1931

Bryn Mawr College Yearbook. Class of 1931

Bryn Mawr College. Senior Class

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Mary Summerfield Gardiner
to whom
The Class of 1931
Dedicates this Book
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The campus views are by Reinick Neesen

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Page Five
Freshman Year

LIFE was much more exciting in the old days before we learned how to plan our work and use our Saturdays to the best advantage. That was in 1927 and Sappy and Posey Bailey were still with us, and Palache and Jo Young. In those days we still tried to get food out of Pembroke Kitchen. There was the time when we crawled in, lit on some cans, and crawled out of the darkness to find we had stolen OLD HONESTY fruit salad. It was a coincidence, we said. Angelyn did the split in our little show and all the tall handsome girls were sheiks—Pinkney and Rhys and Helen Bell, etc. It wasn’t a very big show, they all called it a skit, but we liked it and remembered to say zebra instead of chipmunk. Freshman Night was not like any other night. Merion procured some fireworks and set them off on the faculty tennis court. I believe there was some trouble about getting out. The freshmen had to get out by the fire escape from Jameson’s room because the door was locked. Anyway, next day found Betty Fry and C. T. in their caps and gowns in the Self-Government room.

There was some real drama in Wyndham freshman year.

But there was big May Day. It seemed that college was all folk-dancing and paper flowers that year. (Heh) We had gingerbread men and hot cross-buns to eat. We had to go to Gladys Lenka’s soirées in the gym. You had to shake hands with her and then act out what her manner was, proud or affected or naïve. It was the same idea as our natural dancing. And in the heat of May Day was The Apple standing over the costumes, putting in extra hours with Rebecca and disturbing even Mr. Alwyne’s quiet depth.

God bless our gracious sovereign,
Miss Applebee by name,
That long unto our comfort
She may both rrule and rregn.
CLASS OFFICERS
1927-1928

President . . . . . . Caroline Thompson
Vice-President . . . . . . Elizabeth Baer
Secretary . . . . . . Rhys Caparn

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COLLEGE NEWS
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LANTERN
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Emily Lewis

SONG MISTRESS
Angelyn Burrows
Towards the end of freshman year, after weeks of intricate mathematical calculations, we realized that 1931 was a doomed group. The class numerals added up to 15. The omen proved only too true. Our high spirits were dampened when on Parade Night, Becky Warfield burned to death in the famous bonfire when someone flung her into it under the impression that she was a hockey stick. The error was not discovered until later.

An unfortunate incident also marred Lantern Night. Miss King, back from her sabbatical in Spain, found the contrast in climate very enervating. This Dona was apt to drop off almost anywhere and on Lantern Night she had cuddled cosily up in a corner of the library roof. Miss King is a sound sleeper and it was not until 1931 "gave tongue" that she rose, a majestic and imposing figure in toreador lounging pajamas, and gave her world-famous lecture on the singing line. The darkness and the association of ideas probably account for this: 1931 would have preferred the lecture on listening quality if this had to happen, but conceded none the less that the affair only added to the evening's aesthetic value.

Election night went off better. Dr. Fenwick was to have led a large and devoted group of Norman Thomas supporters in a parade. But after hours of waiting the parade had to be given up. Dr. Fenwick had not appeared. He was curfew and the group of disgruntled girls were about to retire when Taylor Hall was noticed to be shaking violently on its foundations. Some of us entered and discovered our brave Socialist tearing round and round the Juno on his motorcycle. He had lost control of the machine and was unable to stop hurtling about the statue. Some heroic maidens broke into the bookshop, got provisions and tossed them to the unfortunate man as he went by until he ran out of gas.

When Stokowski and his orchestra and Mr. Alwyne and the choir entertained us in our pseudo-Gothic barn we felt that our luck had turned and we were deeply grateful to them for reversing the clouds to show the silver lining. But we were wrong. The last straw came when the liquor ran out at the Christmas party. We were all vexed and a committee of responsible girls headed by Caroline Thompson
called on Mrs. Manning. We gave her Christmas vacation in which to think it over but when we returned, public opinion was firm in rejecting her suspiciously inadequate apologies. Miss Carey was roped in as a substitute because of the sympathy she had shown us in the situation.

