

The
Bryn Mawr
Almanac

for the
Year of Our Lord
1934



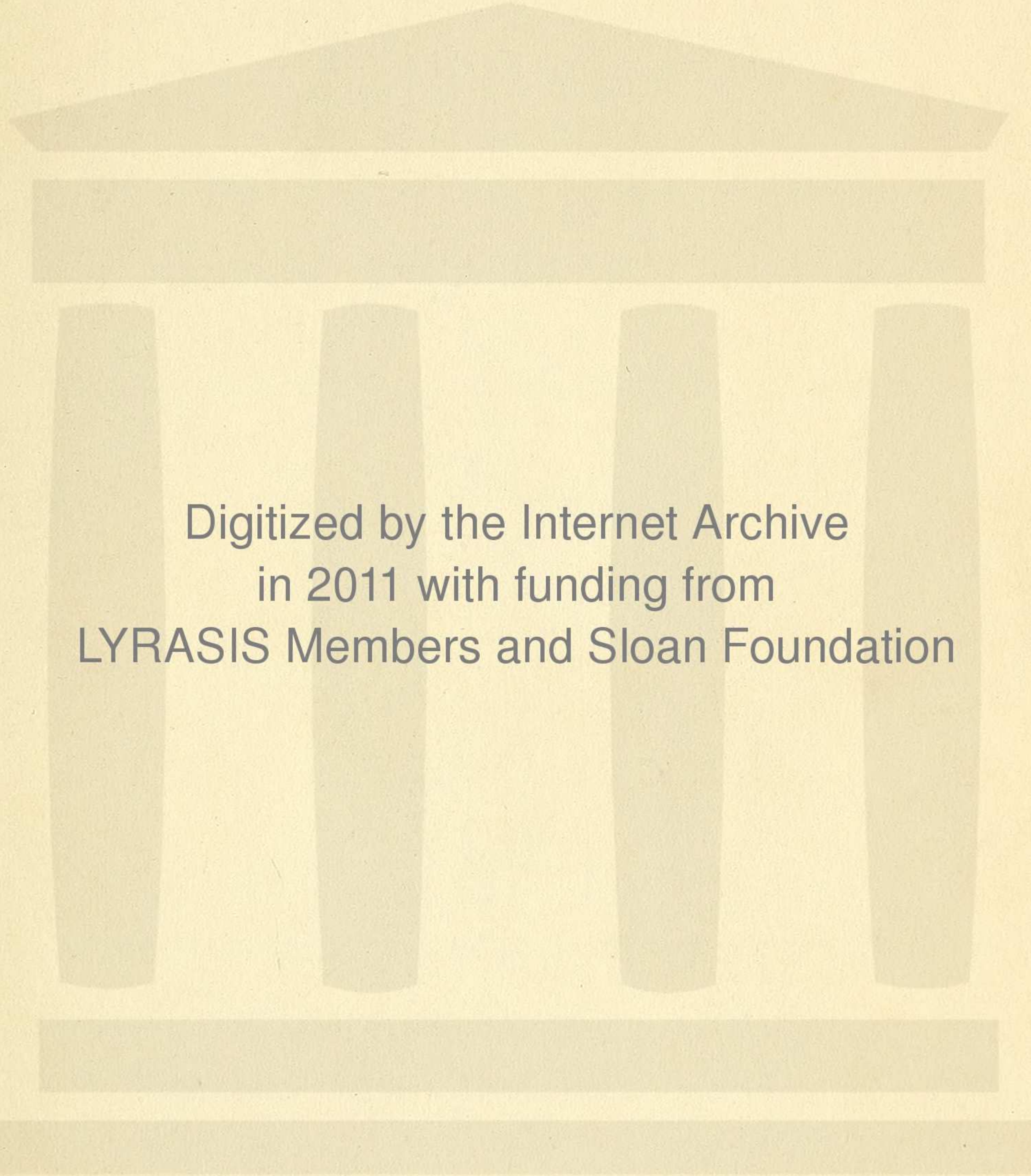
☞ *“Let Them Be Well Us'd; For
They Are The Abstracts And Brief
Chronicles Of The Time: After Your
Death You Were Better Have A
Bad Epitaph Than Their Ill Report
While You Live.”*

Hamlet, II, 2,512-15.

PHILADELPHIA

PRINTED BY E. A. WRIGHT COMPANY

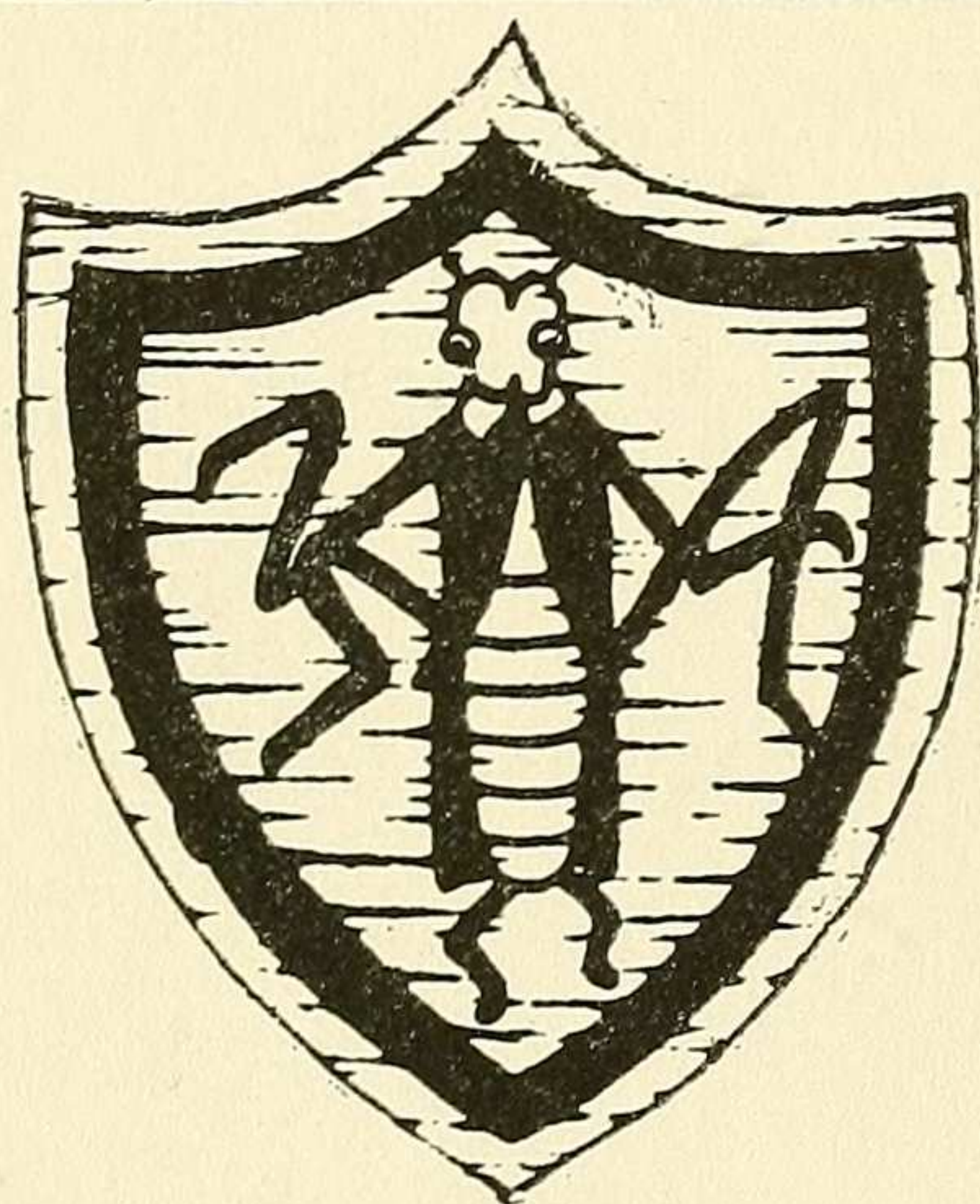
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Dedication

The Class of Nineteen-Thirty-Four
Considers it a privilege
To dedicate this, their Yearbook,

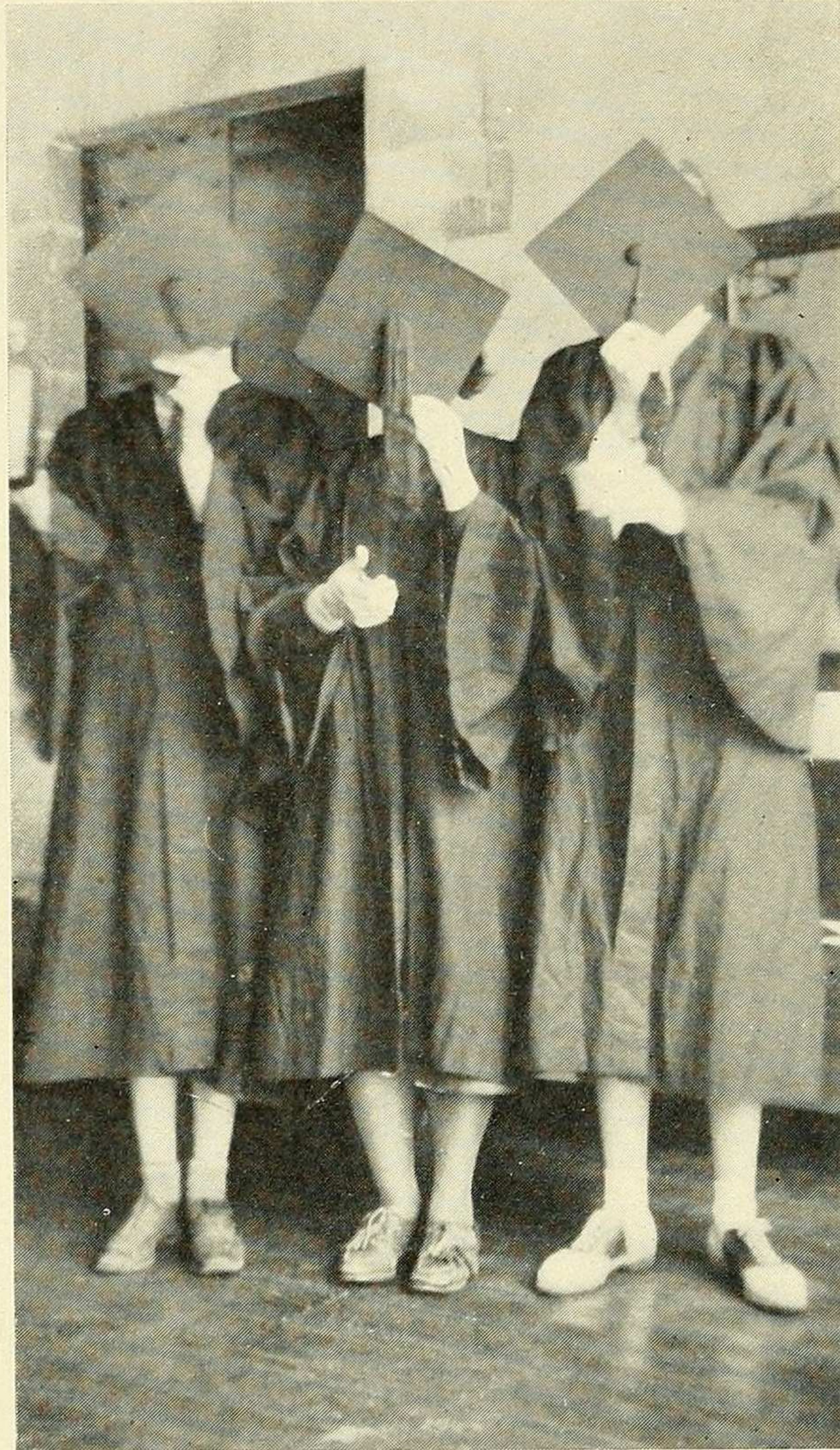
To

GEORGIANA GODDARD KING.

By her work, as head of
The Department of History of Art,
She has inspired us to an intelligent appreciation
Of the work of the great masters.

We wish to express our gratitude
For the years she has devoted to Bryn Mawr.





WE
Shall Be Nameless

Business Manager

RUTH BERTOLET

Assistants

KATHERINE LOUISE FOX

BETTY CAROLYN GOLDWASSER

ELLEN NANCY HART

FRANCES PLEASANTON

Art Editor

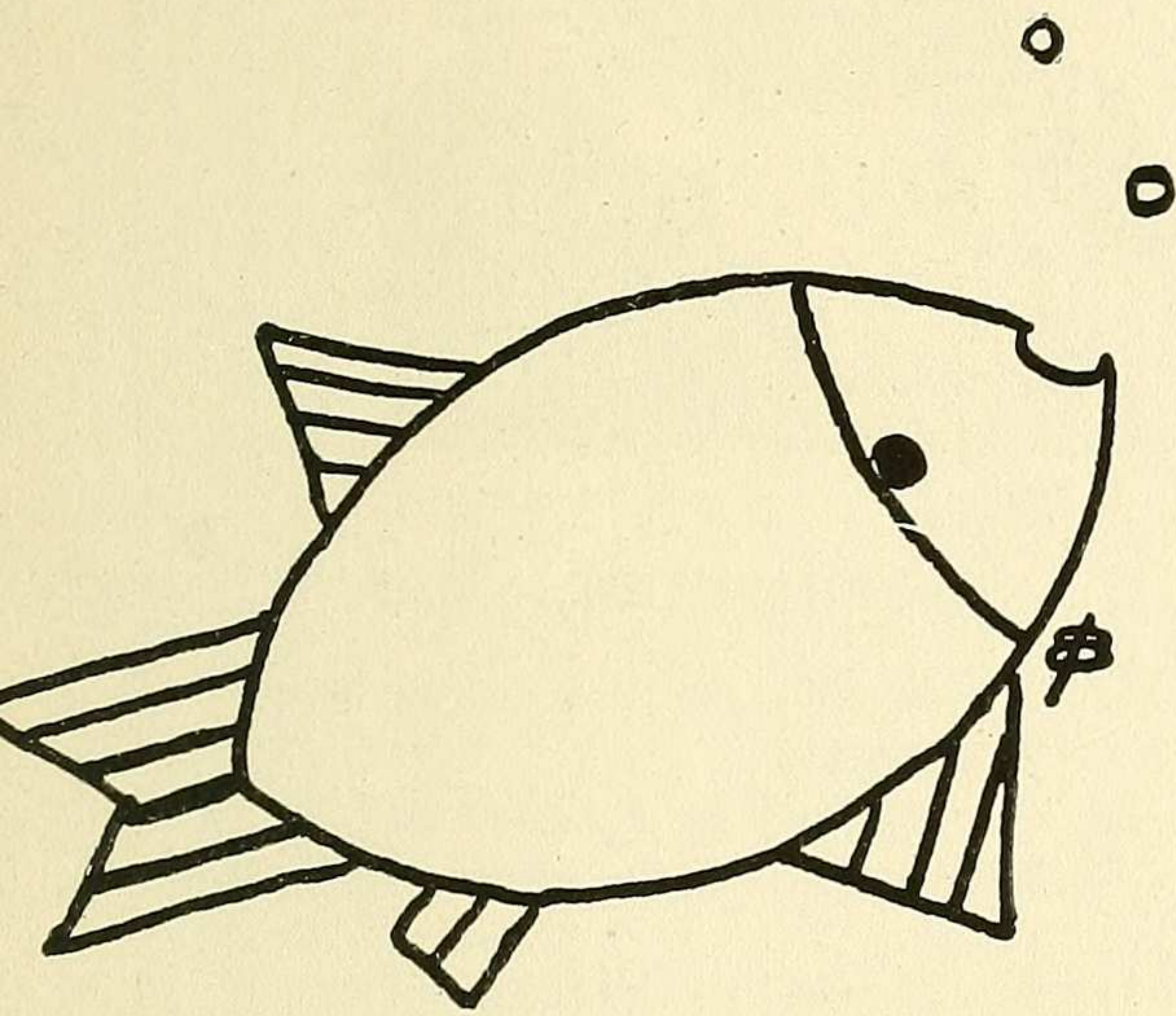
GABRIEL BROOKE CHURCH

We wish to thank Miss Meneely, Miss Carter, Miss Fraser and Miss Dannenbaum for their valuable services to the Business Board.

Editorial acknowledgment to Mr. Monroe F. Dreher, of Newark, New Jersey, for his suggestion of the Almanac format for this book.

By Their Speech Shall Ye Know Them

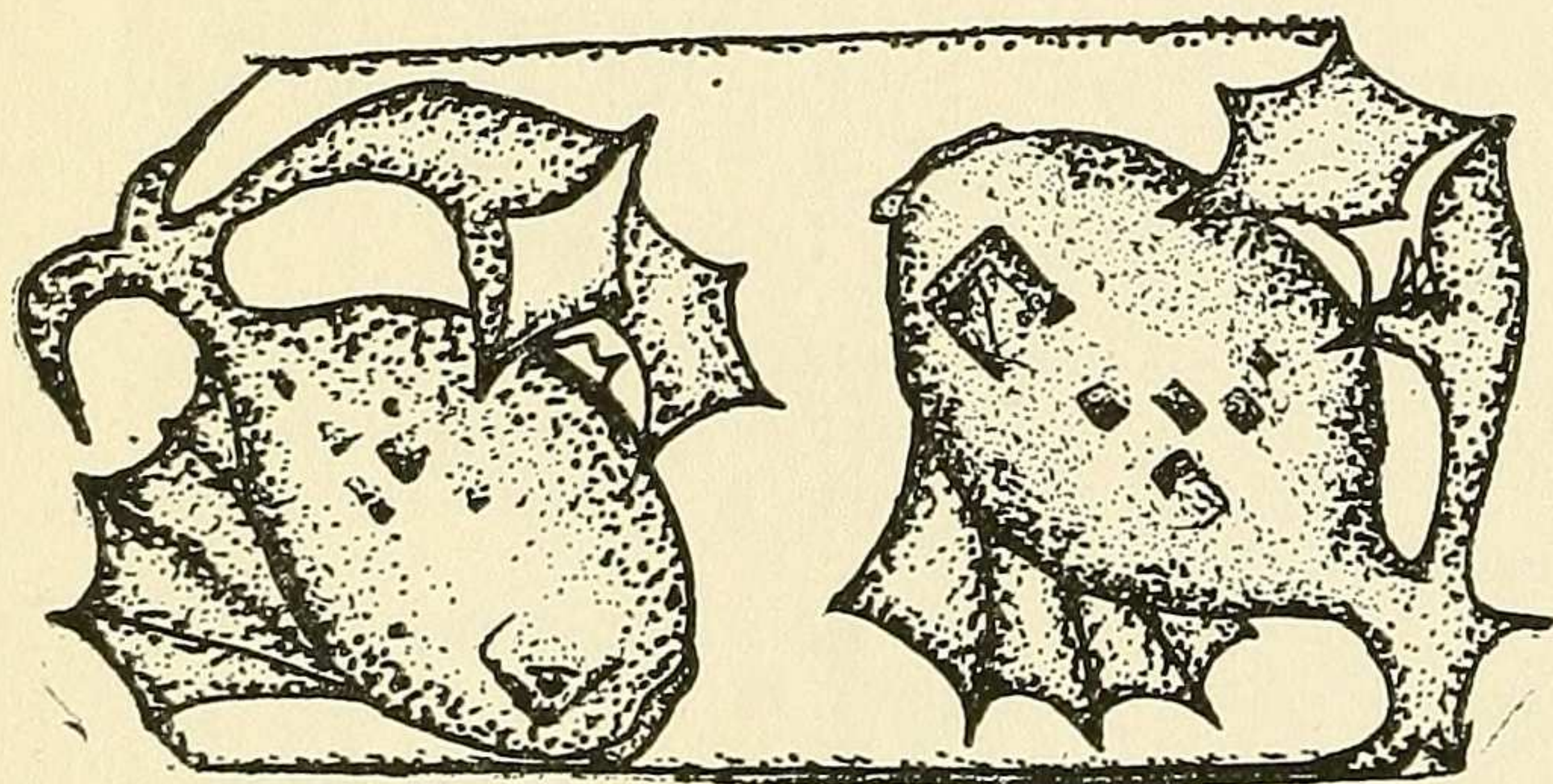
It has always been our aim to present the lives and loves of our classmates in the modern mode, and under the circumstances, and in the light of the fact that we have been joyously informed that there has never been a class quite like us before, and, if the gods are kind, there never will be again, we feel that our class history cannot be written in the manner of class histories in the dim, dark past. We are therefore attempting to present it through a review of the clichés which have been on every talented and brilliant tongue during our four years of preparation for the life to come. It all started when the lady of social repute gave a dinner and during the preliminaries announced that she had intended to have caviar canapes and then decided not to. Everyone raised their voices and shouted as one person "cliché", and that is how it all originated. We have been raising our voices and shouting more or less the same things for many years and through them it is our belief that our careers can be most accurately sketched.



FRESHMAN YEAR

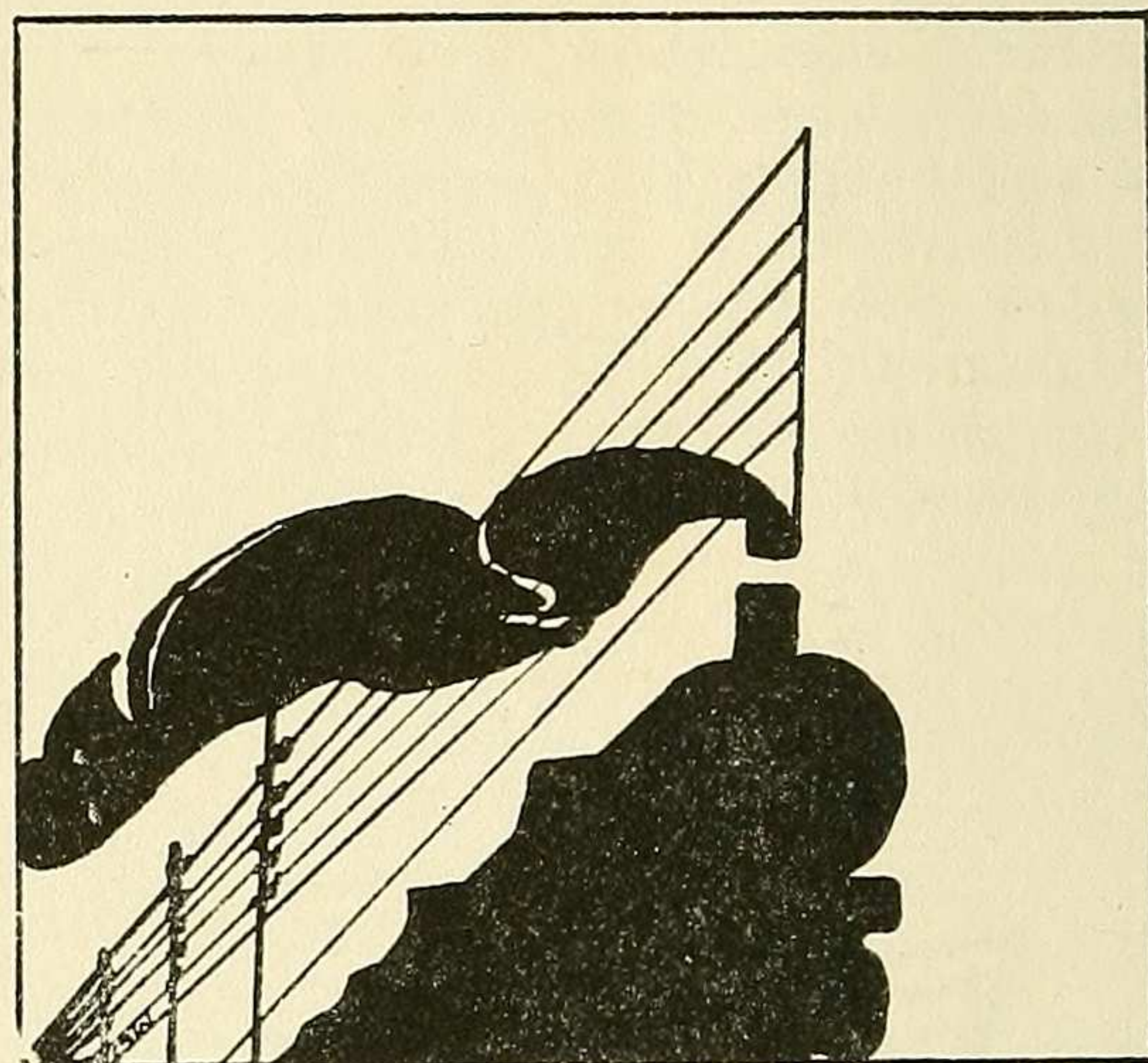
1. Can you go out with men around here?
2. She had blonde hair when I knew her in prep school—can you believe it?
3. What do you talk about when you go to tea at the Dean's?
4. Do you realize she has never even been to a speakeasy?
5. I'm only going to stay two years—just to please the family.
6. I'd like to see her outside of college.
7. She's never known any men really well, if you know what I mean.
8. Do they ever check up on where you sign out to?
9. You show a marked tendency toward flat feet.
10. "Marching along, marching along,
Fifty score strong,
Great hearted gentlemen singing
this song."
11. Two inches taller and I would have been the world's greatest Hamlet.
12. You know I think there's really something to that man Santayana.
13. Freshman! Telephone!
14. What did you really think about *Ulysses*?
15. Have you started your long paper yet? Good, neither have I.
16. Mine's a tragedy—I simply can't write comedy.
17. I know, but the English faculty doesn't want to know the facts of life.
18. Virginia Woolf may be the best modern novelist, but she doesn't mean anything to this baby.
19. Caps and gowns make me feel awfully intelligent.
20. I'm going to chapel.
21. It doesn't make sense. I had a credit average all semester and then end up with a sixty.
22. Isn't Mrs. Collins cute?
23. There's something positively ominous about the Dean's office.
24. Freud has a positively filthy mind.
25. Parade Night makes me feel like I was back in prep school.
26. I'll bet I draw the prize Lantern girl.
27. I think the Seniors are really quite human.
28. Wouldn't she have to be President of Self-Gov?
29. Well, it's all right if you live in Pembroke, but Rock has gratings on the windows.
30. I'll never get my merits—not with that dandy Freshman English.

31. I haven't taken my S. A. girl out to tea yet. Do you suppose she'd notice if I didn't?
32. Do you think the Prince and Princess of Japan actually noticed the cherry tree?
33. It's all very well not having a mid-year, but think of the final.
34. What's this I hear about no required science?
35. I haven't been here one weekend all fall.
36. Can you bear it? Dr. Wagoner asked me if I was happy.
37. Just tell her you feel faint—she'll give you an excuse.
38. Minor History is the toughest course in college.
39. Do you suppose tar soap will take the dog fish off?
40. Would you believe it? I intended to be an English major.
41. Who's writing Freshman Show?
42. We might as well call the whole thing off—Mrs. Manning has ruled half the class out.
43. She's supposed to be swell—had some sort of a job in the theatre somewhere once.
44. Better keep it clean—Miss Park reads it.
45. Last year's Freshman Show was the best there's ever been.
46. Did you ever see such a collection of legs?
47. If this is dress rehearsal the performance ought to be swell.
48. Don't try to sing it—just sort of talk the words.



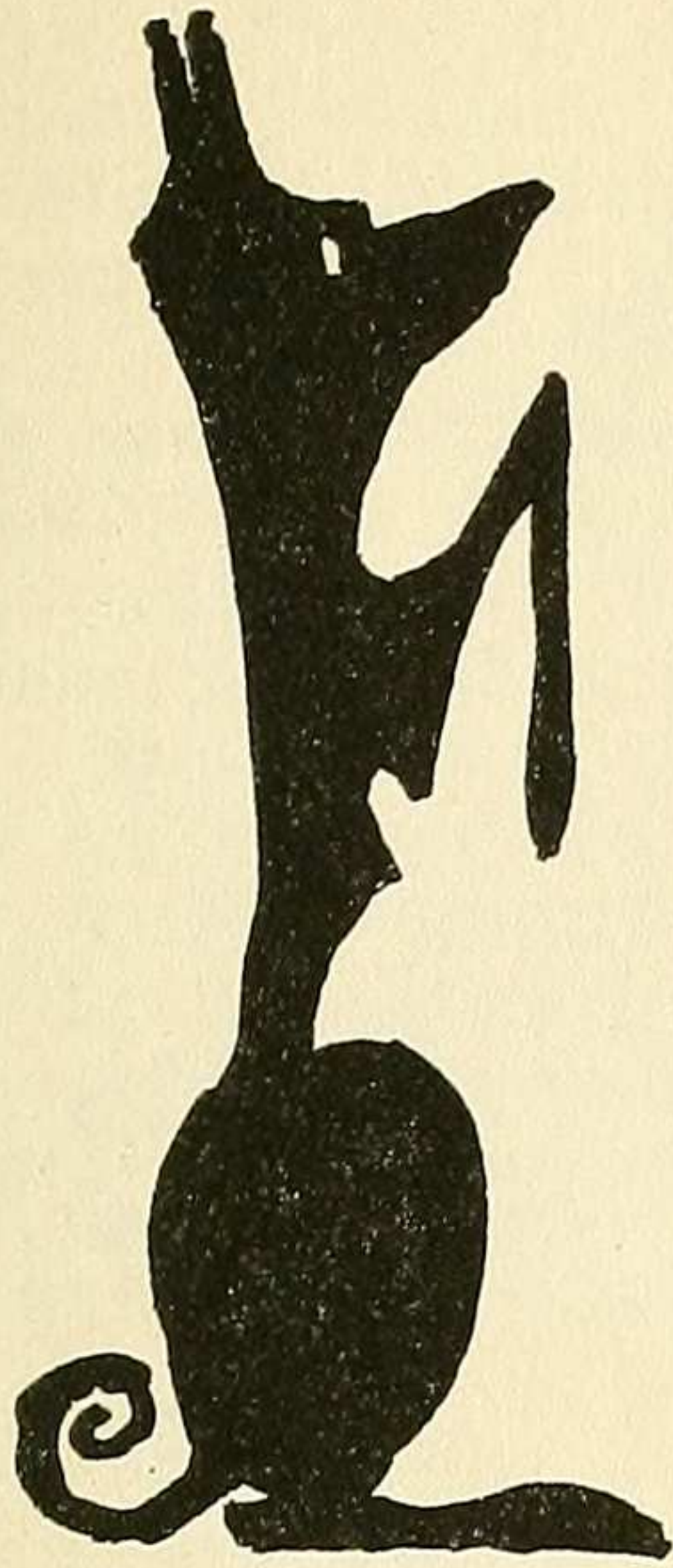
49. Flowers from a Senior! I'm made!
50. It would be swell fun to sneak a man in.
51. Do you suppose she'd be sure to recognize P. G. Wodehouse's short stories?
52. I'm using one of Margaret Culkin Banning's—she's too low-brow for the English department.

53. Who'd want to stay here for graduation anyway?
54. It'll be great to be a Sophomore and not have to answer the phone.
55. You'll have to visit us in the country—you'd love it.



SOPHOMORE YEAR

1. Never saw such a lousy bunch of Freshmen.
2. It certainly is a relief not to have to jump every time the phone rings.
3. Freshman! Telephone!
4. Pretty degrading I call it. Being quarantined for infantile paralysis.
5. Maybe they will send us all home.
 6. Maybe they won't.
 7. Wouldn't Dr. Wagoner have to call it acute anterior poliomyelitis?
 8. Sign out to Philly and then go to Princeton.
 9. Well, someone has got to teach these Freshmen some manners.
 10. It's all very well not having traditions, but there are some things a Freshman simply can't be allowed to get away with.
11. If she waits for me to tip her cap she'll wait a long time.
12. Oh, let the Freshmen keep their song.
13. It's a racket—this unemployment.
14. Might as well give up desserts—no one can eat them anyhow.



15. Hear they aren't going to have Big May Day—depression I guess.
16. The whole thing's a publicity gag.
17. It's a mistake to make an underclassman the May Queen. They never get over it.
18. She's not buxom enough.
19. I think she's more the ideal peasant type.
20. I don't see how they get it all put together.
21. How do you make the petals stick with the stem?
22. What a rose!
23. To think the English did this for fun!
24. Skip, you fool!
25. I don't know either—watch the person ahead of you.
26. We absolutely cannot put this thing over without the cooperation of every single one of you.
27. Mrs. Collins is frantic.
28. I hear Mr. King has had a nervous breakdown.
29. What a farce! So this is Merrie England!
30. I hear she has never been on a horse in her life.
31. I can't help it—the stones hurt my feet.
32. There just isn't anything a Bryn Mawr girl can't do, is there?
33. I crown thee Queen of the May.
34. I'll bet it rains.

35. Can you imagine Mrs. Collins if it does?
36. You should see the Mask of the Flowers. No, they just dance.
37. This seven o'clock stuff is the absolute end.
38. Have you seen the cute little man who drives the oxen? He's engaged to some Senior.
39. Just what is the emotional status of oxen? Do you know?
40. They just tumble-roll around, you know.
41. I simply cannot jeopardize my international professional reputation by letting you go on as trained by me personally.
42. Open your mouth when you talk—you're not indoors.
43. Louder! Louder still! Shout! Can't hear you yet!
44. You've got to keep up the tempo or the whole thing will fall flat.
45. Dancers! Where the hell are the dancers?
46. This May Day stuff is fine, but the professors keep forgetting it.
47. Thought they were going to cut the work.
48. She's going to Princeton houseparties, too—I'll bet she's fried on Saturday.
49. Happy May Day!
50. I feel as though I had been through the Great War.
51. I'm going to sleep for a week.
52. I was a swell folk dancer, but it's the woman who always pays.
53. That's all very well, but you'll never persuade me the Earl of Pembroke was the Dark Lady of the Sonnets.
54. The machinery of the government of this country is just like a model T Ford.
55. Oh, you know enough about the facts of life to pass.
56. She ought to know—she's had enough experience.



57. This racket of girls cutting in gets me down.
58. I'll bet someone gets tight and that will be the last of the Bryn Mawr dances.

59. If you cut back more than twice the fools think you have fallen for them.
60. He's not very good-looking, but he's a swell dancer.
61. So that's the mystery man!
62. Well, after all, Haverford is pretty impossible.
63. Are you hanging around for Garden Party?
64. My Senior would have to ask all of Philadelphia.
65. What were you in May Day?



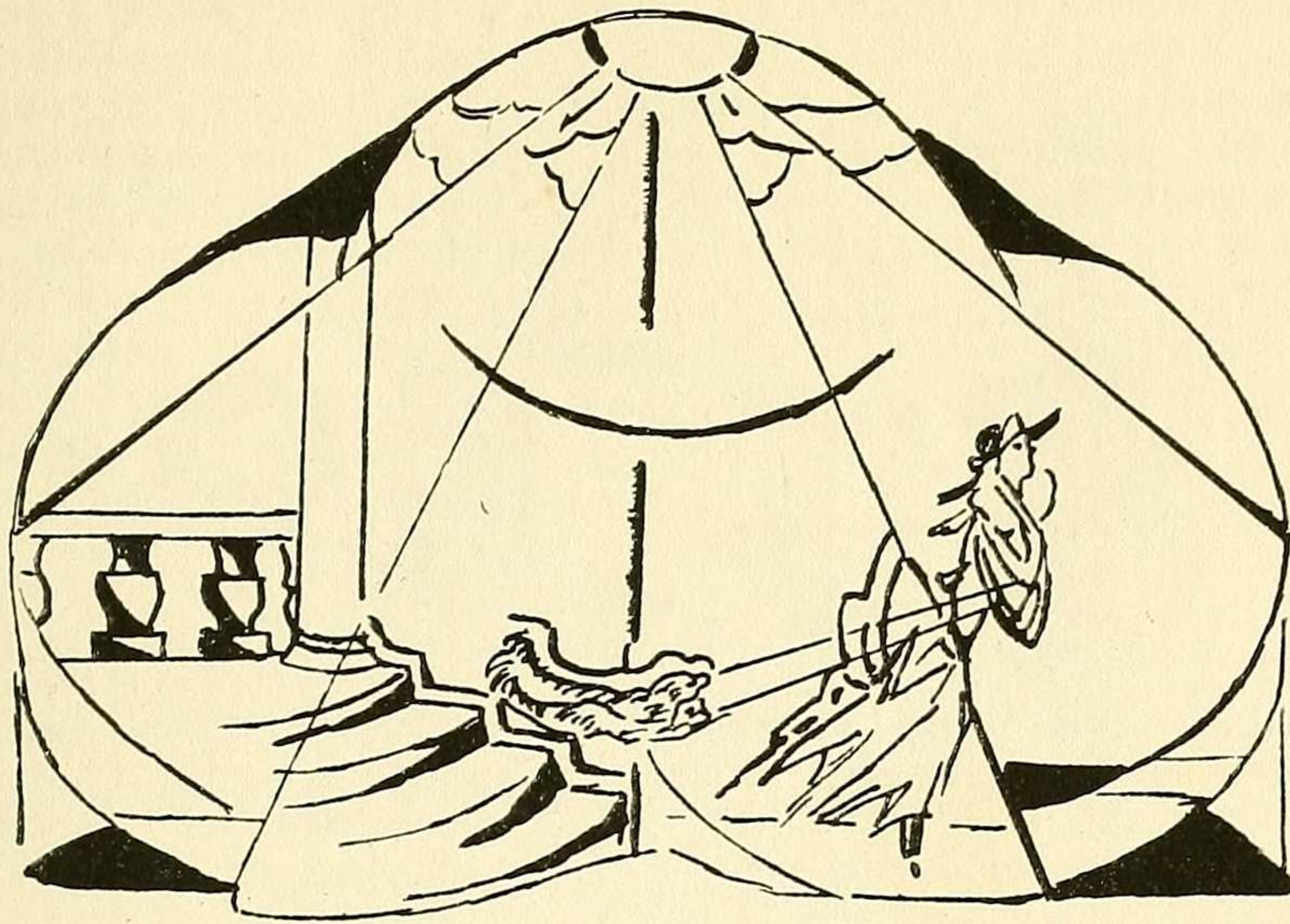
JUNIOR YEAR

1. Oh, why did he shave his beard off, not once but twice?



2. Have you heard about Miss Robbins and Dr. Herben?
3. This infantile business is getting to be a racket.
4. I refuse to give up Thanksgiving vacation—I've got a date for the Harvard game and I'm going—that's all there is to it.

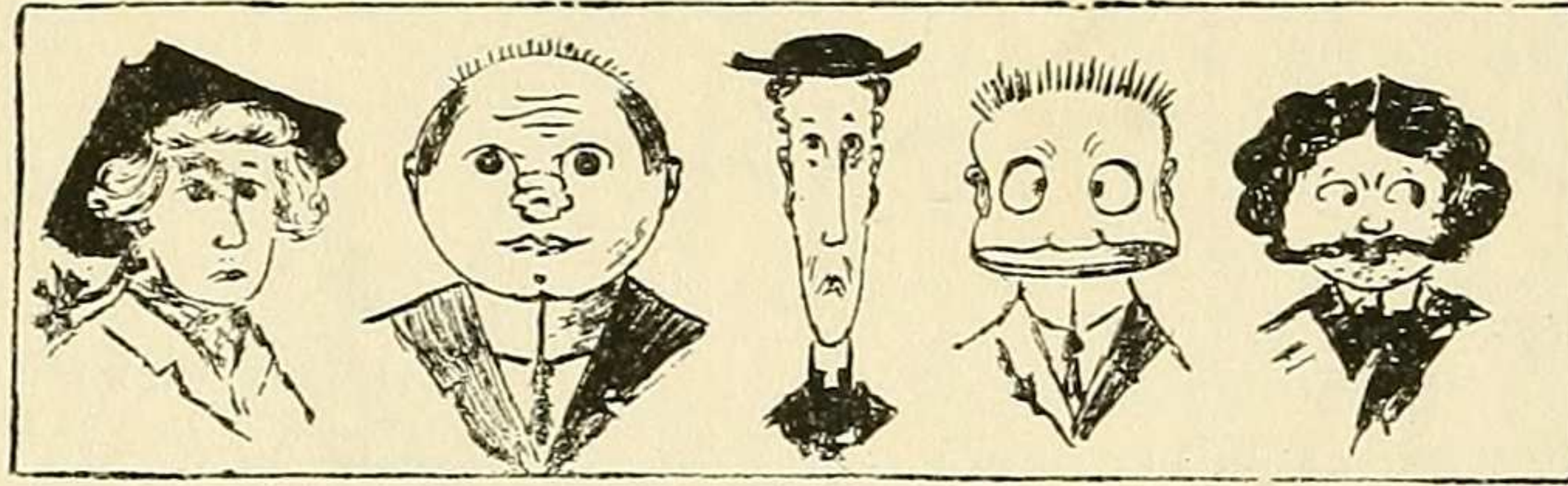
5. Who cares when we get out in the summer—Princeton doesn't graduate 'til the middle of June.
6. He's Theodore's greatnephew, I think.
7. I'm not twenty-one until December, wouldn't that burn you up?
8. Well, what makes you so sure he isn't a Tammany man?
9. That Socialist rally in front of the Lib ought to be worth taking in—remember "Hell in Harlan"?
10. I don't care who gets elected as long as we get Repeal.
11. Have you seen Gilbertson yet?
12. Fenny says inflation is the only solution.
13. Well, look what it did for the German mark—and they couldn't stop it during the French Revolution.
14. If I don't want to read the *News* I don't see why I should have to pay for it.
15. How about the rights of man?
16. It's the organ of the college and as such should have the support of every undergraduate. If you want a *News* you have to support it.
17. What's all this stuff about having to dress for dinner?
18. Never heard of such nonsense—the next thing you know they'll want us to turn out in evening clothes.
19. "Night and day, why is it so?"
20. Did Kate Hepburn ever graduate?
21. She's pretty stupid to deny she ever went here—just a publicity stunt.
22. So you Bryn Mawr girls never wash your faces or clean your finger nails?
23. All you have to do is say something nasty about Bryn Mawr and the Philly papers jump on it!
24. You can't get a cent out of the banks—they've shut them up.
25. How am I going to get to Princeton?
26. See if Sandy will cash a check for you.
27. This is the end—half the people I know are going to Majorca to live—it's plenty cheap they say.
28. I think Sackville-West is inconsequential—imagine combining Virginia Woolf and D. H. Lawrence.



29. Yes, but did you ever read *Lady Chatterly*?
30. Fire!
31. Never saw anything so funny as those cute little men dragging hose all over the power house roof.
32. I'd like to be a fireman.
33. If you test positive they send you home.
34. Half the college has scarlet fever.
35. If there are five cases it's an epidemic and we can all go home?
36. If you scratch it with a nail brush it looks positive.
37. I'm going home.
38. They have locked them all up in Wyndham—what a lousy trick!
39. Shall I take Honors next year?
40. You should see Merion—the chimney blew down and tore the whole roof off.
41. A visitation of the Lord's wrath, I calls it.
42. It's an awful shame about the campus.
43. Blows down half the campus and not one of those damned bushes lost a twig.
44. You could sneak out and put salt at the roots and they'd die.
45. Might get the unemployed to dig them up.
46. The Bush Woman has been at it again.
47. It's a real experience to work under Stokowski—he's a great director—I don't think there's any doubt about that.
48. Are you taking the Oral?
49. I haven't read a word of French for months.
50. It's a swell trick, this making you wait 'til you've forgotten all the French you ever knew.
51. I'm certainly glad that I took the thing last fall.
52. The trouble with the History department is that comprehensive—you can't bluff on the thing either.
53. The people I pity are the English majors.
54. They can't make anything out of Merion unless they put some bathrooms in the place.
55. That "duty to your college" is an old gag—I heard that in prep school.
56. Live in Merion—not on your life.
57. Well, more power to them, but they'll get over being generous before long next year.
58. This place gets more like a prep school every day.
59. I'm going to do a lot of the reading during the summer.
60. I only have four classes next year.
61. What's the easiest science?
62. We're going to miss them next year.
63. God! I'm going to have to do some work next year.
64. I'm not going to take any weekends—all the lads I know graduate this June.
65. Wonder what it'll be like to be a Senior.
66. I think I'll write a play during the summer.

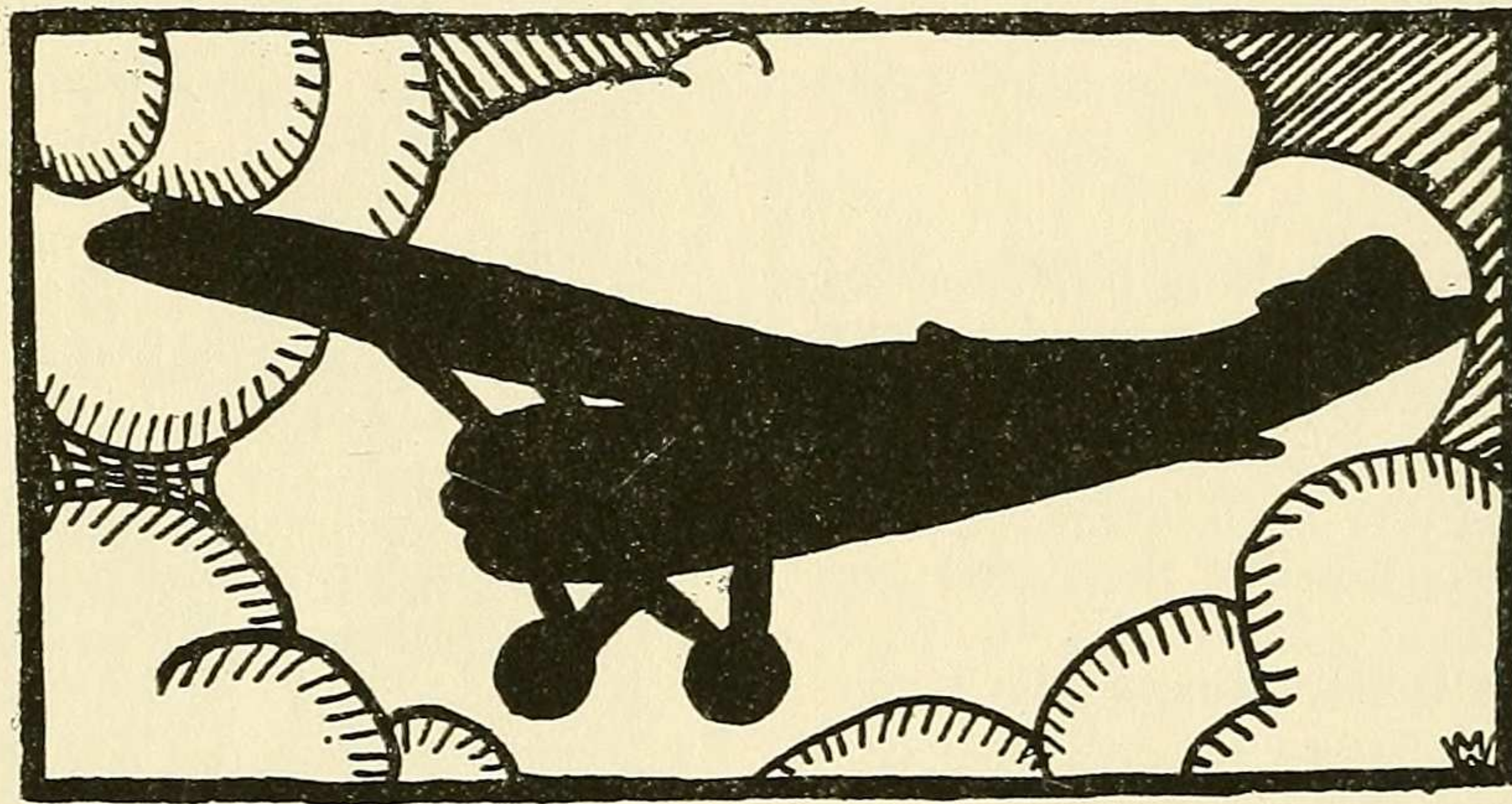
- 67. C'mon up an' see me sometime.
- 68. Prosit!
- 69. It's not intoxicating—and that's the way the rule book reads.
- 70. You can knock the top off with a quarter if you know the trick.

- 73. If Baby Face didn't make the cut-est May Queen!
- 74. I'd give a lot for a picture of Dean Manning in that get-up.
- 75. Look at Sammy Arthur!
- 76. Eddie Warburg really looks a lot



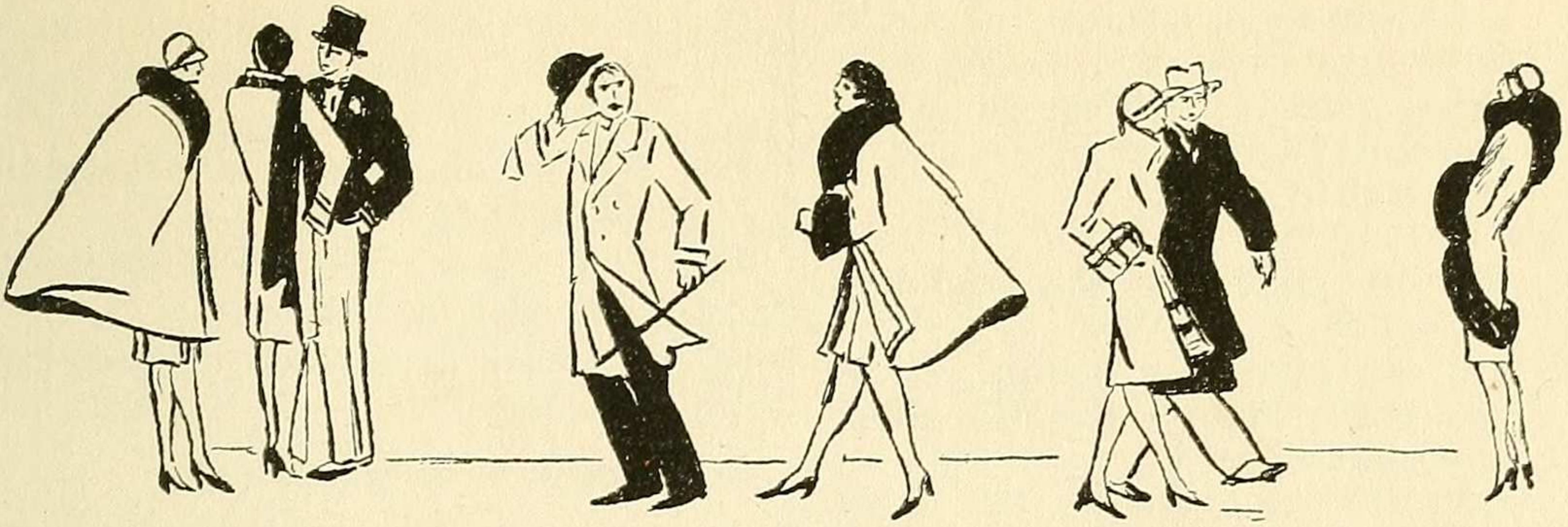
- 71. I wouldn't miss that Faculty Show for a million dollars.
- 72. What's this about Pres. Park singing "Eadie Was a Lady"?

- like Ed Wynn even without make-up.
- 77. Never realized the old boys and girls had it in them!



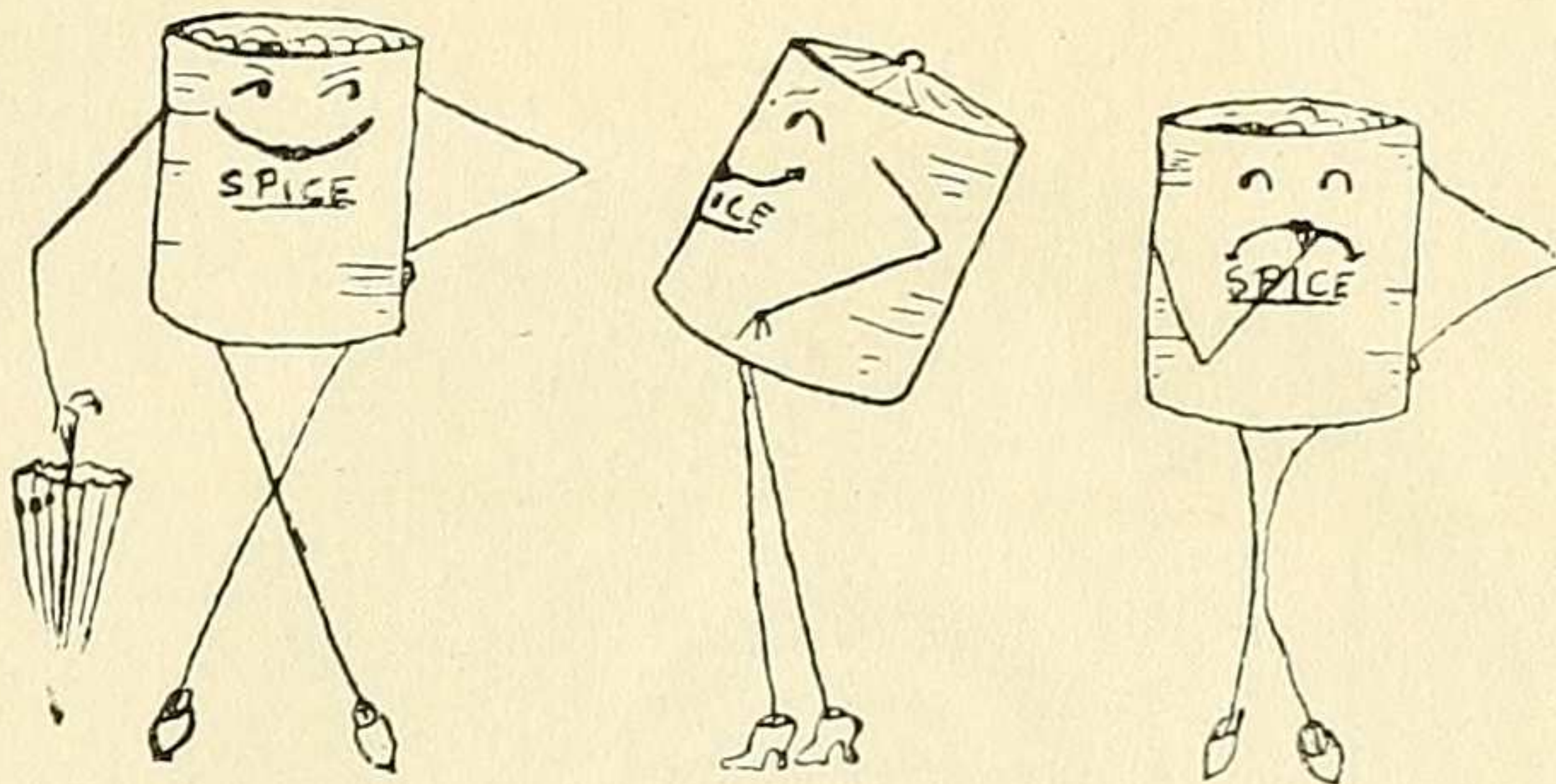
SENIOR YEAR

- 1. Never saw such a swell lot of Freshmen.
- 2. Keep your eye on that girl—she's got what it takes.
- 3. I can remember when I was a Freshman.
- 4. I've really got to do some work this year.
- 5. I'm not going to leave until Thanksgiving after this weekend.
- 6. You couldn't get me to another Prom with a team of oxen.
- 7. When I was a Freshman I used to think nothing of staying up all night.
- 8. I don't see any good reason why we shouldn't have two vegetables instead of so much meat.
- 9. You've just got a complex about complexes.
- 10. I know all about that, but I like Noel Coward.
- 11. Wonder who'll be married first.
- 12. I've got to work.
- 13. That gag about going to bed early so you will be able to organize is all right if you know anything to organize—but I don't.
- 14. The only way to pass exams is to learn to spot the questions.
- 15. Personally I prefer Schopenhauer's outlook.
- 16. Who's afraid of the big, bad wolf?
- 17. A fat chance I've of graduating.
- 18. Well, they have to graduate someone or the state will take away their charter.
- 19. Mrs. Dean really knows her stuff.
- 20. You know I never realized it quite before, but the present international situation is no joke.
- 21. The chief reason I took honors was to get unlimited cuts—but I think I'd rather go to classes.
- 22. You know I'd rather like to work if I ever had time.
- 23. Have you ever tried studying in the stacks?
- 24. Repeal is a definite relief, I find.



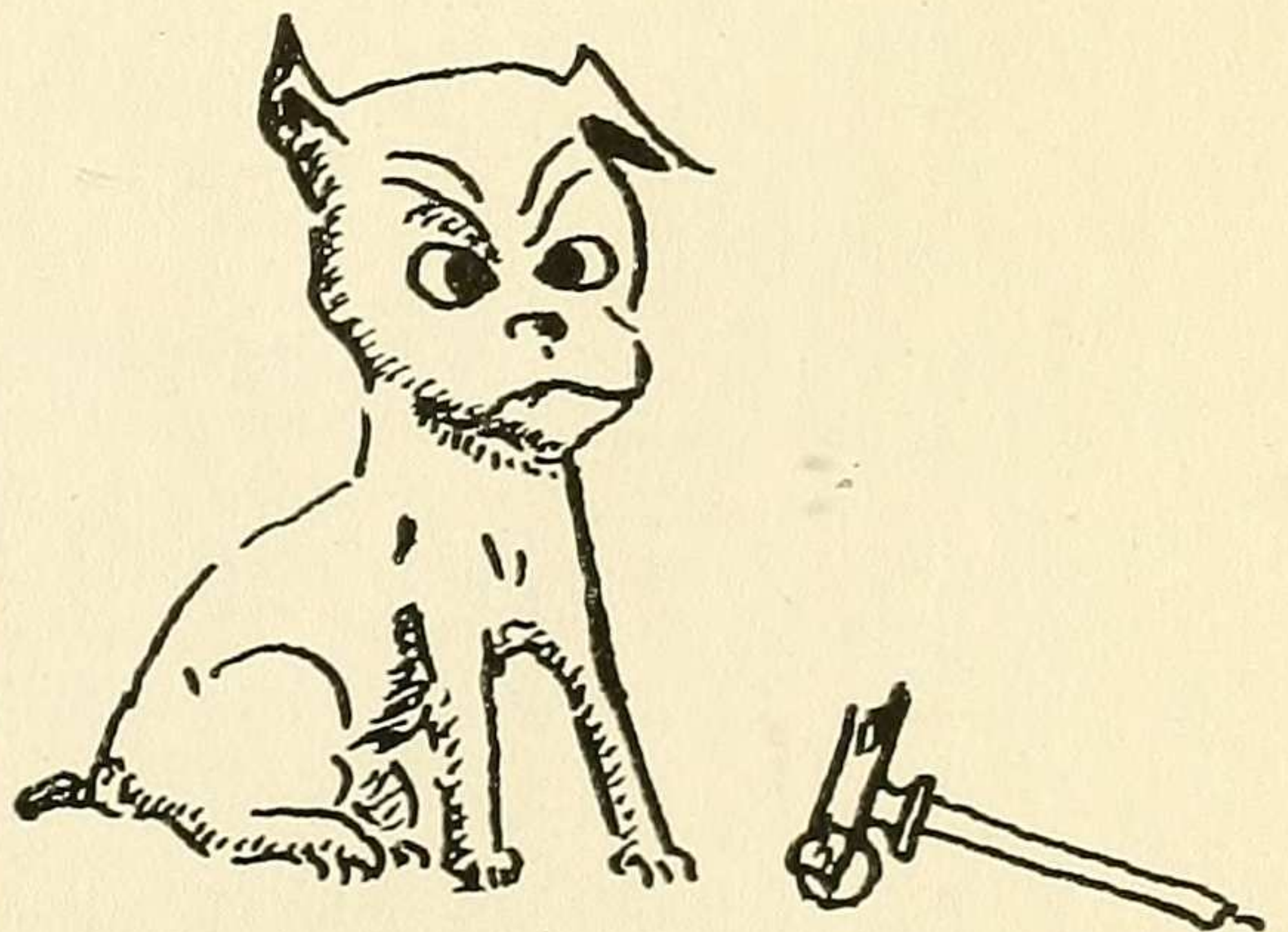
25. Haven't been in the Lib since Freshman year.
26. She'll never marry him—you see.
27. I guess I'll get myself a job in Macy's.
28. I'd like to see her ten years from now.
29. She's awfully young yet, she'll learn.
30. I haven't any faith in Russian photographers.
31. God! You look grim.
32. What's the dollar doing?

43. I wish I were going to be here another year—I'd take Anthropology.
44. Never put your orals off until Senior year—it's a mistake.
45. I suppose I might just as well ask the whole damned family to Garden Party and hope for the best.
46. I absolutely refuse to wear a big hat.
47. Typical—you spend four years here and then they make you buy your own diploma.

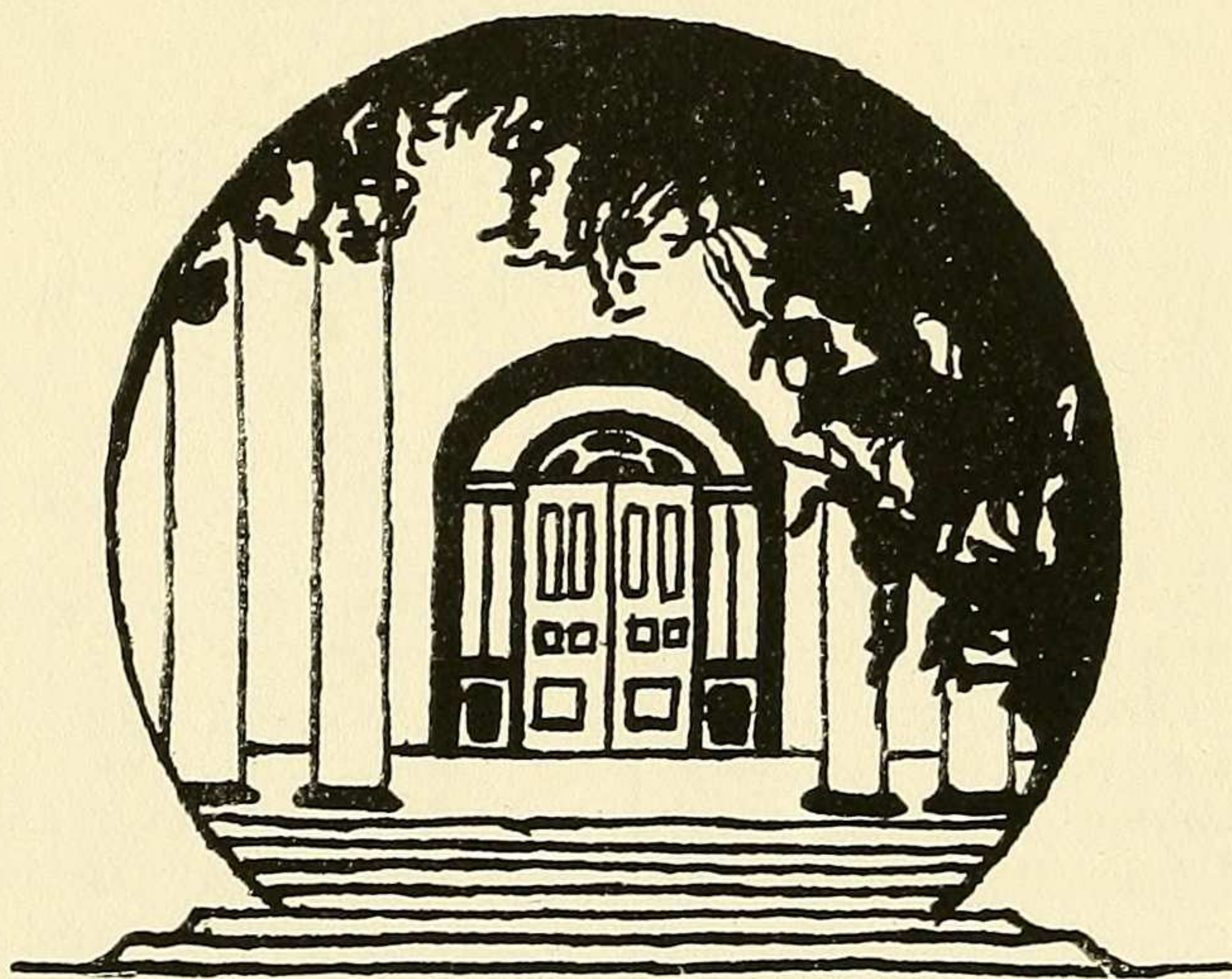


33. If she isn't living with him I'd like to know what she is doing.
34. Well, while there's life there's hope—Margaret Ayer Barnes flunked Sophomore English.
35. Why didn't I take Hygiene when it was easy?
36. How's Herben getting along with Sophomore English?
37. There's too much emphasis on exams.
38. I think Hepburn is terribly over-rated as an actress.
39. Miss Thomas must have been a remarkable woman.
40. The Deanery is alright, but it has too much in it.
41. When I took Freshman English I never cracked a book for the exam—
42. If people don't stop swiping the books I need out of the Lib I'm going to steal them permanently.

