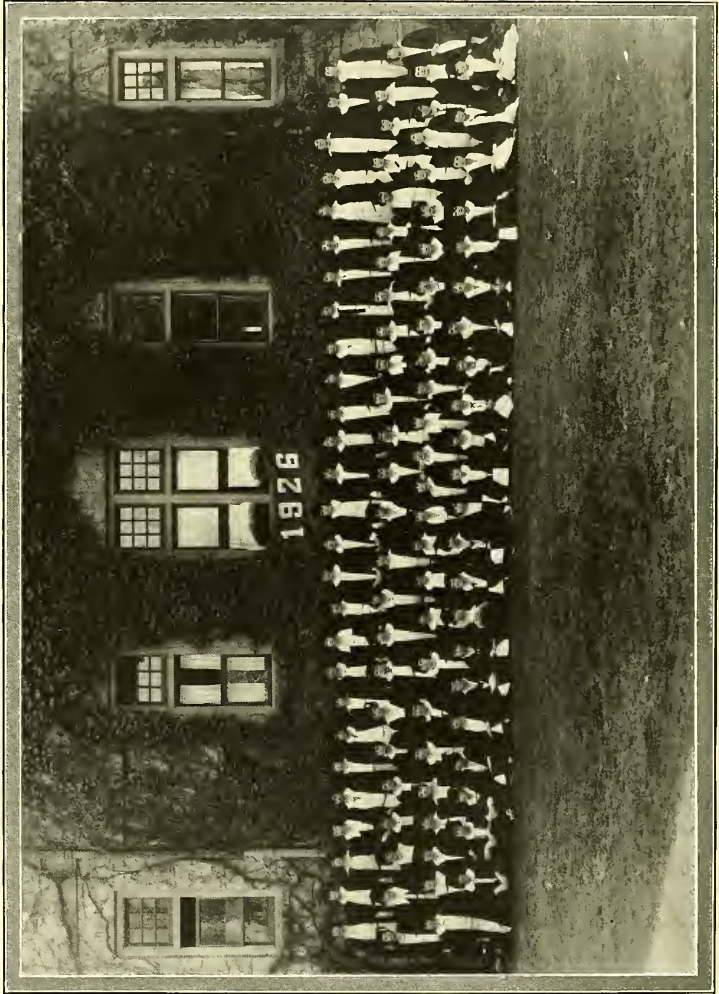
In other matters they were not so original as they liked to think. Their weeks were marked by the conventional four exercise periods. They developed the typical primitive habit of cinema-going, and, choosing seats on the left in their fresh, unsophisticated manner they learned something of the darkey side of life. They took life seriously—a primitive habit, soon outgrown—and in this way laid themselves open to oppression. Their tyrant was a fearsome beast; the four gray hairs remaining lead us to believe it was of the genus Whezel. In combatting this common foe their gregarious instincts were considerably developed. It was a genteel beast and of refined instincts. Its life was gradually snuffed out by the budding enthooosism of the aborigines.

From these frugal beginnings have we risen to what we are.

LESSON FOR THE DAY: We hated to open doors, too, but WE did it.

*Remains of its shrine may be seen at Penny-Groes. Cook's tours may be arranged so as to include this interesting spot, through the wardens of the halls of residence.







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FIRST YEAR ENGLISH—3:30 A. M.

Scribble, scribble, little pen,
I won't let you stop again.
I don't care what I have said—
I just want to go to bed.

FIRST YEAR ENGLISH—8:00 A. M

Hushaby freshman
In English class.
When the Hughes stops
The slumber will pass.
When the clock strikes
Rush out with the crowd—
But meanwhile, my dear,
Stop snoring so loud.



“UNG IE SERVIRAY”

OR

“I’LL ONLY SERVE ONE AT A TIME”

ONCE upon a time there was a beautiful little girl named Mary Jane, who lived in the middle of the woods of Chicago. But though it was not East, nor West, nor North, nor South, it was cold, and Mary Jane’s family all died of it. So Mary Jane put on her galoshes, filled her hatbox with shoes, cigarettes, and cold cream, and set out bravely to find the Old Witch of the Lake. She walked and walked (for all the busses went the other way), till she came to a hairdresser’s shop on a side street, and there she stopped; for she knew that a hairdresser will tell you anything you want to know for the price of a bob.

Mary Jane knocked three times, and the door swung open with a bang. Inside was a wee white-haired old woman, all dressed in clean white buckram.

“I know what you came for!” cried the old woman, when she had bobbed Mary Jane to a state of baldness. “You want to marry the Prince of Wales, and you want *me* to tell you how to find him.”

Mary Jane nodded and sat very still.

The old woman frowned terribly and continued: “You must go tonight to the big black choo-choo who smokes all day and all night. There will be gentlemen upon it who will sit while you stand. But you will be glad they are sitting, you would rather have them—because *they* spend their vacations differently.

“Get off at the place where the sheepskins grow. You will find lots of sheep there hunting for skins. They will all laugh at you and try to borrow your hats, but if you tell them you come from Brearley then they can’t hurt you any more.

“The second day that you are there you will be shown the Speaking Apple. It will make you run and jump until you are very, very stiff, and if you are stiff enough you will get two curiously carved bits of yellow flannel. But that is not the sheepskin—so beware! If you are very clever you can have the flannel and the sheepskin, too; if you are a fool you can have one of them; if you have the courage of your convictions you probably won’t get either. But that is neither here nor there.

“Perhaps you will be lured into the train of the Man in the Maroon Overcoat, and he will tell you terrible things! But you must tell him you come from Baltimore, and what’s a woman without a man, anyhow? Then *he* won’t hurt you any more.

“Now, if Robin Redbeard should cross your path——”

But Mary Jane had burst into tears. “I cannot tell a lie!” she sobbed. Wailing loudly she seized her hatbox and rushed out of the shop. The old woman stood at the door and watched her out of sight.

“Poor child,” she said pityingly. “*Veritatem dilexistine?* Well, you’d never get along at college.”



IMMORTALITY

The reason Tutankhamen took
Care that his name outlive his doom.
The reason Spinks from Spinkentown
Scribbles his name on King Tut's tomb,
Is just the same as yours and mine—
Sticking our name-plates in our room.

If you and I
Should have our will
We'd buy our fill
And have no bill.

We'd walk at leisure
Down the street,
Nor think to greet
The friends we meet.

In any class
We'd lunch at ten—
At least, in case,
We cared to then.



Marion Edwards Park





Fifi Finds It

PRODUCED BY 1926

"What a life to live.

What a price to give," for a Freshman Show.

"There were lights and laughter,

But after" - - no tears because the audience really liked it - - at least they laughed in the right places. The artists* broke into rollicking song at every provocation; the three mute bookmen rendered a charming song, egged on by the flower girls who burst in when things got slow. Through this throbbing drama was interwoven a real heart interest in the affair of Wiggin T. and Fifi stirred by the gamins and hampered by the mail. An effervescent French landlady, a vers-libre poet, and a tango furnished the high-spots.

*Trousers by WILBUR BROTHERS.





Athletics 1922 - 1923

All-round Championship Won by 1923

HOCKEY
Won by 1924

Captain
HARRIS

Manager
WALKER

Turner
Wiles
Nichols
Dodd

Cushman
Sindall
Harris

Walker
Hamill
Campbell
Tatnall

SWIMMING
Won by 1926

Captain
JAY

Harris
Jay
P. Brown
Pratt
Thomas

Green
Talcott
Rosenau
Spalding

Macy
Norris
Tomkins
Leewitz
Dodd

Individual Championship—DODD

Class Relay Record Broken by 1926—272 feet in 60 4/5 Seconds

WATER POLO
Won by 1923

Captain
JAY

Manager
WALKER

Cooke
Pratt
Jay

Dodd
M. Homer

Johnston
Macy



GYMNASIUM MEET

Won by 1924

	<i>Captain</i>		<i>Manager</i>
Cushman	LEEWITZ	Leewitz	DODD
Dodd		Long	McCready
Kiesewetter		Harris	Nichols
			Talcott

Individual Team

Kiesewetter	Cushman
-------------	---------

Individual Championship—STRAUSS, '23

TRACK

Won by 1925

	<i>Captain</i>	
Macy	TALCOTT	McCready
Hamill	Leewitz	Nichols
Sindall	Cushman	Waller
Jay	Talcott	Johnston
McAdoo	Dodd	

Individual Championship—STEINMETZ, '25

TENNIS

Won by 1923

	<i>Captain</i>		<i>Manager</i>
O'Shea	DENISON	Jay	O'SHEA
Dodd			Denison
			Musselman

On Varsity—DODD and O'SHEA
Individual Championship—RICE, '23

BASKET BALL

Won by 1925

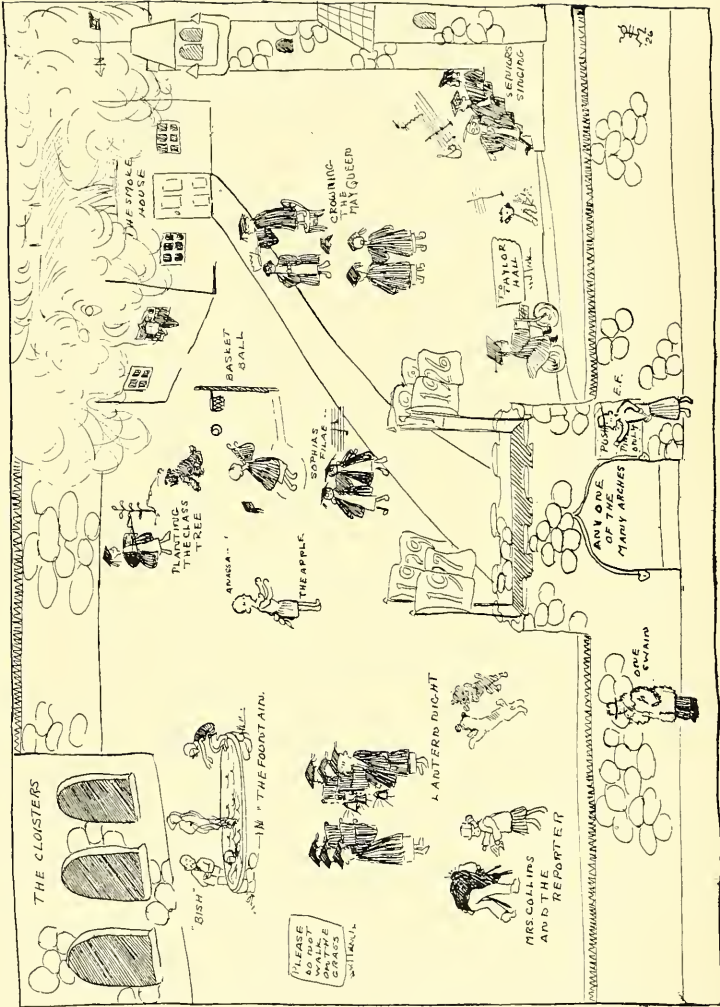
	<i>Captain</i>		<i>Manager</i>
Jay	DODD	McAdoo	JAY
Dodd			Leewitz
			Talcott

On Varsity—DODD and LEEWITZ

FENCING

Won by PAGE, '23

	<i>Captain</i>	
Page, '23	PEARSON, '24	Pearson, '24
Millsbaugh, '26		Clinch, '26



BRYN MAWR BY ONE WHO HAS NEVER SEEN IT



SOPHOMORE · YEAR



THE Aborigines had been nothing, but the Ancients, at the dawn of a new era, expected to be Something. They knew better soon. Oppression from the higher ranks they expected and were resigned to, but what shocked and surprised them was the freshness of the upstart poorer classes, who had "suddenly arrived" and were pampered and raised beyond their station in life.

This was due to the religious fervour stirred up in all classes for that great festival, May Day, the climax—and the cloudburst—of the era. Records of this period found in the temple of the old god Taylor (known for the splendid incoherence of its architecture) tell of a ceremonial called Peascods, some sort of rite known as pageant-rehearsal, and the creation of fragile paper flowers. Antiquarians have found in that quaint activity the inspiration for the famous line of Swinburne's, "I shall never be friends again with roses."

The Venerable Applebee in a little brown frock was the moving spirit of this period, holding sway impartially over man and beast, dragon and worm. Stories are still current about the untiring devotion of this Pontifex Maxima, who called forth the crowds to the daily practice for those spontaneous pagan gambols.

Meanwhile, even in the temple of the old god himself, there had sprung suddenly into being a new cult, Publicity. Strange and painful orgies of stamp-licking were held in its service: we have documentary evidence to prove that these hardy peasant folk were capable of absorbing from twenty-five to seventy steins of mucilage at a sitting. Closely connected with this cult was the choosing of the May Queen. Golden hair was a definite requisite—but what about sophistication? The neo-sophistication school and their candidate found overwhelming opposition in the back-to-nature school (for these were simple folk on the whole). But they did not give up without a struggle; and so on more than one day the town hall was filled with golden heads and bitter words, while the townsfolk considered which candidate best fitted the smart but simple green dress.

This was a century of divination, and prophets and seers constantly watched the signal flags on Dalton roof or, inside those sacred portals, dissected rabbits and dogfish to observe their viscera and to predict from this the weather of that all-important day. And when the day came, it was heralded by the Insurance Man. Early in the morning he appeared, and was seen, like Pontius Pilate, gravely washing his hands in the insurance dish and thereby decreasing the bulk of the water.* This seemed unfair; and when it was noticed, some thoughtful soul stood guard over the dish, protecting it with her umbrella from the man—and from the rain.

*Bulk of water is to insurance as amount that man took out is to his hand.



The Oracles of Dalton were unfavorable, but pilgrims were pouring in from the distant villages. The only thing to do was to disregard the pagan omens; so there was a great conversion, led (as everything was that year) by the Venerable Applebee, later canonized for her efforts. Remnants of paganism lingered, however, in out-of-the-way spots like the peristyle garden, where the Vestal Virgins danced from three to five.

And then—the pagan omens proved right, after all. Life is like that. And this was the direct cause of the greatest tableau of all May Day. The pilgrim fathers and mothers did not appreciate it; they were herded hastily into insufficient shelters, wondering feebly whether the dragon had remembered to wear rubbers. And so they turned their backs upon the climax of the day (life is like that, too). But they would hardly have appreciated the delicate irony of the situation: the martyrdom of St. Applebee, at the maypole—by water.

