Bryn Mawr College Yearbooks

| 1941 |

Bryn Mawr College Yearbook. Class of 1941

Bryn Mawr College. Senior Class

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BRYN MAWR
1941

ABOUT 1885

BRYN MAWR COLLEGE
BRYN MAWR
PENNSYLVANIA
To Miss Marion Edwards Park, who has been the creative impulse behind the concrete and spiritual growth of Bryn Mawr College during the past two decades. Her imagination has helped to realize the visions of a larger and more fully equipped campus. As a gracious hostess she has enriched our four years of college life, throughout which she has been for us the embodiment of intellectual integrity. Not only has she encouraged our individual development through her emphasis on independent thought, but she has also shown us how to live as members of an ordered community. Through her inspiration Bryn Mawr has become a living example of democracy.
THE construction of Goodhart Hall was started in 1926, but it took a long time to complete the foundation because of the numerous little springs and hidden brooks that feed a swamp in the field below. The well known opinion of Mr. Herben is that the finished product resembles a combination of a Breton Chapel and an English tithe barn. Miss Cornelia Otis Skinner, speaking for the undergraduates of a decade ago, expressed the same sentiment less vehemently: "We hoped it would be more theatre, less architecture."

Originally the plan was to erect three separate buildings, an auditorium, practice and class rooms for the music department, and recreational facilities for the students. Up to that time, Miss Park told us, the center of Taylor had been hollowed out and used for commencements and assemblies; Mr. Willoughby and Mr. Alwyne used to have their offices in Wyndham and the back of Miss Ely’s house; and a dozen wobbly tables put together in the gym served as a stage, while the audience sat around the track and dangled their feet over the edge. The college authorities, even after they realized that these projects could be combined under one roof, continued to think of them as three separate units, and as a result the building is still more or less divided into three sections. For example, to go from the auditorium to the Common Room one must pass either over or under the stage or run around outside. The needs for which the hall was built are fairly well fulfilled, and to all intents and purposes Goodhart is complete, although there is still room for additions and improvements, such as better lighting and an organ in the loft.
One outside speaker was heard to remark as he left the auditorium that he felt as if he had been speaking in the belly of a whale. But to the average observer Goodhart is less engulfing. There are many charming details: the snowflake frieze on the main facade, the wrought-iron lanterns, and the sunken garden by the students' wing. The Common Room, one of the most comfortable meeting places on campus, is used for informal lectures and teas, and as a gallery for Art Club exhibitions. This year it has been left open over the week-ends for the benefit of those who are entertaining guests, but, as George the porter confided, only two or three couples have used it so far. He expects more in the spring. The News and the Lantern have their office a few doors down the hall, and several rooms are open for the use of other organizations. Their meetings are often interrupted by tuneful snatches from the practice rooms downstairs where sound-proofing is evidently unknown. Sunday evenings chapel is held in the Music Room and hymns are played on a small organ installed "for the love of music." Dramatics are still centered on the stage, in spite of two dead spots in the auditorium, because the Theatre Workshop, built last year, is still insufficiently equipped. A member of the stage crew complains about the latter that "there are no points of suspension." Goodhart is also reserved for formal lectures and assemblies, as well as recitals of well known artists.

In spite of its drawbacks, this hall has become an integral part of campus life, and we even forgive its flying buttresses which feebly support its structural steel and concrete foundations. Necessarily George has the last comment. In his own words, "It's a big building to keep clean."
GOODHART BY NIGHT

GOODHART
THE TIME HAS COME THE WALRUS SAID —
HEARD MELODIES ARE SWEET, BUT THOSE UNHEARD ARE SWEETER
TO YOUR HUMOUR CHANGING
I TUNE MY SUBTLE SONG
QUADRAGINTE UNUS NUNC
LET ME THINK: WAS I THE SAME WHEN I GOT UP THIS MORNING?
CABIN IN THE SKY
"MY MASTERS AND FRIENDS AND GOOD PEOPLE, DRAW NEAR—"
THERE is space in the new wing of the library for 65-75,000 volumes. There are three stack levels, two of which have been filled, but funds have not been sufficient to install shelves in the third. Moreover 34,000 slides, not counting the "two by twos," have been shifted from the old wing to the new, and ten professors have found new homes there. The building is completely fireproof and is composed of steel, concrete, and hollow tile. "It will be," says Mr. Chew, "in perfect harmony with the rest of the edifice when weathered."

