TO

MILLICENT CAREY

THE CLASS OF 1930

DEDICATES

THIS YEAR BOOK

"For all our praises are but prophecies."
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"MY SOBER judgment about you is—something very judicious, very well-documented and very high. I am sorry enough that I cannot have the honorable duty of signing your diplomas in June for I am sure that many of them will become historical documents, so to speak, as you go on to careers of one sort and another, and that I should gain a sort of glory by registering you early in the course of your lives in the Bryn Mawr books. But that one subtraction in the complete cycle of the past years won't prevent my boasting of you as I have always done, 'for your beauty, intelligence and virtue,' to quote from a decoration which the Sultan of Turkey once gave to a Bryn Mawr graduate."
Much did we love her—ah, much did we care,
And just for a handful of scarabs she left us,
Ribbons from Delphi to twine in her hair.
In the midst of our triumph cruel fortune bereft us
Of her whom we trusted and worshipped in vain.
Now to the camel-boys doles she out dollars,

Enters false temples and bows to false fane,
Dares to appear in quaint Cretan collars
Woven on Dicte and tinctured in Tyre.
At the shrine of Apollo her traitorous fingers
Run shamelessly over the strings of his lyre.
Dolefully then the languid air lingers,
Sadly reproaching that once faithful heart.

Past shame and compunction she feels no contrition,
And mounting her donkey prepares to depart—
Rides heartlessly onward, deaf to petition,
Knossus and Ka nak now claiming her heart.
 THESE OLD EYES HAVE SEEN

THERE certainly is something about this feeling of being a "femme fatale". Wherever we go something happens. Of course we would be the last people to call attention to ourselves in this way, but it seems to be the thing to do these days, the best people are breaking out into biography, even silent Cal has done it and he was the only person who ever beat us at our own game. Strong and silent we always were—anyway silent, why, we don’t even sing in our bath. Well, as I was saying, things certainly do happen round our neighborhood. Of course we were a bit of an innovation ourselves when we blossomed out on the unsuspecting campus a whole week ahead of time. Why, it was enough to make any well-scheduled cherry go right off its balance to have so many buds running around when it wasn’t ready. It upset us too, but when Olympus nods—from the second floor of Taylor—what can anyone do? If we remember correctly, the full blown flowers of the previous year thought us a bit out of place, but we didn’t much care. We knew somebody loved us, because the minute we came to town the new Seville opened and we have been buddies ever since. Of course there is such a thing as taking too much to one’s self, but it seemed to us that it must be more than mere coincidence that on our arrival the Self Government Board suddenly realized how antiquated its methods were, and that the only way to manage these young people is to keep right up with them. And they did. It’s been a pretty stiff race sometimes, but from that first year when they revised all the rules to suit us, we haven’t yet succeeded in out-distancing them. Taking it all round, the college has been pretty big about adapting itself to our needs. They realized right off that with our general tone we weren’t going to need much extra culture and they cut down on the English requirement. For a while they had an idea that we might care for athletics, but they saw that it really wasn’t much good. When a girl is set on her studies the way we were, there isn’t much you can do about it. So they gave it up. Optimistic they are though. They still try it on the younger generation. Of course you realize that by this time we were growing up and no longer held that rather dubiously distinguished title. Olympus saw that we were growing up too and they put their heads together and held a conference. “This here,” they said, “is the modern girl. She can look after herself and all she needs is scope and she will develop something wonderful.” Of course her elder sisters were nice girls but they hadn’t that fine, self-reliant spirit that this one has. We couldn’t let them go abroad by themselves. But this one”—So they arranged for us to spend our Junior year in France. Of course all of us couldn’t have gone—that wouldn’t have been fair to France, but we did all we could in the summer, and I think we may say that that Pershing spirit has been finely preserved by us, even if we did not actually murmur the famous words as we slid down the gangplank.

Well, here we are, broadened by foreign travel, getting on nicely in our development thank you, extremities still normal, almost educated, the diploma hanging like a carrot in front of the nose of the—well, perhaps that simile isn’t quite fair as they say our I.Q. was pretty good,—and still the innovations come. Of course our social
development hasn’t been neglected either. We had a very nice coming out dance last spring, and we are thinking of going back into the lists again, these things will pop up in the spring, it’s just like measles only of course they come any time, don’t they? But mostly when you don’t want them, not like wisdom teeth just before vacation. We’ve always thought how nice it was of Providence to arrange that wisdom teeth come at the college age, it’s so appropriate. Where was I? Oh yes, the innovations are still coming. Of course we change ourselves quite a lot. For one thing our personnel isn’t the same as it was in our youth and our appearance is a bit different. The style of headdress changes. Funny how one has to have variety in one’s appearance. It must be the same primitive urge that makes a man want to grow a beard.

Some of our pastors and masters realized ahead of time that the strain of parting from us was going to be more than they could bear, so they just sneaked off on their sabbaticals—it made a very nice excuse—and that made quite a difference in our lives. But the real achievement of our career has been saved up to the last. We proved it, “corpus vile” that we are, and always were according to some people—but I wouldn’t listen to them if I were you. Something had to be done about it, and they saw it. So she came to the rescue, an Alice with the Looking Glass (or maybe it was Millice with the Catalogue) and behold, a new curriculum! Sisters, it was not in vain though it took four years to do it. Now we hand on the torch to you. See what you can do with the dear old place. We suggest you concentrate on Taylor.
HOW THE MOUSE GOT ITS TAIL

EPISODE ONE

NOW listen and attend, Best Beloved, for this is the story of the mouse. In the high and far off times there was a Mouse, a Small, Scared, Dark Blue mouse of Highly Respectable Antecedents, who lived in a Highly Respectable Home with all the modern conveniences and every attention a mouse however exacting could want from a Highly Indulgent Set of Parents. But—listen and attend, Best Beloved, and don't forget that the mouse had a very long tail—she became a little weary of that Highly Respectable Home, or perhaps that Highly Respectable Home became a little weary of her, and she made up her mind to take to foreign parts, and her parents helped her to make it, for, for the most part they were people of strong opinion and convinced of the worth of foreign travel to broaden the mind.