LESSON FOR THE DAY: Never say what you mean—someone might think you meant it.

AS A STUDENT THINKS---

What IS this life?

It is the formless stirring of the cosmic protoplasm.

It is the trembling

Of the Unknown

Upon the verge

Of the Infinite.

It is a cry of distress, the pulsation of an inexhaustible tide, the compression of
Eternity into Nugacity,

A sharp thud in the darkness—

Nibility.

Life is noctambulism and we are its noctivigants.

It is torture—to wait in the darkness.

To see the dim flickers of blue fluorescence on this exotic landscape.

Where is the dawn, O my Beloved?

The lapis lazuli of this nocturnal sky is dimorphous;

The cold gray gates of the heavens clang shut:

Pachalic Immensity overwhelms me.

(Nature is lethargic, anguilliform)

The Antecedent is quiescent in the Original—

Stultification.





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1923 - 1924

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Still Pond—No More Moving!

(SCENE: *Moonlight on the boat deck of the S. S. Orbita. A young girl is looking wistfully at the horizon. There is a sound like the extraction of several corks in succession, but there are no bottles in sight. We look closer—the girl's lips move as if in prayer. She is popping P's at the moon, lost in girlish reverie.*)

A dark shape appears from the poop-deck, leaps lightly over a halyard, and approaches the girl. It is a man, no less. He leans against the fore gaff topsail and spits pensively to starboard.)

He: Very pretty moon tonight, Miss. Hasn't been so bright in a long time.

She: Yes. But it has no tactile values. It isn't life-enhancing.

He: Er—no. Kinda lonely to think of us out here in the middle of the ocean. Kinda makes you wonder if you really are anything at all, Miss. Don't it get you that way, kinda?

She: No I think, therefore, I am. "Cogito, ergo sum."

He: Er—Oh—yes. You come from Brooklyn?

She: I was educated at Bryn Mawr.

He: Oh, that's what it is. Well, we all have our weaknesses.

(Silence)

(She advances a capable womanly hand, and gently edging towards him, drives him slowly and subtly towards the stern.)

She: You do like Aristotle, don't you?

He: You mean that cross-eyed steward? Aw, he ain't got no looks!

She: I believe you're mistaken. He was the leading intellectual influence on the Middle Ages. Dante says of him—(Can anyone quote her Dante here?)

(A splash, and she is alone.)

Voice from the darkness: Yoo-hoo! You sure did for him, Kid.

(A sheik sweater and a pair of plus-fours appear, illuminated by the filthy weed.)

She (a bit startled): Oh, my!

(A large hand appears on the rail. He proceeds to drive her subtly and slowly to the bow.)

She: I was just talking about Aristotle. At college we—

He: He's a wet smack! Hey, Baby, can you Charleston?

She (demurely): It's a lovely old town. My aunt lives there. Some girls at college—



He: Your're a hot one! Hot Mama, that's some moon!

(He starts to neck)

She *(briskly)*: Oh, we had a much nicer one at college. Let me tell you all about Lantern Night. The Sophomores——

He: For crying out in the marshes! Don't they grow any men down there?

She: Yes, we have the most divine professors. Why, at college——

He: You'd knock 'em for a ghoul! Oh, Min!
Well, I guess I hear the old woman yodelling.

(Again she is alone.)

(A cap and a pair of bone spectacles appear.)

He: I see you are getting spiritual solace from the stars.

She *(making an effort)*: I should smile!

He: "When to the sessions of sweet, silent thought——"

(She is aghast. She used to write letters in General English.)

She: So's your old man.

"Star light, star bright,
First star I see tonight——"

He: *(sotto voce)*: "And we did speak only to break
The silence of the sea."

She: Spill that again, Birdie, I wasn't tuned in.

He: "I was a child and she was a child
In this kingdom by the sea:
But we loved with a love that was more than love——"

She: Move closer, Brother, you're getting warmer. Hey, why the ice?

(Yelling down the deck after the retreating figure)

Poppa LOVE MOMMA?

(Alone again, popping P's at the moon—and she doesn't understand.)

(FOG)

The Tin-Foil Fleece

Produced by 1926 at Senior Reception 1922

CHITONS are difficult to find, everybody wears pajamas. That may account for the unwarranted success of this unusual production of the *Tin-Foil Fleece* by the "Daughters of I Will Arise in 1926." It centered about the tragedy of the Nuga-Chow-Chow, whose fate was inextricably tangled with the afore-mentioned fleece, hung from the artful running-track by a Moore's Push Pin. The audience went home baffled. So did the actors.



E.B.

"And all These woes shall serve
For sweet discourses in our Time to Come."
(Romeo + Juliet)



Leave It To The Dean
or
How Marconi Gummed The Works

TO MISS BETTY WHALES YALE STATION MON. 27 OCT.
PEMBROKE EAST 12:01 P. M.
BRYN MAWR PA.

COME YALE WILLIAM MARY GAME SATURDAY AND SPEND
WEEKEND LOVE AMBROSE

TO MR. AMBROSE HOO BRYN MAWR MON. 27 OCT.
YALE STATION 10:35 P. M.
NEW HAVEN CONN.

SO SORRY FOURTH TEAM HOCKEY GAME SCHEDULED AM
CAPTAIN HEARTBROKEN. BETTY

TO MISS BETTY WHALES YALE STATION TUES. 28 OCT.
PEMBROKE EAST 8:00 A. M.
BRYN MAWR PA.

HANG GAME COME ANYWAY WIRE TIME ARRIVAL WHY
CAPTAIN. AMBROSE

TO MR. AMBROSE HOO BRYN MAWR TUES. 28 OCT.
YALE STATION 1:30 P. M.
NEW HAVEN CONN.

DONT BE FRESH PLAY WELL BUT CANNOT COLLECT TEAM
COMING BETTY

TO MISS BETTY WHALES YALE STATION TUES. 28 OCT.
PEMBROKE EAST 10:10 P. M.
BRYN MAWR PA.

AM MEETING THE SPECIAL NO OFFENSE BIG SHINDIG SAT-
URDAY NIGHT. AMBROSE

YALE STATION BRYN MAWR WED. 29 OCT.
NEW HAVEN CONN. 7:45 A. M.

TO MR. AMBROSE HOO (COLLECT)
WHERE DEVIL LAUNDRY NEED TEDDY WITHOUT SHOULDER
STRAPS QUICK LOVE. ELIZABETH

TO MRS. JONAH WHALES BRYN MAWR WED. 29 OCT.
29 SUTTON PARK NEW YORK 7:45 A. M.

CHERUB ADORE TO COME SEE YOU SAT. HAVE ORCHIDS
READY. BETTY

TO MISS ELIZABETH WHALES NEW YORK WED. 29 OCT.
PEMBROKE EAST 10:30 A. M.
BRYN MAWR PA.

AM PUZZLED IS ANYTHING WRONG WHY DONT YOU WRITE?
MOTHER



TO MR. AMBROSE HOO
YALE STATION
NEW HAVEN CONN.
APRICOT LOVE.

BRYN MAWR THURS. 30 OCT.
1:05 P. M.
BETTY

TO MISS ELIZABETH WHALES
PEMBROKE EAST
BRYN MAWR PA.

NEW YORK THURS. 30 OCT.
5:10 P. M.

YOUR FATHER AND I WANT TO KNOW WHO IS CHAPERON-
ING WILL MRS. HOO BE THERE? MOTHER

TO MR. AMBROSE HOO
YALE STATION
NEW HAVEN CONN.

BRYN MAWR THURS. 30 OCT.
9:45 P. M.

WHO DEVIL CHAPERONE NOT THAT I CARE FAMILY ON EAR.
BETTY

TO MRS. JONAH WHALES
29 SUTTON PARK NEW YORK

NEW HAVEN THURS. 30 OCT.
10:00 P. M.

ALL ANGELLS DELIGHTED TO COME WILL ARRIVE EARLY
SATURDAY AFTERNOON MOLLY EAGER TO SEE ELIZABETH.
ANGELL

TO MISS BETTY WHALES
PEMBROKE EAST
BRYN MAWR PA.

YALE STATION FRI. 31 OCT.
1:00 A. M.

SAY MRS. ANGELL ALL RIGHT BETWEEN US LOVE.
AMBROSE

TO MRS. JONAH WHALES (COLLECT)
29 SUTTON PARK NEW YORK

BRYN MAWR FRI. 31, OCT.
7:12 A. M.

AMBROSE HAS PRESIDENTS WIFE WHAT MORE DO YOU WANT
SENT WRONG TEDDY CANT WEAR ATHLETIC UNDERWEAR
RUSH. ELIZABETH

TO MISS ELIZABETH WHALES
PEMBROKE EAST
BRYN MAWR PA.

NEW YORK FRI. 31 OCT.
9:30 A. M.

YOUR MOTHER AND I DO NOT UNDERSTAND THIS BUSINESS
STOP WHERE ARE YOU GOING THIS WEEKEND STOP MRS. AN-
GELL COMING HERE STOP EXPLAIN. FATHER

TO MR. AMBROSE HOO
YALE STATION
NEW HAVEN CONN.

BRYN MAWR FRI. 31 OCT.
11:30 A. M.

DUMB BELL ANGELLS STAYING WITH FAMILY TRY ANOTHER
QUICK LOVE. BETTY



19 June
at
13.30 am
square
1911
1911

*

TO MISS ELIZABETH WHALES
PEMBROKE EAST
BRYN MAWR PA.
NEW YORK FRI. 31 OCT. 8:30 P. M.

APPARENTLY WELL CHAPERONED STOP GLAD AUNT HELEN
GOING STOP DO YOU NEED MONEY? FATHER

TO MR. JONAH WHALES
13 WALL STREET NEW YORK
BRYN MAWR FRI. 31 OCT. 10:30 P. M.

TO MISS ELIZABETH WHALES
PEMBROKE EAST
BRYN MAWR PA.
NEW YORK FRI. 31 OCT. 11:30 P. M.

SO LATE SENT LAUNDRY YALE CARE AMBROSE MONEY DE-
POSITED YOUR ACCOUNT BE CONSIDERATE OF AUNT HELEN
HAVE GOOD TIME WRITE. MOTHER

TO MR. AMBROSE HOO
YALE STATION
NEW HAVEN CONN.
NEW YORK FRI. 31 OCT. 11:30 P. M.

THOUGHTFUL OF YOU TO HAVE ARRANGED CHAPERONE
MISS BYRD TO BE THERE ALSO KIND OF YOU TO INVITE ELIZ-
ABETH. MRS. JONAH WHALES

TO MISS BETTY WHALES
PEMBROKE EAST
BRYN MAWR PA.
YALE STATION SAT. 1 NOV. 1:00 A. M.

ALL JAKE TWO HONEST TO CRAPS AUNTS WHERE DO WE
COME IN LOVE MEETING SPECIAL. AMBROSE

TO MRS. JONAH WHALES
29 SUTTON PARK NEW YORK
BRYN MAWR SAT. 1 NOV. 9:03 A. M.

YOUR DAUGHTER ELIZABETH IN INFIRMARY WITH LIGHT
CASE OF MEASLES QUARANTINE TWO WEEKS SLIGHT TEMPER-
ATURE DAILY REPORTS ISSUED. HELEN TAFT MANNING



533

*Procession
in Cemetery*





"MAUD" AND FRIAR TUCK

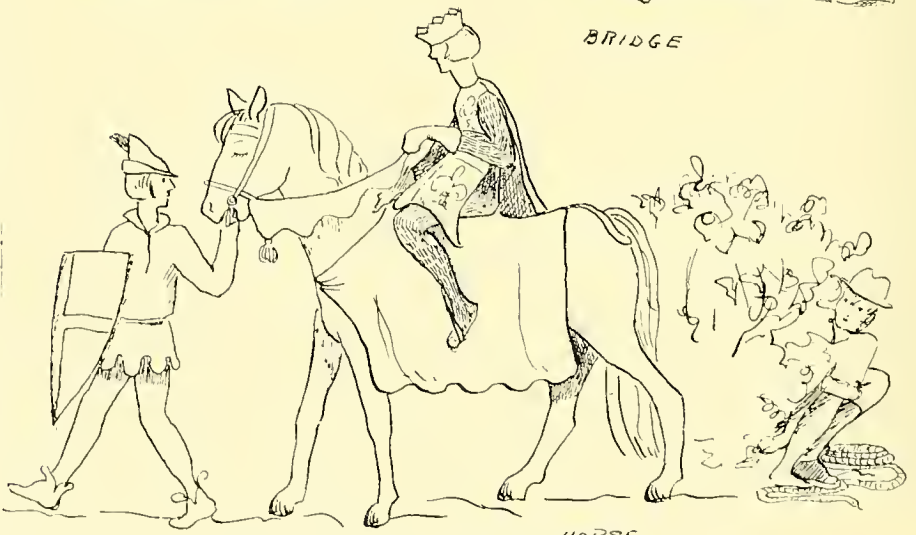
PROTECTION FOR THE DRAGON



FAY MAIL



BRIDGE



KING RICHARD AND HIS HORSE

HITHERTO UNPUBLISHED PORTRAITS OF MAY DAY



SHE THOUGHT SHE HAD BEEN A SOCIAL SUCCESS. She had that confidence which only a beautiful woman feels when she proudly answers the challenge which Society throws down. The evening had passed like a dream. She remembered an ever-changing throng of clean-cut young fellows nonchalantly flicking the ashes from their cigarettes and hovering about her in the conservatory. But ever before her mind was the outstanding figure of her Prince Charming with his manly physique and burning eyes. She remembered the look in them, for her alone, when he suddenly left to put in an important telephone call.

She drove home in a daze. It all seemed a fairy-tale. The front door had scarcely closed behind her when she breathed: "Oh, Gwendolyn, Gwendolyn, wasn't it all too wonderful?" To her surprise her girl-friend burst into tears. "DON'T SPEAK TO ME AGAIN," she cried, "I never was so humiliated in my life. You were the laughing-stock of the whole party. What ever made you do it? Couldn't you see them nudging each other and smiling behind their hands?"

CAN YOU GUESS WHAT SHE DID? Your best friend wouldn't tell you.

Do you snap butter down three plates at a time?

Do you reserve the place next to you with a napkin for the man you'd rather sit by?