Five porters and five library assistants worked for a month transferring books from the east to the west wing. Miss Terrien modestly admits she was a day ahead of them all the way. On the other hand it took Mrs. Landes four summer months, including Saturday afternoons and Sundays, to get the slides in order after she had tenderly conveyed each one by hand to its present habitat. Previously she had measured the space necessary to house every slide and picture. At the time the books were being put in the new stacks, the mercury was at its usual mid-June high; the plaster was still wet, and hot blasts from the furnace were being used to dry it. Consequently the temperature was well over a hundred degrees. Few students have been using the carrels in the new stacks. Miss Terrien attributes this, first, to the shyness of the girls who, since the space is limited, hesitate to deprive others of a desk, and second, to the fact that there are no fireplaces.

The art department had trouble getting its new material assembled. Mr. Soper spent the summer trying to wangle projectors out of the factory but they were being made by craftsmen who preferred to spend leisurely
hours perfecting each detail. The Remington Rand strike delayed the delivery of the files; one of their workers was the only casualty. He cut his head open on a shelf in Mrs. Landes' office. The clock in the lecture room underwent a similar misadventure. Its wires run down the wall and under the floor to the opposite side of the room, and in bolting down the 68 chairs one of the workmen cut the connection. This left the engineer with the problem of deciding which of the eight bolts belonging to each chair was responsible. Fortunately the incision was detected under the second chair unscrewed. Mr. Soper suffered a truly major calamity when the shelves in his office gave way and several hundred slides crashed to the floor. The shelves have since been fastened more securely.

Among the blessings of the department are a dark room equipped with a special camera to make new slides, and an electric press for dry-mounting pictures and thus insuring them from curling in the future. More important, the big lecture room was designed by Mr. Sloane and Mr. Carpenter. As each part flows structurally into another, the room as a whole is a fine example of practical and aesthetic unity. All in all, the new wing might be considered an art major's dream. One, however, expressed herself thus: "I'm not sure I'm not more impressed by it than able to work in it."

The colors in the Quita Woodward room are borrowed from the memorial portrait by Violet Oakley of Quita as she appeared in Big May Day. In spite of the fact that the room is so lovely undergraduates have not misused it by studying there. So far the only abuse, Miss Terrien confides, is that "the students will put their feet on the nice light furniture."

19
O FAUSTUS! LAY THE DAMNED BOOK ASIDE
THE GLORY THAT IS GREECE
GENTLEMEN AND SCHOLARS ALL—WELL, PRACTICALLY ALL
CORALLED IN THE CARELLS
BEACONING THE VOTARIES
SCIENCE BUILDING

THE new science building is full of surprises. Its steel-framed windows were borrowed from prison models, ostensibly not to keep people in lab but to allow for better light and ventilation. The ice-box in the advanced organic chemistry laboratory is supposedly for strictly scientific purposes but the larder, stocked with marmalade, peanut butter and ginger wafers, in the geology study room down the hall makes no such pretenses. Mr. Cope found still another surprise when his colleagues decided to test the door in the fluorescent room. When the door was closed behind him, it was discovered that the knob was defective. Mr. Watson admits that while Mr. Cope lay gasping on the floor (the room is almost air-tight), his associates stood outside and jeered, waiting half an hour before they had the hinges removed.

"We wouldn't do it differently if we had to build the whole thing over again," declared Mr. Crenshaw. Ten years of careful consideration have gone into the planning of the building. There were to be four wings for the four sciences, with physics and chemistry across the road from Dalton. The houses already there were to be moved down the hill, but after they had been theoretically slid all the way to the infirmary, the plan was abandoned because there just wasn't enough room. In 1936 the geology department was invited to share a new building with the chemists. Although physics was the logical choice, geology was chosen because it required less expensive equipment. The space is almost evenly divided between the two sciences, but chemistry encroaches upon three geology rooms, Mr. Watson bitterly informed us. Their relations, however, are amicable.