48. Who am I going to give my hoops to?
49. The next thing the radical element in the class will want Coughlin at Baccalaureate.
50. As I look out over your bright young faces and realize that you



- are about to go out into the world to become wives and mothers—
51. What good is a college education anyway?
 52. Oh, Hell!
 53. It'll be good for the incoming class.
 54. I'm sure glad I'm getting out of this place before they put those comprehensives in.
 55. Let's all get stinking the night before graduation.
 56. If I pass that comprehensive I'm going to get drunk and stay drunk for a week.
 57. When I get my diploma I'm going around and sock that guy.
 58. If these are "the happiest days of my life" what a dandy life I'm going to have.
 59. Where, oh, where are the staid old Seniors?
 60. You know, it's really been an awful lot of fun.
 61. If you're ever in town be sure to look me up.
 62. I wish it were all over.
 63. Don't they look impressive?
 64. Thank you, Miss Park.
 65. So this is LIFE!



Class Statistics

Class Officers

1930-31.

President: Nichols; *Vice-President:* Rothermel; *Secretary:* Gribbel.

1931-32.

President: H. Mitchell; *Vice-President:* Hannan; *Secretary:* Rothermel.

1932-33.

President: Miles; *Vice-President:* Mackenzie; *Secretary:* Bowen.

1933-34.

President: Miles; *Vice-President:* Mackenzie; *Secretary:* Bowen.

Student Government

1930-31. Lee.

1931-32. Gribbel, H. Mitchell.

1932-33. Gribbel, H. Mitchell, Rothermel.

1933-34. *President:* H. Mitchell; *Vice-President:* Gribbel; *Senior Member:* Bertolet. *Advisory Board:* Bertolet, Coleman, F. Jones, M. Mitchell, Pleasanton.

Undergraduate Association

1930-31

Freshman Member: Blume.

1931-32.

Treasurer: Bowen.

Sophomore Member: Bowie.

1932-33.

Secretary: Bertolet.

First Junior Member: Parnell.

Second Junior Member: Culbertson.

1933-34.

President: Nichols.

Vice-President: Fouilhoux.

Speakers' Committee: Culbertson.

Board: Bowen, F. Jones, Laudemberger, Marsh, M. Mitchell.

Bryn Mawr League

1930-31.

Freshman Representatives: Brown, Fraser.

1931-32.

Assistant Bates House: Lee.

1932-33.

Assistant Sunday Services: Rothermel.

Bates House Manager: Lee.

Assistant Bates House Manager: Parsons.

Blind School: Fraser.

Haverford Community Centre: Duany.

Industrial Group: Bertolet.

Maids' Entertainment and Coaching: E. Snyder.

1933-34.

President: Rothermel.

Secretary and Treasurer: Lee.

Sunday Services: Barnitz.

Bryn Mawr Camp: Marsh.

Summer School Chairman: E. Smith.

Maids' Vespers: Detwiler.

International Relations Club

1932-33. *President:* Hart.

1933-34. *Treasurer:* Duany.

French Club

1932-33. *Secretary-Treasurer:* Jarrett.

1933-34. *President:* Little; *Secretary-Treasurer:* Jarrett.

Employment Bureau

1934. *Chairman:* Bowen.

Undergraduate Assistant to the Director of Publication

1934. Barnitz.

Obituary Notice

Just for a paltry DISTINCTION they left us!

IN MEMORIAM

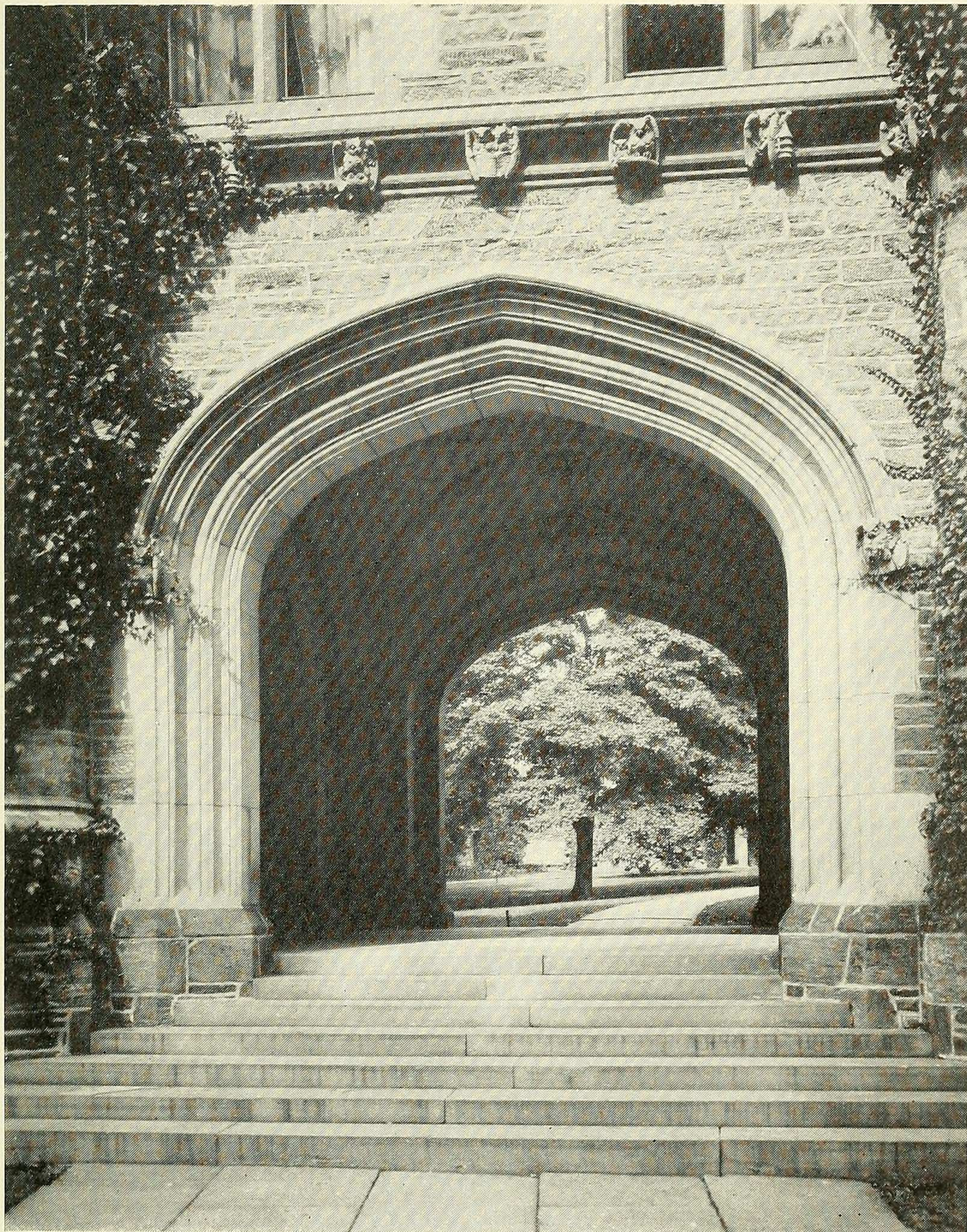
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DEDICAVERTUNT

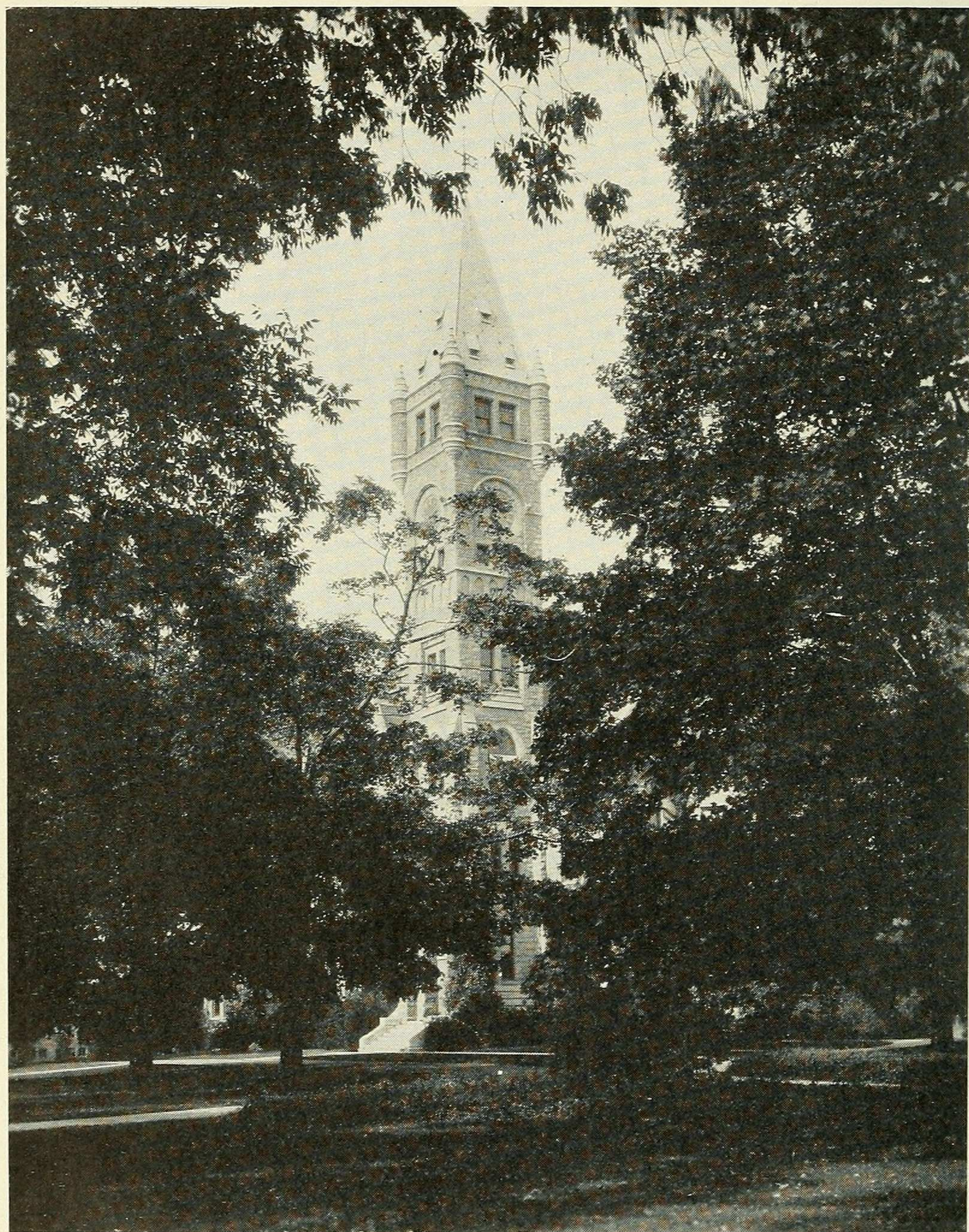
Jean Elizabeth Anderegg
Janet Barton Barber
Lula Howard Bowen
Helen Bowie
Mary Elizabeth Charlton
Maria Middleton Coxe
Alva Detwiler
Elizabeth Fain
Sarah Fraser
Marianne Augusta Gateson
Suzanne Halstead
Janet Elizabeth Hannan
Frances Follin Jones
Sallie Jones
Louise Swain Landreth
Myra Wilson Little
Elizabeth Murray Mackenzie
Dorothy Haviland Nelson
Mary Blake Nichols
Gertrude Annetta Parnell
Evelyn Macfarlane Patterson
Barbara Eleanor Smith
Anita Aurora Pawolleck de Varon

Ἐλπίς μεγάλη ἦ

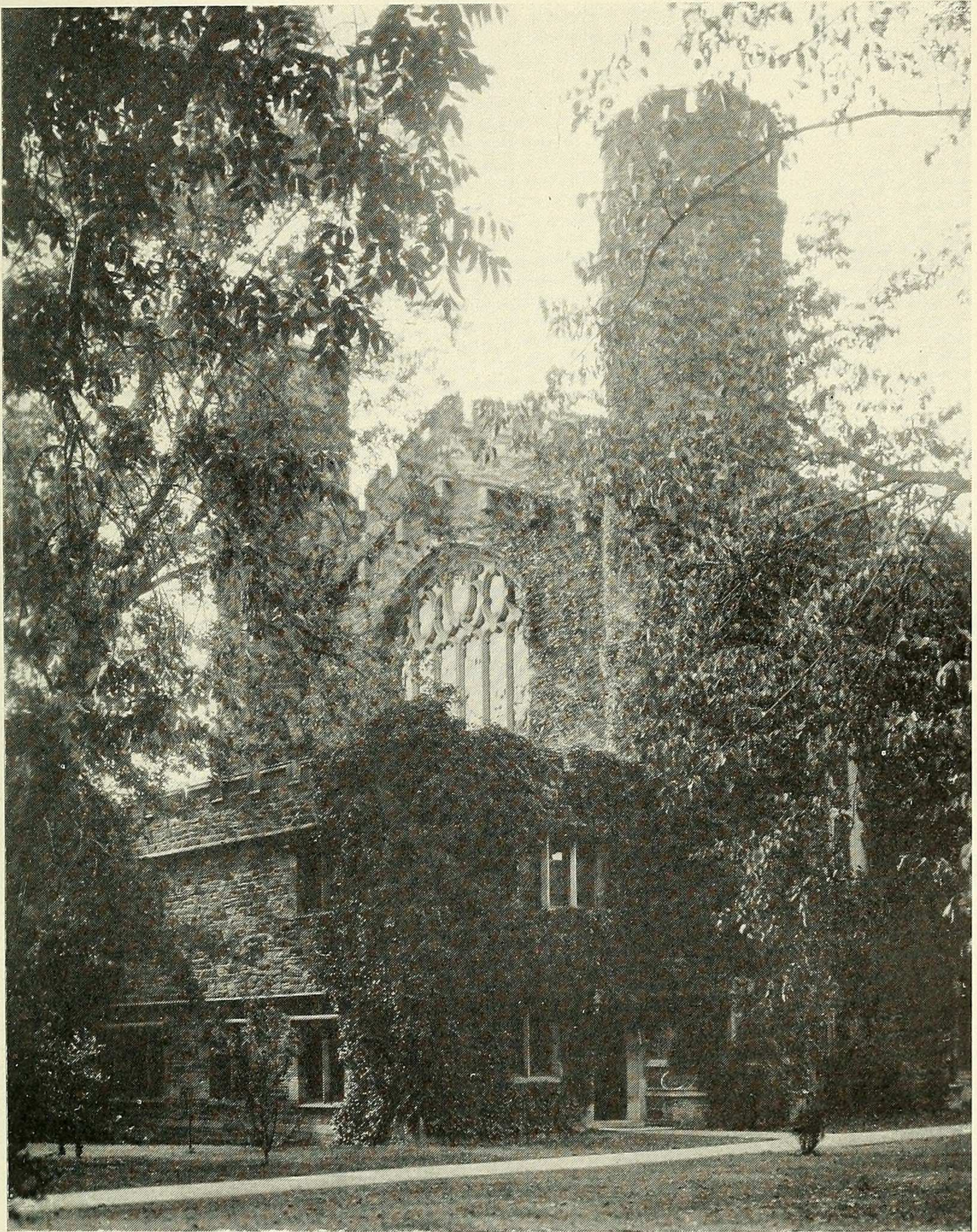
FACULTY SEND FLOWERS!



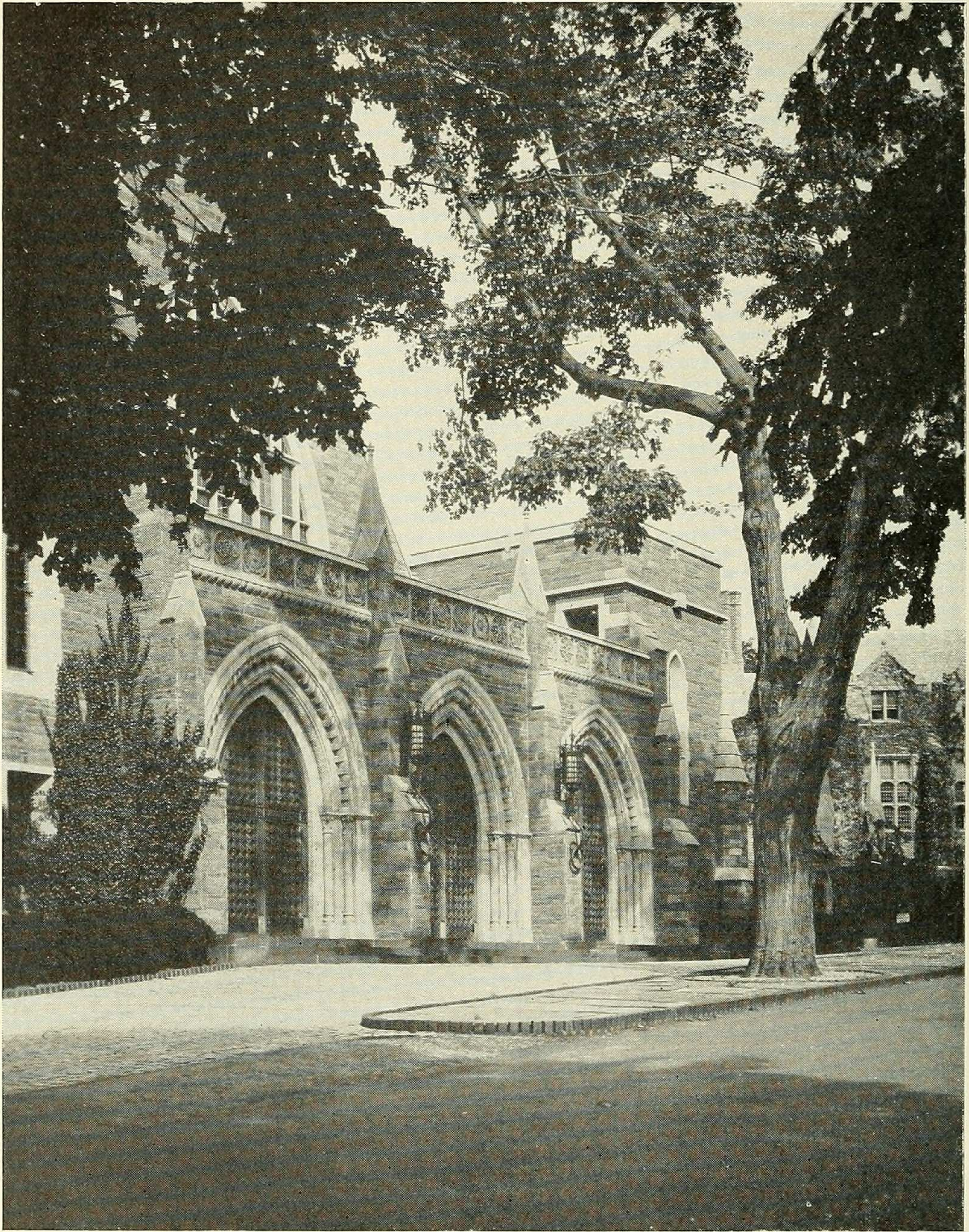
"Fools rush in where Angels fear to tread."



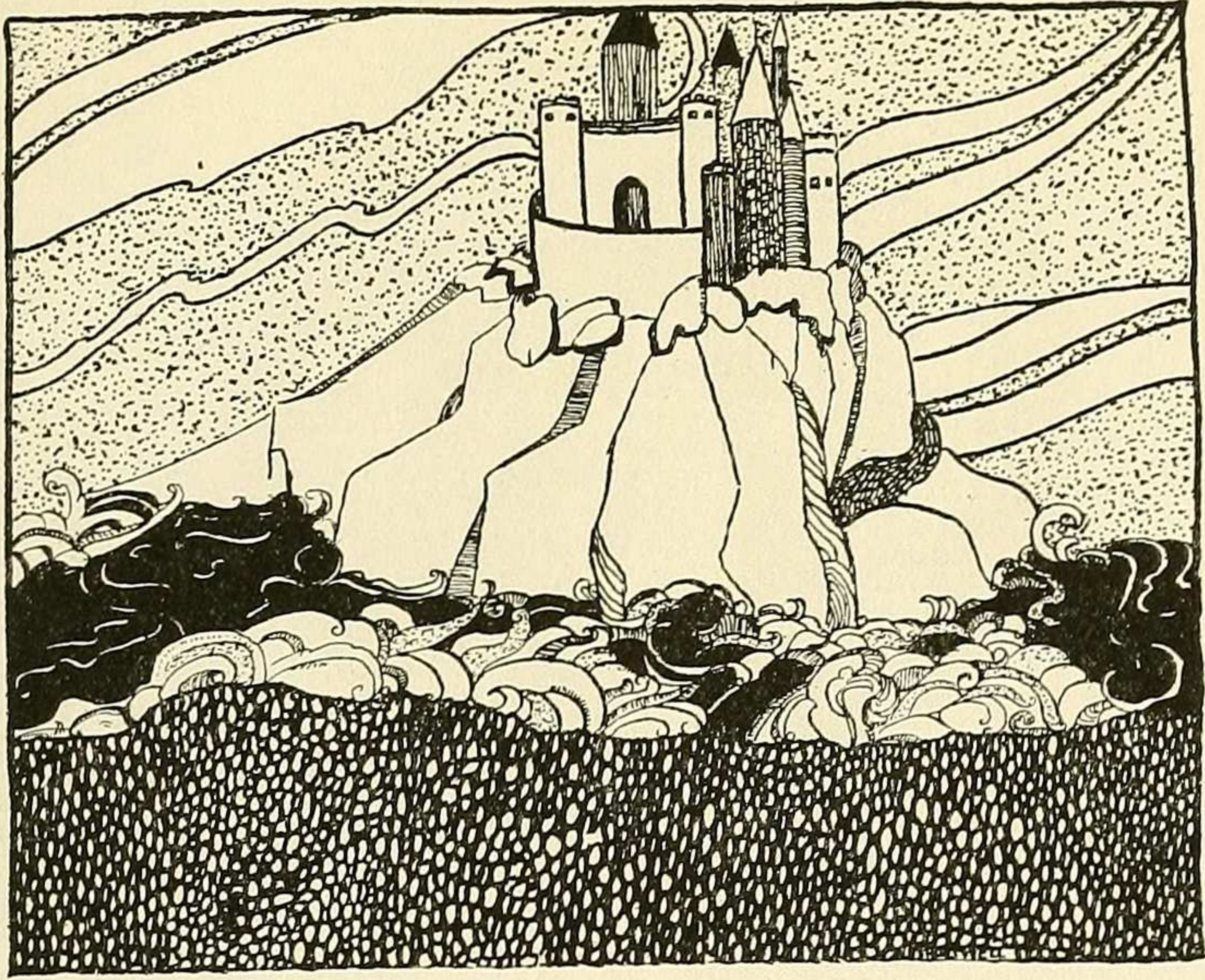
"The clock upbraids me with the waste of time."



"The mind shall banquet, though the body pine."



"Bare ruin'd choirs, where late the sweet birds sang."



Recollected in Tranquillity

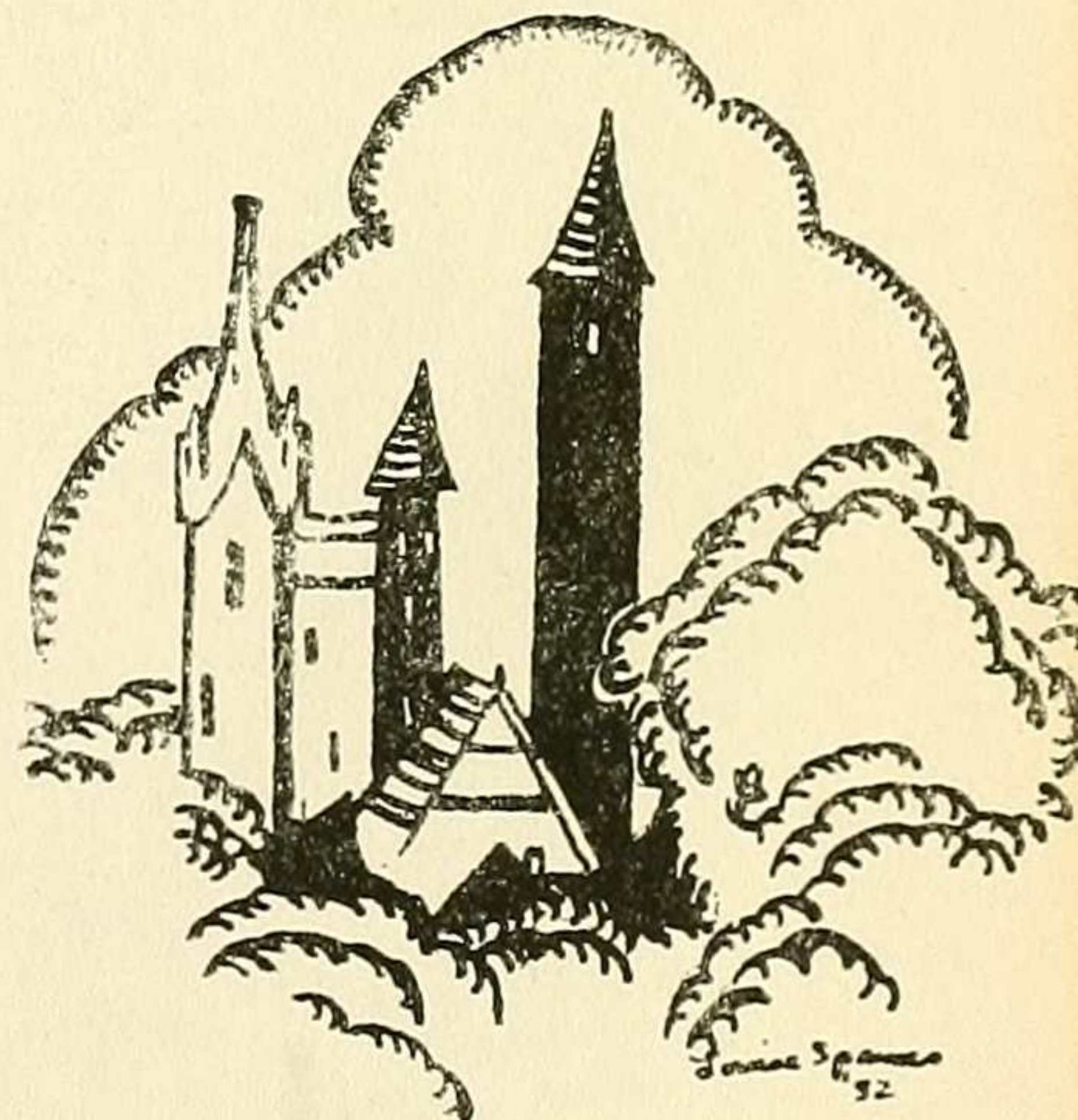
It was many, many, many years ago
That I thought up this Bryn Mawr Big May Day show,
I looked out on the campus,
I said, "These surroundings stamp us
As Old English of four centuries ago."

I got together Brady, Grant and Petts,
I bellowed, "Take your places in your sets,
What though you look askance
You are going to learn this dance."
Then they curtsayed low and meekly whispered, "Let's."

I had a May-Queen party in the Gymn.,
I invited every pretty girl and slim;
I walked them round in nighties
While a little bunch of brighties
Awaited my decision, looking grim.

I wound ropes and ropes and ropes of paper flowers,
I climbed up to plant the flags on Pembroke towers;
When Merion Green wore out,
With my six gardeners stout,
I made the daisies grow in just two hours.

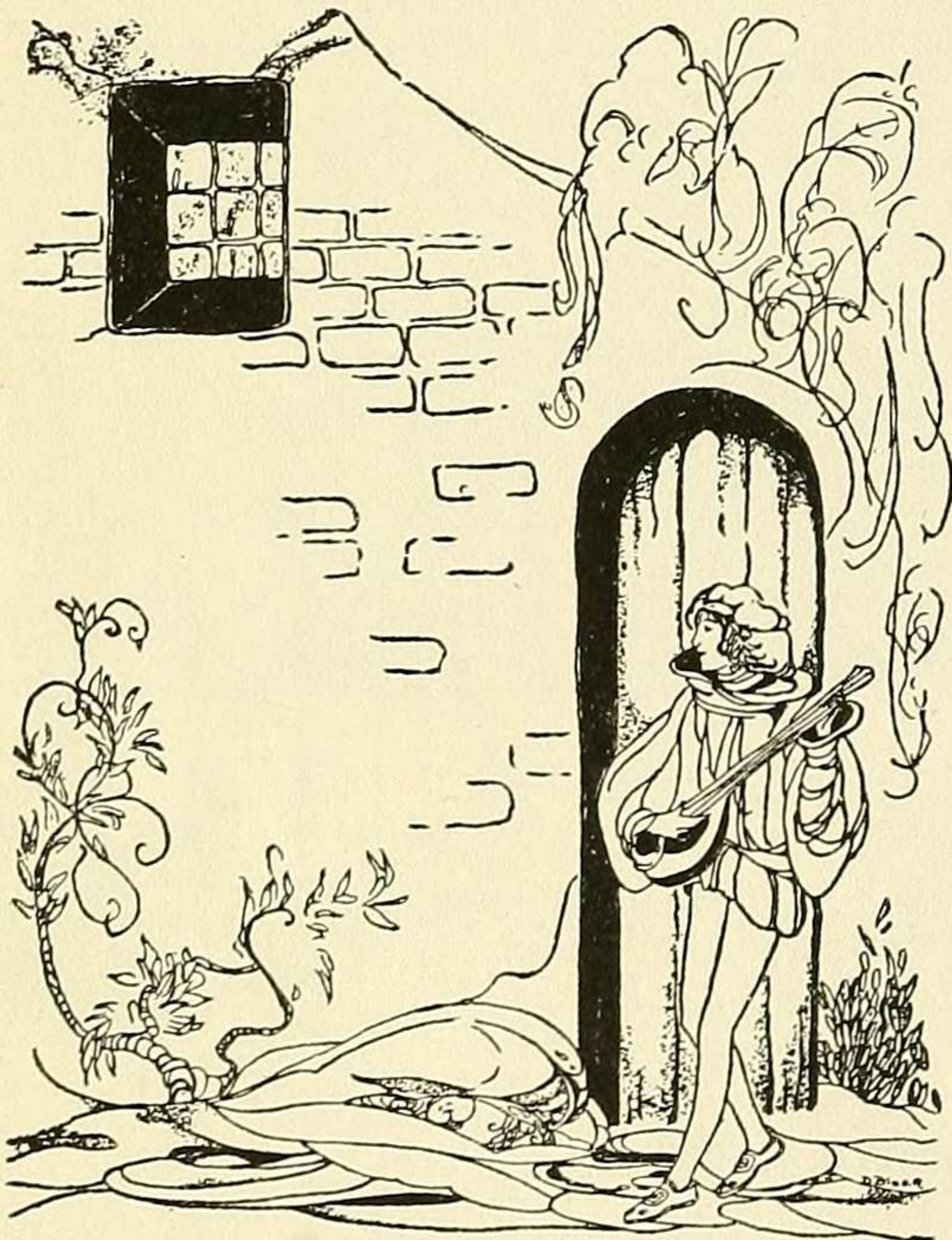
I chased the Oxen round the Wyndham block,
I held them while the driver donned his smock,
And not content with that
I made posies for his hat,
Then he kissed me, for he came of Southern stock.





It was I who packed Queen Bess into her litter,
 It took me all my time to make it fit 'er;
 I told her when to bow
 And what to do and how,
 For in those robes she was an awkward critter.

I showed the Dragon how to hold his tail,
 I wrought George of Merrie England's coat of mail;
 The lines of Quince and Bottom
 I and Sammy Arthur taught 'em,
 My method has been never known to fail.



I grieved to see the students grow-
 ing thinner,
 I arranged for them a more sub-
 stantial dinner;
 I promised each Professor
 If he made assignments lesser
 I would see that his court-costume
 was a winner.

I directed Mrs. Collins in Public-
 ity,
 We worked out every detail most
 explicitly;
 I posted police pickets,
 I raised the price of tickets
 And chairmanned all committees
 with felicity.

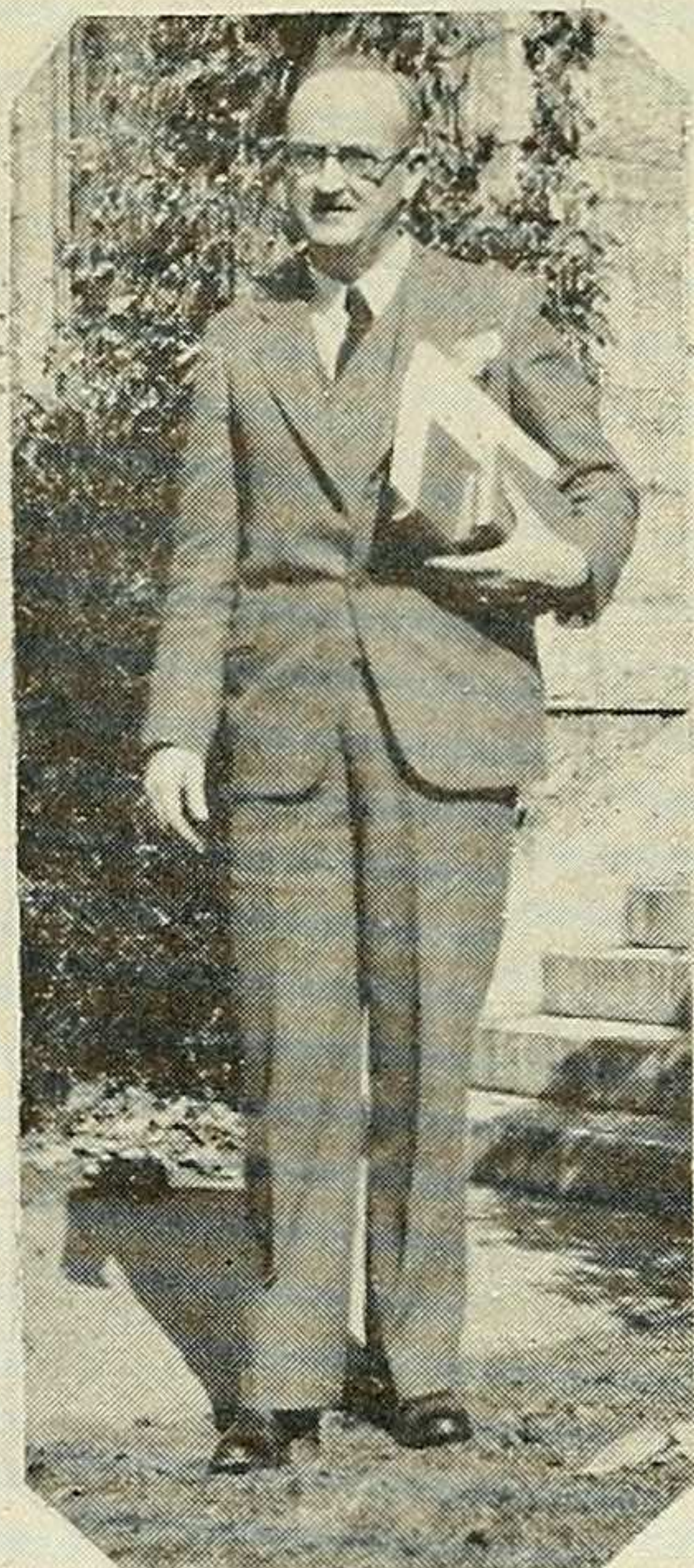
You say it must have been a dread-
 ful strain?
 O no, I'd do it gladly all again,
 For there's nothing much to plan-
 ning
 Except soothing Mrs. Manning,
 When she has a spell of thinking it
 will rain.



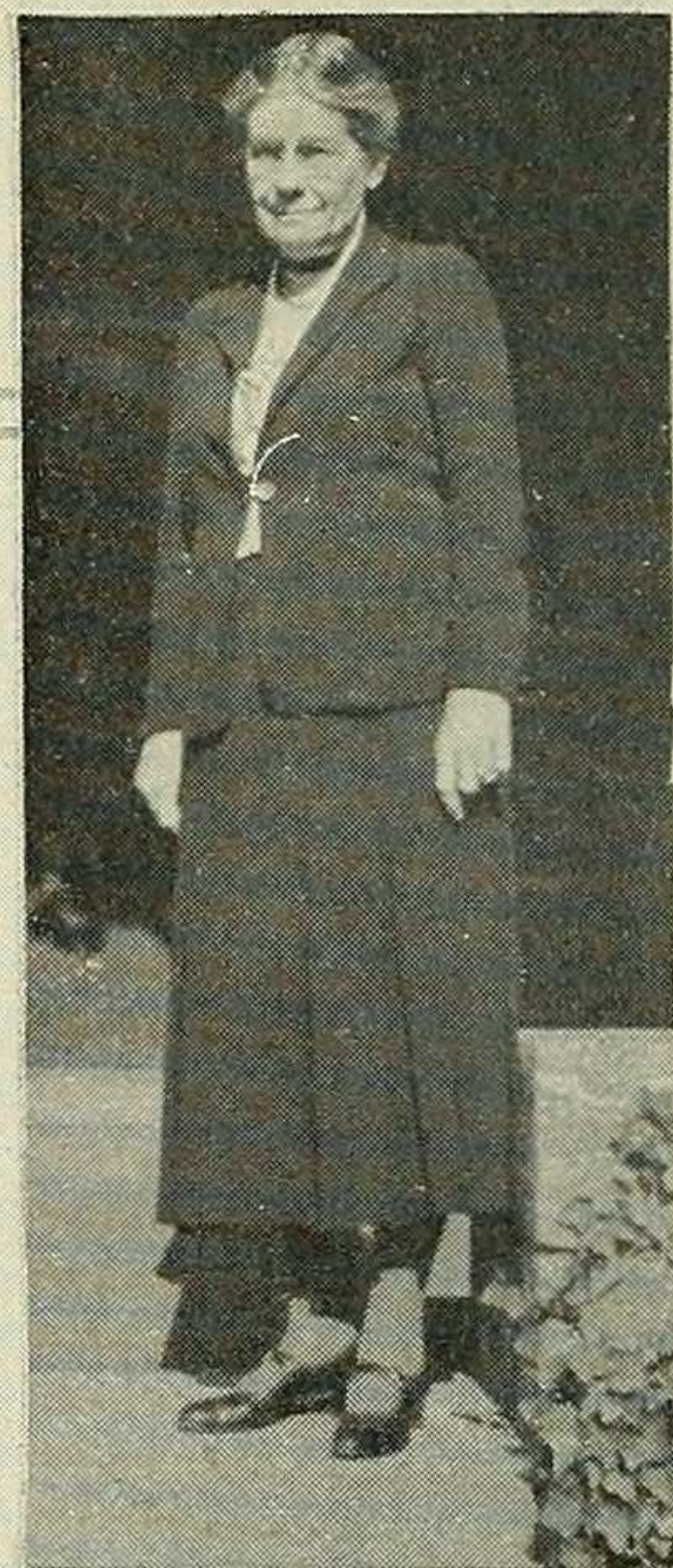
MAY DAY



"The Flower"



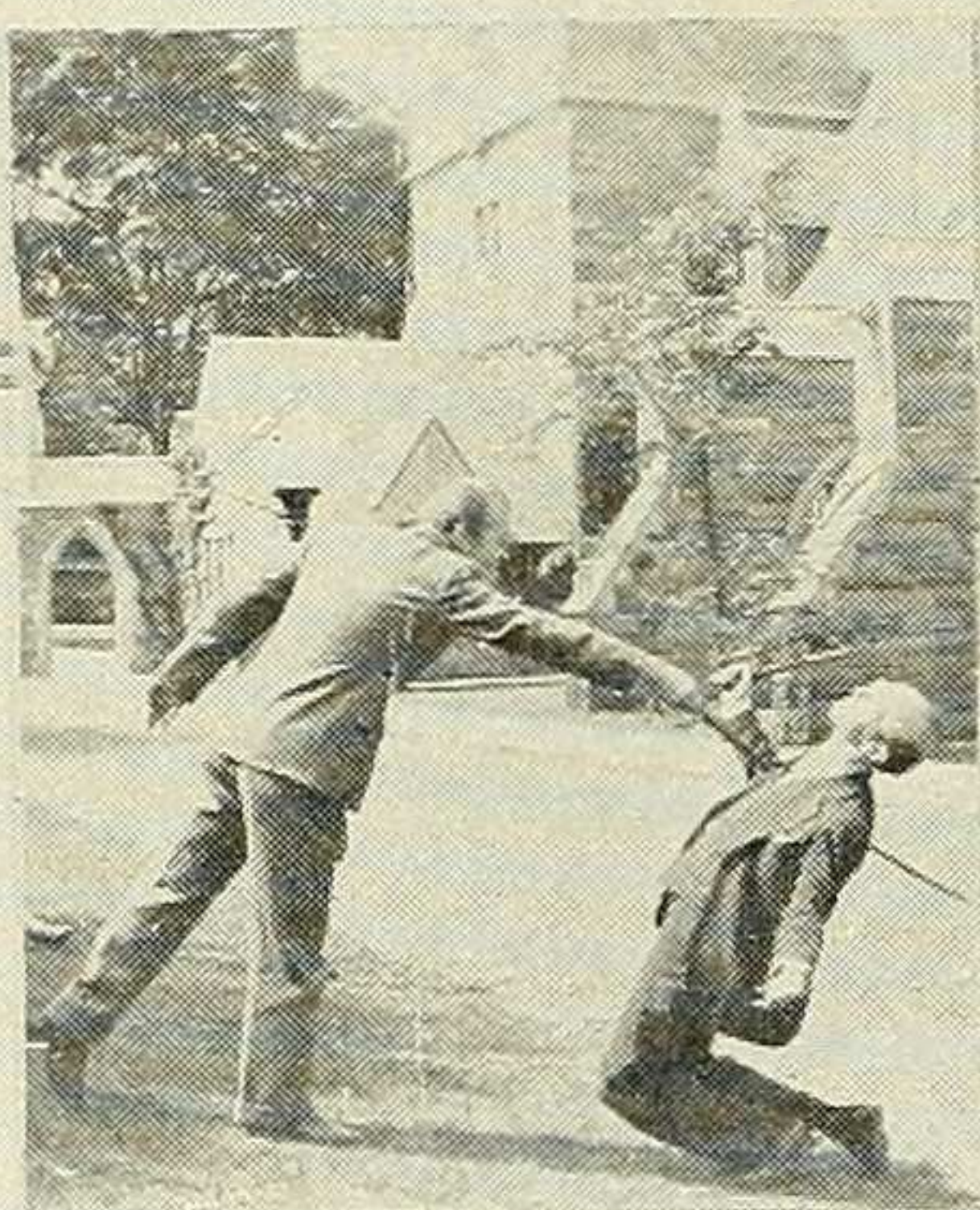
"Shelley was no barnyard fowl to be kept in college"



"in the grand manner"



"Move through your hips"



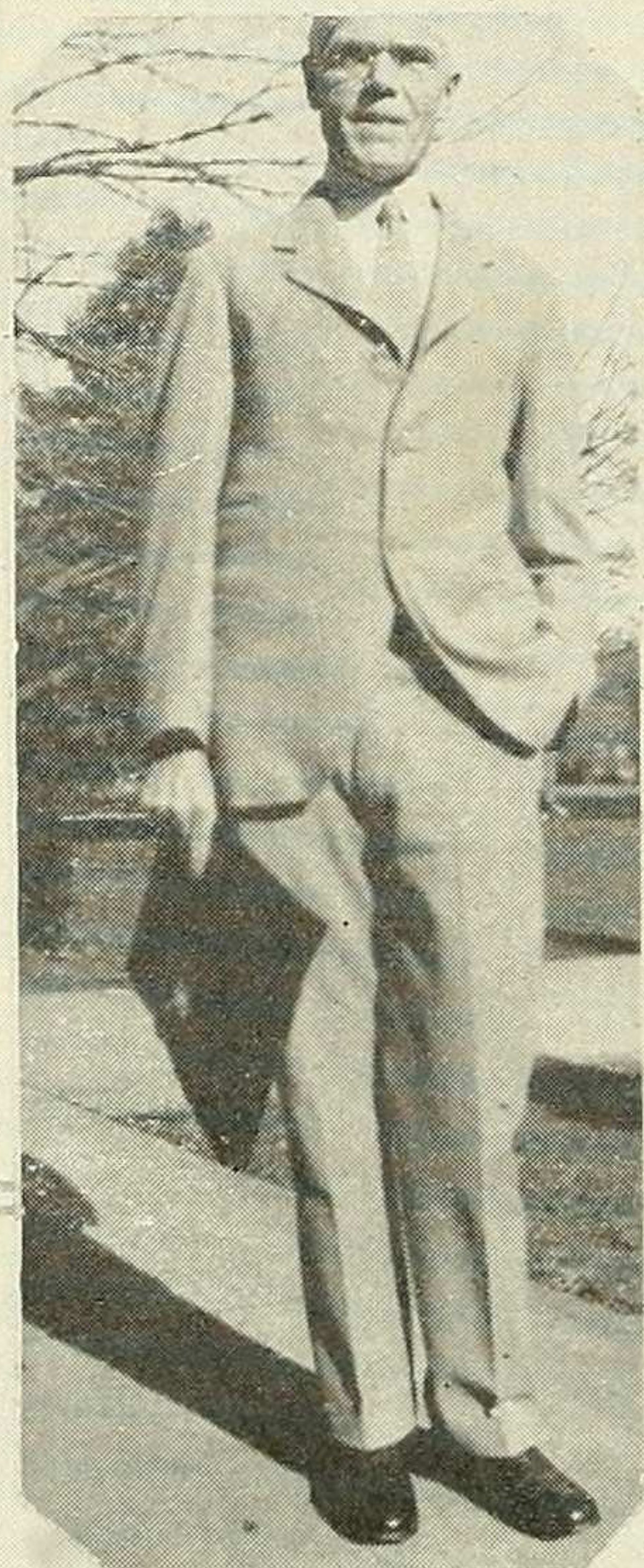
Touche'



"Miss Park was adamant"



"Paw, Styx"



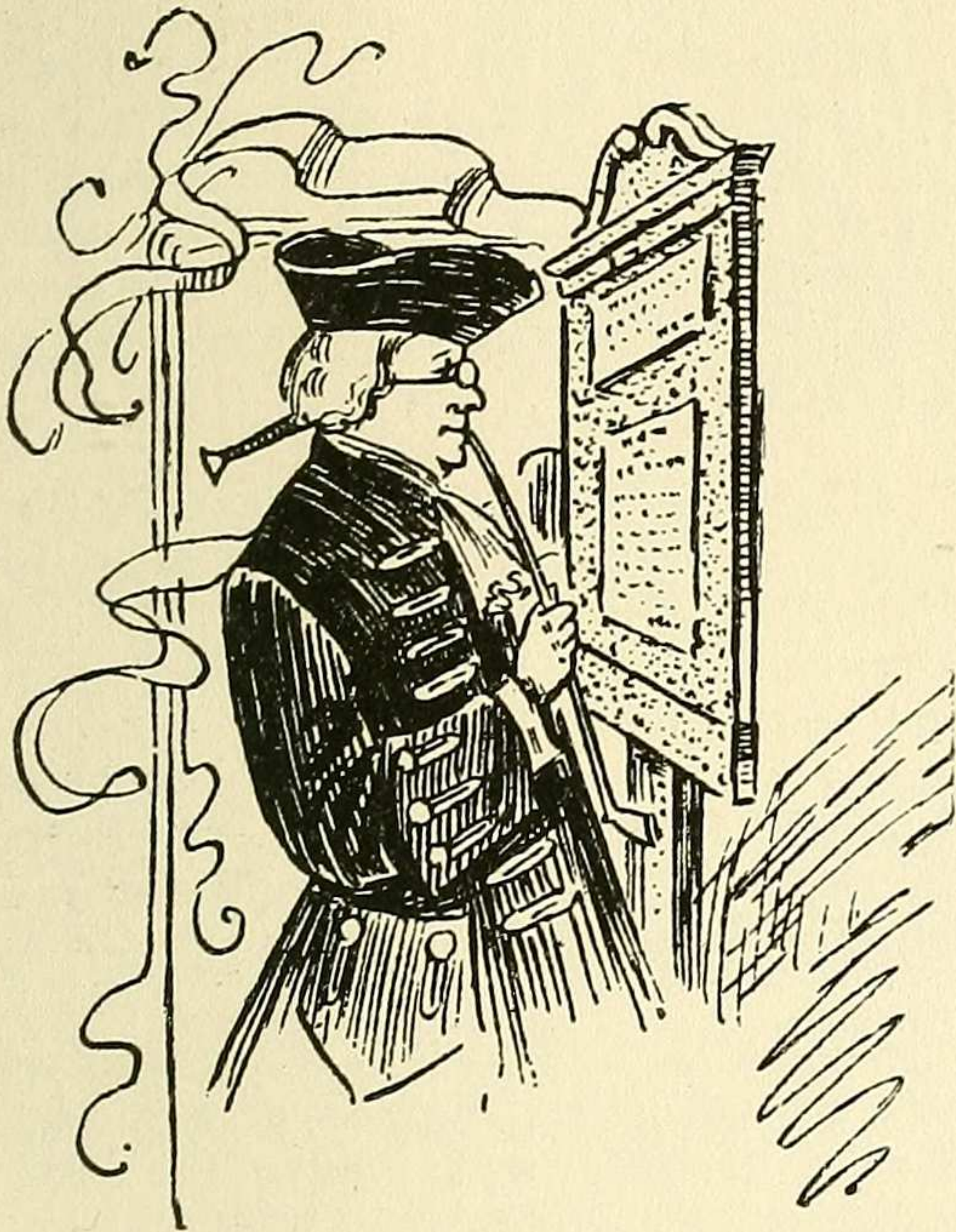
"We must get over the ground"



"Come, lamb"

The Dramatic Diary of Pepys' Ghost

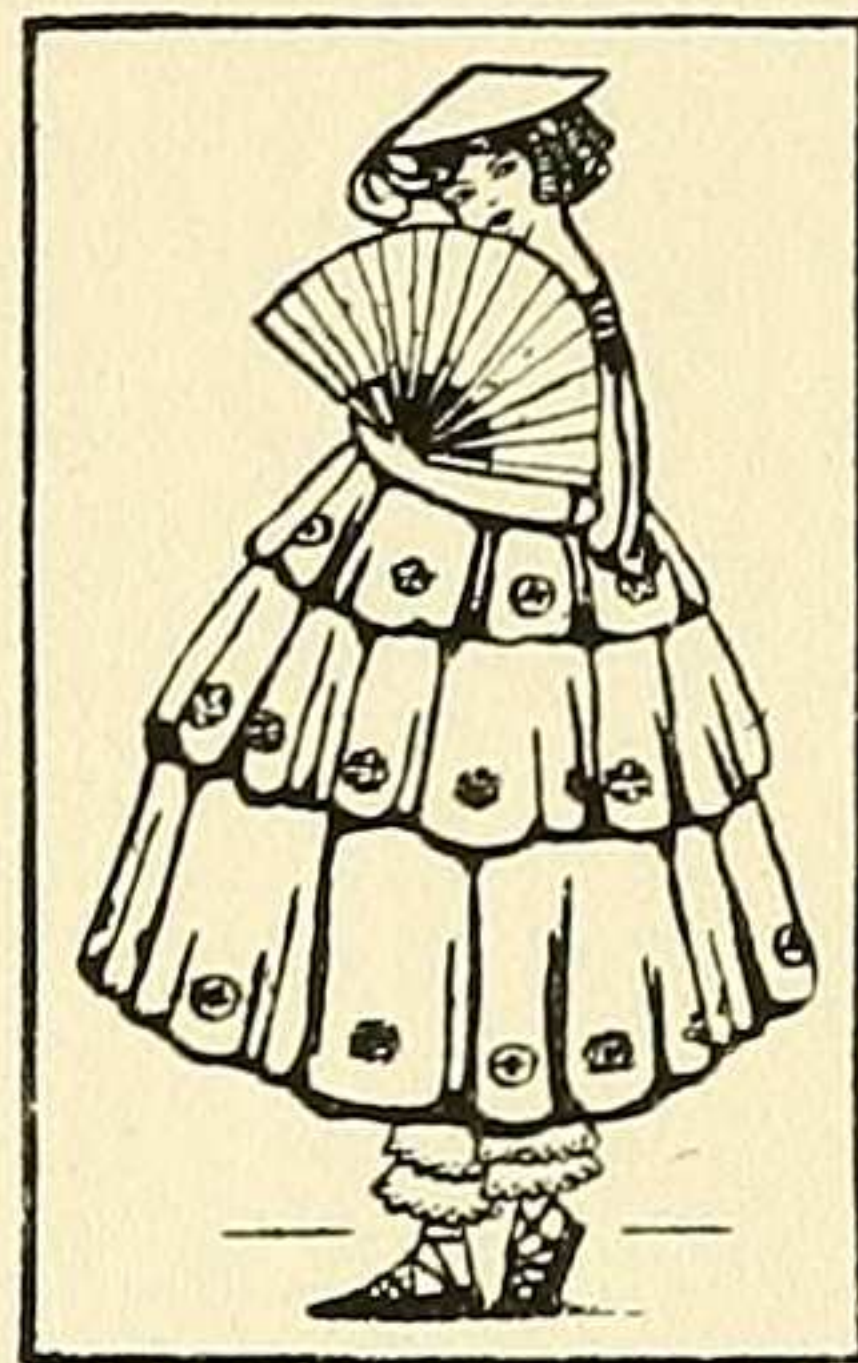
(With apologies to S. P., in corpore relicto)



February 14, 1931. To the Nursery, where I did see a strange, fantastical piece called **THE ROAD TO MARS**, neither great nor serious, and indeed but a slight thing, writ by one Coxe, a new aspirant to the ranks of our dramatists. Yet the music and dancing, for which I do hear one Cornish is responsible, very fine. I did laugh mightily at the pleasant simplicities of Jones, Schwab, Church and Gerhard, and indeed the first of these promises much. Righter and Culbertson, who did sing the chief songs, performed very well. Nichols and Polachek also in good singing roles. The dresses all very strange and new.

May 12, 1931. Again to the Nursery, to see three one-act plays, writ by Grant, Duany and Coxe. Much mirth at one Smith, who did play a clownish part—a great absurdity which they did call a Boy Scout. Boyd, Carpenter, Gateson, Jarrett, Butler and Nichols all acted with great sincerity. An odd mixture of plays; but went home well pleased.

April 25, 1931. To the Duke's, to see **ENCHANTED APRIL**, very well done. Chiefly interested to see Grant, but newly come up from the Nursery, well suited to the role, which she did perform very adequately.

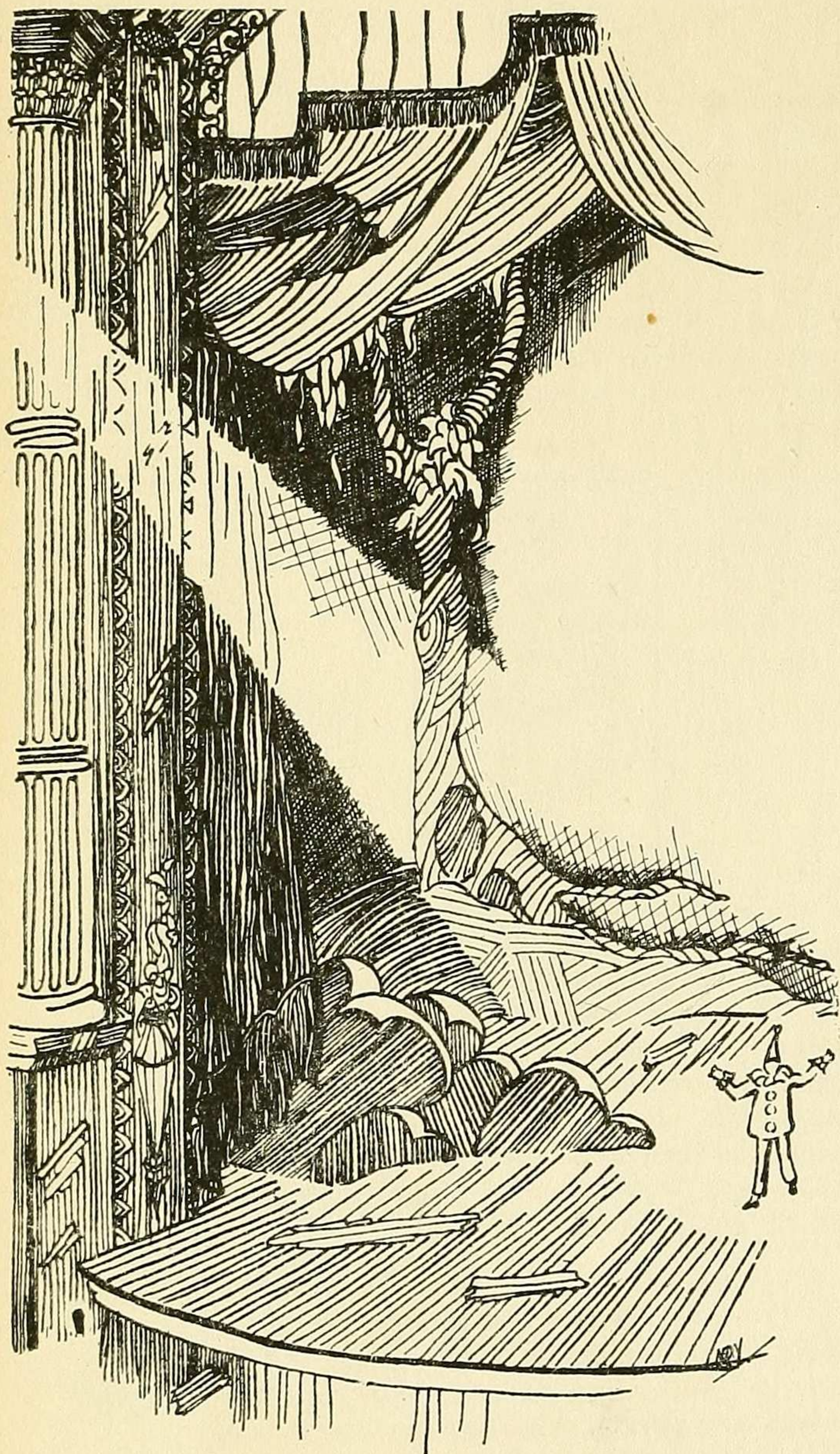


November 21, 1931. To the King's Playhouse, where I did see **BERKELEY SQUARE** monstrously well done. The scene mightily splendid, and the dresses the true garbe of the days of Queen Anne. Afterwards, went behind the scenes, and spoke with Gateson, Meneely and Coxe, who had acted small roles therein.

February 5, 1932. To White Hall, to see a French piece, entitled **KNOCK**, excellently well done, and a vastly amusing farce. Very good mirth at Jarrett, who enacted the main role with great spirit.



October 25, 1932. To the Play-House near Lincoln's-Inn-Fields to see



HELENA'S HUSBAND, which pleased me infinitely. The dresses very fine; much pleased with the wigs, all of wool, a new and strange device. Stevenson as the Ethiopian slave vastly diverting. Grant, as Helena, seemed a mighty pretty creature. Hart, who played Paris, a gallant, hath the motions and carriage of a spark the most that ever I saw.