When Edna St. Vincent Millay read to us in her smart Virenet model, her expert English accent so won our hearts that we asked her to take over our enthralling Sophomore English course in Miss Donnelly’s place. Even Miss Donnelly asked her to take Miss Donnelly’s place. But Miss Millay wearily said that her heart was otherwhere. We were puzzled by this but decided she meant “no” as she never reappeared.

After seeing the Duncan Dancers, 1931, always body-conscious, begged Miss Park to make Terpsichore our gracious inspiration. When she refused, 1931 took their revenge by employing the Duncan technique at the Tea Dances. This made us unpopular with the fellers but who is 1931 to surrender its ideals? The year ended in a round of social activities and hoops. We were sorry when no one in 1929, our sister class, received degrees, but we felt this was really deserved after their disgraceful stubbornness about the chapel situation. They kept right on going to chapel in Taylor long after Miss Park started holding it in Goodhart and often frightened timid professors like Miss Swindler by singing hymns and shouting “Amen” in the second floor classrooms at nine o’clock.

Even though by this time we saw what it would lead to, some of us thought that we might return the next year. Miss Carey thought that some of us mightn’t and our faith in her was justified when we found that every time she thought this she was right.

P. S.: Here dies The Liars’ Club, founded 1927, by Lewis.
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1928-1929

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Secretary Lois Thurston

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Board Members Catherine Rieser
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Studio Manager Ethel Sussman

SONG MISTRESS
Sylvia Scott
Junior Year

JUNIOR year dawned bright and clear. Now that we were Juniors we could no longer be considered “too young” to understand history of art. We found lots of changes to challenge our growing powers of observation. We found the dean’s office inhabited by the Walrus and the Carpenter who in private life turned out to be only our friends Miss Carey and Miss Gardiner. We found too that we could no longer enjoy unmolested the sweet solitude of P.T.’s garden, but we could still find a quiet haven by dropping in at Radnor to see the grads who were happy in the possession of their promised land. About this time we had lots of good resolutions such as passing our orals at the first attempt. Somehow we forgot those resolutions in the excitement over the exact interpretation of “medicinal purposes only”. One of us even tried to bribe the clerk at Liggett’s to tell how much coca cola would really be medicinal. Then they opened the Reserve Room on Sunday afternoon so that we could induce our Sunday afternoon sleep by carefully chosen reading.

Before Christmas we were allowed to enjoy the benefits of Johnnie’s and Mary Drake’s summer at Stockbridge. After Christmas Miss Park fled from an exam strain to an express strain. Then the freshmen cheered us up with “Palpitating Pinafores” and we sat on the front and smiled encouragingly at them every time the scenery fell down. Miss Carey acted as fashion arbiter for us last spring, but still the good blue jacket seemed cosy and clean and green linen overalls made us feel all light and fluffy.

Page Thirteen
Spring was accompanied by the first dim stirrings of the coming horror of the unit system. We stopped celebrating Virgil's Bimillennium long enough to evolve sun bathing costumes so marvelous to behold, causing us to hope that the short-sightedness of Professors was more then proverbial. Finally when the heat had become almost too hot and we had eaten almost too much garden party punch, we rushed off to pack our trunk and buy our ticket, for of course we

"Let Annzie Lord put us on board
S T C A the only way."

And that we thought, as we leaned over the railing, is the end of that—until next year.
CLASS OFFICERS

1929-1930

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Vice-President ......................... Marie Dixon
Secretary .......................... Barbara Kirk

JANET BISSELL (resigned)

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BRYN MAWR LEAGUE

FRANCES ROBINSON

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Business Board .......................... Dorothy Asher

LANTERN

Assistant Editors

EVELYN WAPLES .......................... Celia Darlington

Business Board

MARGARET McKELVY .......................... Ethel Sussman

Varsity Dramatics

President .......................... Ethel Dyer

Executive Board

MARY DRAKE .......................... CATHERINE RIESTER
VIRGINIA HOBART

Page Fifteen
ART CLUB

President
Secretary
Treasurer

Barbara Kirk
Mary Oakford
Ethel Sussman

FRENCH CLUB

Treasurer

Gertrude Macatee

SCIENCE CLUB

President
Vice-President

Margaret Findley
Martha Taylor

SONG MISTRESS
Margaret Nuckols
SENIOR YEAR
THOSE of us who were not killed off during the first week of 1930-31 in the Unit Racket found that it was comfortable being a senior. We also found that there was nothing left except ourselves so we stopped talking and started to toy with the idea of a job.

