1929

Bryn Mawr College Yearbook. Class of 1929

Bryn Mawr College. Senior Class

Let us know how access to this document benefits you.

Follow this and additional works at: http://repository.brynmawr.edu/bmc_yearbooks

Part of the Liberal Studies Commons, and the Women's History Commons

Custom Citation
Bryn Mawr College Yearbook: Class of 1929 (Bryn Mawr, Pennsylvania: Bryn Mawr College, 1929).

This paper is posted at Scholarship, Research, and Creative Work at Bryn Mawr College. http://repository.brynmawr.edu/bmc_yearbooks/30

For more information, please contact repository@brynmawr.edu.
THE BOOK
OF
1929

BRYN MAWR COLLEGE
To
Helen Taft Manning
Dean of Bryn Mawr College

THE CLASS OF NINETEEN TWENTY-NINE
DEDICATES THIS BOOK
Board of Editors

Editor-in-Chief
Katherine Balch

Editors
Frances Haley            Elisabeth Packard

Contributors
Marian Barber            Elizabeth Linn
Barbara Channing         Margaret Patterson
Grace DeRoo              Ella Poe
Susan Fitzgerald         Rebecca Wills
Mary Lambert             Elizabeth Ufford

Business Board

Business Manager
Bettie Freeman

Assistants
Eccleston Moran          Doris Blumenthal
Class Officers
1925-1926

President . . . . Martha Rosalie Humphrey
Vice-President . . . . Alexandra Dalziel
Secretary . . . . Barbara Humphreys

SELF-GOVERNMENT ASSOCIATION
Executive Board . . . . Alexandra Dalziel

CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION
Advisory Member . . . . Constance Speer

UNDERGRADUATE ASSOCIATION
Advisory Board . . . . Barbara Humphreys

ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION
Freshman Member . . . . Carla Swan

THE LANTERN
Editorial Board
Winifred Trask          Hilda Wright

THE COLLEGE NEWS
Editorial Board . . . . Elizabeth Linn
Business Board . . . . Jane Barth

SONG MISTRESS
Peggy Jay
Four Bright Years
OR THE ROVER GIRLS COME TO COLLEGE

CHAPTER ONE

WHEN Taylor Tower hove in view the Rover girls set up the rousingest of cheers at the thought of being Freshmen at Bryn Mawr. The first adventure was a physical examination which proved something not quite so much fun; but it was soon over and they could look back on it and laugh. And you may be sure Miss Applebee laughed loudest of all, for she was a peach of a good sport and always saw to it that Bryn Mawr won the Hockey championship if anyone could.

The spirit that prevailed was wonderful. No door was too heavy for the Freshmen to hold open and they did it with a grin a mile long. Well, perhaps not quite a mile long, but an awfully long grin anyway. Everybody always went to all the hockey games, and a Huzza! for the team it was and with a will too. It was bully, just bully.

But college was not all fudge and skittles for these fun-loving girls. They must perform sacrifice some of the girlish luxuries to which they were accustomed at home. No longer were they allowed the solace of an after-dinner cigarette, or a night-cap before going to bed. However, precisely across from the beautiful college domain lived a kindly gentleman named Mr. Jack who had donated his lovely garden to the use of the hard-working students. It was to this spot that they retired to soothe their jangled nerves with Lucky Strikes (advt.). When Miss Park finally announced that smoking would be permitted on the campus she was given a Greek cheer with nine sky-rockets on the end of it for her plucky statement. The students would do anything for Miss Park, Miss Park would do anything for the students, and the students would do anything for the students, and Miss Park would do anything for Miss Park. There, that clears that up and what a relief you may be sure.

Later in the autumn our healthy, nature-loving girls followed a hard and fast Freshman tradition and hiked all the long, long way to historic Valley Forge. This walk was rather a plucky thing to do and the folks at home might not have liked it very well, but the Freshmen of the best college in the world set their jaws and determined to be worthy of “Our Gracious Inspiration”. They saw some very interesting cannons and climbed the look-out tower, and when they got home at last, you may be sure the canned beans and horse-meat and bad coffee tasted good to them after that long hike. And were there any complaints? I should say not, for the first girl to complain would get the much coveted banner taken away from her class. Her whole class, mind you, so you see that if one girl, just one girl, was naughty the whole class would have to suffer.

Then came Freshman Show, the jolliest lark of all. Even if all the girls do not graduate they will have gained a great, great deal of value out of their college days. They will have found Friendship. In this Freshman Show they learned to know each other, which was worth all the trouble and hardship in the world. It was simply great. They cheered and cheered the Juniors, their sister class, then the Juniors cheered them. The very nicest spirit prevailed always at Bryn Mawr. All the classes were like sisters in fact, and the grads too. It was just like one big family.

And so the first happy year ended, the most carefree of the four, and all the bright faces and girlish figures scattered for the summer.

Page Eleven
Pooh Bear Thinks of a Hum in the Middle of Dissecting a Dog-Fish

Oh, I always want to tell
—Just between us two—
How the dogfish keep their smell,
No matter what you do.
Though you use formaldehyde
And wash them well inside,
It's a fact that since they died
They're turning into glue!
SOPHOMORE
The charming Mrs. Howard Lee (née Winifred Trask), practising her wiles upon the great Disraeli.

Two famous dancers caught by our photographer practising in the dew at an early hour for their part in the "Gondoliers".
## Class Officers
### 1926-1927

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Position</th>
<th>Name</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>President</td>
<td>Elisabeth Perkins</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Vice-President</td>
<td>Alexandra Dalziel</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Secretary</td>
<td>Barbara Channing</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

### SELF-GOVERNMENT ASSOCIATION

**Executive Board**
- Alexandra Dalziel
- Elizabeth Perkins
- Treasurer: Sarah Bradley

### CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION

- Advisory Member: Constance Speer
- Secretary: Martha Rosalie Humphrey
- Treasurer: Barbara Channing

### ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION

- Secretary: Carla Swan

### UNDERGRADUATE ASSOCIATION

- Assistant Treasurer: Elizabeth Ufford
- Advisory Board: Barbara Humphreys

### THE LANTERN

**Editorial Board**
- Winifred Trask
- Hilda Wright
- Business Board: Mary Gessner

### THE COLLEGE NEWS

**Editorial Board**
- Elizabeth Linn
- Katherine Balch

**Business Board**
- Jane Barth
- Rosamond Cross

### SONG MISTRESS

Barbara Channing
THE Rover Girls returned to college in the autumn full of tales of their experiences of the summer and of plans for the coming year. The first day of classes was a happy one. Rollicking voices echoed through the corridors, friends embraced friends, and even the somewhat grim old statues seemed to smile down benevolently on the merry throngs below. Bryn Mawr seemed just the nicest place ever to these girls after the four long months they had spent away following various pursuits.

The first event of the year was Parade Night. For days beforehand the Sophomores “sleuthed”, trying for the honor of the class to learn what the Freshman song was to be. But the Class of 1950 was too clever by half for them. The evening came and the whole college frolicked along beside the brass band brandishing torches aloft. One junior fell into a ditch that had carelessly been left uncompleted, and as she fainted from pain and shock she gasped out, “Save my C. A. girl!” This just goes to show the spirit that prevailed. When the Class of 1929 failed to get the Freshman song you would have thought they might show their disappointment. But not they. They just cheered more loudly than ever like the bully good sports they were, and trooped off to the new movie palace, the Seville. Not many girls have a nice movie to go to every night and you may be sure that the Rover girls made the most of their opportunity.

Soon our heroines settled down to their work and play. They were all earnest scholars and they spent long hours in the Library, or “Lib”, as they jocosely termed it, searching through the stacks and browsing in the New Book Room. Often they would become so absorbed that the welcome cry of “Sandwiches!” would scarcely stir them. But you must not think that our girls had lost all their fun-loving nature. No, indeed. They were still always ready for any sort of jollification, and many were the larks and merry times that they had together. Often they would gather at the Inn for tea; and every evening they danced the Charleston in the corridor until the venerable rafters shook above them. Indeed their Warden often laughingly remarked that “they would bring the roof down.”