Do you stand at the door waiting for your escort to go through first?

Do you wear stockings with runs because it's only tennis?

Do you dress to *swim* at the seashore?

Do you keep the tea-kettle on the floor when serving in the drawing-room?

Do you come in late and scream for soup?

Do you generously offer to divide your ice-cream with the other guests at the table?

Do you sit on the floor at a formal party?

Do you lead your partner?

Do you sing college songs at dinner?

Do you ask for a spoonful of sugar in your tea?

Do you instantly respond to any bell with over-coat, shoes and a wet towel?

Do you say "Hello" to everybody in the street?

Do you read other people's post-cards?

DO YOU KNOW WHAT TO DO:

When you meet your professor after you have just cut?

When you break into a party to which you were not invited?



- When Miss Park has the book you need for your report?
- When your trot disagrees with the professor's?
- When a Freshman calls you Miss?
- When the Dean asks you a question?
- When you receive a personal note from Mr. Hurst?
- When you sneeze in chapel?
- When you meet the owner of your fountain pen?
- When you sing one of the four wrong altos to *Sofias*?
- When you borrow someone's tea set including matches and don't want to invite the owner to tea?

HELPFUL HINTS AT HOME AND AT COLLEGE.

PATRONIZE THE C. A. HANDBOOK. Suppose NOBODY CARED?

Use the scissors in the corner.

GENTLEMEN: Please send me one (1) C. A. Handbook, without any obligation whatsoever.

Name

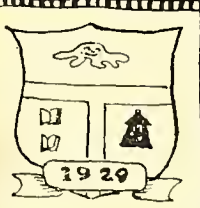
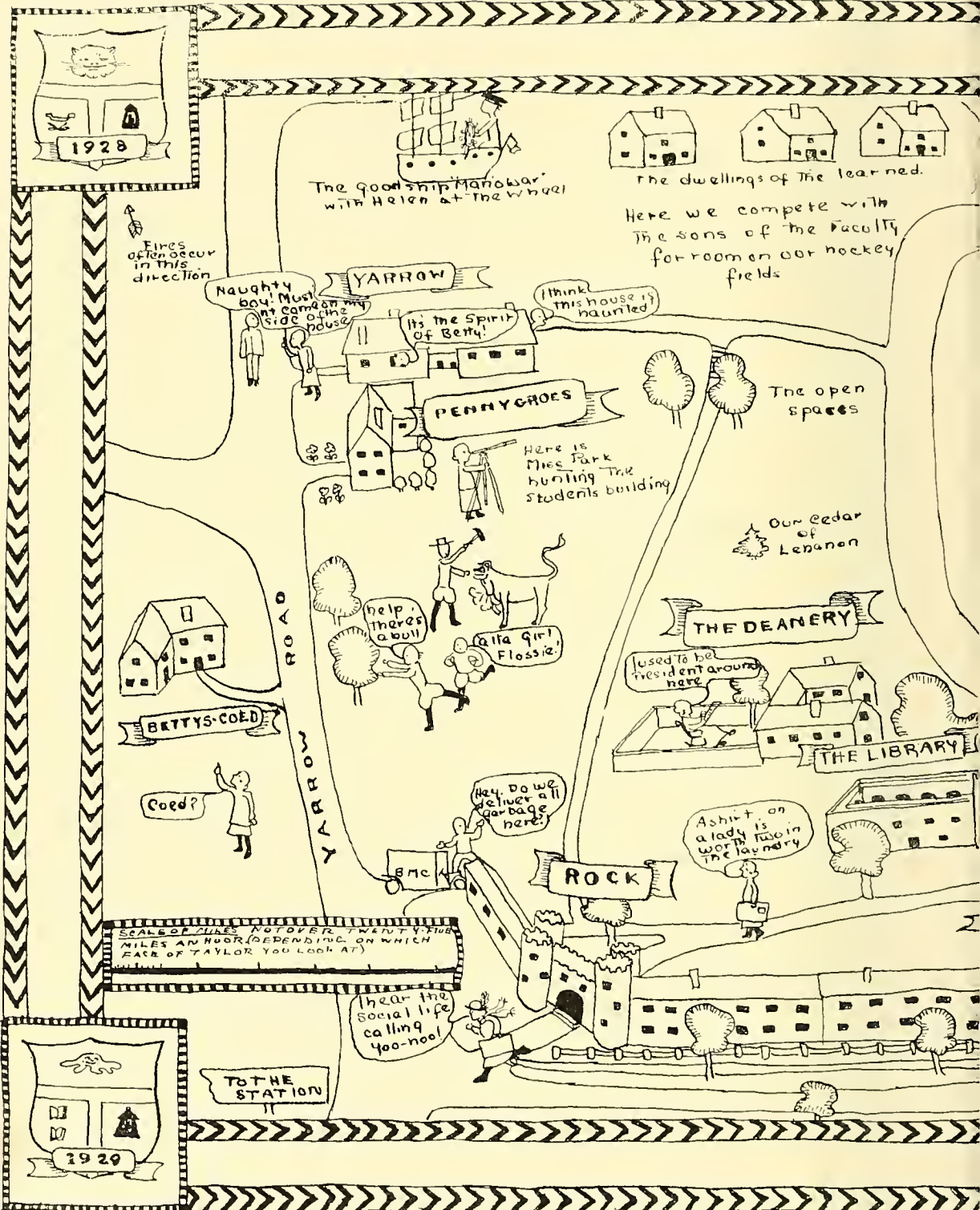
Tel. No.....



To Those Who Daily Display Mind and Tongue for our Delectation

Wise men and prophets, Wisdom's slaves and drones,
Who toil like Sisyphus with ponderous rocks
Of rhetoric, and verbal paradox:
Who climb, only to slip upon the stones
Of sharp-edged doubt, or smooth indifference
In arrogant young minds: Fame will not wait,
And lest she leave you spent and desolate
Your wit must look each hour to its defence.

But come now, cease to break yourselves upon
This thankless toil: for with one stroke our pen
Among the stars can place you, or again
In the dark cavern of oblivion
Here you are fixed forever in our sky
To glory in your proud security.



The good ship Manowar
with Helen at the wheel

The dwellings of the learned.

Here we compete with
the sons of the faculty
for room on our hockey
fields

Fires
often occur
in this
direction

Naughty
boy: Mustn't
come on my
side of the
house

YARROW

I think
this house is
haunted

It's the Spirit
of Betty!

PENNYGOES

Here is
Miss Park
hunting the
students building

The open
spaces

Our cedar
of
Lebanon

THE DEANERY

used to be
resident around
here

THE LIBRARY

BETTY'S-COED

Coed?

hey, do we
deliver all
gar-bags
here?

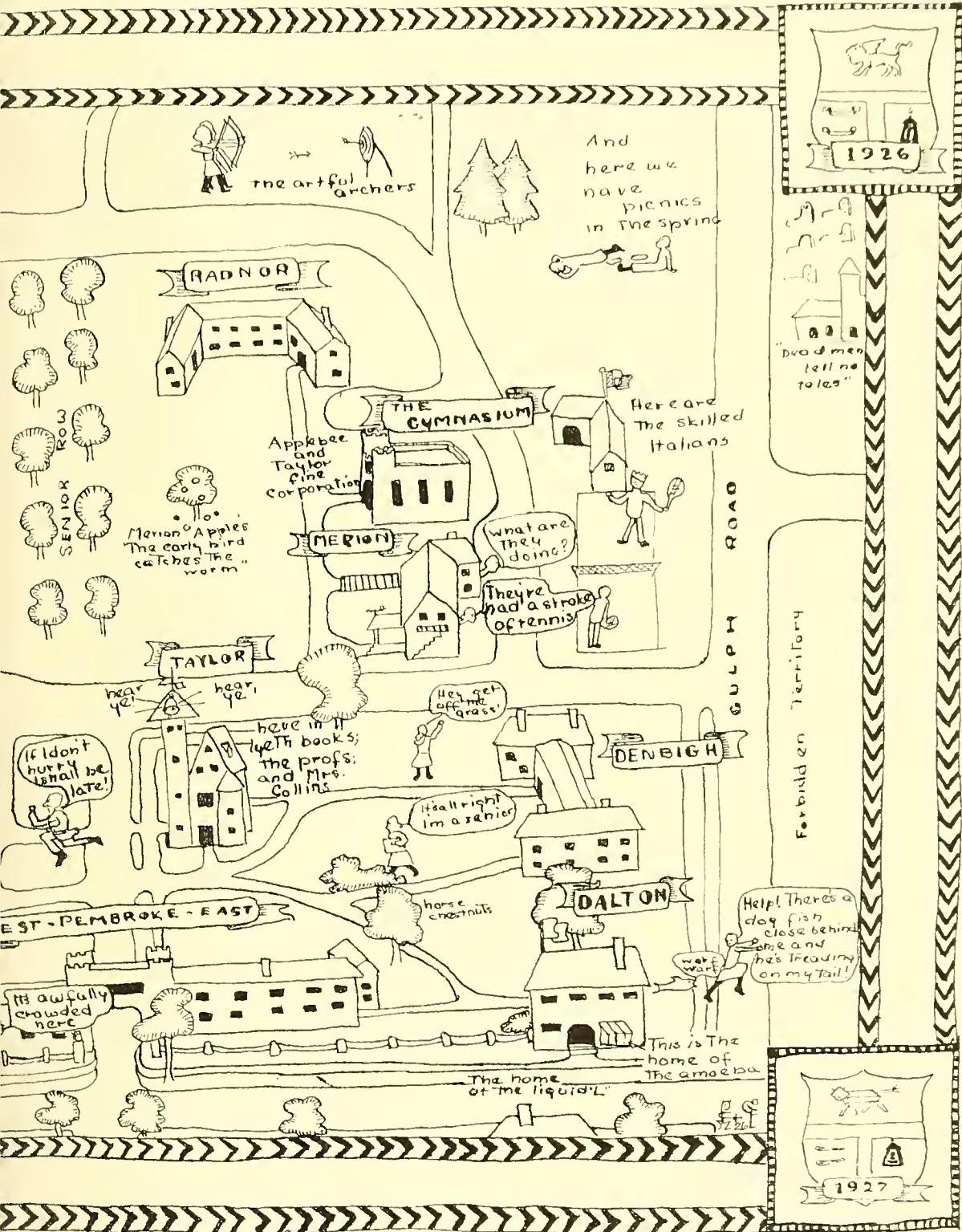
Ashirt on
a lady is
worth two in
the laundry

ROCK

hear the
social life
calling
yoo-hoo!

TO THE
STATION

SCALES OF MILES: NOT OVER TWENTY-FIVE
MILES AN HOUR (DEPENDING ON WHICH
FACE OF TAYLOR YOU LOOK AT)



GROUND MAP



Athletics 1923 - 1924

All-round Championship Won by 1924

HOCKEY

Won by 1924

Captain
HARRIS

Manager
WALKER

Talcott
Jay
Dodd
Nichols

Cushman
McAdoo
Harris

Walker
Sindall
Norris
Macy

On Varsity—HARRIS and WALKER

SWIMMING

Won by 1926

Captain
JAY

Dodd
Harris
Green
Thomas

Talcott
Pierce
Spalding
Macy

P. Brown
Walker
Jay
Cooke

College Record Plunge Broken by SPALDING—62 Feet 1 Inch
Class Relay Record Broken by 1926—272 Feet in 59 Seconds
Individual Championship—DODD