Its new surroundings provide the geology department with ten times as much space as it had before, but the fossils and mineral specimens formerly housed in Dalton now completely occupy their present quarters.
The large airy rooms serve as storage and display space as well as laboratories and lecture halls. The Camera Club, in droves, shares the department's dark room. Strangely enough, they entertain their Haverford friends there, and although Mr. Watson is afraid that any sudden movement might upset the delicate apparatus, they leave the place scrupulously clean. Newly acquired are a reflecting goniometer, for crystal measurements, and a Pulfrich refractometer.

Mr. Crenshaw claims that this is one of the best chemistry buildings in the country. The General Ceramic Company cooperated in making the quantitative laboratory unique. It furnished the white-tiled table tops which make it possible to observe various color variations. Many of the sinks were also made to order, those in the first year laboratory according to Mr. Crenshaw's own specifications. The first year students splash; consequently the sinks do not run lengthwise, but cut across the tables. A hood is installed in each room to carry away the gases. Eighteen fans in a special chamber upstairs create a vacuum which sucks out the polluted air. Another precaution is the shower in the first year room to extinguish flaming clothes. The authorities voted against the inclusion of a drain to discourage too frequent use of the shower in warm weather. Equipped with the latest class room devices, the big lecture room is especially successful. The chemical chart was copied from a larger one at Harvard for one-twentieth of the cost of the original. Among the extraordinary features of this room are left-handed seats and sliding blackboards.

Although the science building is isolated from the rest of the campus, the distance has had little effect on the attendance, according to Mr. Dryden. The situation has its defects, nevertheless. The power house showers everything with soot and the tennis courts lure students away from more scientific pursuits. One fresh young person summed up the building: "It certainly has an aura around it. You can smell it a mile off."
HYDROSULPHURIC HEAVEN

THE SCIENCE
BUILDING
AND THEY'VE GOT AN ICE-BOX TOO
HIGH ON A WINDY HILL
OH, YOU KID!
OUT OF THESE ASHES —
RHOADS differs from the other new buildings on campus in that it has made a financial rather than an intellectual contribution to the college. The main purpose of this investment, according to Miss Park, was to increase faculty salaries with the additional income from a hundred new students. Temporarily, however, the college has been forced to use this money to defray other expenses. A sum is paid each year towards the amortization, and in twenty years Rhoads will be our own.

Miss Howe was on the committee to select the furniture. She and her colleagues visited "every furniture store known to man," but were finally reduced to having two sets designed. The first was discarded because it was too fragile and, in the opinion of all, looked as if it had no eyelashes. The second set, which was finally adopted, was created by Marcel Brueur of the Harvard Architectural School. Mr. Brueur had artfully contrived a desk chair whose most prominent feature was a rung back. When Miss Howe objected, he suggested that comfort-loving students could weave their own rope seats. Later she learned that a Harvard architectural student had been pressed into the weaving industry for experimental purposes. Solid seats and backs were, nevertheless, installed. One unexpected problem arose near the completion of the building. Miss Howe discovered that the window seats were too narrow, and only by sitting on one herself and using a yardstick could Miss Ward convince the architect of their inadequacy.

Among other architectural features, Rhoads boasts water units rivalled only by those newly installed in Merion, where the bath tubs have doors. One cleanly senior was surprised in her tub by a flock of alumnae admiring the new tiles. Each student has a private cubicle for her tooth brush, paralleled by one in the front hall for her letters. A
complex wiring system attaches every room to the switchboard in the hall. "You've got to have understanding of it," one accomplished maid informed us. "There's the night bell and the day bell and the warden's bell and the north side and the south side." Hilah proved her mettle by mastering the art of the switchboard in one lesson. When she found the levers too confusing she resourcefully went into the warden's suite and called herself up. More electrical attachments buzz alarms in either of the wardens' rooms whenever any of the five doors is opened after 10:30.

Miss Wood, warden of North, stole out to investigate a buzz one morning at 1:30 after letting in a gay young thing and surprised her again on the doorstep. It seems her date had a bad cold and she had brought out her benzedrine inhaler.

Rhoads is famous for its kitchen, and its kitchen is famous for Miss Hait, who bestows her personal attention on each cookie. She knows the number of blankets in the 114 students' rooms and sees that the same number is supplied for each of the maids and porters. The latter enjoy the most comfortable employees' quarters on campus. In contrast to the other halls, there are sixteen singles, one double, and two rooms for married couples. Jefferson, the porter of North, has shown quite a flair for interior decorating, Miss Hait tells us. His room, full of pillows, books and magazines, demonstrates the infiltration of college taste.