As the winter wore on there came another great event. This was the dance the Sophomores gave for the Freshmen. It was an Apache dance and the great gymnasium was gaily decorated as the “underworld” of Paris. An uproariously good time was had by all, and everybody remarked afterwards that it was much more fun to dance with girls than with boys anyway.

As Spring came to the beautiful campus the students blossomed forth as gaily as the buds on the trees. Varicolored berets and rainbow-hued coolie coats made the college a veritable garden of lovely color. On Little May day the Rover girls were up betimes arranging May Baskets for the Seniors. They had spent days beforehand ranging through the fields in search of spring flowers, and such fun as they had singing “Awake Awake Oh Pretty Pretty Maid” to their sister class in the grey dawn.

The crowning joy of the year was the Garden Party. The Sophomores ran gleefully up and down stairs fetching chairs and vases, and if they bumped into anybody they just gave a cheer and picked up what they had dropped and went on their way. But there was sadness mingled with the joy. The Rover girls felt their eyes filling with tears at the thought of their Seniors actually graduating and leaving the college for good and all.
One of our more prominent statesmen snapped in a leisure moment at his country estate, "Arcadia"

Sir Stephen of Trent looking a trifle sour due to having been jilted? the early hour? the heat?
Class Officers
1927-1928

President . . . . . . . . NANCY WOODWARD
Vice-President . . . . . . ROSAMOND CROSS
Secretary . . . . . . . . KATHERINE COLLINS

SELF-GOVERNMENT ASSOCIATION

Executive Board

ALEXANDRA DALZIEL  ELIZABETH PERKINS (resigned)
ROSAMOND CROSS  ELIZABETH FRY  BARBARA CHANNING
Secretary . . . . . . . . RUTH BIDDLE

CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION

Vice-President . . . . MARTHA ROSALIE HUMPHREY
Advisory Members . . . . RUTH BIDDLE, SARAH BRADLEY

UNDERGRADUATE ASSOCIATION

Advisory Board . . JEAN BECKET, ELIZABETH UFFORD

Secretary, BARBARA HUMPHREYS (resigned)  VIRGINIA FAIN

ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION

Vice-President . . . . REBECCA WILLS
Treasurer . . . . . . . . CARLA SWAN

THE LANTERN

Editorial Board . . . HILDA WRIGHT, BARBARA CHANNING
Business Board . . . JOSEPHINE VAN BUREN, GRACE DEROO

THE COLLEGE NEWS

Editorial Board

ELIZABETH LINN  KATHERINE BALCH  MARY GRACE
Business Board . . . JANE BARTH, JULIA GARRETT

SONG MISTRESS

LAURA RICHARDSON
Four Bright Years
OR THE ROVER GIRLS COME TO COLLEGE
CHAPTER THREE

WHEN our girls returned to college to commence their Junior year they were no longer as carefree and rollicking as before. To tell the truth they felt the responsibilities of being upper classmen weighing upon them. All of them had tender consciences and they could never forget that they must now always set an example to the younger girls about them. And also they had become acquainted with some of the hard facts of life in Hygiene the spring before. They had come to realize the dark as well as the sunny side of life. In point of fact they were women now and no longer children.

As soon as they arrived they started right in to study for their German Oral although the ordeal was not to take place until spring. You may be sure they didn't grudge the time spent one bit, for the Dean had said it would help them with their Science and they felt she had about hit the nail on the head. They took their science very seriously and many were the long hours spent in the great bare Laboratory. The dogfish was quite a novelty for them. Indeed the sight of a dogfish was something terrific, but the Rover girls didn't mind, they just gave it a cheer and looked some more. No college can fail with such students.

But it was not all work and no play for our little women. They spent many happy evenings together in the smoking room, listening earnestly to fine music on the gramophone and ardently discussing the philosophy of Gundelfinger and other leading writers of the day. Too, they found Bridge a great relaxation after a hard day of work, for their keen minds took delight in a game that required skill as well as "luck".

Throughout the winter the thoughts of all the students were on the great event of the year, for this was the year of Big May Day. All their spare moments were spent in preparation for this occasion. Such fun as they had one night making paper flowers. Everyone pitched in with a will and by ten-thirty the flowers were finished to the tune of "Frankie and Johnnie". Then they all began to dance the 29th of May in the show-case. And so it went—cheer after cheer ringing through the hall until someone who had gone to bed opened her door and cried, "For God's sake shut up!" And you may be sure they shut up and with a will too, like the good sports that everyone is—or are.

The red-letter day finally arrived. For several days beforehand it had rained "cats and dogs" and the spirits of all the students were a bit below par. The day dawned bright and fair, however, and it almost seemed to the girls as though Providence was watching over them. The Rover girls jumped from their beds and speedily donned their Elizabethan costumes. They clapped their hands with joy when they saw the sun peeping in at them. Very early in the day crowds of spectators began to arrive and soon the beautiful campus in its mantle of spring was thronged. Then the festivities began. Groups of graceful girlish figures danced Old English dances on the Green, and plays were given in various parts of the grounds, and the most beautiful girl in college was crowned May Queen amidst ringing applause. The day wore to an end and all our girls, tired as they were, agreed that it had been just the happiest day of their lives. Cheer after cheer pealed out for the College, for the President, and in point of fact for almost everything. It was with radiant faces that they finally retired to their well-earned rest.

*Page Twenty*
Class Officers
1928-1926

President . . . . . . . . . . . . . Nancy Woodward
Vice-President . . . . . . . . . . . . . Jean Becket
Secretary . . . . . . . . . . . . . Katherine Collins

SELF-GOVERNMENT ASSOCIATION

President . . . . . . . . . . . . . Rosamond Cross
Vice-President . . . . . . . . . . . . . Elizabeth Fry
Executive Board . . . . . . . . . . . . . Barbara Channing

BRYN MAWR LEAGUE

President . . . . . . . . . . . . . Ruth Biddle
Religious Meetings . . . . . . . . . . . . . Sarah Bradley
Social Service . . . . . . . . . . . . . Katherine Collins

UNDERGRADUATE ASSOCIATION

President . . . . . . . . . . . . . Virginia Fain

Vice-President

Martha Rosalie Humphrey (resigned) Elizabeth Perkins
Head Usher . . . . . . . . . . . . . Margaret Patterson
Varsity Dramatics . . . . . . . . . . . . . Annabel Learned

THE COLLEGE NEWS

Editor-in-Chief . . . . . . . . . . . . . Elizabeth Linn
Copy Editor . . . . . . . . . . . . . Mary Grace
Editorial Board . . . . . . . . . . . . . Katherine Balch
Business Manager . . . . . . . . . . . . . Jane Barth, Julia Garrett

THE LANTERN

Editor-in-Chief . . . . . . . . . . . . . Hilda Wright
Editorial Board . . . . . . . . . . . . . Barbara Channing, Annabel Learned
Business Board . . . . . . . . . . . . . Josephine Van Buren, Grace DeRoo

SONG MISTRESS

Doris Blumenthal
Four Bright Years
OR THE ROVER GIRLS COME TO COLLEGE
CHAPTER FOUR

THE Rover girls were greeted upon their return to college for their Senior year by the sad news of Eucho’s death. “There is no pal like a dog,” said Dean Manning, speaking in chapel on Monday, October 9th, “but we must carry on.” And everyone felt that she had about hit the nail on the head that time.

Another blow was in store for them, however. “Positively no required athletics for upper classmen!” said Miss Petts sternly, so the poor Seniors looked with longing eyes at the delightful classes in Body Building, Sun Baths, and Foot Mechanics, and had perforce to be content with Football, Baseball, Hockey, Basketball, Tennis, Water Polo, Swimming, and Hare and Hounds, and they were awfully plucky about it too.

This was the year of the Presidential Election and being good healthy-minded American girls they were all naturally very much excited. Everybody “‘took sides” with a great deal of enthusiasm, for patriotic feeling was so strong in the college that a girl who “sat on the fence” would have been “sent to Coventry” at once. There were torchlight parades and rallies with speeches and a brass band to play “The Sidewalks of New York”. Indeed the quiet little college hummed with life and became as busy as some great political center. Such fun as was had shouting “All for Al and Al for All” and then cheering for Hoover and Norman Thomas and even Will Rogers. Nobody cared who was elected just so long as somebody was. But all the same our tender-hearted girls felt very badly when Al Smith bowed to defeat. Full of girlish sympathy they immediately sent him a telegram saying “Don’t eat your heart out Al we are still with you signed the Rover girls.” On Election Day itself everyone was allowed to go home to vote whether they lived two thousand miles away or not, but of course no one wanted to. One girl, however, went out to Portland, Oregon, and did the college authorities mind? Not they!