WATER POLO

Won by 1924

Captain
JAY

Manager
HARRIS

P. Brown
Harris
Talcott

Walker
Macy

Jay
Johnston

On Varsity—MACY

GYMNASIUM MEET

Won by 1924

Captain
LEEWITZ

Harris
Jay
Leewitz

Long
Nichols
Talcott

Walker
Cushman
Cooke

Individual Team

Cushman

Leewitz

Talcott

Individual Championship—BUCHANAN, '24

TENNIS

Won by 1926

Captain
DENISON

Denison
O'Shea

Dodd

Jay
Musselman

On Varsity—DENISON and O'SHEA

Individual Championship—REMAK, '25

BASKET BALL

Won by 1925

Captain
MCADOO

Manager
JAY

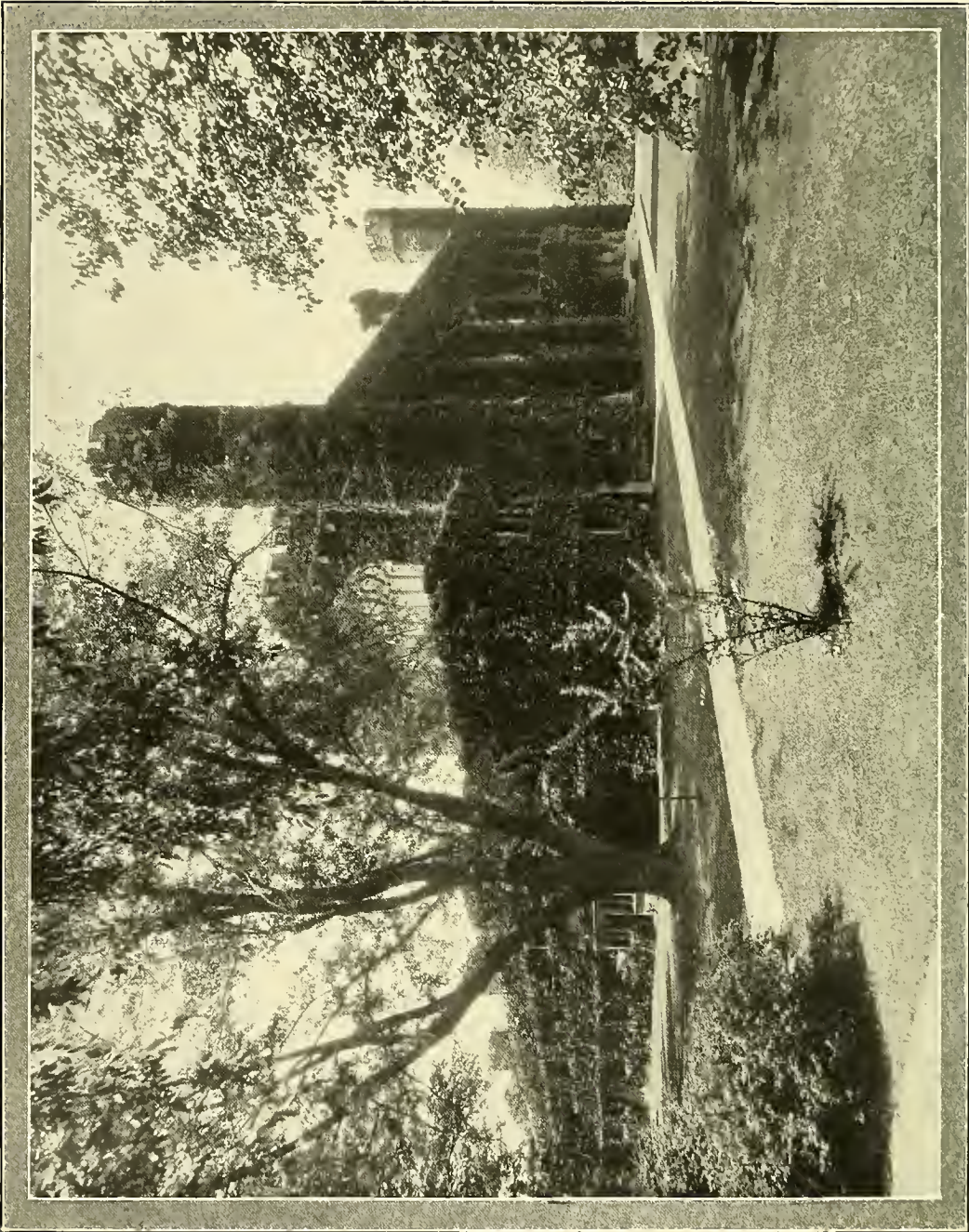
Jay
Cooke

McAdoo

Leewitz
Talcott

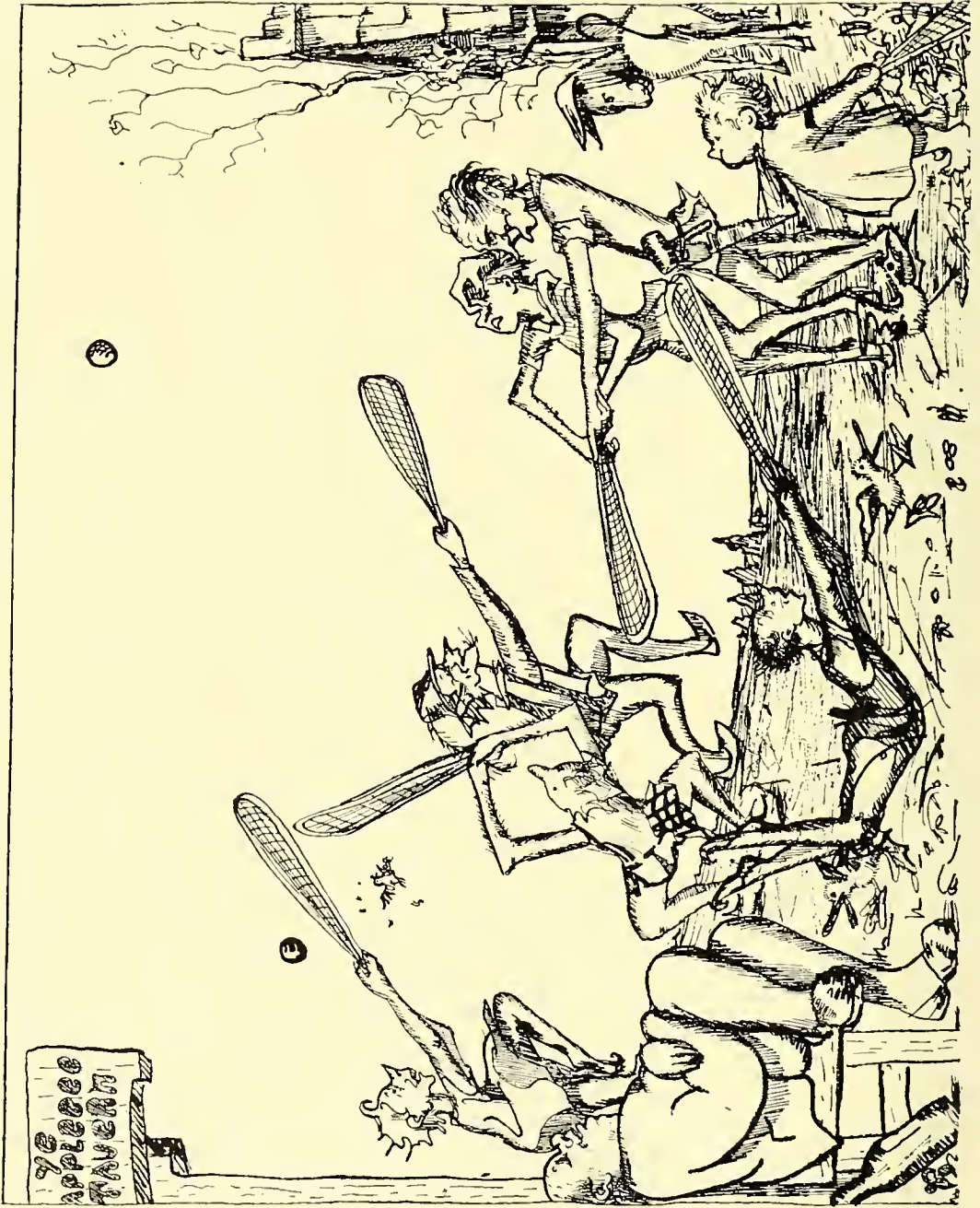
On Varsity—LEEWITZ

On Varsity, Girl's Rules—JAY, MCADOO and LEEWITZ





JUNIOR · YEAR.



SINCE the nobility had been depopulated, owing to the recent Wars of the Roses, the dawn of a new era saw the bourgeoisie being raised to the upper classes. Their hopes were likewise raised. A diary has been recently discovered in a dusty old lantern, an antique of this period, which throws light upon this subject. The bourgeoisie evidently had exalted ideas about the things they would now be allowed to do—and of the number of things they were through with forever. But this was a period of reformation—of changing customs, at least—and the newly emancipated class soon found that the signals had been changed on them (for the second time they had to bring up the Freshmen).

The feudal system was in full force at this date, but the people were growing restless under it; the new nobility learned that their rights and privileges were still few, but that their tithes grew heavier. The great architectural activity of the Middle Ages was the reason for this; and in particular the plans that were being made for a huge new cathedral, to be called Goodharthallstudentsbuilding. There was great public excitement over this, and enthusiasm rose to a tremendous pitch at a mass-meeting, where all ranks gave till it hurt. (How much it would hurt, they—fortunately for the cathedral—did not realize until later.) So the great building was planned, with a Tour de Bas and a Tour de Sandwich¹, while the people watched and hoped—and paid. (They are quite lovely plans; they have been preserved to our day and are relics of great antiquarian significance.)

New customs of war-fare grew up in this age, and archery was now taken up by the common herd as a means of self-defense. The highways were dangerous, and travelers had to take to the byways, since straying arrows made every road unsafe. But the story is still told how, in spite of the grave danger, a simple carpenter went about teaching Lacrosse to the village idiots. This so increased the physical prowess of the lower ranks of the nobility that they vanquished their foes in every tourney² and flaunted their banner from the lists. This prepared them for the Renaissance caused by the invasion of the child of the White House, who was to lead them to bigger and better things.

LESSON FOR THE DAY: Don't go beyond your station in life—in other words, get off before you get to Villa Nova.

¹Records of the town council explain these names as commemorative of the curious methods by which money was raised for the building fund.

²Editor's note—Almost.





Class Officers

1924 - 1925

President
FRANCES JAY

Vice-President
GROVE THOMAS

Secretary
ANGELA JOHNSTON

SELF-GOVERNMENT ASSOCIATION

Executive Board
FRANCES JAY
EDITH NICHOLS (*resigned*)
VIRGINIA NORRIS

Secretary
EDITH HARRIS

UNDERGRADUATE ASSOCIATION

Advisory Board
CLARE HARDY
BETTINA LINN (*resigned*)
EDITH TWEDDELL

Secretary
ANGELA JOHNSTON

CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION

Advisory Board
WINIFRED DODD
HARRIOT HOPKINSON

Treasurer
GROVE THOMAS

ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION

Vice-President and Treasurer
GERMAINE LEEWITZ
Apparatus and Track Manager
MARTHA TALCOTT (*resigned*)

Hockey Manager
EDITH HARRIS
Basket Ball Manager
SARAH MCADOO

Tennis Manager
ELEANOR MUSSELMAN

THE LANTERN

Editorial Board
ELEANOR FOLLANSBEE
HARRIOT HOPKINSON

Business Board
FLORENCE GREEN
HELEN RODGERS

THE COLLEGE NEWS

Editor-in-Chief
DELIA SMITH

Editorial Board
BETTINA LINN
JEAN LOEB
KATHERINE TOMPKINS

Business Board
ELIZABETH TYSON
ELIZABETH WILBUR
ALICE WILT

SCIENCE CLUB
Vice-President
MARY TATNALL

LIBERAL CLUB
President (resigned)
KATHERINE TOMPKINS

SONG MISTRESS
JANET WILES



I



II



III



IV



V

MARKS



Tranches De La Vie

(Scene under and around Juno. Complete silence. A tall, square-shouldered man with ears pads down the hall carrying the long window-pole. There is only one other figure on the scene; an executive type clad in a Burberry coat and a bandana, reading the bulletin board with a proprietary air and sucking a pencil. With sudden inspiration the tall man looks at his watch and incontinently pads up the stairs. With the first peal of Taylor, doors A to L, including J, burst open and La Vie floods forth uninterruptedly for ten minutes.)

"Get me two."

"Who'll I charge it to?"

"Hey, will you check or cross?"

"So glad you're back."

"So glad to *be* back."

"We've *got* to decide this."

"When did you get out?"

"Hello, who're *you* looking for?"

"Gosh, what a class! Was'nt he a scream when he said

"Never heard anyone go so fast in my life."

"Your're not going to bother about all that are you?"

"Some day I'm going to start studying."

"Haven't done a thing since the last quiz."

"You don't need to."

"Whew! Dogfish!"

"Don't you want to go out to tea this afternoon?"

"What do you think? Peggy's coming back this week-end."

"Have some chocolate?"

"Hey! Don't go in there. Miss Schenk's giving us another cut."

"Carpenter cut, too. Swell weather."

"You don't really think she'd save the Sistine Gosh, that woman!"

"Can you come to my room after lunch, at one-thirty?"

"O there you are. Will you look and see if you're posted. You never do."

"Well, we all have quizzes. I have three reports."

"When do the eleven o'clocks come? O, my gosh, not Wednesday."

"Do you realize I've got"

"Gosh, I'm sorry I forgot that meeting."

"Say, you're just the person I want to see."

"Well, when can we do it?"

"Did I get any mail?"

"Yes, I think so. But I don't remember."

"O, Lord! There's Gray. And I just cut his class."

"Can you play this afternoon? You didn't check."



"A couple of Freshmen just knocked me off those steps."
"My dear, have you ever seen such weather!"
"I *know*."
"My dear, do you know what she told me . . . ?"
"For Heaven's sake, shut up, he's right behind you."
"My dear, I simply couldn't *stand* her another minute."
"Do you really think he's cutting?"
"Well, it's about time he did."
"No, I just saw him in the stacks."
"Well, he didn't cut his minors."
"Have a peanut? I missed breakfast."
"I never was so dead in my life. Had to sit up all night to finish that darned paper."
"O, Miss Robertson, have you seen Miss Jayston? Mrs. Collins wants . . ."
"No, Miss Kitselman, I think she's in French. But can I tell her anything?"
"Here's yours. You got Merit."
"Do you think we'll have the quiz today?"
"Well, it's either today or Wednesday."
"Here he comes. You go in. You've done the reading."
"Well, what do you think of her game? Do you think she could play Tuesday?"
"O, Lord, the door's closed. See you later."

(La Vie is over now. A tall, square-shouldered man with ears pads down the hall carrying a long window-pole and picking up papers.)





General Information Examination

BRYN MAWR, 1926 TIME: NOT MORE THAN SIX HOURS

1. Who, when and why was a peanut rolled around Taylor the day that Cal was elected?
2. Why did '25 leave college?
3. What is the traditional policy of the College News? For what do the editors hold themselves responsible?
4. Which is the most mercenary institution? Answer Yes or No.

