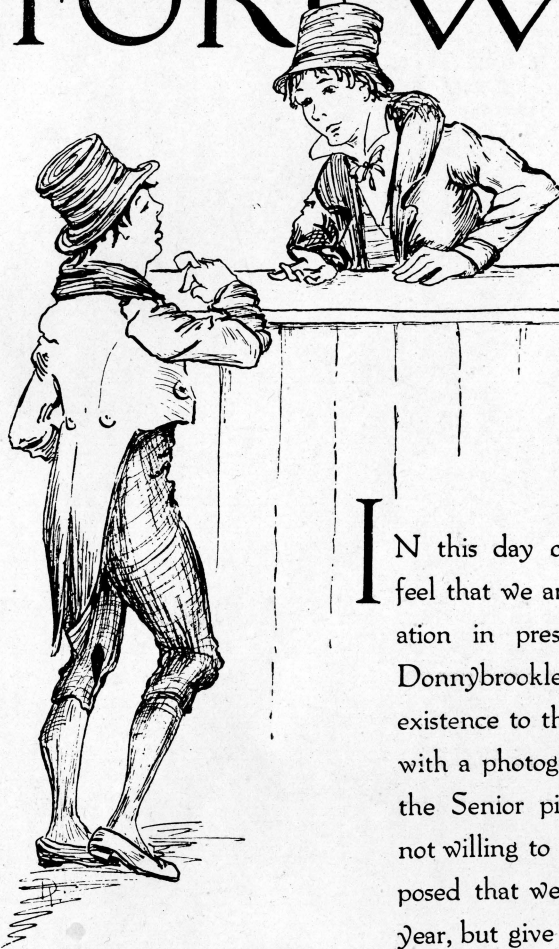
A decorative border in a dark teal or black ink, featuring a repeating geometric pattern of squares and circles. It frames the title and year.

# Donnybrooklet

=  
*1919*



# FOREWORD



**I**N this day of war-savings and sacrifices we feel that we are following a policy of conservation in presenting to our subscribers this Donnybrooklet. This little book owes its existence to the contract which 1918 has made with a photographer last year for the taking of the Senior pictures, and which the class was not willing to break when the class of 1919 proposed that we publish no college annual this year, but give all the money of the subscriptions to some war work. We must confess that we could not bring ourselves to equal the Juniors in making the relinquishment of the book complete. To graduate, and face a future "far out in the wide, wide world" with no pictures, however tiny, of all our class-mates, seemed more than we could bear. So we have cheerfully thrown aside all elaborate—and—expensive details so dear to the editorial heart and have outlined the history of 1918's Senior year in skeleton form. We feel therefore, that we have really sacrificed the non-essential in giving up the real Donnybrook and that the slight cost of this war substitute was entirely justifiable.

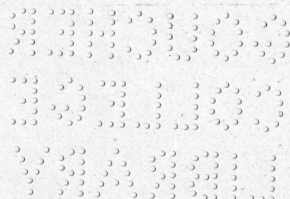




To

**William Erskine Kellicott**

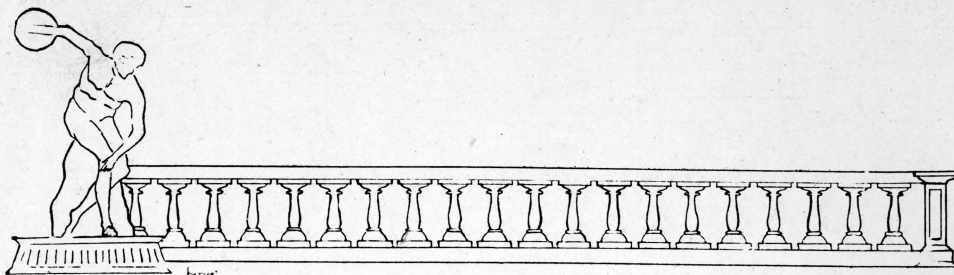
Whom after one year of absence  
we can with greater truth than  
ever call our friend, we dedi-  
cate this booklet in the hope  
that it will provide for him a  
record of the past year, and  
a memorial of the past years.











DONNYBROOKLET

## Senior History

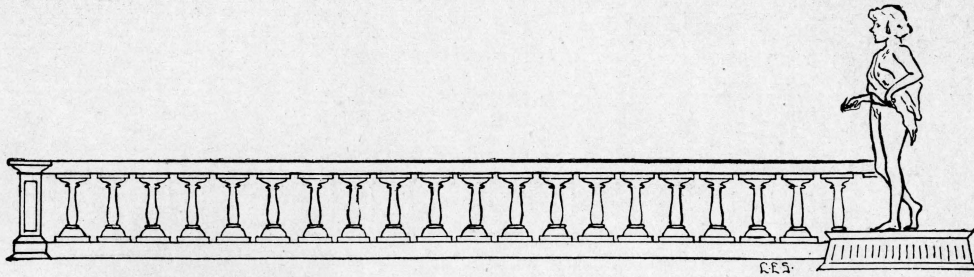
**T**HE first news that greeted us as Seniors, that Dr. Killicott was to leave Goucher in order to work with the Food Administration, was a verification of the rumors many of us had already heard, and had refused to believe because "it *couldn't* be so;" and "how could we ever get along without him?"

Then we were far from our present realization of the war and its demands upon us; and it was with difficulty that we resigned ourselves to this loss. In time, however, we were so proud to have him there in such important service that we reconciled ourselves to his absence, and made the most of the Sunday afternoons which he so generously shared with us.

As soon as we had convinced ourselves that we were not "seeing things" and that 1921 was not a transient young army, but had come to stay, we considered it high time to enter the Seniors, and though but 96 strong, attempt to have everyone become acquainted with everyone else. We did so by making our Senior welcome to the Freshmen a literal "tea" at which cookies and tea were served by the class officers at a number of little tables scattered about the rotunda. In this way we set the precedent for a policy we have held all year in our extra-curricular activities—to maintain our college traditions with such readjustments as to place them in keeping with the spirit of the day. We have tried to do our share in sacrificing for the Student Friendship Fund, for Goucher Reconstruction Work, the Liberty Loans and Thrift Stamps, and we have a War Council of faculty and students, authorized at a meeting of the Student Organization, which carries on its work in a very practical way every day of the week and every hour of the day. As Dr. Killicott expressed it: "Among other profitable things that we are gaining from the present war conditions is a better sense of fundamental values in our daily lives. Points of view, philosophies of life, estimates of what is worth while and of what counts most in the long run, standards of service and of individual usefulness, all are being revised and regrouped into new kaleidoscopic mental pictures."

To add to the general abnormality of the year, while the weather was colder than it had been for 40 years, we were trying desperately at the same time to hoard our one ton of coal, and to make it heat the 11 college buildings. What with pipes bursting and water flooding from fifth floors down and from





## DONNYBROOKLET

basements up, classes being held in the dormitory social halls, occasional holidays of necessity "thrown in," while the administration scoured the railroad yards for misplaced boilers and suggestions of coal—we had a time!

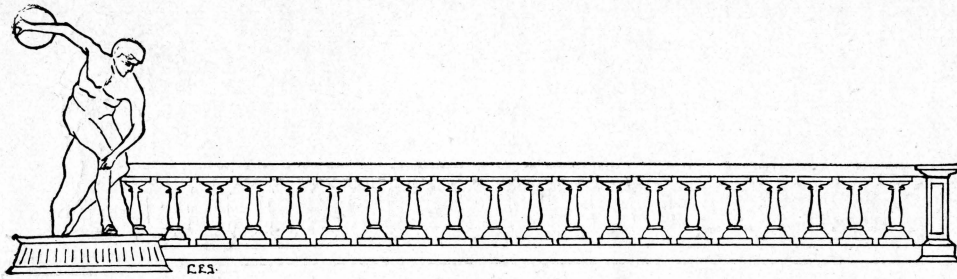
As for athletics, hockey does become somewhat discouraging "under cover" of four feet of snow, and when the final games came off in the spring, we *did* lose—but how we enjoyed the practice! Basket-ball went its rounds with fewer interruptions, the chief innovation being admission for the War Fund, but who wouldn't have paid to see that Junior-Senior match? We, who had never won a single basket-ball game in our life, hardly dared hope even when at the end of the first half we were five points ahead, and our team was playing as we had never dreamed it could. When the second half was almost over and we were still ahead our excitement neared the breaking point—and then, in literally the last minute of the half, our usual fate, which we had thought to escape in this last game, reasserted itself, and we lost by one point.