Paul Hazard lectured and Goodhart burned up. They said it burned up, but the next morning there it was and all the children had slept through the excitement, and the next evening there was Paul Hazard in the gym. So just what did happen is mostly hearsay, but we heard say that Mr. Willoughby fought the
flames like a gamecock and that Mrs. Manning got there fairly promptly.

The Varsity Dramatics gave *The Devil's Disciple* with Haverford and Jasper Dieter. Mr. Dieter was exciting, may we say, and everyone felt that if we could have lived up to his standard of emotion and that if Haverford could have done the same, and if the play chosen had been another play chosen, and if there had been more cooperation from the student body, that the charred hall would have been filled. As it was, Merion seniors gave a dinner party (ostensibly to show the men that college women are not pampered), and trooped down to the play afterwards, looking really quite attractive in their long dresses and rouged lips, and took up two rows of seats.

After that nothing happened at all, but winter fell down and then Christmas and no one can remember anything but work which is an excellent tribute to Betty Perkins, Eliza Boyd and all the other old masters, God rest their memories. Who'd have thought that we'd “do it and like it” to quote the talking pictures. A change was coming over the smoking rooms at about this time. Often the long winter evenings were spent in murdering and gammoning.

Goodhart having shown it was fireproof, two Soutiens were procured for the commons room, and friendly pictures they are too.

Came the Spring and the Printer. The board of editors is about to break into wails at this point. How can the college go on and 1931—far away? Then we sang our class song about the star and Bryn Mawr and it had its usual bracing effect.
May, 1931. Art or English Examination

I. (a) Identify passages.
(b) Compare with: Thomas Aquinas
    Conan Doyle
    Paul Fort
(c) Use them in sentences.

I. (c) Answered:

    We came to pass,—when fullest freest forms had not yet been
developed,—and we come to go—man must endure their going
hence even as their coming hither,—and further there were none.
CLASS OFFICERS
1930-1931

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Vice-President . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . · ELIZABETH MONGAN
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President . . . . . . . Margaret Findley

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President . . . . . . . Margaret Shaughnessy
Business Manager . . . . . Frances Tatnall

SONG MISTRESS
Margaret Nuckols
Fanny got up at seven to take her own and everyone else's books back to the library before eight o'clock. She ate her fruit and wheatena slowly and went to sit in the smoking room with a box of matches always ready while her class smoked. Nine o'clock found Fanny lending pencils and handkerchiefs to the psychology class. At eleven one could see her hurrying to the library with milk bottles, straws and crackers for her friends and others. Eleven-fifteen and she had washed them out and returned them to the kitchen. At lunch she ordered milk to give away the cream. She never had her maraschino cherry. Two o'clock found Fanny at the bank. At three o'clock and four o'clock Fanny was still at the bank. Five o'clock and Fanny was at the A. & P. It took three trips to get all the money and groceries home. She read her books in the reserve room because somebody else might want one, and she could always read something else. Fanny insisted on washing dishes. Fanny was a freshman.