Owing to the influenza epidemic Miss Park said everyone could spend Christmas at college if they wanted to and you can bet your grandfather’s whiskers they stayed. Of course everyone was dying to catch a “common cold”, but no one did. Even at this happy season, however, the Infirmary was not empty for there was one poor girl suffering from a bad case of “alcoholic poisoning”. She burned herself with a candle on Christmas Eve and the alcohol she used with quick forethought as a disinfectant turned out to be poisonous and so she was poisoned. But she received loving care and many sympathetic notes. All the other girls had a lovely time. They bestowed little gifts on one another, each chosen with tender affection, for they all agreed that it wasn’t the gift so much as the spirit that counted, and their spirits were wonderful. Such whoopie as they made and how the campus resounded with singing and cheering on this holiday occasion!

Gradually the year wore away. Every day was filled to overflowing with happy moments of work and play. For the last time our girls lay out on the hillside in the spring sunshine and tanned their slender limbs. The thought of leaving

Page Twenty-five
the calm and sheltered haven of college for the hurly-burly of life in the great world was quite overwhelming to them. Often as they sat in class briskly taking notes their eyes would fill with tears, and many were the loving looks and embraces bestowed between these tender-hearted girls so soon to be parted. Garden Party came and went. This was a red-letter day and all the girls had just the jolliest time ever. All sorrow was forgotten on this gala occasion when fond friends and relatives flocked from near and far to do honor to their dear ones. They all remarked afterwards upon what a lovely scene the campus was, with the slim girlish figures in dainty frocks receiving under the verdant old trees and happy laughter resounding from all sides.

Last of all came Graduation. Very solemnly our girls paced up to the platform to receive their hard-earned diplomas from their beloved “Prexy”. Sounds of suppressed sobbing filled the great auditorium during the farewell address and as the students arose to leave they were almost all unaffectedly wiping away the tears. Thus the Rover Girls’ college career was ended. Four bright and happy years had been passed in the shelter of the cloisters. Now they were to embark on the great sea of life to do a woman’s noble work in the world. Of which more anon.

Growing Pains

When your neck is stiff from telescopic gaze;  
When your nitric acid terminates in haze;  
When you’ve failed to crack a rock,  
Or produce electric shock,  
Just remember that you seek a Cosmic Phase.

When your Combinations never permutate;  
When the Tactile Values fail to emanate;  
When you’re sick of Revolutions  
And of Simian evolutions,  
Just remember it’s the Sphinx you emulate.

Our Intelligentsia. No. 1

Agraphia (to Alexia coming out of Geology quiz)—“How do you feel?”  
Alexia—“A bit rocky!”
Athletics, 1925-1926

HOCKEY
Won by 1926

J. Porter, Captain
B. Freeman
C. Parker
A. Dalziel

R. Wills
C. Swan
B. Humphreys
K. Balch

E. Boyd
N. Woodward
G. Quimby

On Varsity—B. Freeman
Substitutes on Varsity—J. Porter, A. Dalziel, C. Parker

SWIMMING MEET
Won by 1929

E. Bryant, Captain
R. Bryant

A. Dalziel
C. Parker
E. Moran

R. Wills
J. Eshner

College Record broken by E. Bryant and R. Bryant

WATER POLO

A. Dalziel, Captain
E. Bryant

R. Wills
J. Eshner
P. Jay

E. Boyd
H. Garrett

GYMNASIUM MEET
Won by 1927

C. Parker, Captain
C. Swan
B. Freeman

R. Bryant
E. Bryant
R. Wills

E. Friend
P. Jay
F. Haley
LACROSSE
Tie between 1927 and 1928

H. Scott, Captain
S. Bradley
C. Swan
B. Freeman

C. Henry
J. Porter
J. Becket
C. Speer

B. Humphreys
E. Forman
C. Sargent
A. Mercer

TRACK MEET
Won by 1927

C. Swan, Captain
J. Porter
R. Wills
E. Bryant

C. Parker
H. Scott
E. Friend
A. Dalziel

R. Bryant
H. Scott
B. Freeman
E. Poe

BASKETBALL
Won by 1926

E. Poe, Captain
B. Freeman

A. Dalziel
J. Porter

P. Jay
C. Swan
E. Boyd

TEENIS
Won by 1926

C. Swan, Captain
L. Jay

E. Poe
F. Hand

C. Parker

FENCING
Won by 1926

C. Parker

S. Fitzgerald
R. Yerkes

ARCHERY

M. Barber, Captain
M. Williams
M. Bailey

V. Gendell
1926-1927

HOCKEY
Tie 1927 and 1929

J. Porter, Captain
A. Dalziel
E. Boyd
B. Freeman
B. Humphreys
G. Quimby
R. Wills
K. Balch
R. Bryant
N. Woodward
C. Swan

On Varsity—J. Porter
Substitutes on Varsity—E. Boyd, B. Freeman, R. Wills

SWIMMING MEET
Won by 1929

R. Wills, Captain
A. Dalziel
V. Buel
E. Bryant
J. Eshner
S. Bradley
R. Bryant
E. Moran
L. Morganstern

TEENNIS
Tie—1927, 1929, 1930

C. Swan
E. Poe
F. Hand
B. Humphreys
C. Parker

GYMNASIUM MEET
Won by 1928

R. Wills, Captain
E. Friend
C. Swan
E. Bryant
B. Freeman
F. Haley
R. Bryant
A. Dalziel
A. Mercer

BASKETBALL
Won by 1950

B. Freeman, Captain
A. Dalziel
J. Porter
R. Wills
E. Poe
E. Boyd

LACROSSE
Won by 1928

S. Bradley, Captain
A. Dalziel
J. Porter
C. Henry
B. Freeman
C. Swan
J. Becket
B. Humphreys
A. Mercer
R. Cross
E. Packard
B. Shipley

Page Thirty
1927-1928

HOCKEY
Won by 1928
E. Boyd, Captain
C. Swan
R. Wills
B. Humphreys
K. Balch
E. Friend
K. Balch
N. Woodward

On Varsity—R. Wills, B. Freeman, K. Balch

WATER POLO
Won by 1928
E. Boyd, Captain
B. Freeman
R. Bryant
R. Wills
C. Swan
B. Freeman

BASKETBALL
Won by 1951
B. Freeman, Captain
E. Boyd
E. Poe
C. Swan
B. Humphreys
R. Wills

On Varsity—B. Freeman, E. Poe

SWIMMING MEET
Won by 1929
R. Wills, Captain
V. Buel
R. Bryant
E. Moran
L. Morganstern
A. Mercer
S. Bradley

TENNIS
C. Swan, Captain
F. Hand
E. Poe
B. Humphreys
1928-1929

HOCKEY
Won by 1932

E. Boyd, Captain
R. Wills
B. Freeman
K. Balch

C. Swan
B. Humphreys
N. Woodward
E. Packard

G. Quimby
R. Cross
S. Bradley

On Varsity—R. Wills, B. Freeman, K. Balch

TEENIS

C. Swan, Captain
F. Hand
E. Humphreys
E. Poe

SWIMMING MEET
Won by 1931

R. Wills, Captain
A. Mercer

E. Moran
M. Palmer

BASKETBALL

B. Freeman, Captain
J. Barth

B. Humphreys
C. Henry

C. Swan
K. Balch

Page Thirty-two
Blazers

YELLOW BLAZER, COLLEGE INSIGNIA

Carla Swan   Rebecca Wills   Bettie Freeman

YELLOW BLAZER

Eliza Boyd

CLASS BLAZER AND INSIGNIA

Rebecca Bryant   Katherine Balch   Barbara Humphrey

CLASS BLAZER

M. Barber   J. Garret   G. Quimby
R. Biddle   C. Henry   E. Ufford
S. Bradley   A. Mercer   M. L. Williams
V. Buel   E. Moran   N. Woodward
R. Cross   E. Packard   H. Wright
   E. Poe   F. Haley

Page Thirty-three
GYMNASTIC REGRESSION

EIGHT LITTLE GIRLS WENT TO GYM ONE DAY, ONE CHEWED GUM; THE APPLE SAID SHE NEEDN'T STAY.