Senior Dramatics proved to be an absolute joy from beginning to end, and it was truly the biggest kind of a privilege to be able to work with Dr. Gay in such an undertaking. No matter when we happened to turn up in Katherine Hooper, from the steady strides of preparation in the beginning to the last feverish leaps of the final week—whether we had just dropped in to rehearse, fling paint, tack with the aid of a high-heeled pump, paste shrubbery, fit trousers, run a balky machine, or merely to sing and sew—he was always there before us, and always managed to stay until a little after we had gone. Of course, Dr. Gay made "Beau Brummel" the success it was, but more important still, his spirit and comradeship made each one's part in it the consummation of her college life and one of her most precious memories. It is indeed true that "one smile of yours had overpaid me."

Though we considered ourselves busy, we were delighted to take "time off" when invited to a charming tea by Dr. and Mrs. Guth. It was indeed a luxury and an alteration of circumstances, to say the least, to find ourselves perched on lounges and arms of chairs, with very attentive faculty members inquiring "Will you have tea or coffee?"

With the approach of spring we "ancient dames" warmed up to bat and ball and lo! if we didn't beat all the youngsters, and win the baseball championship. "Sing Song" followed close on this victory, and here we lived up to our former records by winning first place in one song—only this time we showed our advance in years by producing the prize serious song, instead of our expected hit-song.





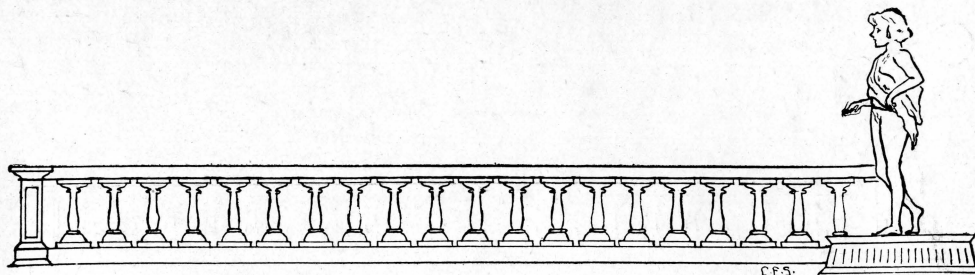
## DONNYBROOKLET

That was a busy week-end, for Mary Snow, tired of "pursuing the course of English," was married on the very night of banquet; of course, we all had to see it, and fortunately were able to return in ample time for our Senior Banquet, which was a very beautiful and happy occasion, particularly because of the fact that just two days before Mrs. Vernon Kellogg had prompted the Juniors to dispense with food, and give us a banquet traditional in spirit—and real as to the last course.

Now with our Commencement only two weeks off, with Step-singing, Senior chapel, Funeral Pyre, and exams to prepare for, we should never be idle at all, but we begrudge every moment spent in classes, or at work, for we feel that in these last few days we want to be as much as possible with those whom we have learned to know in our four years of work and play, and whom we find it so hard to leave.







## DONNYBROOKLET

### **Song to our Honorary Member**

K-e-l-l-i-c-o double t, Dr. Kellicott, that is his  
name,

Let's his honor sing, and his praises ring  
He's the one who has led '18's way.  
May it be for aye that his guiding sway  
Will link all our friendships together  
May the future lend deeper joy and send  
Greater love to our leader and friend!

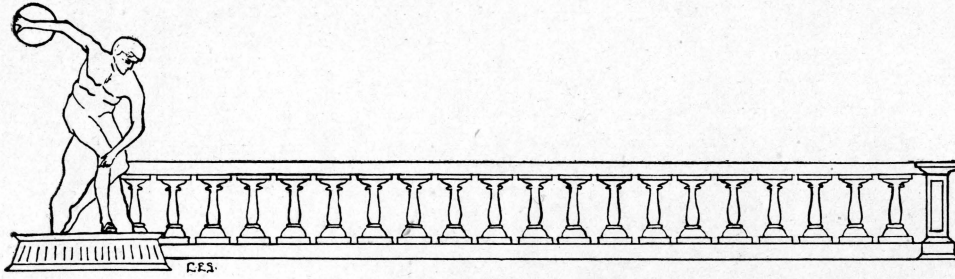
### **Class Song**

There is a class 1918,  
Colors of red and white,  
Seniors of Goucher College,  
Loyal with all our might.  
We've labored and worked together  
Faithful and true class-mates  
Then we'll cheer, cheer, cheer for our college so  
dear, 1-9-1-8!

### **Sister-Class Song**

To you, our sister-class we sing, sing, sing,  
Through all the ages let your praises ring,  
To you our sisters dear, we give a rousing cheer,  
'20 we sing to you—Rah! Rah! Rah!  
Ever our loyalty we pledge to you,  
Ever you'll find us staunch and true,  
May all good fortune you attend,  
We're with you to the end!



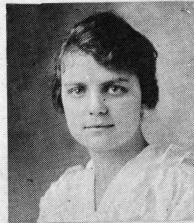


## DONNYBROOKLET



TRAVIA BADER,  
McGaheysville, Va.

She charms us—her stories, her manner—  
She's a "bit different"—but, Lo!  
'Tis whispered—her dearest friends say it—  
That she prefers being so.



CATHERINE LOUISE BAKER,  
259 E. Philadelphia St., York, Pa.

In acting and arguing and typewriting, too,  
In Glee Club, on Weekly, our Kibby just shines.  
But Social Service, she says, is her field;  
For the grins and the praises of Tommy she pines.



EVA E. BALDWIN,  
805 Electric St., Scranton, Pa.

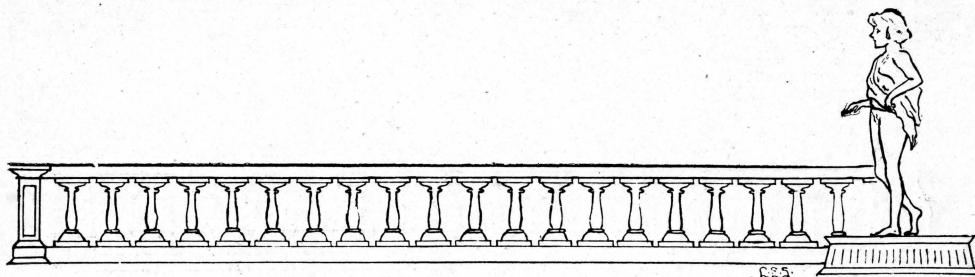
She dances with a pleasing grace,  
This winsome maid of old '18;  
And charm was added by her face  
To the Mall and ballroom scene.



ALMA LOUISE BARBER,  
507 N. Tejon St., Colorado Springs, Colo.

'Twas thought a year East would be well—  
She's from the wild and woolly West;  
She "liked it fine"—came back—but thinks  
That Colorado's still the best.





## DONNYBROOKLET



SUSAN B. BARNARD,  
167 CHESTNUT ST., ASHEVILLE, N. C.  
How leisurely she strolls to class,  
Full many a precious moment late;  
She finds it no great task to "pass,"  
Since 'tisn't study—must be "fate."



GLADYS LOUISE BARNES,  
412 E. RANDALL ST., BALTIMORE, MD.  
Gladys, of "Bailiff" and basket-ball fame,  
Our hockey-team captain and all-around sport,  
Your jolly good nature will win you a name,  
When called to the test you will never fall short.

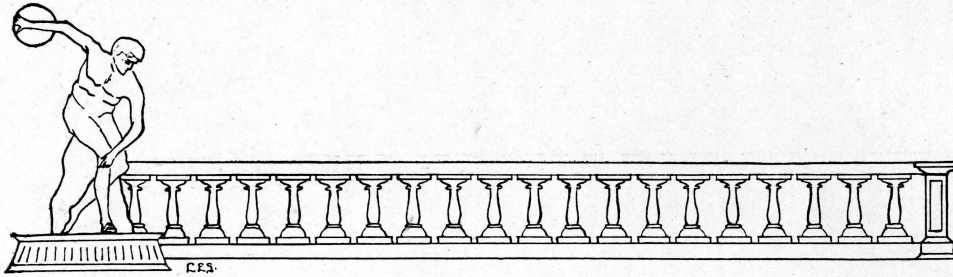


LOUISE BEADENKOPF,  
2701 ST. PAUL ST., BALTIMORE, MD.  
The Sphinx himself would grin with glee  
If he could see "Squeeze" chase our blues,  
And if there's anything to plan,  
With brilliant ideas Squeeze doth ooze.



GLADYS M. BENSON,  
COCKEYSVILLE, MD.  
"When with Berkeley she argues" she'll argue all day,  
We'll still call her "Pinkie," despite;  
We'll never be led to believe it's not red,  
For we know it by Natural Light.