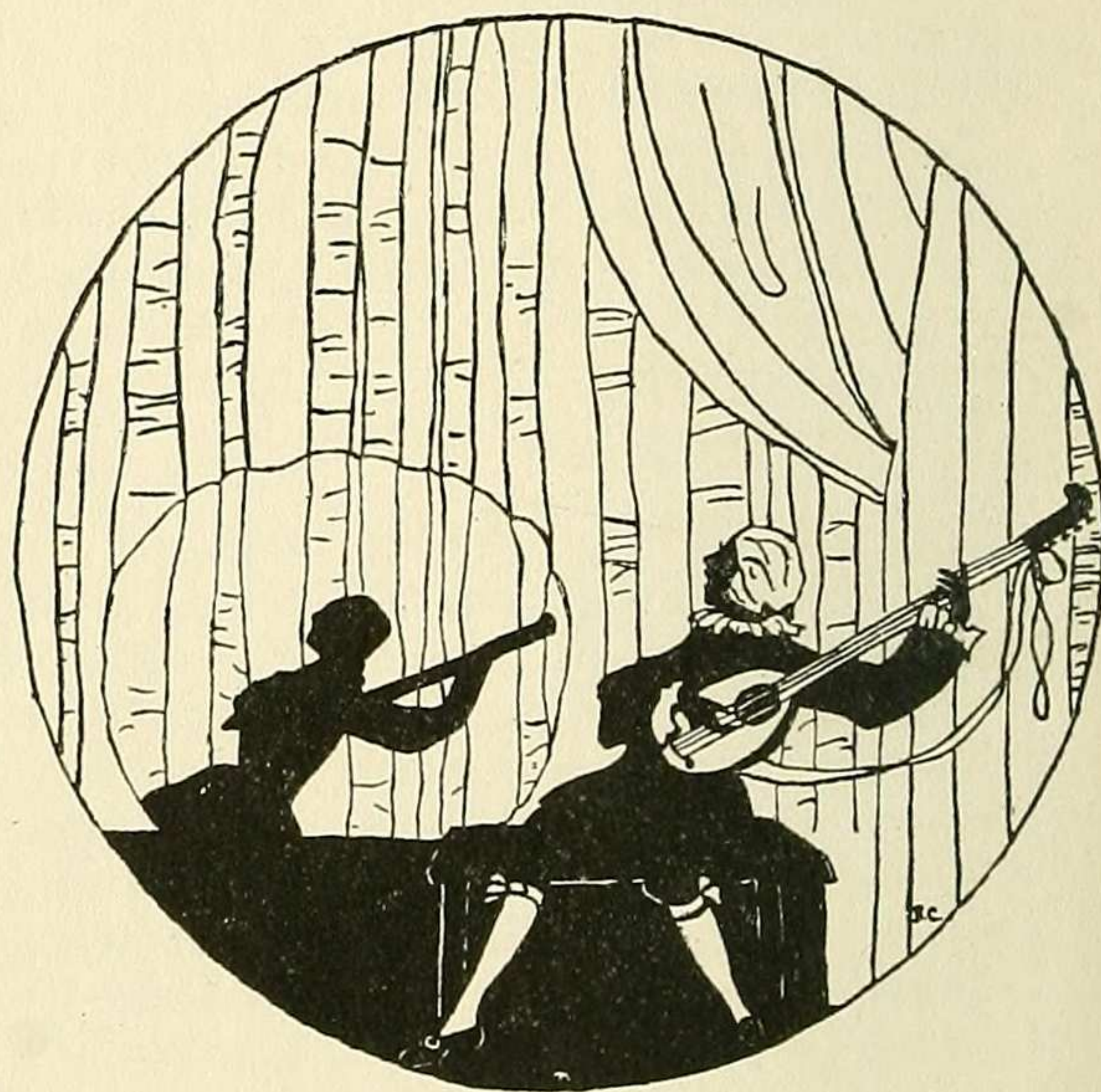
November 17, 1932. To the Red Bull, and there did see SAINT'S DAY, which they do say was to have been called THE SAINT'S MISTRESS, but that Her Majesty liked not that title, and indeed the play is

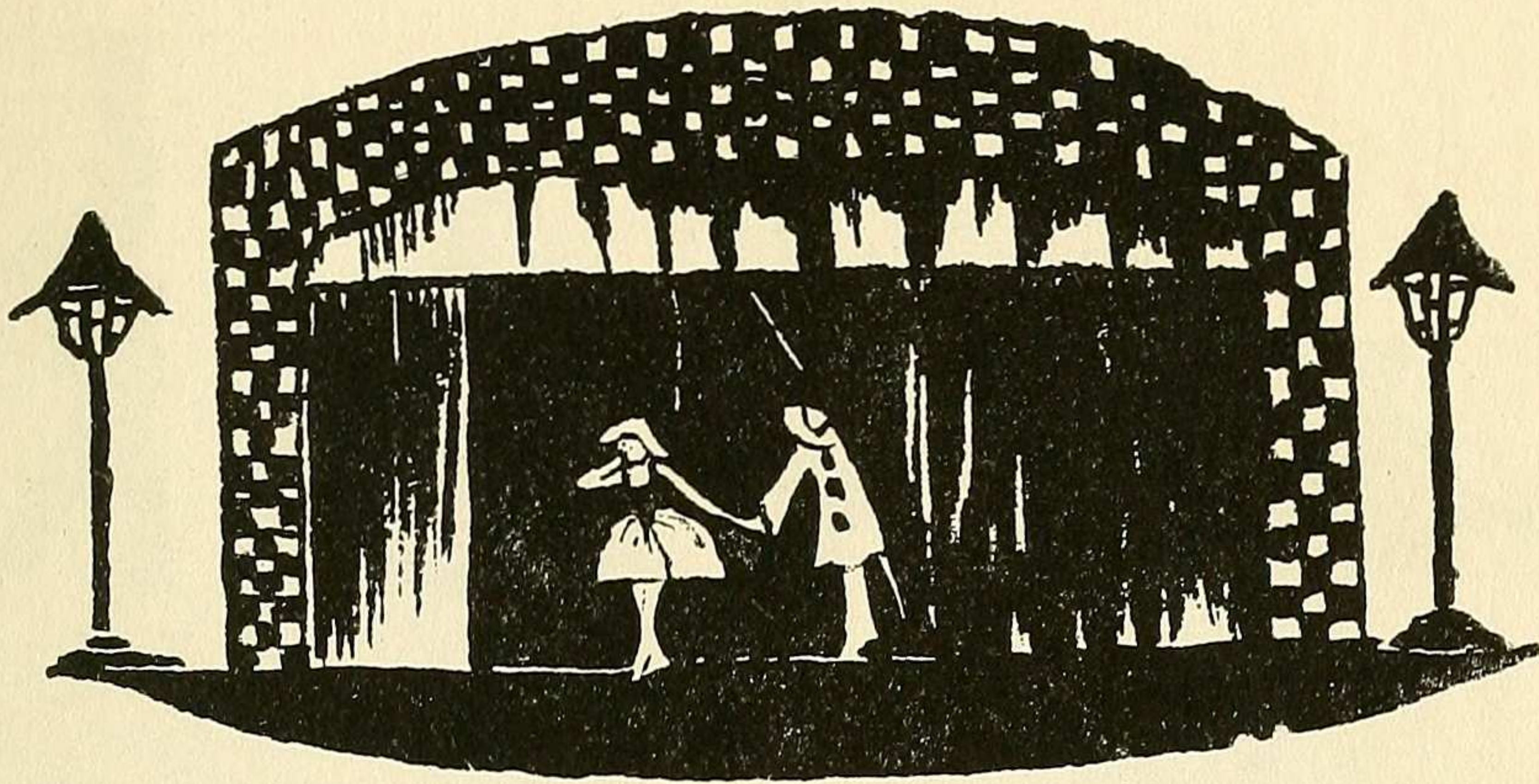
as full of bawdy as a single act could well be, but diverting enough for all that. Many young players not long up from the Nursery did play very well, among them Jones, Schwab, Hannan, Nelson and Coxe.

December 10, 1932. To the Cockpit, to see THE ROYAL FAMILY, a play about the people of the stage—vastly amusing to such as do have some acquaintance with the Theatres. Daniels and Trowbridge excellent in small parts.

March 17, 1933. To the Court, where we were very merry over LE BOURGEOIS GENTILHOMME, in French, an old play, but which likes me better every time I see it. Jarrett gives us fresh reason never to think enough of her, for none can out-do her in these Gallic roles. Fouilhoux also mighty pleasing.

March 20, 1933. In Covent Garden tonight, and stopped at the great Coffee House there, under the management of Greeks. There, I perceive, is very witty and pleasant discourse, for the playwrights and all the wits of the town were gathered to felicitate Nelson and Hannan on the success of their new plays. Met many of these writers for our stage, including Daniels, Nichols, Schwab, Stevenson and Coxe, and was delighted to find Jones also among them, who,

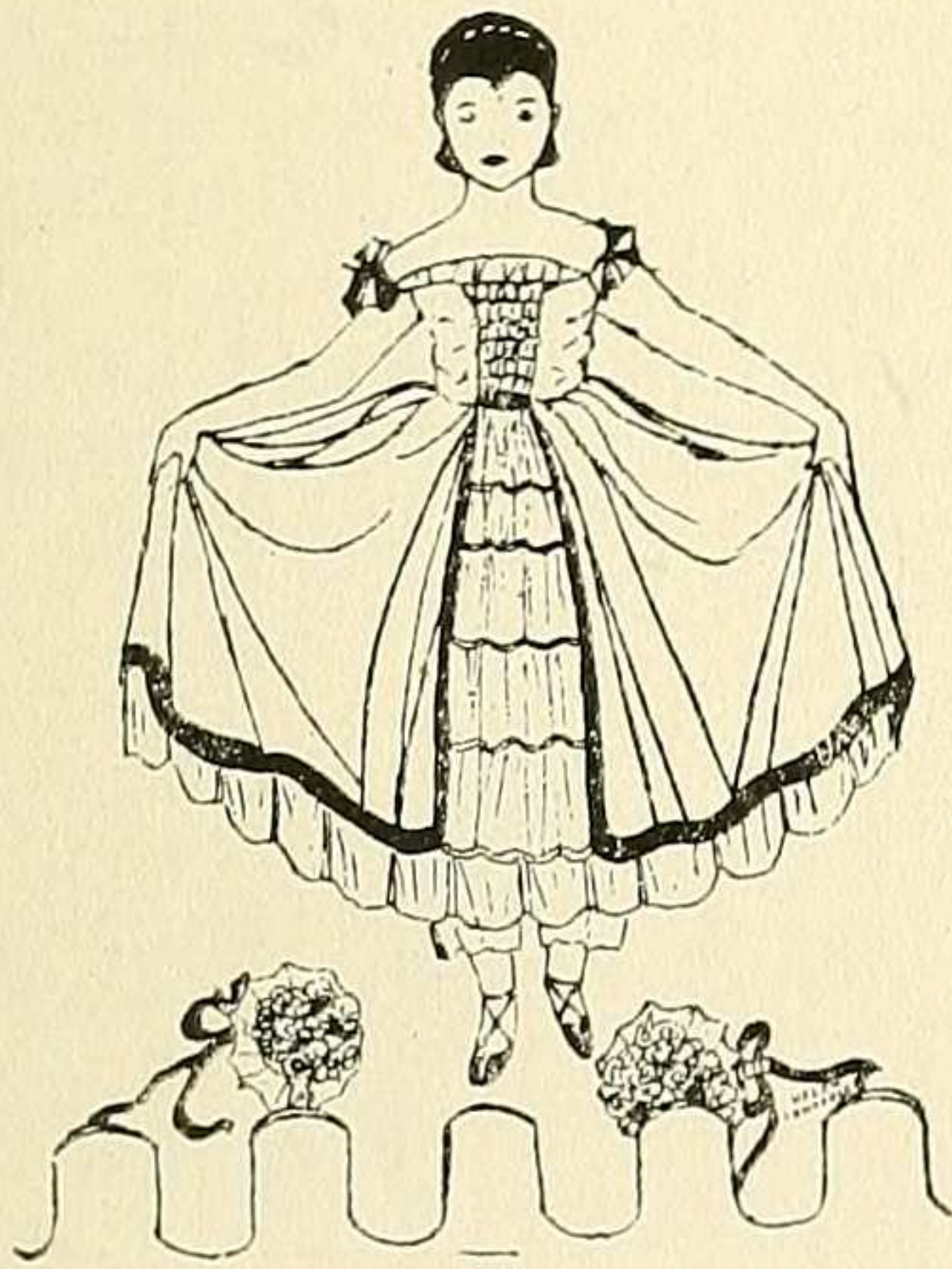




they tell me, is like to be great in both acting and writing of Comedies, as was Betterton in Tragedy.

April 22, 1933. To Blackfryers (in spite of my vow, I find I cannot keep long from the Theatres), to see *LADY WINDERMERE'S FAN*, an excellent play, and acted to my great content. Fouilhoux, whom I have not seen this long time, played Lady Jedburgh.

April 23, 1933. To Moorfields, to see *THE DELUGE*, a very ancient piece, and exceeding comical, acted



in the open air, on platforms. Many new players, trained up in the Nursery, which for the past four years has produced a vast number of our best Thespians. Among these, Parsons and Mackenzie especially fine; also Daniels and Parnell. Nichols,

another who began in the Nursery, but has since been seen on our better stages, also acted therein, and excellently well, too.

December 9, 1933. To Salisbury Court, and there saw *THE KNIGHT OF THE BURNING PESTLE* acted solely by females. The clothes very fine, 'of the fashion of King James' time. Many players that I knew well in humorous parts; Fouilhoux as Master Merrythought; Nelson excellent as an ogre, terrifying to behold; Stevenson as a dwarf, at which excellent mirth. Two newcomers from the Nursery—Gribbel in the Host's part,



and Boyd as a spectator; also Parsons once more (as a gallant). Mistress Righter did play the Knight with great spirit and sincere feeling for comedy. But, as I said, two hundred and fifty years ago, when in the flesh, "indeed the play itself should be



damned for dullness, for it is the most insipid, ridiculous play that ever I saw in my life, and pleased me not at all."

February 12, 1934. This afternoon Jones did take me behind the scenes at the King's Playhouse, to see the company rehearsing, and the tire-women making the dresses; and to instruct me a little in the making of scenes, whereof I have ever had a great curiosity. There I did meet the directors (among whom, indeed, Jones also is one of the best): Barber, Schwab (who is also the Manager of

the company), and Coxe. Among those chiefly responsible for the making of dresses and scenes are Barber, Coxe, Duany, Goldwasser, Lee and Robinson. Among their chief assistants are Bishop, Bowie, Butler, Carter, Coleman, Fox, Fraser, Jarrett, F. F. Jones, Landreth, Laudenberg, Mackenzie, McCormick, Meneely, Miles, H. J. Mitchell, Nelson, Nichols, Pleasanton, B. E. Smith (no relation to E. E. Smith, hitherto mentioned, and who is also concerned in these technical matters of the Theatre), and De Varon.



Music from a Mute

(With apologies to Halifax)

Our Mute was discovered by Mr. Willoughby in the Music Room on a memorable Friday afternoon in September, 1930. Our Mute, be it understood, is by no means incapable, but rather over-prolific of the spoken word. When, however, it is demanded of her that she sing, a certain buoyancy deserts her vocal system, and a tongue, famous in the family for the soprano pitch to which its screams can rise, when offered musical accompaniment, dwells with recurrent and hopeless persistence on the dull tone of Middle C.



Our Mute retired from the encounter in no way discomposd, for her muteness, while a surprise to Mr. Willoughby, was an old story to herself. She found, during the weeks that followed, a pleasant satisfaction in the contemplation of her fellow-classmates as they memorized the words of "Sophias," walking of an evening to the Greeks, or antiphonally voiced Hellenic melodies in the nightly tub.



When the great Friday arrived, she tiptoed in the Cloisters as decorously as any other black-robed virgin, secure in her ensconcement between two resonant sopranos. No one of the unwitting audience guessed that a drone was in the hive, nor did her unsuspecting Sophomore deliver up a lantern less readily to this goose among

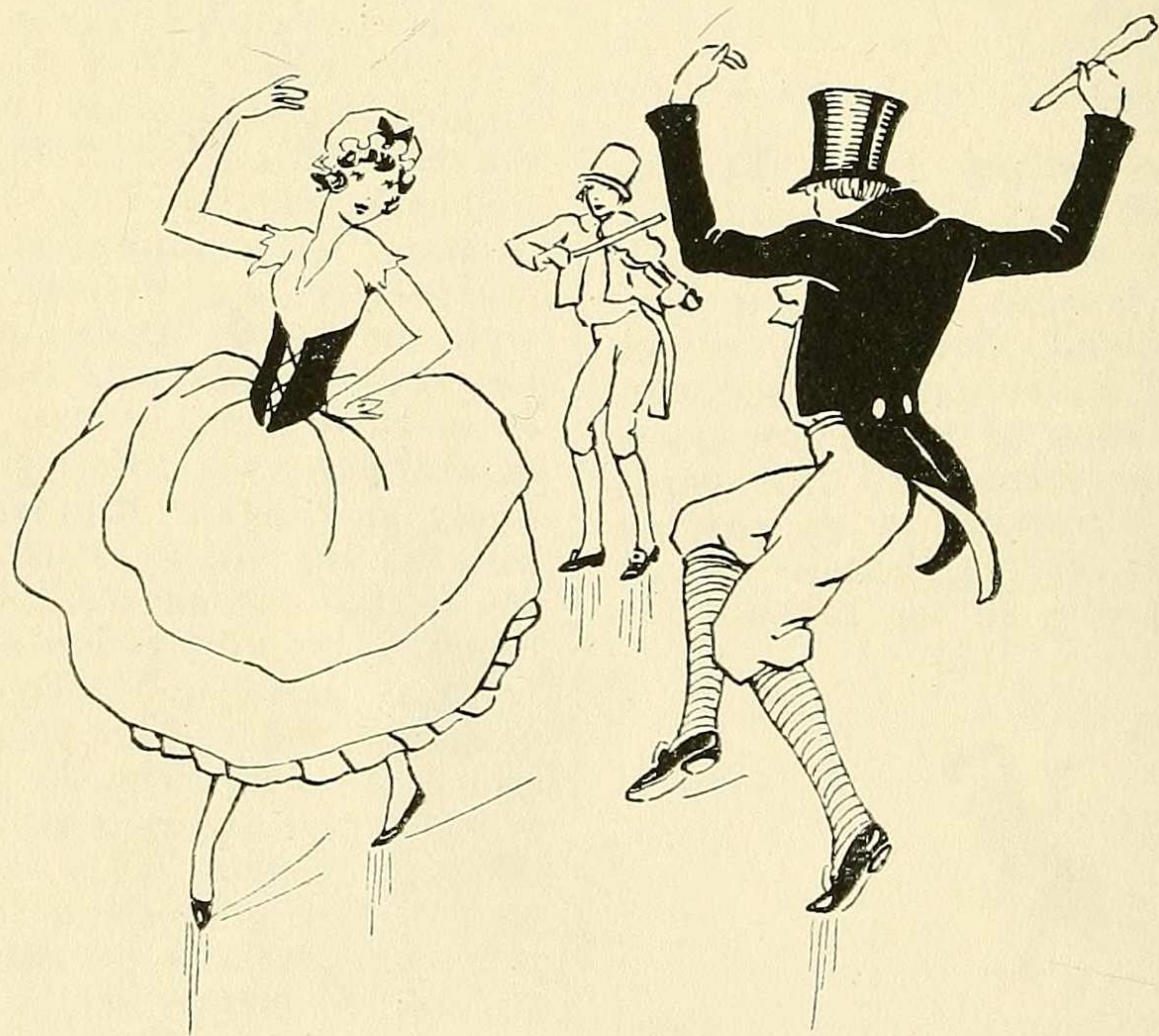


the swans, who had not earned her hire.

Our Mute has always patronized the College Choir in its less soulful efforts. For her all music is bound up in the classic canon of *Gilbert and Sullivan*. As a freshman, she giggled and sighed her sympathy with the three little maids from school, when Polachek played Pitti Sing in the *Mikado*; as a junior, she fell indiscriminately and desperately in love with the Heavy Dragoons. Now, in her senior senility, as she sits dozing in an early morning class, a mist rises before her eyes, through which she dimly sees again Righter across the aisle as the Idyllic Poet, or Culbertson as the enchanting dairymaid, Patience. Her admiration of the music-leaders, Bertolet, Meneely, and their crew, has induced her to be constantly associated with them, in a brave new world where she may sing vicariously when so moved. They, however, still deplore her unblushing lack of taste, when she declares herself reluctant to curtail the weekly sea-food lunch for the charms of Stokowski and his divine musicians on a Friday afternoon. Indeed, her appearance at *Parzival* in the orchestra stalls last Easter puzzled the whole college, until, on being questioned, she admitted she was motivated by the meanest curiosity, to observe how her pink party dress looked on her roommate in the Maidens' Chorus.

On only one occasion has Our Mute felt definitely her mistake in being born without the gift of song. The story is a sad one. In the guerilla warfare between the Sophomores and Freshmen over the Animal of 1935, Our Mute throughout the week played a distinguished part. She did not balk at sitting up all night to listen for odd sounds of hostile action; she rose at six on Saturday to patrol the Goodhart walk. At six o'clock that evening, as the show was being costumed, she strolled behind the building to take a breath of air. Sounds floated toward her on the balmy sunset breeze. She crept over to a light-

ed window, and, looking in, beheld a cluster of singing freshmen rehearsing loudly with last-minute abandon the precious animal song. Conceive her excitement as she drank in words and tune. Alas! conceive her horror, when she realized as all was over that, however she might reproduce the words, the tune had fallen on such barren ground as to be forever lost. In an agony of insufficiency, she forthwith fled the spot, never breathing to her classmates how near the victory had been. Her secret is her own until her death: then she knows there will be found the image of the Phoenix engraven on her heart.



Alice in Editorial-Land

(With apologies to Lewis Carroll)

COLLEGE NEWS

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Alice was beginning to get very tired of her Geology notes. "What is the good of a Senior taking Geology?" she asked of the left whisker of Jimmy Rhodes, that bristled in its gray paint above her desk, "I don't care if I'm walking on—"

"Ouch!" said a Voice from the ink-bottle, "you've jabbed your beastly pen-point under my left scapula!"

"I never took Biology," replied Alice, pulling her pen out of the ink with great care; there, squirming on the end of it, was a small black Devil. Alice gently pulled her pen-point out of his shoulder-blade.

"Thank you," said he, giving himself a shake that spattered Alice's Geology notes with ink. Then, with a twist of his six-inch tail, and pausing just long enough to see that the curl in it was properly graceful, he jumped off the desk and would have

THE LANTERN

Editor-in-Chief:

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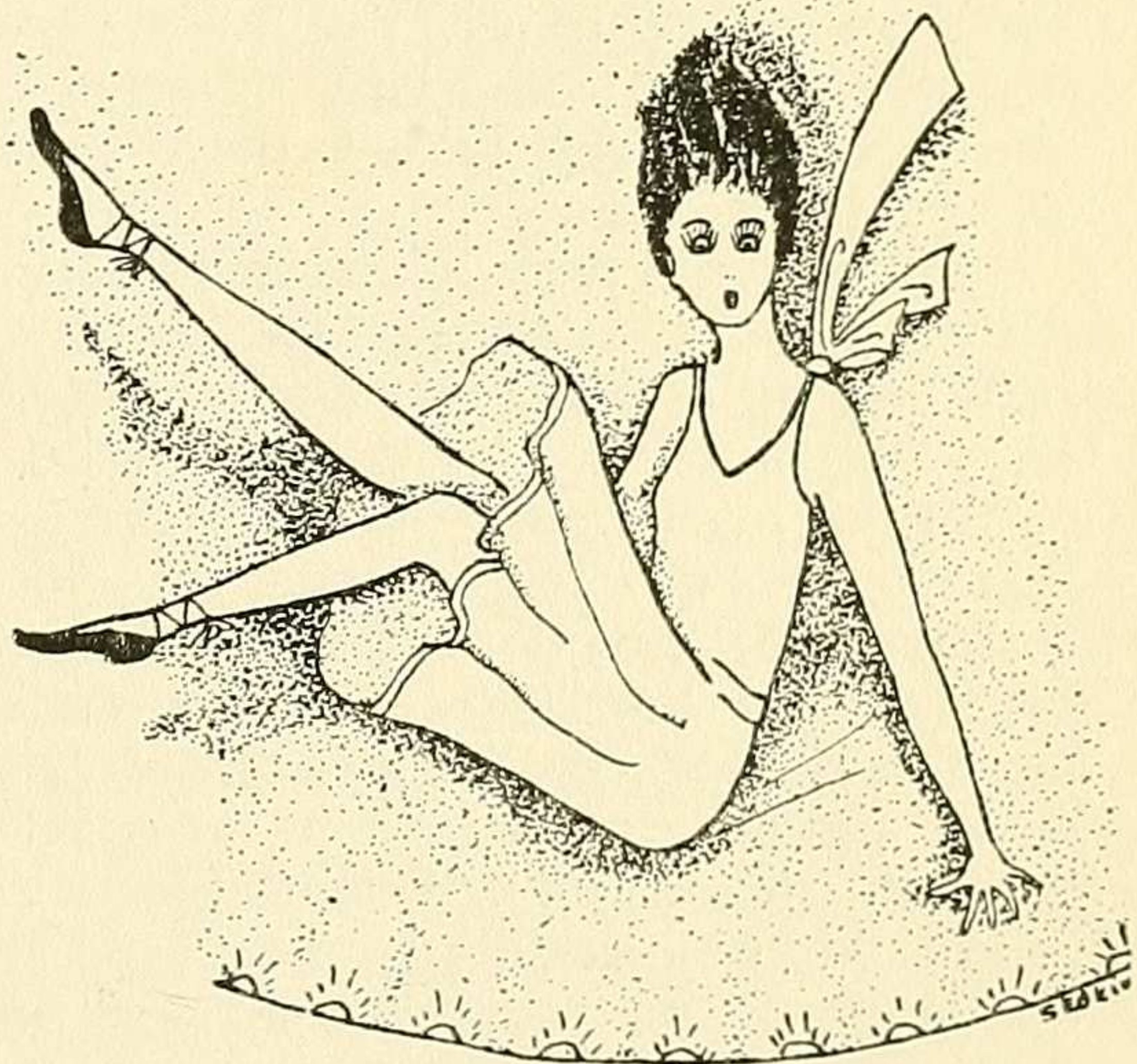
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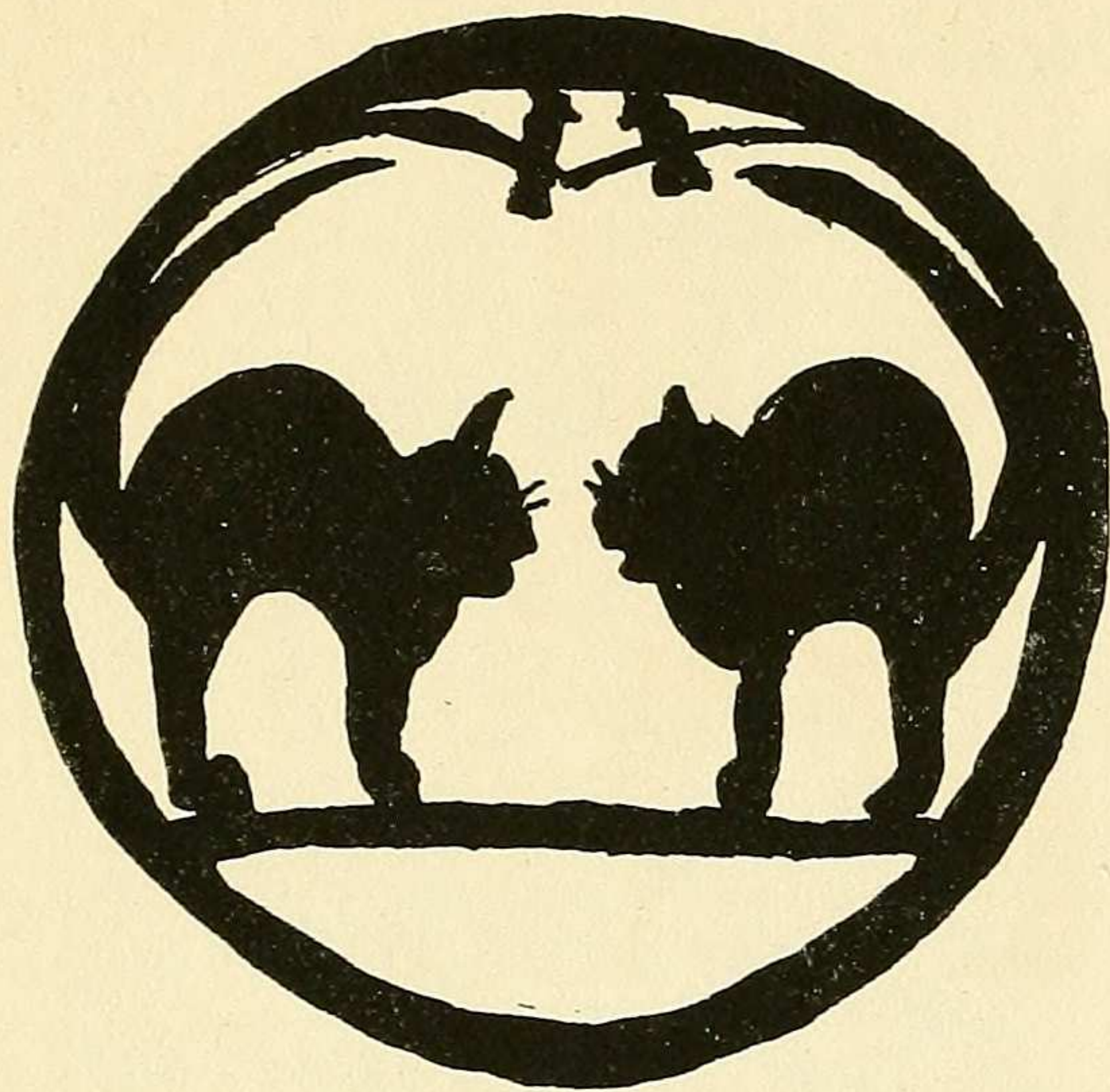
P. Schwable



been out of the Lib in another moment, if Alice had not caught him by the right foot.

"Just a moment, please," said Alice, "who are you, and why are you in such a hurry?"

"Printersdevillanternnewsdontstop-me," he answered all in one breath, and wriggling free, disappeared down



the steps, tripping over "Silence" as he went.

"This sounds like something new," thought Alice, as she hurried after him. She caught up with him just as he was disappearing through a window of the large barn on Lower Campus. Alice just managed to squeeze after him, and landed in a heap, coughing furiously, for the little stall was so full of smoke she thought all the hay in the barn must have caught fire.

"Have a cigarette," said a Voice. Alice peered through the haze, and saw the person who had spoken—no less than her old friend the March Hare.

"I don't see any cigarettes," said Alice, looking sadly at the pile of smouldering butts in the ash-tray, from which all the smoke was coming.

"There aren't any," said the March Hare. "Go on, Duchess."

Alice was about to be angry, but her rage at the March Hare's rudeness gave way to amazement as the other figures in the room appeared through the smoke. At the table, with a pile of manuscripts in her lap, sat the Duchess, the Frog Footman at her feet. The White Queen was perched on the window-sill, staring pensively at her finger-nails. The Red Queen was sitting on the table, looking aggrievedly at the Mock Turtle, who was clicking his knitting-needles too loudly. The Mad Hatter and the March Hare sat on the sofa, with the Dormouse dozing between them.

"Need we go on with this?" said the Duchess, glaring at Alice.

"Go on with what?" Alice asked.

"The Soul-Portrait of the Amphioxus," the White Queen explained wearily. "I think it's very—soulful."

"You would!" snapped the Mad Hatter. "I, for one, think it's quite—"

"Quite what?" asked the Mock Turtle, as the Hatter paused.

"Stark!" bellowed the Hatter. "One must think carefully before one speaks on such debatable issues."

"Oh," said the Mock Turtle weakly.

"Of course, of course; just what I was going to remark myself," muttered the Dormouse, as the March Hare poked him in the ribs to wake him up.

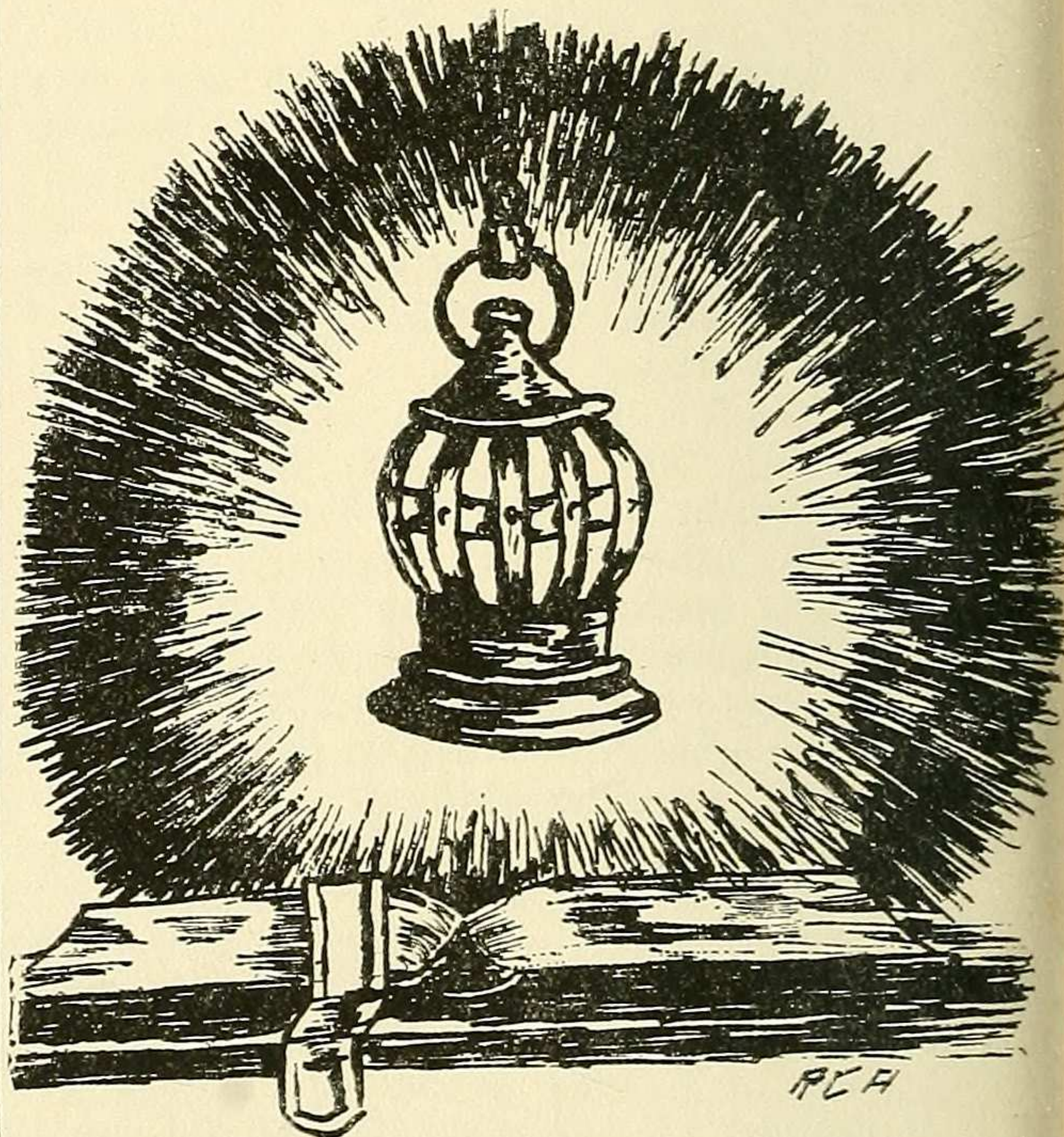
"The question is, how is it going to get in?" said the Red Queen. "Are we to bar things on the ground of incomprehensibility?"

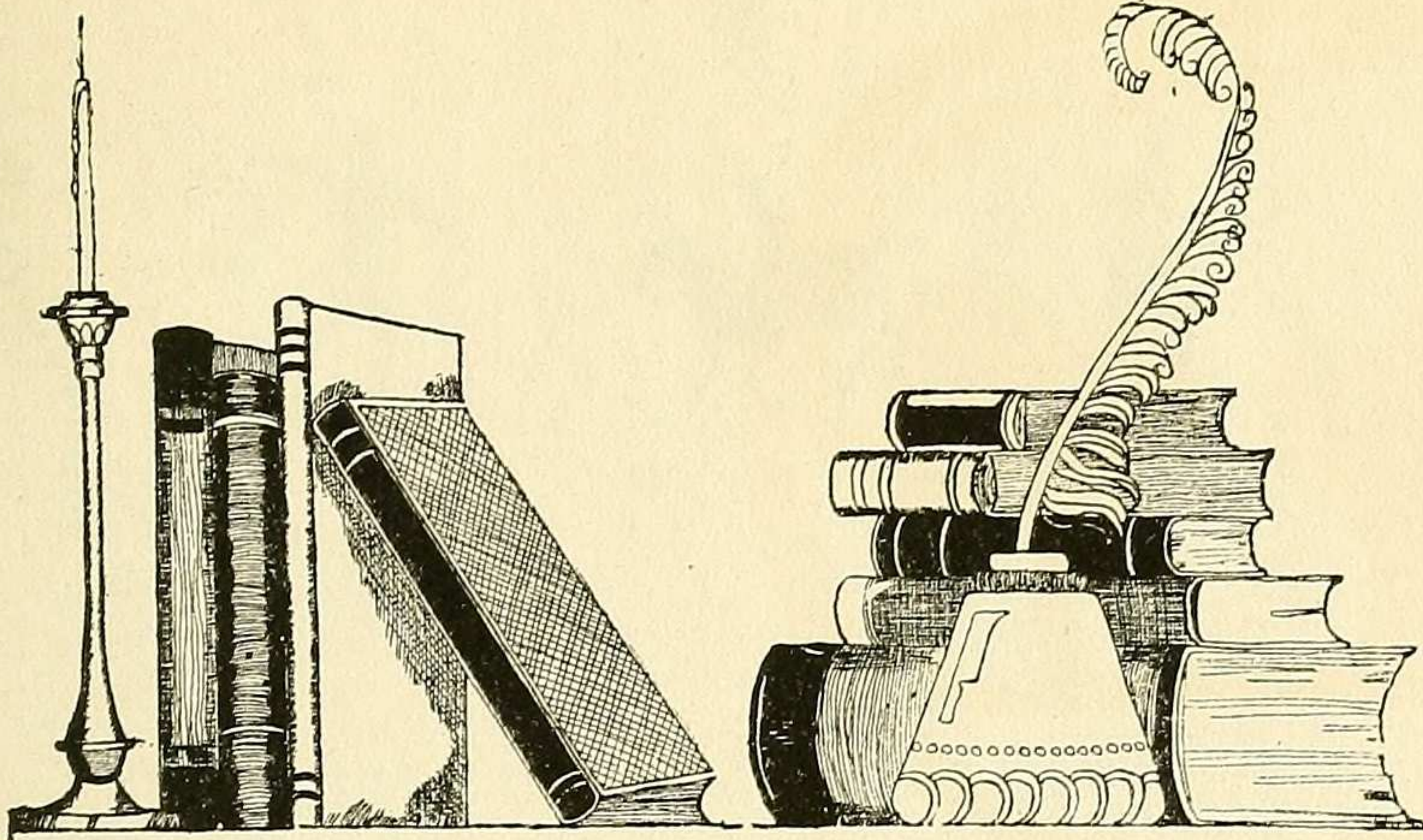
"The question is, *is* it to get in at all?" answered the Frog Footman, who never deigned to take his eyes off the ceiling. Alice thought him rather haughty.

"It's only incomprehensible because *you* don't know how to read it," said the March Hare, looking at the Duchess with contempt.

"Then why don't you read it yourself?" As the Duchess spoke, the paper that had been in her hand flew through the smoke, and hit the March Hare in the eye.

"Because *you* won't let him," the Mad Hatter half rose from the sofa—





"Off with their heads!" bellowed a familiar voice from somewhere nearby.

"Oh, dear, oh, dear," cried the Dormouse, waking up with a start. "She's looking for me again. I must go," and he scuttled out of the door at the end of the stall.

"News!" shouted the Printer's Devil, as he ran after the Dormouse. "Come along."

"The Queen of Hearts is no news to me," thought Alice, as she followed the Dormouse into the next box-stall of the barn. There, sure enough, was the Queen, standing at the top of a long table, on which lay a row of heads—President Park's and Dean Manning's prominent among them—cut off at her orders from the bodies of newspaper columns that now sprawled helpless and headless under her great hand. The Knave of Hearts trembled before her. "Off they'll come, every one of them," she shouted, snapping a large pair of shears under the Knave's nose, "and *yours* will be the next one, if you can't bring me something better than these."

"Give us *your* evidence," the Queen shrieked, turning on the Duchess' Cook, who was stirring the paste-pot at the other end of the table.

"Shan't!" said the Cook, and lifted the paste-pot menacingly.

"*She* was to have covered it," said the King, frowning at the Cook till his black hair bristled behind his ears.

"My notion was that you had been
(Before she had this fit)
An obstacle that came between
Him, and ourselves, and it,"

muttered a sleepy voice from under the table.

"Talking in his sleep again," said the King severely.

"Collar that Dormouse," the Queen shrieked out. "Suppress him! Pinch him! Off with his whiskers!" But the Dormouse fled, and the Printer's Devil only fished a piece of paper from under the table. "That *proves* his guilt," said the Queen, when she saw it.

"Might be an important piece of evidence," suggested the Knave.

"Never!" said the Queen furiously. "Off with his head!" But before anyone could move, the Knave had followed the Dormouse. Meanwhile the Cook had seized the paper. "We'll put it in—well peppered," she said grimly.

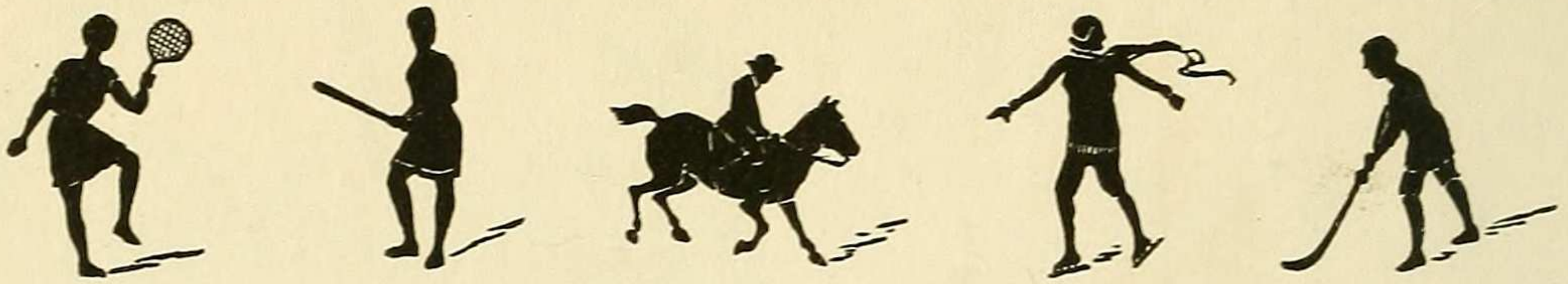
"Our customers said there was too much pepper in the last," the King cut in quickly.

"I'll abdicate if they don't like it!" shouted the Queen. "Off with their heads!" and she brandished the shears so fiercely that the King trembled and the Cook stopped stirring the paste-pot.

"My dear," the King began gently, but he was interrupted by the loud ringing of a bell.

"Ye gods! my Geology notes!" cried Alice, as she fled off to the Lib., of course arriving just after the doors had been locked for the night.





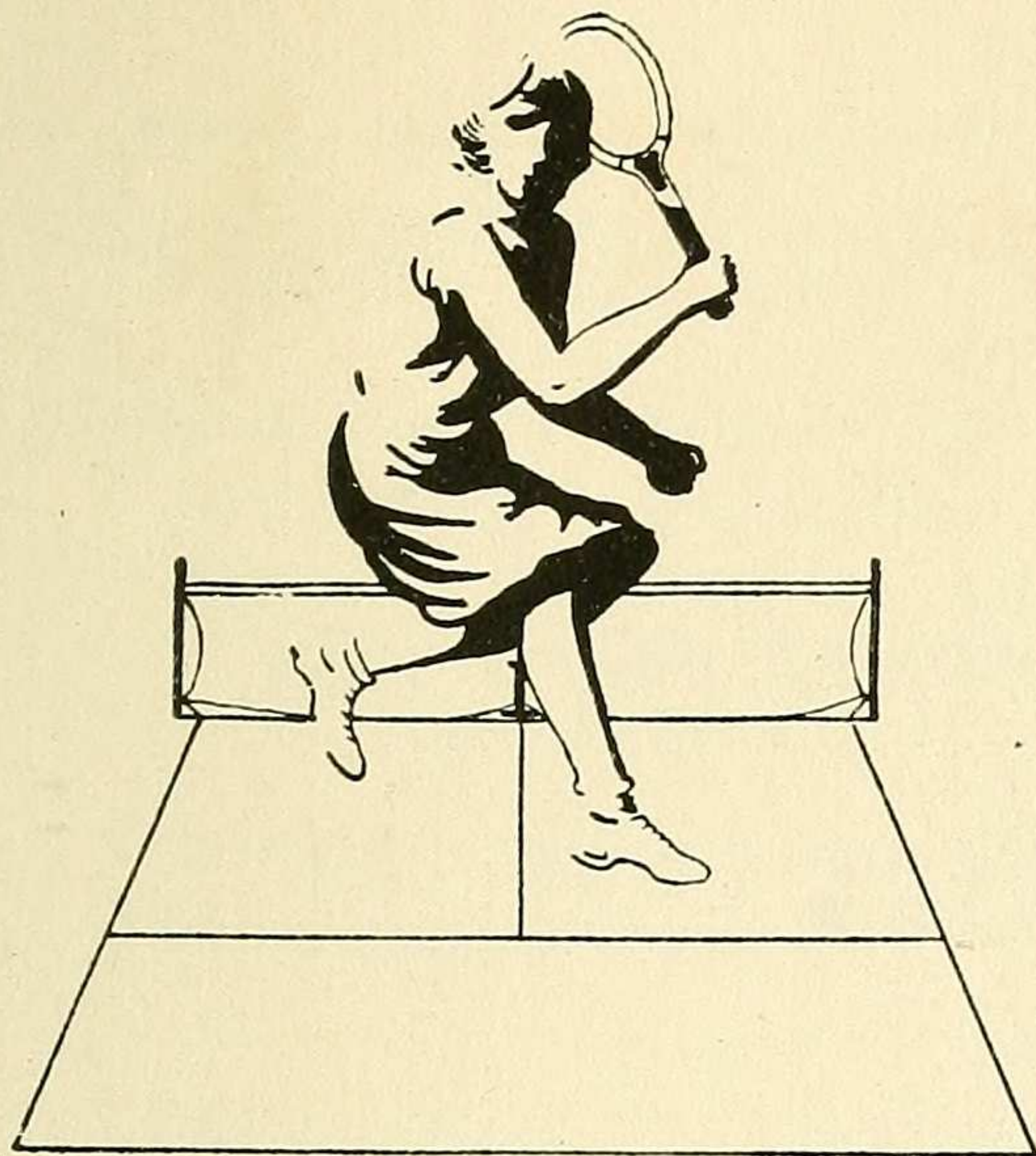
The Troubles of Tuppy

Trouble began for Tuppy the first week of freshman year, when she expressed to Doctor Wagoner a desire to take both Body Mechanics and Hygiene immediately. Doc. Wag. could not conceive that her motive was a zealous one: it seemed to her to signify a childish eagerness to gulp down all the medicine at once instead of dutifully accepting it according to the prescribed doses. Petts touched the matter off by declaring that if Miss Tuppy learned to contract her iliopsoas, thrust her chest forward and her stomach back, and swing her hips in counter-clockwise revolutions, in the next few months, she would have enough to think about without investigating the insides of her body until sophomore year. To this Tuppy meekly answered that she saw the error of her ways; but from that day forth she was for the Gym Department a woman with a past.

Tuppy played hockey as second team substitute her freshman year. In winter she played swimming, until she left the class by request after having pulled Miss Brady overboard in the execution of her first back-dive. The day before she was compelled to give up swimming, Tuppy had had her hair cut, for it had taken her some time to realize how inconvenient it was to be oozing chlorine water on her German notes all through her twelve o'clock class. Tuppy joined beginners' tennis in the spring, lost her three new balls in the wilderness behind the backboard the first day she practiced, and failed to turn up again for the remainder of the season.

During sophomore year, Tuppy's interest in organized athletics waned. Occasionally she went down to hockey when the afternoon was fine, or chaperoned a freshman swimming party in a borrowed "B. M. C."; but her main energies she was consciously reserving for the systematic strain which her prep school memories forewarned her would result from early morning country dancing on the green. The Monday after Big May Day, Tuppy found herself with an awkward case of poison ivy in the Inf., on account of which she said she would demand compensation from the college, for omitting to take thought for the rank weeds of the field, on which they forced their "merrie schollers" to sit down when not performing.

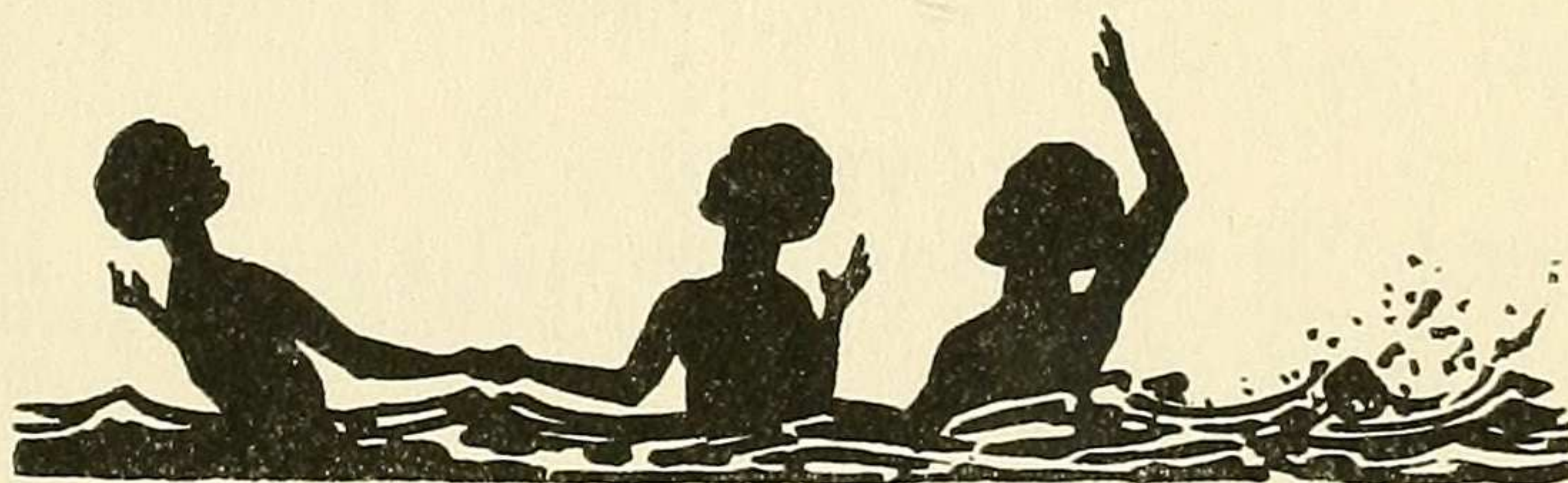
Tuppy spent her junior year trying to catch up with athletic credits, which eluded her inexplicably. By some freak she was elected captain of class hockey, but was never able to collect more than two-elevenths of a team, of which one-eleventh was her best friend who had never played before. In winter, she betook herself to pastures new where she might amble round with a lacrosse stick, thinking early practices were just the thing to wake her up for arguing with the freshmen in her nine o'clock Philos. class. Had not a sudden cold turn in the weather and the acute indisposition of her sixty-cent alarm clock providentially frustrated her lacrosse career, Tuppy would undoubtedly have broken every window-breaking record in the heavier-ball class.



Tuppy's troubles reached their climax in her senior year, when her joie de vivre threatened to be seriously affected, if she could not find a sport which her interest would induce her to pursue with the minimum of inattention. She was still "required", when she signed up on the dotted line for Sunbaths and Fencing. The former Tuppy passed triumphantly, and took heart of grace. In the latter, she began well by purchasing the full equipment, which she paraded in the Library on lesson-evenings, vindicating to her friends the fashionable Mae West bust. From her introductory lesson, the romance of fencing captivated Tuppy. "It is not a sport," said she, "it is an art: life is short and art is

long, but if I can become good enough to beat Herolzheimer in the Junior Meet, that is all that matters. Tuppy fortunately lost to Herolzheimer, and continued to attend her lessons until the last week of the year, when she broke off an assaut with Monsieur Fiems precipitantly, on discovering her French unequal to the simple English sentiment: The tape of my tights has burst.

On Garden Party afternoon, Miss Petts remarked to Tuppy that her records did not show that she had passed the Freshman Swimming Test. Tuppy promised faithfully to take it next day at nine. On Commencement morning, she remembered she had not gone down to take her test, and a frantic Tuppy fled to Yarrow to rout out Miss Petts and drag her to the Gym. At 10.45, Tuppy was endeavoring to stop floating and sink for the second time. At 10.55, Tuppy was being dressed by the united efforts of Petts, Brady and the woman in the basement. At eleven, she slipped into the academic procession as it entered Goodhart, with a black cap crowning her lank, streaming hair and the white dress under her gown clinging damply to her body. At precisely twelve o'clock, Tuppy was being called to the platform to receive the European Fellowship. Her steps made a strange squelching sound in the hushed auditorium. A gasping class observed her pink legs rising out of rubber shoes, as the black, decorous upper part of Tuppy shook hands gravely with Miss Park.



1930-31

HOCKEY

Bishop, Bowie, Boyd, Carpenter, Carter, Daniels, Gerhard, Jarrett, S. Jones, Miles, Nichols, Rothermel, E. Smith.

On Varsity: Bishop, Carter, Gerhard, Jarrett, S. Jones, Rothermel, E. Smith.

BASKETBALL

Bishop, Boyd, Butler, Daniels, Jarrett, McCormick, Nichols, Rothermel, E. Smith.

On Varsity: Boyd.

SWIMMING

Cornish, Daniels, Jarrett, Landreth, M. Mitchell, Polachek, Totten.

On Varsity: Daniels, Jarrett, Landreth, M. Mitchell, Totten.

TENNIS

Allen, Carter, Daniels, Haskell, Hurd, Jarrett.

On Varsity: Allen, Haskell.

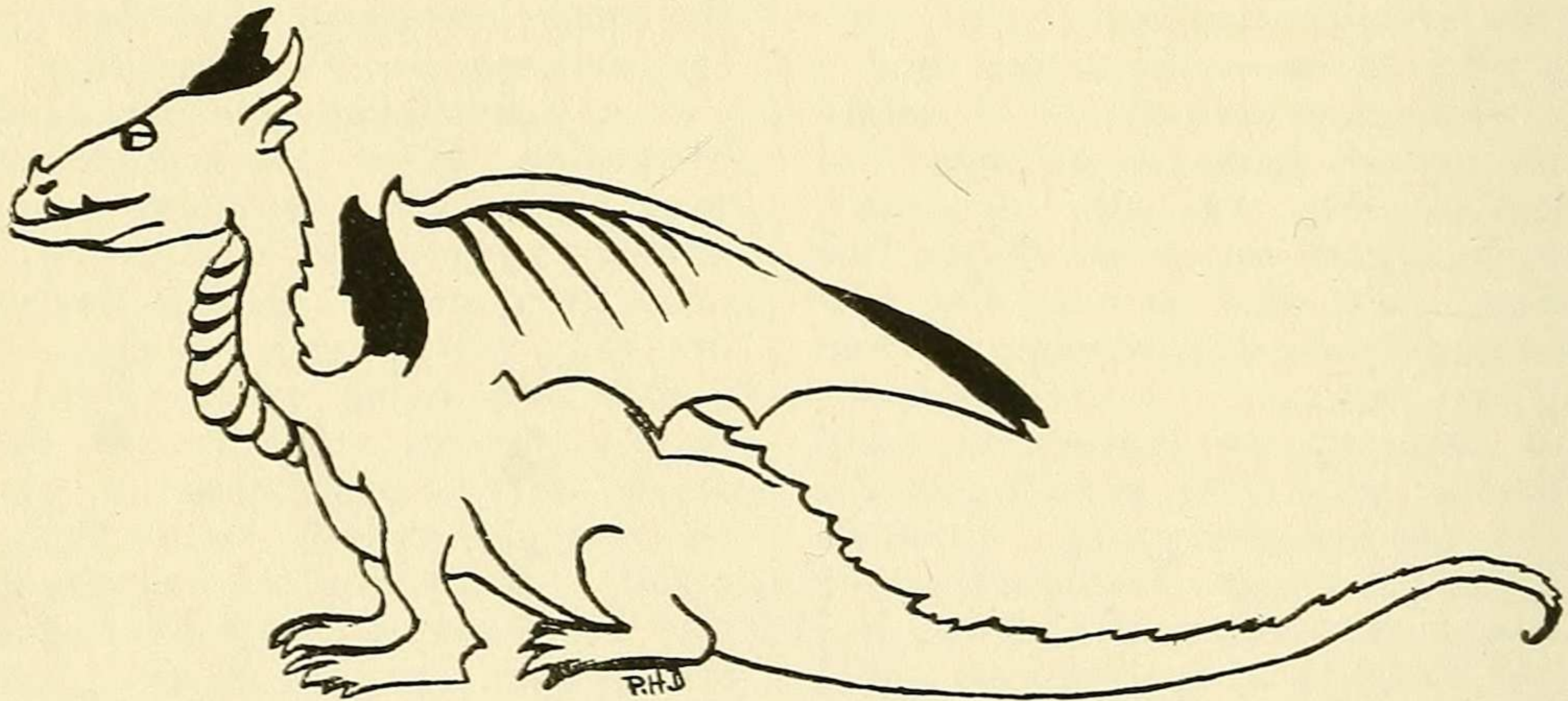
FENCING

On Varsity: Gateson.

Junior Champion: Gateson; *Junior Runner-up:* Coxe.

ARCHERY

On Varsity: Bishop.



1931-32

HOCKEY

Bishop, Bowie, Boyd, Carter, Daniels, Gerhard, Hannan, Jarrett, S. Jones, Miles, Nichols, Rothermel (Capt.), E. Smith, Stevenson.

On Varsity: Bishop, Gerhard, Rothermel, E. Smith, Stevenson.

BASKETBALL

Bishop, Boyd, Daniels, McCormick, Rothermel, E. Smith.

On Varsity: Boyd, McCormick.

SWIMMING

Butler, Daniels, Jarrett, Meneely, M. Mitchell, E. Smith.

On Varsity: Daniels, Jarrett, Meneely, M. Mitchell, E. Smith.

Swimming Cup: M. Mitchell.

Diving Cup: Daniels.

TENNIS

On Varsity: Haskell.

FENCING

On Varsity: Gateson, Coxe.

1932-33

HOCKEY

Bowie, Carpenter, Coxe, Gribbel, Hurd, Mackenzie (Capt.), McCormick, Miles, Nichols, Rorke, E. Smith, Yoakam.

On Varsity: Bishop, Carter, Daniels, Rothermel (Mgr.), Stevenson.

BASKETBALL

Carter, Daniels, Gribbel, Hurd, F. Jones, Pleasanton, Rothermel, E. Smith, Yoakam.

On Varsity: Bishop, McCormick, Nichols.

SWIMMING

On Varsity: Butler, Daniels (Mgr.), Goldwasser.

Diving Cup: Daniels.

TENNIS

Carter, Gribbel, Hurd, Suppes.

On Varsity: Carter.

FENCING

On Varsity: Gateson (Capt.), Coxe.

Senior Champion: Gateson.

1933-34

HOCKEY

Bowie, Boyd, Duany, Fouilhoux, Hannan, Haskell, F. Jones, Mackenzie, Miles, M. Mitchell, Nichols.

Varsity: Bishop, Carter, Daniels, Gribbel, Rothermel (Capt.), E. Smith, Stevenson.

BASKETBALL

Carter, Duany, Gribbel, Hurd, F. Jones, Miles.

Varsity: Bishop, Boyd, Jarrett, S. Jones, McCormick, Rothermel.

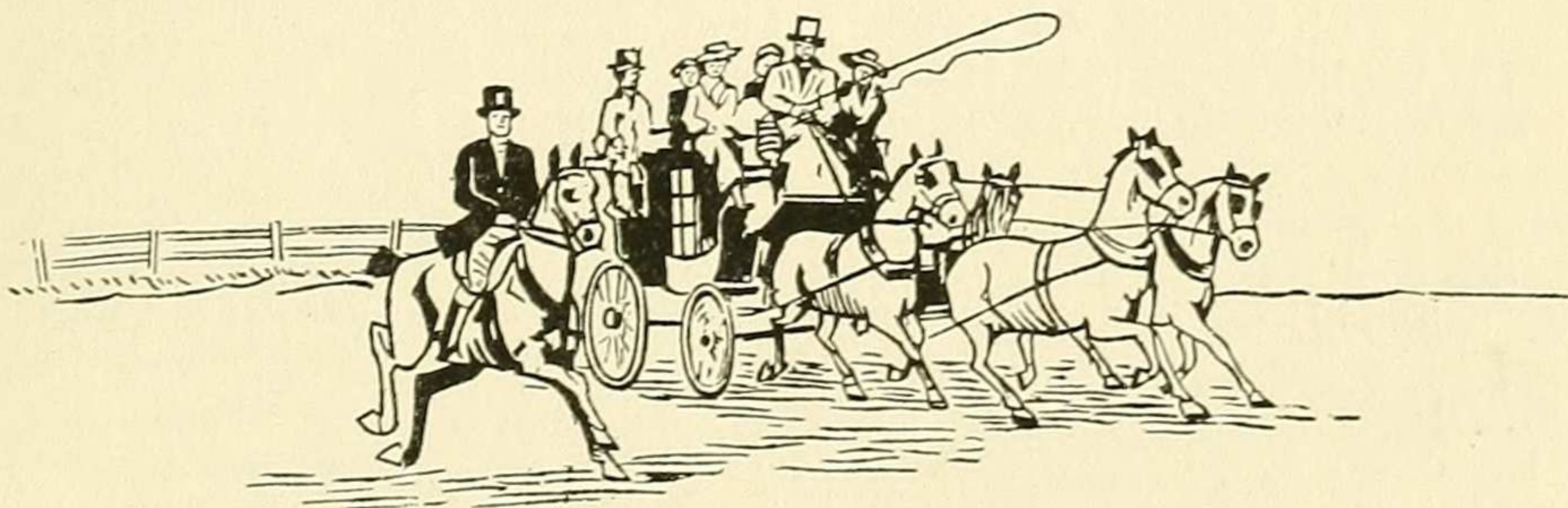
SWIMMING

Bishop, H. Brown, Butler (Capt.), Daniels, Landreth, Meneely, M. Mitchell.

Varsity: Butler, Daniels (Capt.), M. Mitchell.