SEVEN LITTLE GIRLS STEPPED FORTH ON THE FLOOR ONE HAD HIGH HEELS; SHE WAS PUSHED OUT THE DOOR.

SIX LITTLE GIRLS ALL READY FOR THE CLASS ONE WORE A BERET: "YOU MAY LEAVE, YOU SILLY ASS!"

FIVE LITTLE GIRLS WERE LISTENING FOR THE MUSIC ONE WAS SENT AWAY BECAUSE SHE USED LIPSTICK.

FOUR LITTLE GIRLS TRYING HARD TO LOOK ALERT ONE SLIPPED OUT HASTILY: SHE WORE A T-SHIRT.

THREE LITTLE GIRLS STOOD WITH THEIR KNEES KNOCKING ONE OF THEM WAS FIRED FOR WEARING A BROWN STOCKING.

TWO LITTLE GIRLS NOW WERE QUAKING WITH FEAR ONE WORE WHITE SNEAKERS; APPLE SAID "YOU CAN'T STAY HERE."

ONE LITTLE GIRL LEFT ALONE TO DANCE THE PEACOCK AND SHE WAS BLOWN TO SMITHEREENS BECAUSE THE NUMBER WAS ODD.
WARNING

This Soviet propaganda is very insidious. It creeps, and creeps, and creeps. It is the modern method of advertising which is so deceptive and so dangerous. Why we could tell you stories of young girls—but after all we guess we won’t. Anyway we have a sneaking feeling that this page is a gross wolf masked in the curly coat of a little white lamb. It was sold to us as literature, but occasionally we felt an undercurrent of commercialism. Remember we warned you, and there is absolutely no guarantee attached.

* * * *

LYRIC

If you want to go to Europe
(In an inexpensive way),
And you’d like a handsome hero,
(A new one every day)
SEE YOUR NEAREST CAMPUS AGENT
(AND GO S.T.C.A.)

If you want to study finance,
Say to Father—“COME ACROSS”.
If it’s Art, the Dance, or Music,
Ask your Mother—(it’s no loss).
Get that reservation early,
DON’T STAND WAVERING ON THE PIER!
It’s exclusively for college
(And the Captain is a DEAR!)

Think of all those lovely life-boats
On a bright sunshiny day;
Of all those genteel gentlemen
(Beneath the Milky Way).
OH I MEAN! WE’RE OFF TO EUROPE
(AND WE GO S.T.C.A.).

* * * *

PARAGRAPH IN PRAISE OF PRACTICALLY NOTHING, OR CONFESSIONS OF A COLLEGE WORKING GIRL

People told me that working girls were happy. I took a chance. Happy, happy, who is happy? I am a bit crazed by my purging experience. And sobered. I want a sympathetic hand. You see, my problem was to get girls to go abroad the only way, S.T.C.A. Europe—country of universal appeal, where the old world meets the new! If you don’t go you will have to hear about everyone else’s trip, until you do go, when you can again usurp the conversation. But when you
do, buy your tickets from Mary Lambert, 42 Pen East (advt.). What more good clean fun could you have than in S.T.C.A.? (And dirty too, if you are that kind, which we hope no one in this college is.) But my metier—you see how knitted into my spirit the lingo is. These phrases have been the secret of my success; how can I abandon them now?

Such was my rhetoric that I won over the English department completely. Or was it the charm of my contagious grin? I doubt it, as I have since heard it had grown quite twisted from long hours of salesmanship practice before a distorted college looking-glass, and was conducive only to terror. It must have been my limpid language which persuaded 5.1416 (= pi, what one should do in bridge, bidding with only a two of one’s partner’s suit) anyway, three professors to buy passages. My eloquence had its drawbacks: I was so enthusiastic about the economy of the trip that they thought the $50.00 deposit was the entire fare and arrived at the dock with no more money. I couldn’t disillusion them at that late date, and so made up the deficit myself. I’m sure they are planning to sail every summer for thirty dollars. How embarrassing for them! But how much more embarrassing for me—financially speaking, of course.

Then the best movie came down here, my dear, you mustn’t miss it! Such pash, my dear, have you never beheld!! After its production one hundred and five (105a) girls signed up to sail. Quickly I figured out what I would make in commissions (I’m good at figures) and bought a fascinating garden-party dress. Triste dicta! (for translation see Miss Swindler) they discovered that the movie had a plot (imperceptible to the naked eye—even with a microscope) and that the kisses were premeditated and not just Kodaked as they went. They withdrew their applications—but I had bought the dress. These same girls were discovered in the Art Sem looking up Mr. Volendam, thinking that the S.T.C.A. posters were examples of modern art that Miss King had put up. How can one do anything at college with the present mental capacity what it is? Why, some people actually think the tubs are dirty, when obviously it is the water-manufacturers who put brown pigment in the water to make tubs look dirty, so you will need more water to clean them out. But we fool them here. No one ever attempts to clean out her tub. Because I had not sold a passage at the end of the season the New York office made me buy fifteen tickets and give a house-party. Next year I am planning to peddle near-beer and hair-pins, or start a notion-counter under Juno or sub rosa or something. My debts must be paid back. But the S.T.C.A. really is a sure-fire proposition, a double-barrelled gold-mine. Just sign on the dotted line and think of a bluebird and be a little soldier. However, don’t let me influence you. I am just a working girl after all. (advt.)

Advt. Advt.

Our Intelligentsia. No. 2

Agraphia—"Don’t you think college life is broadening?"
Alexia—"Not with the kind of food they give us here!"

Page Thirty-six
Forgotten Gods
A DRAMA

Scene—The attic of Taylor Hall, under what was once the vaulted roof of the old chapel.

Characters—Busts of Juno, Pericles, and the Young Augustus. In one corner, upside down, The Singing Boys of Donatello persist in their chorus, though choked with dust.

Properties—Spider-webs, overturned pedestals, fragments of broken marbles.

THE DIALOGUE

Juno: This is the haunt of gods forgotten,
     Blackened idols and faiths grown rotten;
     This is the place where gods are flung to
     That once were sacrificed and sung to.

Pericles: You ought to be used to Attic ways,
          Have you forgotten the good old days?
Juno:    I am making no complaints of the Periclean Era.
          Though they winked at Aphrodite, they burnt offerings to Hera.

Pericles: Hey, no fair! You changed the metre.
          I see you’re still the same old cheater.

Young Augustus: Just like a woman, sic semper;
                Always trying to the temper.
Juno:    What! Insults from you too, Brute?

Young Augustus: You got the wrong decade, cutie.

Juno:    Is this the younger generation?
          Are these the manners of an upstart nation?

Pericles: As a matter of fact, my August Patron,
           Homer called you a cross old matron.

Juno:    Well, let it pass, boys will be boys,
           Rome and Athens are children’s toys,
           And what is the use of this dispute
           When even the pipes of Pan are mute?
           Let us join in cursing the present.

Young Augustus: Yes, that would be much more pleasant.

Pericles: Look what they’ve done to Taylor Hall,
          Look at the way they’ve treated us all!

Young Augustus: We, who were there for the Sermon Sunday,
                And present again at Chapel on Monday,
                We, who listened to all the speeches,
                Hymns and readings, choir screeches.

Pericles: We’re in an attic, but tell me, pray,
          Where did they throw the old C. A.?
Juno: We, who presided in all the halls
On unsubstantial pedestals.
We who endured without complaint,
Having our faces smeared with paint,
Red on our lips, and ink in our eyes—

Pericles: Convenient perches for the flies.

(At this point the singing boys break into song)

Singing Boys: Heavy-eyed and dusty throated,
Rudely banished and un-noted,
Upside down we keep on singing,
Don’t you hear our voices ringing?

Juno: Just listen to those singing boys.
Someone ought to stop their noise.
Jupiter’s curses on all young ladies,
Bryn Mawr College is worse than Hades,
Sticking a goddess into an attic,
With singing statues making static.