## DONNYBROOKLET



MARY ELMIRA BIER,  
660 K STREET, N. E., WASHINGTON, D. C.

For our teas or sports or war work,  
For any job, we all assent,  
There's a girl whom we can count on—  
It's the Titian president.



RUTH D. BRADER,  
140 ORCHARD ST., NANTICOKE, PA.

She finds her joy in dusty tomes—  
But, stay, that's only half the truth;  
There'd not be any *dusty* tomes  
If all girls were as neat as Ruth.



HELEN E. BRINTON,  
1602 WASHINGTON ST., WILMINGTON, DEL.

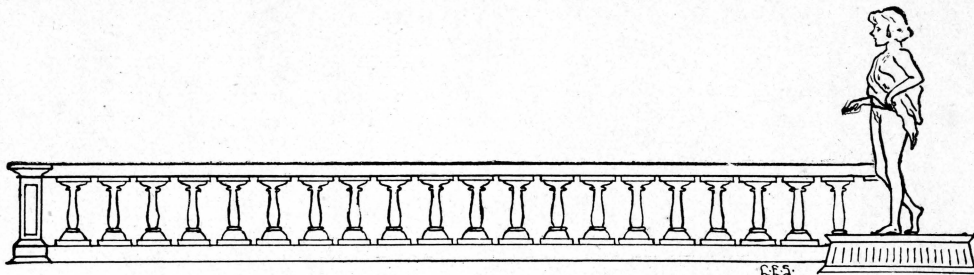
Though Helen's Mardel's president  
And acted well in Senior play,  
We know her better for her work  
In "dyeing" for us all the day.



ELEANOR BROWN,  
HAVRE DE GRACE, MD.

Eleanor has strong convictions,  
The faculty find her dogmatic;  
But as Bottom of our Soph'more days  
She showed herself also dramatic.





## DONNYBROOKLET



LULU P. BUNCE,

98 W. THIRTIETH ST., BAYONNE, N. J.

Little Lu is famed for Buncelets,  
Many witty things doth say;  
Sings in her "New Joisey" accent  
Hymns and love songs all the day.



HARRIET BYRNE,

9 ROLAND AVE., BALTIMORE, MD.

She managed our Junior and Senior play, too—  
In fact, she has managed us all the way through.  
Her fine, earnest zeal and her wond'rous tact  
The praise and the love of all '18 attract.



CLAUDINE A. CARY,

500 N. PATTERSON PARK AVE., BALTIMORE, MD.

Claudine is a star in gym,  
At vaulting she is "in the swim";  
In marks she vaulted high, you see,  
For now she wears the golden key.

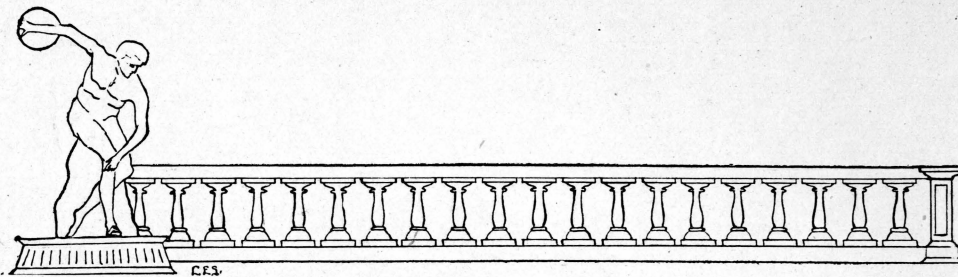


CORINNE CASSARD,

U. S. N. TRAINING STATION, NEWPORT, R. I.

Our editor writes poems and has tons of erudition;  
As Sherry in the Senior Play she winneth all our  
praise.  
And, altho' Phi Beta Kappa seems to be her great am-  
bition,  
In honor of the class she loves she'd give up all her  
A's.

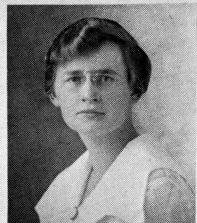




## DONNYBROOKLET



FRANCES CHAPIN,  
6520 WISCONSIN AVE., CHEVY CHASE, D. C.  
She's always rushing here and there,  
And things are finished ere begun.  
She kept our "properties" intact  
In Senior play—left naught undone.



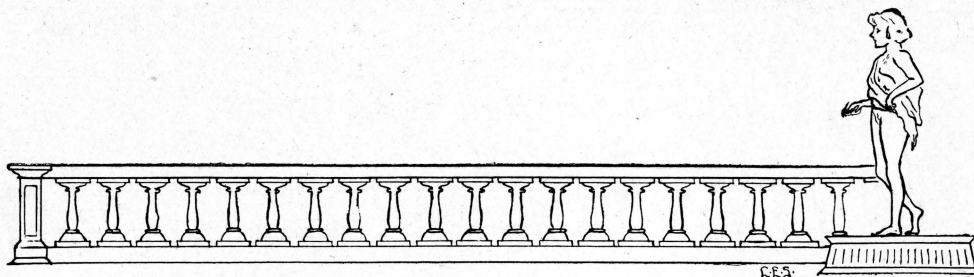
VIRGINIA B. CLARY,  
1225 MADISON AVE., BALTIMORE, MD.  
Our "Ginger" leads a strenuous life—  
Our clever Duchess, friend of Beau.  
If you should wish to see her grin  
Just help her make the war fund grow.



HELEN CODLING,  
NORTHPORT, LONG ISLAND, N. Y.  
Here's the girl from Syracuse,  
She's clad in silk from hat to shoes;  
Her giggle, mirth and joy doth bring—  
Perhaps it won her Chinese ring.



MARJORIE COLTON,  
200 MASSACHUSETTS AVE., N. W., WASHINGTON, D. C.  
Marj is our A. A. president,  
With every virtue bound in one;  
Perhaps she seems to sleep a lot,  
But that's where all her "pep" comes from.



## DONNYBROOKLET



VIRGINIA CONE,  
322 N. TWELFTH ST., QUINCY, ILL.  
Oh, Coney, with the meek brown eyes,  
You surely are a funny one.  
Your sayings fill us with surprise;  
When you're around there's lots of fun.



MIRIAM CONNET,  
727 RESERVOIR ST., BALTIMORE, MD.  
How would you feel if A's and B's,  
Like her's, stood for your knowledge,  
Of all the romance languages  
We have in Goucher College?

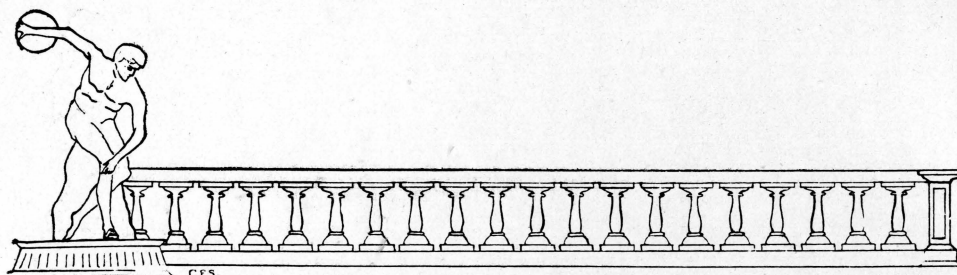


MARY E. COX,  
4307 LIBERTY HEIGHTS AVE., WEST FOREST PARK,  
BALTIMORE, MD.  
At mid-year times, in math exams,  
With awful woes she mourns her lot;  
She's flunked it flat, she's sure of that,  
Then gets a mark of 98.



JEANETTE DAVIS,  
9 TUNNEL ST., LANSFORD, PA.  
Of Gimle Hall she is the head,  
She treads the boards with grace serene;  
But in the pool, though striving hard,  
Jean out-subs the submarine.





## DONNYBROOKLET



REBECCA WARD DEMOTT,  
MADISON, N. J.

When Becky was a Soph'more in the Class of '17,  
She acted well the villain in the boat-ride stunt they  
gave;  
But '18 has reformed her—or perhaps it was the Forks—  
For Becky now is Reginald, the lover true and brave.



ELIZABETH DENNY,  
GLASGOW, Mo.

That solemn look and downcast air  
Are only "camouflage," they say;  
She goes to "hops" when Clifton's there,  
And movies every other day.