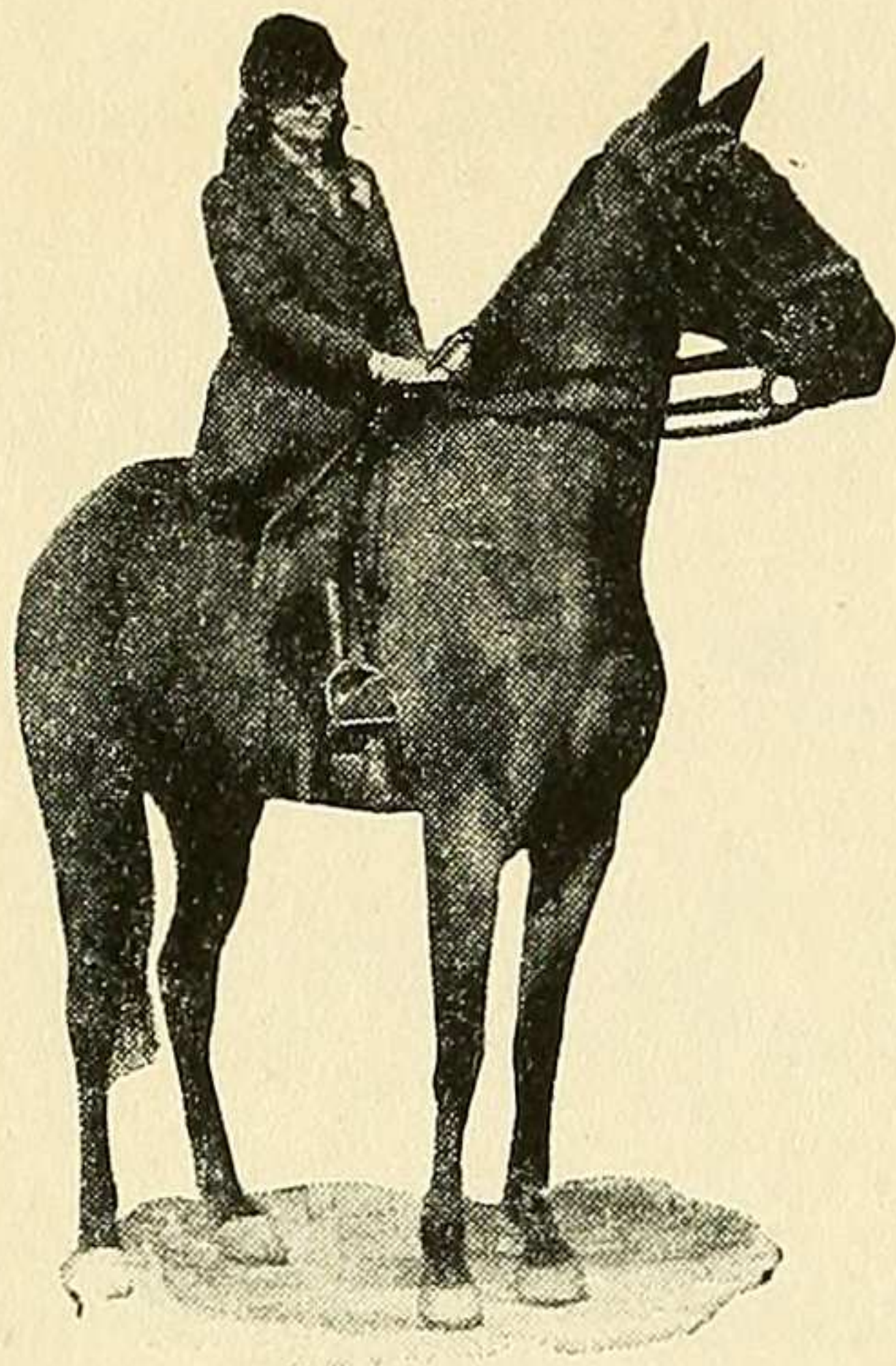
FENCING

Varsity: Gateson (Capt.), Coxe.



Tristram Shandy Among the Houyhnhnms

(With apologies to Sterne and Swift)



A man and his HOBBY-HORSE, though I cannot say that they act and react exactly after the same manner in which the soul and body do upon each other: Yet doubtless there is a communication between them of some kind; and my opinion rather is, that there is something in it more of the manner of electrified bodies—and that—by means of the heated parts of the rider, which come immediately into contact with the back of the HOBBY-HORSE—by long journeys and much friction, it so happens, that the body of the rider is at length filled as full of HOBBY-HORSICAL matter as it can hold—so that if you are able to give but a clear description of the nature of the one, you may form a pretty exact notion of the genius and character of the other.

One evening I sat writing in my study—you, kind reader, who have looked with favor—or lack of it—on my *Life and Opinions*, know that I am on occasion given to do so. But, indeed, for some time—perhaps half an hour, perhaps less, perhaps more—who knows?—I had written not a line—for I was listening to my Uncle Toby. You who know my Uncle Toby will already have guessed—and rightly, too—that he was whistling *Lilla-bullero* upstairs.

My door opened softly—since my birth, Walter Shandy had once remembered to have the hinges adjusted—and in came a parson. No, *Eugenius*, it was not Yorick—alas,

poor Yorick!—but the shade of Doctor S. I rose at once, and bade him be seated, but he shook his head—perhaps I should say, the ghost of his head—and said—before I could ask him whence he came, had I ever had any such intention:

“I have come to take you with me to the Land of the Houyhnhnms.”

“Indeed,” I began, but he went on:

“I must freely confess that the many virtues of these excellent quadrupeds placed in opposite view to human corruptions, had so far opened my eyes and enlarged my understanding, that I began to view the actions and passions of man in a very different light, and to think the honor of my own kind not worth managing. But all that is changed since the spirit of your *Life and Opinions* came among that excellent people, for now they have rejected serious pursuits to become mere HOBBY-HORSES. You have snatched away the peace of my shade, and unless you restore it I shall give you no rest in this world or the next. Come!”

He waved his hand. The walls of Shandy-Hall—where, with the help of the midwife and the interference of Dr. Slop, I had come into this world, and whence I had hoped to go to join poor Yorick—dear departed friend, when shall I see thee more?—the mad Shandean walls faded before my eyes. The next instant I found myself, with Doctor S. at my side, in a large meadow, with a great grey stone barn beside it. “Look,” said my companion, stretching a bony finger toward the right, where I saw tennis courts, a golf links, and a lake, with sailboats and a rowboat—from the latter fishing lines stretched in all directions, held by two large percherons.¹ Two more²

¹Fortunately, owing to the recent discovery of certain autobiographical confessions, in manuscript (known to the learned world as B. M. C. Year Book Questionnaire (. . .34), the Editor is now enabled to give the initials of those Yahoos into whose possession these unfortunate Houyhnhnms had fallen, on becoming HOBBY-HORSES. The owners of the percherons were C. B. and S. F. HOBBIES belonging to K. L. G. and M. M. C. would in all probability have been found in the sailboats, had Tristram been near enough to observe them in more detail.

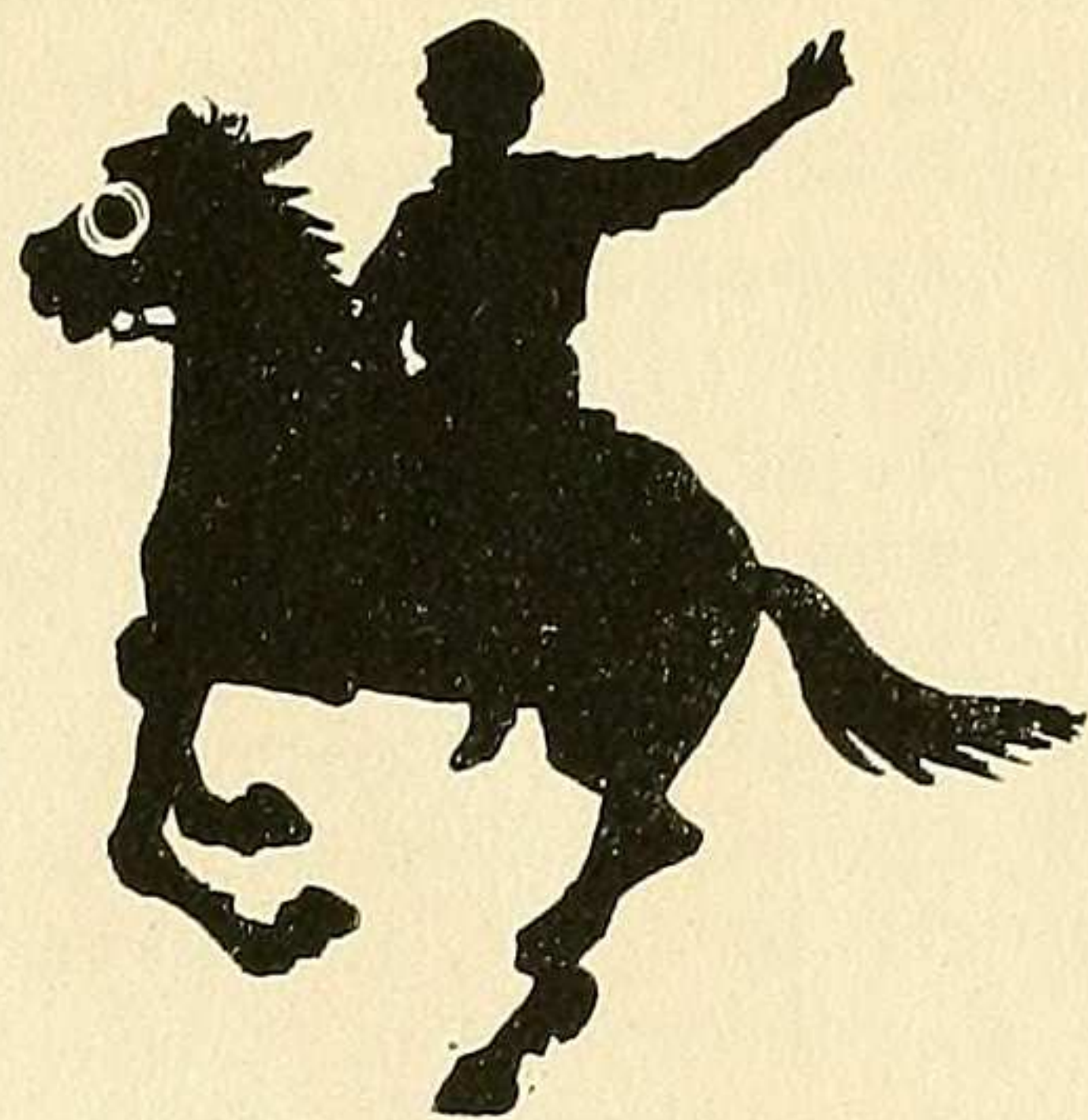
²H. B. and M. W. C.

were lying blissfully on their side in the sun-warmed shallows. A couple of roan fillies were playing tennis,³ with rackets strapped to their right fore-hocks.

"There is worse to come," said the shade of Doctor S. As I followed him toward the barn, a golf-ball flew past my right ear, followed by a neigh of "Fore—nnrff!" and a young bay mare⁴ cantered past with a mashee in her teeth.

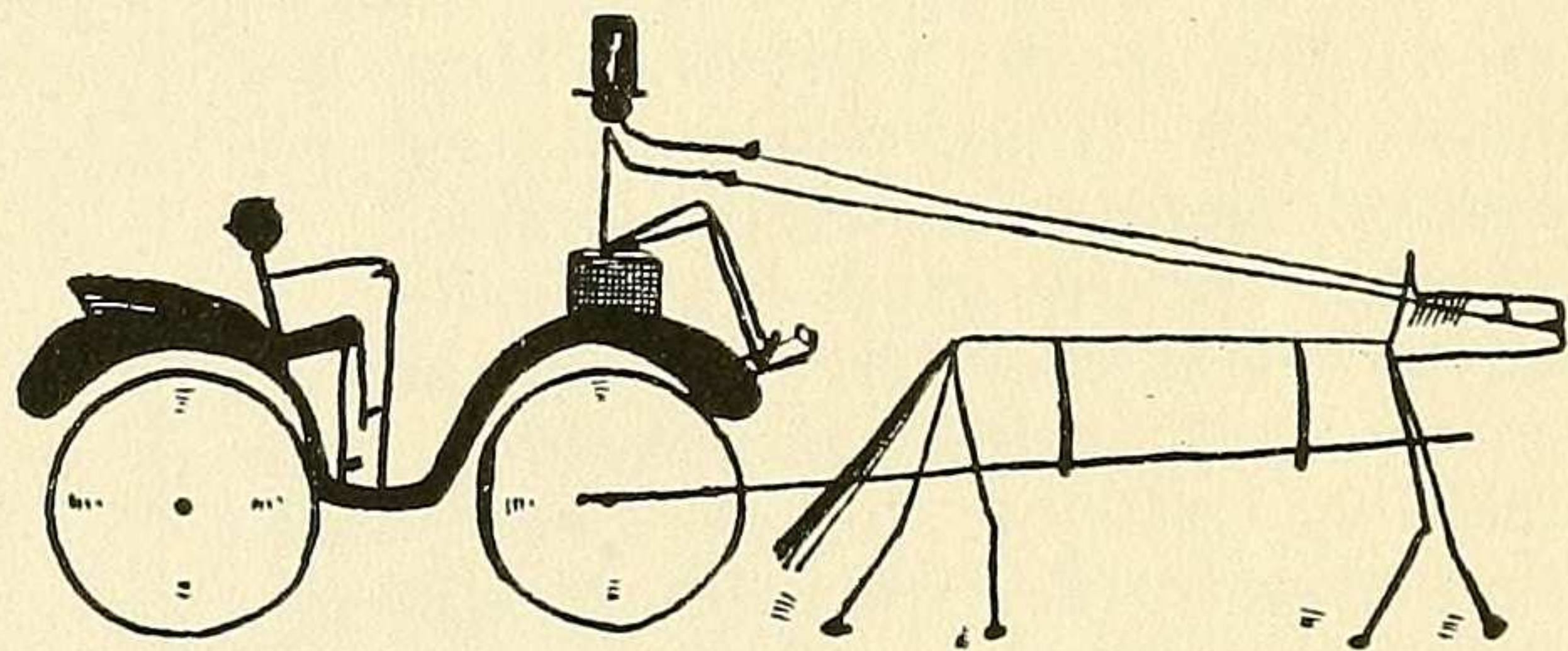
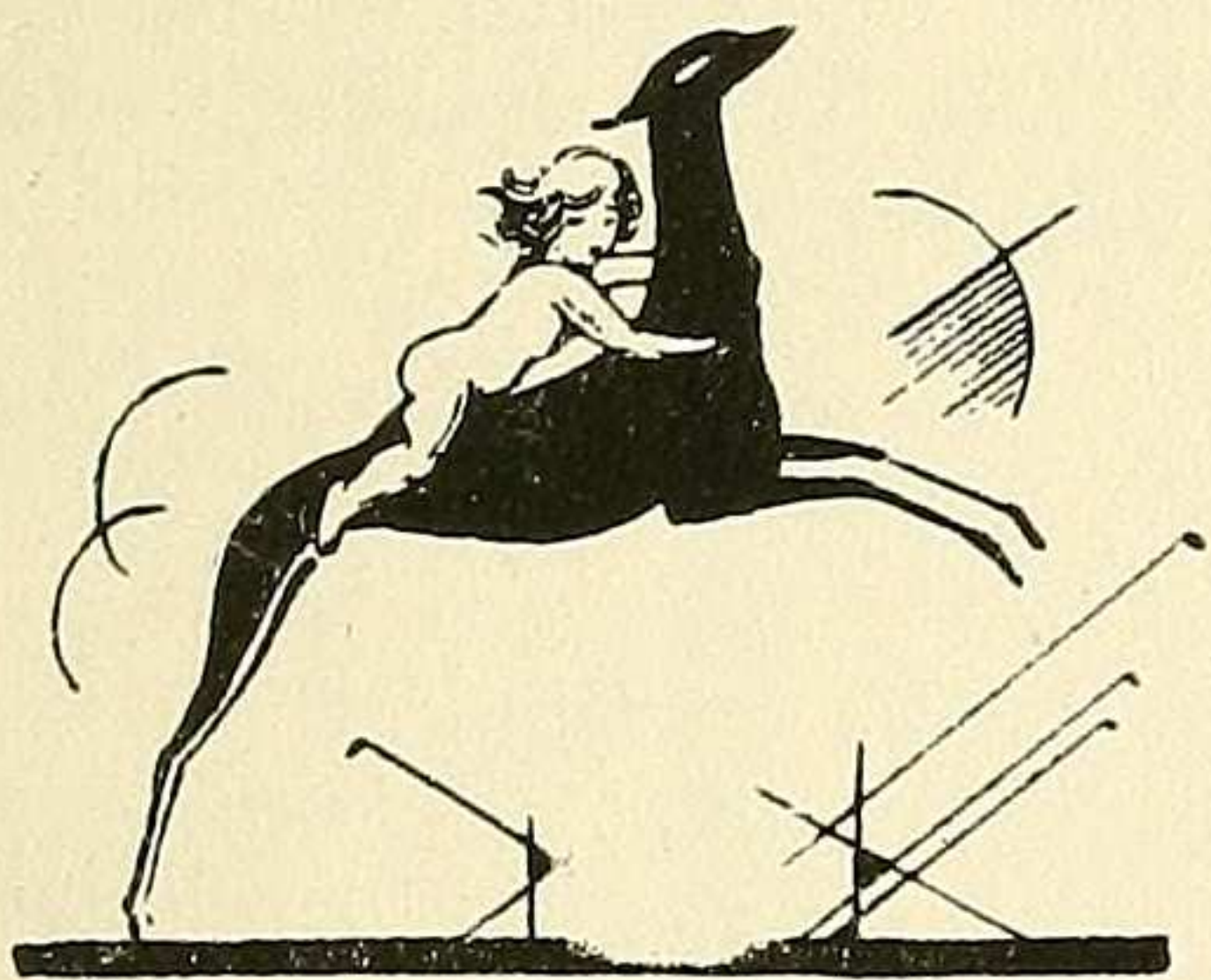
Just outside the barn, we found nine Houyhnhnms⁵ standing by the fence of a miniature paddock, gazing with rapt attention at a collection of toy animals, guarded by a regiment of tin soldiers—how my Uncle Toby would have relished those diminutive militarists—inside the enclosure.

"See," said my companion, "this noble race, that once scorned all others, now looks with admiration on the insignificant images of the beasts of the earth—even on the most despicable form of man, the lowest of the Yahoos!"



"Cab Calloway" embroidered on his halter was neighing at the top of his lungs;¹⁰ his teeth looked unpleasantly large.

My companion pulled my sleeve—I felt from my heart for the mournful expression in his eyes—and I followed him to the largest stall, at the end of the building. Doctor S. bowed his head sadly as he opened the gate: within sat several small groups of young Houyhnhnms. Four were arguing over a bridge table in one cor-



As we entered the great barn, we heard a confusion of musical sounds, that made me long to be listening peacefully to *Lillibullero*. Looking into a stall at my left, I saw two young Houyhnhnms playing a duet on a piano;⁶ two more listened ecstatically to a victrola;⁷ in the center of the room a white⁸ and a chestnut⁹ mare were dancing with two bay stallions; in a corner, a jet stallion with

ner;¹¹ five were reclining on a divan-like structure, knitting horse-blankets of fantastic hues¹²—heaven forgive me for ever having called the Shandys mad—three more were neighing over an art collection on the walls;¹³ two or three were reading in spite of the din¹⁴—magazines and detective stories, O *Eugenius!*—one was poring over a collection of insects and beetles¹⁵—which my father, Walter Shandy, could never abide—another was painting marionettes,¹⁶ into which a companion filly was putting a mechan-

³M. L. H. and L. McC.

⁴M. D. C.

⁵B. B., M. D. C. (who seems to have had several HOBBIES); M. E. C., E. M. M., J. E. P., E. E. S., V. E. T. (appropriate initials for an owner of HOBBY-HORSES), and the poor Houyhnhnm who went mad over tin soldiers must have been the mount of D. H. N.

⁶J. W. C. and M. G. D.

⁷A. D. and G. A. P.

⁸M. B. N.

⁹S. D.

¹⁰M. C.

¹¹J. E. A., M. K. B., M. M. R. and C. O. S.

¹²H. E. B., M. D. C. (truly, this HOBBY-rider keeps a whole stable), L. V. B. C., K. L. F. and E. A. W.

¹³H. B., A. A. P. DeV., J. B. R.

¹⁴C. C., E. J. P., M. D. C.

¹⁵E. J. P.

¹⁶L. C. T.

ism to make them say "Mamma!"¹⁷—into a figure of Caesar Borgia, as well as into one of Al Jolson. In another corner a handsome mare was drinking whole bottles of different kinds of wine,¹⁸ while two others were hanging up the bottles by their necks to hooks in the wall.¹⁹

"Come upstairs," whispered Doctor S. As I dazedly followed him up the ladder to the hay-loft, we were almost knocked headlong by a frisky young Houyhnhnm galloping down backwards.²⁰

"One of our worst," sighed the Doctor, "but the saddest case of all is now in Bedlam—a lovely young filly who went out of her mind over big game hunting."²¹

"Hunting? Lions and tigers?"

"Stallions—and mice!" he whispered.

"Boo-oo-oo--nrmph!" came an eerie neigh from a feed-room on our left. Looking in, we saw a black-maned, bay mare in a night-gown,²² making strange motions, while a lanky, white filly took down learned notes.²³

"Haunting . . . and Spiritualism," Doctor S. explained, and we passed on to the main hay-loft. Here we found two Houyhnhnms sitting entranced before a white screen,²⁴ on which a large-eared black mouse in big-buttoned short trousers cut absurd capers. A third Houyhnhnm was neighing at the top of her high-pitched voice that the picture was terrible,²⁵ but no one paid any attention to her. Two more, in a corner, were arguing about the light,²⁶ and about the possibilities of using other colors besides black and white in such demonstrations of the rodential biped.

We departed hastily, and descended the ladder. But we had some difficulty in escaping to the outer air, for the doorway was blocked by a neigh-

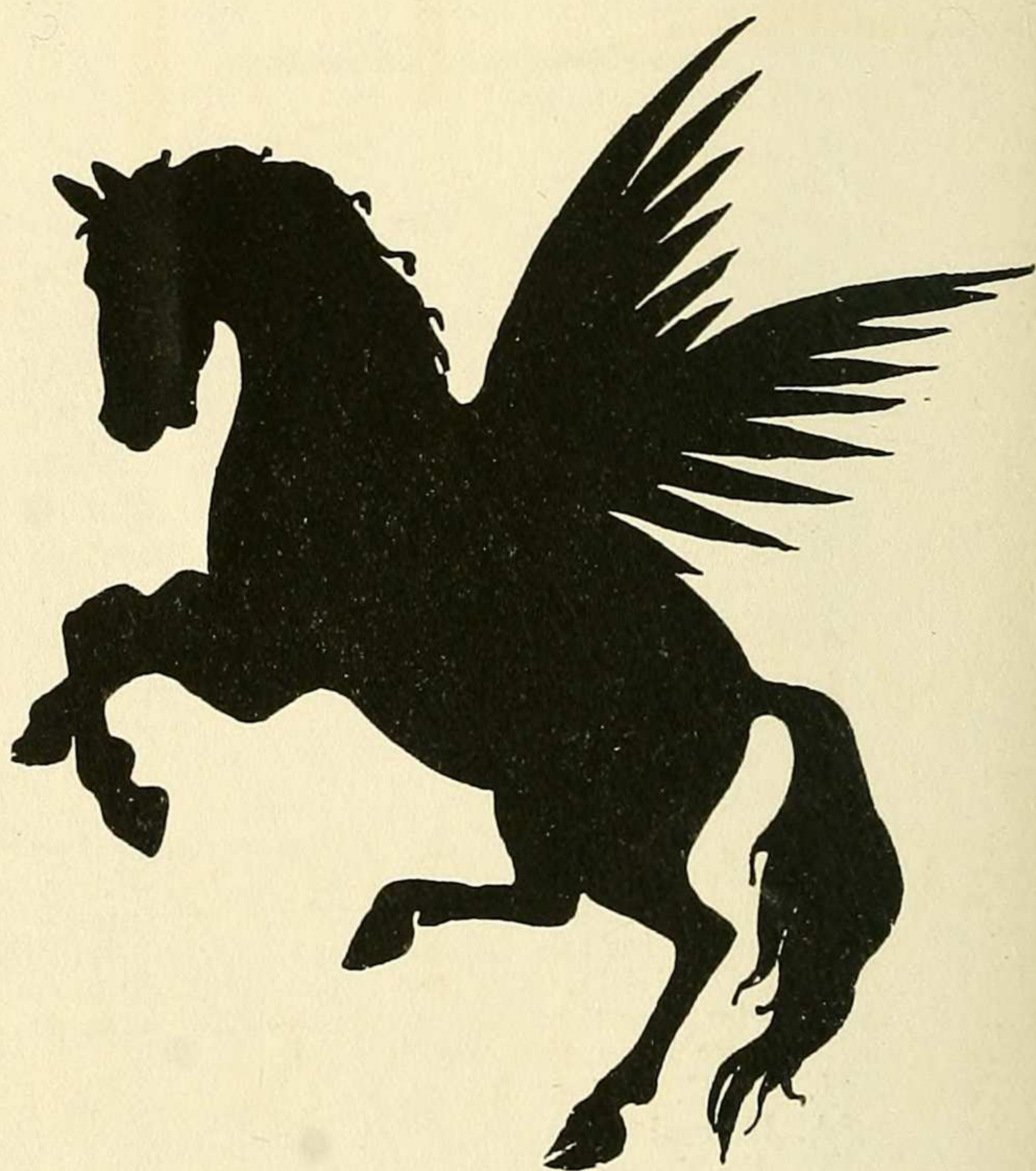
ing crowd of infuriated Houyhnhnms attempting to exterminate a weak-looking, loose-mouthed mare.

"Justice at last," said the Doctor grimly, as we evaded them. "That," he added, seeing the question in my look, "is one who came most dangerously under your influence, having just published *A Sentimental Dissertation On The Amorous Relations Of The Houyhnhnms, And Remedies For Difficulties Encountered.*"²⁷

This was too much! I begged Doctor S. to let me return to my Uncle Toby and the Widow Wadman, Walter Shandy, and Obediah, and Corporal Trim. The requisite permission was granted, on my promising to retract all my Opinions on HOBBY-HORSES, and to write on that fertile subject no more. This little pamphlet is indeed but an Introduction—a Preface—nay, a Dedication to the inestimable Doctor S.—of my five-volume work to come, on the evils of riding HOBBIES. Peace to thy shade, Doctor S.—and to the Houyhnhnms, when they shall have perused and absorbed my coming endeavors—as I wish to rest quietly in Shandy-Hall, with my Uncle Toby smoking his pipe by my study-fire.

SHANDY-HALL, 17—.

²⁷C. F. G.



¹⁷J. E. H.

¹⁸A. C. F.

¹⁹A. A. P. DeV. and G. W. M.

²⁰O. H. J.

²¹H. J. M.

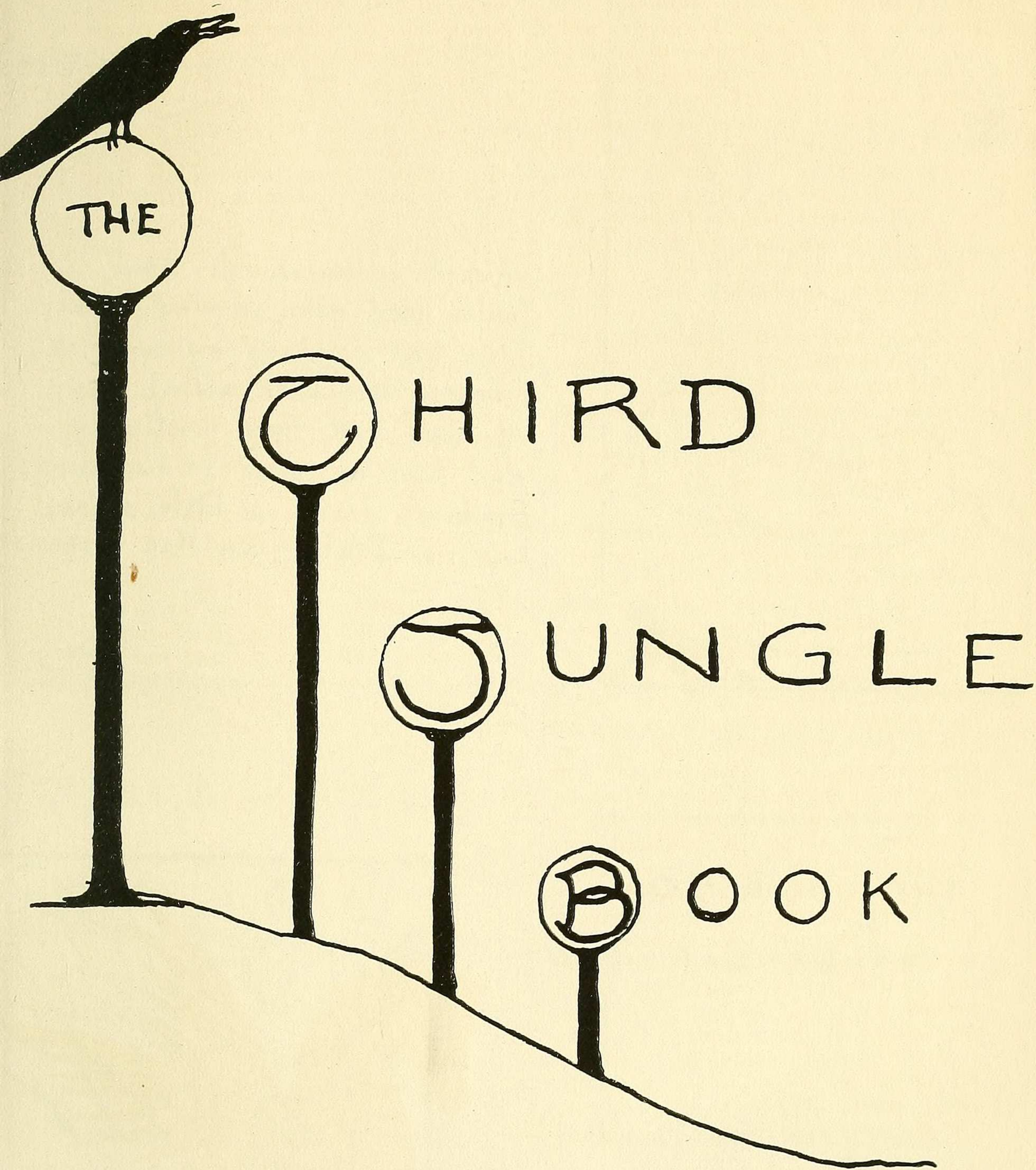
²²B. C. G.

²³H. G.

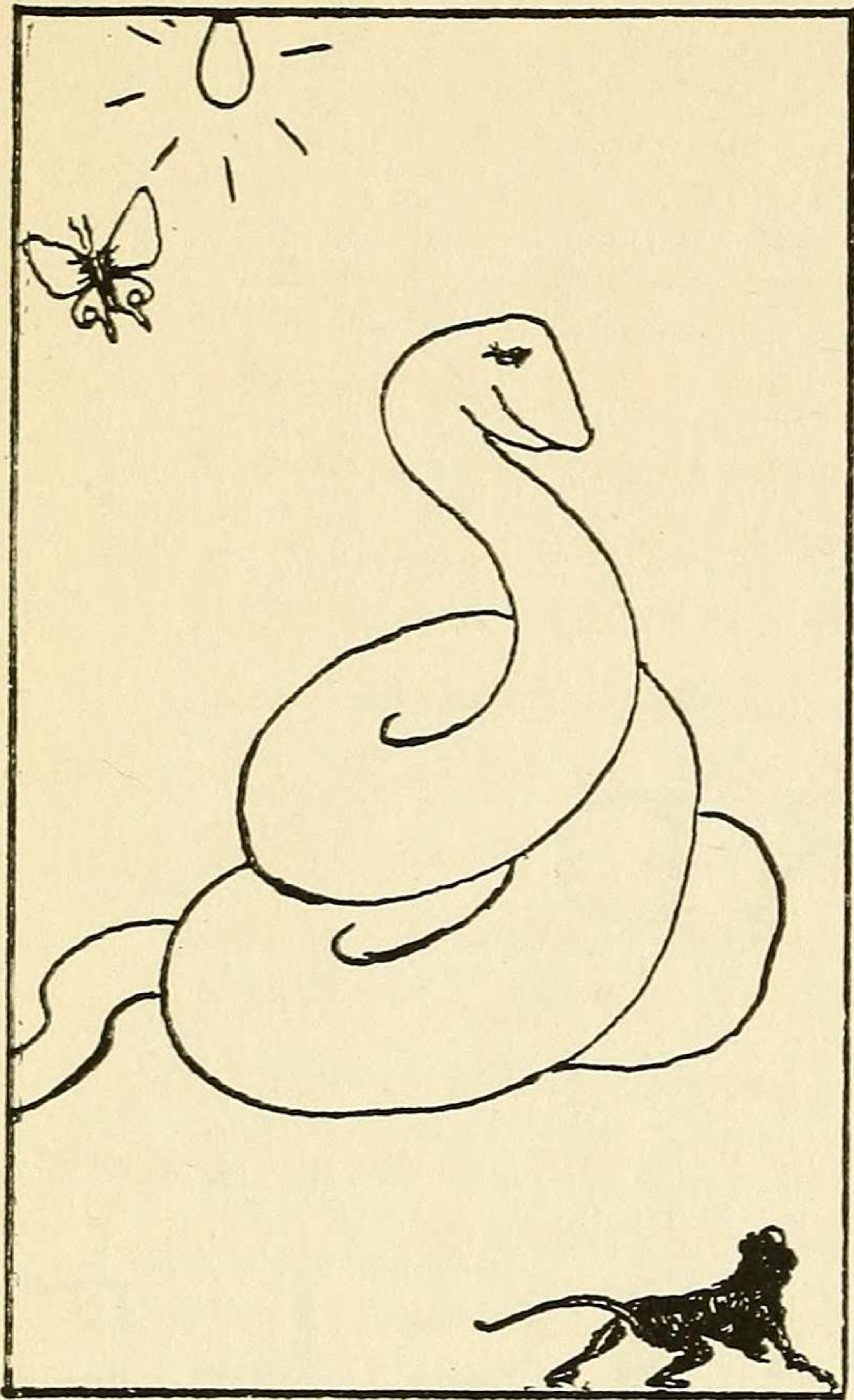
²⁴D. L. K. and M. G. M. (again the initials are appropriate to the owner of such a HOBBY. We begin to suspect the correctness of our author's opening assertion).

²⁵J. B. B., who describes her mount as "Destructive Criticism"—a hard-mouthed beast indeed.

²⁶M. M. C. and C. M. D.



with
apologies
to R.K. & the B.M.C.F.



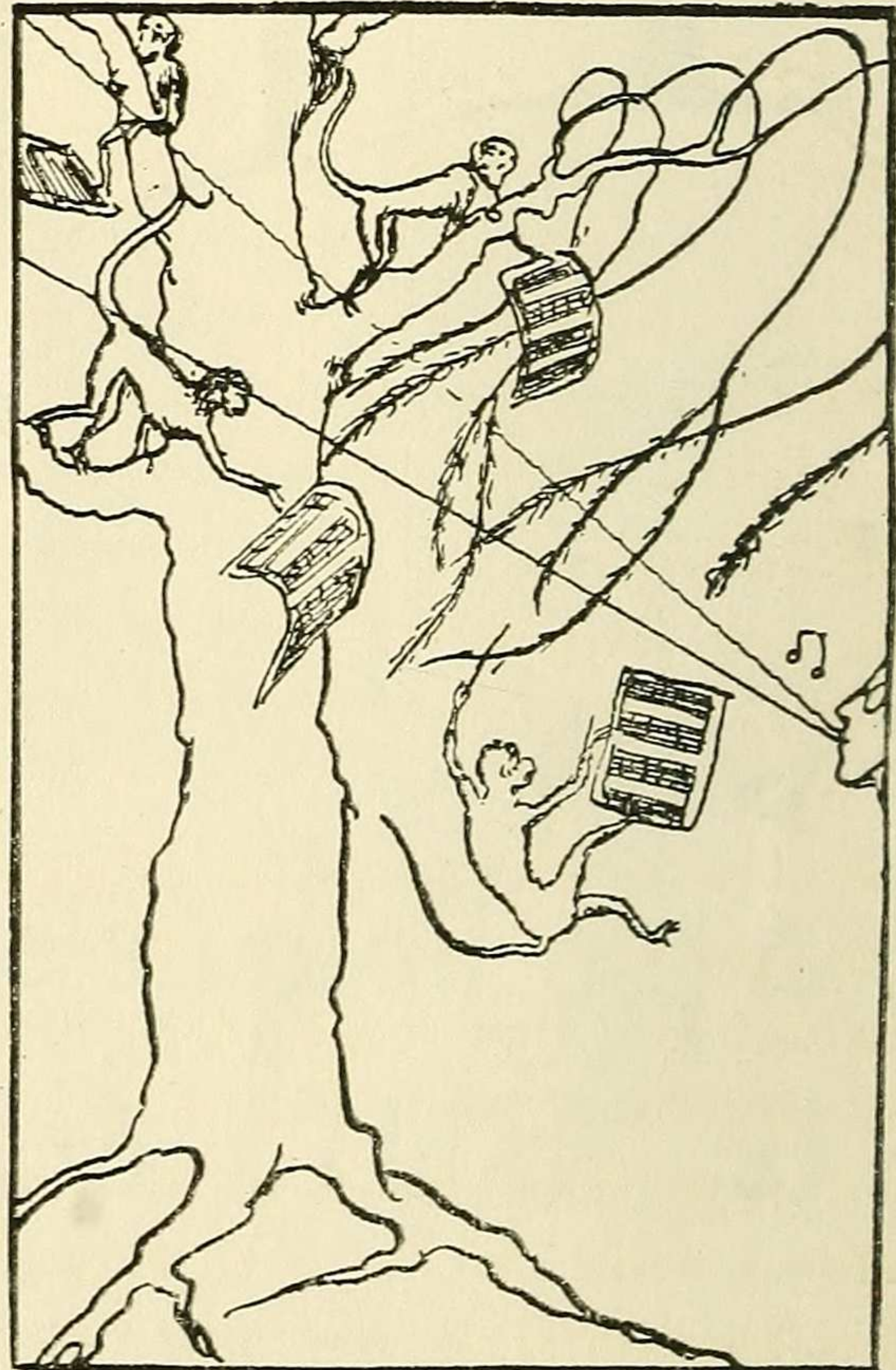
K A A

(H.T.M.)

Wisest of the Jungle-Kind,
 Seeing most when seeming blind;
 Takes bad Bandars by surprise,
 Freezes them with awful eyes,
 At Kaa's call they must obey,
 And have no power to run away.
 Bandars, learn a little sense.
 Life — or Death — can Kaa dispense.

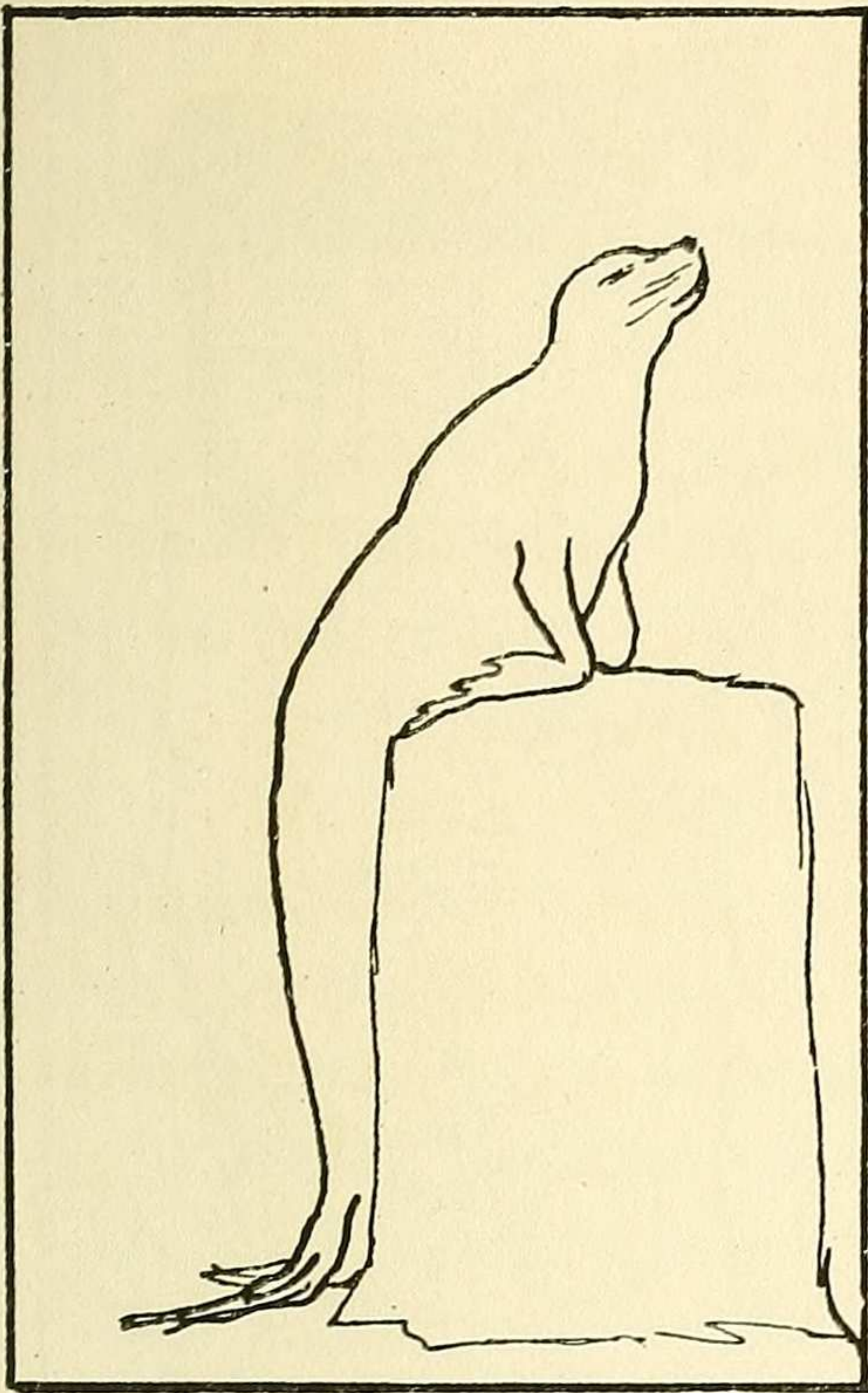
THE CHOIR-SONG
 OF THE BANDAR-LOG

"Don't you envy
 our pranceful bands?" —
 Holding our notes
 with our extra hands,
 While the Wind-in-the-Willow
 pitches it high,
 And the "noble noise we make"
 fills the sky
 With the fame
 of the foolish Bandar-Kind,
 But we like our music,
 so — Never mind!



KOTICK

(I. C. R.)



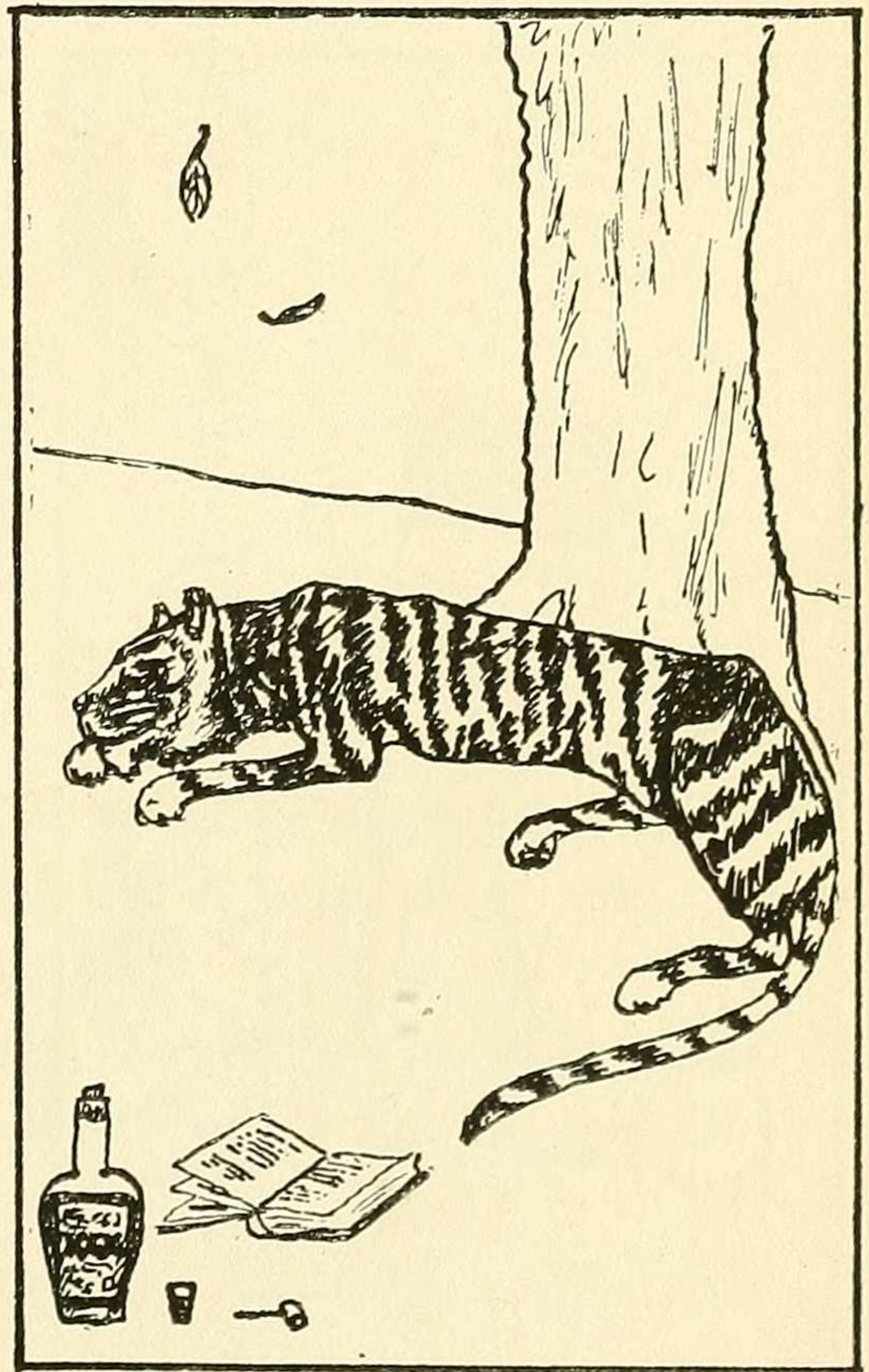
From the mists of the Northern Island,
Kotick, our White Seal, comes
Three thousand miles of ocean
divide the shores where her name
Is known for the deep-sea wisdom
of the age-old island home
That sent its sons to the ends of the world
through frost or star-flecked foam.
She tells of the Sea-Born Peoples,
& the lands that knew their fame,
And the weaker, earth-born nations
that bowed to them when they came
Out of the cold North-Eastward,
with the sleet, the wind, and rain.
We hear the White Seal's stories,
and knew their glory again.

SHERE KHAN

(S. J. H.)

Before Shere Khan, when we began
Our Jungle life, we bowed;
His reputation through our nation
Held the young cubs cowed.
A mighty lord, whene'er he roared
The Jungle-roof-trees shook,
And some have learned they ill discerned
Who Shere Khan's wrath mistook.

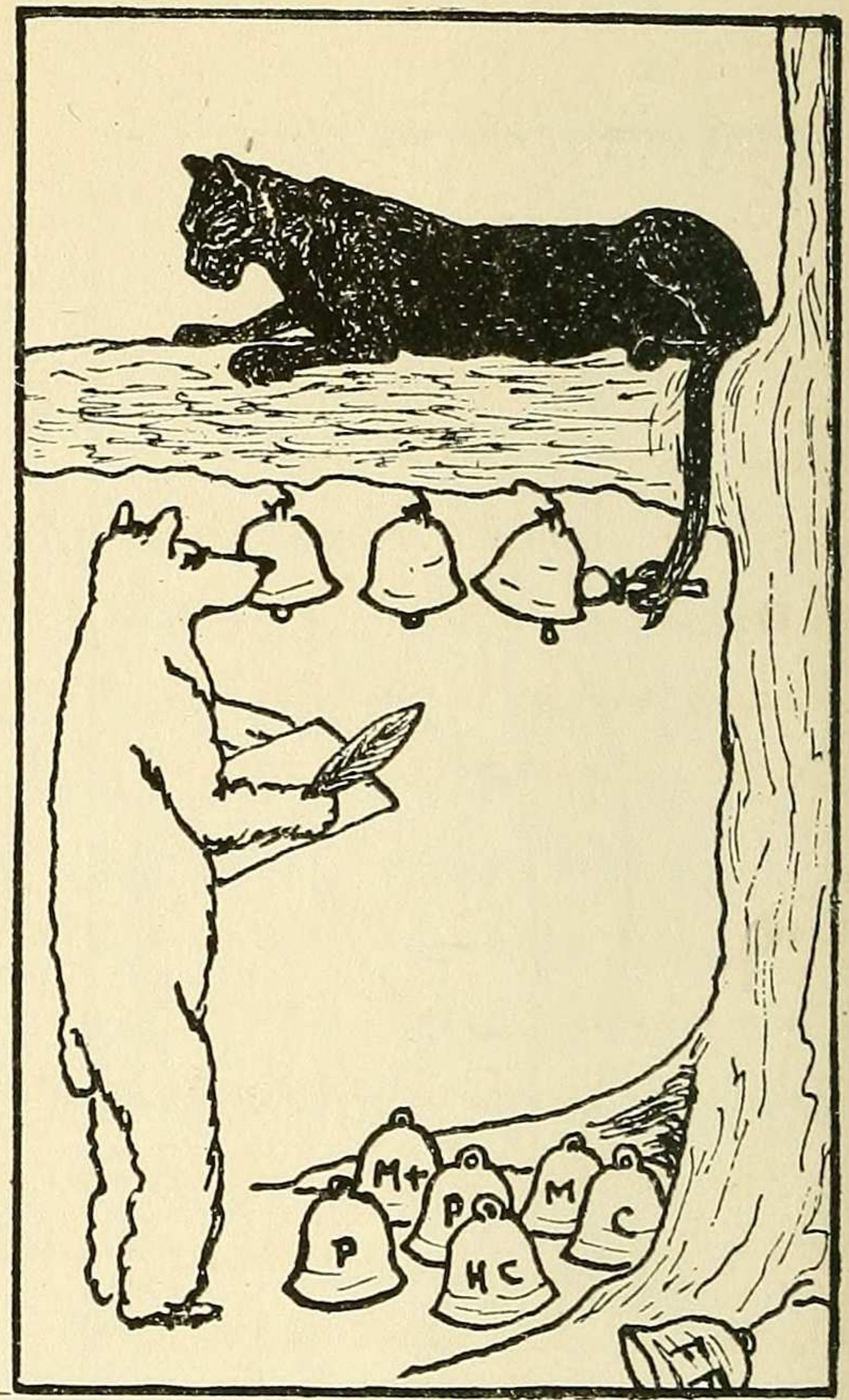
But those who sought & dearly bought
This priceless wisdom know
The hot Red Flower will make him cower—
His whiskers burn like tow.
And since that shock at the Council Rock
When a wolf-cub singed them well,
They have liked him more than they feared before,
Who Shere Khan's secret tell.



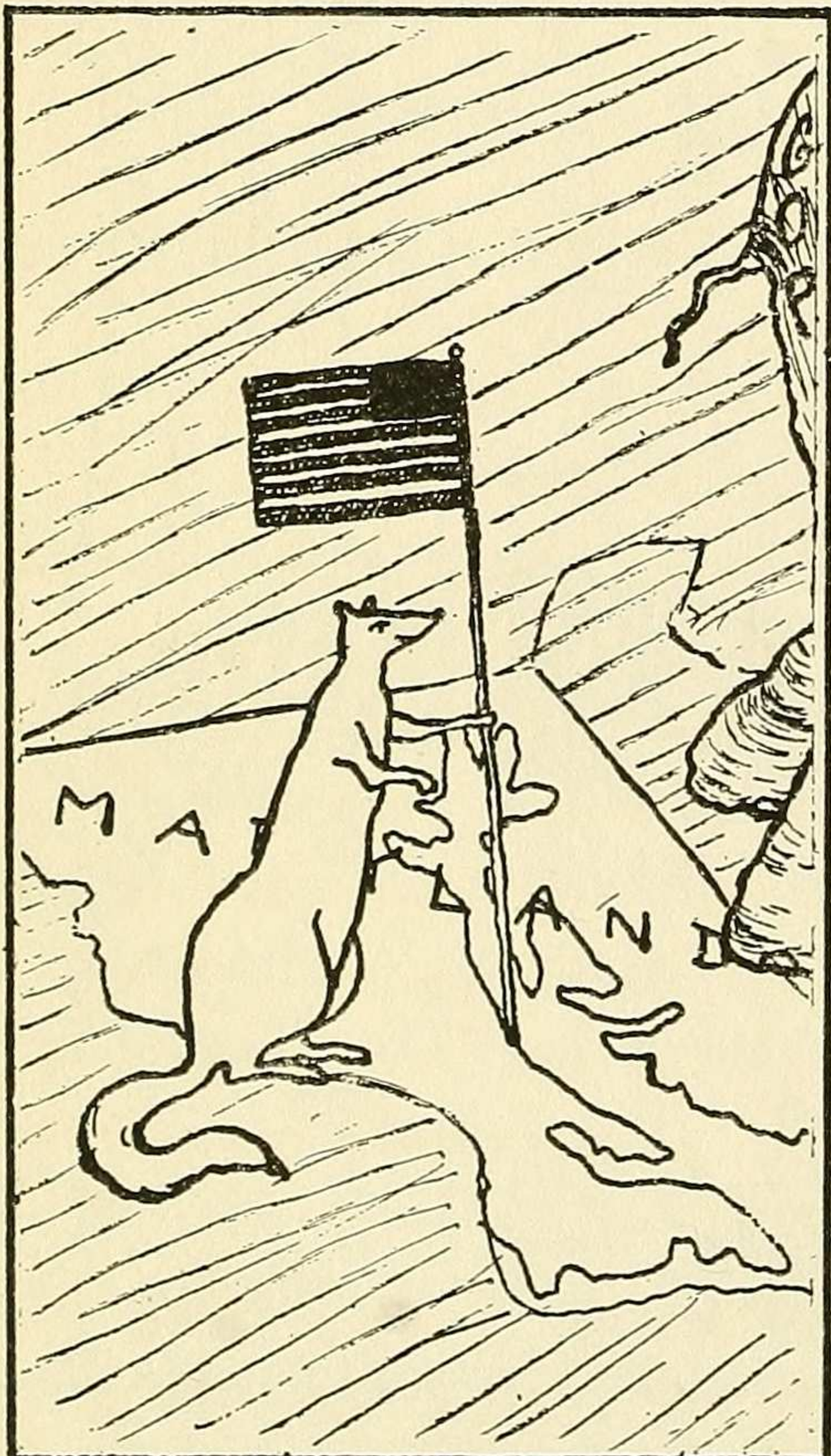
BALOO & BAGHEERA

(M.D. & M.M.D.)

"This is the Law of the Jungle,
as old and as true as the sky—
You must speak all the Tongues of the Peoples,
if danger you hope to defy.
Now hark to Baloo and Bagheera,
whose wisdom is deep, for they know
The Master Words of the Jungle,
and will save you from peril & woe.
When you tire of the Wolf-Pack, & wander,
in search of new hunting-grounds far,
The Words will give you Good Hunting,
in the lands where the Strange People are.
Because of the Words, you'll find welcome,
and shelter from sun-heat & rain—
Then remember the Bear & Black Panther,
who battered them into your brain.



"Soll das Werk den Meister loben,
Doch der Segen kommt von oben."



RIKKI-TIKKI-TAVI

(C.G.F.)

Fight and curiosity
("Run and find out!" is his creed)
Are wherever Rik may be;
It's best to go where he may lead;
"Rik-tikki-tikki, the ivory-fanged—
a mighty hunter indeed.

"Who will deliver us, who"
From Republicans, grown on graft fat?
"Rikki, the valiant, the true,"
Unconvertable Democrat.
Terror that hides in bad government
flees from him — runs,
as the mouse from the cat.

HATHI

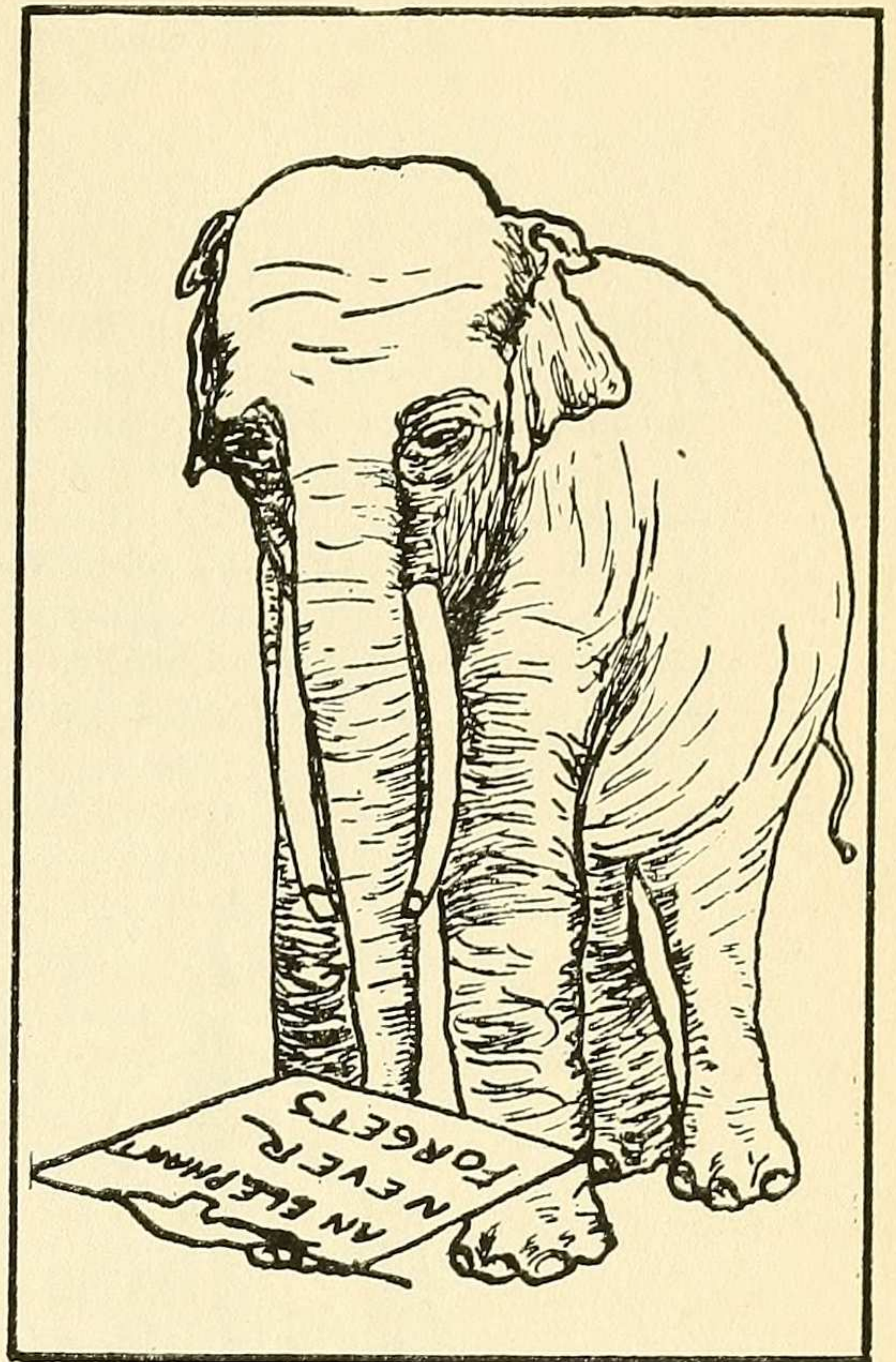
(W.R.S.)

The wisdom of Hathi we long have known
Once, twice and again!

And the Jungle's ways through so many days
He has watched, that little is left to amaze,
Though much to amuse (& his humor's his own)
Once, twice and again!

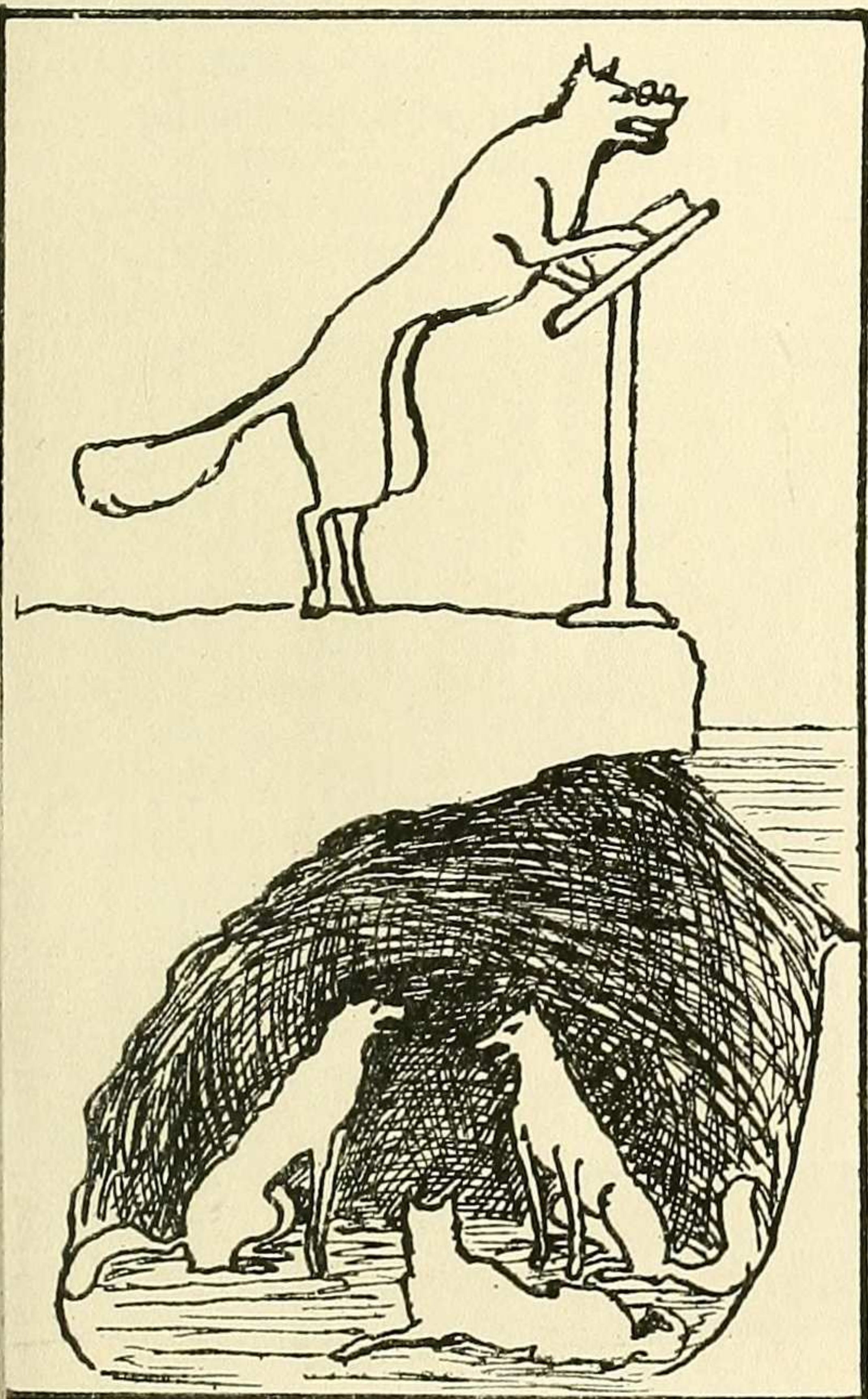
With friendship & honor & much respect,
Once, twice and again!

To listen we came, while he spoke of the fame
Of the peoples that lived ere our Jungle's name
Was heard - and we bowed to his intellect,
Once, twice and again!



AKELA

(M.E.P.)