So the Small, Scared, Dark Blue Mouse packed her belongings in several trunks and took herself off to the most superior Jungle in those promiscuous parts. It didn't look like a jungle; it didn't feel like a jungle; it didn't smell like a jungle, but it was. There were traps in it that caught you. They didn't hurt you, oh, no, that wouldn't have been kind. They just took you by the left hind leg and slung you up, up, up into the bright blue sky and when you came down with a bump, lo and behold you were outside the jungle and a voice was saying in your ear, "Ho, Mr. One, Two, Three. Now where's your education?" But with a little discretion one could avoid the traps. A great many Cats lived in that Jungle, too, which of course made life very exciting and a bit nerve-wracking, because one had to see a lot of them because they were the official Mind-Broadeners.

However, the Mouse—already armed with a pretty long tail—walked into the Jungle with only a Slight Trepidation. And she was quickly made at home by several Highly Superior Cats with Soothing Purrs, and a selection of Beneficent Kittens, pale blue with yellow bows around their necks. Life was very cheery for a time, though rather damp, but soon it stopped raining and then the Mouse wrung out her tail—the color had run a little, but it dried out in the sun.

But, just as the Mouse was beginning to feel very much at home and went around waving her tail at the Selected Pale Blue Kittens and even sometimes at the Highly Superior Cats, she woke up one morning and discovered a Woozy looking at her. It was a dreadful jar to her nervous system and she looked around timidly for the Pale Blue Kittens and what should she see but a Bright Red Polyp baring its teeth at her. And then into her sight strolled those Selected Pale Blue Kittens, without their yellow ribbons, cheek by jowl with numerous Woozies, with their tails around each other's waists. She took one look and decided that the time had come for her to live her own life.

Her first contact with Life-in-the-Raw was the First Polypian War. The Polyps put the Mouse in a state of siege and espionage that almost wore her to a thread paper, while they tried to win from her the secret that means success. But the brave little Mouse braced herself, wound that long tail of hers around the secret and kept it, so that when an Armistice was declared and the decision left to the World Court, made up of all the Denizens of the Jungle, the Polyps had to stand
in dejected silence amid the jeers of the populace. But they held no grudges, for they soon presented the Mouse with a lovely lantern to guide her through the mazes of the Jungle.

The Mouse now continued on its way, getting to feel more and more at home until suddenly it felt a great commotion in its insides, and when it asked a friendly Kitten to explain the symptoms, it was informed that it was suffering from an acute case of suppressed histrionic talent and the only way to cure it was to produce a play. So the Mouse followed the prescription, but I have heard that when the Kittens—the Pale Blue Kittens—and the Green Woozy, and the Red Polyp saw the result they were inclined to doubt if the diagnosis had been quite right.

All went quite well after this and the mouse grew in stature—and girth—until it began to be a little too big for its boots, and all the time that lovely tail got sleeker and sleeker. But the boots pinched. And the result of that was the Polypian-Woozian War, which occurred one lovely spring evening. It was brief but poignant, and the indemnities were something dreadful.

Immediately after this the Mouse learned that there were disadvantages to having a superior tail for the cats amused themselves by twisting it—not the Highly Superior Cats this time, but a Rather Inferior Variety. However before they twisted it right off, the mouse managed to free itself from their clutches and packed its bag and made tracks for its Highly Respectable Home to rest and recuperate from the strain of living in the Jungle.

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**Required English Sonnet**

*(Due sooner or later Freshman year)*

— TO —

Like moonbeams which in darkened night
Send rays of gladness to my eyes,
So did the thought of you make bright
The weary hours ere my demise.

My life in care and sorrow spent had been,
But for you, war from triumphs all too free;
Obliterating all you made me queen
Of all that you possessed, then let me be.

You fled from the throne where I sat newly crowned
And left my soul a kingdom that rebelled
Against the despotism of the king.
As time passed on the deepness of the wound
Did lessen 'midst the thoughts I later held;
A scar it is, a jewel in life's ring.
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Catherine Howe
Elinor Latané
SOPHOMORE YEAR
HOW THE MOUSE GOT ITS TAIL

EPISODE TWO

THE next autumn the Mouse returned to the Jungle, arriving with rather a swagger as though she owned the place. She was surprised and disdainful when she discovered a flock of Little Green Zebras running all around. They were quite a nuisance but they made up for that by being amusing in their ignorance of jungle lore. All feeling of disdain or anything else was soon lost, however, in the whirlpool of activity which then began. Every animal in the jungle vibrated with community spirit and antiquarian interest as they strove to bring back to the Jungle the spacious days of that famous Cat, Good Queen Bess. The celebration was to centre around one figure called the May Queen, and great and bitter was the strife between the Pale Blue Kittens, the Red Polyps, the Mouse and the Little Green Zebras. Of course the Mouse had a tremendous advantage because of her lovely long tail, but finally they chose a Little Green Zebra with a lovely flowing yellow mane, who photographed beautifully, and the Publicity Cat was delighted. Now work began in earnest and every animal slaved. They danced and they sewed, they rehearsed and they tumbled—very hard, some of them, till it became a habit—and the Imported English Cat and the Three Hearty Kittens who lived in the Gymnasium looked out over the activity and purred. The Rather Inferior Variety of Cats were not so pleased because they felt they were being neglected and on reflection they were probably right, but the Highly Superior Cats held them in check. All went merry as Taylor Bell, and tempers were found lying loose round the jungle and restored to the harassed owners, so that peace had an inning once more, but there were two that were so tattered that they could scarcely be recognised, but they were finally identified when a musical scale was found on one and a hockey stick on the other.