Pericles: Who ever heard of Donatello?
Young Augustus: The lions ought to have had that fellow.
The Singing Boys (ecstatically): We’re Donatello’s singing boys,
We’re never going to stop our noise.
Marble voices never tire.
Don’t you think we’re a marvellous choir?
Down with the gods of pagan men.
A-a-a-men!

HEADLINE IN PHILADELPHIA PAPER

“Billy” Smith Arrested on Lottery Charge—14 Policemen Seize Notorious Gangster in his Lair.

And they say the academic life is effeminating. It must be the Texas blood.
FOOTPRINTS IN THE SANDS OF TIME

Conscription student sets out immediately after lunch to spend the entire afternoon studying in the library.
Annie Laurie’s Confidential Column of Advice to the Love-Lorn

(ANSWERS MAILED UNDER PLAIN COVER ON RECEIPT OF STAMPED ENVELOPE AND DOCTOR’S CERTIFICATE)

Dear Annie Laurie:

I am a young fellow anxious to go on the stage. How can I improve my voice as I suffer from lax tip and also stutter a little? I am eighteen years old, five feet five inches tall. How much should I weigh? I laugh at me and call me a runt. If only I were two inches taller. Can you suggest any exercises to increase my height? I am very popular with the girls but my Art to me is wonderful, passing the love of women, and I don’t want to form any dangerous liaisons. Do you think I am right? Is it bad form to eat peas with your knife?

A Young Aspirate.

Dear Annie Laurie:

I am a stranger in this city and know very few people. A few months ago I met a very fascinating man a bit older than I am, who has the reputation of being quite gay. Is there any harm in going to the movies with him occasionally? I don’t know the conventions of this locality in regard to young folks of opposite sexes. He seems to like me but I don’t know how far I should let him go. He always wants me to kiss him good-night. Tell me, is there anything wrong in that? I am always meeting him by chance in the most out-of-the-way places. Coincidence is a wonderful thing don’t you think? People are beginning to talk a little, though. Should I encourage his advances or not?

English Primrose.

Dear Annie Laurie:

The most amazing passion possesses me. I am experiencing an older woman’s love for a pure, chaste boy. He is clerk in a drug store, and is really rather sweet, although he doesn’t pay any attention to me. I am of medium size with brown hair and eyes and a good figure: red-hot as it were. How can I win his love? Should I speak to him first or is that too risque? I don’t want to wallow in sin. I fear I must stop as the bell has tolled.

Lonely Lucy.

Dear Annie Laurie:

I am a young girl, all white and twenty-one—I have a reading knowledge of French and German, a red blazer, and a white dress and black shoes and stockings. I can make paper flowers, vibrate my ds, and appreciate tactile values. Will you tell me whether I will be grey at forty, whether I can consistently overdraw my bank-account, and whether I can be a success teaching elements of law to Republicans.

Waiting, I remain

Dear Annie Laurie.

Dear XXIX:

Your case is hopeless.

Annie Laurie.

Dear Annie Laurie:

I am a young girl of middle height which have been going with fellows since an early age, but none has affected me like this last fellow. I have been running with him a long time, and he has never mentioned marriage. How can I arrange this? Should the girl propose? Please help me, Annie Laurie—I have had practically every experience a woman could have, but this is a new problem for me. What are my colors? Also what is the difference between adultery and prostitution?

Anxiously,

Florentine.

Dear Little Florentine:

You sound very attractive, and I see no reason why your young man should hold back. No, girls don’t actually propose, but isn’t there a subtler way of “giving him a helping hand”? Maybe your young man is timid, or maybe you are not letting him see your real qualities. Men do not like women who are “arty” or “intellectual.” Just be your sweet natural self and he will soon come ‘round. And good luck to you, Florentine.

Annie Laurie.

P. S. Colors—Black, black and white, white and black, white.

Page Forty-one
In Memoriam
MINOR ENGLISH: CHAUCER
1927–28

There joined us, after a lytel space,
A selly scholard with a lengthy face.
His narwe hede wagged on his nekke,
And haires whyle his polle did bedekke.
Whoe'er shold venture peep into his mouthe
Wold loke in vain for semblance of a toothe.
His eyen strange rolten in his heed
As if attached by a sclendre threed,
And lyk to fallen gruf beneathe his fete.
A few ther were who founde his discourse swete,
For he spak ay in praise of courtly love;
To teres was the Priorese y-move.
He swore he loved so our company
That he wold telle of hem until he dye.
(And eke have I no cause, in very sothe,
To thinke that he hath broken of his oathe.)
His goun of sable recched to his feet,
As was for sic a lerned scholard meet.
He rode a frisky steed, by Goddes bones,
That lyke was to throw him for the nones.
This selly pelerin the pleasure mar'd
Of everichooun, and highte Abelard.

OUR INTELLIGENTSIA. NO. 3

Agraphia—"Is your little sister going to go to college when she finishes school?"
Alexia—"No, she's going to Vassar."

Page Forty-two
Freshman Discovers That There is Art in Daily Life After All

TACTILE VALUE

THE SINGING LINE

SPACE COMPOSITION

SPIRITUAL SIGNIFICANCE
Contributions for the Cram Book

(For the help of freshmen and all others in any way distressed)

Bryn Mawr College Collegiate (oh very) Examination.

The History of the Art.  Time (see Einstein on Relativity).

1. Compare Norman Thomas and St. Francis of Assisi as to:
   (a) Charm
   (b) Chastity
   and (c) Tactile value

2. What had Rubens and Simone Martini in common, and how common was it?
3. Does a stupa occur simultaneously with a Bhodisattva, and if so which is likely to occur again?
4. What is a primitive and the virtues thereof?
   Ditto a sugar-daddy.

I Year Geology.  Time (geologic of course).

1. If a convivial plain lost its profile in maturity how much would it have to be uplifted to regain the contour of youth?
2. If a laccolith intruded on a beautifully exposed country rock stewing in its batholith, what would be the result?
3. If me—and—er girl friend found a twin bedding plane on a field trip should I esker then or later?

Minor (in fact damned petty) History.  Time, 3 Hours 10 Seconds is the record

1. Discuss the relative merits of the stranglehold and the slip-noose as to efficacy in the deaths of the Princes in the Tower, Cardinal Wolsey, and others too numerous to mention.
2. What significance had the famous slogan “slip one—purl one” in the French Revolution.
   Hint: cf. Mme. LaFarge
3. Compare Henry VIII and Edward VI in regard to wives, physical development, and disposition.
4. Who and at what date conquered England?  What else did William of Normandy do in 1066?
5. Parse the Magna Carta, and discuss it as a figure of speech.

________________________________________________________

Our Intelligentsia. No. 4

Agraphia (in Bi. Lab.)—“Oh, Dr. Schrader, my brain is terrible but my ovaries are fine!”

Page Forty-four
Our Own Oral

PRIZES, PREMIUMS AND COUPONS GALORE

Try out your reading knowledge of German on these and win a silver-plated percolator or a gilded lily! Get up in the big money class! Don’t always let others push ahead of you! Write today and insure swift delivery!

SIGHT PASSAGE

"Die Schönste Lengevitch"

(With Apologies to K. M. S.)

Es ist ein hoffnungslose Job,
So schön sprechen lernen tun.
Ich vibrate die Úvula,
Aber viel gut tut das nun!
Und Bells, Bells, Bells, Bells waile'
So mit wunderschön Vibration,
Bis ich hoffe, dass ich habe
Nun zu sprechen a Foundation.
"Zebra-footed, ostrich-thighed"
Ist nicht das ein schönes Wort?
Aber "hugged'st, curbed'st, sobbed'st"—
Hab' kein Use für solche Sort!
"Gott, ein Barbarism! schreit er.
Morose Knirschen mit den Zähnen!
Weisst nicht, dass Du tust die Sprache
Shakespeare’s und der Bibel stainen?
Wenn Du ekelhafte Noise
An die Atmosphere projekst,
Weisst Du nicht— mit solchen Lärmen,
Du die Sieben Schläfer weckst?
Es würde machen krank ein Owl
Wenn er mal hört dein ‘Vitiated Vowel’.
"Na, wenn ich teutonic rede,
So kommt es mir natürlich zu,
Wenn es den Hodcarrier nicht stört
Soll ich mich troublen lassen nu?"

