

THE ARCHWAY 1938







THE ARCHWAY

1938



BIRCH WATHEN SCHOOL



Dedication

It is with deepest respect and gratitude
that we dedicate our yearbook to

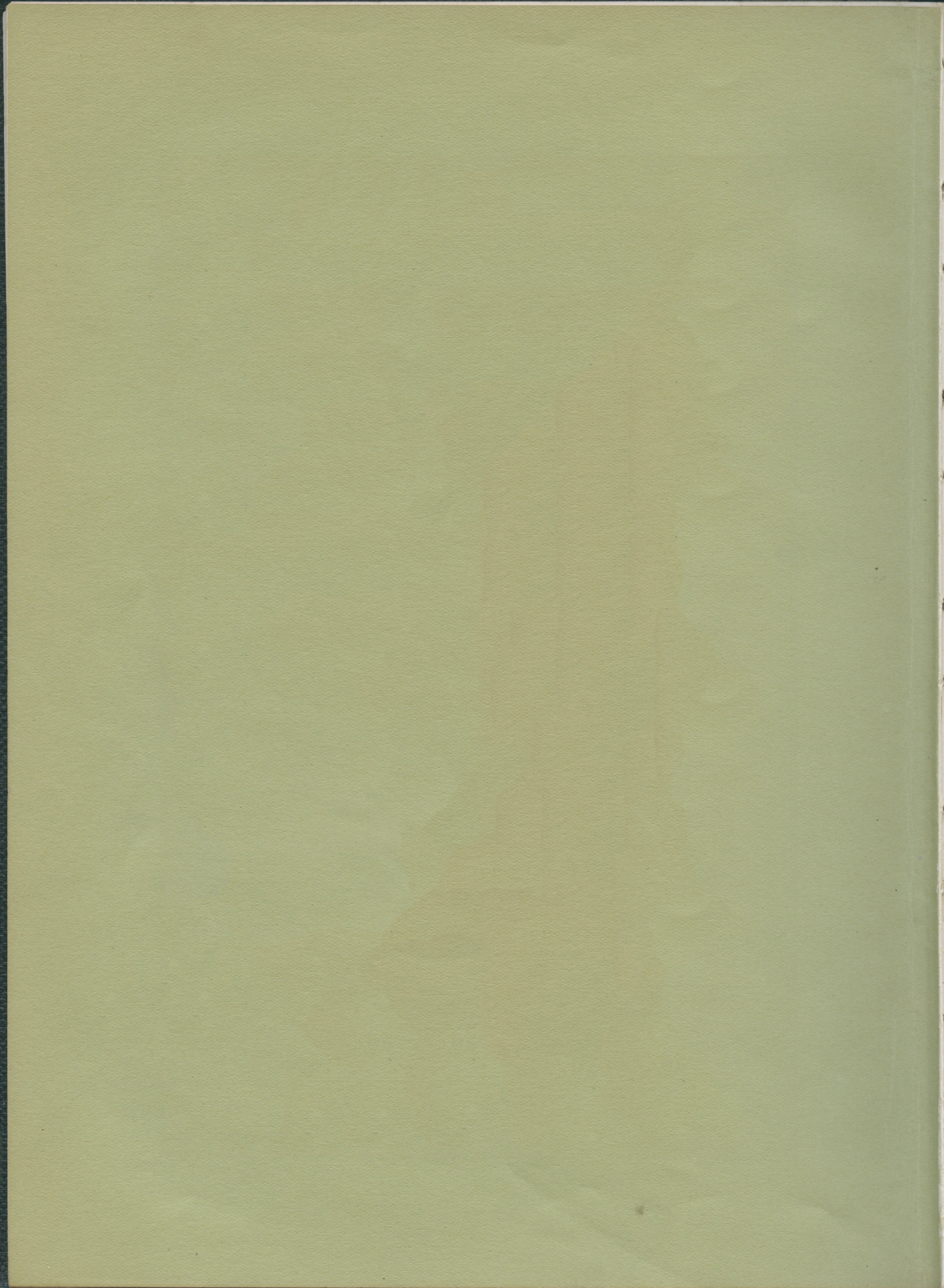
MARGUERITE MACKAY

Not only because of her long service and
her innumerable contributions to our
welfare and happiness but also because
of her warm sympathy and understand-
ing, she has always been an integral part
of all our school life.

*Best wishes for
your success.
Affectionately,
Marguerite Mackay.*

S E N I O R S







NAOMI BLOOM

"What's mine is yours — what's yours is mine."

Naomi is one of the most genuinely cooperative persons in our class and always shows herself eager and willing to do her share in school or in extra-curricular activities.

Dear Naomi,
I do wish you so much happiness and success in whatever you attempt. (Just between us, I envy you that grand trip to Bermuda - Have a wonderful trip).
Very best wishes
Evelyn Blue



EVELYN BLUE

*"Soft peace she brings wherever she arrives;
She builds our quiet, as she forms our lives,
Lays the rough paths of peevish nature even,
And opens in each heart a little heaven."*

Evelyn is the most mature member of our class. She has a sympathetic nature combined with deep understanding and tolerance. As President of the Student Council she has contributed much because of her efficiency and reliability.

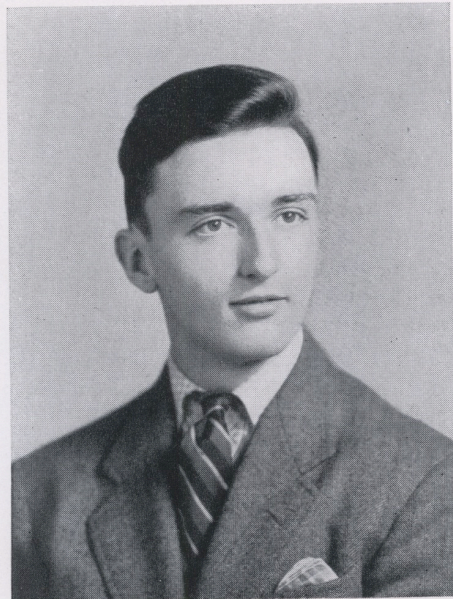
Best of luck.
in everything
you undertake.
P.S. I hope my
grandmother is
still around. The
next dance you
wish to go to
Loves
Evelyn.



EVELYN COHEN

*"What shall I say to you? What
can I say
Better than silence is."*

Evelyn is a quiet and unobtrusive person. She is an excellent student and her particular abilities lie in the sciences and mathematics.