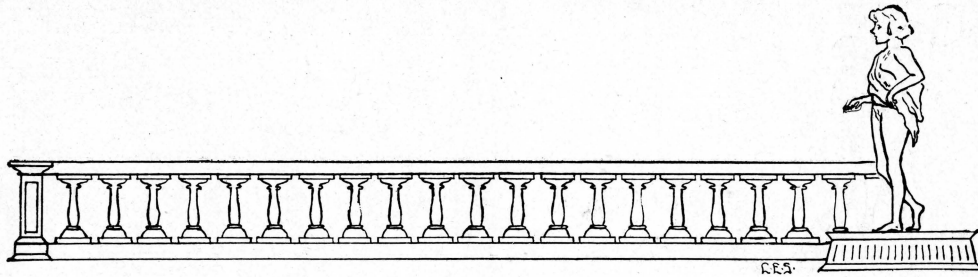
FLORENCE C. EDWARDS,  
6932 KINBARK AVE., CHICAGO, ILL.

There isn't much she cannot do—  
Her spirit, could we do without it?  
Artistic and athletic, too,  
And yet she never talks about it.



GERTRUDE TUNSTALL EDWARDS,  
2133 BOLTON ST., BALTIMORE, MD.

"Gertie" is a genius in a quite dramatic way,  
Though she is good in literature and basket-ball, we  
know;  
Yet Gertie's always at her best when starring in a play,  
And she was at her best of all when acting courtly  
Beau.



## DONNYBROOKLET



SARAH AGNES FARRAR,  
BAINBRIDGE, GA.

This Georgian simply cannot see  
Why we "up No'th" say cow for "caow,"  
But Jerry's famed aquatic stunts  
Surpass her verbal feats, I vow.



HELEN MARIE FERRIS,  
903 ST. PAUL ST., BALTIMORE, MD.

Heck's a little songbird  
Who makes the old songs go,  
And all the college spirit stunts  
Without her would be slow.



DOROTHY FISHER,  
284 CLINTON PLACE, HACKENSACK, N. J.

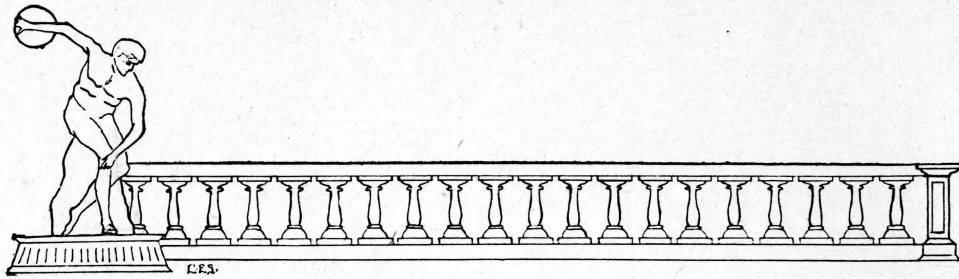
Strike up the band, here comes our Dinah!  
Paint brush in hand, slippers from China.  
Staging the Senior Play—she and our Bobby Gay—  
Drawing for Donnybrook, none can outshine her.



MARY R. GAITHER,  
ELLCOTT CITY, MD.

What boots it, maid, to cool the fires  
Of youth in chilly vault historic?  
Come out and play, nor waste the day—  
You'll find the sunshine quite caloric.





## DONNYBROOKLET



EFFIE MAY GRAY,  
TOWSON, MD.

Alumnæ would rejoice to see  
A Goucher product look so neat.  
No little lectures would there be  
If all, like May, looked trim and sweet.



EDNA HAYMAKER,  
244 E. MAIN ST., CLARKSBURG, W. VA.

Edna stars in all our plays  
As heroine so fair and true;  
She rules o'er Fensal and Glee Club,  
And wears a Fork pin, too.



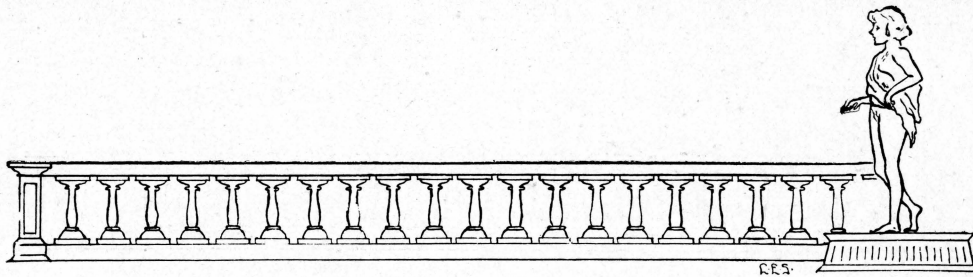
LUCILLE HEYING.  
GLASGOW, MO.

From Missouri she came hying,  
On an education bent;  
Weekly to Annapolis flying,  
Her social energy she's spent.



RUTH HOPPE,  
203 E. BOLTON ST., SAVANNAH, GA.

All smiles she is, and friendly, too,  
This maid from Dixie Land;  
She's very neat, and "très petite,"  
And loves her French, we understand.



## DONNYBROOKLET



EDITH JOESTING,  
518 CHESTNUT HILL AVE., WAVERLY, BALTIMORE, MD.

Oh, Edith hath a wistful eye,  
And stars, though she is quite petite  
In basket-ball and philosophy,  
Her equal would be hard to meet.



ELIZABETH MARY JONES,  
32 S. CHURCH ST., WEST CHESTER, PA.

Oh, Betty has a winsome way,  
She wins our hearts before we know it;  
And then she writes us verses cute,  
For Betty surely is a poet.



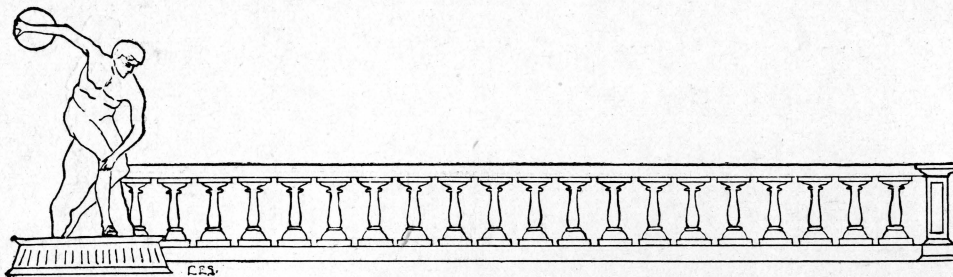
SARAH T. JOYNER,  
CATONSVILLE, MD.

She'd like to be a nurse, I trow,  
And soothe some soldier's fevered brow,  
Or else write copy for the press—  
Whate'er she does, she'll win success.



LEBA KAPLAN,  
WESTON, W. VA.  
She's drunk deep of the Pierian Spring,  
As everyone may see,  
For she's one of the famous ten  
Who are wearing o' the Key.





## DONNYBROOKLET



SARAH KLEIN,

2302 McCULLOH ST., BALTIMORE, MD.

Oh, have you seen the teachers tremble  
When Sarah gently starts to speak?  
They know their thoughts will soon dissemble,  
For she can argue till they're weak.



FRANCES KREEGER,

3404 MORRILL AVE., KANSAS CITY, MO.

Frances has a business head;  
She served us well on Donnybrook.  
But Frances has a lighter side,  
She captures hearts with that coy look.



GERTRUDE A. KUTZLEB,

2701 GARRISON AVE., BALTIMORE, MD.

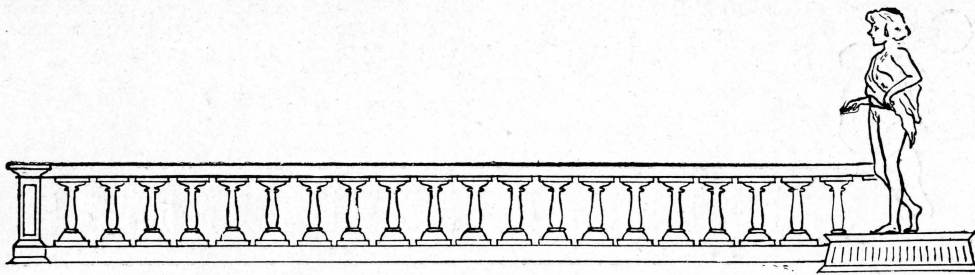
Here's beauty, brains, and also brawn,  
For Gertrude has them all.  
For proof, just watch a hockey game  
Or game of basket-ball.



SARA ESTHER LEDNUM,

PRESTON, MD.

"They say" she lives in Vingolf Hall,  
But there 'tis vain for her to seek;  
The city claims her each week-end  
And "lab" each day throughout the week.



## DONNYBROOKLET



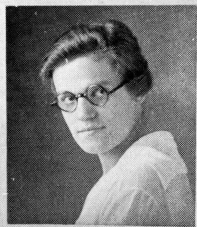
MARGARET LEIB,  
308 E. TWENTY-SECOND ST., BALTIMORE, MD.  
Whene'er you want a "sure-nuf" sport  
To turn out for a game,  
Just look for that well-tempered maid  
Whom we call "Peg" by name.