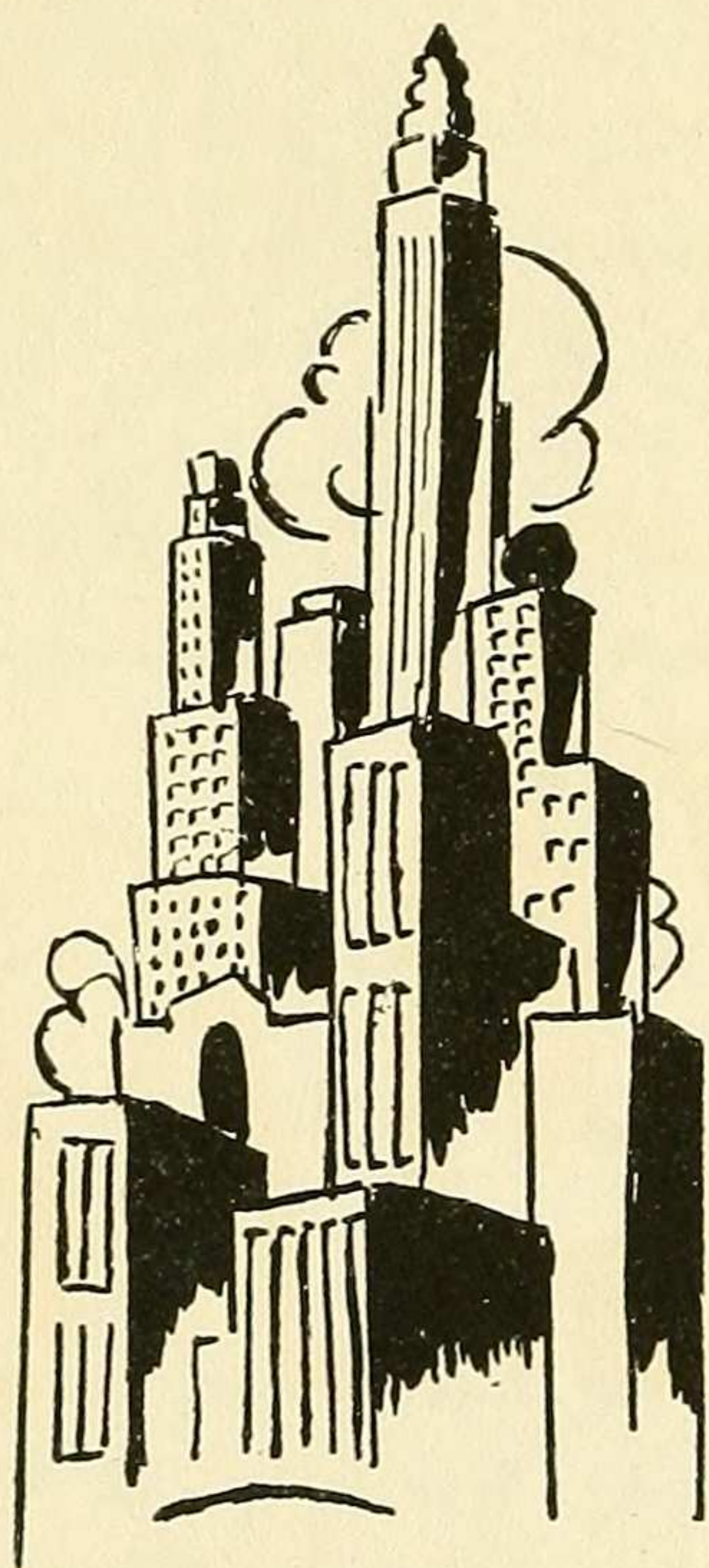


"Because of his age & his cunning,
because of his grip & his paw,
In all that the Law leaveth open
the word of the Head Wolf is law,"
And when there is strife in the Council,
his wisdom will act as a spell.—
"Ye all Know the Law," says Akela.
"Look well, O Wolves, look well!"
So the Wolf-Pack will cower before him,
& the might of his power is plain.
For the strength of the Pack, he asserts it,
& the Pack prospers much in his reign.

N.B. Three of the Grey Brothers
disclosed below the stage,
To wit: C.W.D., H.L.G., & S.C.C.

“Oh, My Prophetic Soul”

In line with the new social welfare program of the triumphant Democratic candidate for Dictator of the United States, Charles Ghequiere Fenwick, a check-up of the penal institutions conducted by a member of the brain trust, Miss Susan Kingsbury, revealed that in the year 1944 there were more women incarcerated as public enemies than men. Il Duce Fenwick himself visited Merion Penitentiary, which is devoted to the accommodation of feminine menaces, and personally interviewed the inmates as to just why they had come to such a bad end and what they had done to achieve their downhill development. The following table has been prepared to facilitate the theses of students in the Psychology Department of the leading women's college in the country, Bryn Mawr: the purpose of the table being to catalogue the offenses committed.



Anderegg, Jean. Impersonation of Mata Hari.
Baldwin, Helen. Heading a conspiracy to revive the League of Nations.
Barber, Janet. Indecent manoeuvres before the public gaze.
Barnitz, Mary. Religious excesses.
Bertolet, Ruth. Absconding with public funds.
Bishop, Barbara. Cruelty to children—specifically, forcing them to play hockey, basketball and lacrosse at the age of three weeks.
Bowen, Lula. Violation with respect to self of the child labor statutes.
Bowie, Helen. Soliciting autographs by unethical means.

Boyd, Mary. Translating obscene books and offering them for sale to minors.

Bredt, Catherine. Insubordination.

Brown, Christine. Association with undesirable characters (Barbara Smith) and loitering in public places.

Brown, Halla. Vivisection of medical students.

Butler, Beatrice. Dissipation of public authority.

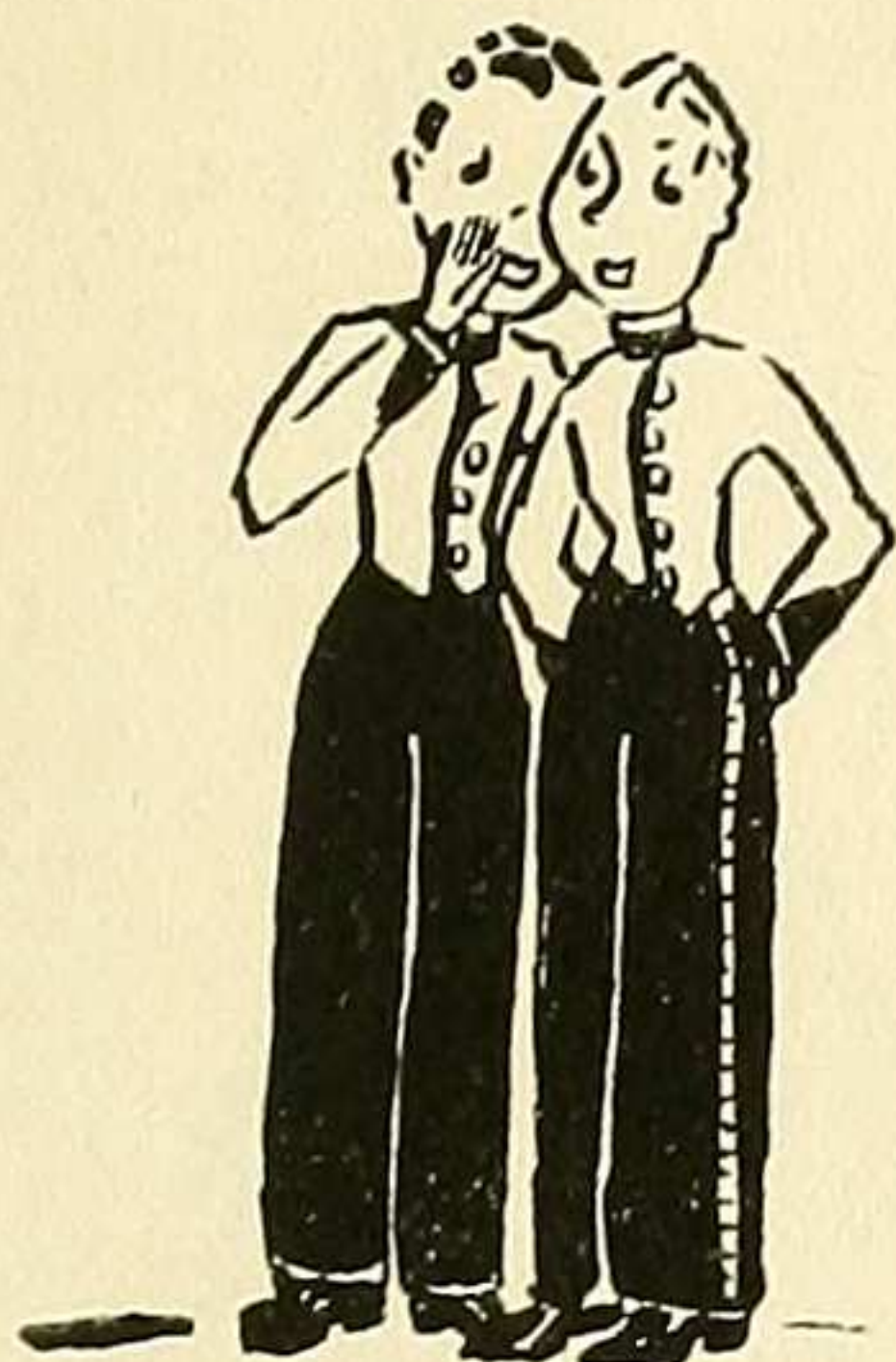
Carpenter, Mary. Loitering on the Princeton campus.

Carter, Frances. Impersonation of Janet Gaynor.

Charlton, Mary. Stealing animals from the Bronx Zoo and confining them on a mantelpiece.



Church, Gabriel. Inciting riot and civil commotion by unaesthetic color combinations.
 Coleman, Constance. Abuse of fraternity privilege.



Cooke, Mary. Nocturnal social intercourse through a window.
 Corliss, Helen. Overpopulating the country with malice aforethought.
 Cornish, Mimi. Disorderly conduct in Carnegie Hall—Cab Calloway conducting.
 Coughlin, Lenchen. Habitual vagrancy in foreign ports.
 Coxe, Maria. Blasphemy from front row balcony during the production of her first play.
 Culbertson, Junia. Deliberate overcrowding of embassies during social events—causing extensive loss of life and limbs in the higher circles of society.
 Daniels, Susan. Encouraging moral laxity, extensive families, and advocating communal education for the children thus produced.
 Dannenbaum, Margaret. Complicity in the demise of Sergei Rachmaninoff (the said demise being brought about by forcing the victim to play piano duets with the defendant).
 Davis, Emily. Attempting to make Democrats of the Republicans, and encouraging street fighting to make the world safe for democracy.
 Detwiler, Alva. Grand larceny in respect to Ph.D. degree from Bryn Mawr.
 Duany, Carmen. Brushing teeth in public places, driving nails in park benches, taking illegal pictures, and failure to provide for children.
 Fain, Elizabeth. Endangering infant and senile mentalities by masquerading as a sprite.
 Fouilhoux, Anita. Instigation of political brawling.

Fox, Katherine. Perpetrating an economic hoax.
 Fraser, Sarah. Defacing public monuments, illegal removal of public property, and abuse of wool-bearing animals.
 Gardner, Julia. Deliberate concealment of identity.
 Gateson, Marianne. Vagrancy on the Haverford College premises.
 Gill, Helen. Calling up unloved images of the dead.
 Goldwasser, Betti. Plagiarism of the works of Paul Weiss.
 Grant, Clara Frances. Betrayal of military secrets unfairly unearthed.
 Gribbel, Katherine. Monopolizing the lakes of Central Park for the purpose of sailing boats after the allowed age limit has been passed.
 Halstead, Susan. Refusal to abide by the issuance of a writ of "quare clausum fregit."



Hannan, Elizabeth. Promiscuous relations with the guards of historical documents in the British museum.
 Hart, Nancy. Refusal to admit the existence of a power greater than personal opinion.
 Haskell, Margaret. Use of unethical methods to attain fulfillment of ambition (hunting the male of the species with firearms).
 Hirons, Cornelia. Intellectual obstruction of traffic in scientific circles.
 Hope, Marian. Assault and battery, and imposing upon those not her physical equals.
 Hurd, Laura. Encouraging the downfall of the institution of the home by forming a Home and Happiness Club.

Jarrett, Olivia. Promoting the inebriation of the great minds of the American Universities (name of victims suppressed at the request of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children).

Jones, Frances. Desecration of sacred remains.

Kalbach, Dorothy. Handling pornographic advertising for a nudist magazine.

Knapp, Anne. Watering stocks.

Landreth, Louise. Blowing up buildings in order to escape boredom, and mutilation of manuscripts.

Laudenberger, Mary. Impersonation of the Virgin.

Lee, Marjorie. Driving the populace to excesses by wholesale reform of popular abuses.

Levin, Eva Leah. Boring the public with libelous imitations.



Little, Myra. Violating the patents of Paris modistes, and using the mails for the transportation of injurious correspondence.

Mackenzie, Elizabeth. Monopolization of learning.

Marsh, Margaret. Forcing philanthropy on a jaded world.

McCormick, Louise. Earning money in any way, shape or form, without due respect for shape.

McIver, Cora. Refusal to fill out any blanks, questionnaires or estimates submitted for the good of the realm.

Meehan, Grace. Overconsumption of champagne for the barbaric purpose of saving the bottles.



Meneely, Louise. Peddling without a license.

Miles, Sarah. Perpetual possession and avid perusal of pornographic literature.

Mitchell, Harriet. Revolutionary attempts to establish a dictatorship.

Mitchell, Marion. Usurping the throne of England and then outraging the sensibilities of the people by making Mickey Mouse Prince Consort.

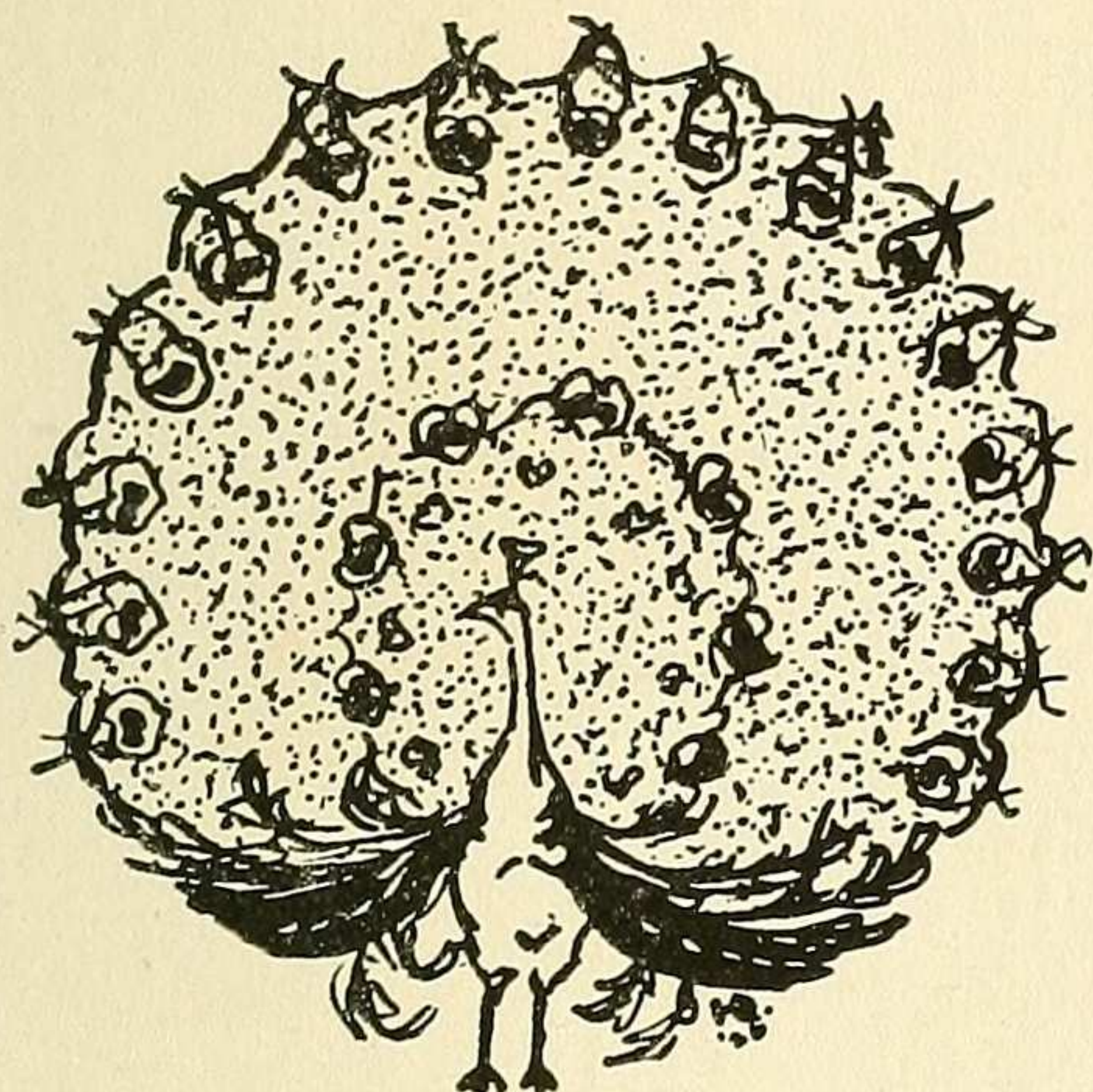
Nelson, Haviland. Obtaining under false pretenses floral tributes from the heads of intellectual institutions.

Nichols, Mary. Monopolization of public idols.

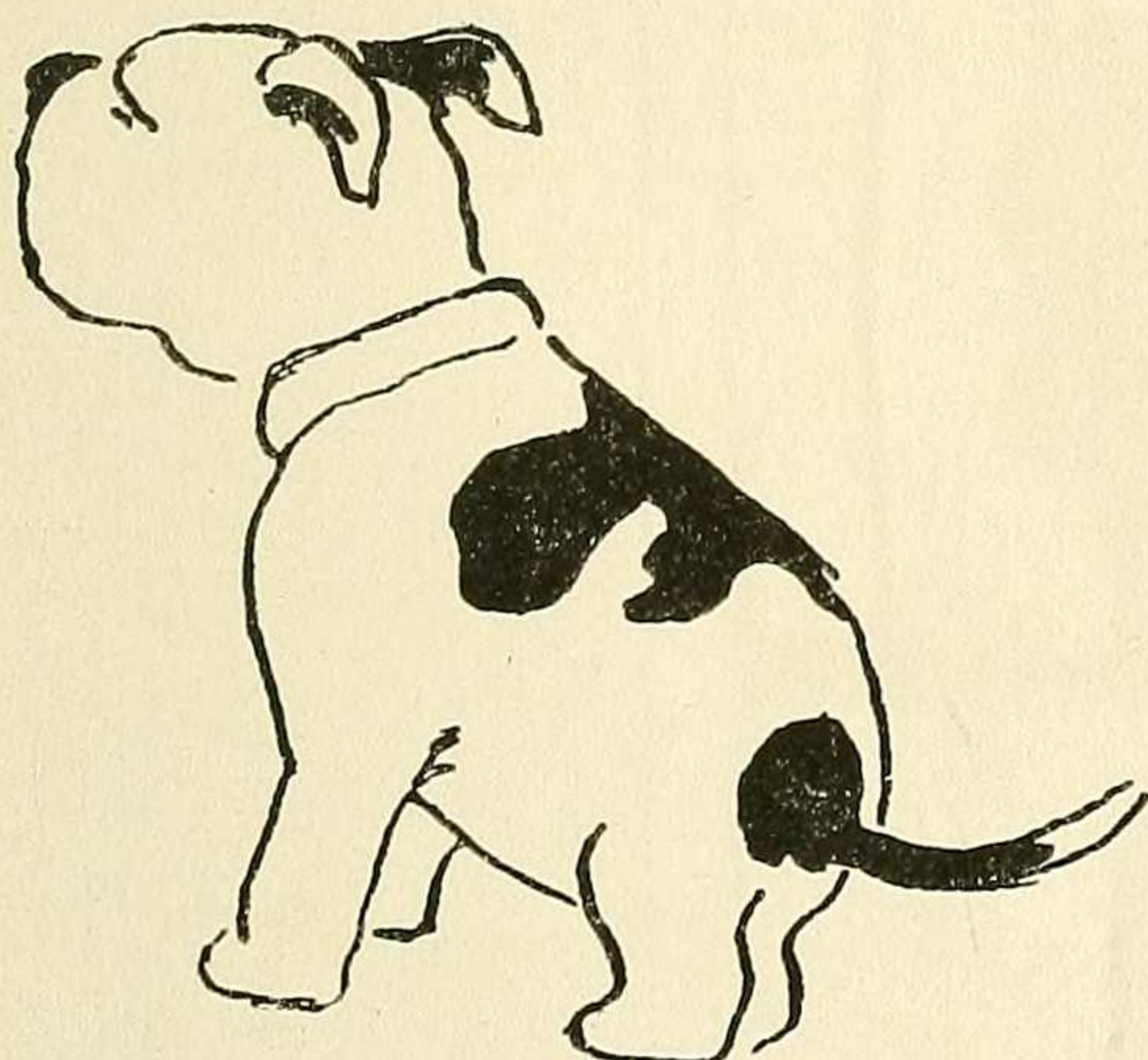


Parnell, Gertrude. Obtaining entrance to establishments for the infirm and aged for no good and sufficient reason.

Parsons, Esther. Wantonly taking the lives of defenseless infants.



Patterson, Evelyn. Exhibitionism.



Pleasanton, Frances. Acting as a carrier for canine diseases.

Polachek, Jane. Disturbing the peace and outraging the sensibilities of the nation by abuse of an artistic medium.

Righter, Margaret. Pernicious seduction of the officers of the law.

Robinson, Constance. Extradited from France for attempting to steal the Citroen sign on top of the Eiffel Tower.

Rothermel, Josephine. "Pursuit of happiness."

Russell, Lillian. False assumption of title.

Schwab, Caroline. Stealing the thunder of Madame de Pompadour.

Smith, Esther. Conduct unbecoming a lady.

Smith, Barbara. Association with undesirable characters (Christine Brown) and loitering in public places.

Snyder, Emmaleine. Detracting from the dignity of antiquity, and corrupting the minds of the young.

Snyder, Mary Ruth. Usurping the succession to Samuel Insull.

Stevenson, Nancy. Playing in the street, as refusal to accept the inevitability of reaching majority.

Suppes, Sara Ann. Instigating international uprising for the purpose of exterminating language examinations.

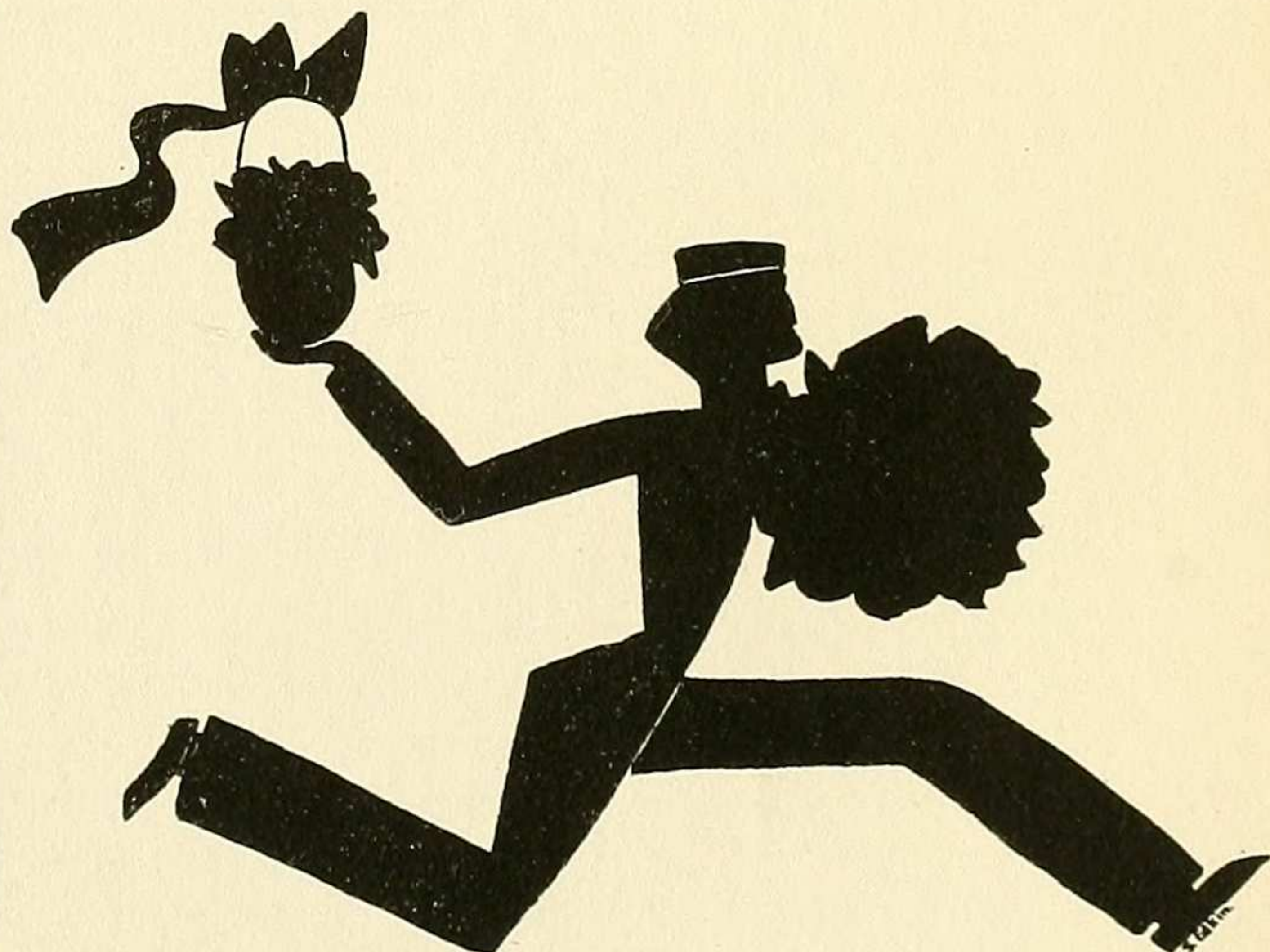
Trowbridge, Elvira. Polygamy with all the leading archaeologists in America and Greece.

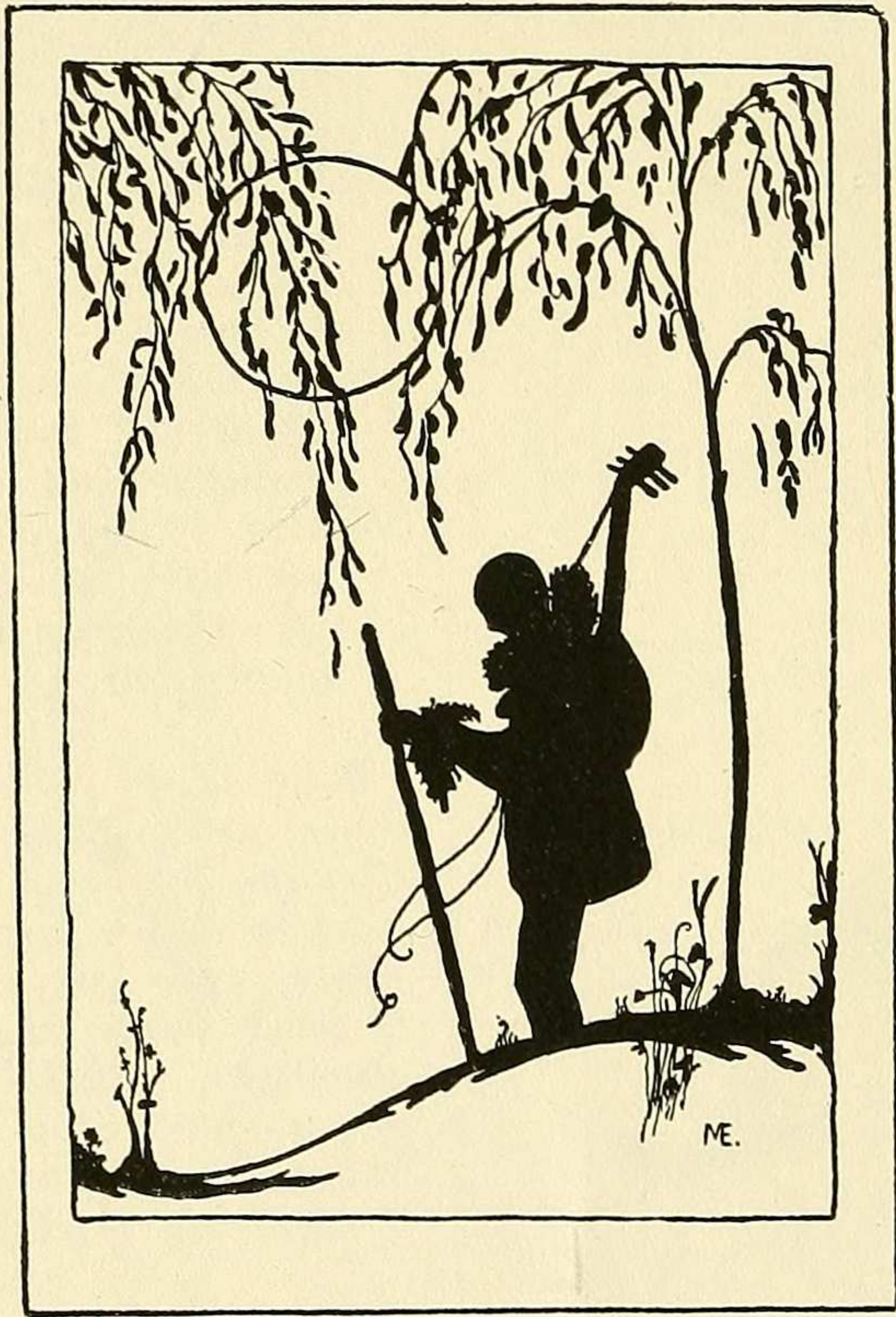
Turner, Louise. Pursuit of bearded gentlemen.

De Varon, Anita. Disturbing mental balance of the nation by sustained aesthetic frenzies.

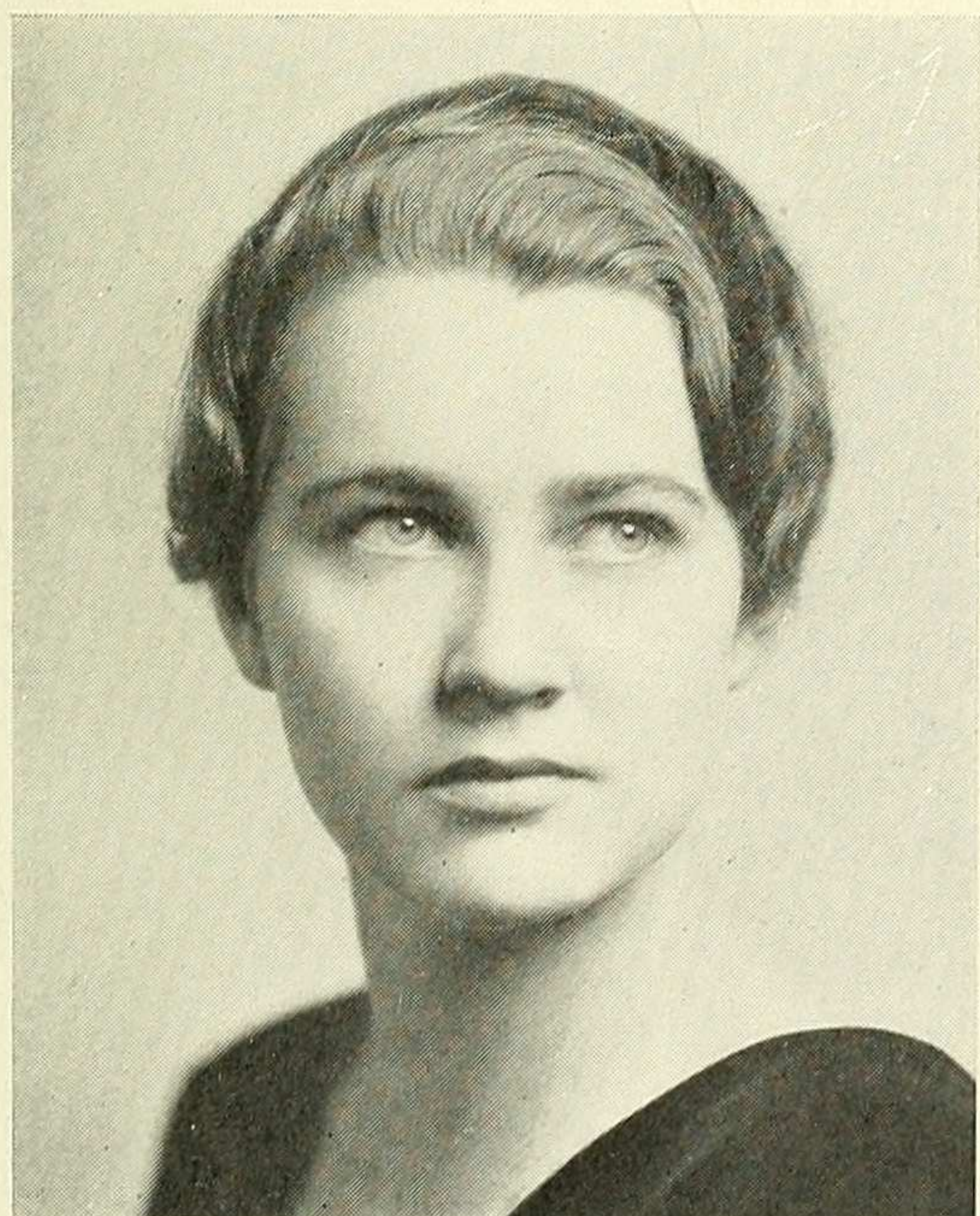
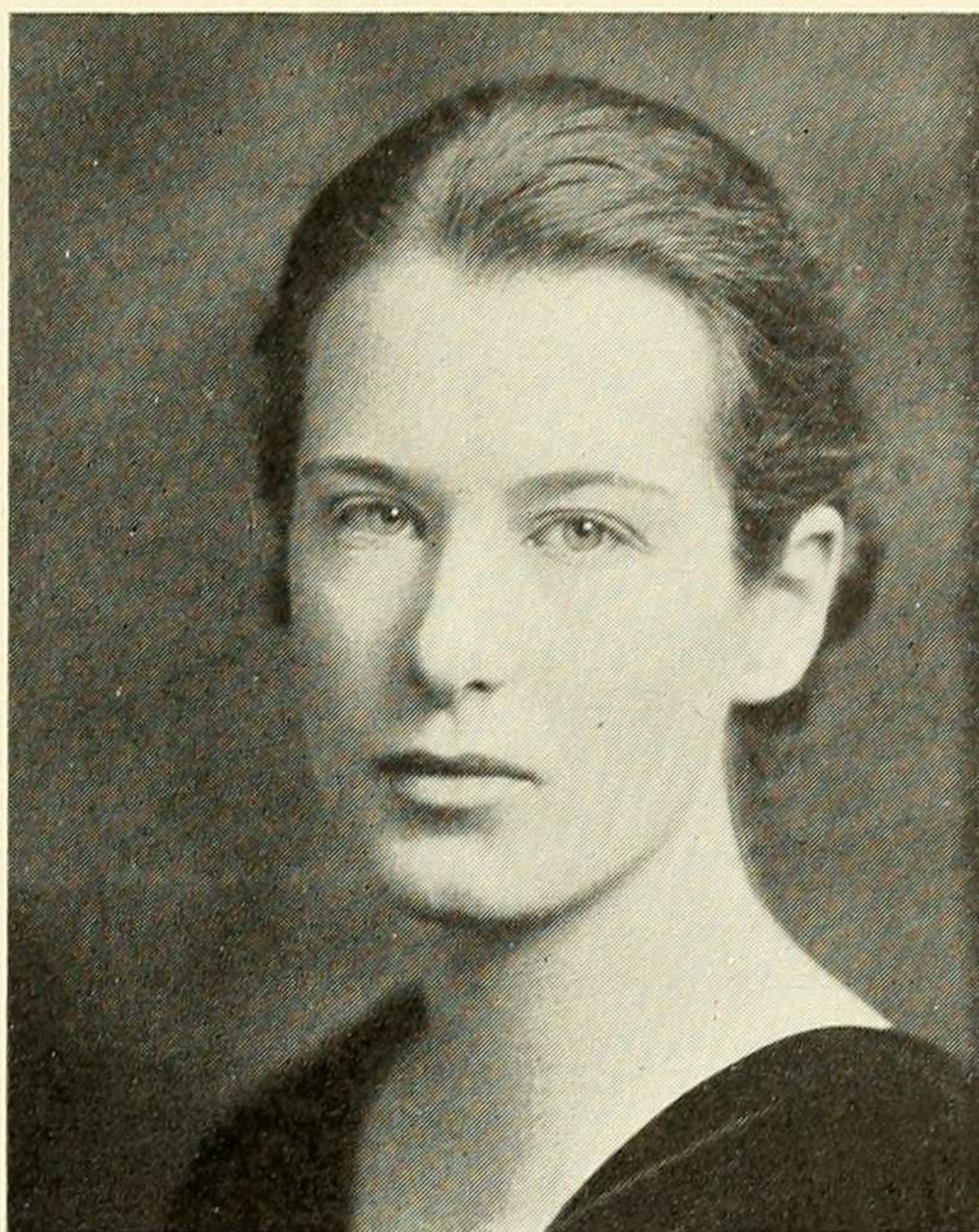
Walter, Elizabeth. Knitting things that have no established character and which never attain a stage of completion.

The above is a complete list of all those who have been admitted to Merion Penitentiary within the past year with the exception of one Sallie Jones, who was admitted on a charge of libel, but who was so badly beaten about the head and ears that she lived but a short time and passed on to a better world, leaving a circle of wildly cheering friends.