SEDGEWICK rose at nine minutes after nine. Sedgewick used any tooth brush on the washstand if she wasn't too rushed. Nine-eleven found Sedgewick slipping into class before the door closed, with the signing-out pencil. Sedgewick read all the magazines in the book shop, there. Sedgewick signed "Smith" when she took books out of the Art Seminary and she kept them till she read them. She had a key and lock put on the Carola Woeshonhoffer door. Sedgewick checked every vocation. Sedgewick liked her tea. At dinner she dumped
her ice cream into the marshmallow-sauce bowl. Sedgewick found all the bicycles locked when she wanted to go to the movies, but Sedgewick found a key. At eight one could have seen her climbing from the bicycle into the ladies’ window of the Seville. At ten o’clock she walked out of the Seville. There was a policeman so she

had to leave the bicycle. Sedgewick had a soda at Powers and Reynolds and charged it to Mrs. Manning. Sedgewick saw every movie and got her High C’s. Sedgewick had to thumb her way home. From eleven to twelve Sedgewick bathed. She took the stopper of her favorite tub back to her room. Sedgewick was a senior.
THE LONG REPORT

SUNDAY: MUST WRITE GOOD REPORT
MONDAY: WENZERDAY
TUESDAY: TUESDAY

WEDNESDAY: WEDNESDAY
THURSDAY: THURSDAY
FRIDAY: FRIDAY

SATURDAY: SATURDAY
SATURDAY NIGHT: SATURDAY NIGHT
SUNDAY: SUNDAY

SMALL BOOK: SMALL BOOK

Page Twenty-six
Lament For The Lobster

Take her up tenderly,
Lift her with care;
Fashioned so slenderly,
Young and so fair!

Count her antennae—
Sweet! and so many!
Ammonia constantly
Drips from her claws,
Take her up instantly,
Oh, do not pause!

Scrape off the muscle
From each vital part,
The fair snowy muscle;
Then manfully tussle
To tear out her heart.

Touch her not scornfully,
Think of her mournfully,
Gently and humanly;
Noting the sex of her,
Full lower decks of her:
She is pure womanly.

Ere her limbs frigidly
Stiffen too rigidly
Decently, kindly,
Remove and dissect them,
With care to respect them,
Cutting not blindly.

What’s her exopodite,
Where’s her protopodite,
Is her epipodite
Under her gill?
Where are they? Drowned in
The sea she swam round in?
Or did they get ground in
Her own gastric mill?

Draw them and label them,
Count them and table them,
Docile and dutiful;
When you have done her
Remember her honor:
Death has left on her
Only the beautiful!

Take her up tenderly
Lift her with care;
Fashioned so slenderly,
Young and so fair!
How Sleep the Brave

How sleep the brave who sink to rest
By next day's quizzes unoppressed!
H. C. with dewy fingers cold,
Shall never deck their hallowed mould;
They care not: to them sweeter far
Plain merits than High credits are.

Thoughtless of honor they sleep on,
Nor rouse to sound of bells at dawn;
Happy in mediocrity,
They dream of M., they scorn H.C.—
But thither, sometimes, shall repair
Passed Minus, weeping through her hair.
NASHIATIONS

Anyone who argues with the Dean's office
Has to be something of a Sophist.

We'd nominate Mrs. Lyoll for the Hall of Oblivion
If we didn't think it would utterly spoil her joy of livion

Girls are advised to "avoid the birdin"
Of the bearded Dr. Herben.

Eddie King
Is what they call an "Art boy," we thing.

G. G.'s course of Art and the Birble
Gives her students a lot of trerble.

We think it's swell to feel the urge
Of art, like Beatrice McGerge.

The fact that Norton's aesthetic in purple
Shows that she's G. G's ardent discerple.

Virgil's Bimillennium
Was celebrated by a lot of people and not enjoyed
much by any o' 'em.

Miss Donelly
Talks fonnily.

Miss Petts
Co-ordinets.

We've got the hots on
Doctor Watson.

Now, Nahm,
Come, Come!