GERTRUDE LEVY,  
MARLBOROUGH APARTMENTS, BALTIMORE, MD.  
A literary light is she,  
Her powers of pen are very high;  
And weekly we her merits see,  
And weekly laud them to the sky.

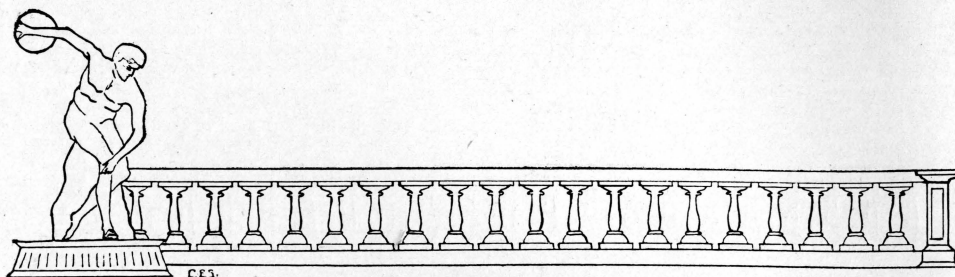


CAROLINE V. LEWIS,  
124 WINONA AVE., NORWOOD, PA.  
In kindergarten, Caroline  
And Miss McCarty romp with glee;  
But, some day, we all feel assured,  
A great modiste will Caroline be.



DOROTHY CRAWFORD LLOYD,  
2202 MARYLAND AVE., BALTIMORE, MD.  
Oh, hard at work and hard at play,  
Our Dorothy you'll ever find;  
A maiden strenuous, though gay,  
And always quick to speak her mind.





## DONNYBROOKLET



ROSE E. MAGGIO,  
313 N. CALVERT ST., BALTIMORE, MD.  
With much ambition, she succeeds  
In tasks as tedious as can be,  
And spins off Romance Languages  
As easily as A B C.



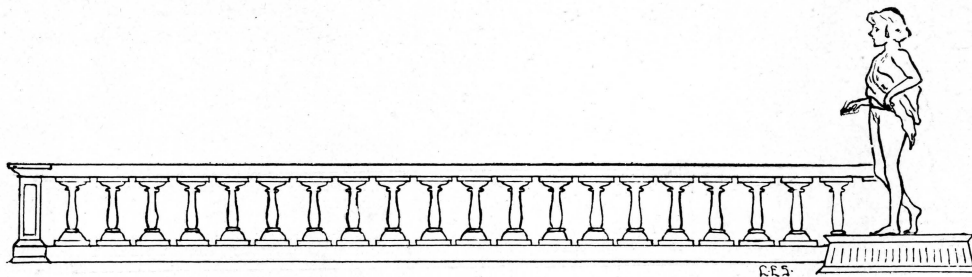
EDITH MALEY,  
2068 KENNEDY AVE., BALTIMORE, MD.  
Beneath your sweet face and your gold, curly hair,  
There's something that's stunning—of that we're aware.  
May we for a moment your confidence win?  
Oh, why are you wearing that officer's pin?



MARGUERITE MANNING,  
PURCELLVILLE, VA.  
Eighteen made an acquisition  
When to us Marguerite first came.  
In short-story composition  
She has found both joy and fame.



MARY GENEVIEVE MARLOW,  
241 E. PHILADELPHIA ST., YORK, PA.  
Genevieve is literary,  
And though studies her entrance,  
And she is 18's secretary,  
She likes men and loves to dance.



## DONNYBROOKLET



MERRIEL P. MASLIN,  
2800 WOODBROOK AVE., BALTIMORE, MD.

A girl who never loaf's is she,  
Is up and doing night and day,  
In surgical dressings is known for speed,  
And also earned a P. B. K.



RUTH E. MEETH,  
1122 N. GILMOR ST., BALTIMORE, MD.

To her is the spirit of '18 part due;  
She's quietly helped us all the way through;  
Although she has always been modest and meek,  
Her marks louder than words do speak.



ELIZABETH MERCER,  
THE SAYRE, SOUTH BETHLEHEM, PA.

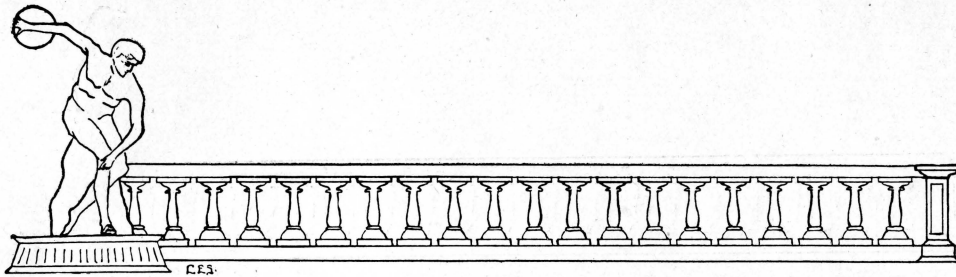
She carpentered and painted  
To background our "B B."  
On hockey team she always shines,  
And she shines in old "T T."



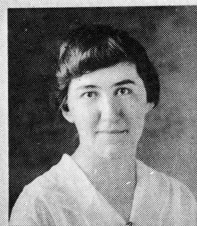
MARY BLANCHE MEYERS,  
TEN HILLS, MD.

Whene'er we wish to sing or dance,  
The ever-faithful "B" doth play.  
In tailoring, too, she doth surpass;  
Beau's coats were "Quite correct," they say.

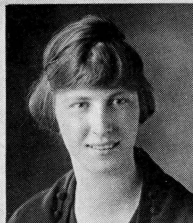




## DONNYBROOKLET



IRMA MOHR,  
2135 W. BALTIMORE ST., BALTIMORE, MD.  
A judge of character is she;  
Can size you up before you know it.  
With hidden power for endless talk,  
Start her on English just to show it.



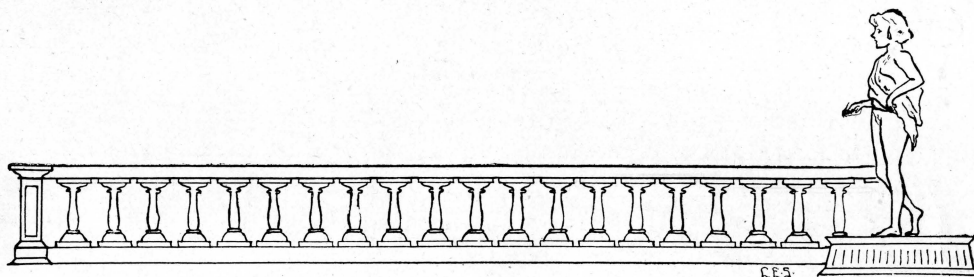
IDA MOODY,  
543 WEST KING ST., YORK, PA.  
She's full of fun and fine to tease,  
And most romantically inclined;  
But only mere details are these—  
A truer friend 'tis hard to find.



EMILY LUCILLE MOORE,  
106 AUGUSTA AVE., BALTIMORE, MD.  
No matter what—she knows it all,  
From Arctic regions to the tropics;  
But, in the end, she still maintains  
That Woods Hole is the best of topics.



LOUISE MURPHY,  
1111 N. FULTON AVE., BALTIMORE, MD.  
With color bright, her prettiness  
Is certain all to please.  
But, more than that, a jolliness  
Unusual has Louise.



## DONNYBROOKLET



ELIZABETH NESBITT,  
236 ROUMFORD ROAD, MOUNT AIRY, PA.  
Betty's giggle needn't trouble you  
There's depths beyond you'd never dream  
She's pillar of Y. W.  
And chooses prunes when there's ice cream.



ELIZABETH NICKEL,  
2412 N. CHARLES ST., BALTIMORE, MD.  
Here comes Elizabeth Nickel,  
A new classmate is she,  
Her forte is Social Science,  
Where she argues learnedly.

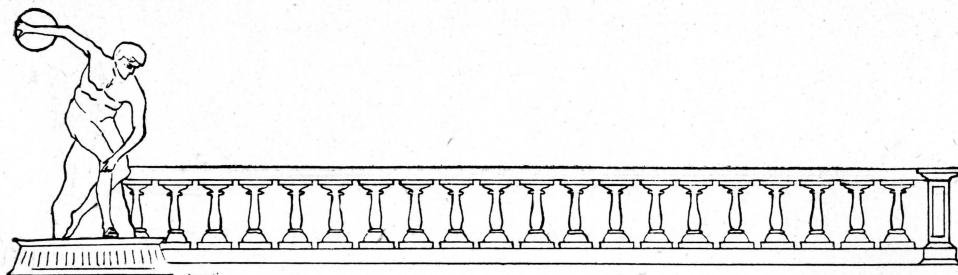


RUTH N. NIMMO,  
DE VERE PLACE, MD.  
Our little Nemo's quite a mouse,  
At least so says our friend Dame Rumor,  
But if you wish her wrath to rouse,  
Just touch upon her sense of humor.