To a Bloomin radical
sympathizer. Best Fisher
and Good Luck Always

Peter W. Denzer
PETER DENZER

*"The life of the husbandman, a
life fed by the bounty of
earth and
Sweetened by the airs of heaven."*

Peter has numerous interests including a genuine enthusiasm for photography, farming, and medicine. His interests lie along scientific and philosophical lines, but not to the exclusion of people.

To Naomi - I'm so green with envy about your wonderful Bermuda
summers that I'm afraid to write. But you're a swell kid,
Naomi, and it's been grand knowing you



JOYCE FRANKEL

"Why did I write? What sin to
me unknown
Dipt me in ink, my parents' or
my own?
As yet a child, nor yet a fool to
fame
I lisped in numbers, for the num-
bers came."

Joyce has a gay, cheerful disposition but beneath it lies deep understanding and serious contemplation. She has a decided flair for writing and her work both in poetry and prose has been notable in *Birch Leaves*.

love

joyce



with your determination you'll get
everything you want - I know. My best
wishes and wishes for
happiness always -
Bobbie

BARBARA GAIR

"For voices pursue him by day,
And haunt him by night,
And he listens, and needs must
obey,
When the angel says: 'Write!'"

Barbara is unusually talented in art and is also an outstanding contributor to the literary activities of the school. She is not only the editor of *Birch Leaves* but has shown her versatility in writing class day skits and in collaborating with Jane Vorhaus in producing a humorous column in *Birch Bark*. Barbara has also distinguished herself as a fine actress.

*The best of
luck now
always.
Jane.*



JANE GIDDING

*"Mirth, admit me of thy crew,
To live with her, and live with
thee,
In unprov'd pleasures free."*

Jane's delightful animation and social poise are only two of the qualities which contribute to her vivid personality. These traits combined with her ability at athletics have made her an integral part of our group.

*Much luck for ever
Betty Jane*



BETTY JANE GOODSTEIN

*"Thy jovial presence fills us all
with glee
Which never peters out."*

The keen sense of humor which Betty Jane possesses is shown not only in her personality but also in the writing she has done. Her ability in art has also been seen in her frequent contributions to *Birch Leaves*.



JOY GOTTESMAN

"Nothing great was ever achieved without enthusiasm."

The school spirit which is so much a part of Joy, and her unceasing efforts and coöperation in regard to many of the activities of school life, have distinguished her in the class. Joy is an excellent athlete, and as head of the Athletic Board and business manager of *The Archway* she has contributed a great deal to the school.

*much luck to our awfully
sweet classmate.
Joy.*

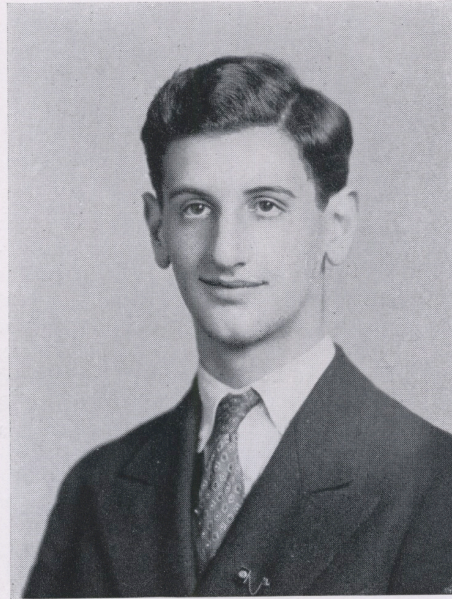


ROBERT HEAYS

"A man who could build a church, as one may say, by squinting at a sheet of paper."

Although Robert's greatest abilities lie along scientific lines, he is a talented artist and is interested in mechanical and architectural drawing. He is of an inventive turn of mind, and has already proved himself a successful amateur photographer.

Robert A. Heays



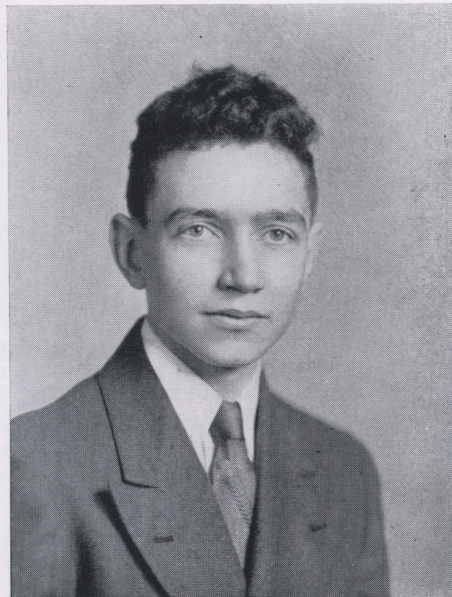
CHARLES HEIDELBERGER

*"You'd scarce expect one of my
age*

To speak on the public stage."

Charles has qualified himself as a leader in several fields of activity. As speaker of the Forum he has shown poise, judgment and executive ability, and as photographer for *The Archway* he has been indefatigable. His sense of humor is unfailing, and as band leader, he has furnished many class parties with music. His popularity is ever-increasing.

*Don't let any fascists
"hit my dyke" you.
Good luck.
Charlie*



VERNON HUGHES

*"The editor sat in his sanctum,
His countenance furrowed with
care,*

*His mind at the bottom of busi-
ness,*

*His feet at the top of the
chair."*

Vernon is the most outstanding student in our class and there is no subject in which he does not do excellent work. His accuracy, thoroughness, and keen sense of duty have also been shown in his work as editor of *Birch Bark*.

*Don't be too radical,
Vernon*

Best wishes always to a really
grand classmate and thanks
for the tips on Chicago even if
I don't go.
PHYLLIS KORN always,



"How charming is divine philoso-
phy!
Not harsh, and crabbed, as dull
fools suppose,
But musical as is Apollo's lute
And a perpetual feast of nectar'd
sweets."

Phyllis -

Introspective and philosophical by nature, Phyllis is a popular member of the class because of her un-failing frankness, generosity and high spirits. She may always be depended upon to give enthusiastic support in class activities.

lots of luck,
Corinne



CORINNE LAPPERT

"The glass of fashion and the
mould of form,
The observ'd of all observers."

Corinne has a great deal of social poise and meets people easily. She is distinguished by her well-groomed appearance and excellent taste in clothes.

T H E :- A R C H W A Y :- 1 9 3 8

Naomi will always mean *notre ami* in the hearts of the senior-class. Isn't that sweet. Best wishes,



Warren Milius.

WARREN MILIUS

*"Ambition is our idol, on whose wings
Great minds are carry'd."*

Warren has handled the activities of the Senior class as its president with the efficiency and excellent judgment that is characteristic of him. He also has contributed much in his work on *Birch Bark*.