The Physical Training
Department

The Book Shop

Sandwich Companies

The Girl Who Takes a Dime for
a Nickel

The Paoli Local
The Inn

The Business Office
Jeannett's

5. Which or what belongs to who? Scratch out the ones that do not belong at all.

Dougherty

The Dragon

Dr. Delaguna

The Corner

Miss Bontecou

The Stage

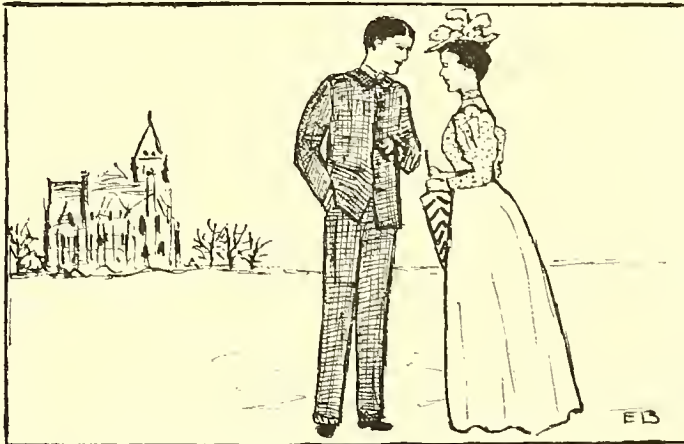
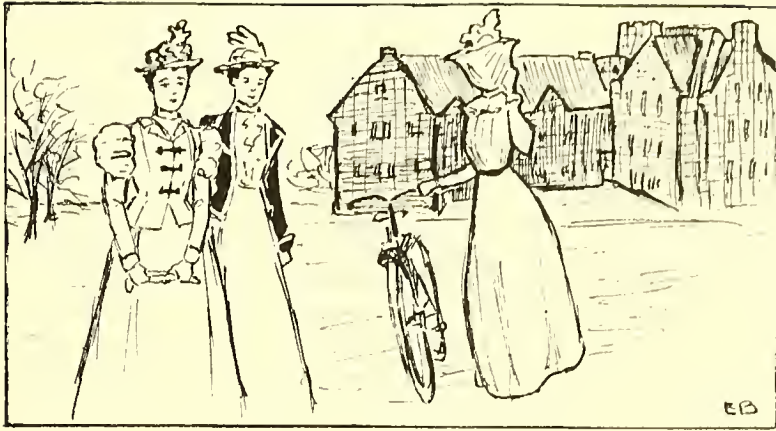
Pete

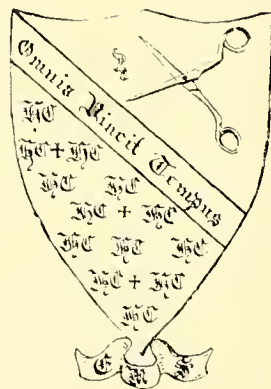
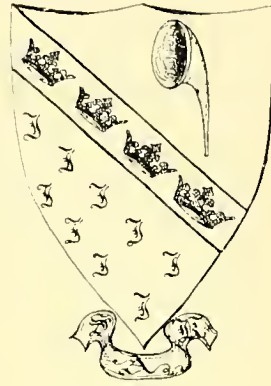
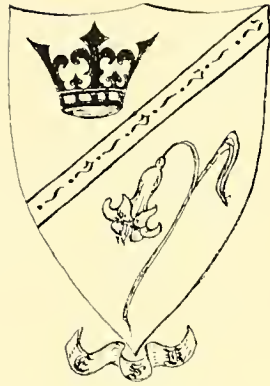
Shandy

Beowulf

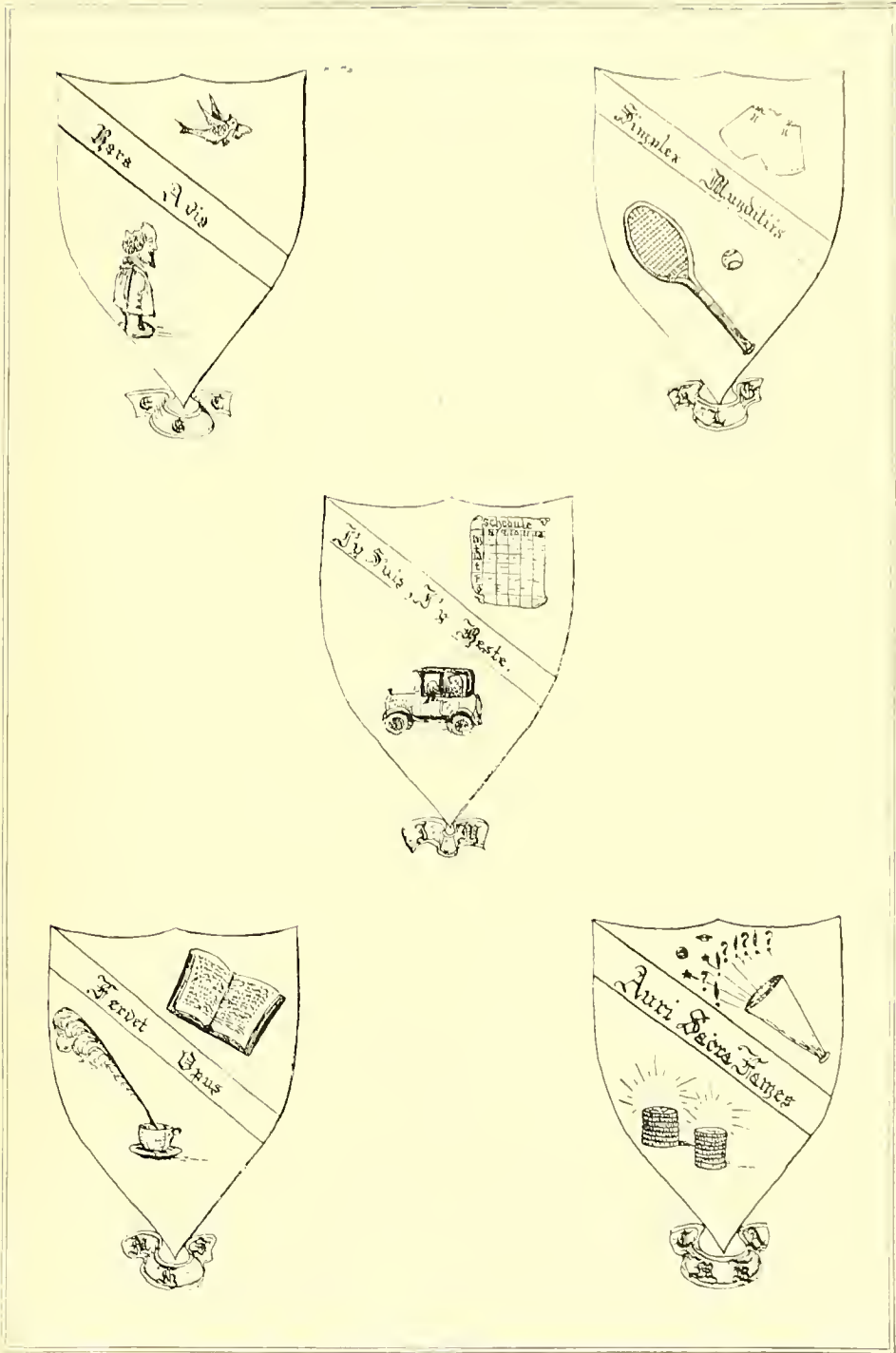
Mrs. Delaguna

6. a. What happened to Nicholas, the gardener?
b. Who had aphasia, alexia and agraphia?
his
7. What professor is in her office during office hours?
8. Who did what and why? Did you?
9. How private was the life of Helen of Troy? How old were we when we were very young?
10. Who passes orals and why?
11. Whose bust is in Taylor? Has it been washed? Why not?
12. If it is 9:10 on the Lib. side of Taylor, will a student approaching from Denbigh at the rate of three miles a minute incur one-third of a cut?
(Let $X=O$)





HERALDRY



OF FACULTY ROW



THE AMAZONS

Produced by 1926



Three lovely girls, two handsome men and a Frenchman scuttling through the shrubbery of Belturbet after each other, and away from chaperones and bulls in an atmosphere of cigarette smoke and tea. The denouement came in the dark at the end of a long and blistering gymnasium rope.



Oft had I heard of Lucy Gray,
That in the hall at night
'Twas she that burned till break of day
That solitary light.

Playmate or roommate Lucy scorned
(To get H. C. or more
One must). All day she crammed behind
A "Busy" on the door.

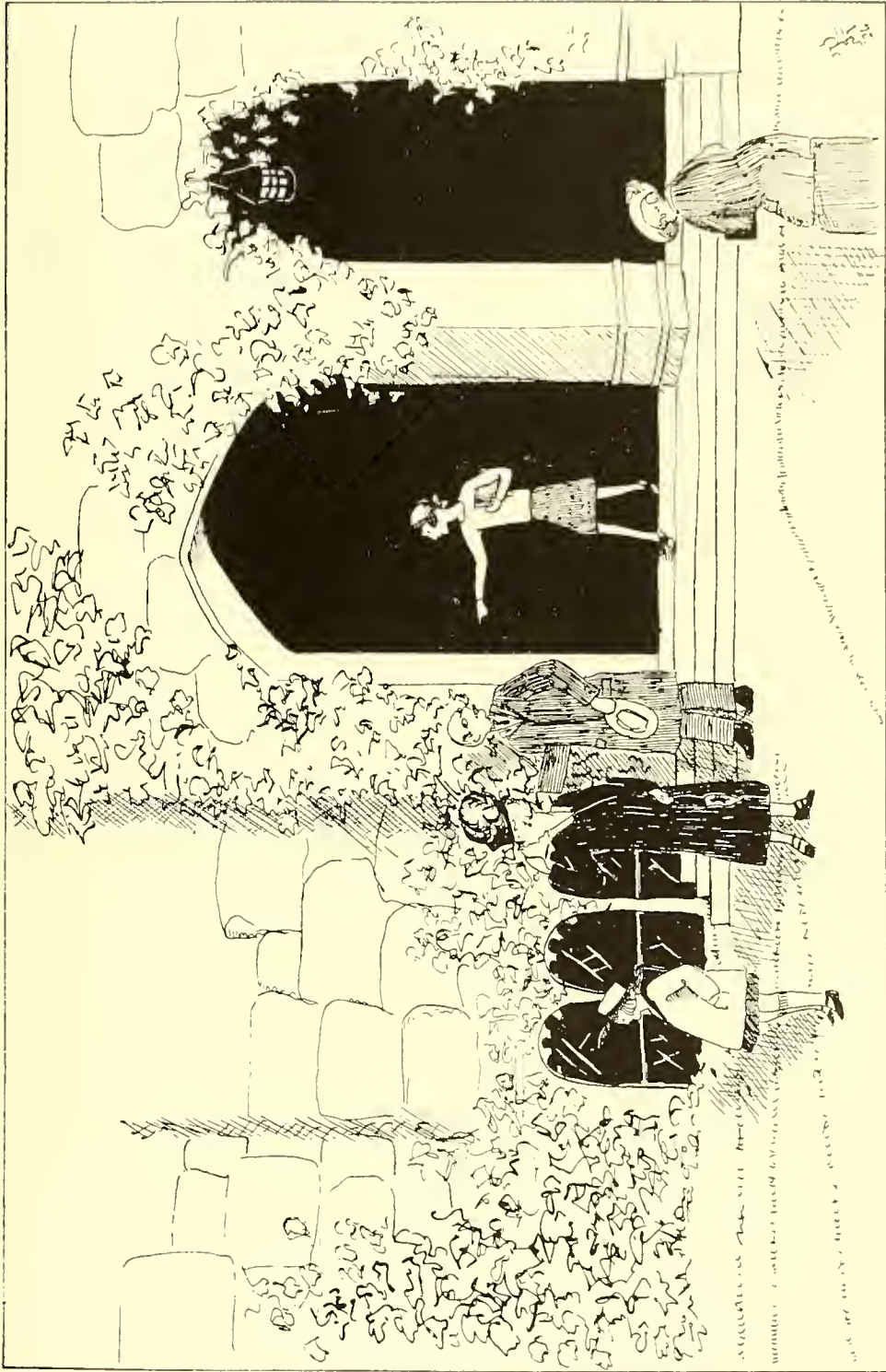
You still may see that "Busy" sign
Stuck on her door, no doubt,
But Lucy Gray has passed away—
A field trip knocked her out.

(You need not only brain but brawn
If you would take that course.
You cannot be a moron—nor
Can you have charlie-horse).

"She must have been a feeble child,"
We heard Miss Bascom say,
"The others managed nicely, when
The bull attacked that day.

"They struggled through a barbed-wire
fence,
But weren't so much the worse—
I only hope that Mr. Gray
Will pay me for the hearse."

That bull is hale and hearty—
Hence this moral: you will find
Mere matter often triumphs
Over scientific mind.



"YES, THOSE ARE THE OTHER DORMITORIES."



Athletics 1924 - 1925

All-round Championship Won by 1926

HOCKEY *Won by 1926*

Captain
WALKER

Cushman
Nichols
Dodd
Jay

Dodd
Jay

Manager
HARRIS

Walker
Harris
McAdoo
Macy

On Varsity
Talcott

Walker
Harris

SWIMMING *Won by 1927*

Captain
COOKE

Walker
Tomkins
Harris
Green
Cooke

Thomas
Rodgers
Tweddell
Leewitz

Pierce
Jay
P. Brown
Spalding
Long

Individual Championship—STOKES, '27
First Place in Dives—GREEN



WATER POLO

Won by 1926

	<i>Captain</i> DODD		<i>Manager</i> WALKER	
Walker	Jay	Leewitz	Thomas	Harris
Dodd	Macy	Johnston	Tatnall	
	<i>On Varsity</i> —DODD, COOKE and JAY			

GYMNASIUM MEET

Won by 1925

	<i>Captain</i> LEEWITZ		<i>Manager</i> CUSHMAN	
Cooke	Harris	Leewitz	Thomas	Rodgers
Cushman	Jay	Long	Walker	
	<i>Individual Team</i>			
Cushman		Long		Leewitz
	<i>Individual Championship</i> —ANDERSON, '25			

TRACK

Won by 1927

	<i>Captain</i> LEEWITZ			
Cushman	Jay	Macy		Porter
Rodgers	Lefferts	McAdoo		
	<i>Individual Championship</i> —MILLER, '28			

TENNIS

Won by 1926

	<i>Captain</i> DENISON		<i>Manager</i> O'SHEA	
O'Shea	Denison	Dodd	Jay	Musselman
		<i>On Varsity</i>		
O'Shea	Denison	Dodd		Musselman
	<i>Individual Championship</i> —DENISON			