The Great Day came and the Spacious Days were restored, but there was very little space in the Jungle, for all the beasts for miles around and many miles away came to see and hear and criticise, and then the Great Day was gone, and the time for the Semi-Annual Tail-Twisting had come again. This year it was a Most Awful Twist because the poor little mouse had neglected that lovely tail of hers ever since it had failed her in the test for the May Queen, and it hadn't been brushed for weeks, but once more the ordeal was passed and she fled back to her Highly Respectable Home and announced to her amazed but still indulgent Set of Parents that she was going to spend the summer studying foreign languages.
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SONG MISTRESS
Adele Merrill
On My Behindness

When I consider how my nights are spent
   In ceaseless striving with a brain untried,
   When coffee's all that saves me, and my pride,
   Though marks are fruitless, makes me more intent

To fool therewith professors and present
   A good account, lest they in marking chide.
   What can I get with reading all let slide,
   I fondly ask; but reason to prevent

That murmur soon replies, one does not need
   To work from day to day with hectic fear
   Of quizzes dropping. Studying’s a sham.

Though honors go to those who libward speed,
   And spend long days in doing reading drear,
   They also pass who only cram and cram.
Der Meister schickt den Jockel aus!

JUNIOR YEAR
"PATIENCE"
BY
GILBERT AND SULLIVAN
CAST
Colonel Calverley
Major Margarroid
Lieut. the Duke of Dunstable
Reginald Bunthorne, a fleshly poet
Archibald Grosvenor, an Idyllic poet
Mr. Bunthorne’s solicitor
The Lady Angela
The Lady Saphir
The Lady Ellis
The Lady Jane
Patience, a Dairymaid

Helen Bell, ’31
Adele Merrill, ’30
Elizabeth Perkins, ’30
Rosemary Morrison, ’30
Helen Stevenson, ’31
Constance Sullivan, ’30
Sadie Zeben, ’31
Agnes Howell, ’30

Conductor and Musical Director
F. H. ERNEST WILLCOX, A.R.C.M.

Director
PERCY W. EDMUNDS

Chorus Accompanist
Vernon A. Hamilton

I. Interior of Castle Bunthorne.
II. A Glade.
HOW THE MOUSE GOT ITS TAIL

EPISODE THREE

NOW listen and attend, Best Beloved, to what happened to the Dark Blue Mouse in the high and far off times, although they are not now so high and far off as they were at the beginning of the story. When the third autumn came the Mouse slung its tail over its shoulder and started back to the Jungle. No sooner had it arrived than it recognized in itself the symptoms of the Histrionic fever which had attacked it once before when it was ever so young and immature. This time it tried to fight off the fever but for the sake of the New Blue Bats which had come to live in the jungle she gave up the fight and actually produced what looked like something on the general lines of a drama. After this effort she went into a—more or less—deep retirement, to hide from the clutches of the Super-Bilingual-Particularly-to-Juniors-Dangerous-Cat which was prowling through the Jungle in the chinoise of an Oral. It was a very fearsome beast but the brave little Mouse armed herself with a Deutsches Heft—and of course she always had her Highly Superior Tail which grew several inches during the winter. She made herself a beautiful Word List and she would have gone blue in the face studying it if it hadn’t so happened that she was blue already, which was sad because nobody could see how hard she was working to keep away from the S.-B.-P.-T.-J.-D.-Cat. All through that long hard winter she went in fear of her life, sneaking round back paths and hiding in the bushes when she heard the prepercussions of the foot steps of a Cat. Then when spring came she decided that the time had come to make an end of the dreadful game and challenged the Monster face to face, and to everyone else’s, no less than her own, intense surprise she actually vanquished him.

The spring deepened, the cherry trees all over the Jungle blossomed, and with the heart of May did every beast keep holiday. They shed their fur or whatever it is with which a polyp covers itself, and basked in the sun, till they grew brown and beautiful, and enjoyed themselves. But somehow the Highly Superior Cats did not feel the same way about it, and the Rather Inferior Variety of Cats miaowed and caterwauled until something simply had to be done about it. So the Highly Superior Cats issued an edict and posted it all over the Jungle, giving the beasts fair warning, and then they organized a hunt and treed every beast that appeared outside its lair without its fur. Of course the bats had quite an easy time because they simply flew and the Mouse scrambled up but the poor Zebra was in despair and—have you ever seen a polyp try to climb a tree. Well finally the strain got so bad that the pitiful little Polyp, wore thin and frail, decided to give up the struggle and prepared to leave. The grief of the Mouse was dreadful to behold but it managed to choke back its sobs long enough to squeak a parting ditty to the Polyp—who was not having any trouble with its voice and sang vigorously. At last the sad moment came and the Polyp slithered away to the Great Outside World. The Mouse shook her-self and started to reconstruct her life. Suddenly she had a brilliant thought. “By gum” she said to herself, carefully not mentioning it to the other animals, “now that the Polyp has departed I am monarch of all I survey.” And she looped the tip of her tail in a crown round her ears and took herself off for a brief holiday before taking up her duties as a monarch.
Maybe It's Lon Chaney

All things may come and then may go
Within a world of flux.
The skirts so short a year ago
Have let out all their tucks.

The head that tossed coquettish curls—
According to the story—
Has grown its bob till now piled high
With woman's crowning glory.

These petty details have their place,
But fade from out the scene
When, where a chasm once did yawn,
Looms Goodhart's bulk serene.

Beneath the stern Italian's eye
To pray was once our wont,
But here in classrooms K to N,
We now recite, or don't.

Once sportive as the springtide lambs,
About the Inf we played,
But now a tyrant holds the door
Against a friendly raid.

But, as the hymn books often say,
There's one who never changes.
From year to year he holds his place,
No ban restricts his ranges.

The doctor and the Board of Health
Would catch the rover bold,
But still he stalks among our ranks,
Señor, the Common Cold.
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I wish I liked the food we eat,
I wish I liked a front row seat,
I wish I liked the books I read,
I wish I liked toward lab to speed,
And when I'm asked to see the Dean,
I wish I'd think "She won't be mean."