ETHEL MARY MOORE

*"When I could not sleep for cold
I had fire enough in my brain
And builded with roofs of gold
My beautiful castles in Spain!"*

Mary's willingness and helpfulness in everything connected with school life have made for her a definite place in our class.

Shall I give you my address for next year so you can give me your extra gum?

Mary



To Naomi
The other member
of our wonderful current
events class - good luck always
Phyllis

PHYLLIS SAKS

"Villain, a horse—Villain, I say,
give me a horse to fly,
To swim the river, villain, and to
fly."

Phyllis has been in our class since kindergarten and because of her loyalty and friendliness has always been a well-liked member of our class. Besides enjoying other sports, she is an unusually fine equestrienne.



FELICE SCHWARTZ

"There is no greater delight than
to be

Conscious of sincerity on self-
examination."

Felice is one of the cleverest and most talented girls in our class. Her various abilities include singing, dancing and the making of her own attractive clothes.

Dear Naomi,
I wish you many
happy + successful
years.
"Skip"



To Naomi -
The best of luck
in all you do -
Elinor.

ELINOR SLOSS

"Be safe, be silent—silence never betrays you."

Elinor is a rather quiet person. Her main interest is music which she takes great delight in following. Her cleverness is shown in the amusing poems she has written, and her ability in athletics is outstanding.

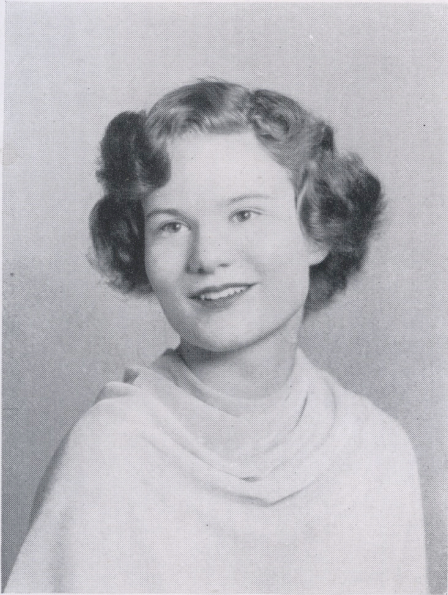


LOUISE STRAUS

*"Her voice was ever soft,
Gentle, and low—an excellent
thing in woman."*

Louise is one of the more quiet members of our group. She is extremely neat and always perfectly groomed. In all her actions she conducts herself with a great deal of savoir faire and graciousness.

lots of luck in everything
you may attempt.
Louise,



JANE VORHAUS

*"Whatever sceptic could inquire
for,
For every why she had a where-
fore."*

There is almost no field of study in which Jane does not have both a deep interest and outstanding ability. The work she has done for *The Archway* and *Birch Leaves* in art and poetry has been note worthy.

*From one aslite to another
(although I haven't paid my dues for
years and I only wear lyle stockings
when my silk ones are in shreds)
lots of luck
Jane*



ALINE WOLFF

*"So nigh is grandeur to our dust,
So near is God to man.
When duty whispers low, thou
must,
The youth replies, 'I can'."*

In Aline are combined a fine sense of responsibility and efficient leadership with social ease and charm. She has held office consistently throughout her school course, and this year serves as Editor-in-Chief of *The Archway*.

*What to say??? It's
so very hard to be original that
I shall have to be usual but
sincere - the very best of luck
always
Lynnie*



MARGARET YOUNG

*"Social mirth forgets there's a care
Upon the earth."*

Peggy's cheerful disposition and optimistic outlook are characteristic of her personality. Her good nature and interest in other people have made her popular with our group.

*Rob of Rued
to a Rued girl
Peg*







Class History

Invocation

Birch Wathen Goddess, Muse of learning
Who keeps the torch of knowledge burning
From out the years' fantastic cruise
We summon thee, scholastic Muse.

Canto I



Before the pruning knife of time
Destroyed our innocence sublime
Our cardial lives were spent
In animated merriment.
We had no claims toward erudition
To swing "sans peur" was our ambition.
In academic studies we
At length were taught orthography.
And ball tag made each day complete
When we were young and "tres petit."

Canto II



'Twas in the middle school (I think)
We learned the art of using ink.
Our dignity was thus inflated
Though desks with ink were saturated.
In studies we proceeded thence
To Mrs. Hurst's experiments.
And then we learnt with minds awestruck
About what makes a vacuum suck,
And spent our leisure not at play
But tying knots the girl scout way.
Then finally we little sages
Learnt about the Middle Ages.
'Til grammar school we bid "Good-bye"
And entered into Junior High.

Canto III

In Junior High School in between talk
We learnt "Huckle, Buckle, Beanstalk."
Aesthetic brains were weary, teeming
Always with "five-minute theming,"
Ever hoping, ever tryin'
Thus to "captivate" Miss Bryan;
Writing pleas for information
To resorts throughout the nation.
Our theatrical debut
Saw the eighth grade climax through.
We enacted puppet tales
In a show at Bloomingdales.



Canto IV

In 'thirty-four our education
Mingled with sophistication,
Trying to abolish ails
Of our youth with polished nails
Permanented hair, cosmetics,
And a leaning for aesthetics.
In 'thirty-five the secret X
Puzzled Soph'mores did perplex.
Still a mystery concealed
Secret X is unrevealed.
Now we're Seniors, poised, well versed,
We can leave assemblies first.
Pompous, dignified, sedate,
Let us hope we graduate.



L'Envoi

Muse of learning, still thy tongue,
Thank you for the songs you've sung.
Haste thee, nymph, thy rays diffuse,
Fare-thee-well, Birch Wathen Muse.