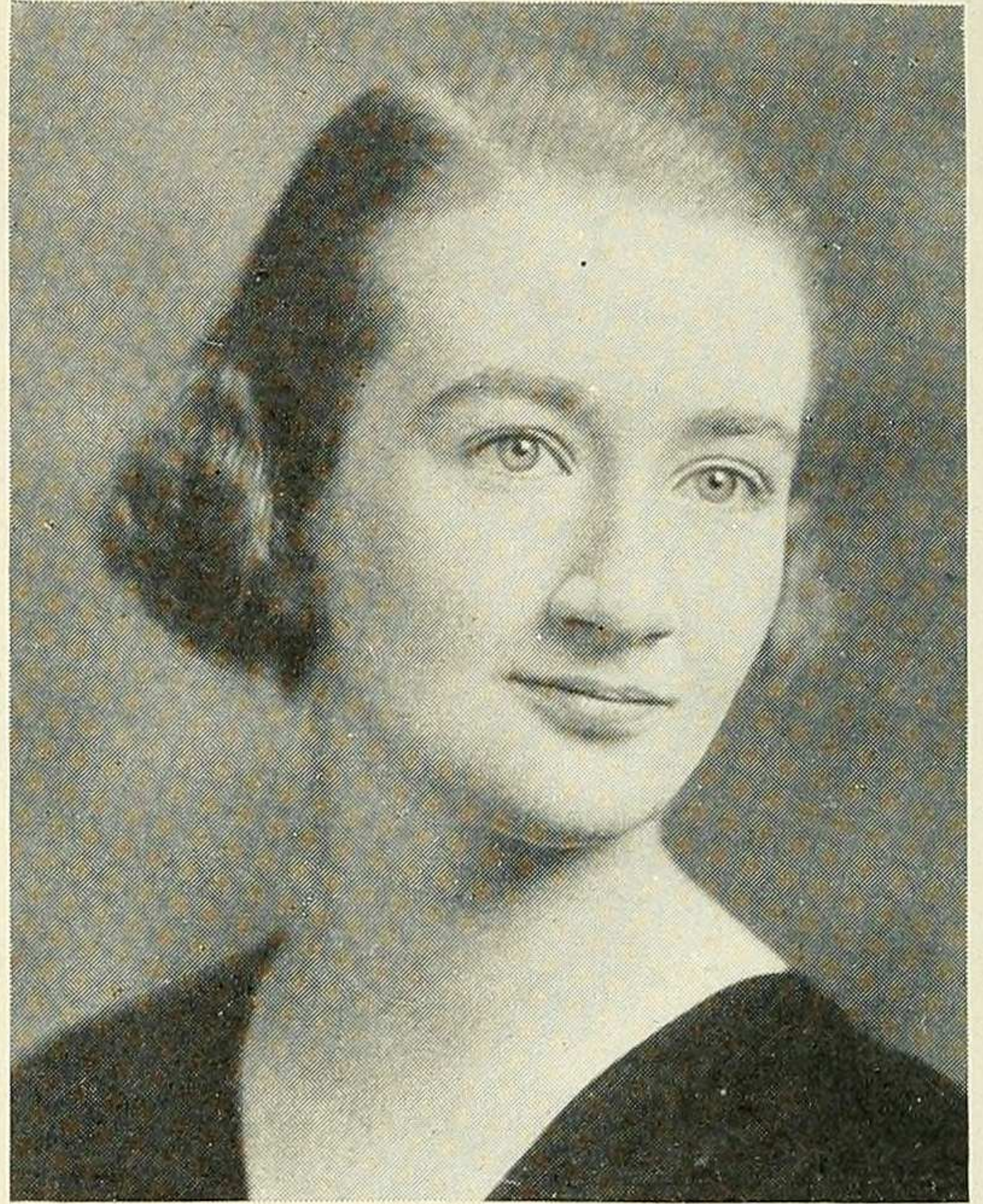




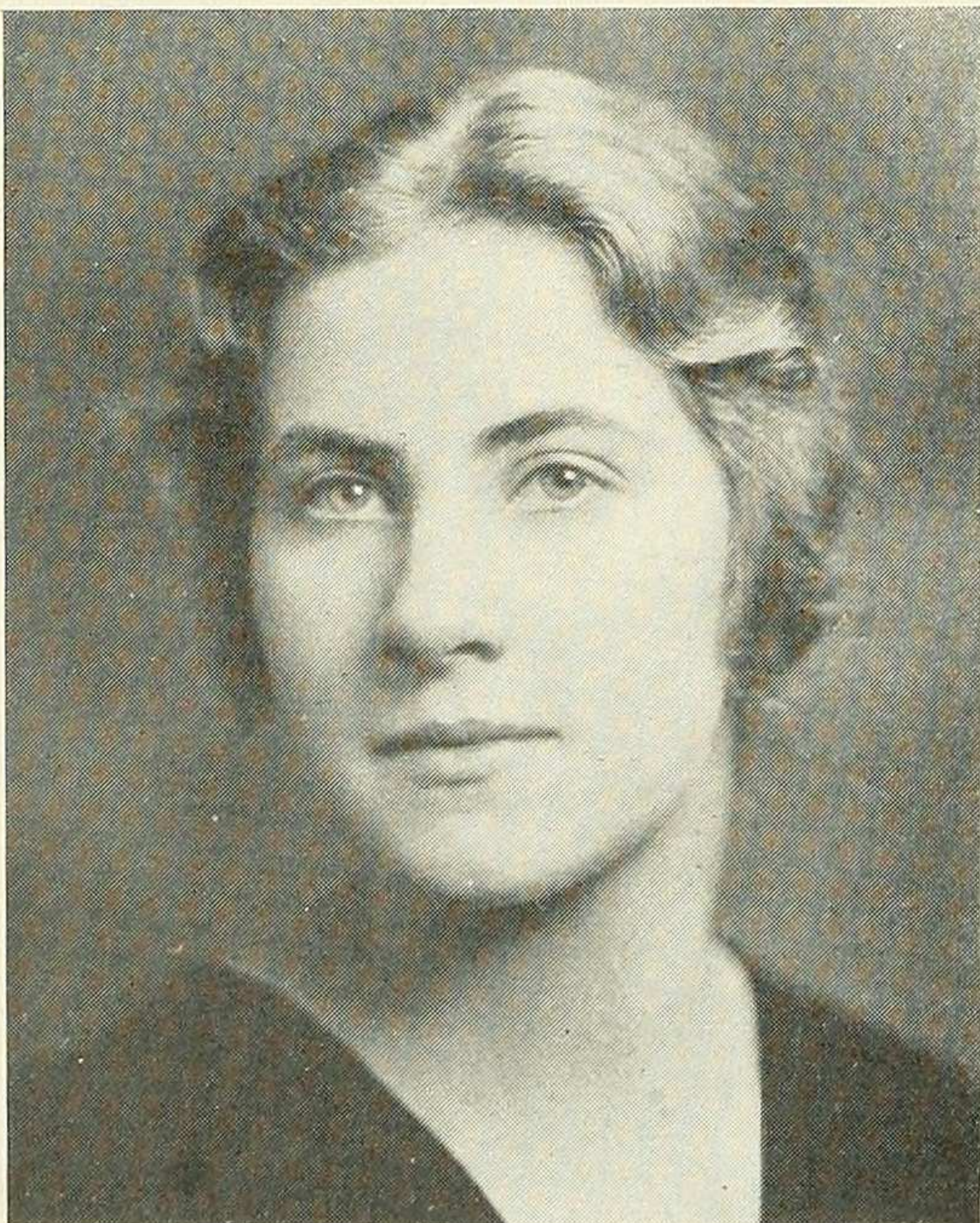
JEAN ELIZABETH ANDEREGG



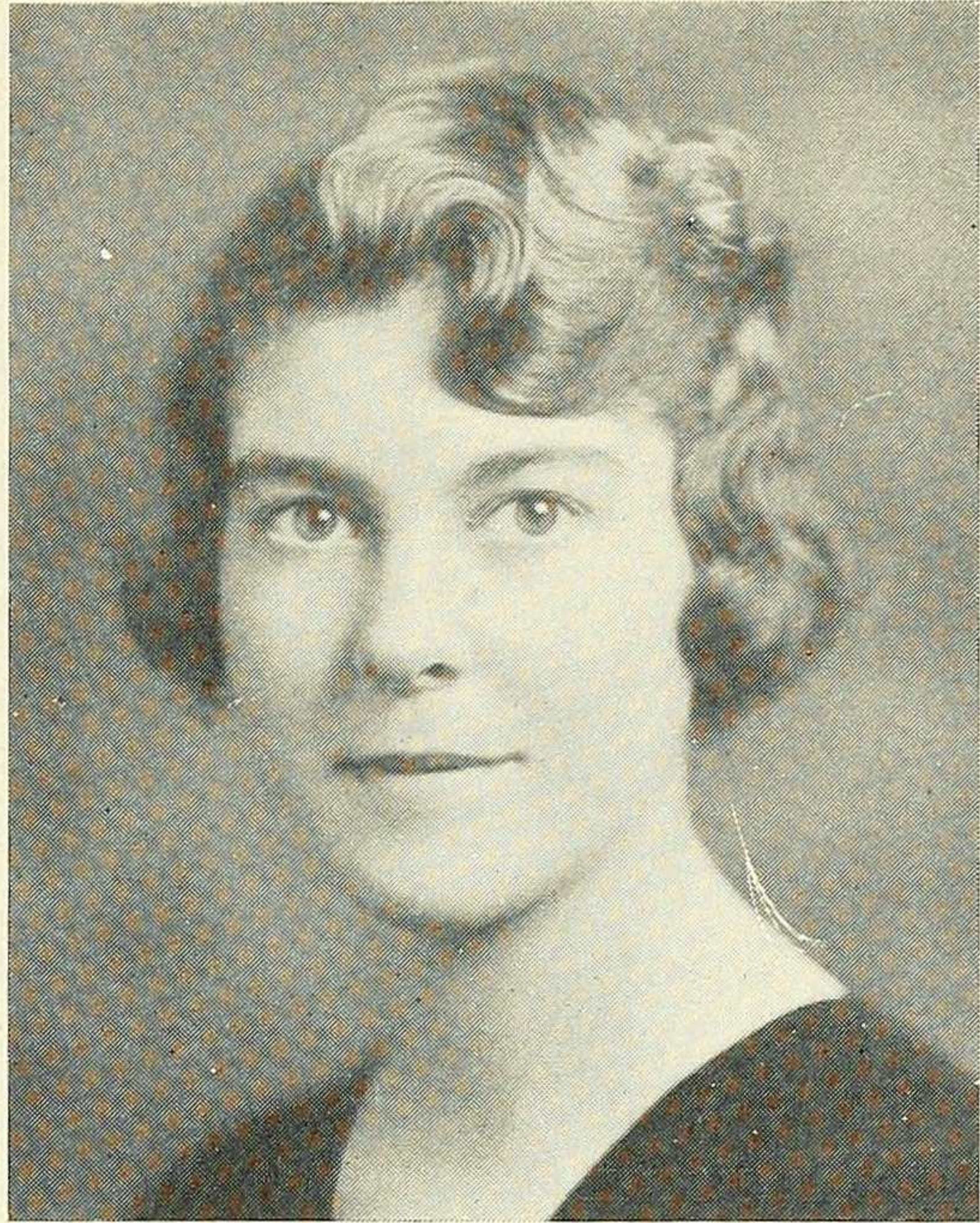
HELEN ELIZABETH BALDWIN



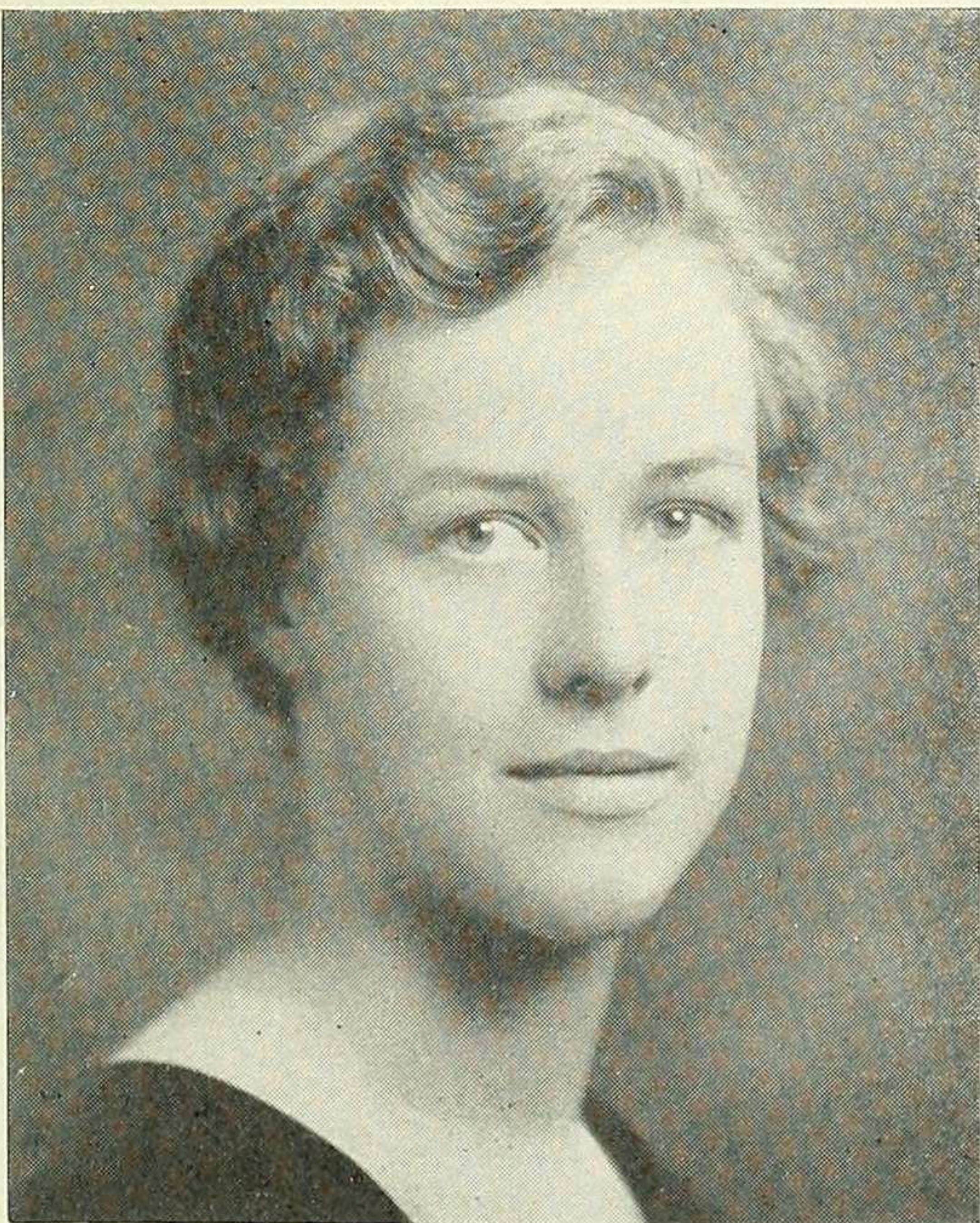
JANET BARTON BARBER



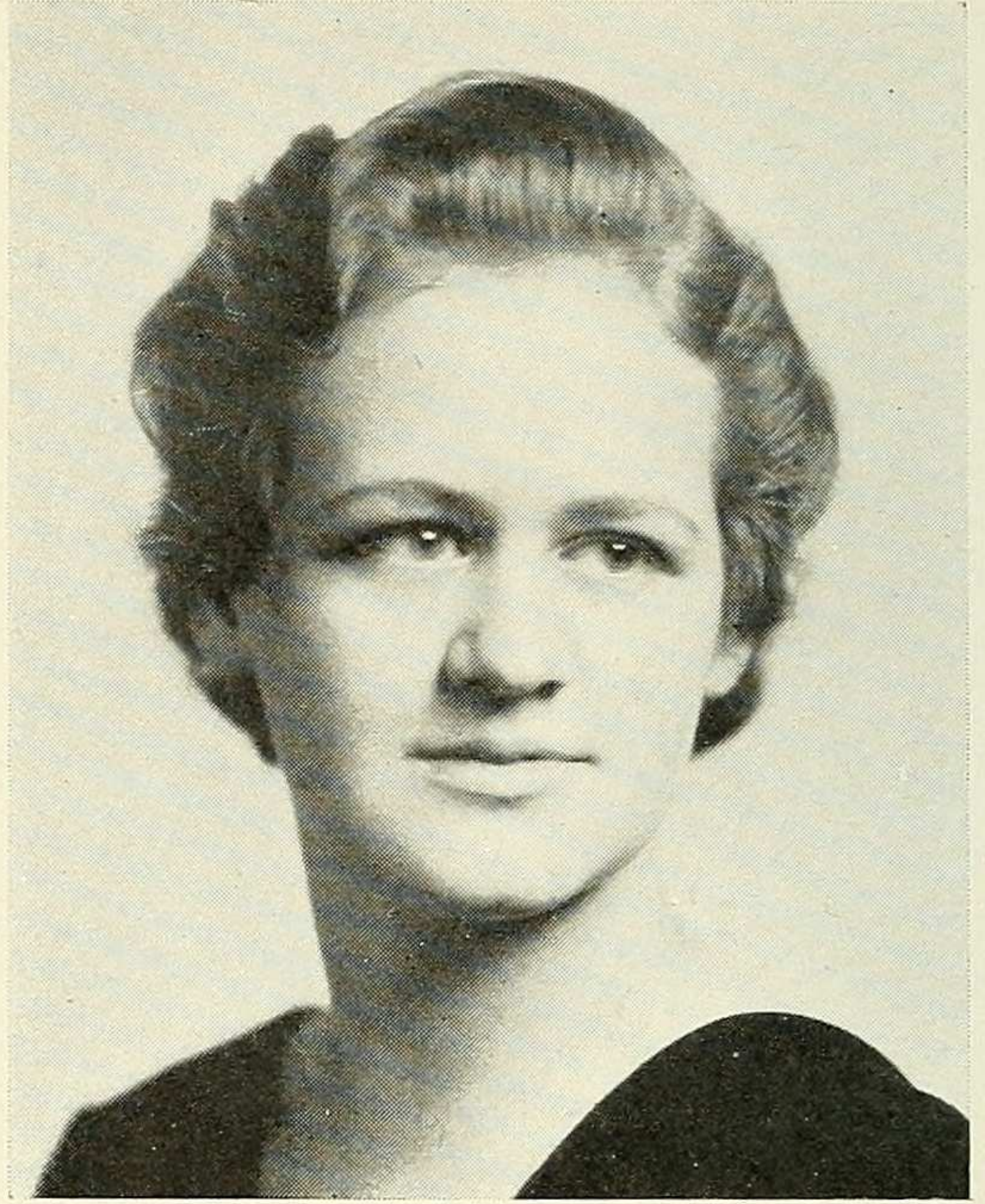
RUTH BERTOLET



BARBARA SWAN BISHOP



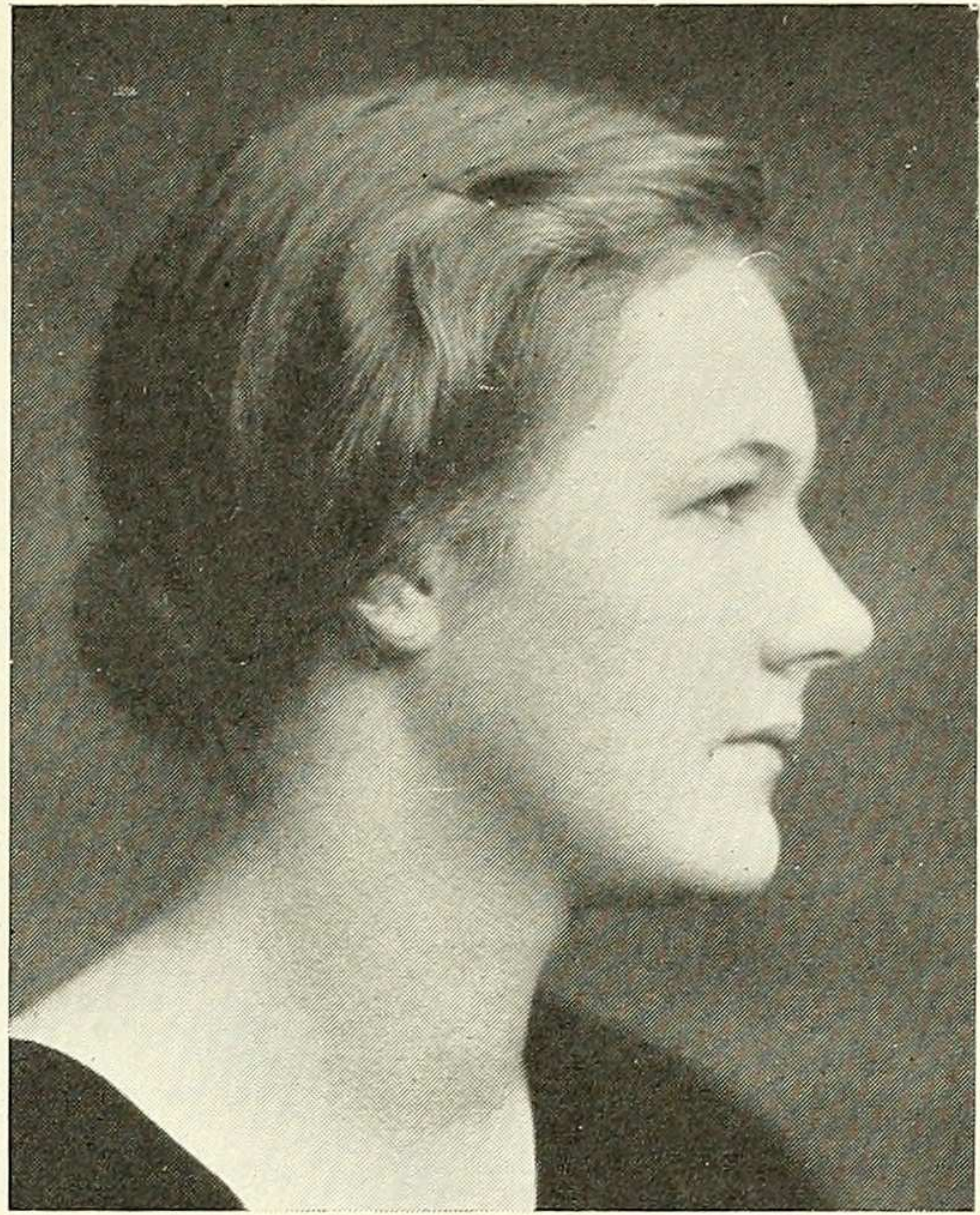
LULA HOWARD BOWEN



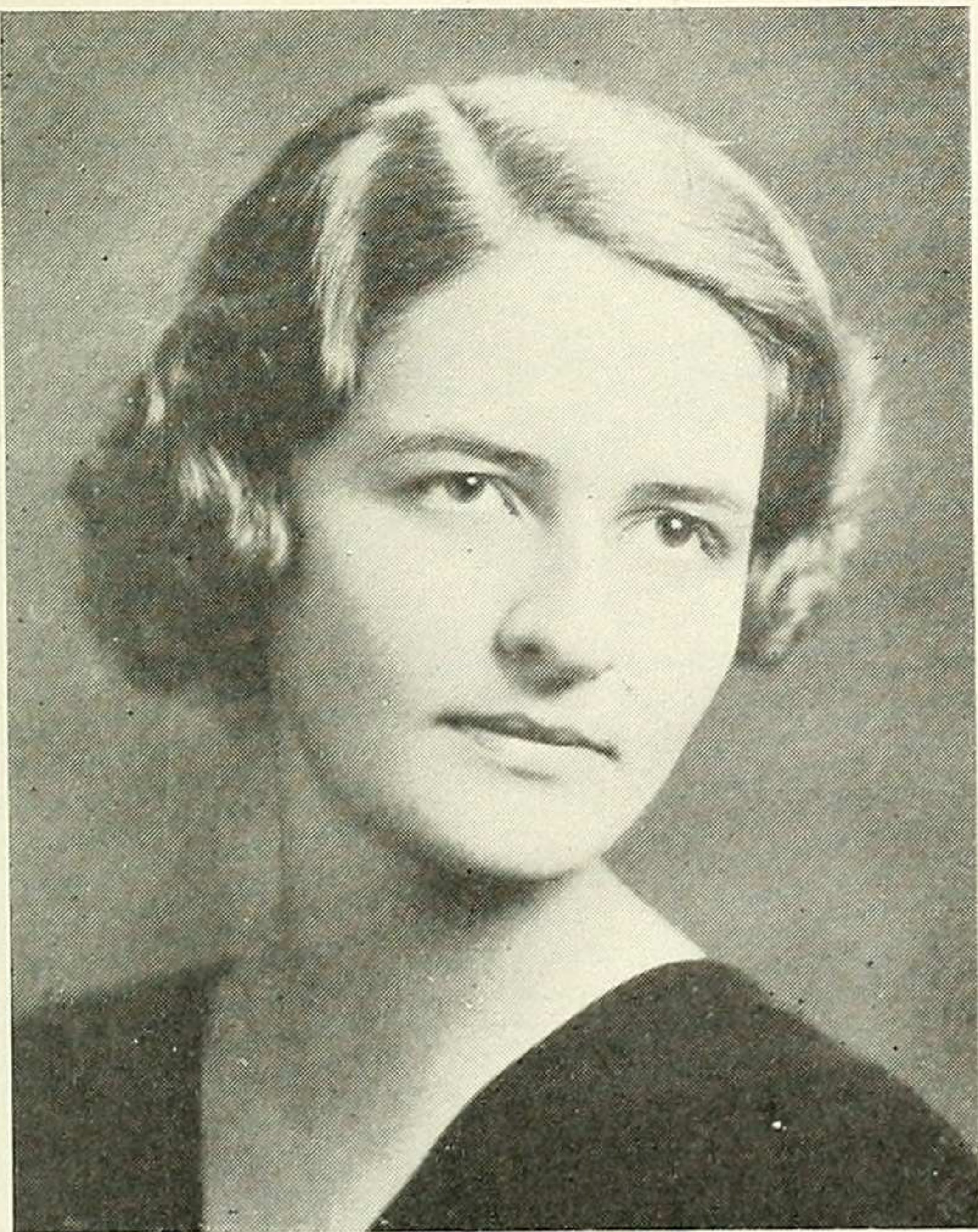
HELEN BOWIE



MARY KELLER BOYD



CATHERINE CORNTHWAITE BREDT



CHRISTINE McLAREN BROWN



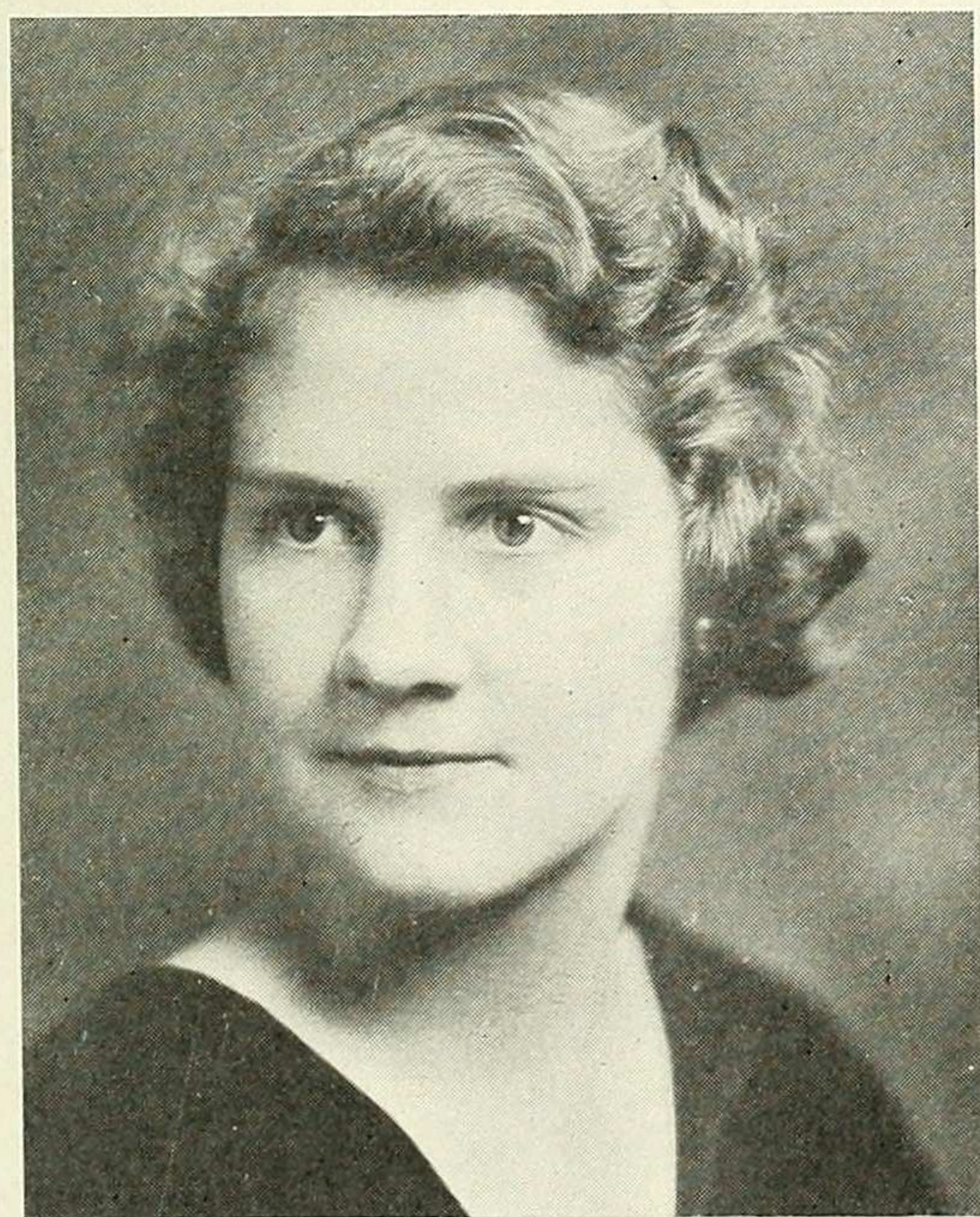
HALLA BROWN



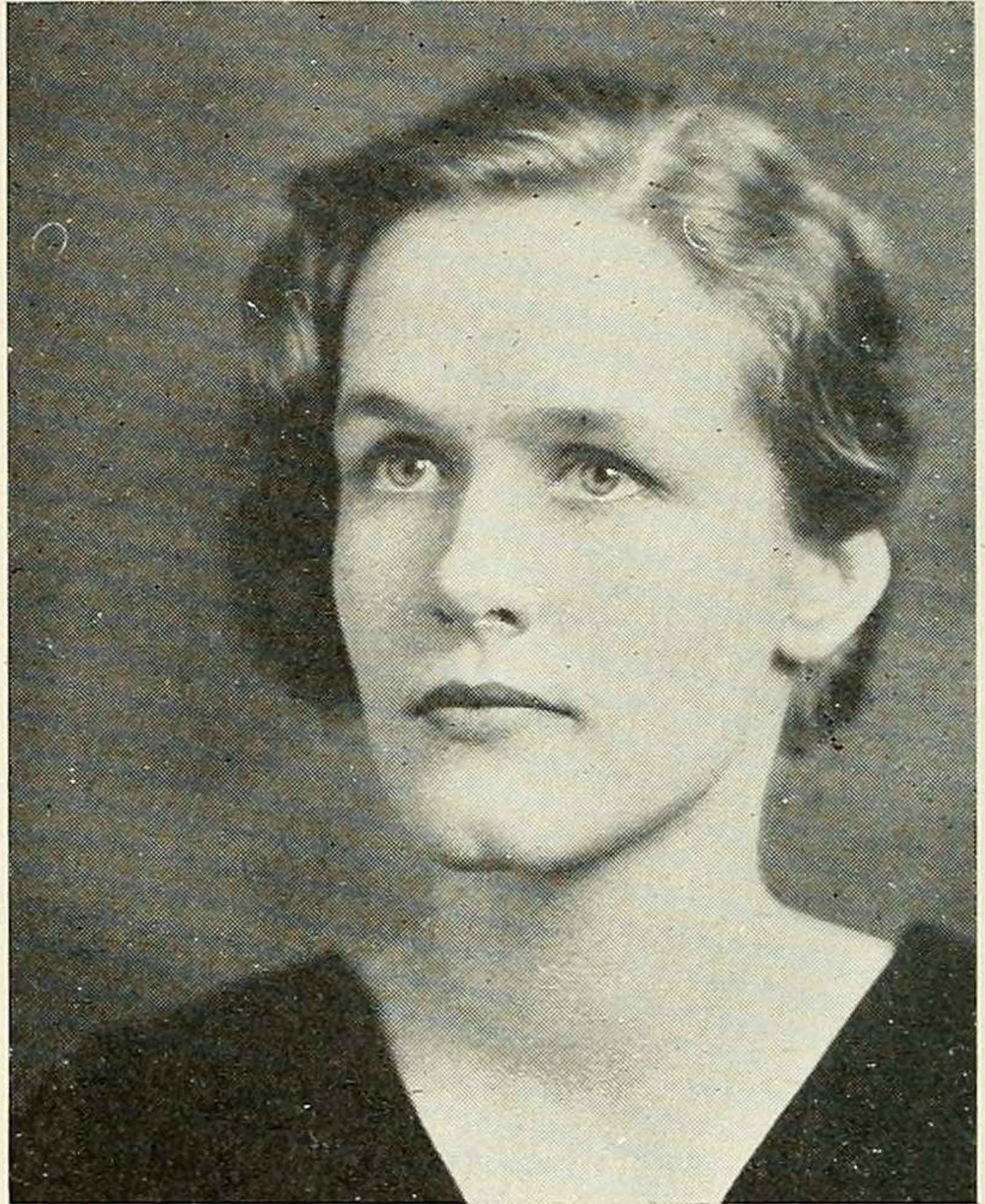
BEATRICE BUTLER



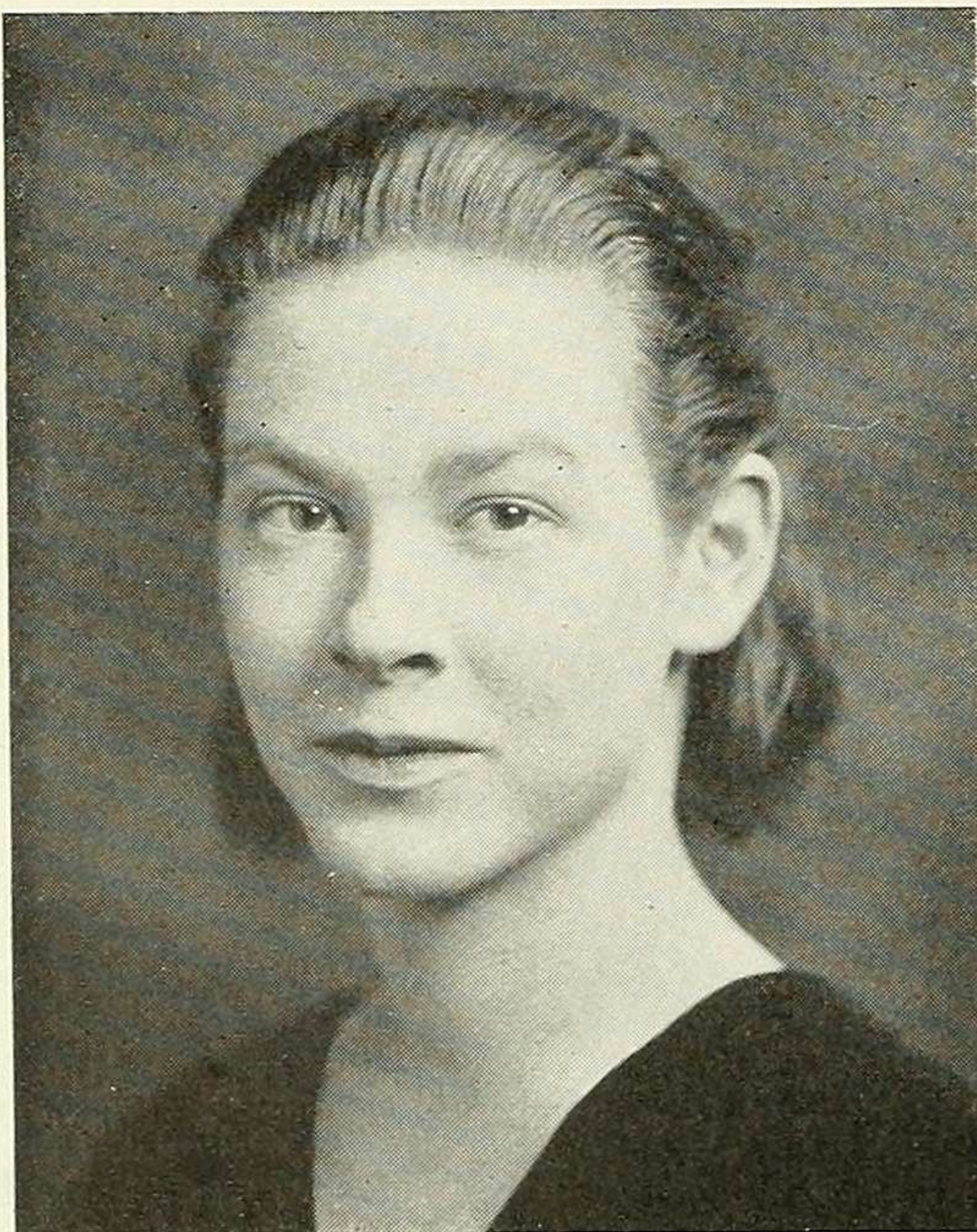
MARY DOUGLAS CARPENTER



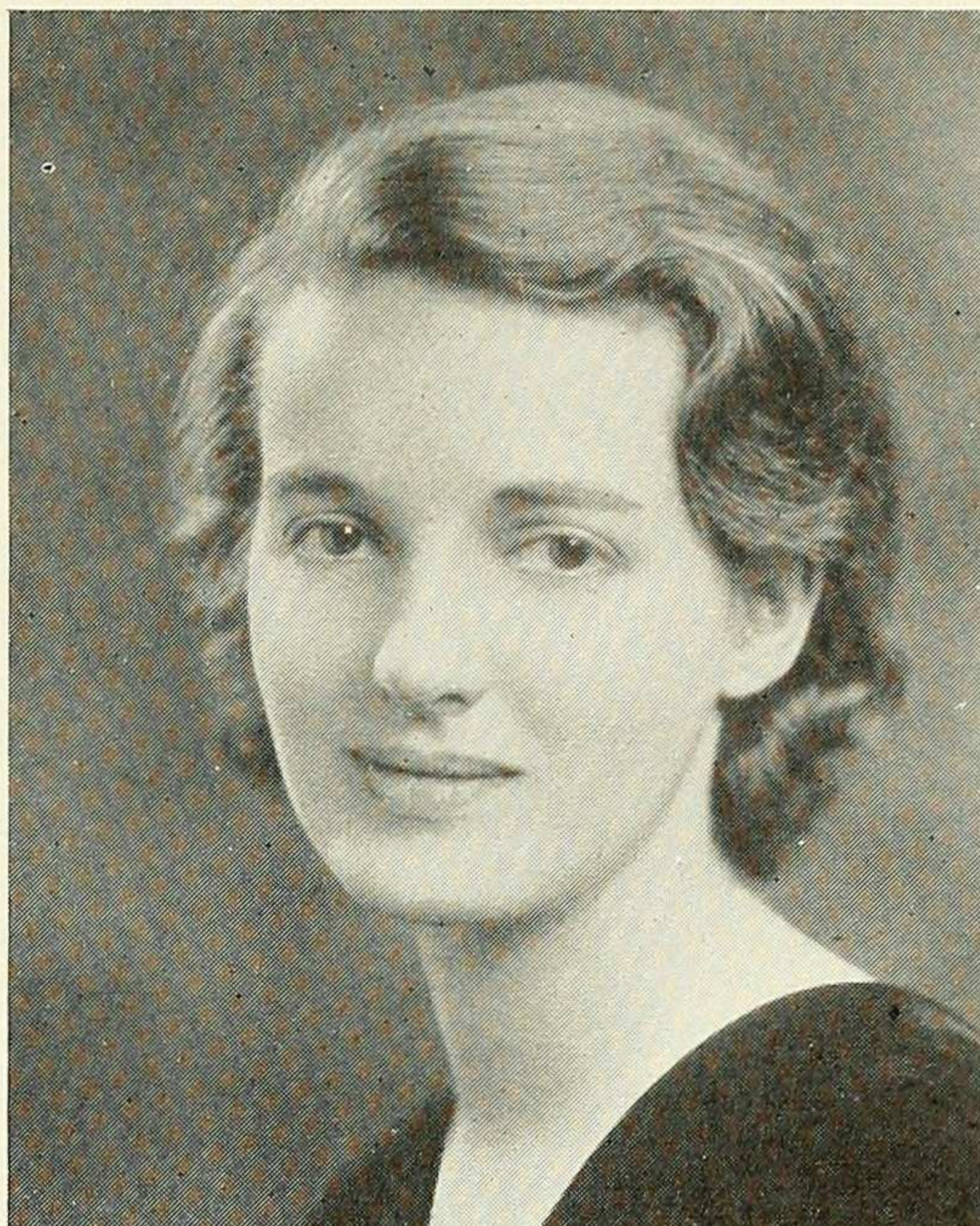
FRANCES CARTER



MARY ELIZABETH CHARLTON



GABRIEL BROOKE CHURCH



CONSTANCE COLEMAN



MARY WARNER COOKE

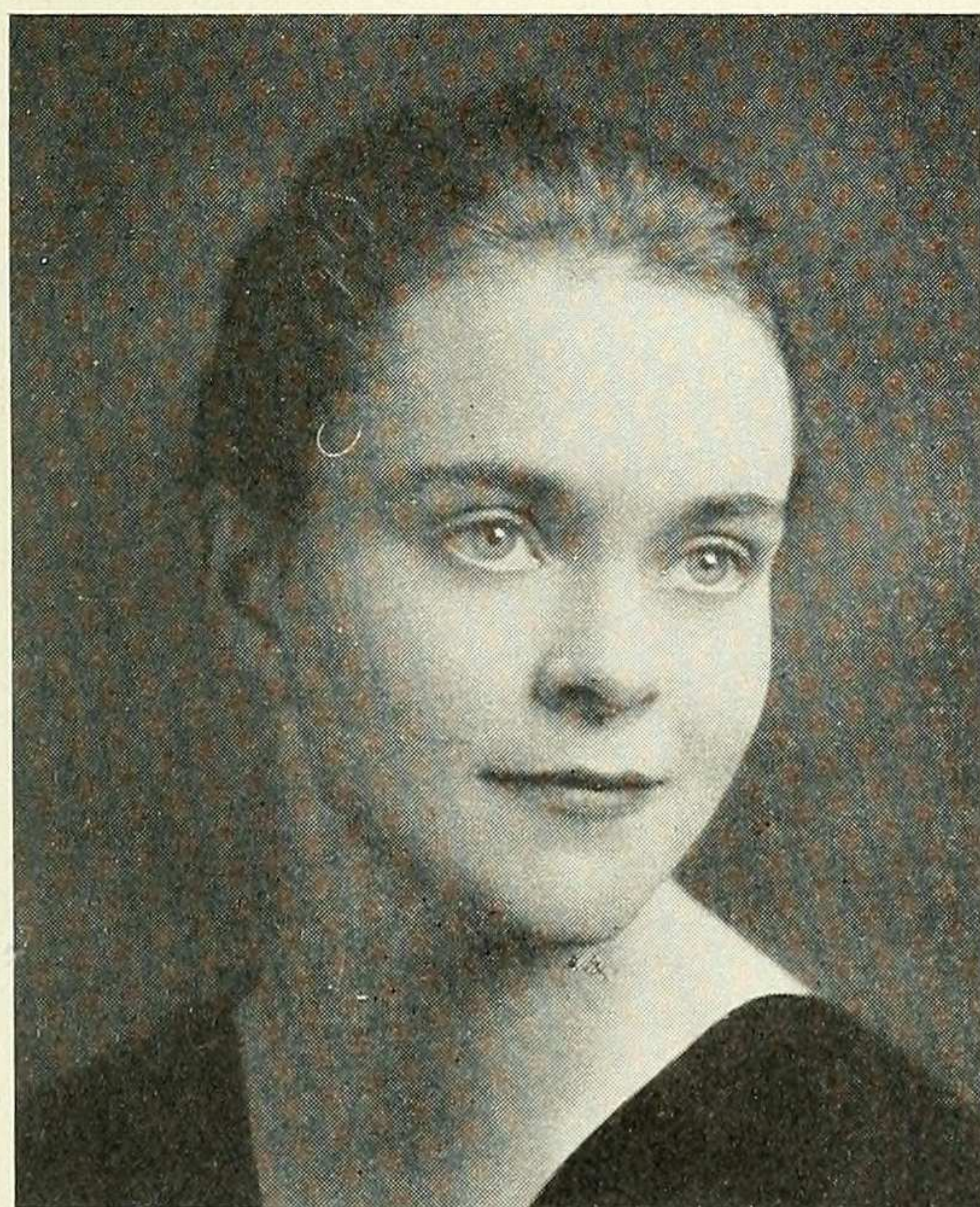


HELEN BALL CORLISS



MIRIAM CORNISH

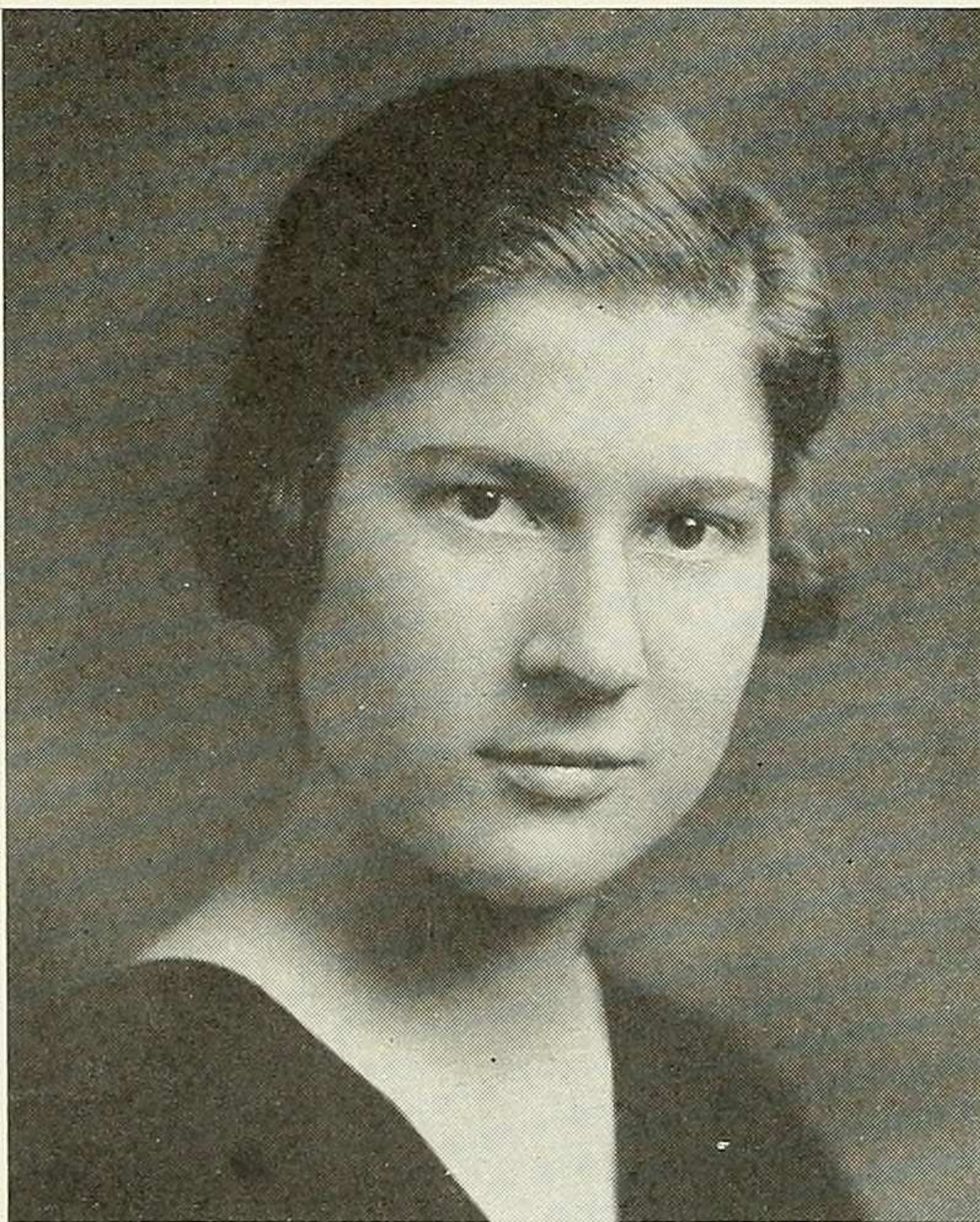
LENCHEN VERNER BARING
COUGHLIN



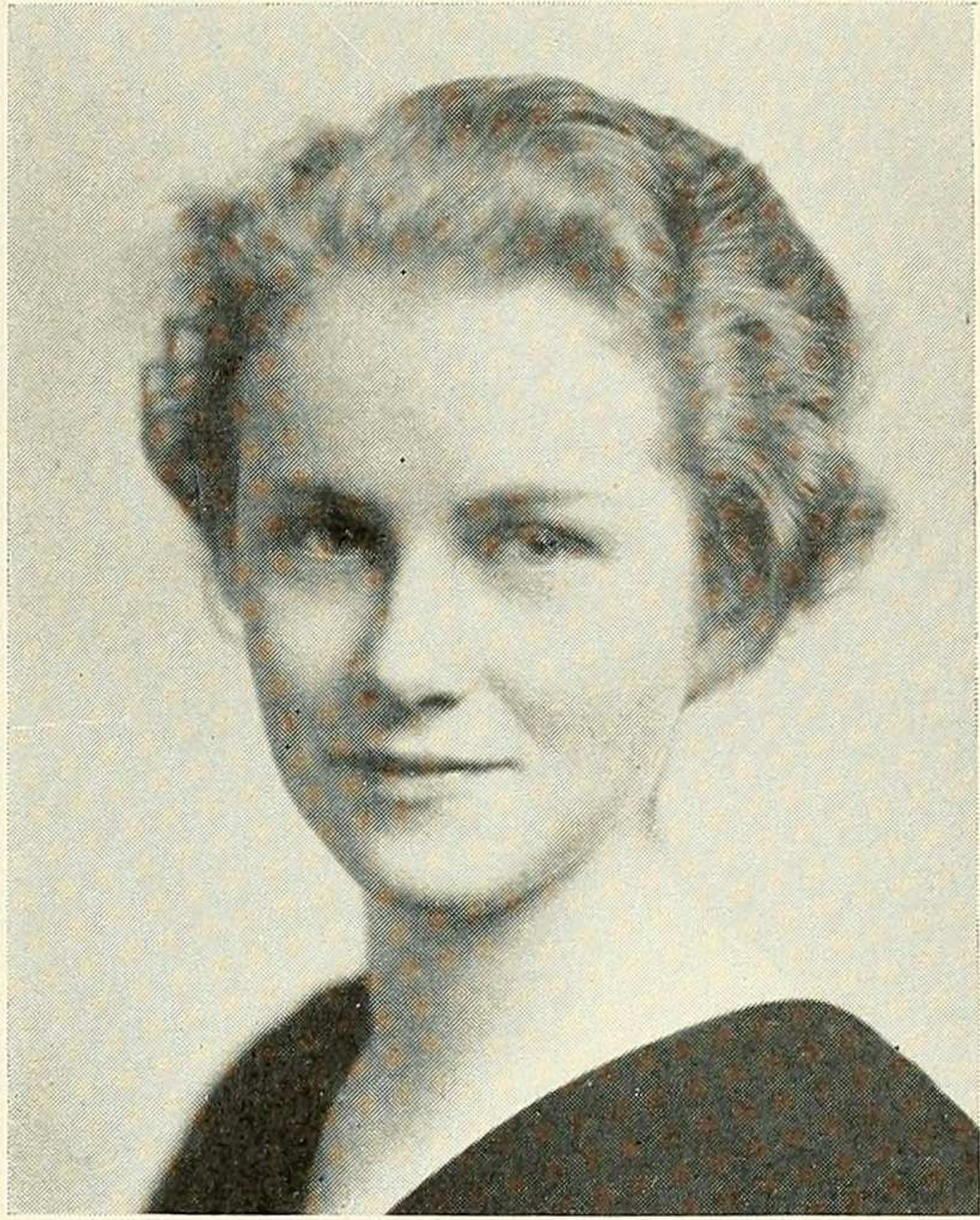
MARIA MIDDLETON COXE



ALVA DETWILER



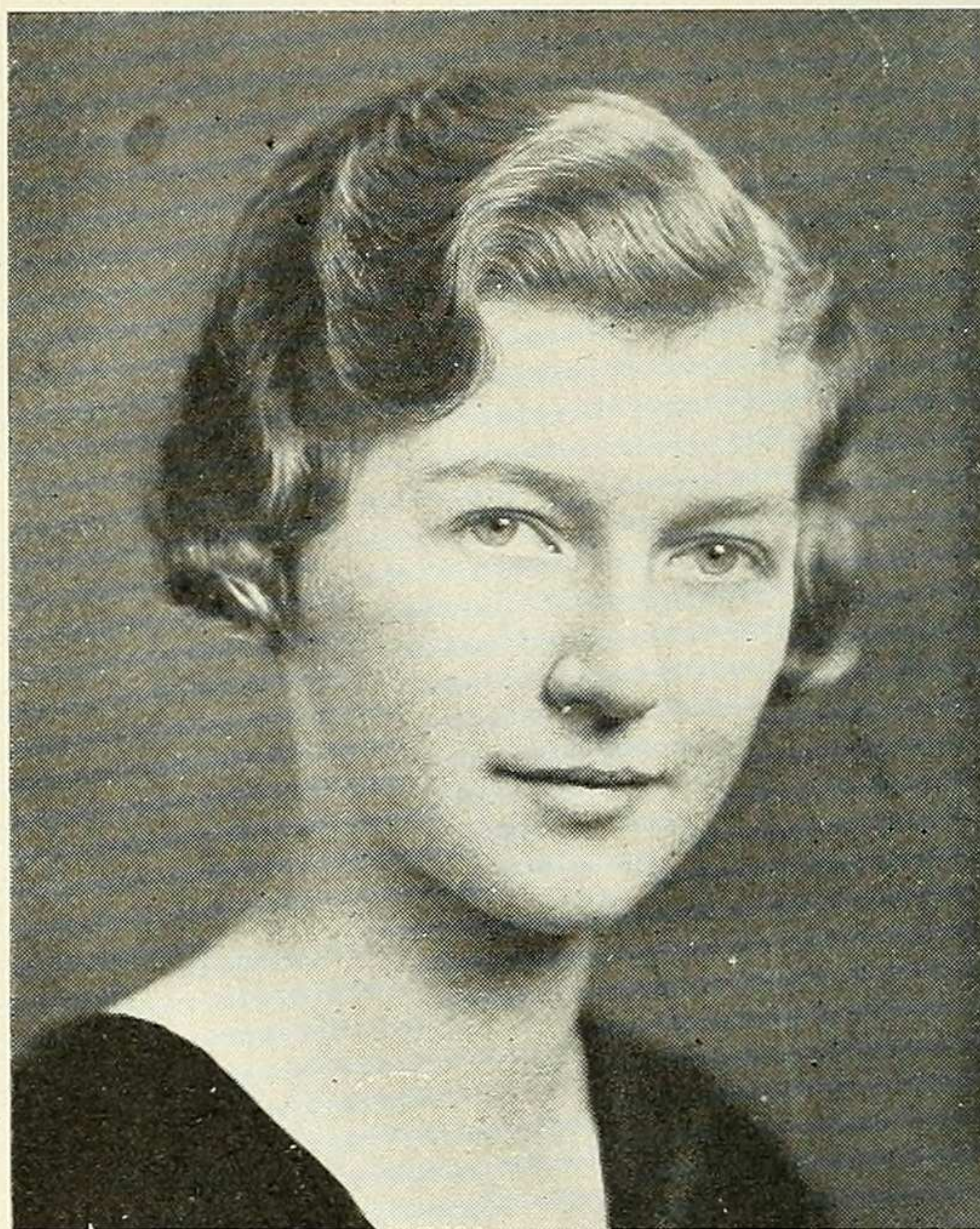
CARMEN DUANY



ELIZABETH FAIN



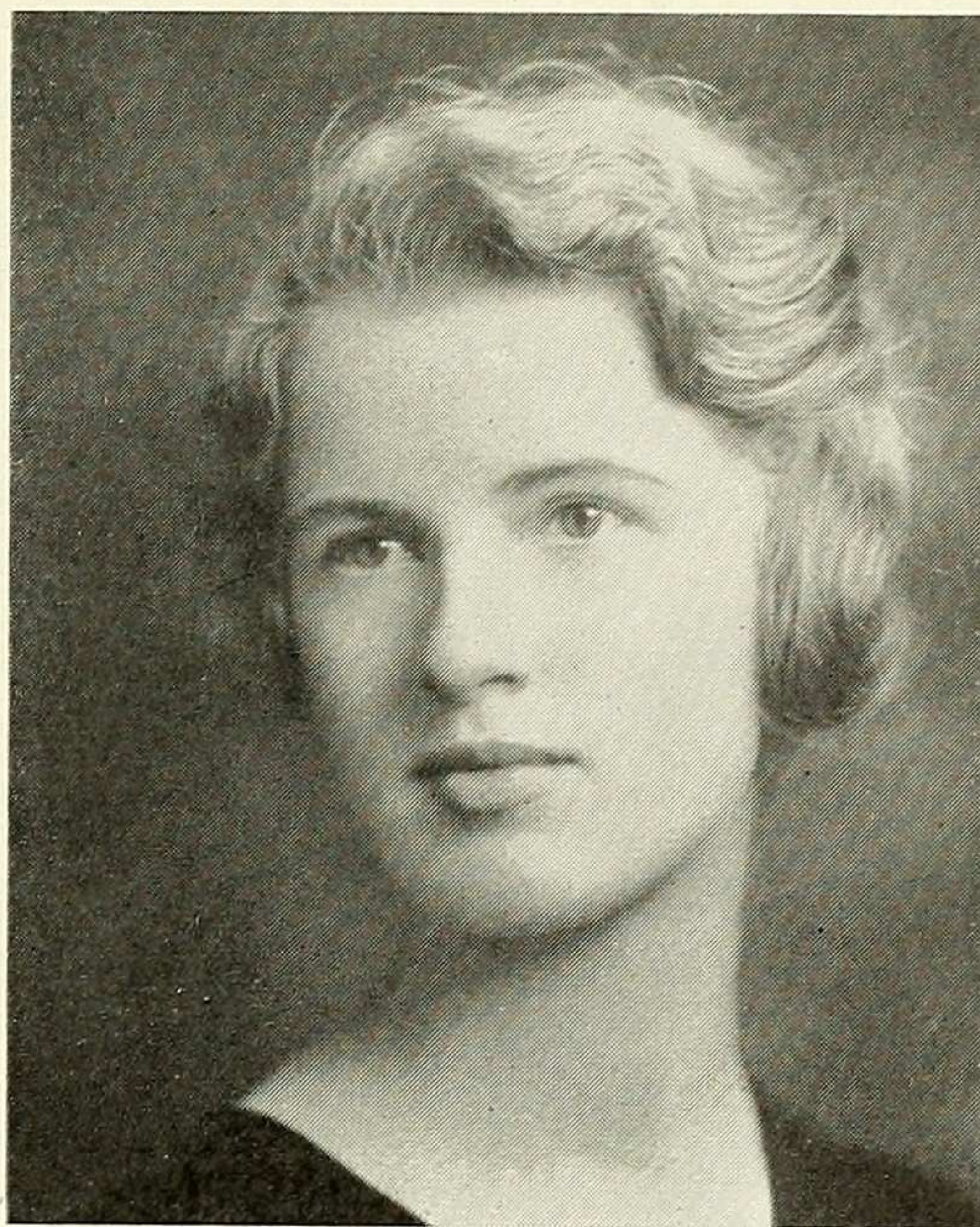
ANITA CLARK FOUILHOX



KATHERINE LOUISE FOX



SARAH FRASER



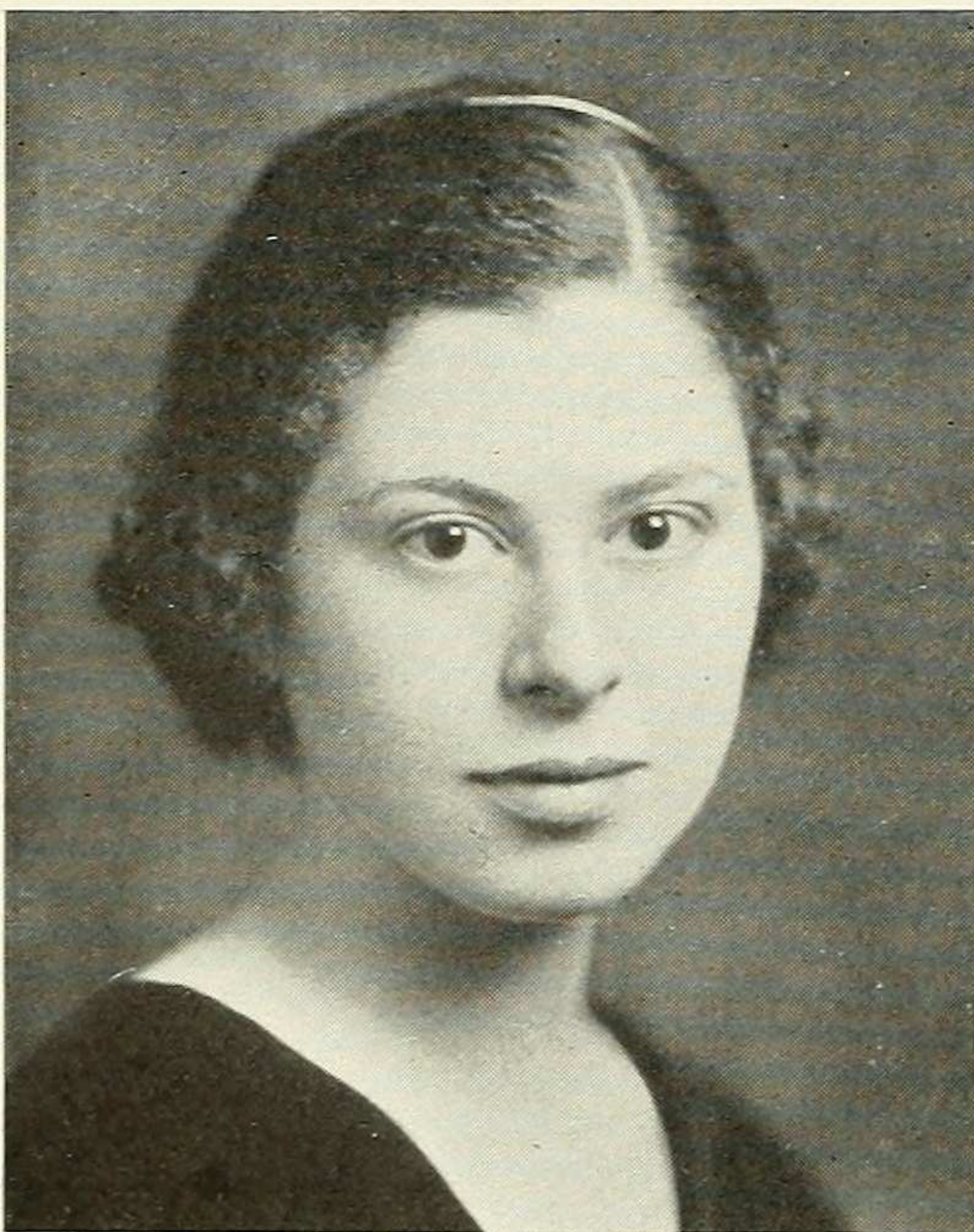
JULIA GOODALL GARDNER



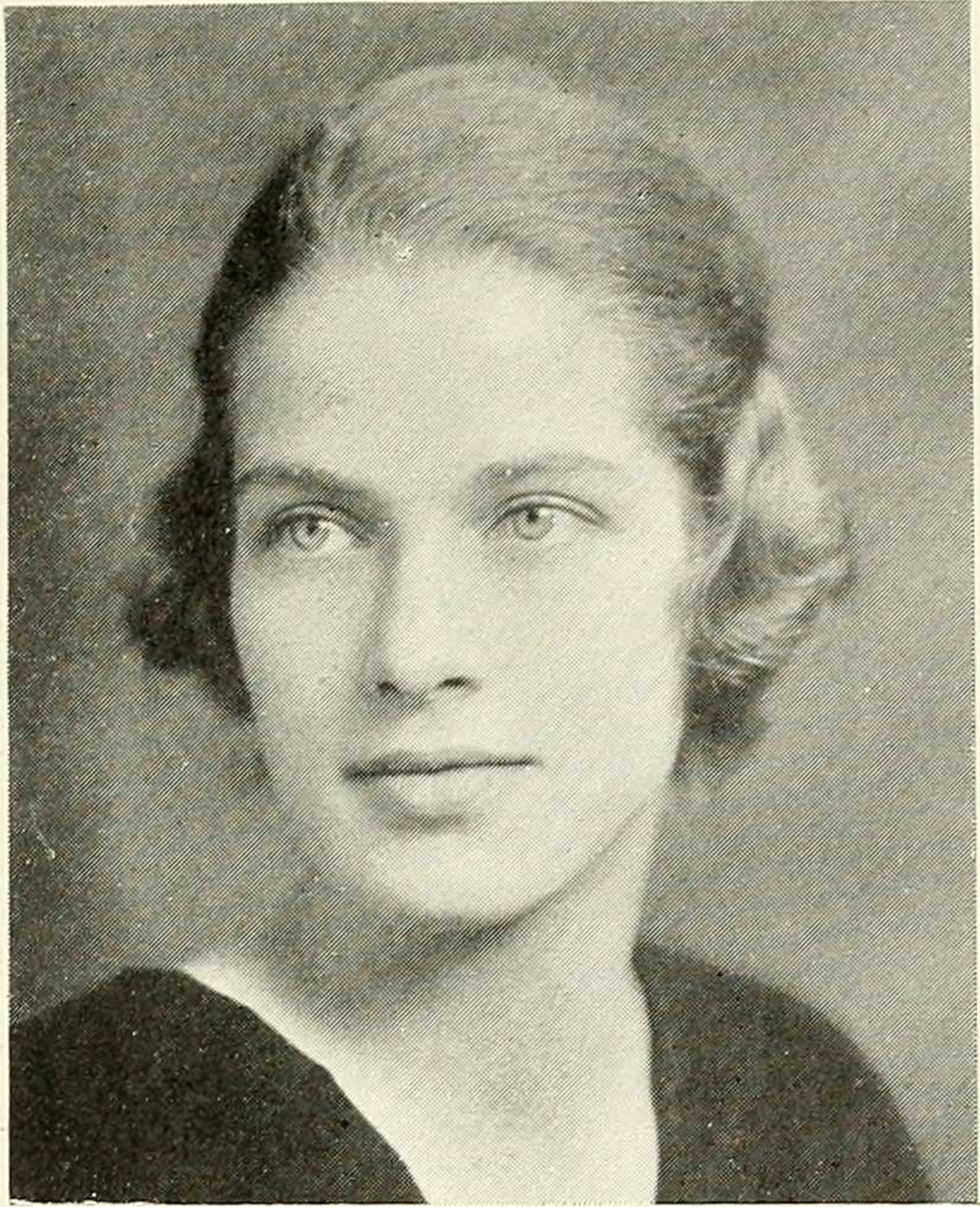
MARIANNE AUGUSTA GATESON



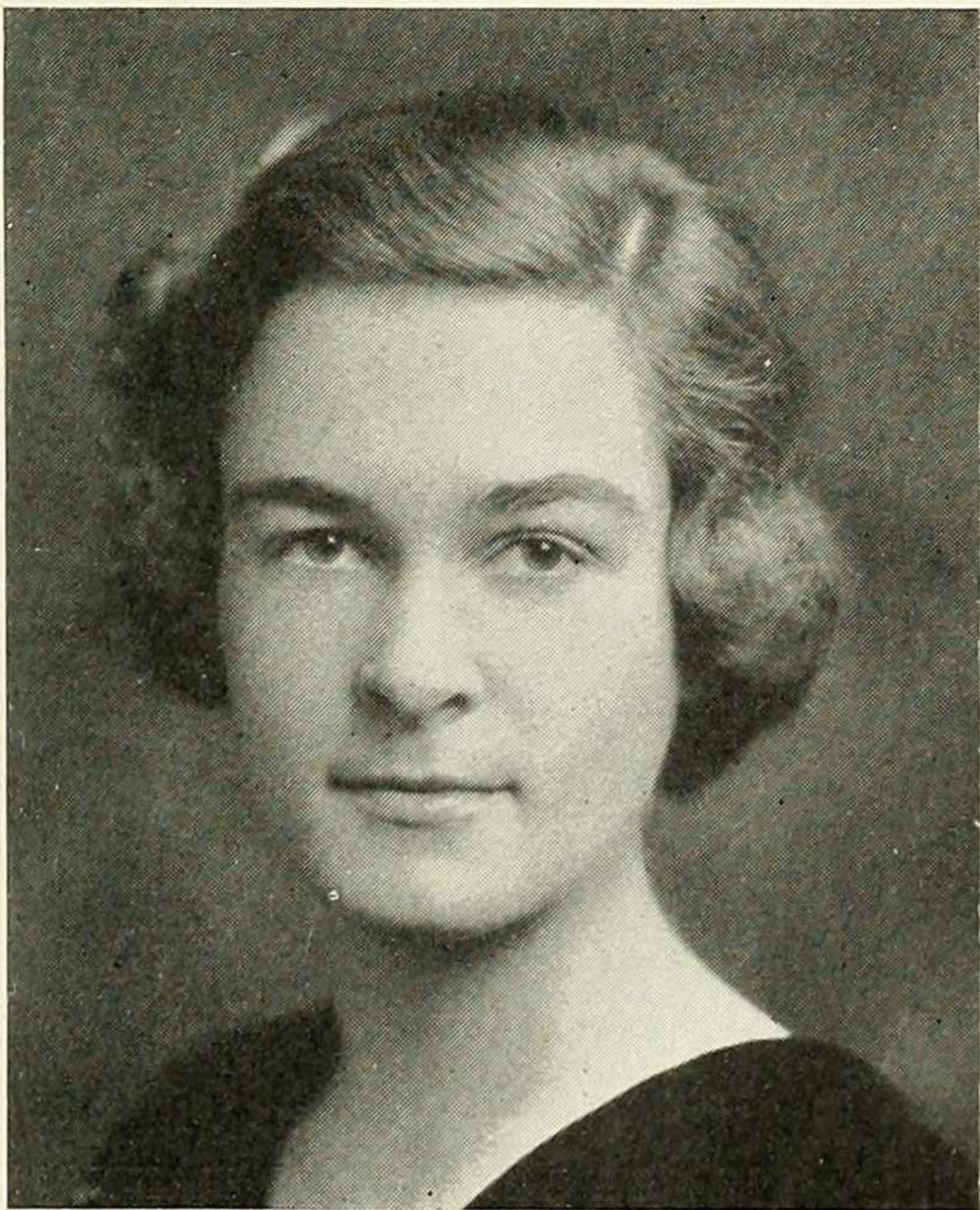
HELEN GERTRUDE GILL



BETTI CAROLYN GOLDWASSER

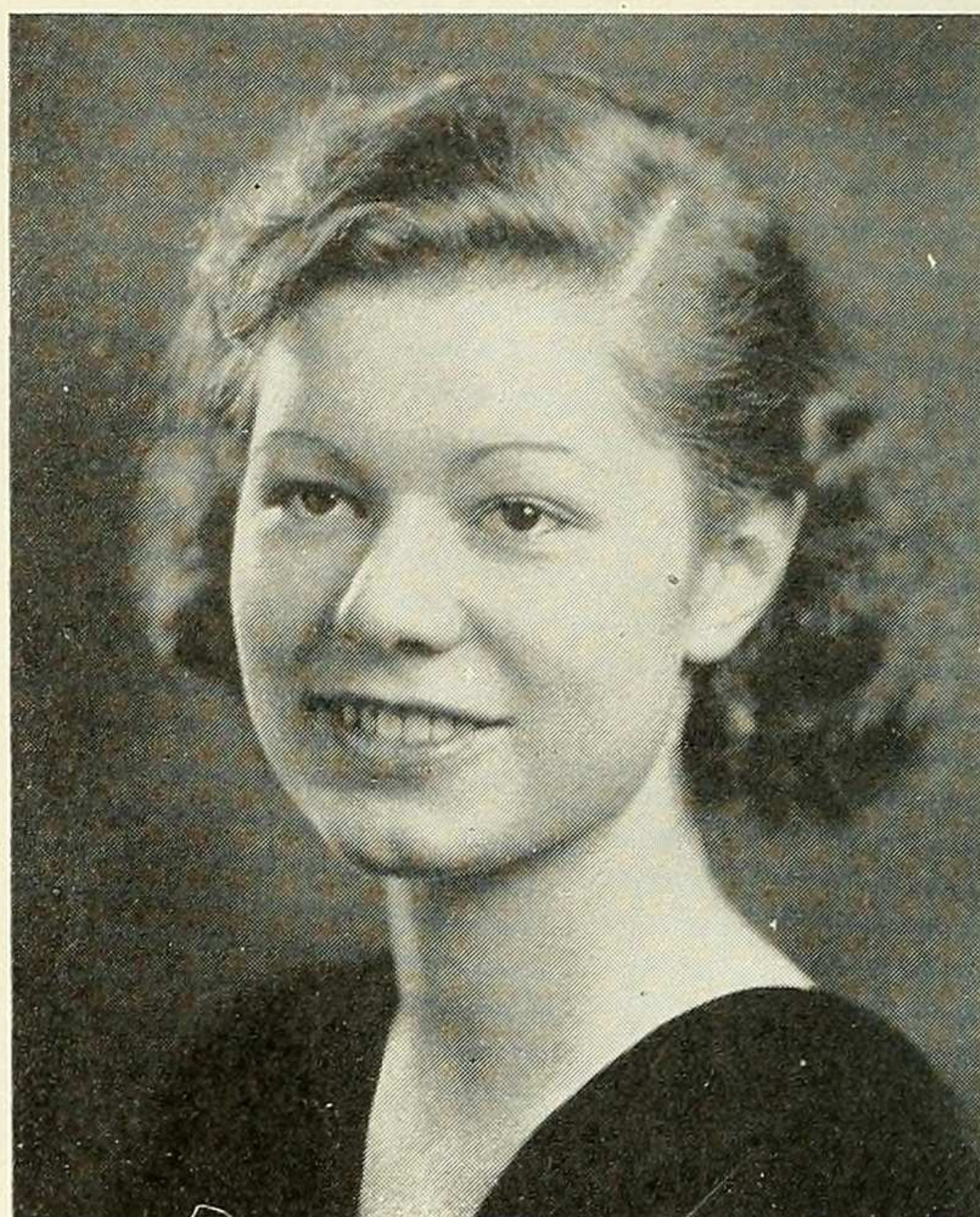


CLARA FRANCES GRANT

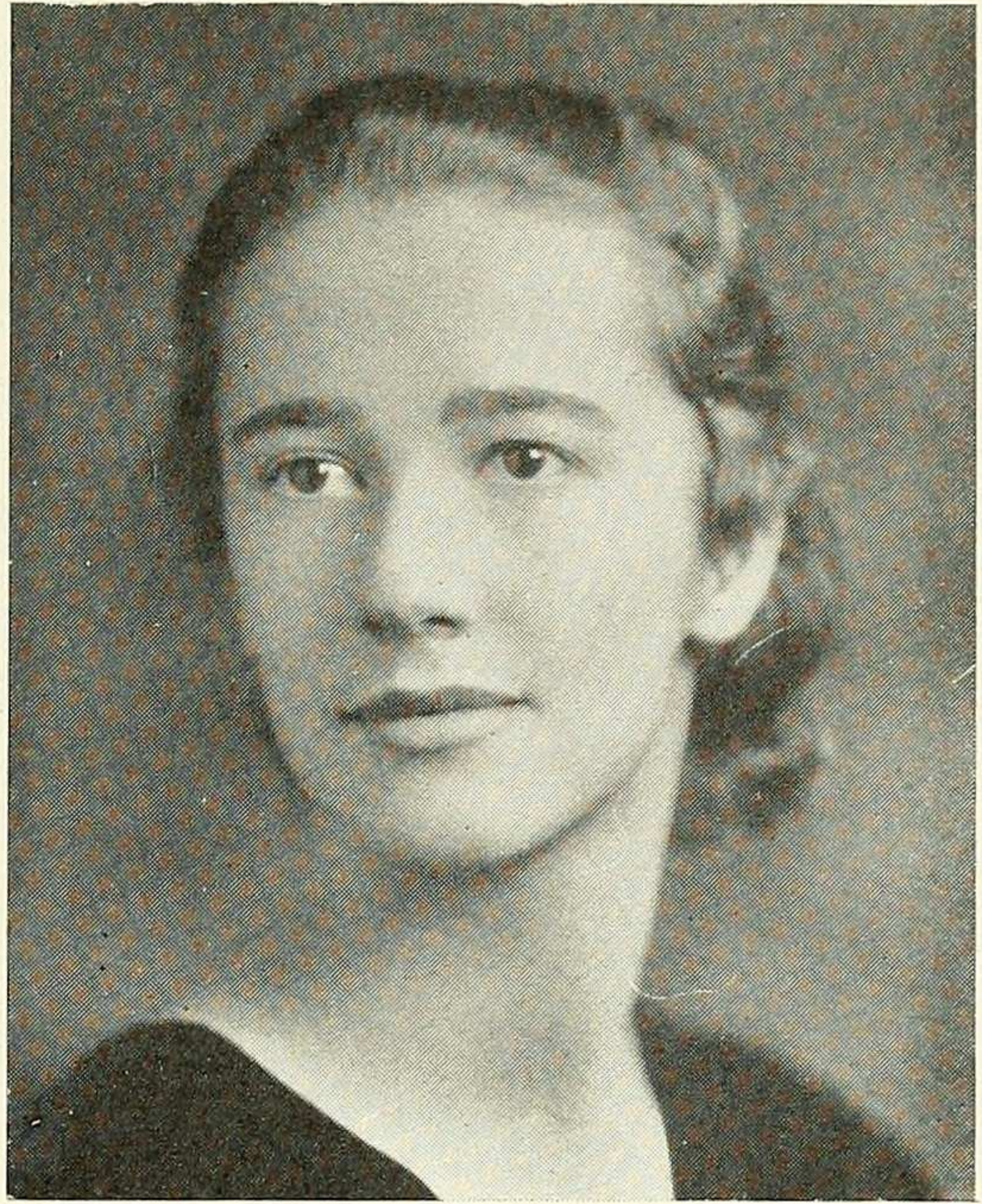


KATHERINE LATTA GRIBBEL

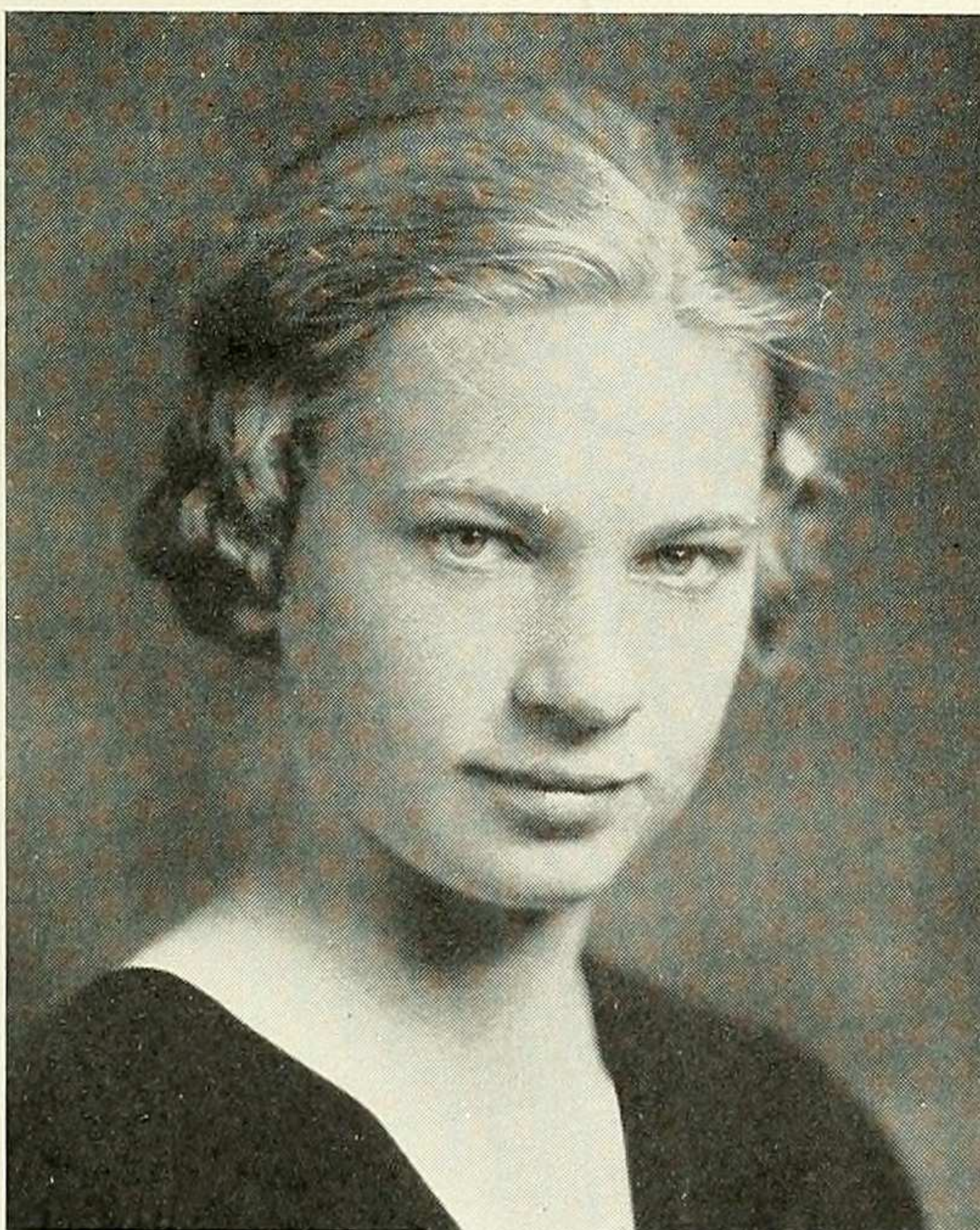
SUZANNE HALSTEAD



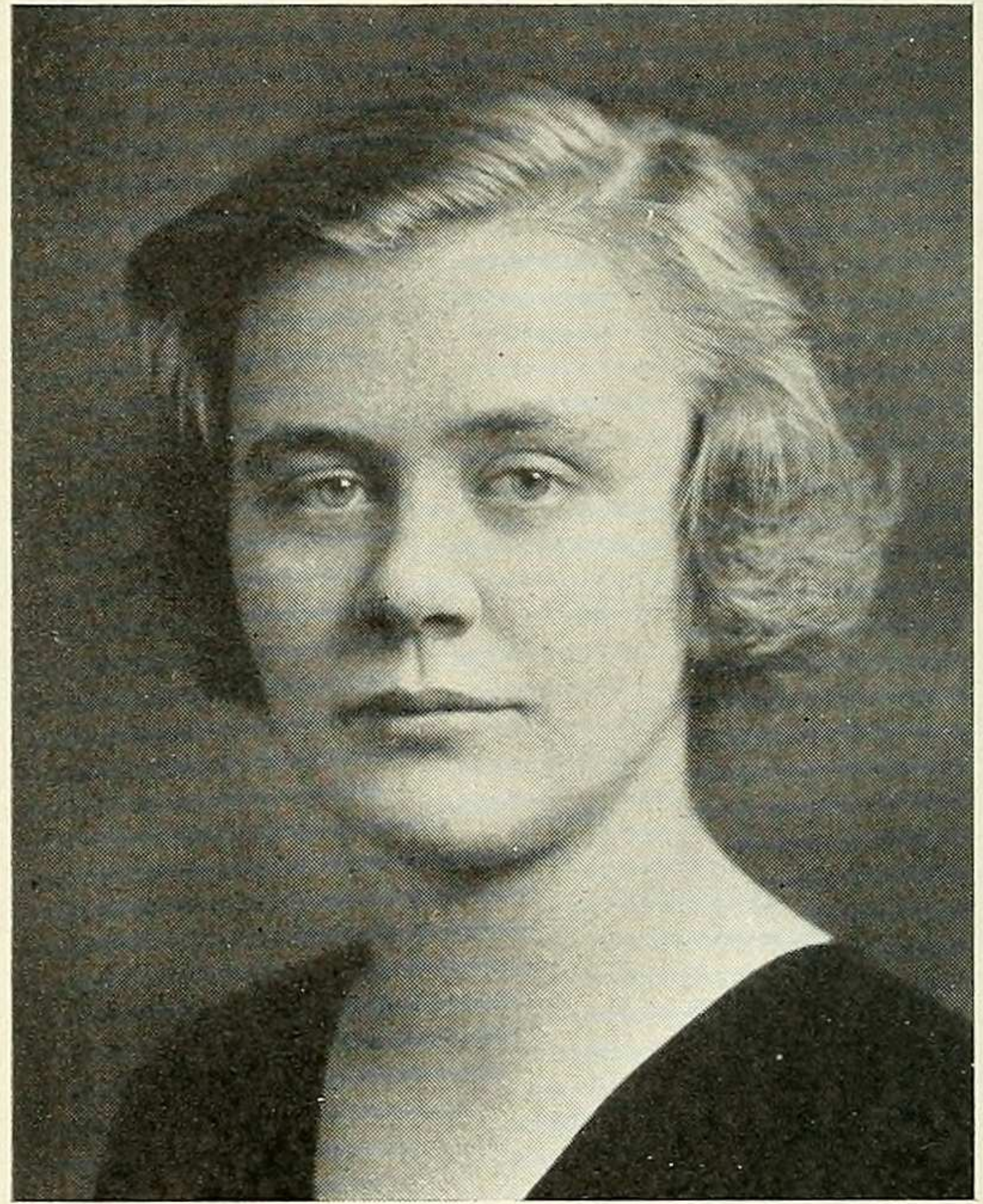
JANET ELIZABETH HANNAN



ELLEN NANCY HART



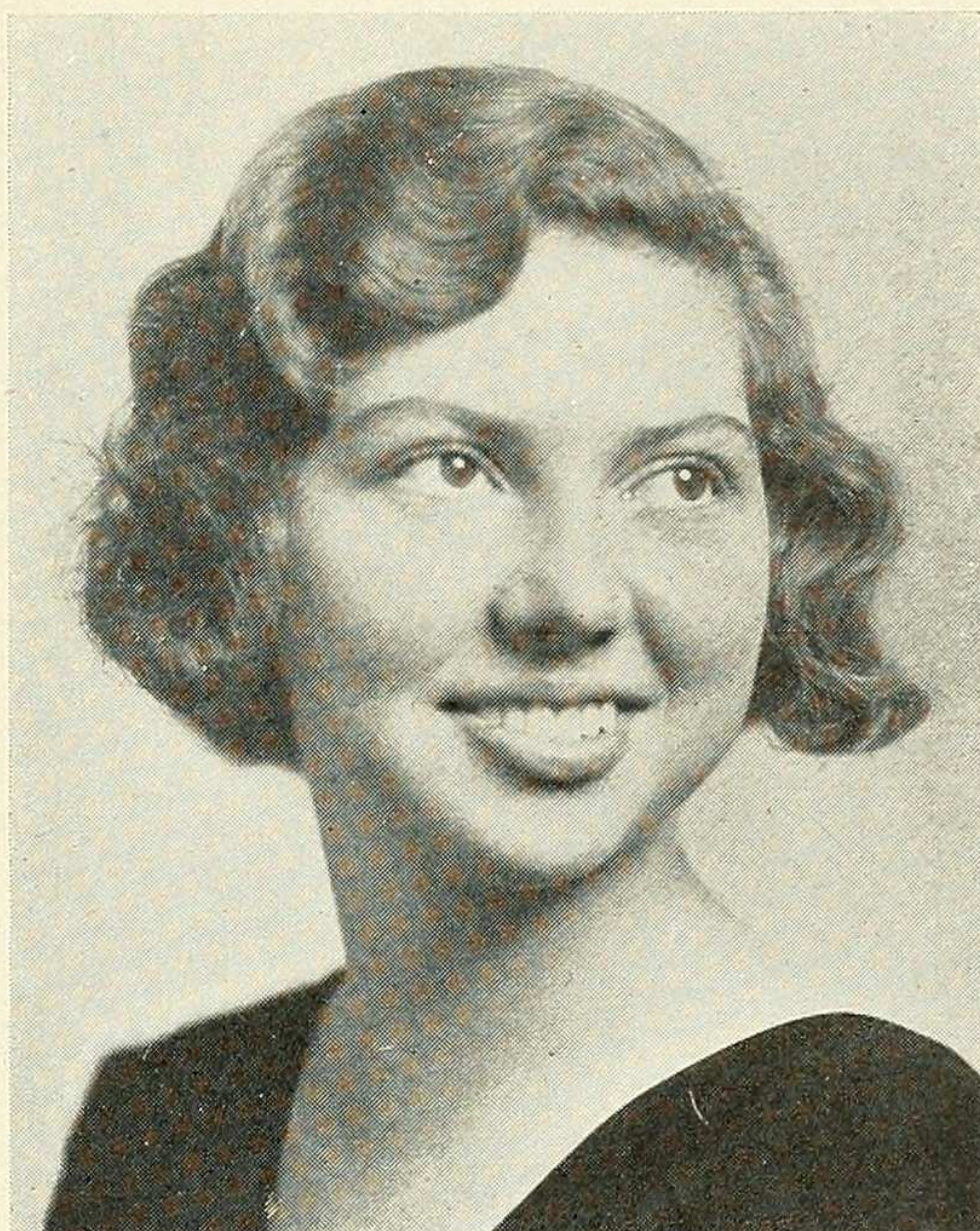
MARGARET LOUISE HASKELL.