Most sumptuous of all is the suite in the tower, which has its own private bath and two staircases. The advantages include being able to work or play uninterruptedly, and a beautiful view of both sides of the campus. The disadvantages include comparative isolation from the social whirl of the hall, unearthly sound effects on windy nights, and the horror of running, unpowdered, down four flights of stairs to find a young man instead of a telephone call.

Olivia Kahn '41.
Betty Rowland '41.
BUT IT WAS THE BEST BUTTER
OUTDOOR LIFE
IT'S BEAUTIFUL IN THE SPRING
FRESHMAN YEAR

It was in September when we came to College as the class of 1941. '41 was all we knew of ourselves; a number; a seven-come-eleven for the four years which (we were told) lay ahead (for some). But we found out other things because they took pictures of various members of the class being Freshmen under Pembroke Arch with trashbaskets or in a Room with hoops. And all that was Freshman week before we knew about hoops.

So we saw the College first through camera lenses and our round-eyed gaze turned into a quick angle shot and so what if we have seen things a little out of perspective—because, ever since—but that is history. There was a heat wave Freshman week at any rate and it was much hotter then than it has ever been since.

To get on with Freshman year which had scarcely begun for 144 of us from the East, from the West, North and South and all the rest, before we knew it, it was winter and Wyndham had become the garden spot of the nation and nightingales sang in Berkley.

But then the people who went to picnics there and those who didn’t had to stop doing it for the Freshman Show. And our Freshman Show was the best Freshman Show, which proves that you mustn’t believe everything you see in the papers. And with the Show came a great deal of Fun and one-half the class never spoke to the other half afterwards which was a real adjustment, as you only had half as many people to get along with. But that didn’t really discourage us and we couldn’t sing anything but the Class Song, which gave us a certain singleness of purpose.
"OH, OUR FRESHMAN SHOW WAS THE WORST FRESHMAN SHOW. JUST LOOK UP THAT ISSUE OF THE 'NEWS'."
AND BETTER TO BE THAT WAY

"IT IS UNFORTUNATE THAT SO MUCH EFFORT AND ABILITY WERE SPENT ON SO POOR A VEHICLE. ASLEEP WE WERE, BUT WAS IT BETTER TO BE THAT WAY."—ISOTA TUCKER, "THE COLLEGE NEWS," 19 FEBRUARY, 1938
THE OLDE MANOR HOUSE
(PART OF THE OLDE FARM, Y'KNOW)

3½ LITTLE MAIDS
PEEK-A-BOO. I SEE RED (YOUTH CONGRESS, 1938)
PEMBROKE ARCH, SOME GIRLS BY PEMBROKE, THE
FENCE BY PEM, ETC.
THERE ARE FAIRIES AT THE BOTTOM OF OUR GARDEN
Some of the people have fun all of the time.
SOPHOMORE year we were still the class of 1941, but that was about all and in response to a general demand we spent the year in the shadows of various buildings. If anyone saw us, they didn’t speak to us and that was the way the year went. And that is why no one can remember Sophomore year; it was all gray and the rain came down steadily although we didn’t have boots the way the little girls do now.

We became conscious of work Sophomore year. Freshman year we had done our work as a matter of course but Sophomore year we found that there was some choice so we immediately made the wrong choice and that was the year we started to fail the orals and drop required courses.

In February we made a Concerted Effort as a class, rather like a St. Bernard trying to climb into someone’s lap—which is a new way of saying we made a plan for terrorism and rowdyism in the approved Fascist manner and kidnapped a Freshman in good order. As we had misunderstood our obligations we were in turn misunderstood and perhaps some day we will all come to a bad end.

But the class was united momentarily which was a good thing; for the most part the shadows of the year were so dark that we couldn’t see one another and some people did get lost in the cloisters and haven’t been seen since. Other members of the class got lost on committees Sophomore year; the committees that make the wheels of the campus turn until the machine crushes you which is beside the point.

Finally May Day dawned bright and clear, but as it had been raining the night before when our President and Vice-President tacked the streamers to the Maypoles from the high ladder, they had called the whole thing off out of dizziness and wet despair. So it didn’t do May Day any good to dawn bright and clear. As far as the Sophomore class went, it was raining, which was typical.
IM HIMMEL IST EIN KARUSSELL
DAS DREHT SICH TAG UND NACHT
HOOPS, BUT NO HUSBANDS.