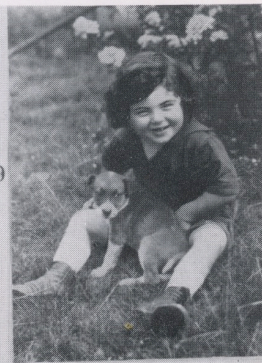




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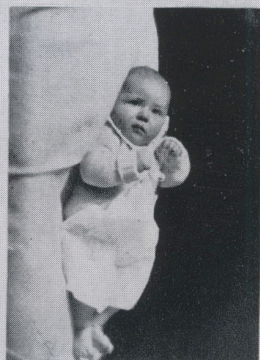
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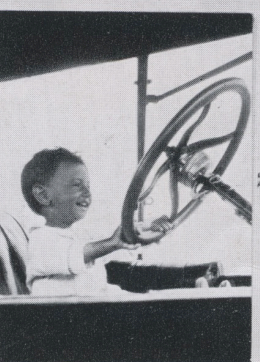
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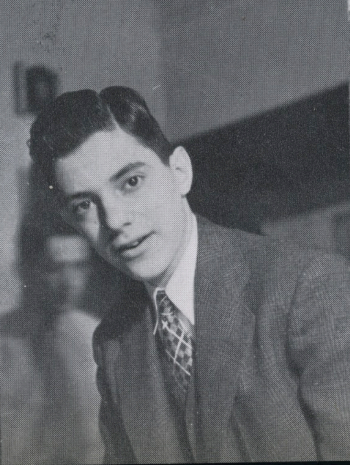
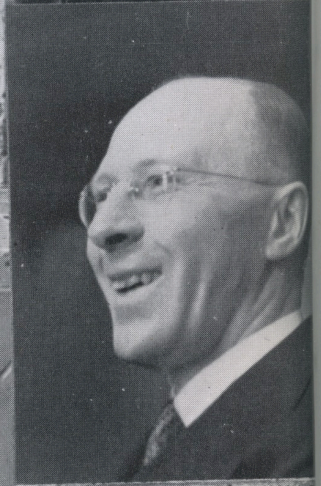
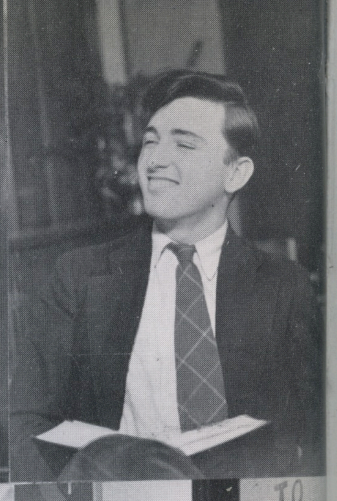


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ANCIENT HISTORY



Senior Class Favorites

Movie Actor	Gary Cooper
Movie Actress	Norma Shearer
Newspaper	New York Times
Magazine	Readers' Digest
Beverage	Coca Cola
Toothpaste	Colgate's
Band Leader	Horace Heidt
Jazz Orchestra	Horace Heidt's
Singer	Kirsten Flagstad
Opera	"Carmen"
Recent Book	"Gone with The Wind"
Recent Movie	"Snow White and The Seven Dwarfs"
Recent Play	"Julius Caesar"
Poet	Robert Browning
Novelist	Hugh Walpole
Sport	Tennis
Men's College	Harvard
Women's College	Smith
Comedian	Charlie McCarthy
Radio Program	Charlie McCarthy
Song of the Year	"Thanks for the Memory"
Pastime	Reading
Animal	Dog
Lunch Haunt	Parker's
Subject	English
Car	Cord
Time of the Week	Friday at 1:05 P. M.

Name	Nickname	Haunt	Mannerism
*16 Naomi Bloom	"Naomi"	Mass meetings	Cracking her knuckles
1 Evelyn Blue	"Evie"	Student Council meetings	Smiling benevolently
10 Evelyn Cohen	"Evelyn"	Her sister's house	Retiring
22 Peter Denzer	"Pete"	Operating theatre in hospital	Blushing easily
5 Joyce Frankel	"Jerce"	Delicatessen	Laughing
23 Barbara Gair	"Bobsie"	Art studio	Frowning with perplexity
14 Jane Gidding	"Janie"	College Proms	Jingling charm bracelet
11 Betty J. Goodstein	"B. J."	Dorn's	Slow, ambling walk
15 Joy Gottesman	"Joy"	Camp Echo	Effervescing
24 Robert Heays	"Roberta"	Photographic dark room	Blustering
20 Chas. Heidelberger	"Charlie"	Behind the gavel	Standing with his hand in his pocket
12 Vernon Hughes	"Gauze"	Birch Wathen School	Twitching his nose
6 Phyllis Korn	"Flips"	Lynkie's house	Running hands through hair
21 Corinne Lappert	"Corinne"	Home	Toying with her hair
2 Warren Milius	"Wayne"	Madison Square Garden	Gleefully rubbing palm against palm
4 Mary Moore	"Mary"	Briarcliff	Blushing
13 Phyllis Saks	"Saksie"	Aylward's Riding Club	Hand over her mouth
9 Felice Schwartz	"Skippy"	Biltmore Singing Contests	Frankly expressing her opinions
7 Elinor Sloss	"Ellie"	Gym	Masculine walk
19 Louise Straus	"Weezie"	Carnegie Hall	Talking under her breath
8 Jane Vorhaus	"Plato"	Corner of Senior room	Thoughtfully holding her head on one side
3 Aline Wolff	"Lynkie"	Flip's house	Arranging her symmetrical curls
18 Peggy Young	"Pudgy"	Bonwit Teller's	Giggling

*Numbers refer to numbers on pictures on pages 20 and 21

Occupation	Aversion	Expression	Prediction
Squirring	Curling her hair	"I don't mind"	Anti-Fascist leader
Douglas	Raucous voice	"Really!"	Elocutionist
Being a twin	Talking	"Doris"	Grammarian
Raising fruit trees	Dancing	"Horrors"	Successor to Dr. Dafoe
Thinking up right distraction for wrong time	Sitting quietly	"I'm sorry Madame, I won't do it again"	Author
This and Thating	Prose	"Ooh, it's horrible"	Second T. S. Eliot
Dancing	Monday morning classes	"I wouldn't go so far as to make a statement like that"	Chaperon at Lawrenceville Proms
Drawing little children	School lunches	"I'll bring it tomorrow"	Satirist
Living up to her name	Lack of school spirit	"It was simply <i>marvelous</i> "	Kindergarten teacher
Mechanical Drawing	Girls	"Hello Skipper"	Architect
Taking candid-camera shots	Warren's pet teams	"Have you heard Ambrose yet?"	Mad scientist
Putting out <i>Birch Bark</i>	Leisure	"It's frivolous"	A success
Stunting for her pocketbook	Getting up early	"Naturally, that's what I said"	Philosopher
Not doing homework	Friday mornings	"I don't know"	Model in a deb-shop
Playing bridge	New York Giants	"What mark did you get?"	Big Business man
Running around	The city	"I nearly died"	Miss Brown's successor
Horseback riding	Being opinionated	"Give me an easy one, Mr. Southworth"	Model for vermilion nail-polish
Map dancing	Frills	"Do you know what?"	Radio singer
Collecting operatic librettos	Self-expression	"Oh for goodness sakes"	Singer
Being well dressed	Being ruffled	"Heavens above"	Kirsten Flagstad's understudy
Murmuring Gilbert & Sullivan	An orderly desk	"Can I tell you about this?"	Professor
Admiring her family	Untidiness	"Heavens above"	First Lady
Hopping	School	"You've got something there"	A native Californian

Unheard Melody

IT was about six o'clock. Nanette had left the storeroom hurriedly. She had wanted to get away from all the excelsior and empty cartons and packages. For a moment she stood close to the doorway, feeling the shock of pelting snow. There weren't many people on the street, but the traffic was congested. She could hear the vibrant rumble of many subways taking many people home. It was Christmas eve.