SUMMARY PASSAGE

Es hat die Dean ein Rule gemacht,
Beim Freshmann-Show, da darf kei’ Mann
Zugegen sein. Sie sagt’ es selbst
Ganz solemn und wir glaubten’s dann.
Es kam der Tag—und auch zwei Herren.
Wir waren erstaunt—mussten’s doch
bearen!

Bis plötzlich in der Mitte denkt
Sie, “Nu, beim Backenbart der Katze,
Wie hab’ ich selbst mi Rule gebroke!”
Und macht dazu entsetzt eine Fratze.
“Hört Ihr mal auf zu lachen so.
So bald es fertig, müsst Ihr go!”

Apologies to the Katzenjammer Kids.

Page Forty-eight
MORE PHASES OF CLUB-ROOM LIFE IN AMERICA
Epitaph

Lines on a favorite ice-cream scoop carelessly lost on the green
on May 5th, 1928

I saw a disc upon the grass,
I thought it was the moon.
I looked again and saw it was
A tiny wooden spoon.

"Pray, tell me, little Scoop," I said,
"What makes you look so worn?
Your face has lost the bloom of youth,
Your posture is forlorn."

"My tale is sad," the spoon replied,
"'Twill make you shed a tear.
Here on this chilly ground I've lain
Four seasons of a year.

"Fair sunshine graced the day on which
I made my first début.
Fair maidens capered on the green,
'Twas sure a sight to view.

"Two oxen passed, a maypole rose
Amidst a merry shout.
The dancers tripped o'er this same grass
Till they were quite worn out.

"A hot hand grasped me 'round the throat,
A cold load pressed my blade,
And back and forward I began
To move, nor ever stayed.

"At last I fell upon the grass,
My comrades fell around,
But they were gathered up, alas,
And I was never found."

I raised the little spoon aloft,
I took it to the hall
And put it in a Trophy Case
To be admired by all.

The moral of the tale is this:
The spoon will be to you
A model as to what to use
In Nineteen-Thirty-two.
MAY FOURTH AND FIFTH, NINETEEN TWENTY-EIGHT
THE RULES OF
loose papers other than examination. The
ALWAYS GRACIOUS INSPIRATIONS TO HARD-WORKING GIRLS
SOME SOCIAL LIONS
EXTRACT FROM FACULTY
The use of blotter paper other than those provided by the College will invalidate the examination. The insertion of leaves in the examination book is forbidden, and such leaves will not be corrected. The removal of leaves from the examination book is forbidden.

This book must be closed when examined at the examiner's request.

MISCELLANEOUS MAIDENS
Our Secret Service Department
Name of Student:

Subject:

Number of this book:

Total number of books:

Examination Book

be returned to the office of the examination

YE BEAUTY SHOPPE
SHOWING THAT FAMILY LIFE DOES FLOURISH EVEN IN THE LIMELIGHT OF THE LAMP OF LEARNING
Intimations of Miasma or Lines on a Window-Sill

I wandered lonely as a cloud,
    That broods upon its pains and ills,
When all at once I saw a crowd
    Of milk bottles on my window-sills.
As numerous as the stars that shine
    And twinkle on the milky way,
They stretched in never-ending line,
    Some white, some blue, some going gray.
The fish for dinner smelled, but they
    Outdid the festering fish in smell;
Ambitious to be cottage cheese,
    They played their part and played it well.
I gazed and gazed, but soon the strain
    Became a lot too much for me:
A poet could not long remain
    In such a sour company.
And oft when on my couch I lie,
    I've wondered how (and wondering shivered)
I thought 'twould help the inward I
    For daily milk to be delivered.
Graduating With Honor

European Fellow (Summa Cum Laude)
BARBARA CHANNING ........................................... 292

Magna Cum Laude
ELIZABETH HAZARD UFORD ........................................... 252
FRANCES ELIZABETH FRY ........................................... 223
DORIS BLUMENTHAL ........................................... 221

Cum Laude
ELIZABETH HOWLAND LINN ........................................... 218
SUSAN FITZGERALD ........................................... 214
CAROLINE VIRGINIA FAIN ........................................... 214
GRACE ISABEL DERRO ........................................... 213
BETTIE CHARTER FREEMAN ........................................... 212
RUTH KITCHEN ........................................... 207
ROSMOND CROSS ........................................... 199
ELEANOR SCHOTTLAND ........................................... 195
FRANCES LOUISE PUTNAM ........................................... 190
HILDA EMILY TYLSTON WRIGHT ........................................... 181
BEATRICE SHIPLEY ........................................... 178
SARAH ELIZABETH BRADLEY ........................................... 176
ELISABETH CAZENOFE GARDNER PACKARD ........................................... 174
VIRGINIA NEWBOLD ........................................... 173
MARY RANDOLPH GRACE ........................................... 172

Page Sixty
Four years have passed; four summers half the length
Of four long winters! and again I hear
Old Taylor's bell, and from the power house
The siren shrieking one o'clock.—Again
Do I behold these black and rusty gowns,
These berets limp, and these Bavarian hats.
The day is come when I again repose
Here, on this populated hill, and view
The tennis courts, and gain a coat of tan,
And think upon these wasted years: the dull
Routine, the dreary halls, the musty books,
And everything in life that I have missed.
For I have learned
To look on college, not as in the hour
Of thoughtful youth, but seeing oftentimes
How more each year we lose the power to think,
And sink into our academic rut,
Leading a safe, unintellectual life,
Whose pleasures are: the racing hockey game,
And the gay Seville, and the College Inn,
And contract bridge, but never of the mind. . . .
"Cogito ergo sum," I, a thinking being, must exist.

"Truth is more beautiful undraped."

"The primary substance, says Thales, is water; the source of all things."

"Two aspects of every substance: an egg is a form, but it also has potentialities which are called matter."

Problems of the Eight O'Clock Class Solved
Above you see the Reading Room, a palatial and airy chamber where many wise and otherwise moments can and have been passed. The chairs are perhaps a shade too period for utter comfort but the acoustics are practically perfect. "The desks are screened to the height of two feet to secure privacy for the reader" says our catalogue. Which may be taken in two ways.

And here we have the New Book Room, and a charming place it is too. More than East and West meet here. Says the catalogue "it is open for the Faculty at all hours of day and night." Isn't this a wee bit risky?
Unrequired Exercise for Seniors

OR HOW WE BROKE THE RECORD FROM THE PIKE TO PEM

I sprang from my seat, so did Betsy and Bee;
I galloped, they galloped, we galloped all three.
Twenty-five past ten said the watch on my wrist;
Hell’s bells, to leave now ere Greta had been kissed!
But steeling our hearts we relinquished the rest,
And out through the arcade we galloped abreast.

Not a word to each other; we kept the great pace
Neck by neck, stride by stride, never changing our place.
We raced to the curb; just then flashed the red light;
We swerved between trucks as we flew in full flight;
The cop at the corner almost had a fit,
But traffic roared on and we weren’t hurt a bit.

Moore’s windows were dark, Wallace snored in his bed;
We bored through thick blackness as onwards we sped;
Whizzing through the station we all were aghast
To see the big clock marking twenty-eight past;
And from Taylor Tower we heard not the half-chime,
So Betsy broke silence with “Yet there is time!”

By Shipley Bee groaned; and cried, “Wait half a sec!
My wind is all gone and I’m a complete wreck.”
We slowed up a bit for one heard the quick wheeze
Of her chest, saw the agonized face and the staggering knees;
As gasping and stumbling we plunged up the street,
Loud echoed the thunder of our flying feet.

Against the cold stars a qua’nt spire sprang white;
“Gallop,” gasped Betsy, “for the goal is in sight!”
And all I remember is friends flocking round;
We were laid on the couch and water was found.
Keys jangled, the door clanged, but all this was nil
For we’d made it in just five minutes from the vill.
Announcement Posted in the Faculty Cloak Room

"We undertake to teach the rudiments of swimming to any member of the faculty, from the bottom up, on Wednesday evenings, in the gymnasium tank."