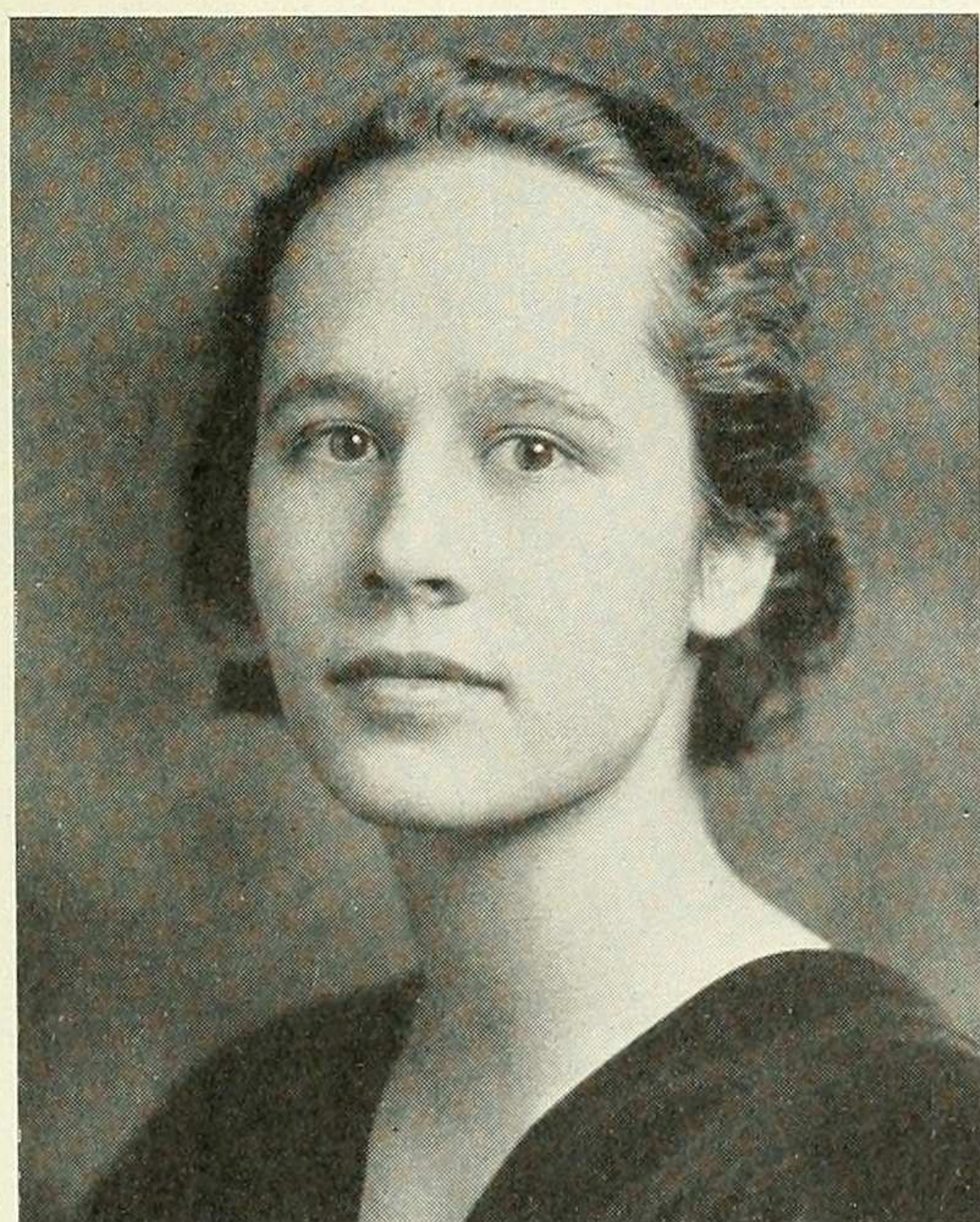
CORNELIA POST HIRONS



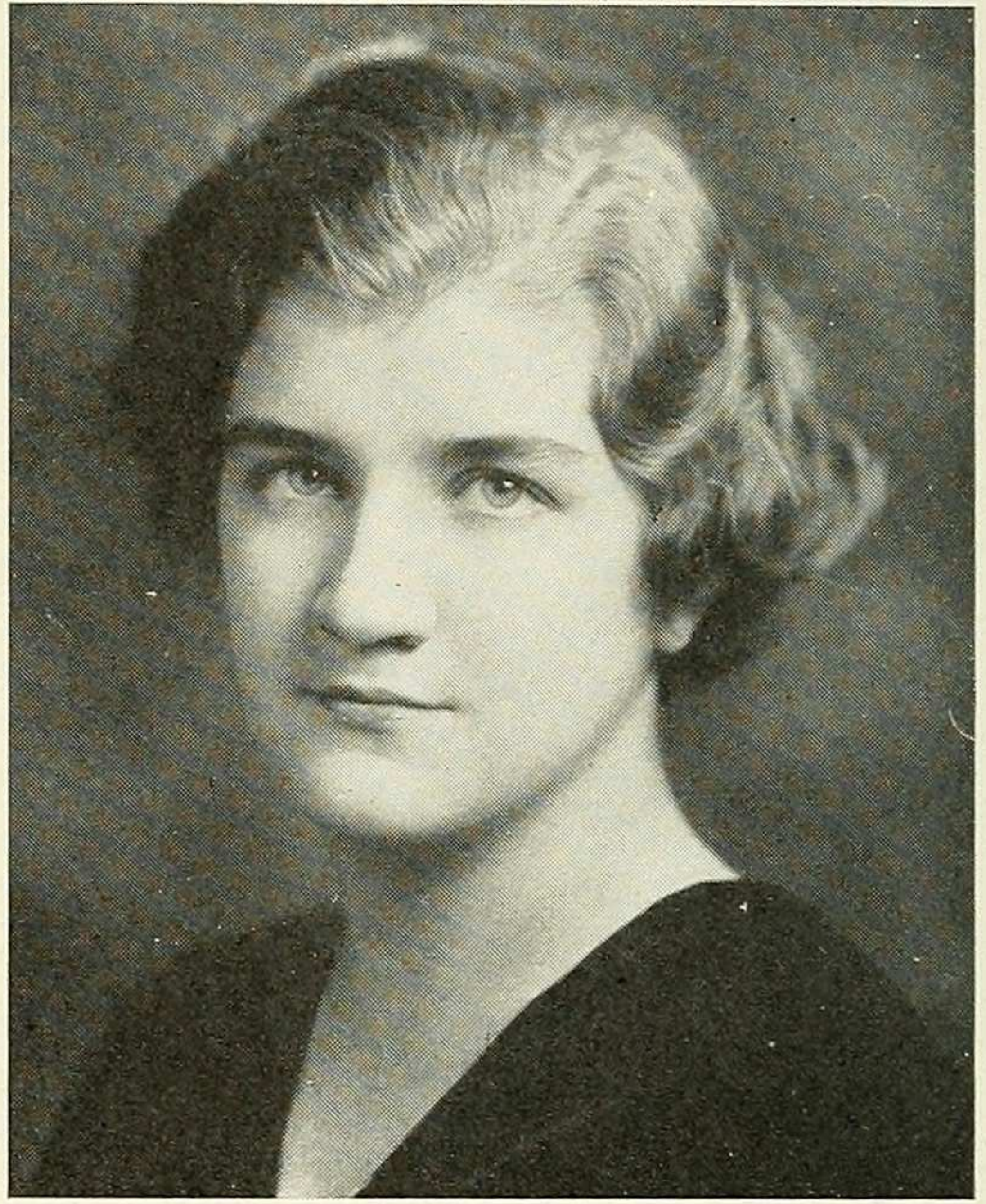
MARIAN TALCOTT HOPE



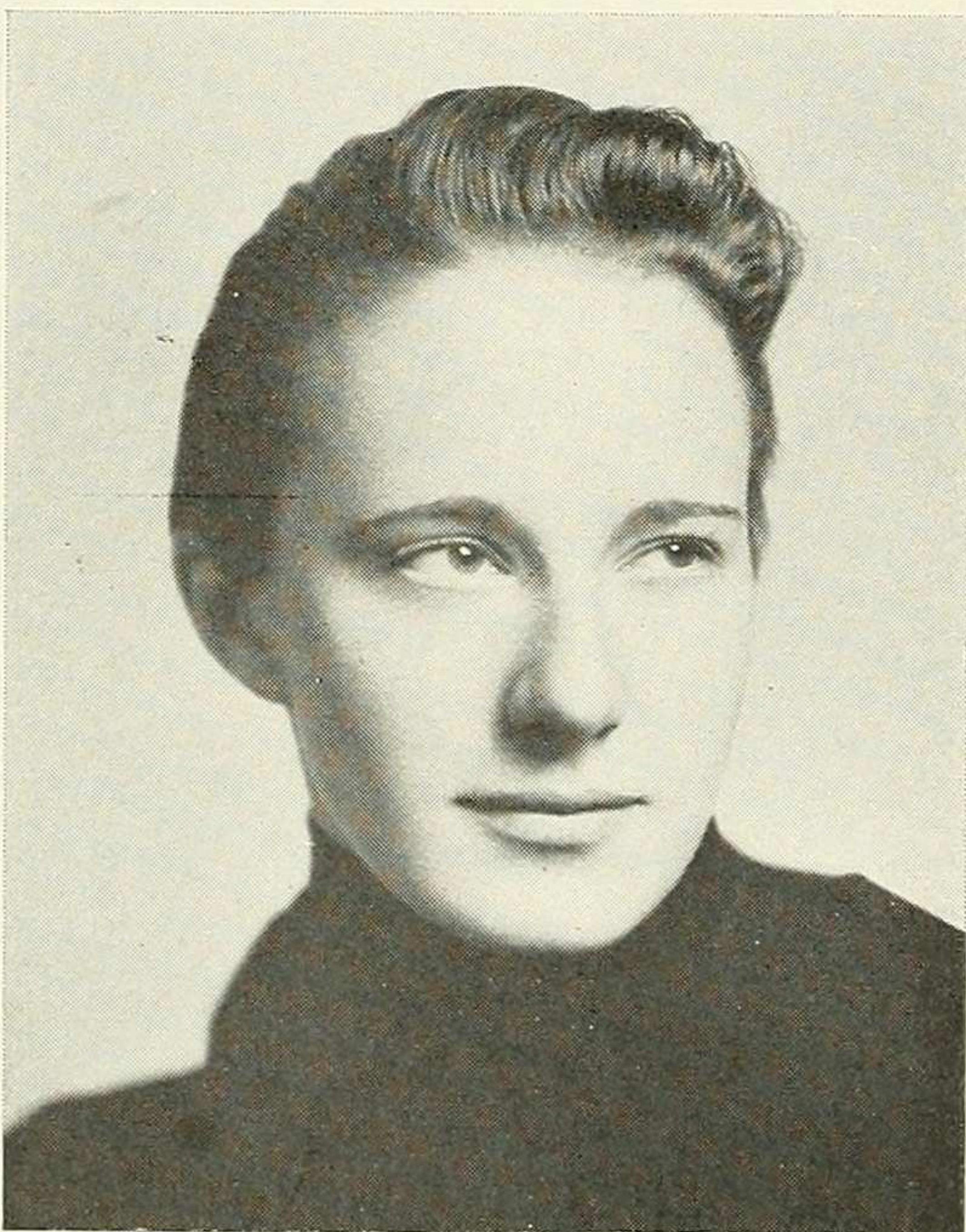
LAURA HURD



OLIVIA HEATHER JARRETT



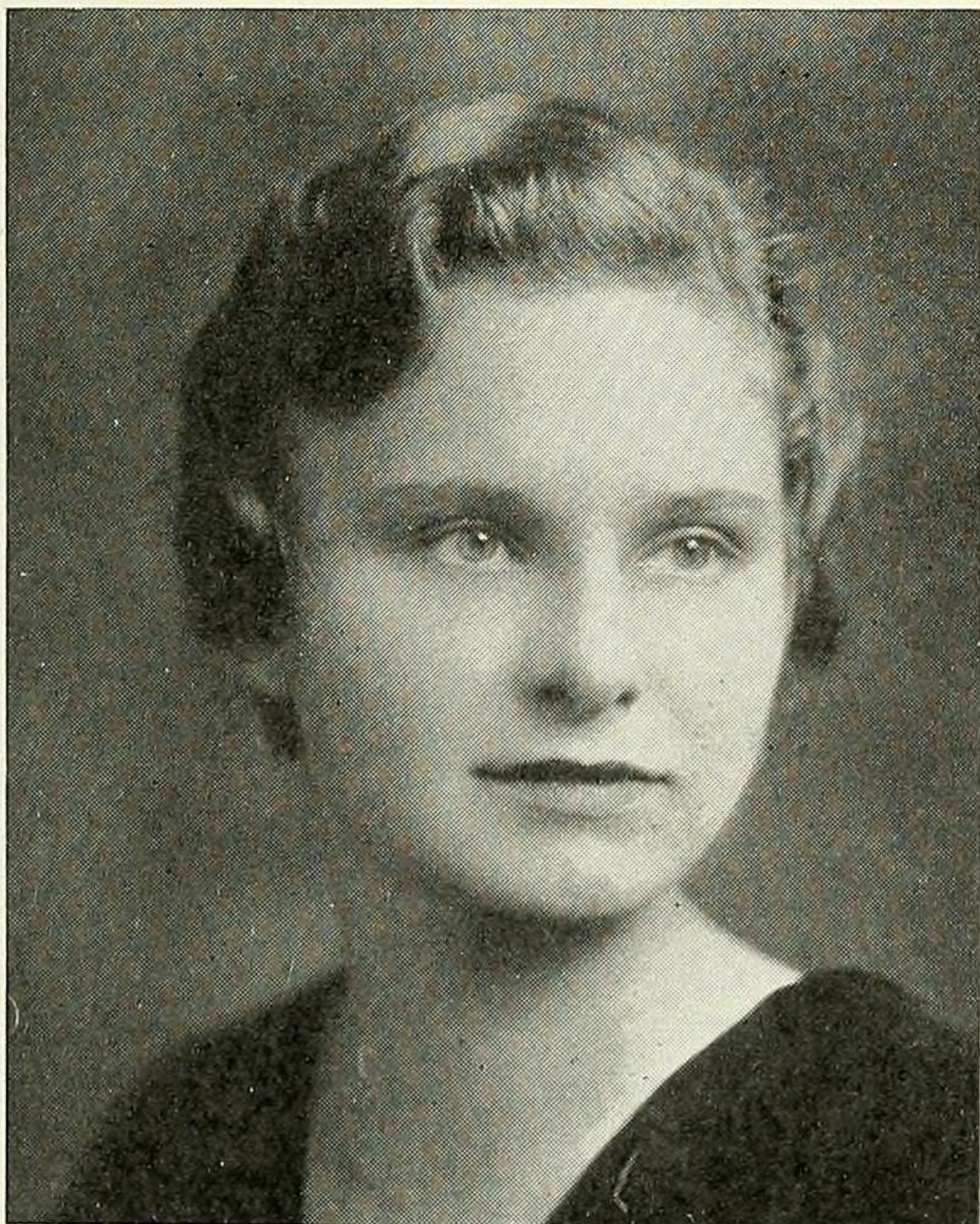
FRANCES FOLLIN JONES



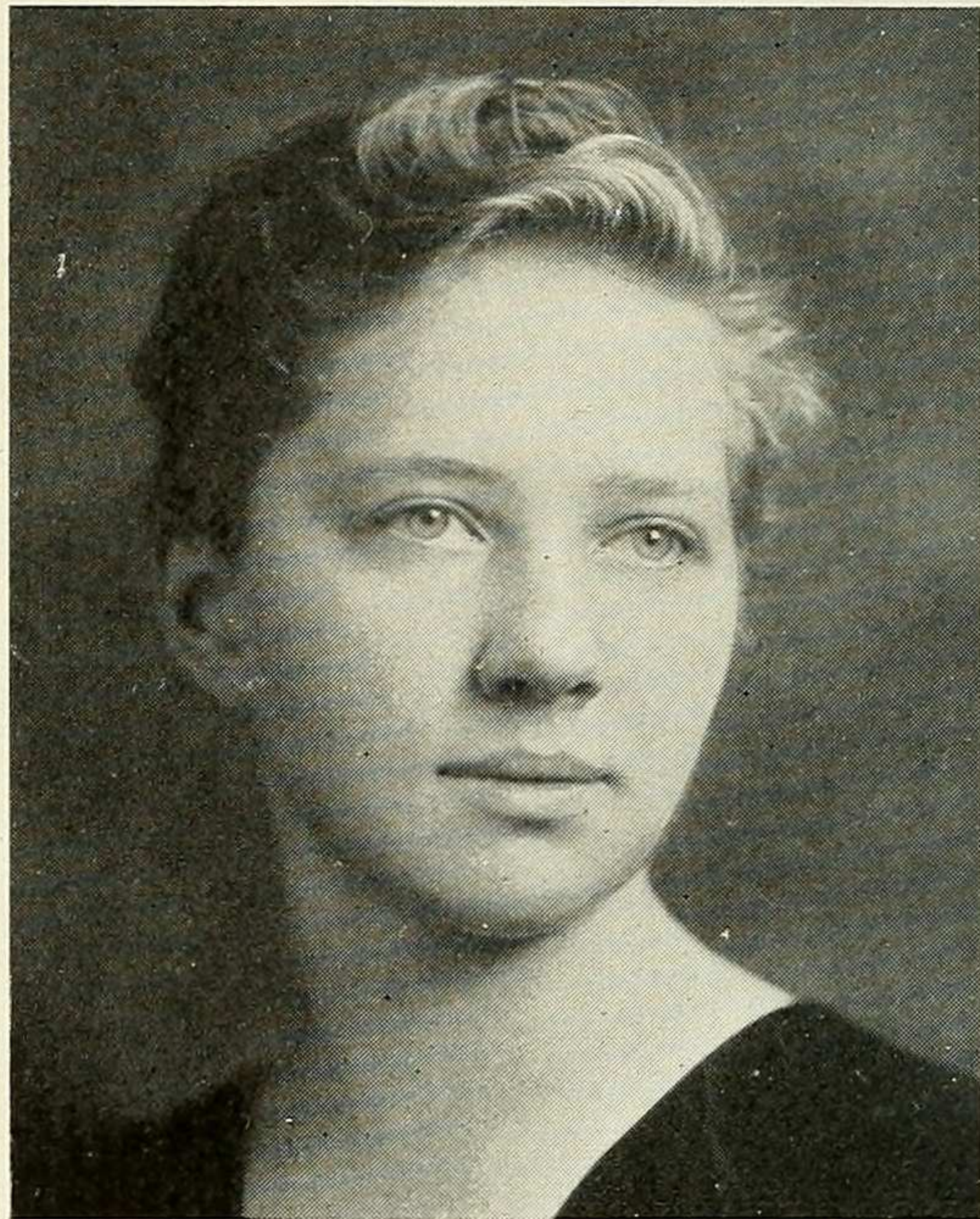
SALLIE JONES



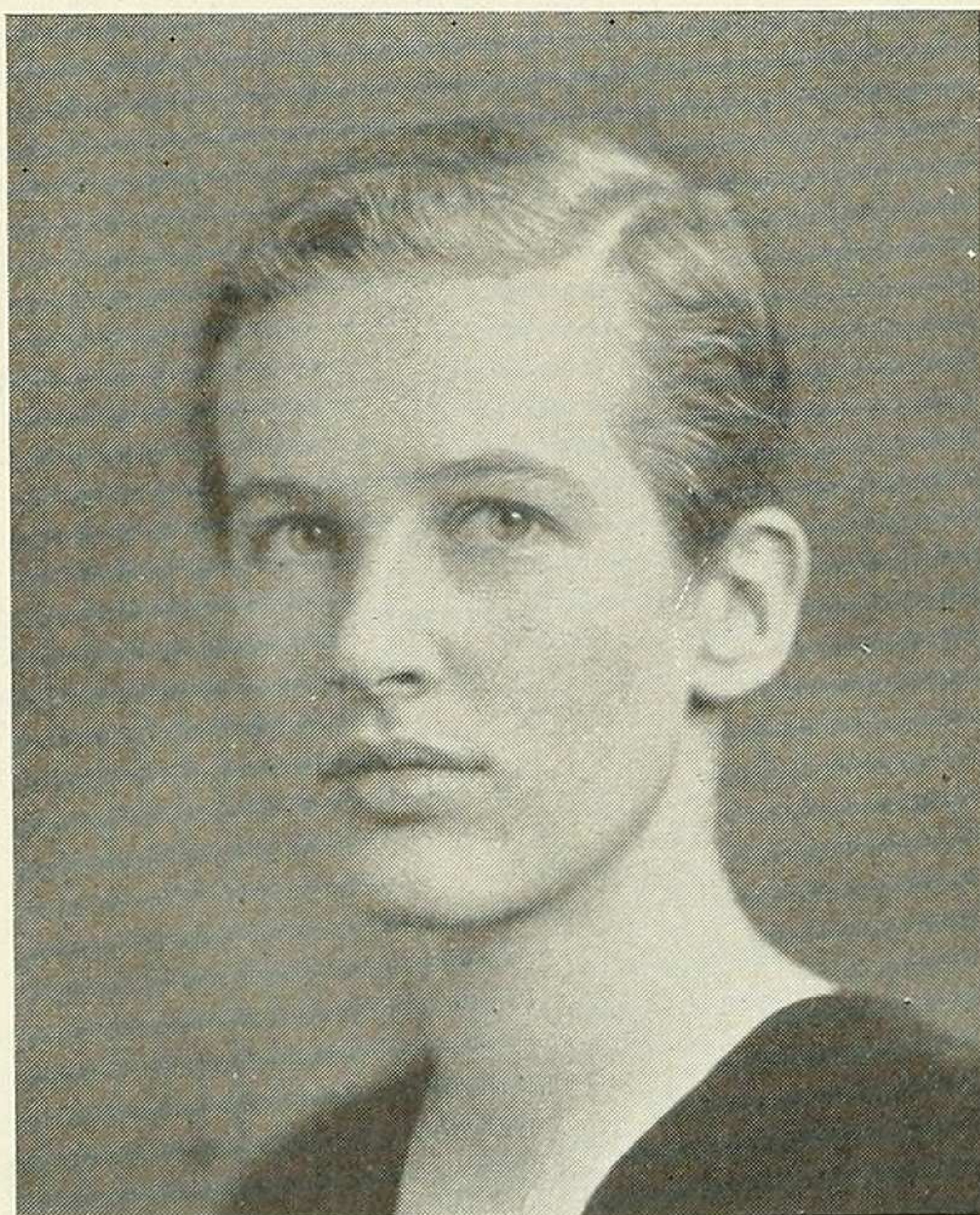
DOROTHY LOUISE KALBACH



ANNE ALLEN KNAPP

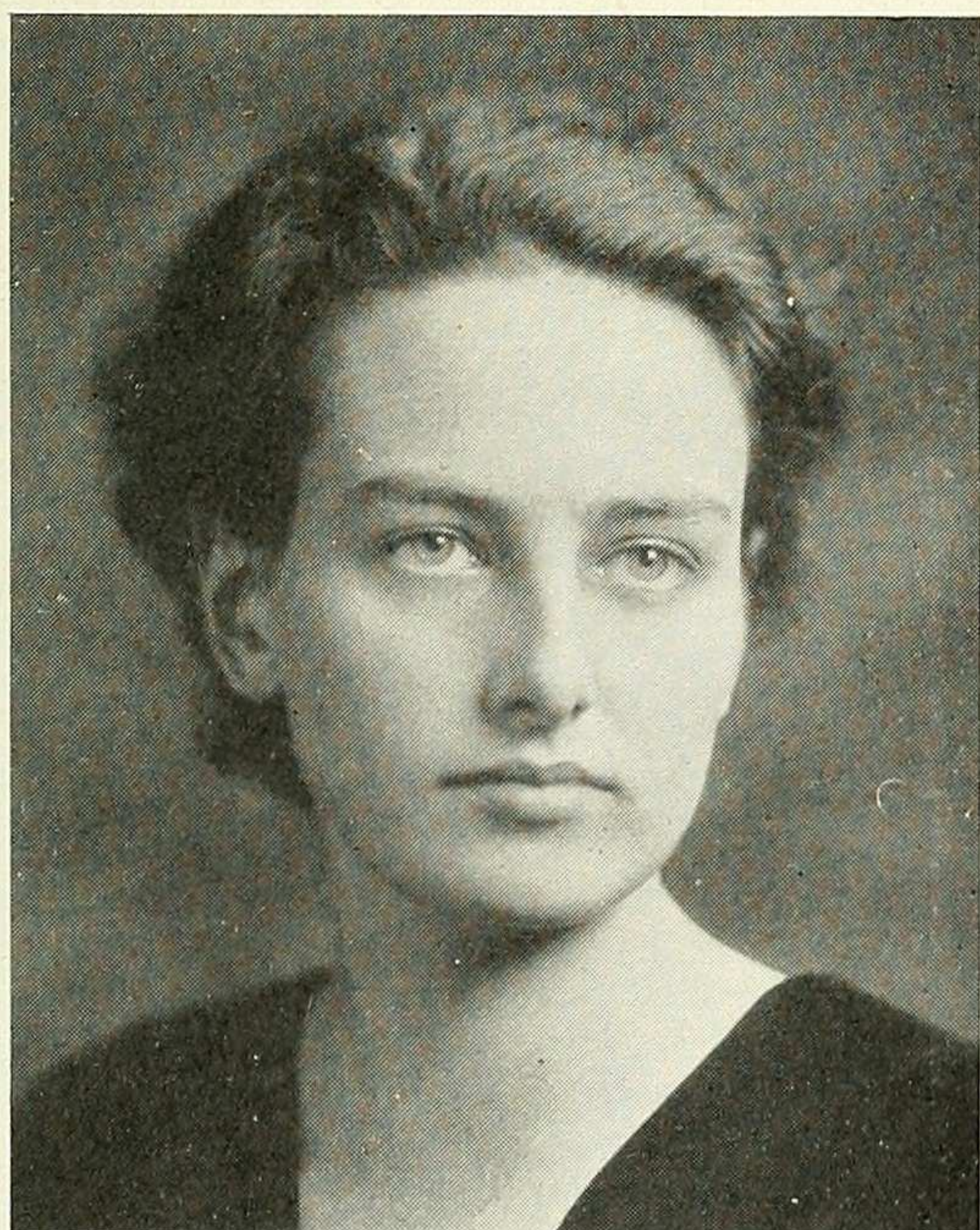


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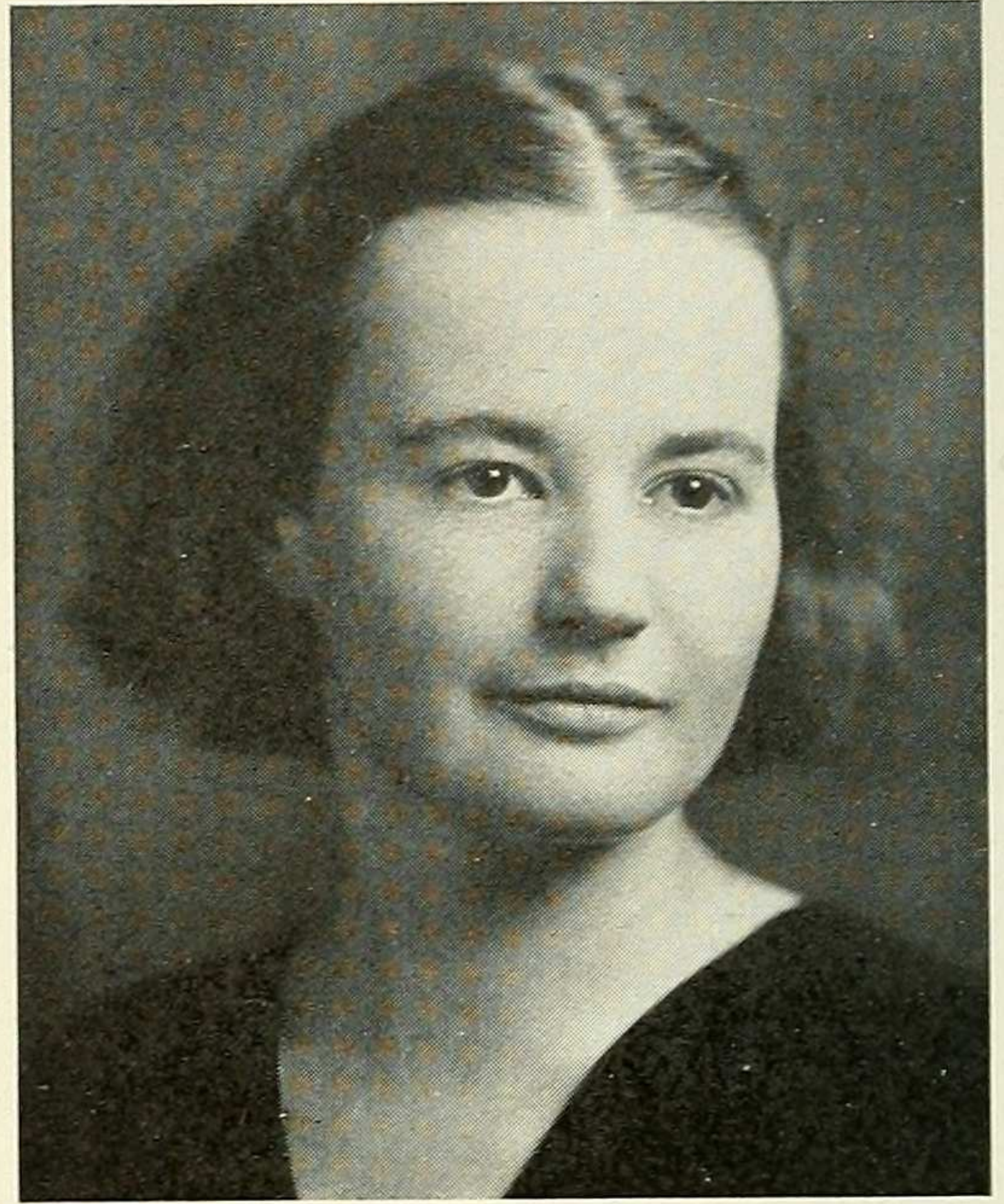


MARY ELIZABETH LAUDENBERGER

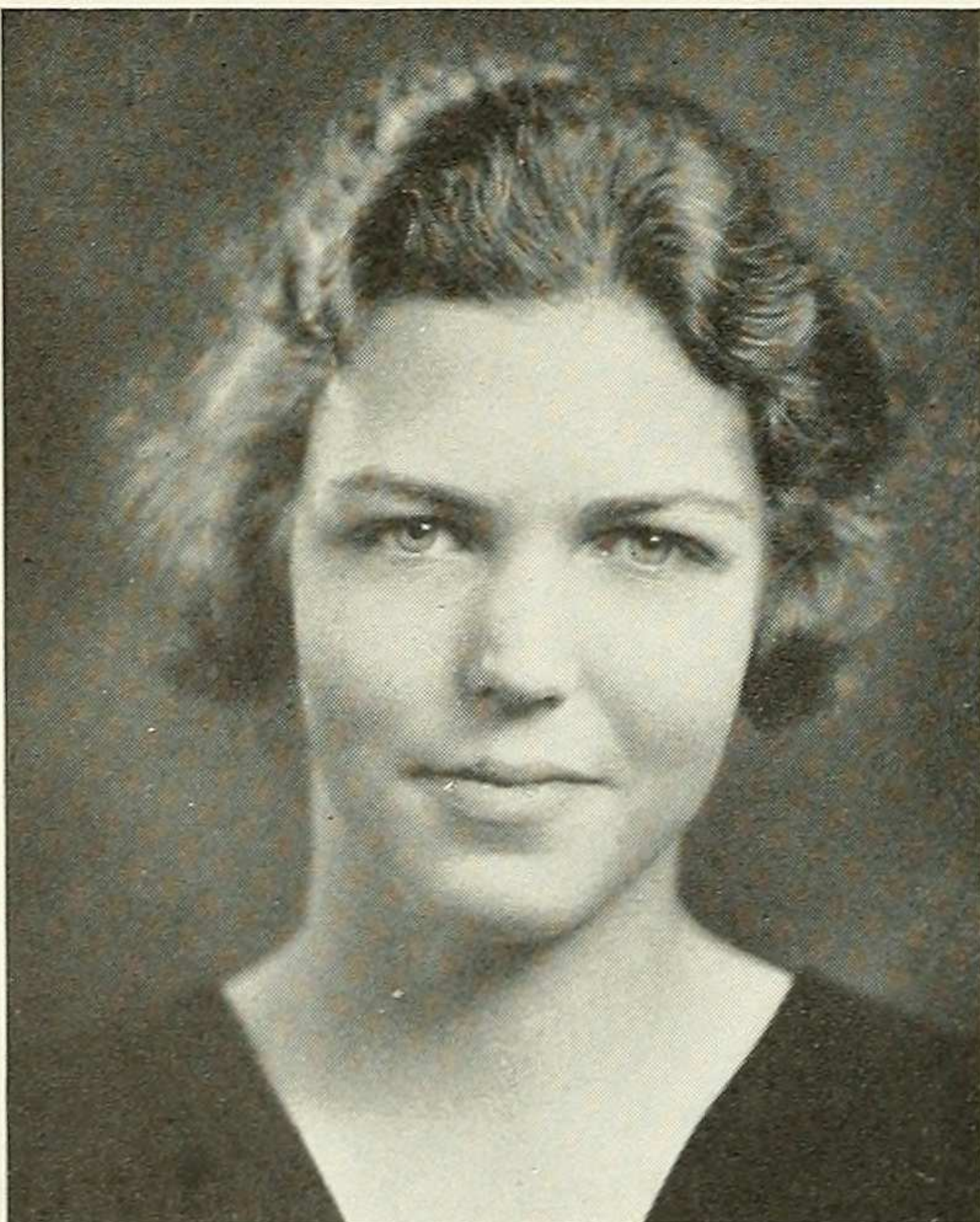
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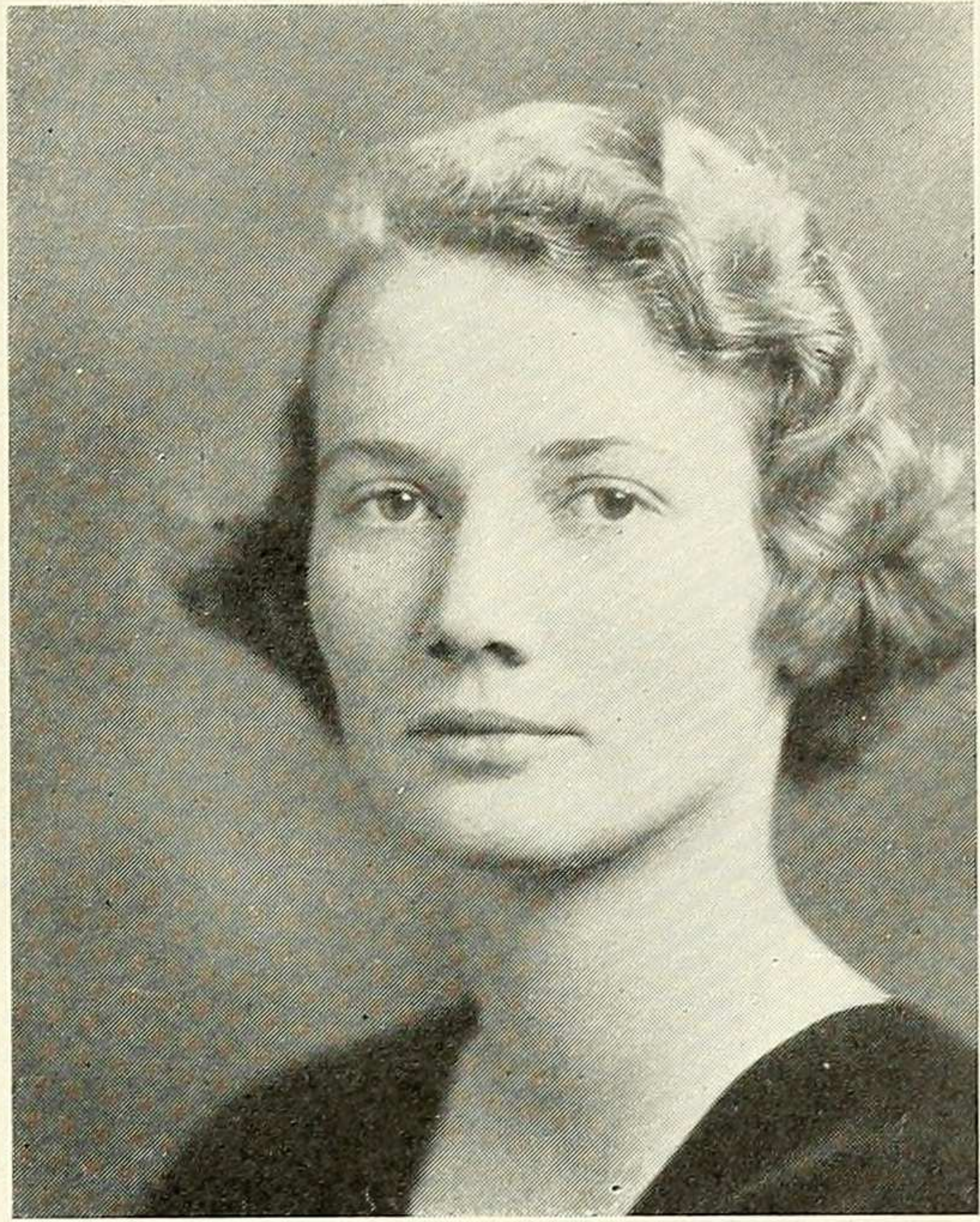
MYRA WILSON LITTLE



ELIZABETH MURRAY MACKENZIE



MARGARET MARSH

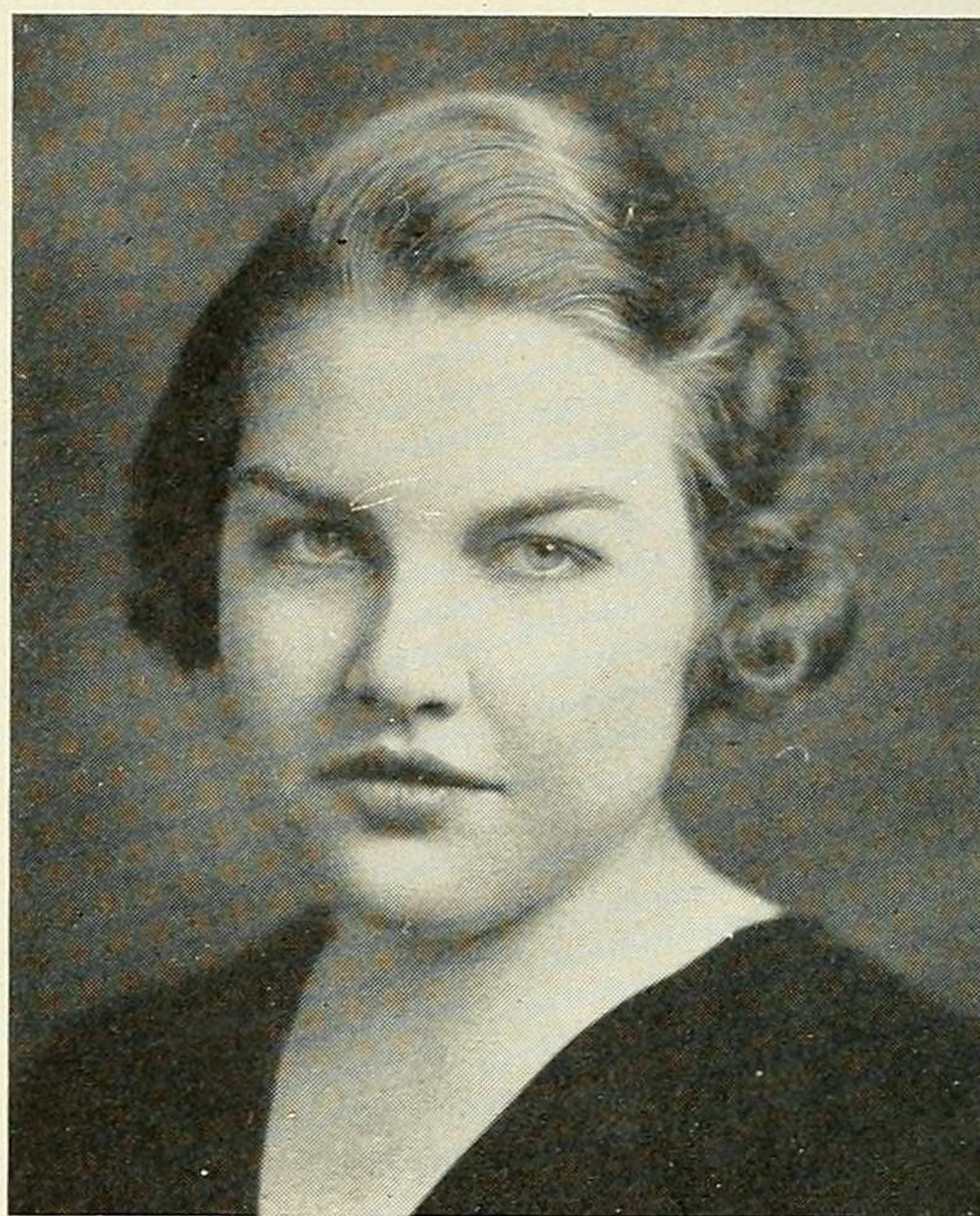


LOUISE McCORMICK

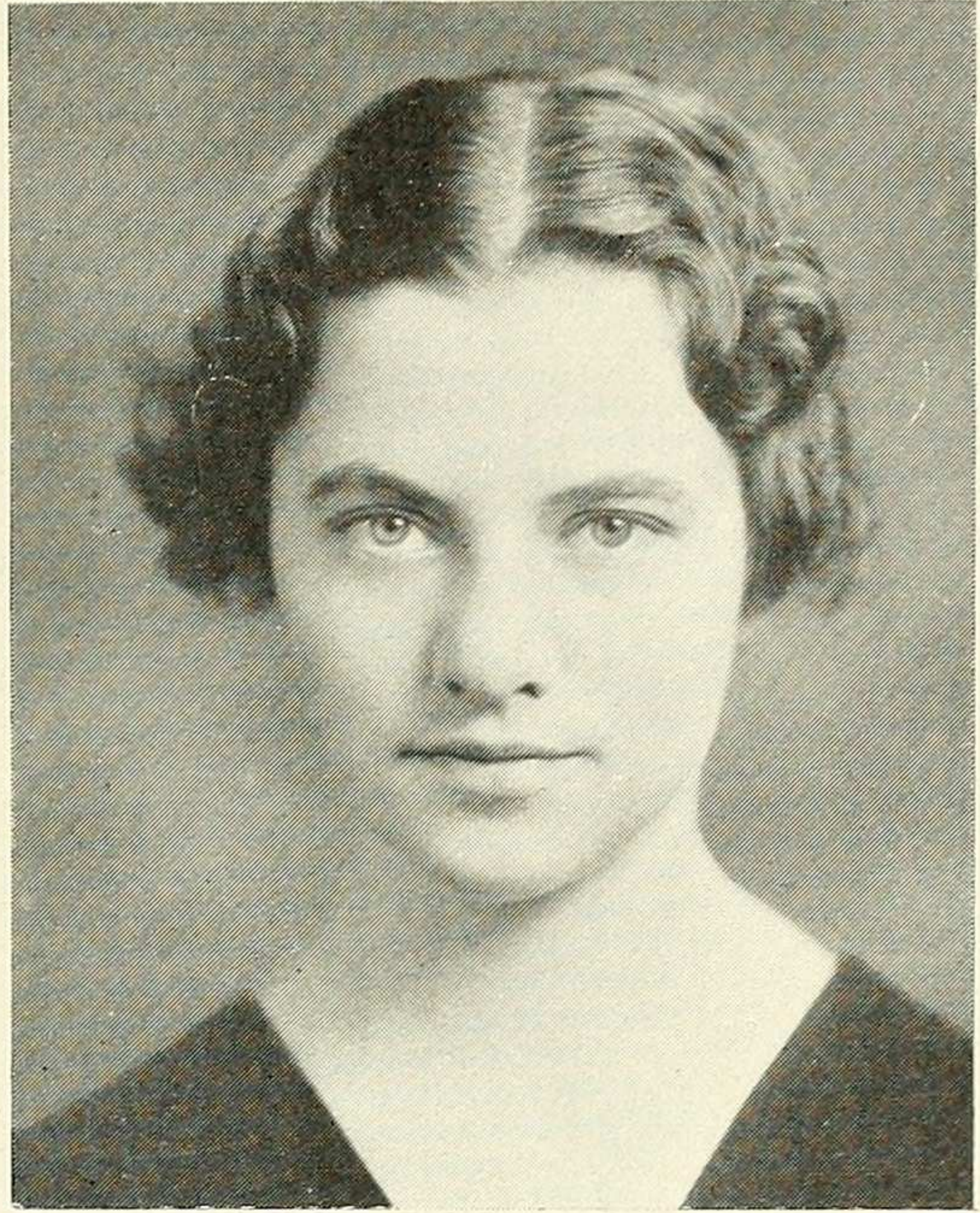


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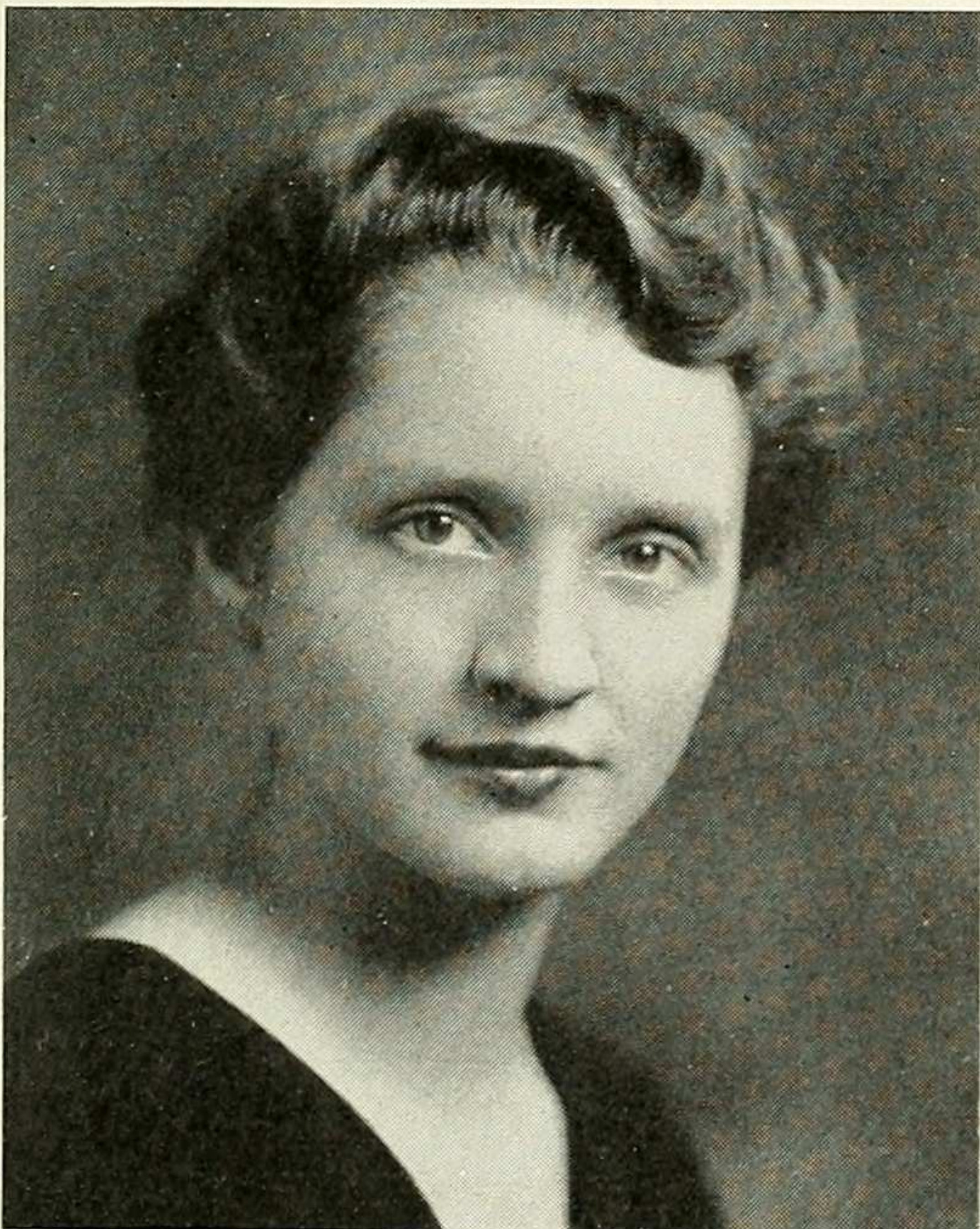
GRACE WICKHAM MEEHAN



ELIZABETH LOUISE MENEELY



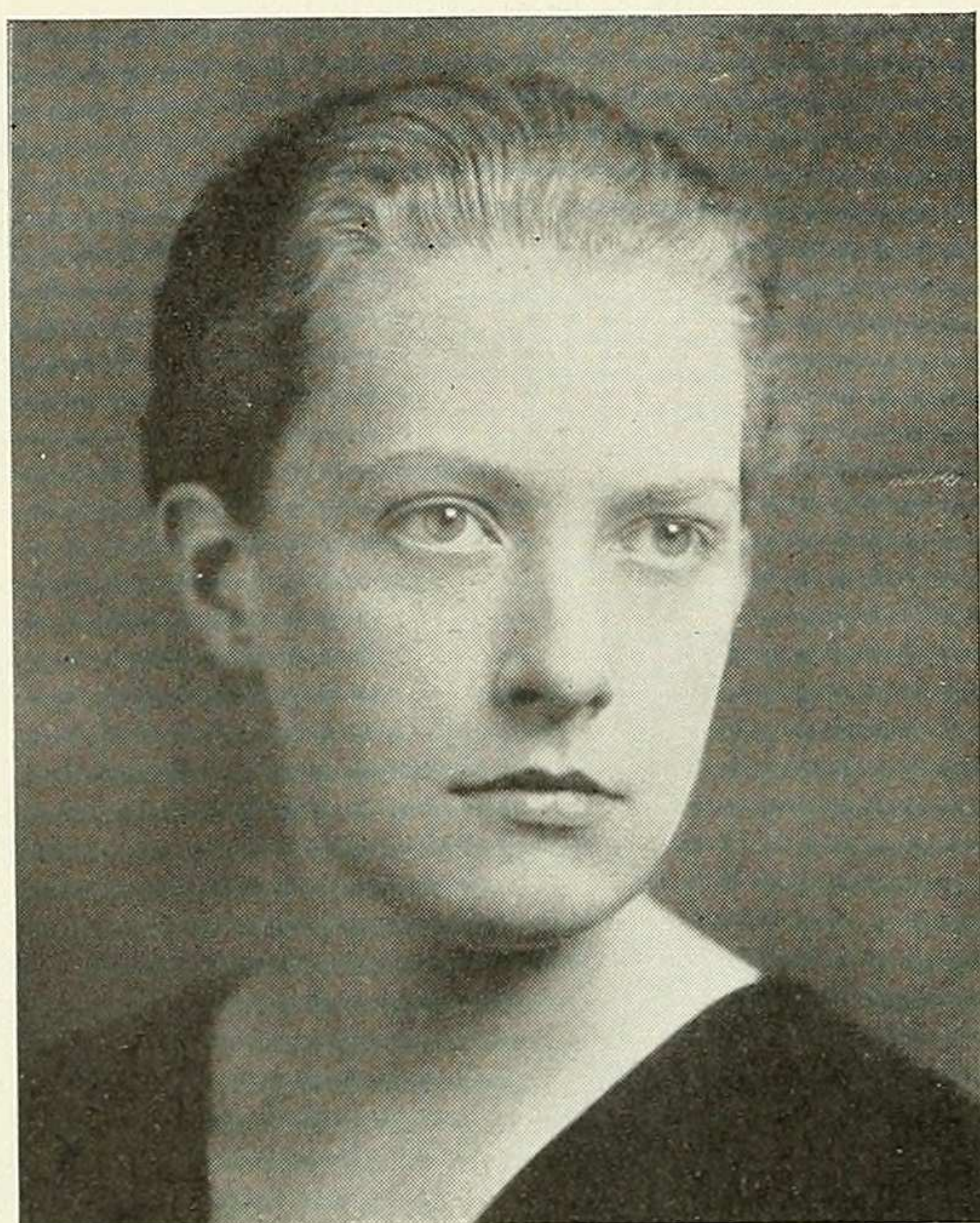
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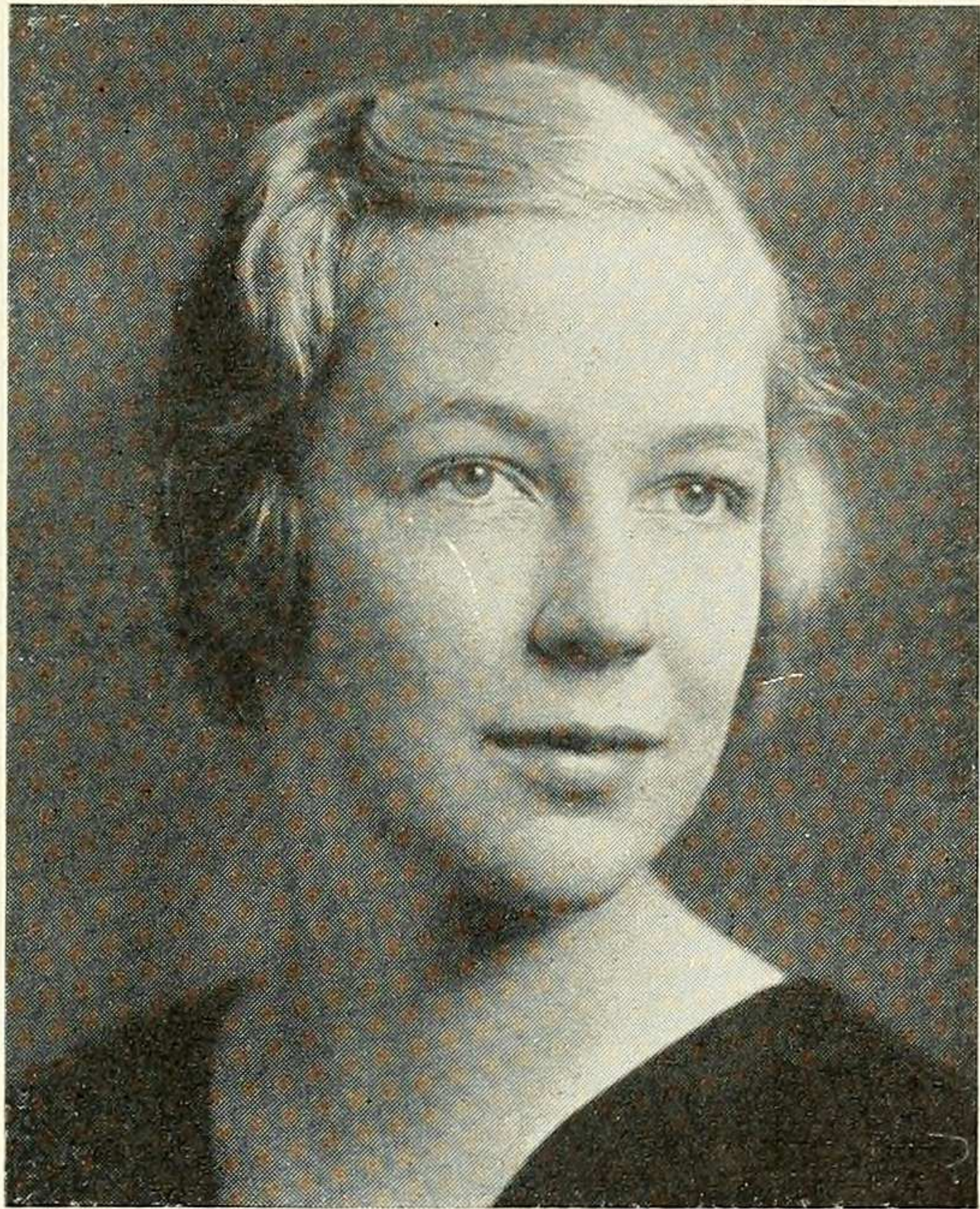
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MARION GARDINER MITCHELL