Nanette moved out onto the wet pavement. She walked slowly, watching the galaxies of snowflakes become water as they touched the sidewalk. The cold cut through the thin stuff of her gloves. She looked up at the cheap vermilion wreaths winking from the windows. Nanette was lonely.

She stuffed her hands into her pockets. There was a forgotten little piece of tinsel paper in one and she crumpled it deliberately into a small, round ball. It lay in the palm of her hand for a second, then she dropped it. Christmas—tinsel—lights . . . She was very lonely.

She stood in front of Trinity Church, holding the black iron grating of the fence. She had passed it often. She had brought her lunch there in the spring and sat on John Friend's grave. John had died as a child of four, in 1796. She could remember some of the words, ". . . snatched from the fond embrace of his disconsolate parents . . ." Disconsolate had never seemed quite the most expressive word. The snow clung to the earth in the graveyard, encrusting the ground around the church. The stones were black with age.

Unconsciously she turned toward the river. The sky was alive with snow. The cold continued through her hands, and her ankles were wet. There was a little spot in her throat where it was sore when she swallowed. She heard the sound of a stubborn motor warming up and saw the arced windshield wiper of a car on the corner.

She was walking past the docks and markets and deserted cobblestone streets. Now she knew where she was going. Perhaps if the river had frozen, there would be skating and she could watch. She could see the water, white now with ice. On the other side, the horizon of electric lights twinkled and shimmered. The sky was overcast with a red glow from the billboards and lights downtown. Across the two islands stretched the massive, black silhouette of the Brooklyn Bridge. Nanette had once walked across to Manhattan on that bridge and seen the stark and imposing skyline by night. She remembered that walk. She remembered watching the ebony water slip by underneath.

She was at Peck Slip. A long, planked dock jutted out into the water. She walked out slowly. At one side an old fishing boat lay, docked for the winter. It was clean and scrupulously neat. "Sailors are neat," she thought. The ropes were coiled perfectly in special corners, covered with little flakes of wintry white. The mast stood tall and stiff against

the sky. She walked to the edge of the dock and leaned against the bulwark of logs and ropes. The cold bit her chin and neck. She left frightened and alone.

Below, where the water had frozen, four or five people were skating. She looked at them. They skated silently, cutting the ice with the silver discs. Two of them skated together and they looked happy.

One of the men stopped skating just below her. He called up to her. "Do you want to skate?"

Nanette was startled and suddenly happy. She wasn't frightened. It was Christmas Eve and the water was frozen and she was very, very lonely.

"I haven't any skates." Her voice was quiet against the whirling crispness of the night.

"I'll lend you one of mine."

Nanette laughed and swung herself down onto the icy solidity of the river. He was tall and tired-looking and he seemed like many people she had seen before. He gave her one skate. It was too big, but she strapped it on and they glided out onto the ice, skating skooter fashion. For a long while they were silent.

"What's your name?" he asked at last.

"Nanette."

"I'm Peter," he said.

They skated on, saying very little. They both loved the ice and the snow and the winter. They were both happy in having companionship on a lonely night. Nanette was very grateful to him. He had relieved her loneliness on a night when she had wanted to be happy. She looked at his face. It was kind. It was tired, but it was kind and frank and thoughtful. She liked him and she wanted him to know she liked him. Yet she didn't want to know him. She didn't want to know his troubles and his sorrows. She knew the pain of disappointment and she didn't want to find it in him. Rather would she retain her impressions of happiness from this hour of skating. Rather would she remember him as she wanted him and not as time would reveal him to be. A line of poetry she had learned long before came back to her vaguely.

She asked him if he had ever read any Keats.

"Too long ago for me to remember," he said.

When he asked her if he could see her home she said, "No." She would never see him again. She sat silently on the dock as he walked up South Street. He turned and shouted "Merry Christmas" to her. She answered and started walking home. The snow began to pummel at her face and the cold seeped through her gloves and shoes.

"Heard melodies are sweet, but those unheard

Are sweeter . . ."

That was the line. She repeated it to herself as she walked back through the driving snow.

BARBARA GAIR

“Objet d’Art”

inspired by Browning’s “My Last Duchess”

AS THE curtain rises we see a lavishly decorated Italian bedroom of the Renaissance period. It is dimly lit by torches which cast strange shadows in the corners. In the center of the stage stands a great four-poster bed of solid mahogany. It is carved in intricate patterns. Its occupant is a wasted old lady—no, I can see now that she is but a young girl, but her hair is white as alabaster, and her eyes are deep and sad. She is Lady Ferrara—her Duke’s first Duchess. Beside her stands the Duke himself, impatiently and awkwardly waiting for her to die.

DUKE: I do not understand your malady.
Your life has been as sheltered as my dove’s,
Who lives serenely in his golden cage.
When evening comes you do not walk abroad
For I commanded you to stay at home.
No chilling breeze has buffeted your hair,
Nor has the sunlight played upon your face
With rays too strong, for, I bethink me now
I ordered that you never show your face
From noontide till the sun lies near the west
In any of my lonely garden walks.
And yet they tell me you are going to die.

DUCHESS: Oh, good my Lord,
No act of yours brought on this present ill;
You do not cause my death in any way,
Save that you took my means of life away.
For I found life in just the self-same things
Which in your jealousy you robbed me of.
Oh, I could live without your love, my Duke,
Without your love, without my liberty.
But what is left to live for when the world
Is void of Beauty, void of Poetry?
You did not understand me all my life;
Perhaps in death, then, you may comprehend.
This is the sum of my philosophy:
Wherever there is freedom, youth and love
And happiness, why there is poetry;
And that is part of every human life,
The richest measure of experience.
And this I found in happy human eyes

In sunset's glow, in fragrant cherry blooms,
In birds, in flowers and in kindness too.
It brought a flush of color to my cheeks
But this displeased my Lord, he gave commands—
I must not go abroad when twilight comes
I must not smile at human happiness,
When all these things were Life itself to me.
Is it small wonder, now that they are gone,
That I should die for lack of them, Oh Duke?

DUKE: You have a foolish heart.
Too soon you are made glad, too soon you smile,
And I have sometimes thought you do not prize
My wealth, my title of nine centuries
With half the worth that you appraise a smile.
But it is stooping low to tell you this
And I must never stoop!