WAKE ME EARLY, MOTHER—DAR-LING
GIRLS IN THEIR SUMMER DRESSES, OR WYNDHAM GARDEN BECOMES ELECTRA
JUNIOR YEAR

JUNIOR year we prepared to come out of the gloom that had surrounded us and play our Part. The Juniors who were taking their Junior year abroad found themselves taking their Junior year at Bryn Mawr as refugees, who knew what they were majoring in which set them apart. For the rest of the class choosing a major was rather like going to Jerusalem. Different people played different tunes and everyone ran around and sank breathless into different seats and a few chairs were taken away.

Then as spring came on the Seniors started to float upwards out of our reach like a lot of little Evas and some were nearer heaven than others by the time comprehensives were over. We had their jobs about the campus by then, of course, and didn't know quite what to do with them. If Seniors were asked what to do, there was a visible turning from light to darkness and angelic voices said they didn't live there anymore. So we proceeded by ourselves in what was a perfectly ordinary manner but we felt that it was a response to the call of Empire, a shouldering of the white man's burden. We were in a way a class inspired through these difficult days however, as Cinderella had found her glass slippers and the Junior class was having a Prom.

We had a Name Band from the Steel Pier at Atlantic City and a bandstand in the corner of the Gym. The decorations were all things to all men; a French garden looking in or a New England garden looking out. At least there were picket fences to burn and Junior year went out with soft lights and a sweet Name Band.
MAIN TRAVELLED ROADS, 1940
SOME GIRLS ONLY PLAY HOCKEY WITH HAVERFORD
UNSUPERVISED SPORTS AT BRYN MAWR
BASKETBALL TO BUZZ WITH A BIT OF BRRRR—
SENIOR YEAR

SENIOR year started somewhere in Junior year much to our confusion but it was not until the fall of Senior year that we had that light-headed and unpleasant sensation of there being nothing above us. We were all we had and encouraged by the Junior Prom we felt ourselves to be a Class; for better or for worse. So no one should have been surprised when we took the Orals—as a Class. Or perhaps it was only a compliment to our distinguished appearance when Mrs. Dietz asked all the graduate students and Ph.D.'s to leave the room where the Class had gathered for the first German Oral.

Again and again the Class gathered for the Orals and rallied around the dictionaries. There were the First and Second French Oral and then, on a day in January, the Second German Oral followed by the Third French Oral. And the heroes, not to say the veterans, of these Orals, who went to Taylor unsung, are among us today.

Now it is April and will be May and we will not cross certain bridges until we come to them. But it is permissible to look backwards if not forward and to congratulate ourselves on the past if not on the future. Perhaps all that we can say is that we are the class of 1941, which is where we started. But that is enough; like Queen Victoria at the end of her reign the "we" becomes a very royal "We." We have been at Bryn Mawr now for four long years and we can now view the college with the wisdom of the very old for this brief period before we try to take our seats with the Elect.

Virginia Nichols '41.
STEP SINGING, 1941
"I CAN'T DO IT ALL BY MYSELF"
THE REPUBLICAN MACHINE
THE FACULTY SEEM TO HAVE AS MUCH TIME AS THEY THINK WE HAVE. [JOKE—UGH]
CHRISTMAS TIME IS THE TIME FOR YEGGS
'TWAS THE NIGHT BEFORE CHRISTMAS
AND ALL THROUGH THE HOUSE
THE FACULTY WERE HAVING CHRISTMAS DINNER WITH THE
MICE. (OR DON'T YOU KNOW PAL JOEY)
BREAKIE, YUNCH, DANCY-PRANCY AND A TOUCH OF SUPSUP
HOCKEY ON THE TENNIS COURT

CHEVY CHASE
FORE

A NEW BUICK

MADONNA OF THE CHAIR
ONCE MORE INTO THE BREECH, DEAR FRIENDS, ONCE MORE
OUCH!

HAVE YOU PASSED YOUR SCIENCE REQUIREMENT?
FOR EVEN IMMORTALS HAVE MOMENTS
Former Members of the Class

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Avery, June Burroughs
Barrett, Julia Waters
Blyler, Rosemary Jean
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