___

TIME

Little stars above my head,
How I wish I were in bed.
One more page
One more line,
Quizzes always come on time.
1927-1928

HOCKEY
Won by 1928
E. Blanchard, Captain
E. Baer
H. Adams
V. Hobart
I. Benham
C. Reiser
E. Thomas

WATER POLO
E. Baer, Captain
D. Asher
A. Burrows
E. Blanchard
M. Frothingham

BASKETBALL
E. Baer, Captain
H. Thomas
E. Totten
E. Totten
E. Waples
E. Waples

On Varsity—E. Baer, E. Blanchard, B. Humphreys

SWIMMING
M. Frothingham
E. Bailey
E. Baer
D. Asher
A. Burrows

On Varsity—A. Burrows, M. Frothingham
1928-1929

HOCKEY
Won by 1932
E. Blanchard, Captain    E. Totten    E. Waples
E. Baer    E. Tatnall    I. Benham
H. Adams    J. Moore    M. Frothingham
E. Thomas

On Varsity—E. Blanchard, C. Reiser
Substitutes—H. Adams, E. Thomas

SWIMMING MEET
Won by 1951
A. Burrows    E. Thomas    M. Frothingham
E. Totten    E. Baer    H. Thomas
D. Asher

On Varsity—E. Totten, A. Burrows, M. Frothingham, E. Thomas

WATER POLO
On Varsity—M. Frothingham, E. Totten, A. Burrows
Substitute—D. Asher

BASKETBALL
On Varsity—E. Blanchard, E. Baer, E. Totten
All-Round Championship Won by 1931

1929-1930

HOCKEY
Won by 1933
E. Blanchard, Captain    E. Totten    E. Baer
E. Waples    F. Tatnall    I. Benham
M. Turner    L. Snyder    E. Thomas
I. Moore    E. Doak

On Varsity—E. Totten, E. Blanchard, E. Thomas

SWIMMING MEET
Won by 1953
E. Thomas    M. Frothingham    R. Levy
D. Asher    A. Burrows    D. Ferguson
E. Waples

On Varsity—M. Frothingham

BASKETBALL
Won by 1953
F. Tatnall, Captain    L. Thurston    M. Frothingham
E. Thomas    J. Moore    M. Dixon
L. Snyder    M. Turner

On Varsity—E. Baer, Captain, E. Totten

FENCING
K. Cone
1930-1931

HOCKEY

E. TOTTEN, Captain  
E. BAER  
I. BENHAM  
E. WAPLES  

On Varsity—E. Baer, Captain, E. Totten, E. Thomas

M. FROTHINGHAM
C. THOMPSON
C. GRISWOLD
E. MONGAN

SWIMMING

R. LEVY  
E. THOMAS  
M. FROTHINGHAM  

On Varsity—M. Frothingham

BASKETBALL

F. TATNALL  
L. THURSTON  
G. MACATEE  
A. BURROWS  

On Varsity—E. Baer, E. Totten

YELLOW BLAZERS AND INSIGNIA

E. BAER  
E. TOTTEN  
A. BURROWS  
M. FROTHINGHAM  
E. THOMAS

CLASS BLAZERS AND INSIGNIA

E. BLANCHARD  
A. BURROWS  
C. THOMPSON

CLASS BLAZERS

H. ADAMS  
D. ASHER  
J. MOORE  
E. DOAK  

B. HUMPHREYS  
L. THURSTON  
L. SNYDER  
E. WAPLES

Page Thirty-three
QUAIRIES?

1. Mr. Chadwick-Collins.
2. The Unit System.
3. What happens in Chapel.
4. Whether Mr. Alwyne is an only child.
5. What state Dr. Fenwick comes from.
6. Whether Miss Garvin is Marlene or Greta.
7. Whether the faculty read the YEAR BOOK.
8. What a week-end at Bryn Mawr is like.
   (or 9a: What a week-end away from Bryn Mawr is like.)
IT TOOK only a glance at this slender pamphlet to show our astute little minds that there was far too much action in it. Because of this the plot is difficult to follow. Murder succeeds murder and the accumulation of excitements only serves to obscure the author’s thesis: “That the feeding of tennis balls to babies is responsible for the wretched facilities found on the Paoli local.” Her truly pornographic realism foreshadows the technique seen in the style of the new suburban station and this does not justify the unrhymed couplets that begin and end every paragraph and which only serve to confuse the reader. Dr. Swindler is obviously out of her depth when she takes up the cudgel in the indirect lighting versus longer skirts controversy. She joins hands with Bertram Russel in asserting that the race will eventually benefit by the increasing use on the Bryn Mawr campus of ocean sand as furniture in the girls’ rooms. In finishing we can only say that Dr. Swindler has obviously not devoted enough time to thinking out the problem with which she is confronted.
I Sent A Message

I sent a message to the Dean,
I told her
This is what I mean.