DUCHESS: Then do not condescend to stoop so now.
In vain you waste your haughty words on me.
I do not love your wealth. And now I know
That when you wooed me, you wooed not my love!
You prize me as you prize a work of art
Because you know it is a masterpiece.
You want me to adorn your galleries
As part of your collection. No, my Duke
It cannot be, for, as you see, I die.
Yet even in the midst of suffering
From death's black gloom to which you led the way
Do I forgive you. Husband, kiss me once
Before I leave you, for I soon shall feel
The heavy beat of Death upon my eyes.

(The Duke comes forward and kisses his dying wife.)

DUCHESS: Now do I die in peace and willingly.
Who knows, perhaps in dying I shall find
What you would never let me seek in Life—
The poetry of rich experience.
No longer shall I be a work of art
To show your royal friends. That time has passed
I will not be encumbered now with wealth
Now I shall find the peace of liberty.

(The Duchess is silent. A great stillness settles over the lavish bedroom and the torches burn dimly. Gradually it is borne in on the Duke that his first Duchess is dead. For a minute he is touched.)

DUKE: Oh Duchess, you have tried to give me love
When all I asked was beauty, charm and grace.
And now you suffer for your foolishness.
But I forgive!
And you shall have a lavish funeral,
A tomb of marble mined in Italy
Inlaid with priceless jewels and purest gold,
That when I bring my friends to visit you
They shall be struck with so much opulence
And dazzled by so fair a work of art,
For it shall be the greatest masterpiece
That ever man has looked upon.

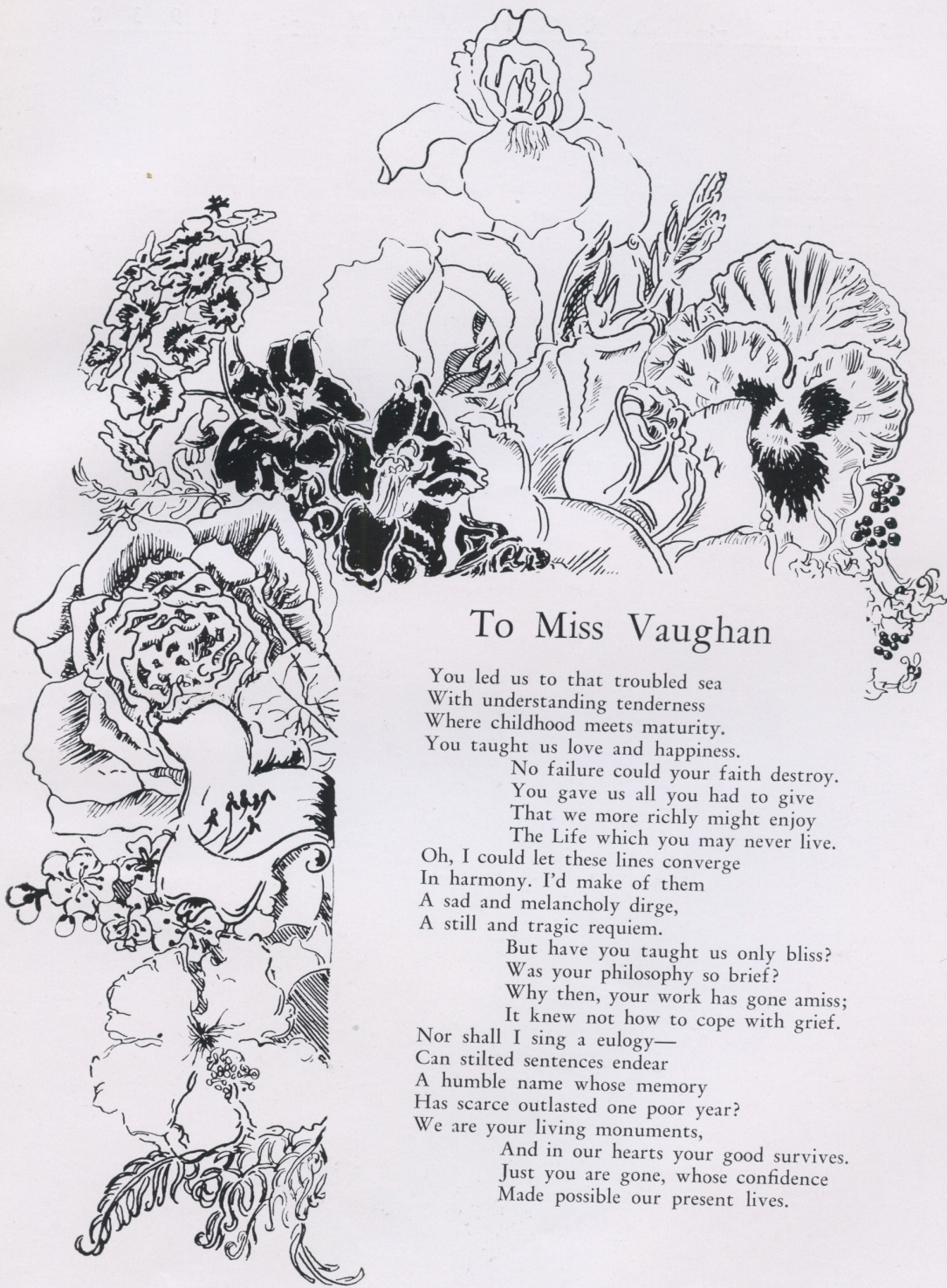
(The torches burn low and as the curtain falls we see the white face of the Duchess peacefully happy. She is no longer part of the collection.)

JANE VORHAUS

The Cynic

If I should become hard and bitter,
And scornfully curl my mouth
Downward in a mocking smile;
If I should laugh too much
And too loud and too long,
And shatter all things beautiful
And lovely with a word, as a flower
Is crushed in the hand—
Only remember this, if you should forget all else;
I shall weep hot tears
In the deep of the night,
When it is still and dark,
And none may know.

JOYCE FRANKEL



To Miss Vaughan

You led us to that troubled sea
With understanding tenderness
Where childhood meets maturity.
You taught us love and happiness.

No failure could your faith destroy.
You gave us all you had to give
That we more richly might enjoy
The Life which you may never live.

Oh, I could let these lines converge
In harmony. I'd make of them
A sad and melancholy dirge,
A still and tragic requiem.

But have you taught us only bliss?
Was your philosophy so brief?
Why then, your work has gone amiss;
It knew not how to cope with grief.