Morning's at seven,
The hillside's dew-pearled,
Psych is at eight,
It's a hell of a world.
SENIOR YEAR
HOW THE MOUSE GOT ITS TAIL

EPISODE FOUR

THE Mouse returned to the Jungle the next autumn full of bright and happy thoughts, and sported joyously among her friends, thinking ever and anon "This is Highly Delightful and the final touch to make it perfect is the fact that there is only one more year and I shall be out in the wide wide world with all the other beasts." But oh what a year that was! Little did the innocent Mouse realise how painful were the finishing touches to the acquiring of a Supremely Superior Tail. It got heavier and heavier and all the Cats did their best to tie another burden on it, so that it fairly creaked with effort. However, she persevered, and nobody resisted their efforts when the Semi-Annual Siege of Tail-Twisting came round. After the unpleasantness was over, she settled down for a good snooze, feeling that the worst was over, but she was wakened with a rude shock about the middle of March, by a gentle tweak at that Tail which reminded her that there was still some minor duties which it would be wise to fulfill. Once awakened she found it difficult to cuddle down again, and in her weak state she succumbed to her third—and mercifully—last attack of the histronic fever which is one of the chief perils of Life in a Jungle. This, was on the occasion when she took herself off alone to the Rock at the far end of the Jungle and gorged, and made speeches and generally congratulated herself.

Later on the spring again came to the Jungle and aroused in the breast of the Mouse an urge to express her joy in the returning year. Last year she had responded by shedding her fur, but this year her sense of dignity had grown and she actually added a new layer of black fur and put on a cap over her ears which lay meekly by her head, impressed by the solemnity of the occasion. In this attire she climbed again to the topmost peak of the aforementioned Rock and sang a greeting to the rising sun which was apparently properly impressed. Then she descended and gamboled on the green with all the other beasts. Among these were now numbered several intelligent little things which one could hardly call Men, although they did themselves, but might better be styled Homunculi.

Gently, gently the year crept on, through the warm days of May and the blithe Mouse thinking of the Great World which, though far from meek, she would soon inherit, danced past the Cats bent on twisting her tail which had now reached its prime. Then heaven tried earth if it were in tune and everything else tried the Mouse, if it were fit to receive that lovely bow which attached to the tip of the tail marks the Jungle Beast. And on the whole, although there were one or two dissenting voices, they decided that she was. Then from all those Highly Respectable Homes flocked the Mouse's Indulgent Parents, more than you would think even a Mouse could possibly have, and hundreds of small brothers and sisters, all radiating pride and joy. They assembled in a solemn hush beneath the vaulted roof of the Main Cave, under the beaming eye of the Chief Highly Superior Cat. About the Mouse crowded all her dear friends and they escorted her to her Place in the Cave. Now with appropriate words and a graceful flourish the Chief Cat gravely tied a handsome bow to the tip of the Mouse's tail. Take your last glance at her now, Best Beloved, who have listened so attentively through all this narrative, as she Emerges from the Cave and with one wild whoop heads towards the Wide Wide world. What befell her there and how she conquered it is another story.

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The Powers that Bloom in the Spring, Tra La!
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SONG MISTRESS

Kate Hirschberg
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E. Stix, Captain
C. Winter
M. Johnston
S. Longstreth
A. Howell
A. Brown
L. Littlehale
F. Frenaye
K. Hirschberg
N. Skidmore
C. Sullivan
A. Merrill
C. Wardwell
S. Gordon

On Varsity—E. Stix, C. Winter
Second Varsity—S. Longstreth

SWIMMING MEET
Won by '29
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A. C. Williams
E. Bigelow
M. E. Johnston
E. Zalesky
M. Martin
M. Cole
L. Davis
K. Richardson
C. Page
K. Hirschberg
L. Littlehale

On Varsity—H. L. Taylor

WATER POLO
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E. Grant
L. Littlehale
C. Dean
K. Hirschberg
C. Page
E. Douglas
M. E. Houck
K. Richardson
GYMNASIUM MEET
Won by '28
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M. Stevenson  G. Sherman  M. Salant
E. Wilson  E. Zalesky  L. Davis
E. Hamilton  S. Longstreth

BASKETBALL
Won by '30
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H. Seligman  L. Littlehale  E. Stix

LACROSSE
Won by '28
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B. Coney  H. L. Taylor  K. Richardson
C. Sullivan  M. Yung-Kwai  S. Longstreth
H. Seligman  D. Cross  F. Frenaye
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ARCHERY
On Varsity—J. Paxson
J. Paxson  H. Seligman  H. L. Taylor

TENNIS
Tie between '27, '29, '30
C. Winter, Captain  O. Stokes  S. Slingluff
N. Skidmore  M. Martin

FENCING
A. Parkhurst  H. Seligman

M. Dean

1927-1928

HOCKEY
Won by '28
K. Hirschberg, Captain  S. Longstreth  B. Coney
E. Smith  A. Brown  C. Sullivan
M. Johnston  E. Wilson  N. Skidmore
L. Littlehale  H. L. Taylor  A. Howell
F. Frenaye  A. Parkhurst  A. Merrill

On Varsity—S. Longstreth, K. Hirschberg, A. Brown
WATER POLO
Won by '28
H. L. Taylor, Captain
E. Zalesky
J. Paxson
K. Hirschberg
L. Davis
F. Pettus
E. Grant
D. Cross
M. Houck
C. Cole

H. Seligman
L. Littlehale
C. Dean
C. Page
C. Peckham

BASKETBALL
Won by '31
O. Stokes, Captain
C. Sullivan
K. Hirschberg
M. Dean
M. Martin
H. Seligman

M. Johnston
L. Littlehale
H. L. Taylor

TENNIS
S. Slingluff
L. Littlehale
O. Stokes
N. Skidmore

On Varsity—S. Slingluff, O. Stokes

ARCHERY (no class meet)
On Varsity—J. Paxson, H. Seligman

1928-1929
HOCKEY
Won by '32
S. Longstreth, Captain
G. Sherman
M. Houck
A. Merrill
K. Hirschberg
A. Parkhurst
C. Sullivan
C. Wardwell
H. L. Taylor
E. Zalesky
D. Cross
H. Ban