CHARLOTTE OATMAN,  
GREENWICH, N. Y.  
She turns her hand to every task,  
Can sing, "orate," persuade, or boss;  
So never Charley fear to ask,  
To fill a vacancy or loss.





## DONNYBROOKLET



ELLA H. OPPENHEIMER,  
1411 EUTAW PLACE, BALTIMORE, MD.

She stars in athletics, takes part in dramatics,  
Is quick to respond when her class gives the call.  
Though she heads "business ends," yet she keeps hosts of  
friends!  
And is head and shoulders over them all.

ANNEVE MINK PERRY,  
56 DECATUR ST., CUMBERLAND, MD.

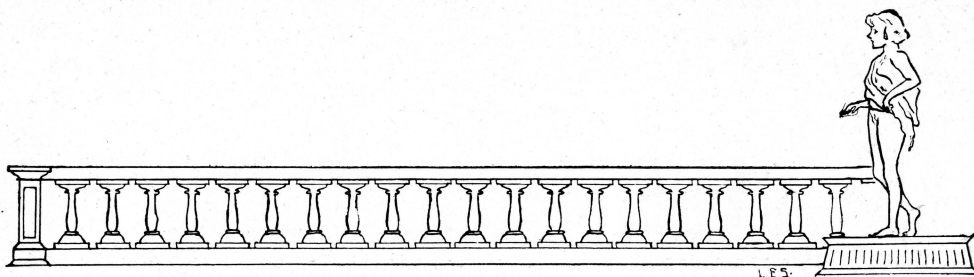
In truth she owns a gifted pen—  
Writes stories "like those in a book"—  
(But soft! 'Tis whispered she's romantic,  
This maiden with the soulful look.)

EVELYN M. REED,  
310 S. FRONT ST., PHILLIPSBURG, PA.

There is a song she does not like  
That oft is sung to Evelyn,  
Still Senior proctors can retort—  
"You've got to quit your devilin'."

HELEN E. REIFINGER,  
NILES, O.

We've had her here for two whole years,  
This maid with gentle mien,  
But to "Ohio" she'll 'ere be true,  
She loves it best, I ween.



## DONNYBROOKLET



HELEN IRENE RICHMOND  
1411 SOUTH BROAD ST., PHILADELPHIA, PA.

"Helen, thy beauty is to me"  
Consistent with thy dignity,  
A Presidential type thou art,  
But 'tis thy nose has won my heart!



ESTHER B. SCHILLER,  
1911 N. FULTON ST., BALTIMORE, MD.

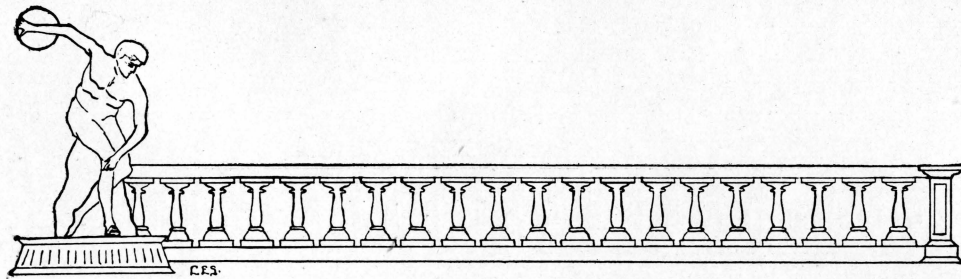
On friendly terms with bugs and worms,  
By dint of much appliance,  
Our Esther contemplates with calm  
The wriggling path of Science.



HELENE M. SCHNEIDERREITH,  
4110 SPRINGDALE AVE., BALTIMORE, MD.

Here's 18's Senior President,  
With fifty other duties, too—  
In fact, there isn't anything  
That we have found she cannot do.





## DONNYBROOKLET



FLORENCE B. SEIBERT,  
528 NORTHAMPTON ST., EASTON, PA.  
She's little, but she's got more brains,  
Abilities, and lots of things,  
Than any one far bigger claims;  
Great love to her the college brings.



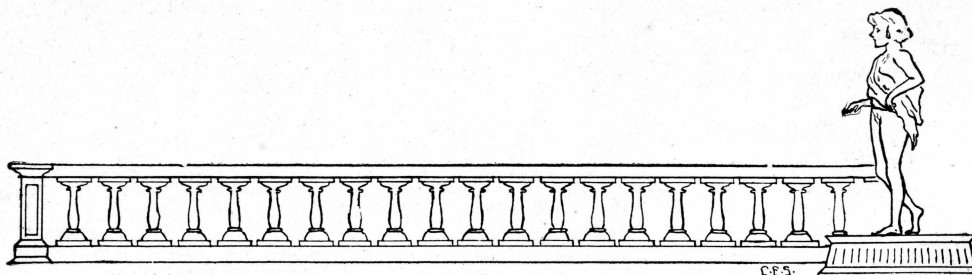
MARY C. SHAFER,  
601 THOMAS ST., STROUDSBURG, PA.  
Tho Mary can't co-ordinate  
(Please note: her name is not Teutonic)  
When doth as Jabberwock gyrate,  
We know her talent's histrionic.



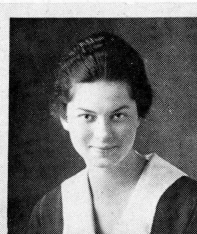
DOROTHY SHANE,  
5410 WAYNE AVE., GERMANTOWN, PA.  
Our class without Dot would seem lacking in pep,  
Her fine sporting spirit has won '18's rep.  
At basket-ball games the class always groans,  
For she has the bad habit of breaking her bones.



RUTH SIMPSON,  
6 PATRIOT ST., SOMERSET, PA.  
Though Ruth was once of '17,  
And served as Freshman President,  
We welcomed her with open arms,  
And she likes us, we're confident.



## DONNYBROOKLET



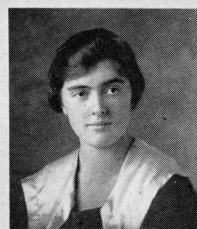
KATHRYN SKILLING,  
1821 W. SARATOGA ST., BALTIMORE, MD.  
Our Comus (whose real name is "Katz")  
Lured Milton's heroine with guile,  
But if you have a case of blues  
We recommend Katz's sure-cure smile.



MARGARET ELIZABETH SLOAN,  
3928 WARREN ST., W. PHILADELPHIA, PA.  
Peggy has much dignity—  
She squelches well, although she's small.  
Her literary fame is great,  
And she is strong in basket-ball.

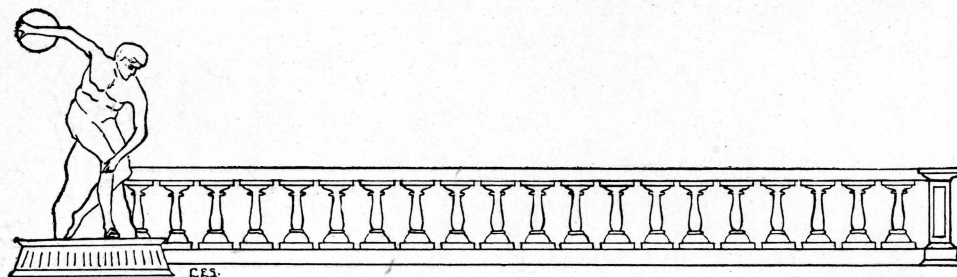


MARY E. SNOW,  
115 ROLAND AVE., ROLAND PARK, MD.  
With a wit that sparkles brightly  
Like the diamond on her hand,  
She pursues the course of English  
Down in Texas' sunny land.

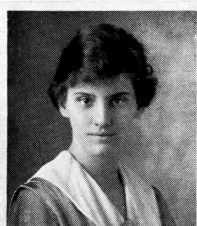


LOUISE SPIEKER,  
915 EDMONDSON AVE., BALTIMORE, MD.  
In dancing she's nimble, in gym she is quick,  
At war-work a model, on Donnybrook slick.  
But wonder of wonders, this sweet teacher's joy  
Has blossomed from "Weezy" to "Kathleen the Coy."





## DONNYBROOKLET



CHARLOTTE E. SPRENKEL,  
216 S. PENN ST., YORK, PA.