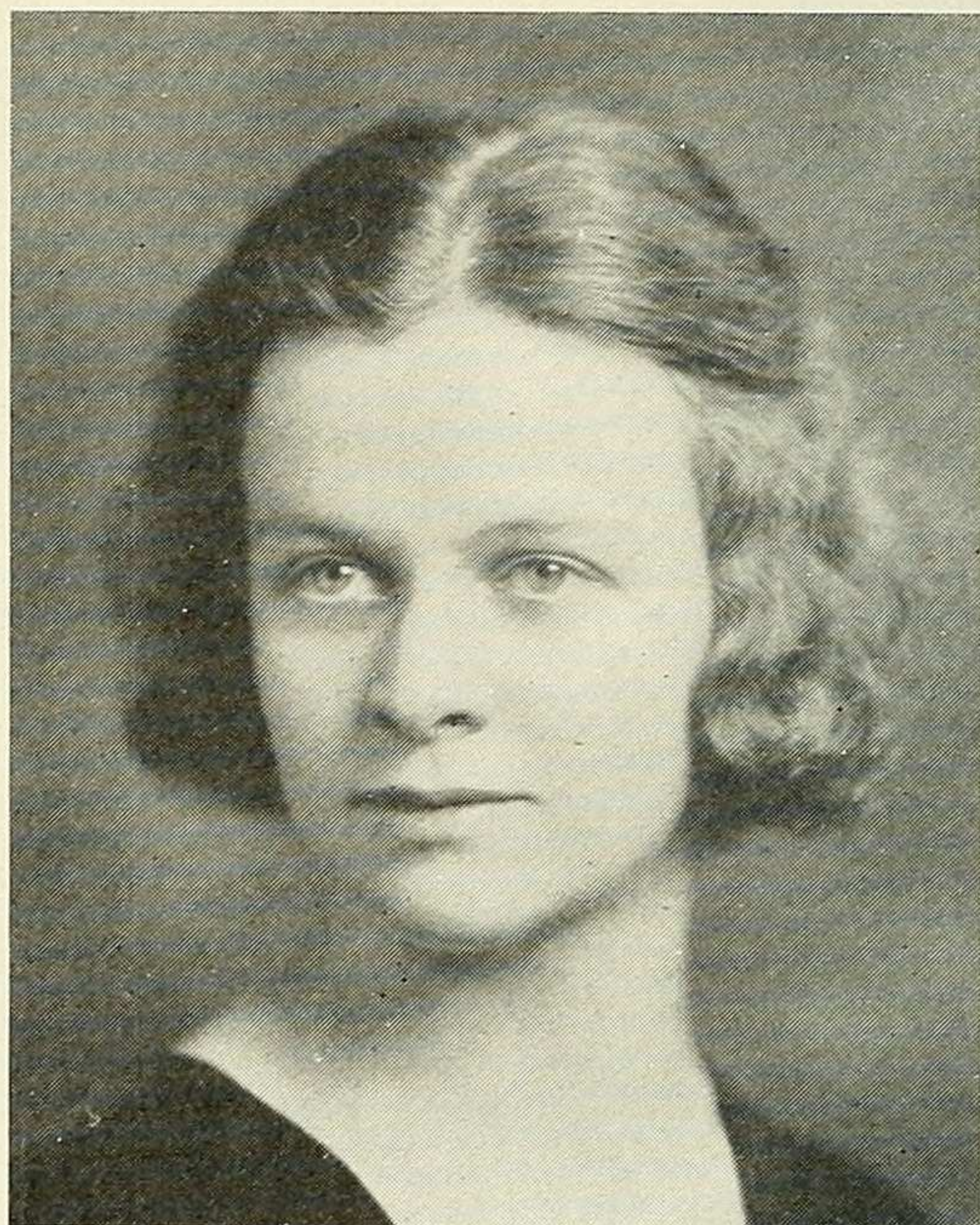
DOROTHY HAVILAND NELSON



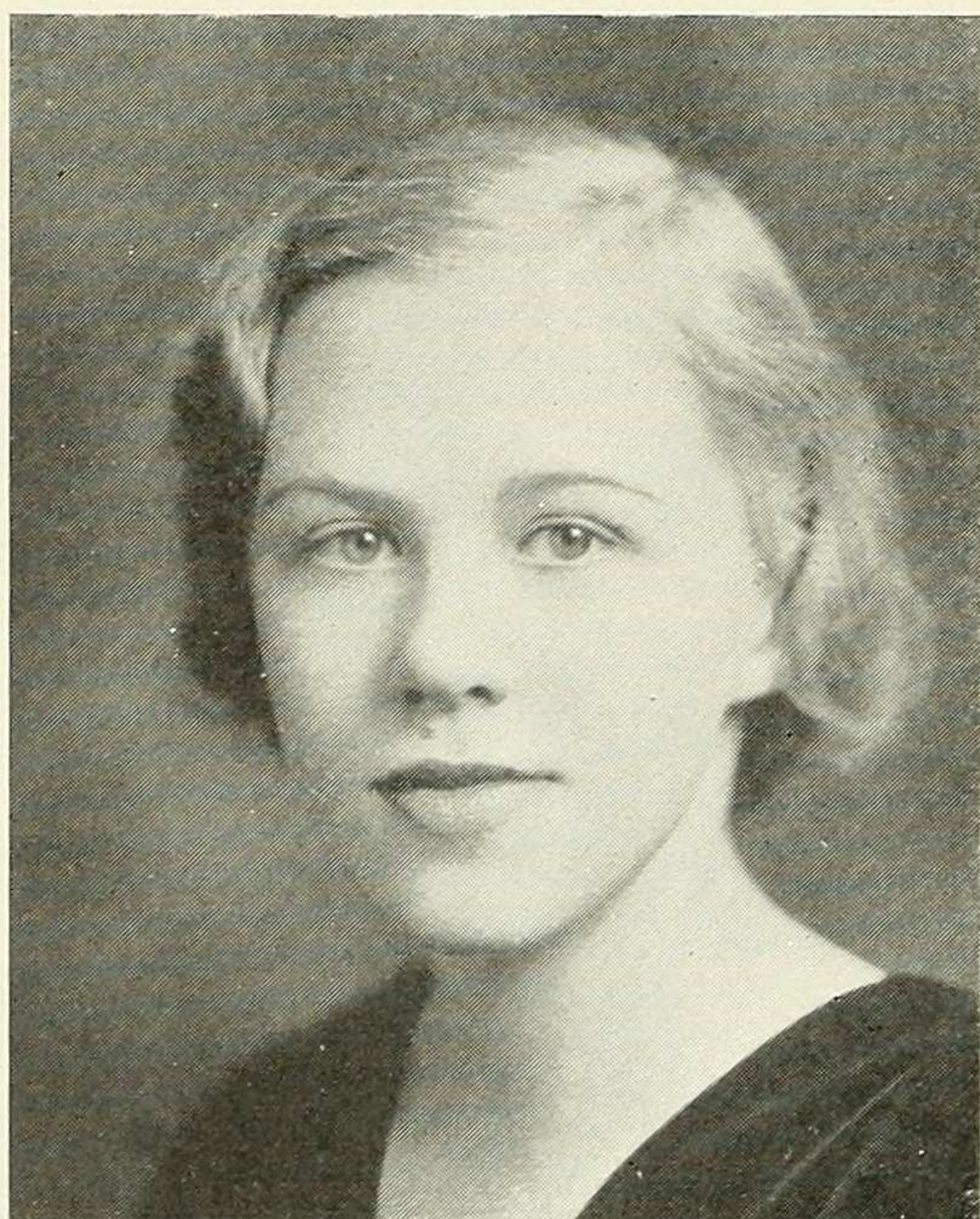
MARY BLAKE NICHOLS



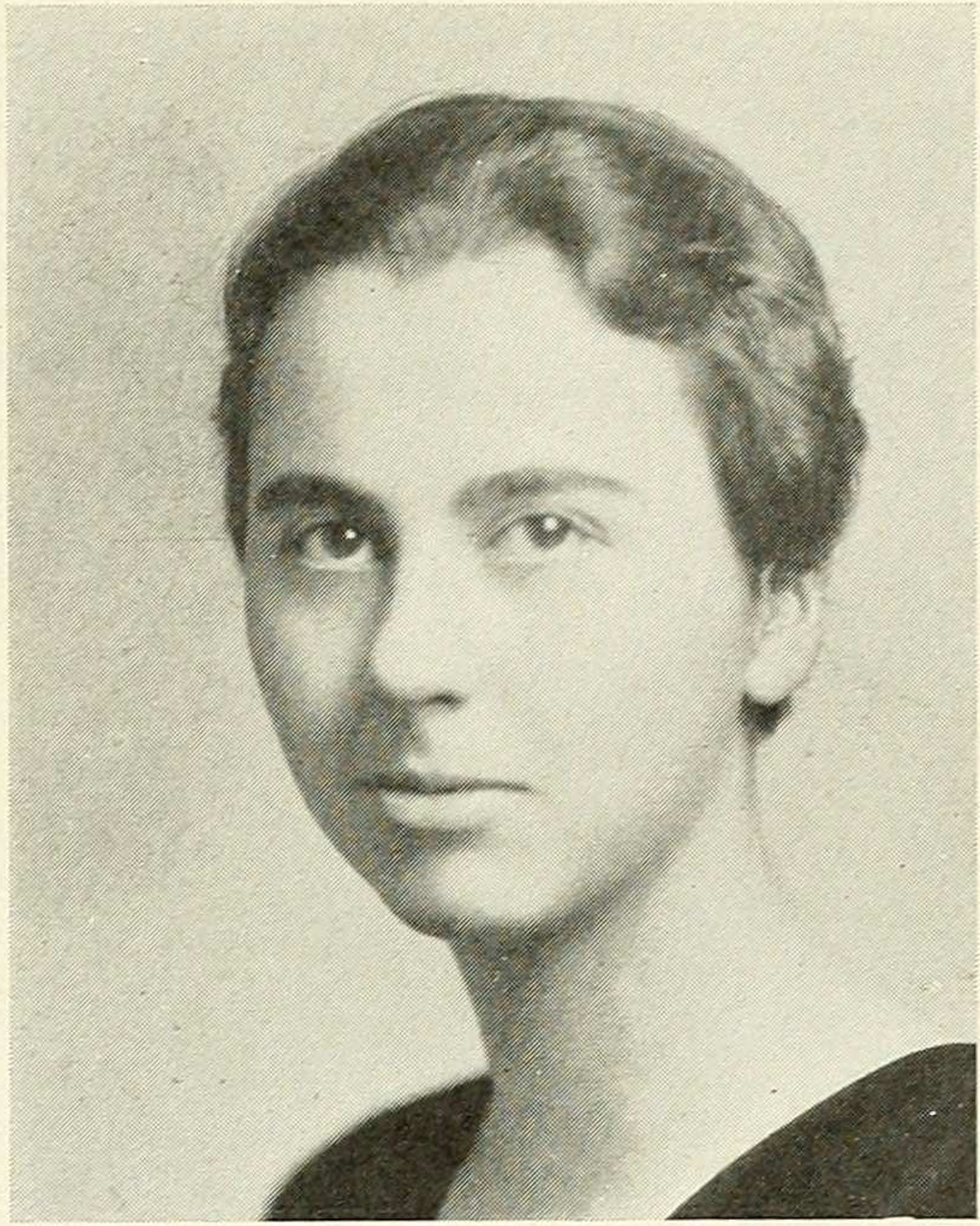
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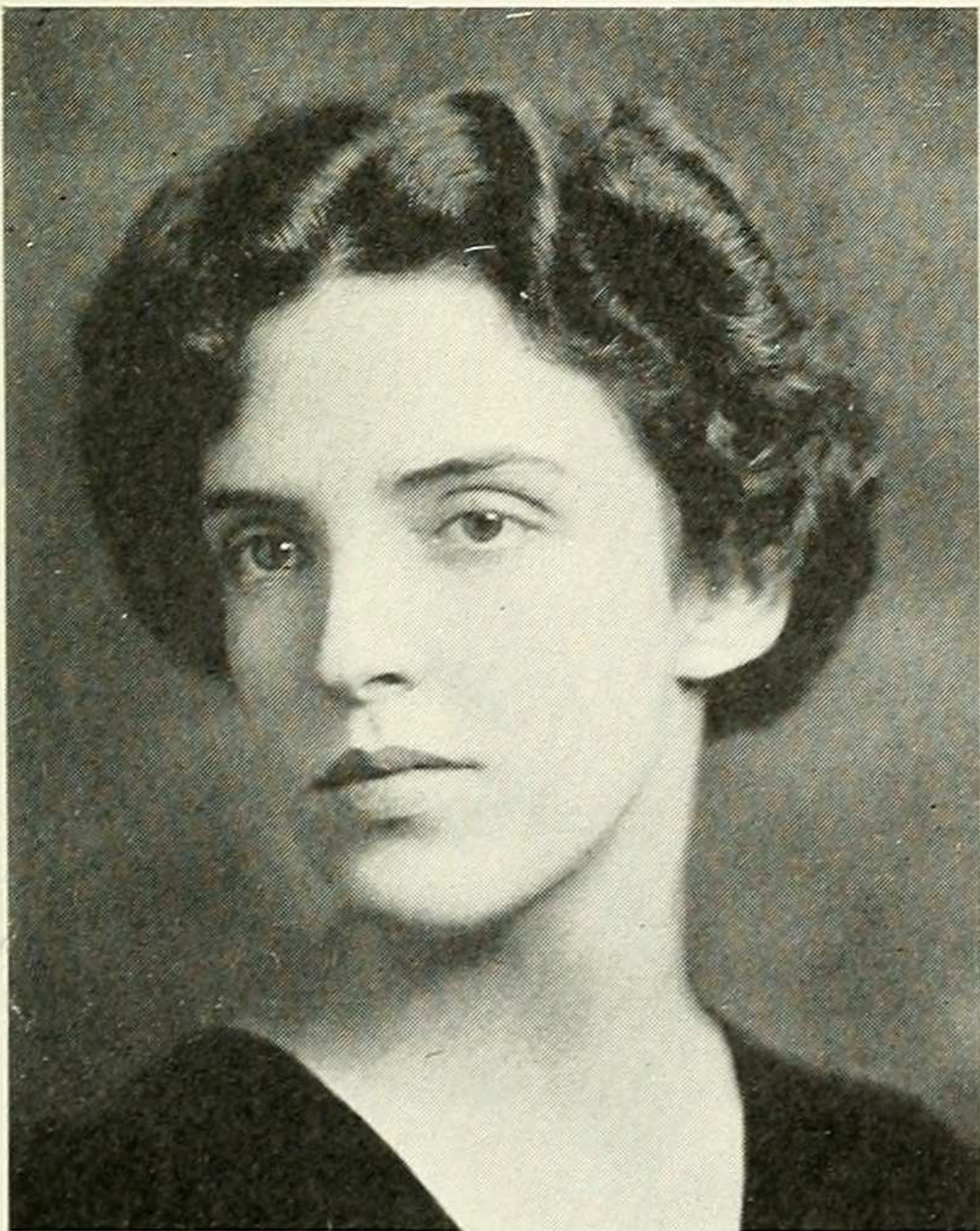
ESTHER JANE PARSONS



EVELYN MACFARLANE PATTERSON



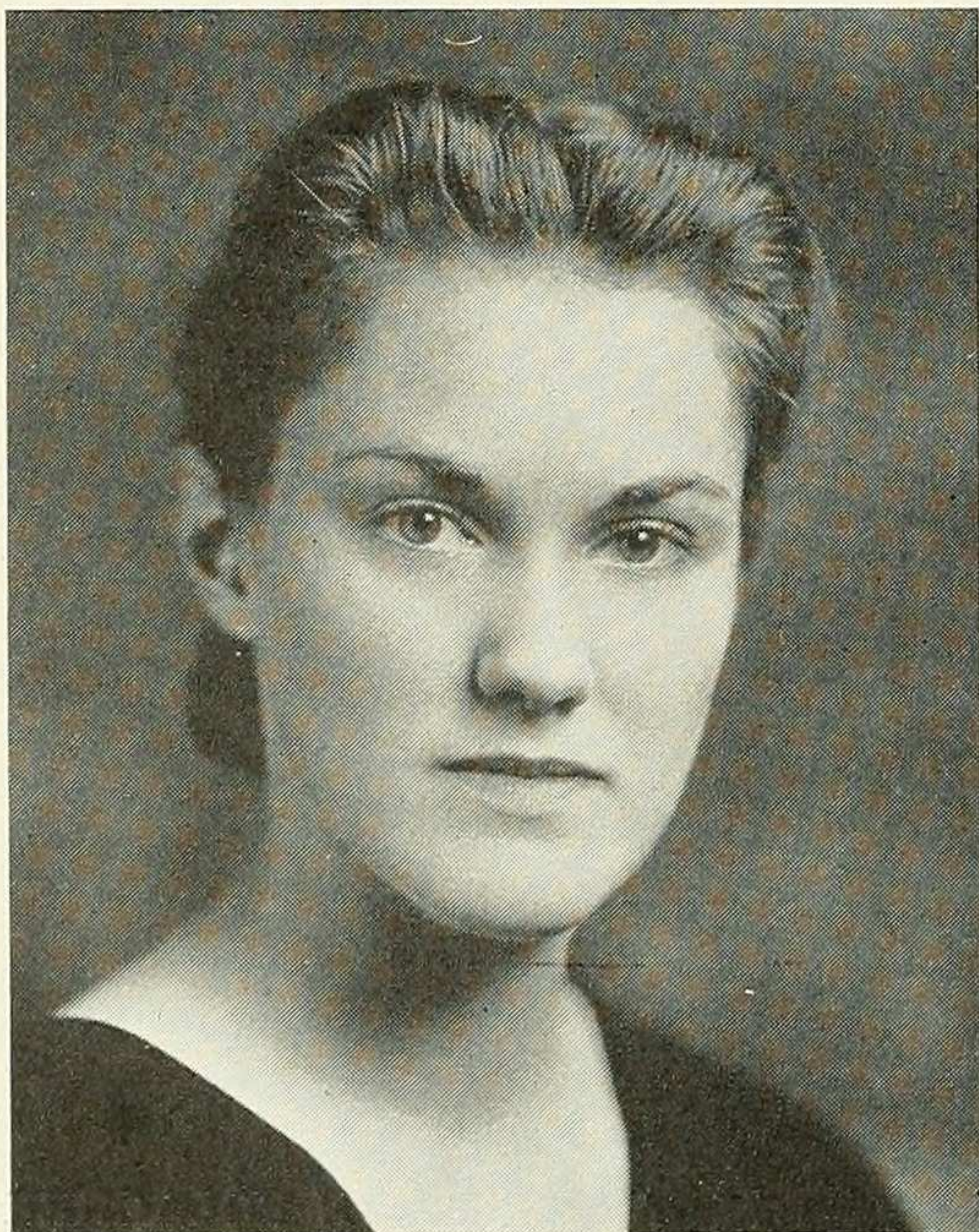
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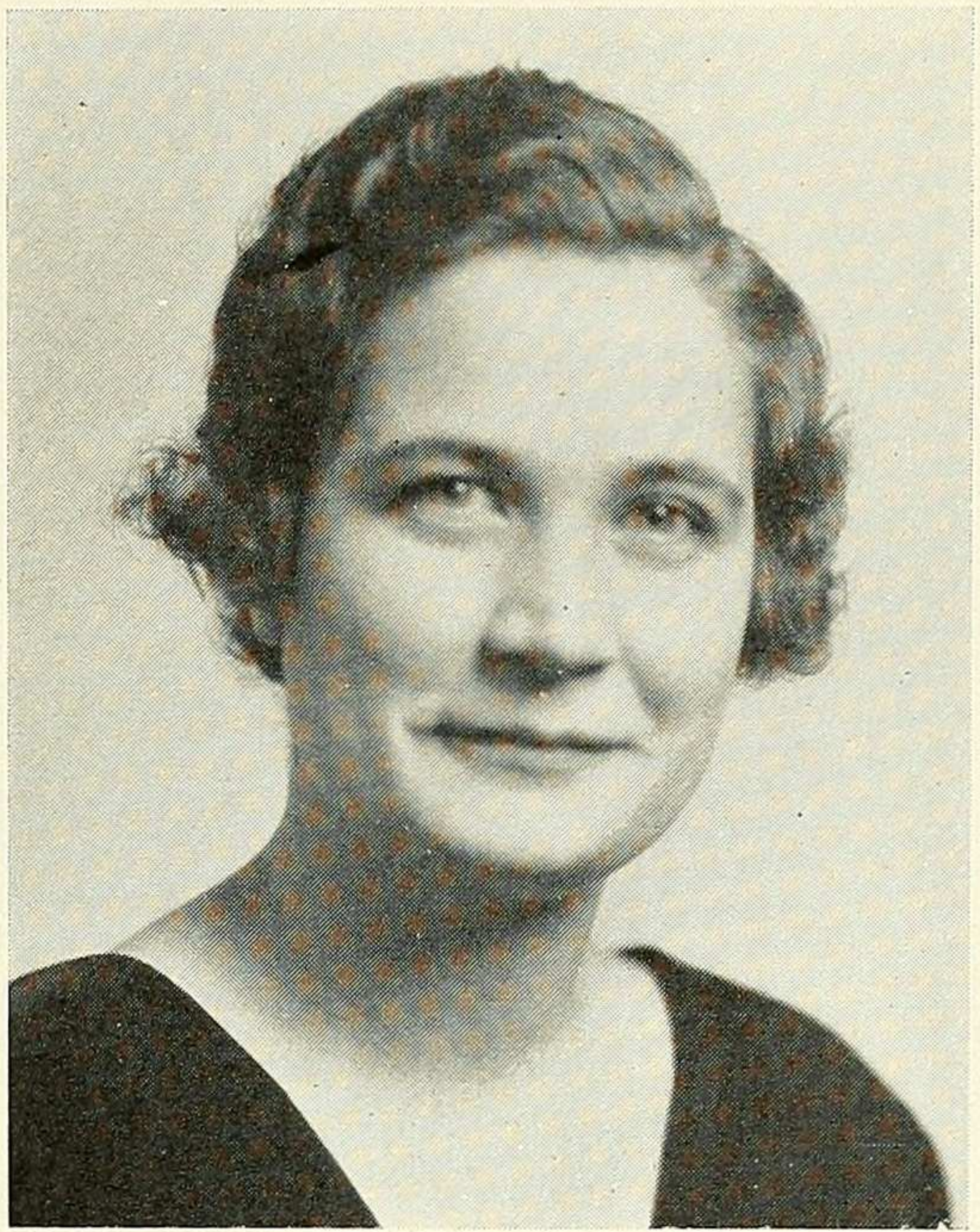
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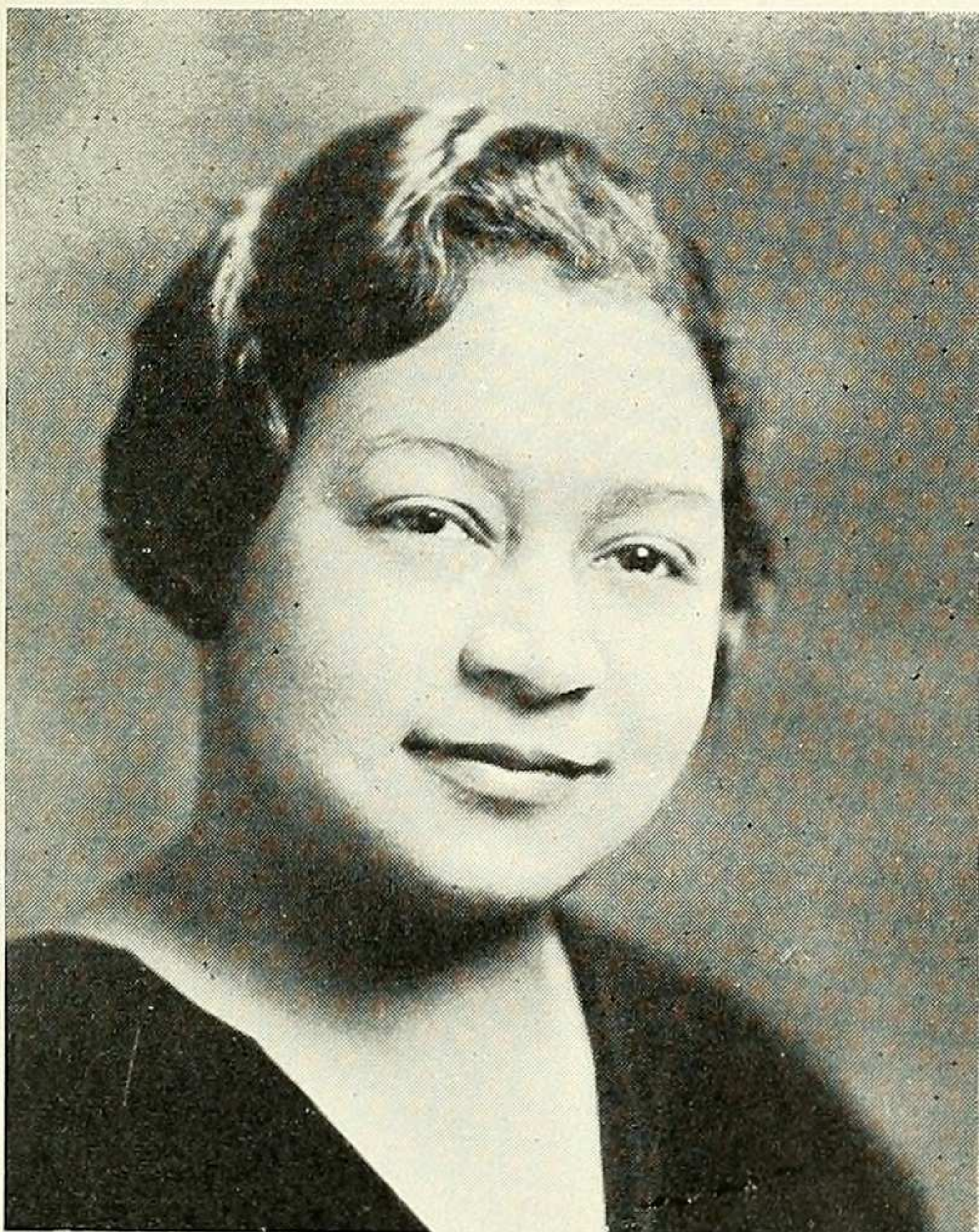
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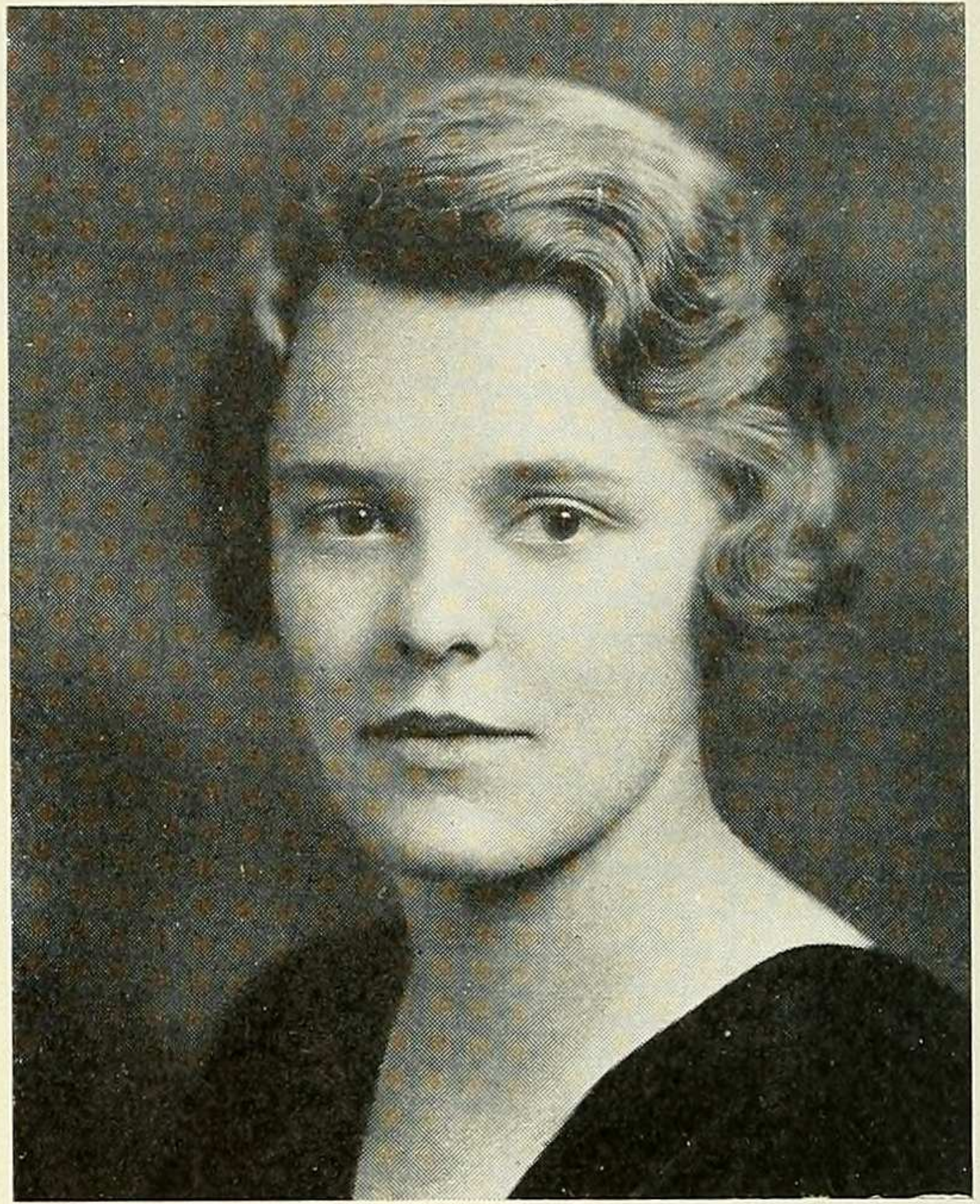
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JOSEPHINE BRYANT ROTHERMEL



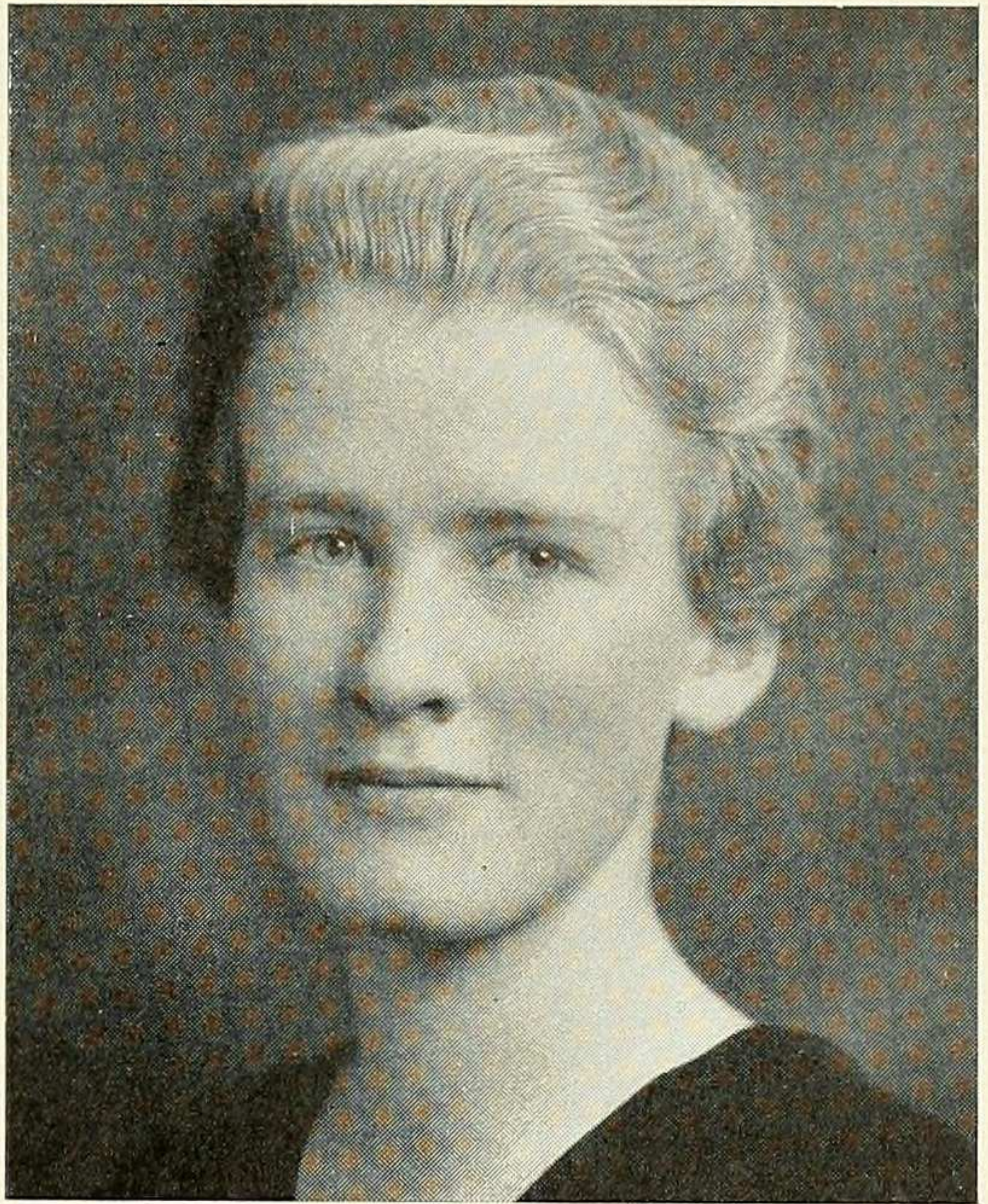
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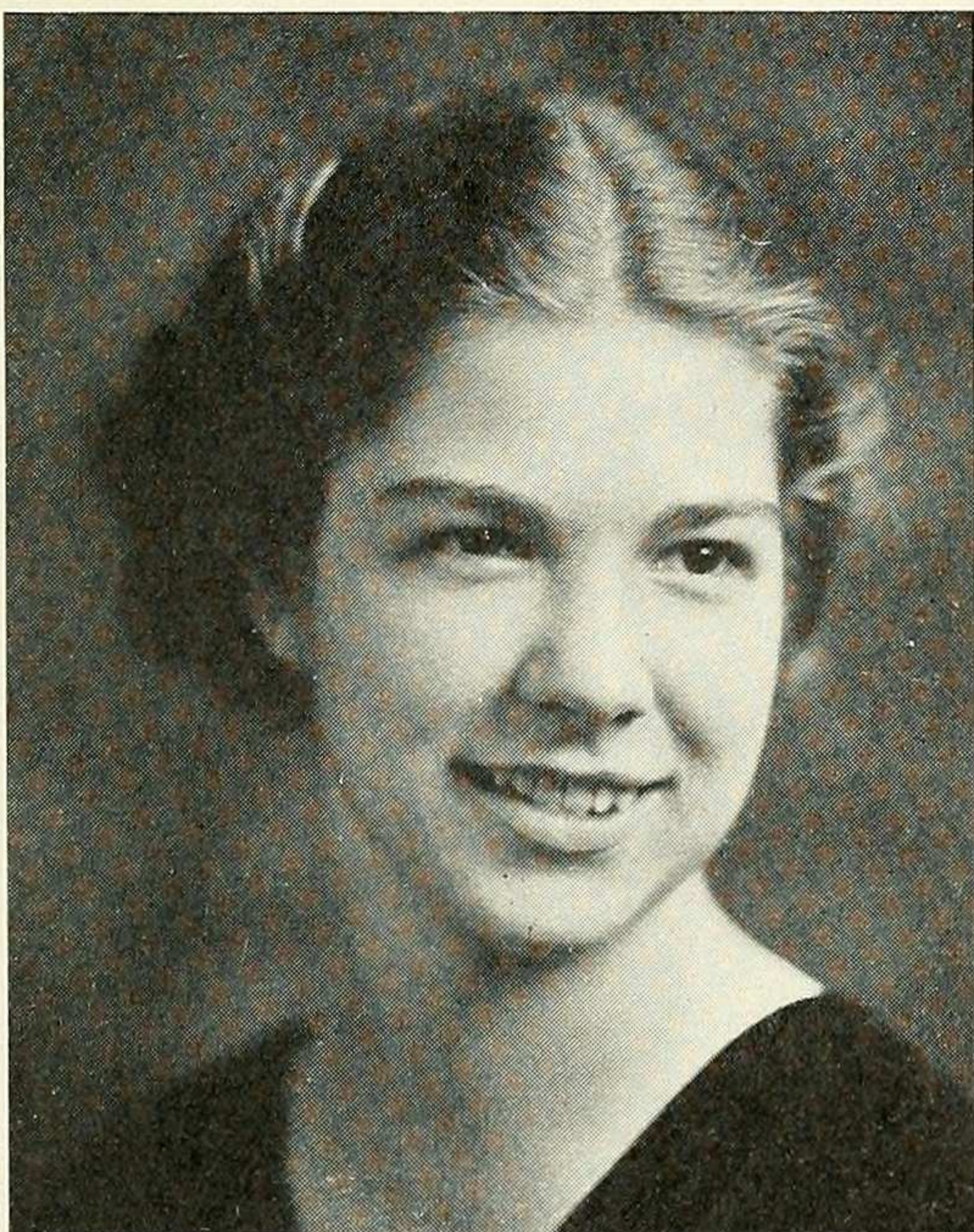
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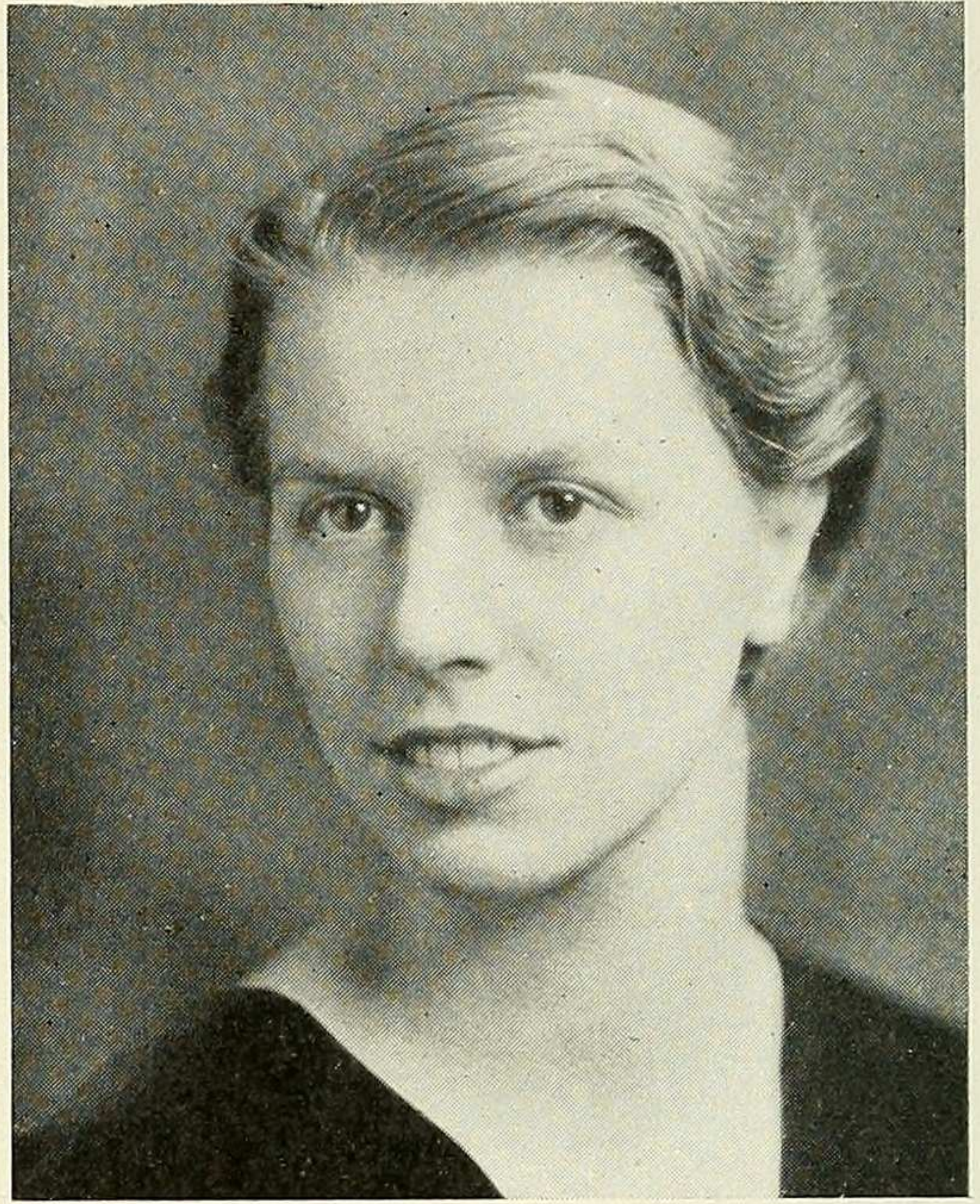
BARBARA ELEANOR SMITH



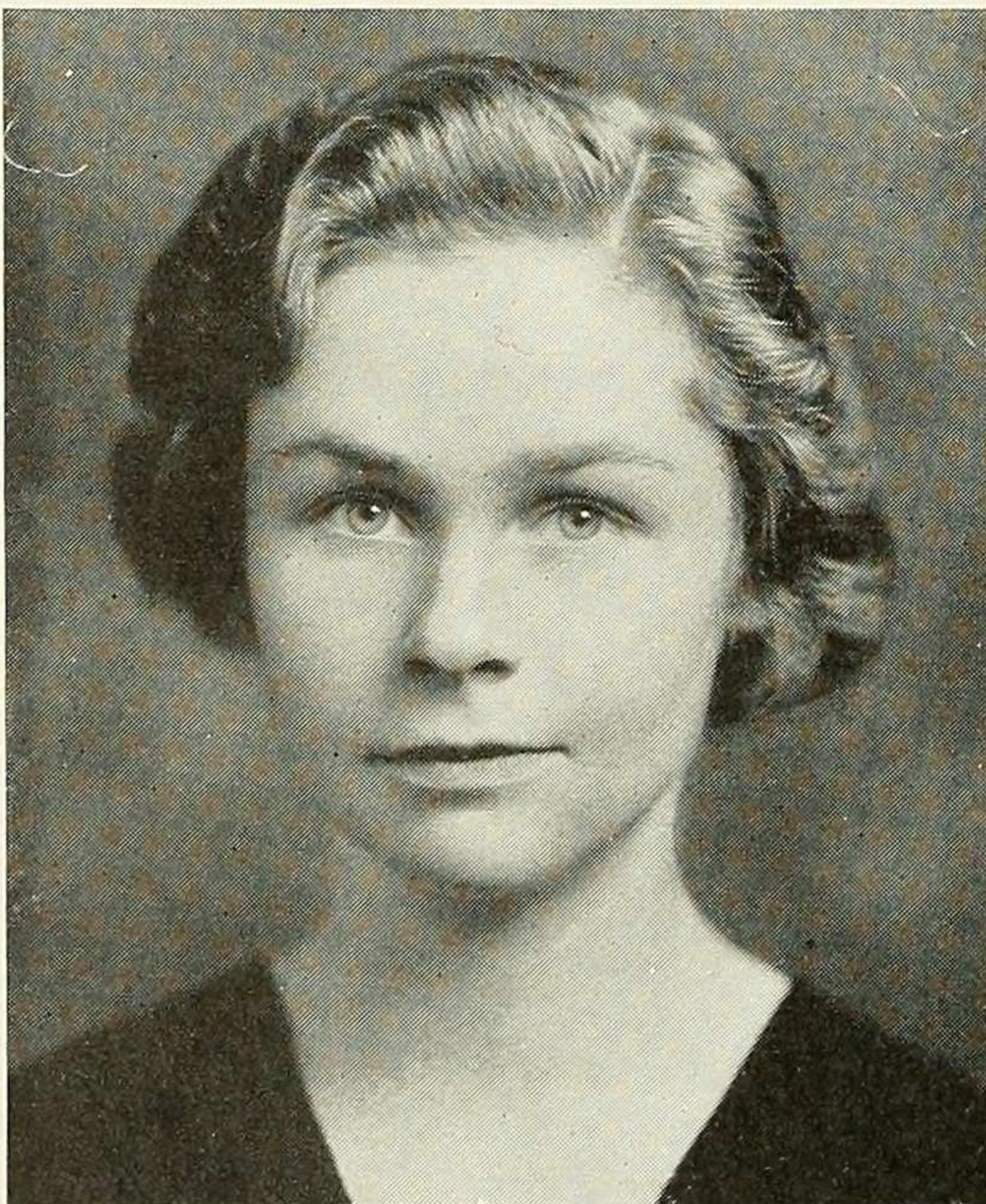
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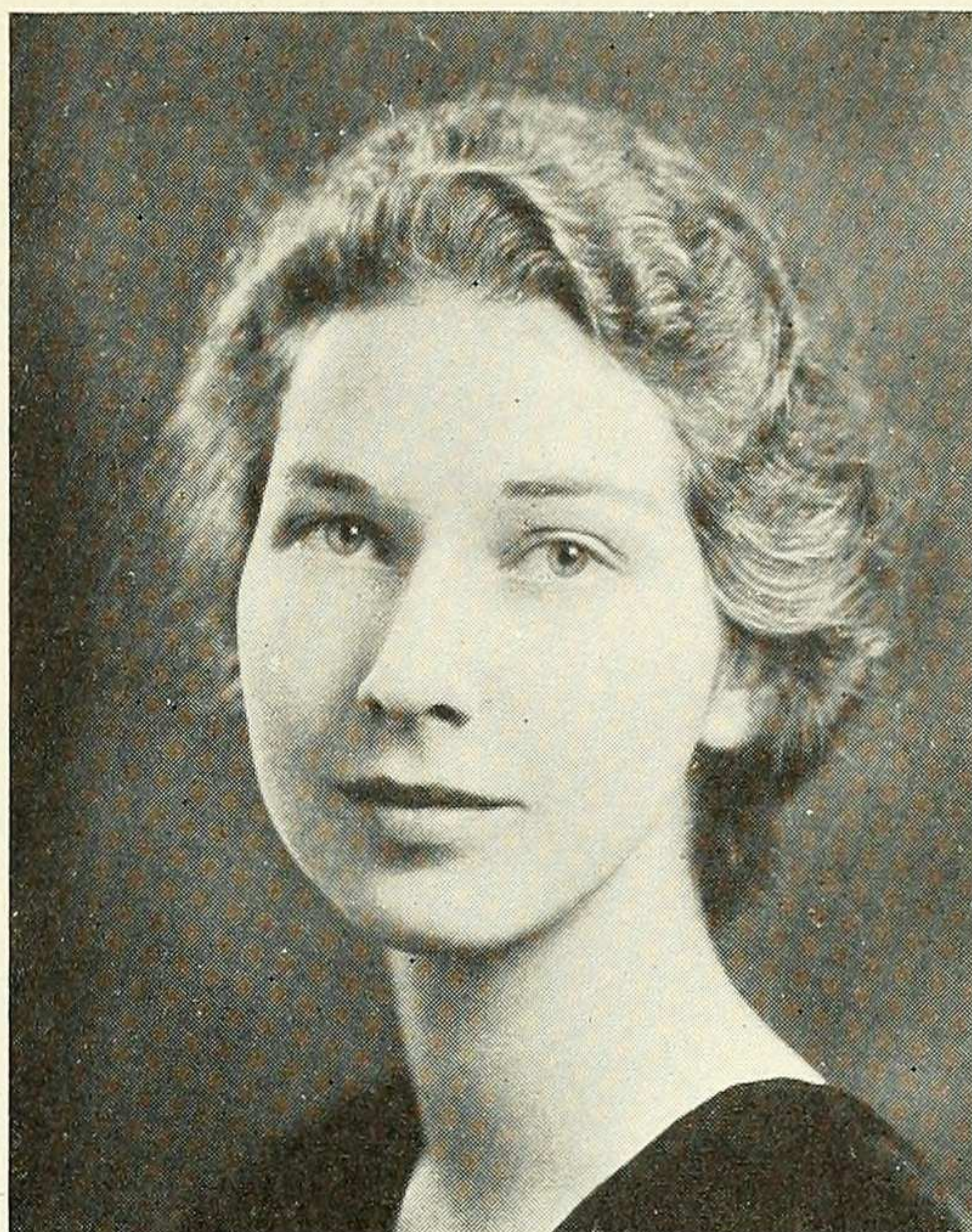
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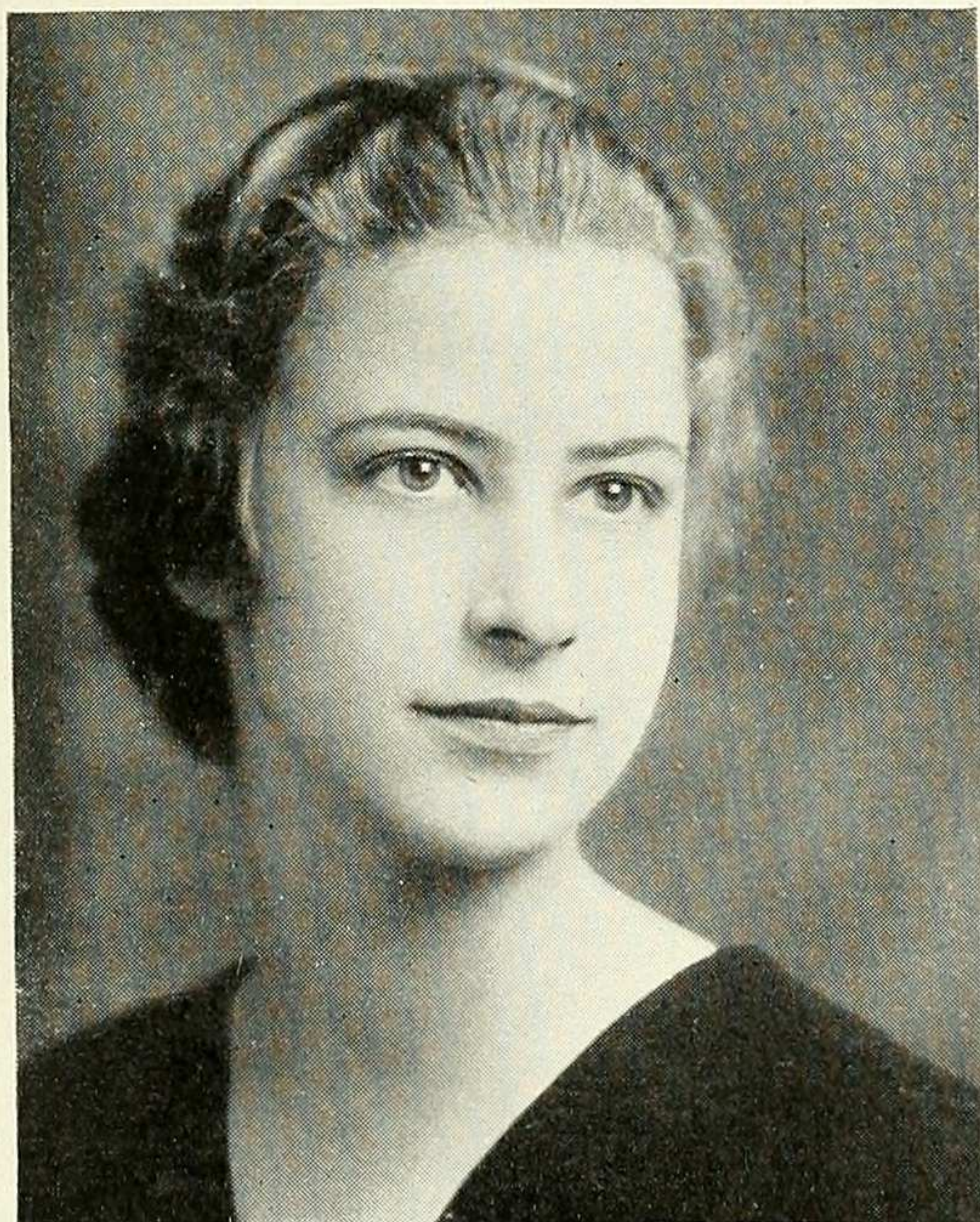
MARY RUTH SNYDER



NANCY STEVENSON



SARA ANN DIBERT SUPPES



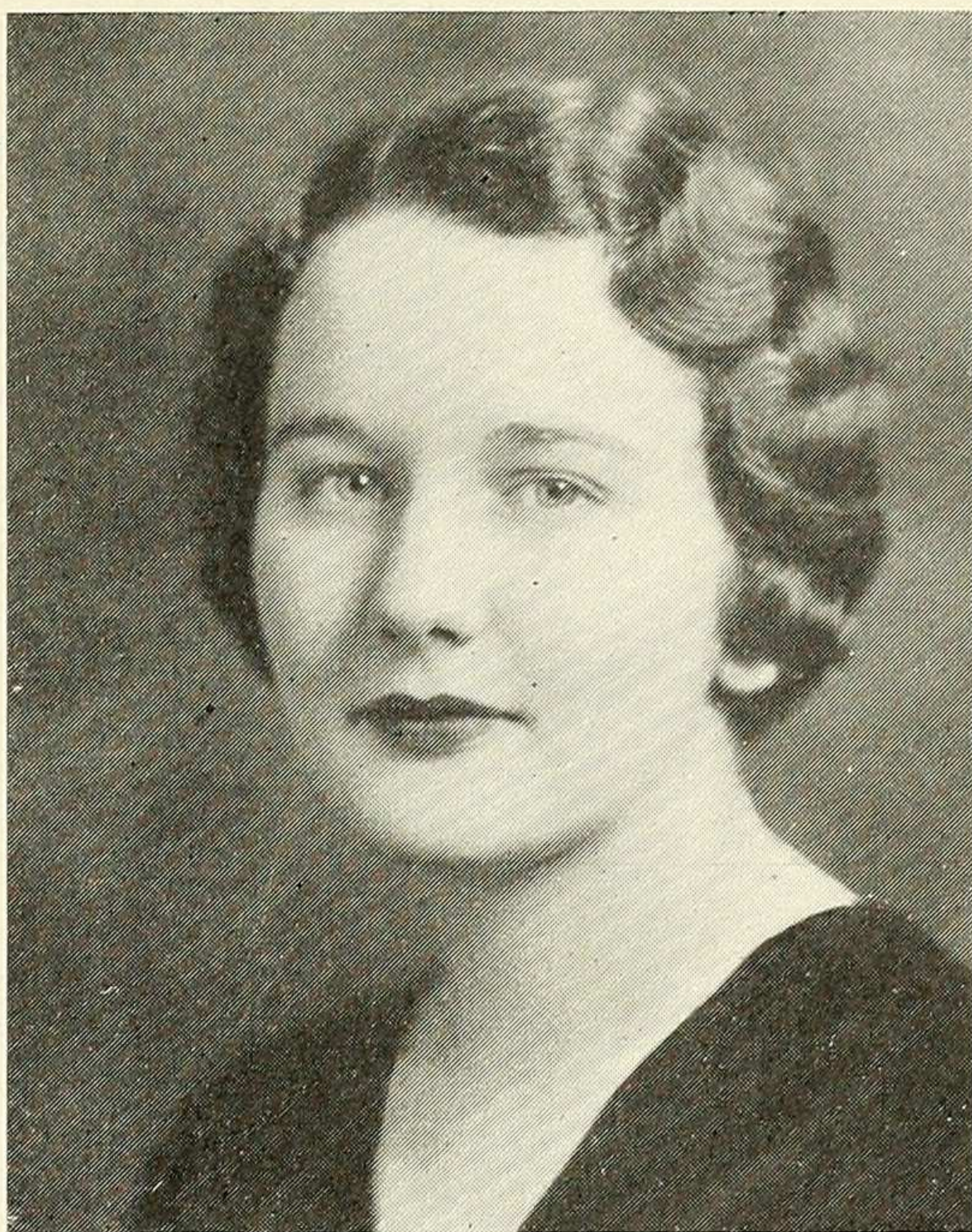
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ANITA AURORA PAWOLLECK DE
VARON



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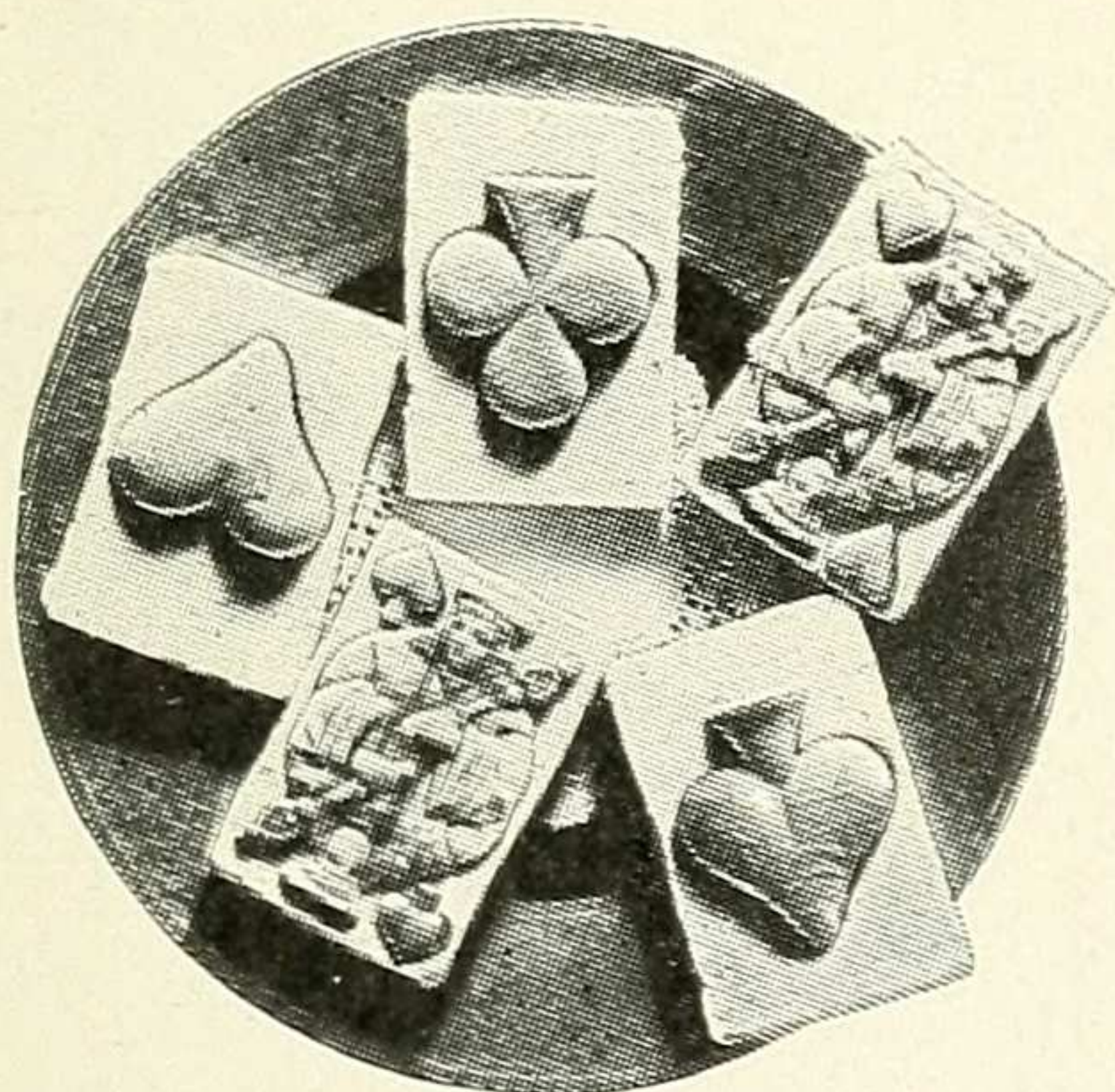
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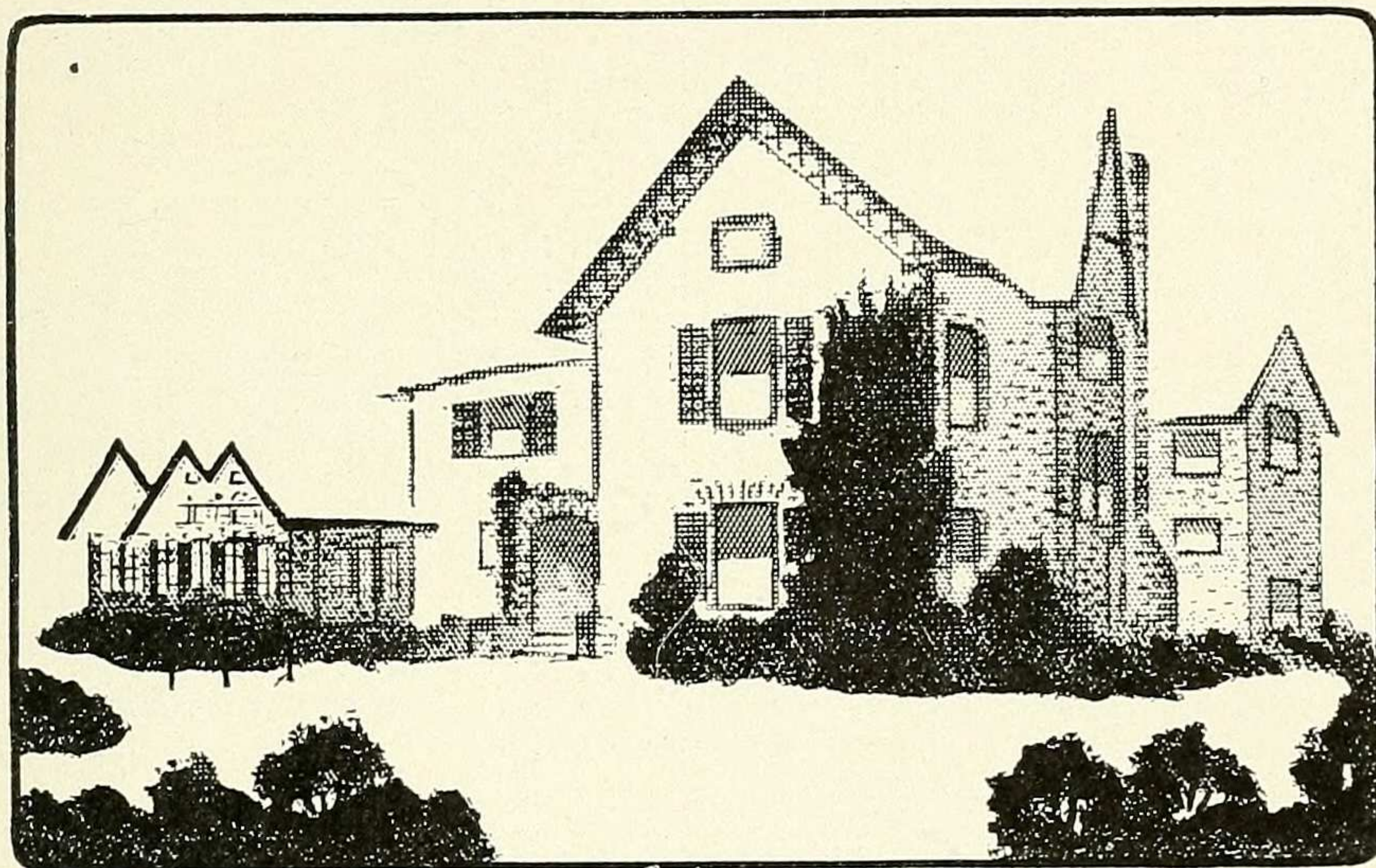
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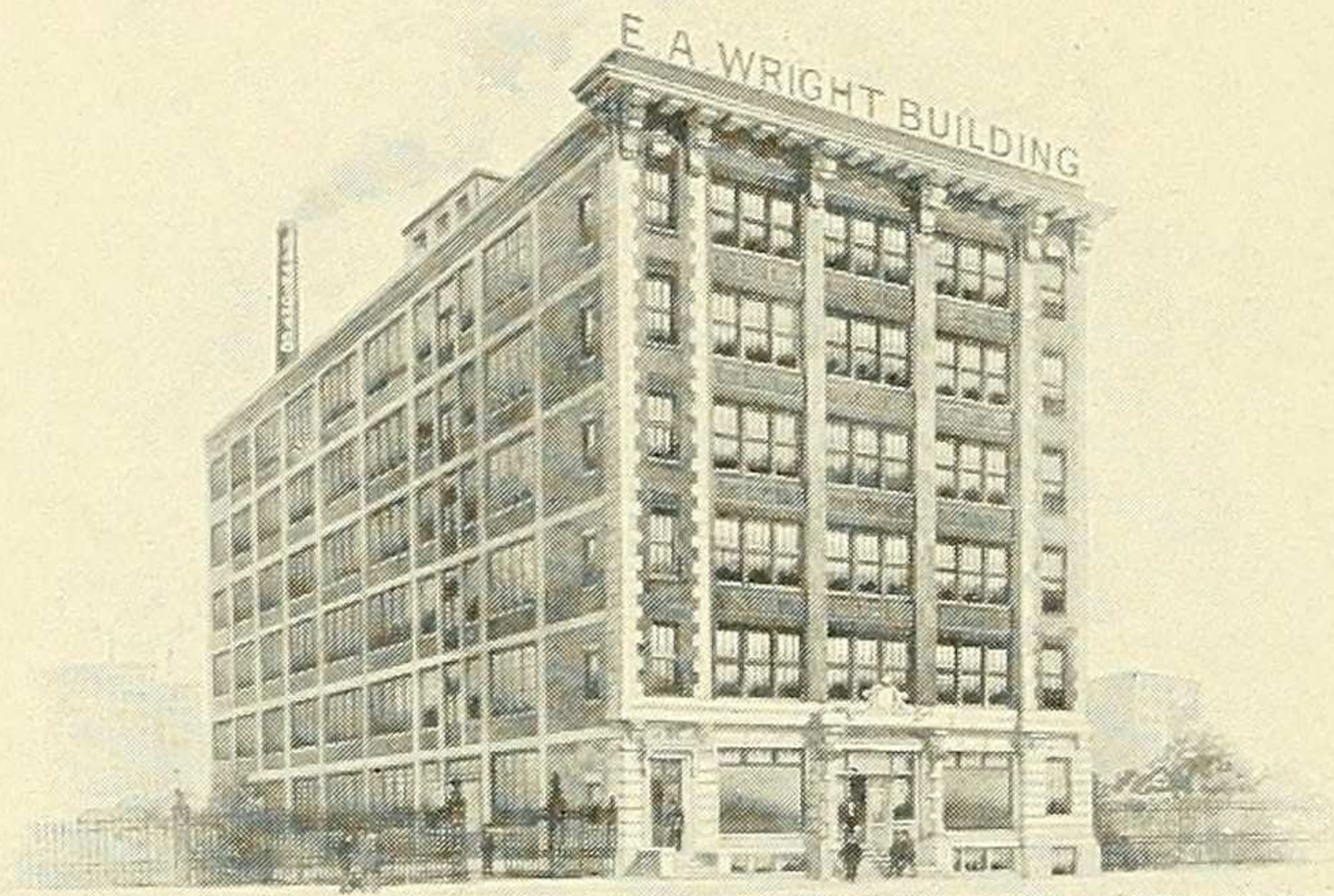
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