On Varsity—S. Longstreth, K. Hirschberg, A. Parkhurst
A. Brown

SWIMMING
Won by '31
H. L. Taylor, Captain
D. Cross
L. Davis
E. Zalesky
C. Page

On Varsity—E. Zalesky, H. L. Taylor

WATER POLO (No class team)
On Varsity—H. L. Taylor, E. Zalesky

BASKETBALL
Won by '31
H. Seligman, Captain
O. Stokes
E. Zalesky
V. Loomis
C. Sullivan
A. Merrill
M. Martin
M. Johnston
S. Longstreth

On Second Varsity—M. Johnston, M. Martin

[35]
LACROSSE (no class teams)
On Varsity—M. Houck, S. Longstreth, H. L. Taylor

TENNIS (No class teams)
On Varsity—N. Skidmore, O. Stokes

ARCHERY
On Varsity—H. Seligman, S. Longstreth, P. Wiegand

1929-1930

HOCKEY
Won by '35
K. Hirschberg, Captain
E. Stix
E. Boyd
A. Brown
S. Longstreth
C. Dean
M. Houck
B. Coney
S. Gordon
C. Sullivan
A. Parkhurst
E. Zalesky
J. Dickerman

On Varsity—S. Longstreth, (Captain), E. Stix, K. Hirschberg
A. Parkhurst
Second Varsity—E. Boyd

SWIMMING
H. L. Taylor, Captain
E. Zalesky
C. Page
K. Richardson
C. Dean
L. Davis

On Varsity—E. Zalesky, H. L. Taylor, L. Davis
The alarm clock shrills.
Out of the piled-up coverlets,
Across the icy floor I stagger
And smack it into silence.
A cheerful hurricane blows from the window,
Striking through the thin weave of feather-weight pajamas,
And—surprisingly—
My resolution
Melts.
A backward glance and I am lost.
The sheets hold out their arms,
The blankets beckon,
And ah, the pillows smile!
A moment's wavering,
Then back to warm bliss,
And down the slopes of drowsiness
Headlong into deep sleep I slide.
GRADUATING WITH HONORS

European Fellow

SARAH STANLEY GORDON

Summa cum Laude

SARAH STANLEY GORDON
CONSTANCE HAND

Magna cum Laude

MARINA YUNG KWAI
MARGARET MARY COOK
ANNE ELIZABETH WOOD
NINA STURGIS SKIDMORE
HELEN LOUISE TAYLOR
AGNES KIRSOFF LAKE
MYRTLE DE VAUX

GERTRUDE BANCROFT
DOROTHEA CROSS
MARY AUGUSTA PETERS
FRANCES FRENAYE
ELIZABETH ROBISON BAKER
EDITH BLANCHE THRUSH
ELIZABETH WILSON

Cum Laude

MARY PRESTON HULSE
LORINE CARPENTER SEARS
AGNES KATHERINE HANNAH
IDA LOUISE RAYMOND
HILDA EMILY TYLSTON WRIGHT
ERMA ELIZABETH STIX
ELIZABETH PERKINS BIGELOW

ELIZABETH PERKINS
ELINOR LATANÉ
MARTHA VIRGINIA STEVENSON
EDITH GRANT
ERNA SARAH RICE
LOUISE ELLIOTT LITTLEHALE
PHYLLIS DOROTHEA WIEGAND
"For she's a jolly good fellow"
Blurb
(Or What the College Girl Should Know.)

Read the quiz books full of blurb—
Oozing blurb!
What a world of emptiness appears to be superb!
   How they tickle, tickle, tickle,
   The naïve professor's mind,
While H.C.'s begin to sprinkle
   All the quiz books in a twinkle.
Perhaps he's only kind,
   As he reads "time, time,"
   The release from so much slime,
And such trite circumlocutions that ingenuously curb,
   All the blurb, blurb, blurb, blurb,
   Blurb, blurb, blurb.

Read the finals packed with blurb,
Brazen blurb!
What a depth of diddling's doctored by this lovely blurb!
   To the startled reader's eyes
   How they flaunt their worn disguise,
   Filled with confidence, not fears,
   Growth of many, many years
   Of such work.

They assert without a tremor that no achievement could be higher
Than the work of Lorenzetti—"How it burns, that inner fire,
   With what delicate desire;
   Contemplation lifts us higher."
   Tis a resolute endeavour
Now—now to gush or never
On the themes that we always shirk.
Oh, such blurb, blurb, blurb,
An idea might disturb
   Its smooth flow.

[43]
How words slither, slip and slide
Clichés, clichés, side by side,
In hot haste to fill up any space, they go!
Though a senior sometimes feels
   Midst this mushing,
   And this gushing
That diplomas slip like eels;
That the practice may perturb
   Readers rushing,
   Bent on crushing
Out exuberance, who'll curb
Graduation, just because they gaze too much at standard blurb—
   Too much blurb, blurb, blurb, blurb,
   Blurb, blurb, blurb—
Yet we still remain devoted to our blurb!
Our Own Simplex Munditiis

Still to be neat, still to be dressed
With taste, though bent on wisdom's quest,
Still boasting beret unresumed:
Lady, it is to be presumed,
Some mystery, and that profound,
Sets you apart, circles you 'round.
Acquire the look, assume the pace
That mark our fost'ring mother's race;
Clothes clinging limply, chapped knees free,
A nose well pinked and bright to see,
Then all the myst'ry will depart;
Bryn Mawr will take you to her heart.
THE BOOK OF MAWRTYRS

-With apologies the 1901 edition of "A Book of Bryn Mawr Stories"

THE deep majestic tones of Taylor bell ringing the welcome curfew of ten o'clock floated over the campus on the warm Spring air. Out of the library came the tall slim figures of two seniors; they paused on the steps to absorb the beauty of the night and to listen to the strains of the rollicking song:

"Here's to Bryn Mawr College
Drink her down, drink her down."

"Look, Miss Sullivan," said Catharine Berkely to her great friend, Lucy Sullivan, who stood beside her on the steps. "The faculty must be deciding now on the European Fellow. The light in the President's office is still on."