Our "Charles" keeps many a balance sheet—  
An expert financier is she;  
Her soft brown hair is ever neat,  
Her dancing is a joy to see.



ETHEL E. STEWART,  
MANTUA, N. J.

Her common sense you'd ne'er suspect  
Because her eyes are baby blue;  
And such pink cheeks you'd scarce connect  
With strength of mind, but that's true too.



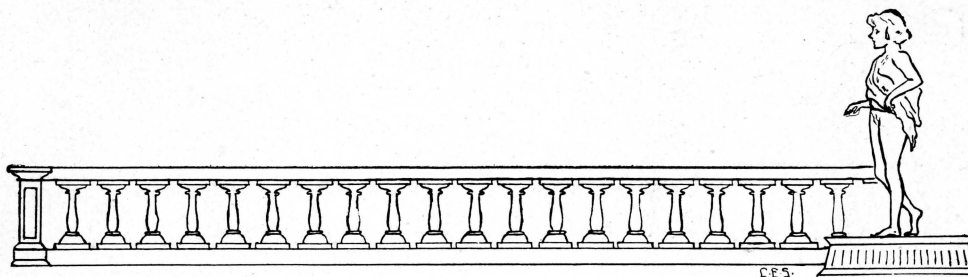
ESTELLE M. STIRLING,  
1122 CATHEDRAL ST., BALTIMORE, MD.

If you should want a poster sketched  
Or a story written well  
Or a tennis shark with unruffled poise,  
Just apply to our Estelle.

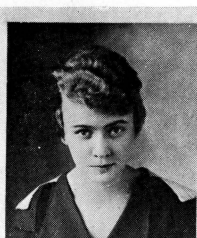


ANNE MARIE TAYLOR  
123 N. THOMAS ST., BELLEFONTE, PA.

With patriotic fervor she orates  
As an ardent member of the "P. E. C."  
And her histrionic talent she did show  
As the Prince in Senior play, we all agree.



# DONNYBROOKLET



ETHYL MOHN WAHL,  
316 W. OLEY ST., READING, PA.

If you should watch our blonde "S. B."  
With measured step stroll down the street,  
You'd never think this self-same maid  
Could golf clubs wield with technique neat.



ELIZABETH CHEATHAM WALTON,  
815 6TH ST. N. E., WASHINGTON, D. C.

When as to class milady goes,  
She rather is demure than sprightly;  
But when she trippeth on her toes  
Her music medals twinkle brightly.



ELEANOR F. WARFIELD,  
WILSON COLLEGE, CHAMBERSBURG, PA.

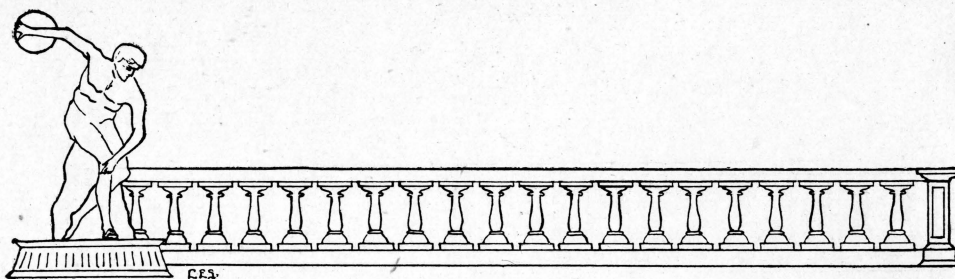
She seldom talks, this silent maid,  
Unless upon a burning question,  
But Seniors should be quiet and staid,  
So that's a part of her discretion.



GLADYS W. WARREN,  
ELLCOTT CITY, MD.

The city girls' box is laden with mail  
But all for "Miss Warren," and growing quite stale;  
Perhaps you will see how this came to pass  
When you know she's the habit of sleeping through class.





## DONNYBROOKLET



LENA WEINBERG,  
LONACONING, Md.

As president of Vingolf Hall,  
She issues theater permissions;  
In going there, herself, 'tis said  
She very seldom makes omissions.



ANNA MARIE WHELAN,  
1412 MULBERRY ST., BALTIMORE, MD.

Mathematic precision and poetic grace  
Are combined in this maid with the wistful face.  
Just look to the future, and I'm sure you will see  
That she'll open the door to success with her key.



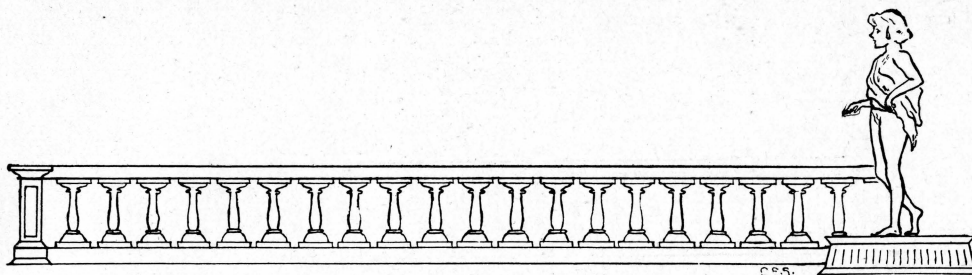
EMILIE WILKINS,  
6 N. BROADWAY, BALTIMORE, MD.

An athletic type we here behold  
Of strength and capability,  
A maiden "worth her weight in gold"  
And no "lightweight" is Emilie.

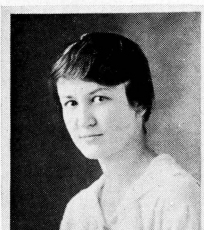


DOROTHY WILKINSON,  
116 N. WASHINGTON AVE., MASON CITY, IOWA

Very happy to have you with us;  
Eighteen greets you, Dorothy, dear;  
Droll and clever, witty ever,  
Boston's gift to us this year.



## DONNYBROOKLET



MARGARET WILSON,  
POCOMOKE CITY, Md.

Oh, maiden with those dreamy, soft-brown eyes,  
Those gentle, loving, Southern tones;  
Who would not start in protest and surprise  
To know you like to cut up worms and bones?



FLORA A. WINKELMAN,  
207 WOODLAWN ROAD, ROLAND PARK, MD.

As our president Junior year,  
Flora won a fame that's rare;  
Now she's head of Agora  
And wears a Fork and Solitaire.



VIVIAN A. WYNNE,  
122 S. FRONT ST., PHILLIPSBURG, PA.

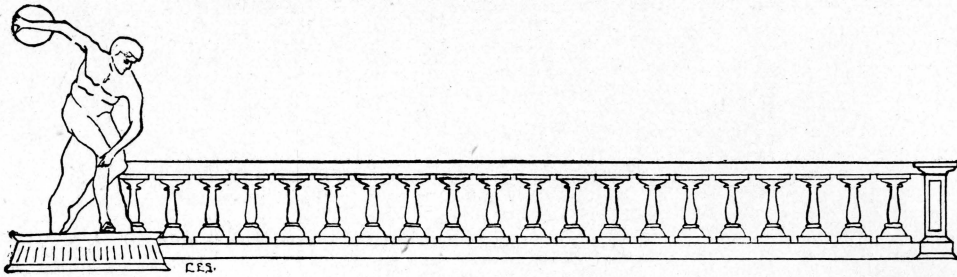
She's always happy, busy too,  
From when the day is scarcely light  
Till when her keyster's book in hand  
She guards our door on Monday night.



ANGELICA WIRT YOUNGE,  
TALLAHASSEE, FLORIDA

Angelica, Angelica,  
Your dimples fair have won you fame,  
And I have often heard it said  
Your disposition fits your name.





DONNYBROOKLET

## "Beau Brummel"—A Memory

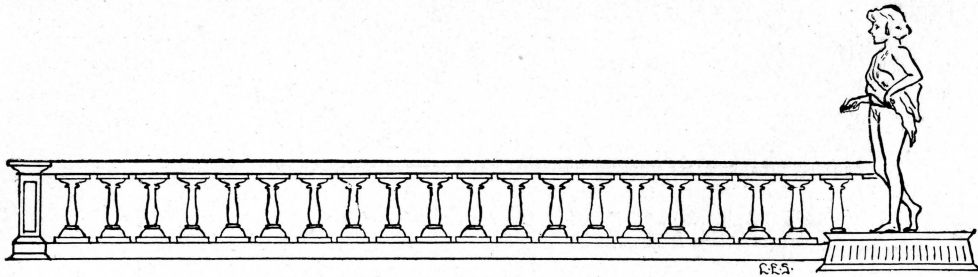


WE began rehearsals in February in the dining-room of 2402 Calvert street. Here we read the entire play, using the dining-room chairs and parlor sofa for setting, while Dot, ready for bed, sat a blessed ten minutes and listened to the Beau's persiflage, Mrs. St. Aubyn's and the Duchess' "very severe" repartee, Mr. Vincent's efforts to marry off Mariana, and Mr. Abraham's oriental exuberances. Even so early the rehearsals took on the air of a lark, which they never wholly lost, whatever discouragements we suffered from grippe and colds. The Beau began it, probably because his lines ("I have contracted a cold") suggested it; Mariana took it up, as was appropriate; and Kathleen continued it, because, as she says, "I confess there's an air about Mr. Brummel," and even his colds were fashionable. He himself says, "I suppose everybody will have a cold now."