BASKET BALL

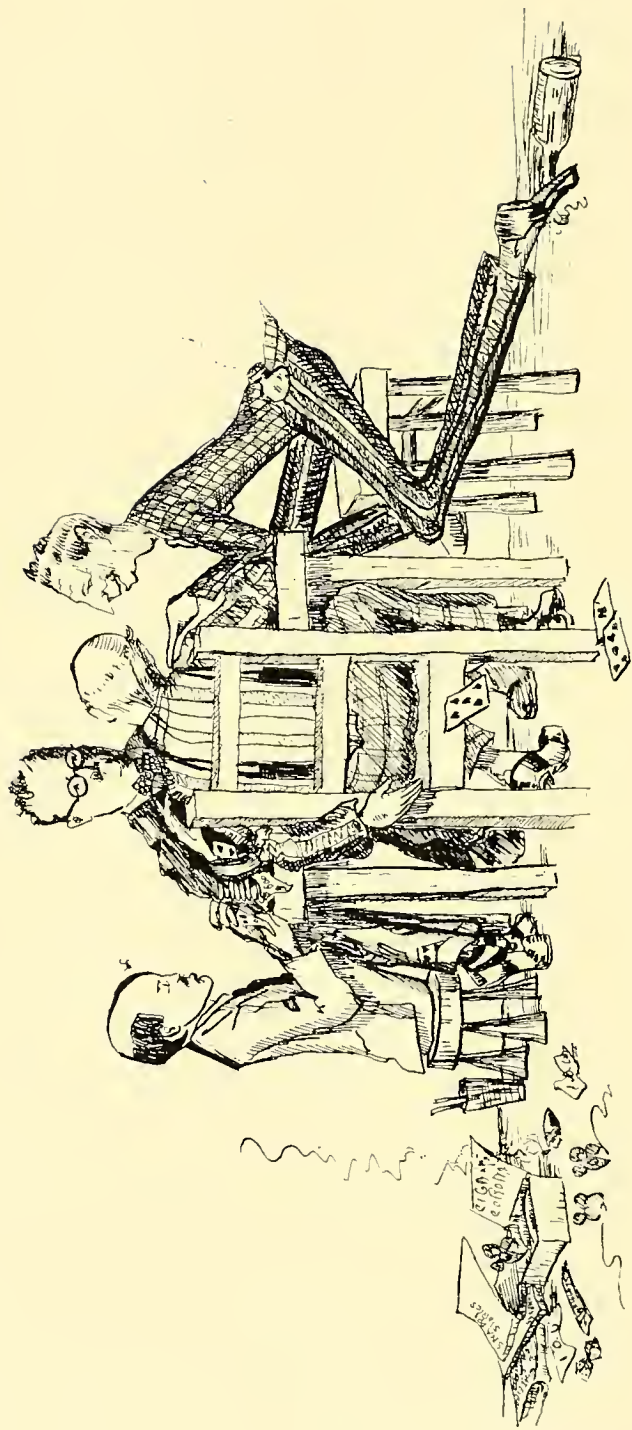
Won by 1926

	<i>Captain</i> DODD		<i>Manager</i> MCADOO	
Jay	Dodd	McAdoo	Leewitz	Nichols
	<i>On Varsity, Girl's Rules</i> —JAY, MCADOO and LEEWITZ			

ARCHERY

Won by 1928

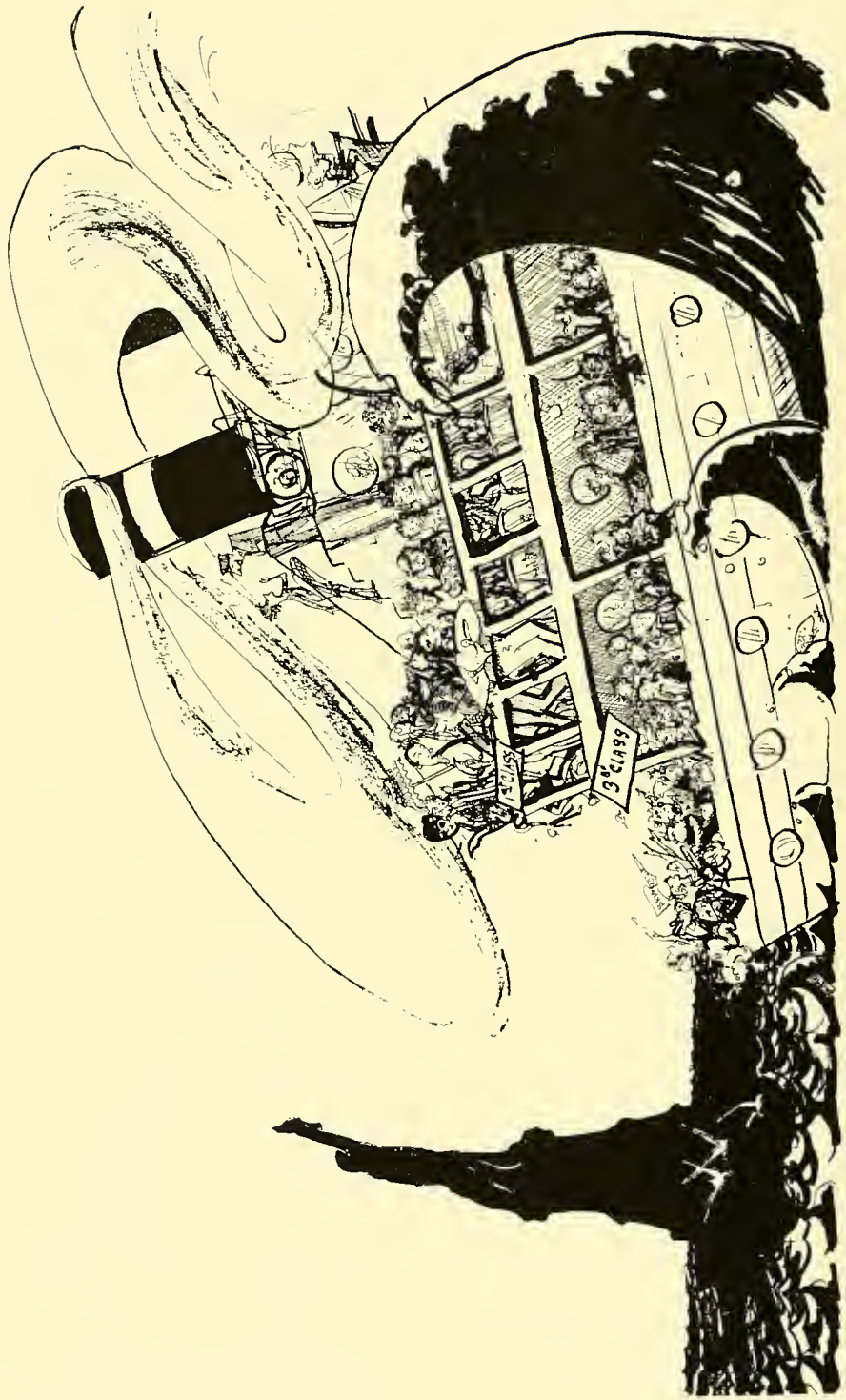
	<i>Captain</i> PIERCE		<i>Manager</i> KINCAID	
Tatnall	Kincaid	Quinn		Pierce
	<i>Individual Championship</i> —PIERCE			
	<i>On Varsity</i> —PIERCE (Captain) and TATNALL			





SENIOR · YEAR





HAVING finally attained the topmost steps in the struggle for existence, the Ancients found time to look about them. Then, with a sudden cruel clearness of vision they saw that the miracle they had awaited through the ages had *not* happened. They did not tower above the crowd. Perhaps they longed for the good old days when blood was blood, and there was no confusing the red and the blue.

Sophistication was assumed in self-defense, because of the younger generation: "How trivial these youngsters are," thought many an old-timer, standing in a doorway, watching their capers. So this is what the turtle-necked sweater and cigarettes are doing to the moral fibre of the country! But the wildness of youth affected them less than its worldly wisdom and cool superiority.¹ It was this which made those worthies quote so feelingly: "How old we are, O, God, how very old."²

Life was being made easier now . . . but it was too late for the Ancients. The problems of education, and the value of their own, now outworn, curriculum they saw for the first time in their true light. Their own education was all a dreadful mistake; they were perfectly certain about that. From the standard of merits they felt more certain that "the struggle nought availeth." Yet they realized it had the spiritual value of a trial by fire. Was the younger generation to be brought up in sloth, with no mental discipline at all? What was the world coming to? The elders felt divinely called to reform it.

At the same time they rather dreaded the Indefinite which lay before them. There was great restlessness in the community: some wanted to leave, some were afraid to leave—and some were afraid they wouldn't be able to.³ "What is Life all about, anyway?" Missionaries had often come to tell them: now they began to listen. Visitations from those who had gone before fascinated them. Some returned horribly changed, others wore fetters: guilt, to be sure—but fetters!

At the end of this period there was an exodus of the aristocracy to Eurasia. Some went with their families, and some went third class—but all went. The country would have been deserted, except that the aristocracy of the era before were returning and staking out their claims on this continent—many, we regret to say, by squatting.

As the last blue whisker rounded the Statue of Liberty, the wiseacres were heard to remark ruminatively: "We learned about women from her."

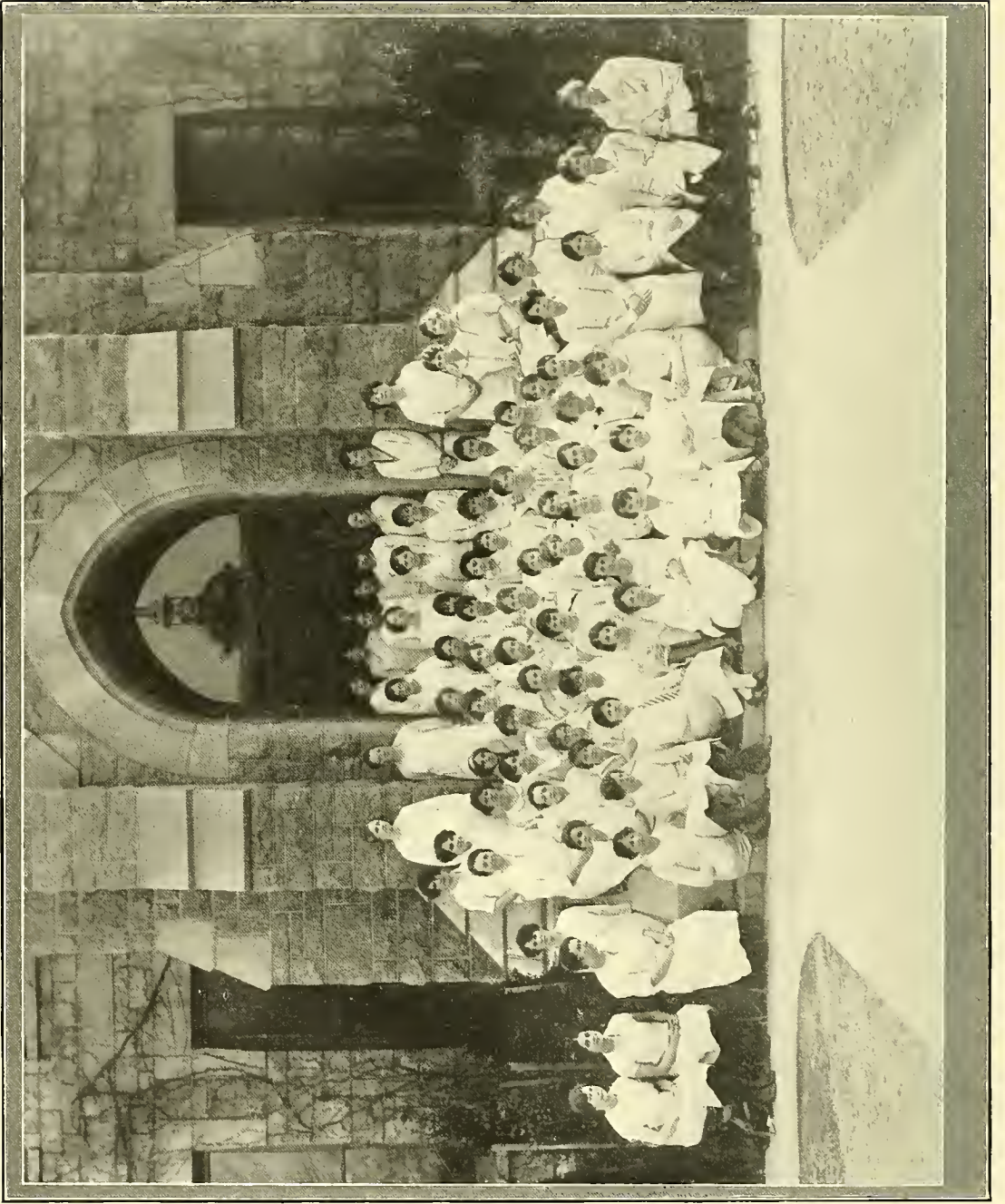
LESSON FOR THE DAY: The finger of them that delved deep is felt in every pie.

¹After all it's no fun looking down on people if they won't look up.
But life is like that.

²Rhys Carpenter, *aetat* 23.

³Cf. sea-sickness: first you are afraid you will die—then you are afraid you won't.







Class Officers

1925 - 1926

<i>President</i> MARY PARKER	<i>Vice-President</i> EDITH NICHOLS	<i>Secretary</i> CLARE HARDY
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SELF-GOVERNMENT ASSOCIATION

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Graduating with Honor

Summa Cum Laude

DELIA NICHOLS SMITH

Magna Cum Laude

MARGARET HOLMES ARNOLD

BARBARA JOAN SINDALL

ANNA CLINTON ADAMS

GROVE ALMA THOMAS

CLARE HARDY

ELIZABETH DUBOIS BURROUGHS

Cum Laude

EDITH THACHER HARRIS

CORNELIA BOWEN HATCH

DOROTHY COUVENHOVEN LEFFERTS

JEAN BERTHA LOEB

DEIRDRE O'SHEA

ALICE CAMPBELL GOOD

ELEANOR ELIZABETH STILTZ

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FLORENCE BELL GREEN

SARAH FLEMING MCADOO

ELIZABETH MILLSPAUGH

ADELAIDE MARGARET EICKS

JANET CROSS PRESTON

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SOPHIE WYLER STURM

MILLICENT PIERCE

ALICE PARMELEE

European Fellow

DELIA NICHOLS SMITH

George W. Childs Essay Prize

DEIRDE O'SHEA

Mary Helen Ritchie Memorial Prize

ANGELA JOHNSTON





Helen's Private Life

- 6:30 Warm Baby's bottle.
6:35 Start coffee and wake Man-o'-War.
6:45 See that Man-o'-War feeds Baby.
7:00 Watch Man-o'-War set the breakfast table.
7:05 Wake and spank little Helen while Man-o'-War boils eggs (hard).
7:10 Breakfast (Grace, Man-o'-War: Tues., Thurs., Sat. Me: Mon., Wed., Fri., Sun.)
7:20 Get Man-o'-War off to Swarthmore (be sure he has clean hndkchf.).
7:25 Watch little Helen make beds while bathe Baby.
7:30 Call Ramsey (B. M.: 843).
 a. Bacon, Dutch Cleanser and George Washington coffee, Saturday.
 b. Fish and extra potato for cleaning woman, Friday.
7:45 Fix little Helen's lunch—don't forget prune (vitamine A) and yeast (vitamine B). Hndkchf.
7:50 Send little Helen off to play-school with Betsy Brown.
8:00 Read personal mail. (Answer invitations immediately.)
8:15 Read newspaper. (Might have to say a word in chapel.)
8:35 To office (rubbers if wet).
8:45 Chapel. (Remind Miss Park about her hndkchf.)
9:10 Call house to see if Bridget there. (Remind her Baby still in tub.)
9:45 Week-end statistics. (Miss Reed has them.) Drs., dentists, and bus. appts. don't count.
12:08 Phila. Imp: don't forget hndkchf., and speech no. 12 in case of emergency.
1:00 Lunch: Women's Univ. Club.
2:15 Train to Bryn Mawr.
2:41 Arrive Bryn Mawr.
2:46 Office. Sign infirmary and merit law notices. (Miss Reed has rubber stamp.)
3:46 Informal discussion with Miss Orlady as to incoming students.
3:50 Drop in on Miss Maddison.
4:00 Call Baby. Tell Bridget to look out for little Helen, who returns at 5:00.
5:00 Man-o'-War for tea at the Inn. (Chge., Me: Tues., Thurs., Sat. Man-o'-War: Mon., Wed., Fri., Sun.)
6:00 Man-o'-War home prepare dinner.
 Me scheduled committee meeting (can't cut).
6:30 Home.
6:35 Baby to bed.
6:45 Dinner. (See family's hands clean). Grace, cf. Breakfast.
7:00 Help Man-o'-War wash dishes.
7:15 Home life.
8:00 Little Helen to bed (prayers).
8:15 Five-foot shelf.
9:00 Darn. (Cinema Saturday.)
10:00 Bed. (Man-o'-War winds clocks and locks windows.)