I went again to her to say
It would be better far my way.

I said it once; I said it twice,
I tried to make it sound quite nice.

I went again in Senior Year;
By now I had quite lost my fear.

She very slightly turned her head
And asked me what it was I said.

"I only wondered if we could
Have left the bushes where they stood."
"You Must Never Go Down to The End of The Town If You Don't Go Down With Me."

On FEBRUARY 9th of this year a group of some five or more students were waiting in Mrs. Lyle's office. Some of them wanted to see Mrs. Manning; some of them Mrs. Manning wanted to see. All of them were becoming restive as the minutes slipped by and still no smug or terrified girl had opened the door and walked out. Mrs. Lyle was uncommunicative. They carried on a desultory conversation and hoped the one sitting nearest the door would remember that they were there first. For the ninety-ninth time they wondered why just one of the legs of the files was made of glass instead of the conventional light wood. For the ninety-ninth time they wondered what girl was in there and what they should say when they got in. The minutes passed the half-hour limit. Finally a head-professor walked in. He said he wanted to see Mrs. Manning. Mrs. Lyle said that someone was seeing her but that she thought she'd be through in a minute. The head-professor leaned against the wall and looked at the row of unimpressed girls, with the calm expression of a thwarted head-professor. Mrs. Lyle went on typing. The girls gave long, loud sighs to prove they couldn't wait much longer. The head-professor walked up to Mrs. Lyle again.

"Will you kindly tell Mrs. Manning that I'll have to see her for only a minute."

Mrs Lyle felt bullied. She went and knocked softly on the Dean's door. There was no answer. She knocked again. Again no answer.

"Open the door," said the head professor.

Mrs. Lyle opened the door. Every one crowded in. They looked under the desk, and they looked at the ceiling. The large room was vacant. The door into the hall was slightly ajar. Mrs. Lyle, the head professor and the five girls went out of this door. Mrs. L. went straight to Miss Park. The little parade followed and grouped itself around the door. Mrs. L. knocked here and at once the cheerful voice of Mrs. Manning cried:

"Come in."

Mrs. Lyle opened the door. Mrs. Manning was sitting by the window reading *Vogue*. 

Page Thirty-eight
Silhouette in Smoke

As a child King presented certain difficulties to his family. He did not have an artist's fingers. He did not show an early tendency to amass wealth, and he was shy with girls. Always reticent, it was not until he became of age that they discovered in what direction his genius lay. They were surprised. They found him on the night of his twenty-first birthday experimenting with his nose and a candle, in his little nightshirt in the cellar. They did not beat the boy. And indeed it was due to the considerate treatment of his parents throughout this difficult period that he is the foremost man of his profession today. In 1913 he gave up the stage and entered Bryn Mawr College, but the girls only served to make him retreat farther into his shell. They tell an anecdote which is doubtless exaggerated, that Miss Garbo tracked him for forty-one days on a ranch in Wyoming, and when she finally caught up with him and asked him for a lesson he diagnosed her there in the desert, jiddering with confusion, under condition that she tell no one of their interview, which doubtless accounts for her success on the screen today.

Actors and bishops never like him; he is too intelligent for them, and too diffident to hide his intelligence out of kindness. He is often unintentionally inconsiderate and will listen for hours to people who don't know or care what he is listening about. It has been observed more than once that those who know him best like him the most.
Study Bred

Tell me, where is study bred
Or in the Lib., or in the bed,
How begun—how nourished?