*We leave this space for you to draw your own conclusions in. Our illustrator felt frankly unequal to the task.

Our Intelligentsia. No. 5

Gee-gee—"You must be more familiar with the Gospel in this course."
Agraphia—"You mean Mr. Berenson?"
NINETEEN TWENTY-NINE
must have been a charming aggregation of young things when it started, for sixteen from the dazzling total were early snatched away into matrimony. The implication as to the amount of charm still left is harsh.

All statistics are dull but marriage statistics are duller. In fact the 1929 marriage statistics are downright depressing. If 1-6 of our class is already married and only 50 per cent of B. M. graduates ever marry at all (as the Cosmopolitan cruelly will have it) find X. In other words 2/3 of those of us who are left are doomed to eternal spinsterhood. The facts of life are always bitter, but they must be faced. We recommend immediate subscription to one of these "Marriage Magazines" between whose covers a "lonely" girl can be almost sure of meeting a "fine clean chap" who will provide her with a home and happiness.

A worthy attempt was made to secure pictures of all our sixteen proud wives with their other halves, and quarters, and all other sundry fractions. Only five found time in the midst of their domestic preoccupations to reply. "Soapy" Casteel's young prodigy named "Bubbles" is our nearest approach to a class baby. We suppose we should have voted it a silver spoon to have in its mouth when born, but consider the staggering amount of our class dues as it is. Anyway we give "Bubbles" the place of honor on this page devoted to honor and conjugal bliss.

"SOAPY" CASTEEL
Katherine Noyes Balch
150 Prince Street
Jamaica Plain, Mass.

Marion Barber
Bryn Mawr Court
Bryn Mawr, Pa.

Jane Barth
4954 Lindell Boulevard
St. Louis, Mo.
Jean Becket
550 Springdale Avenue
East Orange, N. J.

Ruth Biddle
Wallingford, Pa.

Frances Blayney
240 Linden Avenue
Clayton, Mo.
Doris Blumenthal
505 W. 90th Street
New York City

Eliza Boyd
1405 Squirrel Hill Ave.
Pittsburgh, Pa.

Sarah Elizabeth Bradley
155 Mountford Street
Brookline, Mass.
Rebecca Swift Bryant
290 Migeon Avenue
Torrington, Conn.

Victoria Torrilhon Buel
55 East 65th Street
New York City

Barbara Channing
Sherborn, Mass.
Katherine Hill Collins
Yarrow Avenue
Bryn Mawr, Pa.

Frances Chisolm
105 East 86th Street
New York City

Josephine Cook
N. Rockland Road
Merion, Pa.
Rosamond Cross
27 Water Street
Fitchburg, Mass.

Elvira de La Vega
501 Schuyler Arms
Washington, D. C.

Grace Isabel de Roo
51 Water Street
Roslindale Mass.
Virginia Fain
Greenwich, Conn.

Margaret Vorhees Doyle
426 West Chelten Avenue.
Germantown, Pa.

Susan FitzGerald
7 Greenough Avenue
Jamaica Plain, Mass.
Bettie Charter Freeman
3507 North Charles Street
Baltimore, Md.

Frances Elizabeth Fry
Burnham, Pa.

Helen Juliet Garrett
Dongan Hills
Staten Island, N. Y.
Laura Valeria Gendell
788 Riverside Drive
New York City

Florence Gates
4418 Spruce Street

Mary Reid Gessner
115 West Montgomery Avenue
Ardmore, Pa.
Alice Louise Glover
1808 Connecticut Avenue
Washington, D. C.

Mary Randolph Grace
515 Madison Avenue
New York City

Frances Burke Haley
614 Jaccard Place
Joplin, Mo.
Frances Lydia Hand
142 East 65th Street
New York City

Clover Henry
Scarborough, N. Y.

Ella Campbell Horton
5208 Austin Street
Houston, Texas
Anne Louise Hubbard
555 Park Avenue
New York City

Martha Rosalie Humphrey
58 East 56th Street
New York City

Barbara Humphreys
Mount Kisco, N. Y.
Ruth Kitchen
246 West Walnut Lane
Germantown, Pa.

Mary Robinson Lambert
168 East 71st Street
New York City

Annabel Frampton Learned
90 Morningside Drive
New York City
Elizabeth Howland Linn
1357 East 56th Street
Chicago, Ill.

Mary Marivora McDermott
1354 Chapel Street
New Haven, Conn.

Ruth Dwight McVitty
Wyndon Avenue and Roberts Road
Bryn Mawr, Pa.
Alice Katherine Mercer
South America Developing Company
165 Broadway
New York City

Eccleston Moran
5545 Pacific Avenue
San Francisco, California

Elisabeth Cazenove Packard
206 Chancery Road
Baltimore Md.
Marcella Palmer
1849 Lamont Street
Washington, D. C.

Marion Park
347 Marlboro Street
Boston, Mass.

Margaret Newman Patterson
6110 St. Andrews Lane
Richmond, Va.
Ella King Poe
Country Club Drive
Cedar Rapids, Iowa

Elizabeth Perkins
110 Irving Street
Cambridge, Mass.

Charlotte Mercer Purcell
6402 Three Chopt Road
Richmond, Va.
Grace Quimby
4951 Pine Street

Laura Morse Richardson
5215 Webster Street
Omaha, Neb.

Catherine Lawrence Rea
138 Edgemont Avenue
Ardmore, Pa.
Antoinette Brewer Shallcross
601 Chester Ave.
Moorestown, N. Y.

Beatrice Shipley
Ellet Lane and Wissahickon Avenue
Mount Airy, Pa.

Constance Sophia Speer
24 Gramercy Park
New York City
Carla Swan
740 Emerson Street
Denver, Colo.

Elizabeth Hazard Ufford
10 Gramercy Park
New York City

Josephine Day Van Buren
155 Chestnut Street
Englewood, N. J.
Mary Low Williams
20 E. 93rd Street
New York City

Violet Whelan
3251 Garfield Street
Washington, D. C.

Rebecca Louisa Wills
Box 242
Media, Pa.
Nancy Hooker Woodward
11 Gramercy Park
New York City

Hilda Wright
580 Rex Avenue
Portland, Oregon

Roberta Watterson Yerkes
4 St. Ronan's Terrace
New Haven, Conn.
Former Members of the Class

Allen, Olmstead (Mrs. Donald Abbott) 110 Morningside Drive, New York City

Bailey, Marion 805 N. 21st St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Bradley, Elizabeth 5518 Black St., Pittsburgh, Pa.

Bradley, Jane 4406 MacPherson Ave., St. Louis, Mo.

Brown, Lucy 945 Lexington Ave., New York City

Brown, Marian (Mrs. Eliot Porter) Bronham, Hinsdale, Ill.

Bryant, Elise (Mrs. E. Morris Jack) Kew Gardens Plaza, Kew Gardens, L.I.

Carr, Nancy (Mrs. Edward Friendly) 115 E. 92nd St., New York City

Casteel, Helen (Mrs. James Thomas) 1750 N. Calvert St., Baltimore, Md.

Dalziel, Alexandra 175 E. 70th St., New York City

Dilworth, Esther Cravenhurst, Salem, N. J.

Eshner, Juliet (Mrs. Theodore Rich) 1019 Spruce St., Philadelphia

Fleischman, Katherine Merion Manor, Merion, Pa.

Forman, E. Betterton Haverford, Pa.

Friend, Elinor Curren Terrace, Norristown, Pa.

Gallaudet, Marion (Mrs. Walter Powers) East Greenwich, R. I.

Garrett, Katherine Church and Radnor Sts., Bryn Mawr, Pa.

Haines, Katherine Cheltenham, Pa.

Hall, Candis 105 E. 55th St., New York City

Hirschfelder, Rosalie 2564 Lake Of Isles Boulevard, Minneapolis, Minn.

Jay, Louise 49 E. 64th St., New York City

Jay, Peggy (Mrs. Wm. Dudley Hughes) Amsterdam Ave. and 111th St., New York City

Jeanes, Lenette Villanova, Pa.

Kirk, Marcella (Mrs. James Hemire) Croton-on-Hudson, N.Y.