A Confidential Guide*

- MORE OR LESS DELIRIOUS
- THE TINFOIL FLEECE ('26)—
Reviewed in Freshman issue.
- THE SCHOOL FOR SCANDAL
(*Varsity*)—A beautiful play of
adolescent yearnings.
- ICEBOUND (*Varsity*)—
After the battle, Mother!
- DEAR BRUTUS (*Varsity*)—
Puck grows old, and creates havoc
and a might-have-been.
- QUALITY STREET ('27)—Cute.
- THE AMAZONS ('26)—
Reviewed in Junior issue.
- THE DOGFISH RECEIVES ('29)—
Proving that the younger genera-
tion can dance.
- MINSTREL SHOW ('24, *Senior Re-
ception*) — Roland Hayes missed
it.
- THE SECOND CHANCE ('26, *Fellow-
ship skit*) — Let's be glad they
took the first.
- COMEDY AND THINGS
HIGH HAT
- COUNTESS CATHLEEN ('25)—
Loud laughter—of a sort.
- FIFI FINDS IT ('26)—
Reviewed in Freshman issue.
- TINGLING'S TRYOUT ('23, *Senior
reception*)—Hot stuff! We liked
it.
- THE ROYAL FAMILY ('25, *Senior
reception*)—Anne Shiras' best.
- THE MIKADO (*Glee Club*)—
A howl from beginning to end.
- EGG AND DART ENTER-
TAINMENT
- LADY FREDERICK ('23)—
Dina Humphries' and Mary Wall's
dresses in a symphonic boudoir.
- IF ('24)—
A graphic and terrible warning to
those who are accustomed to mis-
sing trains.
- PATIENCE (*Glee Club*)—
More fun than a barrel of mon-
keys.
- MAY DAY—Big. 100¢, American.
- THE LAND OF OZ ('27)—
Well, why not?
- ALICE DOWN THE RABBIT HOLE
'28) — Come often, come early,
and bring the children.
- THE PIRATES OF PENZANCE (*Glee
Club*)—Mesesrs. Gilbert and Sul-
livan did their part well.
- BIGGER AND BETTER BABIES ('26
Senior reception)—Love in a cot-
tage, including a baby-show, pea-
secods, and a bit of professional
bridge-playing with little regard
for ethical principles.

*Page Mr. Benchley



FOR ANNO* (DOMINI 1926)

Thank Heaven! the crisis—
The danger is past,
And the lingering learning
Is over at last—
And the dread "Education"
Is conquer'd at last.

Sadly, I know
I am shorn of my strength,
And no muscle I move
As I lie at full length:
But no matter—I feel
I am better at length.

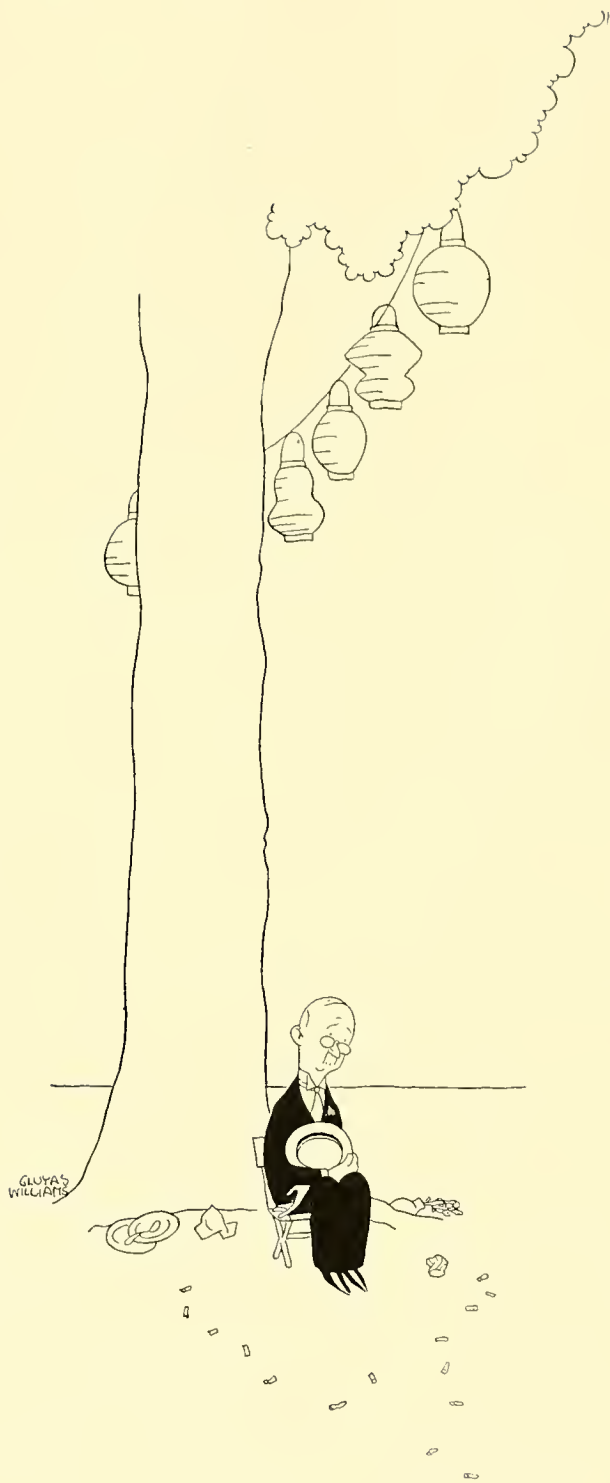
For I sat so composedly
Then in my chair,
That every professor
Did think me elsewhere—
Did start at beholding me.
Think me not there;

While his phrases yet flowed,
With a lullaby tread,
From a source but a very few
Feet over head—
From a lecture not *very* far
Over my head.

And, ah! let him never
So foolishly say
That like pearls before swine,
Fell his learning my way;
For I never used it
In vulgar display—
I returned it intact
In his Quizz the next day.

And my head it is lighter
Than all of the many
Stars in the sky,
For it sparkles with culture—
It glows with the light
Of the love of my culture—
With the thought of the blight
Of no flies in my culture.

*Mr. Poe put it rather neatly about *his*
Annie.





Garden Party

GARDEN PARTY at Bryn Mawr is a very lovely, old custom. It is heralded by little white cards (engraved), which fly to the uttermost parts of the United States in mute entreaty for a graduation present—or some flowers, anyway! Mute, because the actual engraving is quite conventional. They do not engrave between the lines, because that would be too crude.

Dawn breaks over Wyndham. And out upon the lawn such merry gamboling about for an early summer morning! Two fragile little women rush from opposite directions balancing armchairs on their heads, smaller chairs hooked on their wrists, tables clasped by their legs like unwieldy corsages, and colored pillows cementing the cracks between them. Two little women fly simultaneously to a large and spreading maple tree, both with the same innocent intent——.

It was a horrible accident; Miss Faulkner's lip trembled as she picked up seven little wicker legs, splintered almost beyond recognition, from the pile of debris under the tree. Certainly those two students could never be used again. Fines would have to be collected from their families for refuse left on the lawn—more work for the college help! Miss Faulkner braced herself on the unresisting wishbone of the topmost student and pinned a sign on the bark of the maple tree. "Students must not hang pictures, flowers, or suitors on the college trees. Students must not leave refuse on the grounds. Signed E. F." Holding the seven little shattered legs to her motherly bosom, that worthy lady departed.

Then Garden Party really begins. Lovely creatures emerge from the Halls and stand lost in bowers of buds scarcely less beautiful than themselves. Cavalcades of gleaming parents troop through the arches in ostrich feathers and satins, in shiny black shoes and stiff collars. Little bands of suitors dart from bower to bower, to the owners of which they bare their teeth and report the weather with all the charm in the world. Down in Senior Row a band starts up, vying with the tinkling ice of the punch bowl, and the sensual clatter of the ice-cream dishes.

Truly this a happy day! Mother vies with mother, each praising the other's daughter (with the proper mental appendices, of course); and groups of ostrich feathers wag under the fine old trees; back and forth, back and forth, back and forth——. Father stands behind the littlest chair on which Aunt Emmy is precariously balanced. He is busy; he holds his hat, mother's coat, his ice-cream, and he hastily nods if you look at him; but he is really preoccupied with Aunt Emmy's chair—not that he can do anything about it, but——.

And the Young Lady for whom the Day is made? She stands between Mother and her best date, her younger brothers and sisters grouped about her knees, while she introduces her favorite professor to that cousin of Father's—the fat one who sent her the Florentine necklace, and whose underclothes show (the useful kind).



But it is a hard thing to keep one's mother from asking awkward questions, to sustain that charming intelligent look designed for the f. p., interspersed with "Oh, really, Cousin Amy!" at the proper time. It is also hard to kick silently and swiftly one's younger brothers and sisters, while keeping the best date's eyes from wandering toward one's room-mate, who never looked so pretty before, isn't really pretty anyhow!

The sun wheels over an hour or so of gilded nothings, of ice-cream and compliments, of new dresses and old friends, of faux-pas and roses, and sinks unconcernedly behind Pennygroes. After all it does happen every year! The lawn twinkles with Japanese lanterns hung between the deserted trees. Here lies a Lily Cup, a spoon, a jug of faded flowers, and a circle of cigarette butts. One lone figure sits beneath the tree in the gathering twilight. His pockets are empty, and he is sitting on the littlest chair. It is Father—God bless him!

"Sic transit Gloria Mundi!"



Want Ads

Gifted female desires lucrative job immediately. Competent to compose and produce skits on any given subject within twenty-four hours. Has had experience in instructing negroes; entertaining white adults (male and female, any age); singing and composing alto accompaniments; simple gymnastics; scene-painting; table discussion; ushering, etc. Willing to smoke any brand of cigarettes supplied by employer. Apply to I. O. U. Care of S. Hurst, Goodhart Hall.

HELP! Refined lady desires companion. No experience needed, but must be willing to read extracts from Maria Edgeworth; discuss Social Corruption with intelligence, having a ready command of the poets and pleasant habits. Apply daily.

LOST. Well-tailored, dark-blue corduroy skirt with name-tape (not owner's) attached while changing between Pembroke and Gym. Liberal reward. No questions asked. Return immediately. Care 1926, College News.

FOUND. In manhole on Merion Green one non-descript, shredded corduroy skirt, size eight years, possibly dark-blue. Nap gone. Name-tape legible. Apply in person to W. L. Bullock.





Athletics 1925 - 1926

HOCKEY Won by 1926

Captain
HARRIS

Dodd
Rodgers
Tatnall
McAdoo

Jay
Cooke

Manager
COOKE

Jay
Cushman
Cooke

On Varsity

Dodd

Nichols
Sindall
Harris
Musselman

Sindall
Harris

SWIMMING Won by 1929

Captain
COOKE

Jay
Harris
Thomas

Cooke
Long
Spalding
Sindall

Manager
GREEN

Green
Rodgers
Pierce



WATER POLO

Won by 1928

	<i>Captain</i>		<i>Manager</i>
	HARRIS		COOKE
Harris		Cooke	P. Brown
Thomas		Tatnall	Rodgers
		Johnston	

GYMNASIUM MEET

Won by 1927

	<i>Captain</i>		<i>Manager</i>
	CUSHMAN		RODGERS
Cooke		Cushman	Harris
Johnston		King	Long
Nichols		Rodgers	Smith
		<i>Individual Team</i>	
Cushman		Smith	Long

BASKET BALL

	<i>Captain</i>		<i>Manager</i>
	LEEWITZ		JAY
McAdoo		Jay	Leewitz
Cooke		Musselman	Nichols
<i>On Varsity—MCADOO, MUSSELMAN, JAY and LEEWITZ</i>			

ARCHERY

First Squad

	<i>Captain</i>		<i>Manager</i>
	PIERCE		KINCAID
Sindall		Kincaid	Tatnall
Pierce		Smith	Cooke

On Varsity—PIERCE, KINCAID and TATNALL
Highest Practice Record—Columbia Round—72—456—PIERCE