Nor shall I sing a eulogy—
Can stilted sentences endear
A humble name whose memory
Has scarce outlasted one poor year?
We are your living monuments,

And in our hearts your good survives.
Just you are gone, whose confidence
Made possible our present lives.

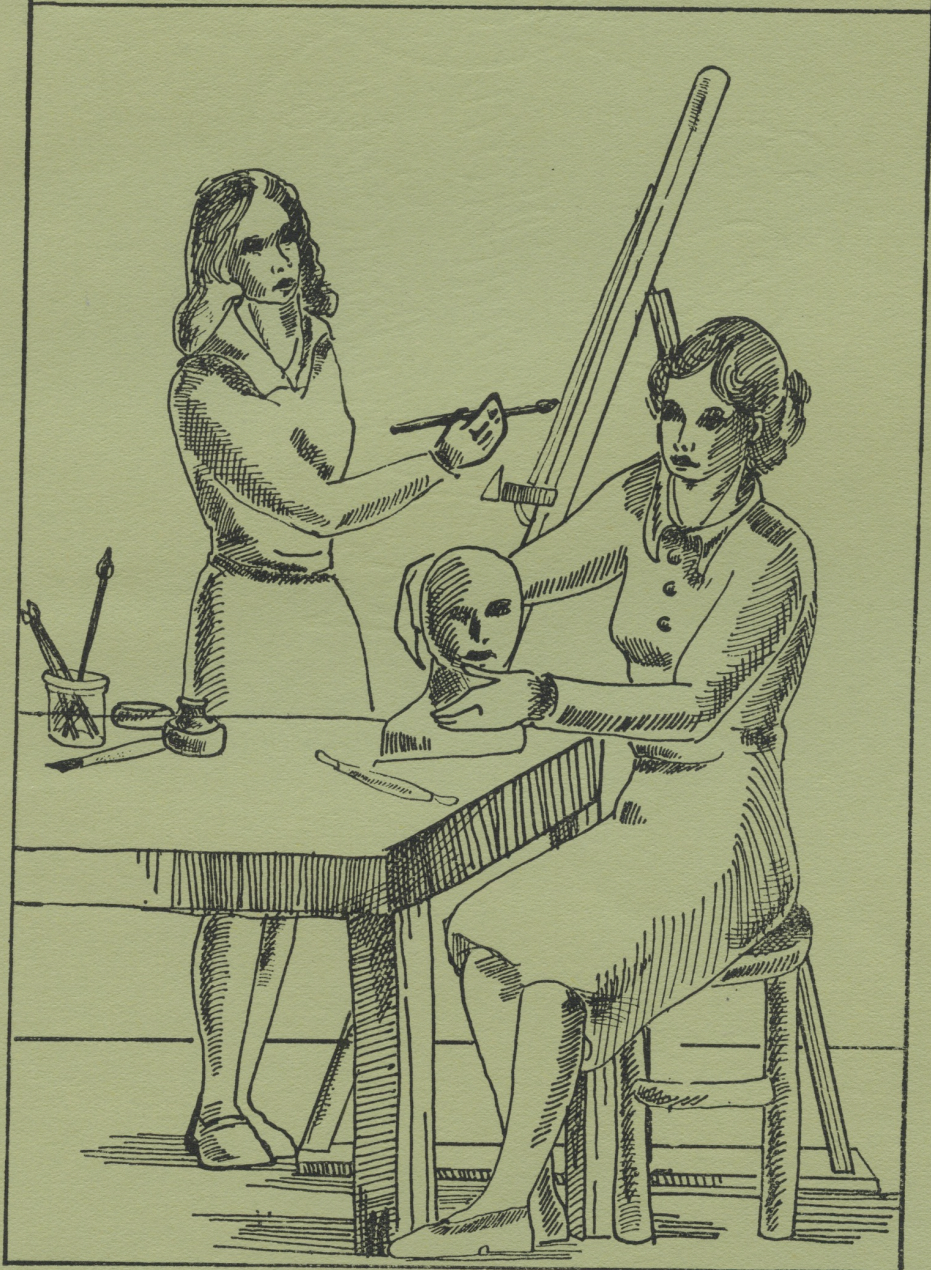
A Mood

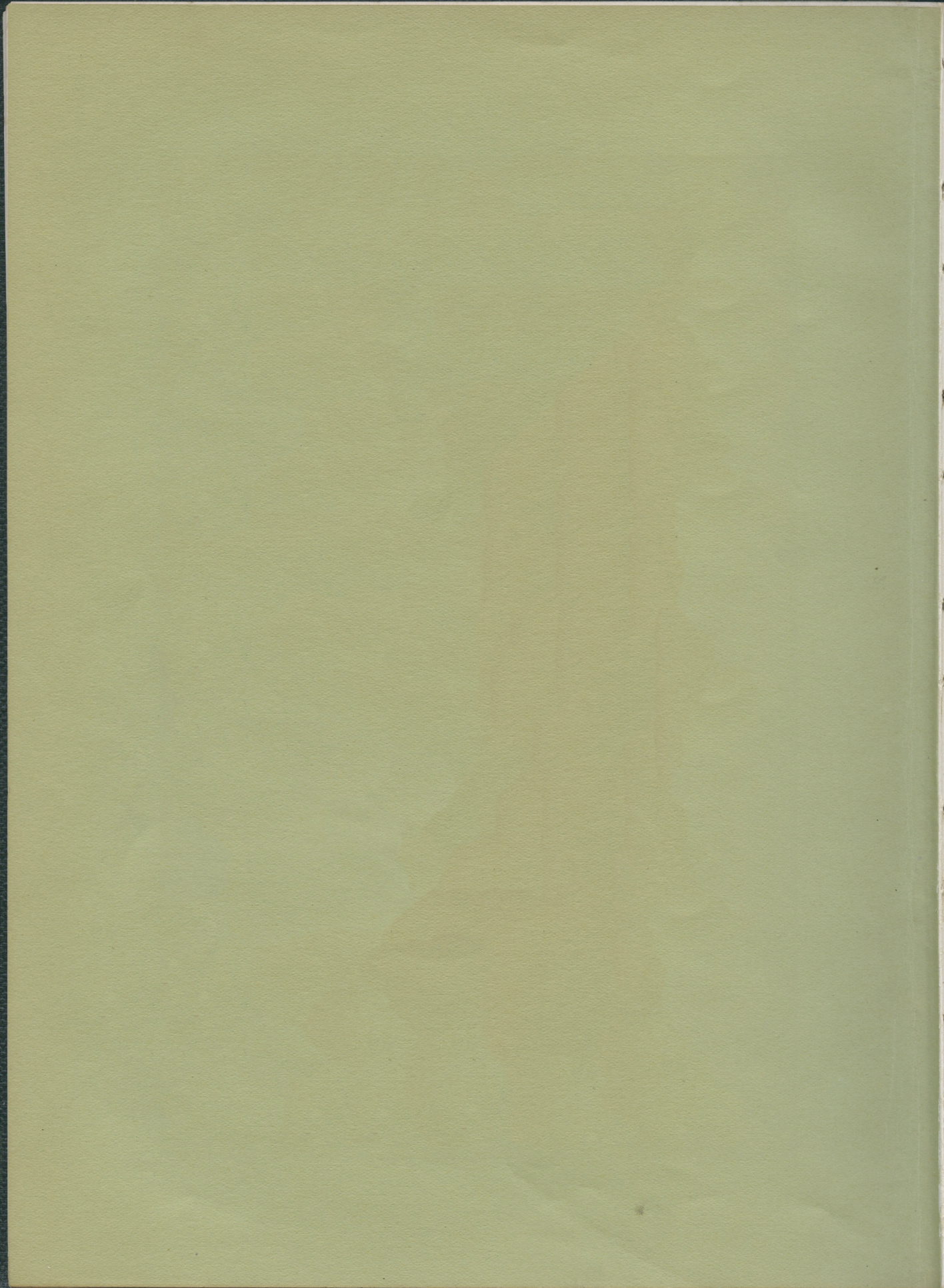
IT IS raining today. The river is gray and gloomy and the waves fall against each other dejectedly. A heavy mist holds the world in its thick, clammy hands and laughs to see souls struggling to shake off the sorrows of the universe. Small birds huddle in the leafless trees and mournfully cheep their misery. The clouds that usually chase each other through the sky or quietly lie and sleep on a blue counterpane, today have a dirty and unkempt appearance. They and all the rest of nature seem to care little how they look, for the world is in mourning and life has slowed down to the tempo of a dirge. The earth is brown and bare—not a warm, rich brown, but a dull, dreary, depressing hue. Oh, that one green leaf were dancing on a limb, that one green blade of grass were bowing to the wind. Oh, where is spring?