"Hush," rejoined the other. "Do please, I beg of you, cease to talk about it. I do not wish to consider the possibility of my getting it. Just think, this is our last semester in Bryn Mawr. How very much we owe the college—I love it all!" she breathed.

Gathering up their filmy dresses they moved through the deep green grass towards the lighted windows of Pembroke. As they reached the door, it was held open by an eager young girl who stood trembling and breathless beside them while they passed through. "Ah, thank you, Miss Brown," the two Seniors chorused.

"I was afraid I should miss you, although I have been waiting for the last hour in the Undergraduate Parlour. I did so want to hold the door open for you tonight," replied the Sophomore, scarcely daring to speak above a whisper.

As they walked down the corridor with their arms twined around each other's waists, the two friends were hailed by a chorus of voices from within a study whose door stood open. A tall, slim girl with smooth dark hair stood in the doorway. "Come in, do—you dear creatures," she cried slangily. "We have been dying for a sight of you since dinner. Come join us. Miss Smyth has made some tea and I, with my customary generosity, have contributed the boiled chestnuts!"

Lucy and Catharine entered the room eagerly. They glanced around it, appreciative of its tasteful, yet quiet, furnishings. On the mantelpiece was draped a Turkish scarf, atop of which were two carbon photographs of Fra Angelico angels, a bronze copy of the Flying Mercury and one of the Olympian Hermes. On the opposite wall was a fish-net holding photographs of Matthew Arnold, Christina Rossetti, and Cardinal Newman. On the floor were scattered a few rich rugs and in one corner stood a tea table laden with delicate cups and saucers, and a gleaming brass tea-kettle steaming over a spirit lamp. The gay young creatures, whose ruffled organdy dresses were covered by the ubiquitous black college gowns, trailed their slim lengths across the floor.

"We have been discussing the European Fellow, of course," began one of the girls, when the newcomers had been supplied with tea and chestnuts. "Do you
realize that she will be chosen from one of our class this year and very likely from this particular group?” They were the leading intellectuals of their class, these careless creatures there on the floor.

“Were they still discussing it when you came from the library, Miss Berkely?” asked one of the group.

“Yes,” replied Catharine seriously, “They were.”

“Is there any moment in our college life,” demanded their hostess eagerly, “comparable to the awarding of the Fellowship—that honor prized so by all and possible only to the greatest? It epitomizes so completely the goal of the New Woman—freedom and recognition.”

“Oh, let us stop talking about it,” cried Lucy Sullivan warmly. “Have you read Pater’s new thing, ‘Apollo in Picardy’. It is quite delicious.”

The conversation flowed on from there as college conversations will, dealing conclusively with Pater and Marius, Berenson and Grimm’s Law.

Later in the evening, Lucy and Catharine retired to their own study, and there sat together before the glowing coal fire, lost in thought. Lucy would have been the choice of the undergraduates for European Fellow had they been allowed to choose. Her smooth hair, her broad white brow, and steady gray eyes showed her to be a capable, serious woman. But neither Lucy nor her roommate Catharine spoke of the Fellowship by tacit consent. The atmosphere was charged with emotion.

Suddenly a knock came at the door and the two girls opened it to the Mistress of the Hall, who handed Lucy a note and withdrew. Lucy read it slowly, then nodded at Catharine. “It has come, Miss Berkely,” she said, and bursting into tears, fled abruptly into her bedroom.

The next morning, chapel was filled to overflowing with the eager, excited undergraduates. The tassels on their black mortar boards nodded in cheery greeting, and the low hum of subdued conversation filled the room. All class distinctions seemed to vanish in the thrill of the moment. All were like children, and children of Bryn Mawr.

The hum faded to silence at a warning “shush” as the figure of the well-loved President appeared on the platform. For what seemed like hours, she tantalized the waiting college until she spoke the desired words. “I have the pleasure of awarding the fellowship to Miss Sullivan. Will Miss Sullivan please come to the platform?”

Amid a storm of applause, Lucy stood up, but she resisted the hands of her friends who would propel her towards the platform. Instead, she stood, with her hands clutching the chair in front of her so hard that the knuckles showed white. All the color drained from her cheek as she spoke in a low, clear, resonant voice.

“Madame President,” she said, “and my college mates—I cannot take this, the European Fellowship. I cannot dedicate myself to the life of the solitary scholar much as the thought appeals to my innermost desires. But there is work to be done in the world, and I and all Bryn Mawr women should answer the call. Woman must be saved. She must grasp at a freedom almost denied her, and yes, I say it with temerity, she must fight for the right to vote. My task is to help win this battle. I go to join the ranks of those who care!”
Lucy sat down. For a moment there was complete silence; then a roar of cheering broke forth. Tears were streaming down the faces of most of the audience, but they served only to increase the thunderous cheering. Some one started singing and soon the whole room joined her in

"Here's to Lucy Sullivan
Drink her down, drink her down."

That evening, sitting on the campus, Lucy and Catharine watched the undergraduates—comely figures, in faint blues and lavenders, ribbons and ruffles all afloat, quadrilling on Denbigh green. Finally, Lucy turned to her friend and whispered: "They can win the battle, Miss Berkely, and they will!"
Syllabus

What is this that ruins us,
Can it be the syllabus?
Never letting fancy roam,
Keeping pleasure ere at home,
Charmed with couplets read ab Horace,
Never let the syllaborus.
Mysteries of chem or bi,
Physics or geolog-i;
Embryo scientists adore 'em,
Children cry for syllaborem.
Psych, philos at early hori,
Octo bells start days labori,
English Lit and rhetoric
Non absunt in syllabic.
Post the minor et maiores
Bigger, better syllabores,
Post-maiores, honoresque,
French or German or Bell' Arte.
No, perhaps not ruinous,
Most maltreated syllabus.
SURROUNDED by "miniature" hills stood the ruined tower of Who-Who Hall, the lofty citadel of bird-lore and owl wisdom. Here glowed with a hard gem-like flame the worm of pure knowledge, pecked at by a thousand eager bills, yet always unconsumed, and here flocked on aspiring wing the brightest and best of the winged world. Dove and owlet, thrush and swallow, lark and nightingale, raven and corbie, and eke the mocking bird came to seek knowledge at the claws of the stern gray owls who wore with such convincing dignity their velvet-trimmed gowns. Owls of magnitude were some, and most of high degree, but greater or lesser, great was their fame throughout the aerial world, high their honor, so that many a bird flew from distant skies to worship or to jeer and to bear back word of their bird's-eye view, thinking, in their blind pride, to have seen and understood all.