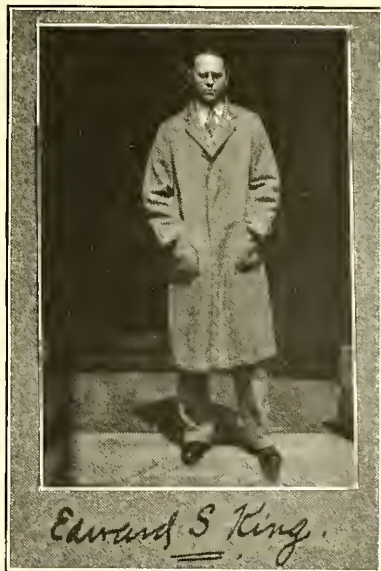
THEY



Henry N. Sanders



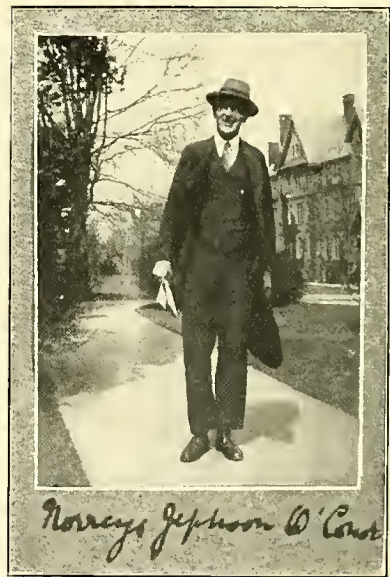
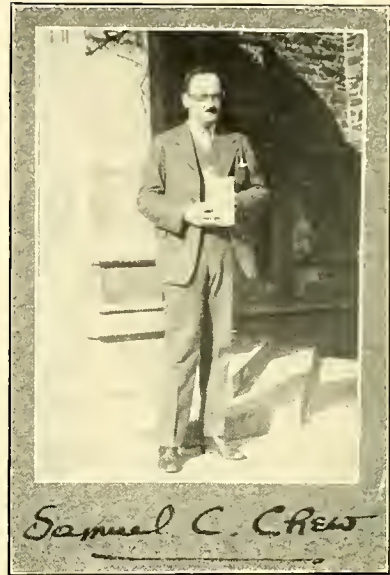
Wilmer Cave Wright

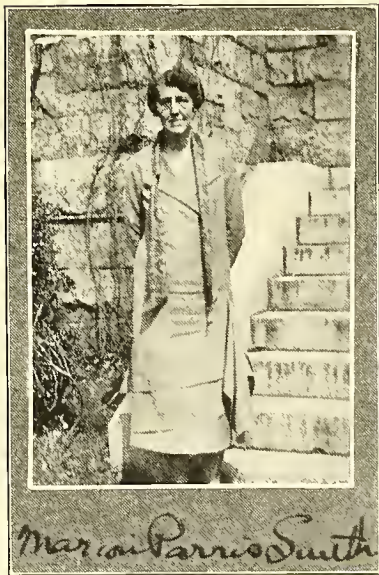
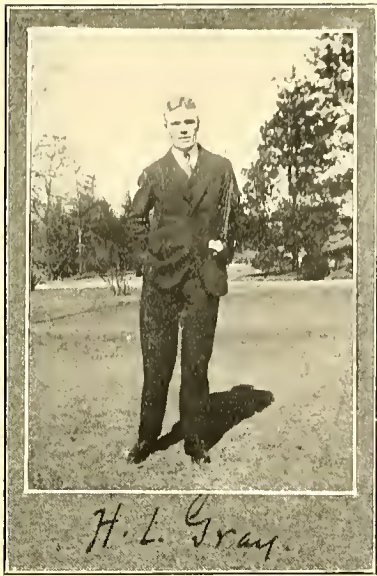


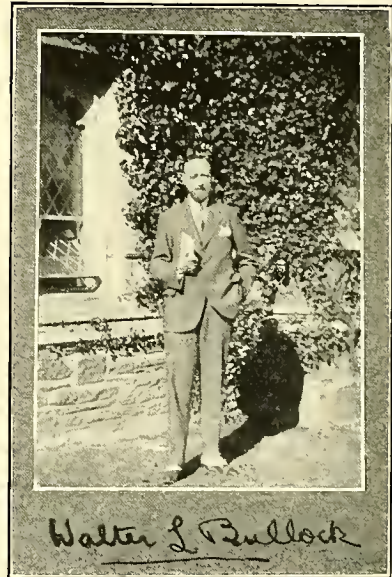
Edward S. King.



Cecilia Goddard King











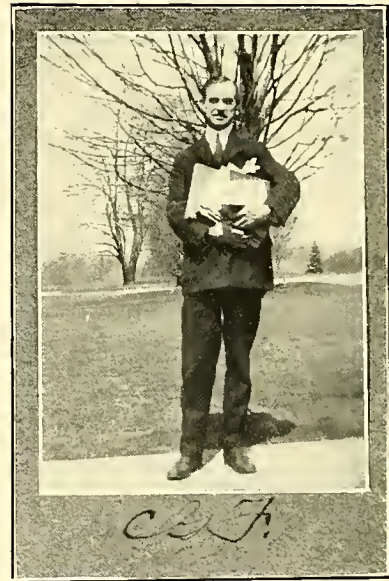
D. V. Widder



F. H. Ernest Willoughby



R. H. WELLS.



C. F.



Rhys Carpenter



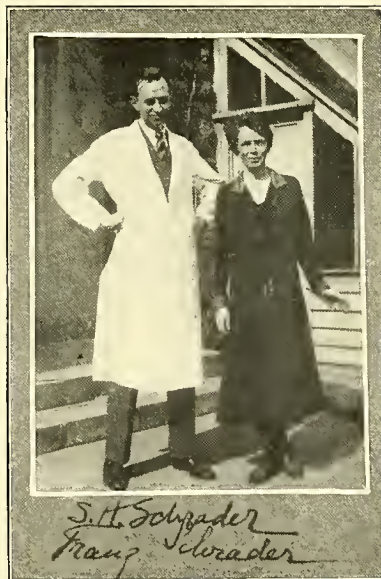
Susan H. Ballou



Mary H. Swindler



W. Schenck





WE









Rebecca P. Fitzgerald



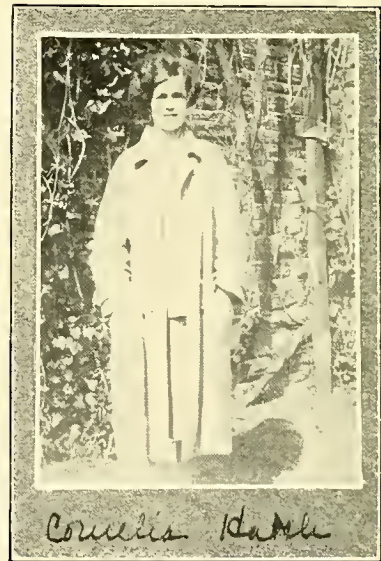
Eleanor Hollansbee



Alice Good



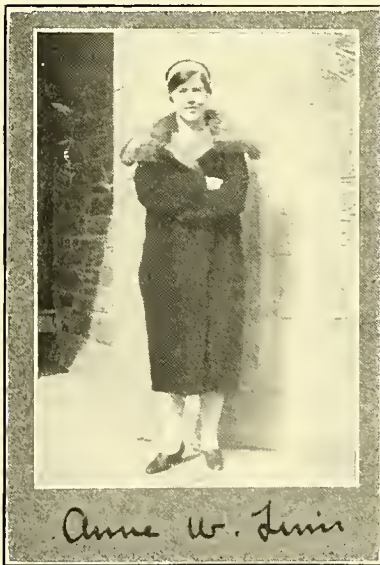
Jennie Green



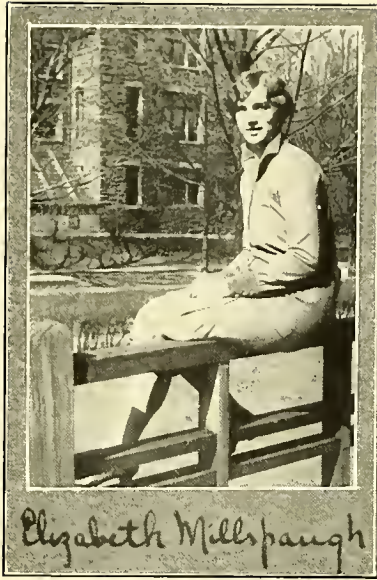








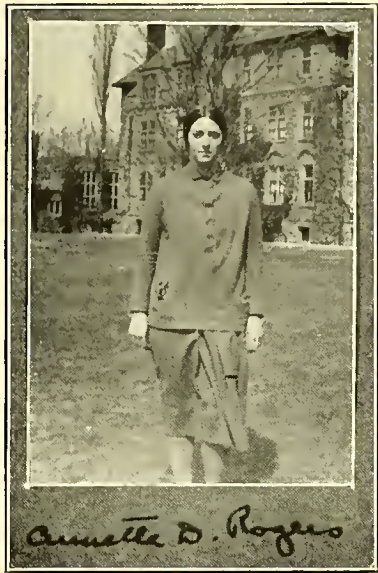


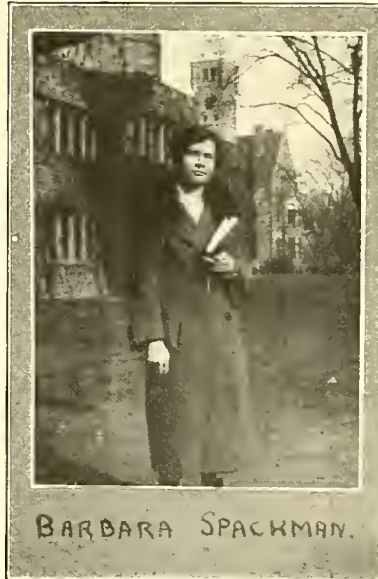






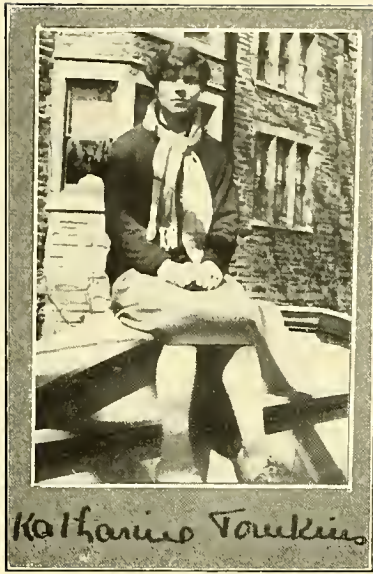














Marion Weaver



Bud Wilbur



Janet D. Wiles



Allice G. Wilt





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 Adams, Louise Lyman Greenwich, Conn.
 Andrews, LucieBethesda, Md.
 Arneill, Anne (Mrs. Wm. H. Downs) 737 Vine St., Denver, Col.
 Arnold, Margaret Holmes 17 Francis. Ave., Cambridge, Mass.
 Bach, Mildred Pauline 10 Princeton Rd., Brookline, Pa.
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 Bostock, Mary Elizabeth247 Vreeland Ave., Nutley, N. J.
 Brown, Helen Manning943 Lexington Ave., N. Y. C.
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 Bryan, Anne Smith1816 West End Ave., Nashville, Tenn.
 Burroughs, Elizabeth Du Bois Riverley, West Park, N. Y.
 Burton, Mabel Barber (Mrs. John M.
 Wallace) Keys Crescent, Walnut Hill,
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 Butcher, MargaretArdmore, Pa.
 Campbell, Polly Douglassc/o Bankers Trust Co., Paris
 Carey, Mary Virginia c/o D. P. Carey, F. A. Patrick & Co.,
 Duluth, Minn.
 Carvin, Fannie Robb106 E. 36th St., N. Y. C.
 Castleman, Mayo Lexington, Ky.
 Chase, Fredrika 165 Grove St., Waterbury, Conn.
 Clemens, HubertaManchester, Iowa.
 Clinch, Eleanor Francis5200 Hyde Park Blvd., Chicago, Ill.
 Cooke, Virginia460 Kingsley Ave., Palo Alto, Cal.
 Coolidge, HelenConcord, Mass.
 Cushman, Elizabeth Ross Bryn Mawr, Pa.



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Hardy, Clare	518 Cathedral St., Baltimore, Md.
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Hatch, Cornelia Bowen	1004 N. 6th St., Springfield, Ill.
Henderson, Francis De Bunsen	Monadnock, N. H.
Hendrick, Katherine Mumford	Mountain Lakes, N. J.
Herrmann, Helen	21 E. 92nd St., N. Y. C.
Hess, Eleanor Straus	16 W. 86th St., N. Y. C.
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Homer, Margaretta Virginia (Mrs. E. E. Meredith)	6 Roland Ave., Roland Park, Baltimore, Md.
Hopkinson, Harriett	Manchester, Mass.
Huber, Margaret Louise	1740 De Kalb St., Norristown, Pa.
Jay, Frances	49 E. 64th St., N. Y. C.
Jeffries, Betty Labey	Scarsdale, N. Y.
Johnston, Angela	1520 Dearborn Parkway, Chicago, Ill.
Kerney, Katherine	373 W. State St., Trenton, N. J.
Kiesewetter, Ann Elizabeth	63 E. 80th St., N. Y. C.
Kincaid, Pamela Coleman	109 W. Simpson St., Troy, Ohio.
King, Francis Anthony	4629 Sansom St., Philadelphia, Pa.
Laidlaw, Laura Kissam	Fifth Ave. Bank, N. Y. C.
Lee, Dorothy Blackburn	Broad St. Station, Philadelphia, Pa.
Leewitz, Germaine Jeanne	885 W. End Ave., N. Y. C.
Lefferts, Dorothy Couvenhoven	Lawrence, Long Island, N. Y.
Lewis, Miriam Schwenk	3417 N. 15th St., Philadelphia, Pa.



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Linn, Anne Wood	6374 Overbrook Ave., Overbrook, Pa.
Linn, Mary Bettina	6374 Overbrook Ave., Overbrook, Pa.
Loeb, Jean Bertha	235 S. 15th St., Philadelphia, Pa.
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Rodgers, Annette Dumaux	Hawthorn Farm, Clinton, N. Y.
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Rutt, Esther Bell	Old Lancaster Rd., Bryn Mawr, Pa.
Sabine, Janet	348 Marlborough St., Boston, Mass.
Saunders, Olivia	Clinton, N. Y.



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Shumway, Margaret Henderson	7 Elliot Ave., Bryn Mawr, Pa.
Silveus, Esther	3415 Beechwood Blvd., Pittsburgh, Pa.
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Spackman, Barbara Spencer	Bushkill P. O., Pike Co., Pa.
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Sturm, Sophie Wyler	3911 Reading Rd., Cincinnati, Ohio.
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Taylor, Betty Chase	c/o States Oil Corp., Eastland, Texas.
Thomas, Grove Alma	24 Roslyn Apts., Clifton, Cincinnati, O.
Tierney, Anna Hazard	45 Beulah Hill, London, S. E. 19, Eng.
Tomkins, Katharine Augusta	270 Park Ave., N. Y. C.
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