Lefferts, Lysbet 1105 Park Ave., New York City

Leffingwell, Ellen Watkins, N. Y.

Lober, Jane (Mrs. Martin Melcher) 347 Hampstead Rd., Wynnewood, Pa.

Lowman, Eleanor 1057 S. 35rd St., Omaha, Nebraska

Morganstern, Louise 5421 Maynard St., Pittsburgh, Pa.

Parker, Claire 100 Mt. Vernon St., Boston, Mass.

Pettus, Martha 33 Westmoreland Place, St. Louis, Mo.

Porter, Joyce 62 Park St., New Haven, Conn.

Rosenburg, Ruth 5119 Diamond St., Philadelphia

Sargent, Elizabeth 1711 Hinman Ave., Evanston, Ill.

Scott, Honoria The Millhanger, Fernhurst, Sussex, England

Thomas, Rebecca (Mrs. Charles Wallace) 10 W. Read St., Baltimore, Md.

Trask, Winifred (Mrs. Howard Lee) 18 W. Chase St., Baltimore, Md.

Vauclain, Amelie (Mrs. Francis Tatnall) 5209 McKean Ave., Germantown, Pa.

Whitehead, Margaret (Mrs. Louis Dommerich) 1060 Park Ave., New York City

Wolsterholme, Helen (Mrs. Bertram Frazier, Jr.) 6909 Wayne Ave., Germantown, Pa.
Troncelliti
Cleaners and Dyers

AT YOUR SERVICE!

We Call and Deliver

814 LANCASTER AVENUE
Phone: Bryn Mawr 494

BAILEY, BANKS & BIDDLE CO.
Jewelers	Cherchers	Stationers

Established 1832
PHILADELPHIA

School Rings, Emblems, Charms and Trophies of the Better Kind

THE GIFT SUGGESTION BOOK
mailed upon request
illustrates and prices

Jewels, Watches, Clocks, Silver, China Glass, Leather and Novelties

from which may be selected distinctive Wedding, Birthday, Graduation and Other Gifts

BOOKS FROM ALL PUBLISHERS
Bryn Mawr Co-operative Society
(TAYLOR HALL)

SUPPLIES

STATIONERY

Bryn Mawr College Inn

LUNCHEON

AFTERNOON TEA—DINNER

Guest Rooms
OPPOSITE PEMBROKE GATEWAY
"OLD IRONSIDES"
the first Baldwin Locomotive—1832

COMPLIMENTS OF

The Baldwin Locomotive Works

PHILADELPHIA

A Modern Baldwin for Heavy Freight Service

Page Ninety-six
Mrs. John Kendrick Bangs

Dresses

566 Montgomery Avenue
Bryn Mawr, Pa.

A PLEASANT WALK FROM THE COLLEGE WITH AN OBJECT IN VIEW

Phone: B. M. 252

Connelly’s
THE MAIN LINE FLORIST
1226 Lancaster Avenue
ROSEMONT

Flowers for Garden Party

BRYN MAWR’S DOMINATING STYLE SHOP

RAFELD’S
A Store built upon Style, Quality, Value, Superior Service Ideals—and the realization of the Solid Value of Public Good Will.

826 Lancaster Avenue

Transparent Velvet

A fashionable sports ensemble for Spring and Summer. Made of "La Loie Silvel", the DURABLE, transparent velvet.

A Product of
The Shellen Looms
One Park Avenue, New York
CHATTER-ON TEA HOUSE

Luncheon ↔ Afternoon Tea ↔ Dinner

OPEN SUNDAYS

Telephone, Bryn Mawr 1185
835 MORTON ROAD

H. D. REESE, INC.

MEATS

POULTRY
CHEESE

1208 Arch Street
PHILADELPHIA

Sittings
BY APPOINTMENT

Bell Telephone:
Pennypacker 6190, 6191

ZAMSKY STUDIO, Inc.

Portraits of Distinction

902 Chestnut Street
PHILADELPHIA, PA.

We have completed successfully over Eighty school and college annuals this year, and are adding new ones to our list.

There must be a reason—it will pay you to investigate.

Photographs of which personality and character are the outstanding features are made by us for people who have a keen sense of discrimination. The photographs in this issue are an example of our product and skill in our special College Department

No Prints Given for Publication Without Patron's Written Consent
Ewd. K. Tryon Co.
Philadelphia's Leading Sporting Goods Store
912 CHESTNUT STREET

Dominic Veranti
LADIES' TAILOR
Furrier and Dressmaker
1721 WALNUT STREET
Rittenhouse 8662 PHILADELPHIA

Haverford Pharmacy
HENRY W. PRESS, P.D.
Prescriptions, Drugs, Gifts
HAVEROFT AVENUE
HAVEROFT, PA.
Bell Telephones,
Ardmore 122, 2424, 2425
PROMPT AUTOMOBILE DELIVERY SERVICE

The Blum Store
fashion corner . . . chestnut at thirteenth

. . . fashion corner modes . . .
the choice of those discriminating
college girls who always wear
the newest fashions first

Page Ninety-nine
Phone, Bryn Mawr 675

John J. McDevitt
Printing

Programs
Bill Heads
Tickets
Letter Heads
Booklets, etc.
Announcements

1145 Lancaster Avenue
Rosemont
Pennsylvania

Brinton Brothers
FANCY AND STAPLE GROCERIES
Orders Called For and Delivered
Lancaster and Merion Aves.
Bryn Mawr, PA.
Telephone: Bryn Mawr 63

English Pheasant Inn
at number two-seventeen
South Sydenham Street
between fifteenth and sixteenth streets
just off Walnut Street

The Home of the
Good English Mutton Chop
and Big Mealy Baked Potato
Locust 7949

Philadelphia’s Show Place
of Favored Fashions
EMBICK’S
For Things Worth While
Suits, Coats, Dresses, Hats
1620 Chestnut Street

I. MILLER
INSTITUTION INTERNATIONALE
Beautiful
Shoes

1225 Chestnut Street
Philadelphia

Established 1879
R. C. Ballinger Company
BUILDING CONTRACTORS
925 Walnut Street
Philadelphia

Builders of Goodhart Hall

ERNEST B. YARNALL
JOHN A. STRATTON
PAUL B. COTTER
Telephones:
Bell, Pennypacker 0191
Keystone, Main 1192
SCHWARZ
1524 Sansom Street, Philadelphia
THE HATTER FOR LADIES AND MEN

THE CHATTER BOX
A Delightful Tea Room
Dinners from 6 to 7:30
Open from 12 to 7:30
Tel., Bryn Mawr 453  825 Lancaster Ave.

Complimentary

WAAS & SON
Costumers to the Nation
123 South Eleventh Street

Purveyors of costumes, caps and gowns and theatrical accessories to Bryn Mawr College
A Step Ahead of Fashion

Wise $6 Shoe

1100 Chestnut Street
Stores in Every Important City

DREKA
FINE STATIONERS
SMART
WEDDING INVITATIONS
1121 Chestnut Street
Philadelphia

DeArmond & Co.
UPHOLSTERY GOODS
CABINET HARDWARE
WINDOW SHADES
AWNING SUPPLIES

925-927-929 Filbert Street
PHILADELPHIA, PA.

Complimentary

CORSAGES, BASKETS AND FANCY SPECIALTIES

Jeannett's
Bryn Mawr Flower Shop
823 Lancaster Avenue
Bryn Mawr, Pa.

Phone 570
ENGRAVERS FOR THIS BOOK

A service—unique in its scope...a responsibility—tremendous in its varying detail...an accomplishment—great in the satisfaction it has given to others and to ourselves.

This year we are again privileged to design, engrave and supervise the publishing of the yearbooks of many of our leading colleges and schools, and we acknowledge with pride this service to the great Government school at West Point, THE UNITED STATES MILITARY ACADEMY.
Bryn Mawr Record
IS ANOTHER YEARBOOK
PRINTED BY

Westbrook Publishing Company
DELIVERED ON SCHEDULED DATE
BILLED WITH NO UNANTICIPATED EXTRA CHARGES

On books of this nature we quote a flat price and assume full responsibility for everything connected with the job except photography. All of your business is transacted with one established and reputable firm, thus effecting obvious economies of time and money.