Bitter it were to feed such vultures and to set before them the choicest grains and morsels from the too spare granaries of Who-Who Hall, had it not been that on such occasion the well-loved magpie, host and far-publisher, would oft invite to join the banquet such student birds as might contribute to the feast with words of wisdom or sparkling jest.

So it was that one bleak, grey day as the birds sat moulting and moping with untidy feather and dejected mien, turning languidly with dirty claws the pages of their unconned books, the magpie flew into their midst and spoke with cheery word, "What have we here, good my birds? You all resemble nothing so much as three days of rainy weather—or on further thought, Is it a very tough worm in your little insides?" At the sound of this witty quotation, the drooping birds smiled, in spite of themselves, and a slight sparkle came to their dull eyes, and a faint flush to their wan cheeks. The robin's breast glowed warmly and her little throat swelled to the old happy tune so dear to them all,

"To the bird-bath let us on
The time is swift and will be gone."
The magpie, chattering merrily, hopped about sticking little notes under the wings of certain fortunate birds who for some reason, or none, might have claim to her esteem. Then was the twittering and screeching deafening in Who-Who Hall. It was whispered around that the magpie was giving a banquet for a cat-bird who was interested in bird-lore and had been visiting learned aviaries far and near. She wanted to write an article on Who-Who Hall, the citadel of owl wisdom. Now nothing was held in such low repute or so fiercely scorned as cat-birds in the proud and haughty tower of Who-Who Hall, and yet, so famed were the parties of the merry magpie that all the birds envied keenly the chosen few, and with rather mournful speculations as to the nature of the food, at the same time tried to comfort themselves by commenting on the sordidness of cat-birds' callings and their cheap and facile vulgarity.

At the time appointed, raven, skylark, owl, thrush, swallow, nightingales, and Twa Corbies, with well-preened feathers and not too shiny bills left the ruined tower. As they passed a pert little cardinal, she whistled with surprise to see the change in their appearances, but they merely tossed their heads and flew on.

As they had expected, the catbird was a vulgar little thing, demure enough in appearance but noisy and stupid and unpleasantly cock-sure. Her harsh accents grated on the ears of the handsome Who-Who Hallers whom the magpie introduced proudly one by one, but they were too polite to show their aversion and twittered graciously as they gathered around the luxurious board.

The cat-bird took out a small notebook from under her wing and, opening it, headed the page with *Who-Who Hall* and jotted down all the names of the birds. "Do you all mind now if I ask you questions," she shrilled. The birds shook their heads but a long sigh broke from the magpie at the head of the table.

"What are your rules about billing and cooing at Who-Who Hall?" The skylark blushed and the raven snorted at this, while the magpie bit her bill. Then the thrush spoke out in clear and dignified tones, "We have no rules about billing and cooing. It isn't an issue."

"You have no rules about billing and cooing; it isn't an issue?" echoed the cat-bird. "Who said that?"

"That's the wise thrush," said the magpie quietly, "She said that."

The cat-bird shook her head incredulously. "Have you then no interest in sex?"

"Oh, no," said the owl, "we are all free-thinking, we are tired of organized religion."

"Organized religion," shrieked the cat-bird unpleasantly, "I am talking about sex with an x."

"With a capital X," murmured the mocking bird. "You would."

"Listen to the mocking bird," chuckled the raven through her spinach.

"I mean," went on the cat-bird in an annoyed voice, "has love no place in your life? Do you never feel that mysterious *je ne sais rein* in your hearts?"
"Je ne sais quoi," murmured the owl into his feathers.

"Not often," replied the swallow bluntly, at which the nightingale, a rather romantic little creature, cried,

"Swallow, my sister, o sister swallow,
How can thy heart be full of the spring?"

"What bird so sings, yet so does wail?" cried the cat-bird.

"O 'tis the ravished nightingale," replied the Twa Corbies, in hoarse chorus, bolting their food.

"Well now, what about intoxication?" went on the cat-bird, briskly hopping from topic to topic. "Do you find birds reeling in a . . . a . . ." she paused at a loss for words.

"In an inebriated state," supplemented the owl.

"Yes, in an abbreviated state."

"Nevermore," snapped the raven laconically.

"Nevermore?—then before? heretofore?" cried the cat-bird eagerly.

"Nevermore, but before
Heretofore
Three or four
On the floor
Near the door
Their hearts did pour
In profuse strains of unpremeditated art
Never to recapture that first fine careless rapture,"

jeered the mocking bird under her breath.

"What did you do? How did you deal with the culprits?"

"We left it to nature. They were very sick."

"Punished enough" the nightingale saw the cat-bird jot down in her notebook.

"About marriage? What are your views on nest building and the duties of the perfect mate?"

"Of course I can't speak for all Who-Who Hall, but," with a sly wink at the sky lark—"in general we feel that she should be pretty 'true to the kindred points of heaven and home. While wings aspire, heart and eye, both with her nest upon the dewy ground' and all that rot, you know."

Again the sky lark flushed and her breast quivered painfully.

"How about your philosophy of life? I mean, what do you think the end-all and be-all of life is?" went on the cat-bird relentlessly, having taken down the swallow's flip words and noted the sky lark's discomfiture.

"Whar shall we gang and dine the day?" shrieked the Twa Corbies in the same hoarse chorus.
The magpie glared angrily at the greedy corbies but they were so occupied with their food that the look was lost on them. The cat-bird, however, noted it and put it down in her notebook with a sly leer.