It is engendered in the fear
Of daily quizzes. Leisure dies
In the smoker where it lies.
Let us all ring leisure's knell,
I'll begin it. Ding, dong, bell.
The Sad Story of Mickey, The Country Cousin

IT WAS the first day of spring and the girls all had on their little white socks and sometimes their little red overalls. Micky, the country cousin, coming to call for the first time, hit Bryn Mawr first at Rock arch. He didn't like what he saw there. Two girls stood in front of the hard wall, about a foot from it, with the tops of their heads pressed firmly against it. From this position they rotated slowly around never removing their head tops from the wall. They eyed him as they rotated. He eyed them. He tried to exchange a smile with them but his spirit flagged and he walked on instead. A little farther up the walk, two girls were leaning against a lamp-post. They sang, "Oh, cavemen we look like and cavemen we act like, and cavemen we are without a doubt." Still farther along he found two girls measuring the lawn in front of the library with a ruler, and he began to get nervous. Nothing else happened for quite a while but the sight he saw on Merion green turned him pale. Over twelve full-grown women dressed in Tyrolean or Bavarian jackets and caps were playing drop the handkerchief, he thought it was drop the handkerchief, but it might have been go in and out the windows. This thing was general then. He couldn't remember that Ursinus was like this but then Ursinus was a coed college. The poor man didn't like to interrupt their little amusements by asking which hall Denbigh was, so he went to the nearest building which was Merion. He hadn't a chance to ring the bell because of the girls that kept running out of the door and upsetting him. They all had hard faces, he decided. He finally asked one if that was Denbigh Hall. She looked at him shrewdly. "Do you want to see Miss Shryock?" No, he didn't and said so. "Then you're not about the Year Book," she said, and gave a sigh of relief and walked away. The kindly lad became fearful. The next girl who came out told him to go on in, because he could wait forever out there. He went in and put his hat on the table. It was reassuring to see it there, like an everyday object on a common table. After a minute one of them rushed in and picked up his hat. He tried to grab it but she told him it was elections. It didn't make any difference to him. It's all up now, he said to himself several times. Two others came in the door and slipped out of their shoes. With a run and kick, they each sent a shoe hurtling down the hall. Then they backed up and hurtled the other shoe. Then they went to get them. They talked about Buddha. Our miserable friend sat down on a corner of the sofa. Two more came in the door. He watched as one began to sidle gently around the room, her back to the wall, her arms outstretched. They talked of companionate marriage and a wave of pity swept over the man on the sofa. He hadn't realized it was like this with his little cousin. Now and then he asked soothingly if it were Denbigh Hall, but though they seemed to listen intelligently to him it was plain that their minds were not there. At last he despaired of recovering his hat and walked out again, out past the romping women in Bavarian jackets, past the queer little old things measuring the lawn, and back through Rockefeller arch, a gentler, wiser man.
AND having seen her handwriting one sees naturally clearly on
obviously sees. Sees happened naturally published poor poor
dear old publisher naturally drivvel is drivvel is lively is livelihood
drivvel. Drivvel? livelihood. Drivvel is not drivvel. Is it it is handwriting
which is hard of course but not o no never drivvel bosh bosh no. Is good good but
good. Say good why not say good is very. If mistake mistaken about. Mistaken
no livelihood therefore therefore and so it is good said that publisher. Debtors
prisons being too full already with the nobenefitofdoubt to great and famous writers
—publishers. Take no chances. Benefitofdoubt such person she may be. Maybe
she or maybe not but maybe. He says maybe. There is excessive danger in under-
rating such a person as maybe she is. Benefitofdoubt a such person (benefitof
doubt me please said that publisher) should hardly dare should not dare dare not
should hardly dare not publish dare only accept no choice but accept publisher
says. Sez he.
FACULTY PICTURES
In Memory

of

Theodore DeLaguna
Page Forty-seven
Senior Pictures
Consummation

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My life has been no more than smooth bright wings
Folded against the shadow of a pool—
Calm silence here has been my only tool
To hatch Eternity from minute things.
A drop from off each feather slips and clings;
I watch the slim pale bubbles gliding cool,
Watch with the white intentness of a gull
Where the slow ripples carve their barren rings.

But now!—With vibrant shock the radiant spear
Of Beauty has transfixed my sombre being—
Crimson with ecstasy it plunges sheer;—
A fierce awareness tears the veil of seeing.
Inchoate tenderness—a crystal spark—
Melts, in the steep unmitigated dark . . .
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