I mention this to show how seriously the caste took the study of their lines—an artistic conscientiousness that had its drawbacks, it is true, but that helped to make the play the success it was. When we finally got to the stage, this same conscientiousness continually grew, and Mr. Vincent could at almost any time be discovered practicing bowing to the gas-stove in the kitchen, Reginald practicing "walking from the hips" in the locker room and Simpson practicing the butlerian strut in the Dean's room. The coach was particularly struck by the fact that the Beau, Mrs. St. Aubyn and the Duchess carried their characters well over the boundaries of the stage and were often giving him "glances of the eye" of the fashion of 1816.

If the play had any one outstanding excellence, above all others, it was to be found in that minute attention to detail that is so rare in amateur acting. Every evening saw some new "business" thought out overnight, some play of hands, head, eyes, some new inflection or intonation. And this was true, not only of the leading personages, but of Bendon, with his delightful touch of an English throatiness, and the Bailiffs with their Cockney toughness. It was shown, too, in the way every character played up to every other so that each speech of one was reflected responsively in the faces of the rest.

The rehearsals were a constant delight and endlessly interesting. Meanwhile, below stairs, the stage gang was absorbed in a hundred activities. Their voices, raised in song, floated upwards, at times reminding us of sailors singing a chanty around the capstan; and their songs so well deserve preservation that they are here reprinted.



## DONNYBROOKLET

Oh, don't you want to join our troupe  
And go on a regular tour?  
Oh, haven't you by this time  
Been caught by the stage's lure?  
We'll travel around the country and  
We'll tour most every night  
We'll leave the other colleges  
Why—just clear out of sight!  
Oh, Senior Dramatics, tra-la-la-la-la-la  
Oh, Beau Brummel, tra, la, la-la-la-la-la-la-la-la-la.

Beau will make the finest cook  
And scour the pans all clean.  
Mrs. St. Aubyn will chop the wood  
Mariana will drive the machine.  
The Prince will tend to all the beds  
While Morty sleeps all day.  
But the very best of all the bunch  
Will be Dr. and Mrs. Gay!

We sling-a the dye, sling-a the dye and push the hangings along  
We sling-a the dye, sling-a the dye and push the hangings along  
For Senior Dramatics of 1918  
We sling-a the dye and push the hangings along.  
So "we sling-a the paint and push the scenery along,"  
"We sling-a the pins and push the costumes along."  
And so on through variations covering every phase of the work.

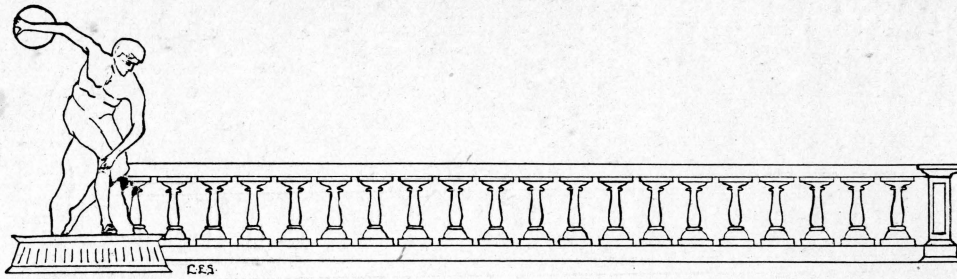
Of course, none of us—except the Chairman of the Art Committee—was ever sure that we'd get things done in time; and we never would have done so if it had not been for the girl who went around murmuring "Dyeing, Egypt, dyeing" and the girl who was always ready to do the "dumb jobs" and the girls who solved the mysteries of hinges, and all the others who sewed on buttons and fitted coats and sewed mosquito netting.

Things were all finished, as the Chairman of the Art Committee said, "to the last button," and then we had the fun, denied to the audience, of recognizing our handiwork. When you have driven a nail or painted a patch or sewed a sleeve, that nail, patch or sleeve becomes so much a matter of interest and pride as almost to put the hero or heroine in the shade. Therein lies the secret of the joy of "doing a play" absolutely yourselves.

Altogether, the 1918 Senior Dramatics was a triumph because there were no "weak spots"; but the best thing about it was the store of memories it gave us—and all of them pleasant.

ROBERT M. GAY.





## JOKES

How doth the Donnybrooklet wee

Run on and on forever!

It's thin and small and frail to see—

It's with us still, however.

In spite of kaisers, wars and kings

(That make us very blue)

We still find time to laugh at things—

So here's a joke or two.

### Oh Edna!

Senior Dramatics rehearsal:

Marianna (clinging to Reginald and registering grief)—“Which shoulder shall I put my head on?”

Dr. Gay—“Oh, whichever one seems natural to you.”

### Only Temporary, However

Dr. Gay (at rehearsal)—“Miss Brinton, come up here on the stage and be a lady for a few minutes, will you?”

### An Amateur Performance?

Dr. Gay—“Now Reginald, this is *very* heavy love. Put your arms around her and kiss her—hard. And Marianna—*you* just act natural.”

### She Struggled, Too

Postscript at the end of some Senior grinds:  
“Write! Wrote! Rotten!!”

### Well - He Never Has

Beau—“Dr. Gay, *can't* you show me how to die? You gave Manly such splendid suggestions about being drunk.”

R. M. G.—“Oh, well, that's different. You see, I've never died.”

### Birds of a Feather

K. Skilling (enlightening the ethics class as to the “fundamentals” of life)—“Well, there's marriage, and—and—murder, and things like that.”

### “I Never Thought of That”

Printed instructions for history paper:

“Be sure to put the footnotes at the foot of the page.”

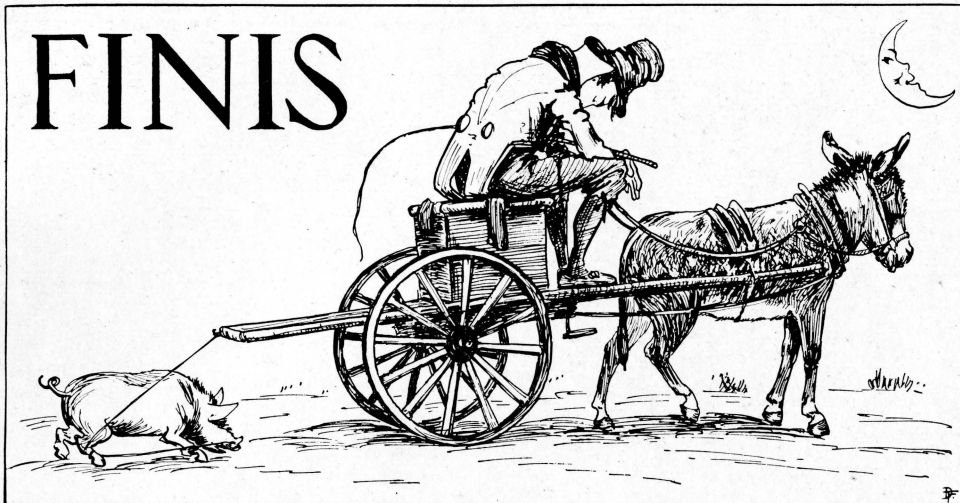
### Just Like The Biology Frogs

L. Spieker (presiding at meeting of nominating committee)—“Margaret Thomas is now open for discussion.”

### “Who's Your Fat Friend?”

Visitor from Vingolf dancing with M. Dixey—  
“This is the first time I've danced with a piano for months!”

# FINIS



D'ye mind the day, four years ago, we first  
came here to college?

Och, we were frightened and dismayed, but longin'  
sore for knowledge.

We knew the work was quare and hard, but com-  
rades true and kind—

*Goucher, Goucher College, with the friends we  
hoped to find.*

Now we've traveled to the end together all the  
way—

Sure we've come to love each other as we never  
dreamed that day.

Och, we might forget the lessons, but our mem-  
'ries ne'er can fade—

*Goucher, Goucher College, with the loyal friends  
we made.*