"Tell me about God," she went on. "Do you all believe in a personal God?"

"We do not talk about God at the luncheon table" replied the owl haughtily, "Das tut man nicht."

"Haven't heard of that religion. Must be very liberal. You said you were very liberal though. I must have it somewhere. Oh yes—under sex. Are sects necessary?" "No," says Who-Who Hall. "Very advanced."

"By the way, I must comment on your accent. How do you account for your dulcet tones?"

"The Kingfisher," said the raven.

"The Kingfisher?"

"Yes, he's an old bird that's been hanging around Who-Who Hall for half a century, and he teaches us how to get the most out of our larynx—that is qualitatively—not quantitatively."

"Let's go," croaked the Twa Corbies, pushing back their plates and filling their pockets with salted nuts.

One by one the birds filed out until only the raven was left with the magpie and the cat-bird.

"What do you think of our symposium and our Socrates?" whispered the magpie with a wink.

Quoth the raven, "Nevermore."
SUPPRESSED DESIRES

(If we could examine the faculty)

Answers 1, 2, 5, 4, 5, and five others.

1. Locate on the map the sovereign state of Maryland.
   Name one of our most influential politicians, international lawyers, and fine
   old southern gentlemen deriving from that little bit of heaven on earth.
   Who was responsible for the nomination of Wilson, the success of the American
   Revolution, the gallant stand of the South in the Civil War, and the high
   price of red tape?

   * * *

2. Differentiate between Mary Stuart and Mary, Queen of Scots.
   Who perfected the ceroic houplet?
   Explain the symptoms of courtly love.
   What famous litterateur was born in Hoboken? Give trays if not too risky.

   * * *

   Just in confidence, where did you get that cap?
   Chant in chorus (but of course better than most) ud udd udddd udddddd uddddd
   uddddd ud ddddd uddddddd udddddddd uDDDDDDDD. uDAMNNNNNNN

   * * *

4. Talk to the picture.
   Go on.
   Now give it a chance.

   * * *

5. Describe the home life of a lion of force.
   Why did a prominent member of the chemistry department go to Ardmore
   to buy hair?
   How long will a dogfish keep, and why keep one anyway?
Even primness mid-Radnorian
Cannot daunt a Pembroke heart
When it starts a-Passion Playing in the fall.
With November breezes blowing
And the snow about to start,
They sing songs that they should never sing at all.

CHORUS
The vanguard trills in the pouring rain,
    Love and pash.
Then Wyndham echoes the wild refrain,
    Love and pash.
Minnie the mermaid a-piping free,
Pallid amoeba and gay lady,
Mind to mind of low degree
    Love and pash.

Though this life is dull and dreary,
With its stiff gentility,
And at times the college girl is far from gay,
When the Pembroke song is ringing
With its doubtful melody,
Then you know that love will surely find a way.

CHORUS
The vanguard trills in the pouring rain, etc.
The Twenty-Five-Foot Limit

Twenty-five feet from the ground, you say?
   Do you think we are blooming birds,
To bask in the trees and towers all day,
   For a few official words?
Now what is the harm in a simple back,
   Or perhaps a leg or two?
Will it throw the faculty off the track?
   O, why is there such ado?
The ancient Egyptians worshipped Ra,
   Why shouldn’t we do the same?
Just face the condition with simple sang froid
   And permit us to shoulder the blame.
The sana mens is all very well
   But it hardly covers the case
And corpore sano can never spell
   Your eternal and lasting disgrace.
However we choose to achieve it,
   It surely can do us no ill;
And if you will only believe it,
   We will cherish our morals still.
Must we always listen to carping tongues
   With nothing better to do?
While bronzing our backs, or our arms, or our lungs,
   Can we dress from the hat to the shoe?
Consider the love of the pagan antique,
   Consider the pipes of Pan,
And let us attain the sunburn we seek
   And acquire a fashionable tan.
The Girls They Left Behind Them
The Class of Twenty-nine is free,
   The faculty was willing.
They're scattered now o'er land and sea
   Their little places filling.
But as they wander sea and isle
   Must many things remind them
Of how they pass the weary while,
   The girls they left behind them.

For it's as dull as all outside,
   And just as wet as water,
And weary is the eventide
   Of Alma's weary daughter.
And every evening, every day
   There's something new to bind them.
They're sure, alas, they're here to stay,
   The girls they left behind them.

The quest for learning often pales
   E'er four long years are over.
But ponder on her weary wails
   Whose fourth does not remove her.
To those who suffer in this plight
   One solace can we find them.
And that we'd offer if we might
   To the girls they left behind them.

The knowledge they've so dearly bought
   Must surely serve them well.
For learning only counts as naught,
   But surely time will tell.
Dolly Dear

Eggs
Quilt
These pretty objects pictured here,
I now can name with ease;
And when I look within this book,
I learn my A B C's.
The Dear Departed
Josephine Rotch Bigelow
Sylvia Carafiol

Mary Constance Cole

Alice Barbara Coney
Lois Elizabeth Davis

Myrtle de Vaux

Catherine Elizabeth Dean

[85]
ELLEN HEWSON DOUGLAS

JOY IVEY CARTER DICKERMAN

MARY BRAYTON DURFEE
Margaret Elizabeth Hines

Kate Hirschberg

Annie Leigh Hobson
Mary Elizabeth Houck

Catherine Howe

Agnes Armstrong Howell
Mary Preston Hulse

Constance Andrews Jones

Mary Elizabeth Johnston
Julia Newbold Keasbey

Sylvia Doughty Knox

Agnes Kirsopp Lake
Marjorie Lincoln Park

Marcella Palmer

Anna Glidden Parkhurst
Marie Josephine Salant

Lorine Carpenter Sears

Hazel Seligman
Constance Seager Sullivan

Alice Elizabeth Taylor

Helen Louise Taylor
Marina Yung Kwai

Elizabeth Gibbs Zalesky
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