EVELYN BLUE



ACTIVITIES







Edith Wathen.

Louise Birch



Marquitta Mackey.



Victoria Hutson Huntley.



J. Carl Hoston



Grace Wills



Anita Gallis S. Carosio



John Van Duzen Southworth



C.R. Hubbard



Betty Burroughs

To Naomi -
My most
conscientiously
faithful student
for which my
blessing!
J.S. Southworth

Dear Naomi be a
happy artist all
with love your life.
Betty Burroughs



Harrison W. Moore



Margaret Leighton Stanton

*Be me gentille
e lève tout mes
voux de bonheur
et de succès
F. G.*



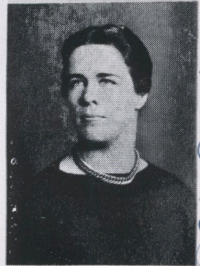
Jeanne Galliard



Henry C. Berger



Ethel Holwell

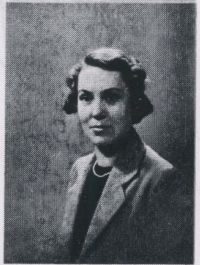


*It has been
nice know-
ing you, Naomi
and I have
enjoyed your
cooperation.
J. G. Brown.*

Jean G. Brown



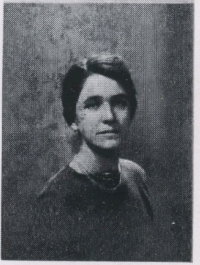
Erling Hunt



Helen Mary Harris



Gustav Williams



Marion Lewis Smart

T H E :- A R C H W A Y :- 1 9 3 8



JUNIORS

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T H E :- A R C H W A Y :- 1 9 3 8



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SEVENTH GRADE



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Business Manager—JOY GOTTESMAN
Assistant Business Manager—JANE GIDDING
Faculty Advisor—MARGARET P. STANTON

Literary Editor—PHYLLIS KORN
Art Editor—JANE VORHAUS
Photographers—CHARLES HEIDELBERGER
ROBERT HEAYS
PETER DENZER

The Archway

THIS year our main endeavor was to make the yearbook as strikingly original and different from all past books as possible. To carry out this purpose the board has attempted several innovations: the class history written in poetry, the chart of Senior class favorites and the chart of Senior opinions. We have also experimented a great deal in the field of photography and our "bled" pages and baby pictures are the results. As always the basic idea behind the yearbook was to make it a record of the Senior class and its varied activities so that besides the portraits and group pictures we have included a number of "candid" shots which serve to characterize each individual far better than words ever could.

We should like to express our gratitude at this time to the entire high school for its coöperation in securing advertisements, and to the Senior class whose aid in compiling the written material was invaluable.

A. L. W.

Student Council

THE Student Council, executive, deliberative, and judicial department of the student government, has reached the end of its eighth year. Its retiring members feel that there has been more true representation of the students, and cooperation with the faculty in the Council this year than ever before. The school newspaper, which has a representative on the Council, has been invaluable in securing this cooperation.

The year 1937-38 will always be remembered as an extremely important one, for this year's Council was the first to operate under the new constitution. The number of members is larger in order to insure the greatest possible representation of the students, and its power has been extended so that the burden of direct governing could be removed from the student forum. We have had to proceed carefully, for many precedents had to be established that will influence the actions of all future Councils.

Many other comparatively minor reforms and measures have been enacted by the Council, and on the whole have been successful, because they reflect the wishes of a distinct majority of the students.

The retiring president wishes to express her thanks to her associates for their unfailing activities in behalf of the necessary work of the year. The Council also extends its gratitude to Mr. Moore, the faculty adviser, for his invaluable guidance and criticism.

E. B.

President—EVELYN BLUE
Speaker—CHARLES HEIDELBERGER
Faculty Advisor—HARRISON W. MOORE
Treasurer—LEO MAYER
Senior Representative—VERNON HUGHES

Junior Representative—ERNEST TUCKER
Sophomore Representatives—GEORGE PRICE
 ESTHER ROBINSON
Freshman Representatives—ALAN SIMMONS
 GLORIA ARANOW



Birch Leaves

THERE have been no radical changes in Birch Leaves this year although the magazine has improved and progressed in several respects. The illustrative material has increased in quantity and has been charming and gay in quality. There has been a continued effort to make the art work as fairly represented in the magazine as the literary material, although this attempt was naturally limited by the fact that the illustrations are restricted to linoleum cuts.

Birch Leaves has continued the policy of previous boards in changing the staff of readers in the middle of the year. A wider range of students have thus been able to work on the magazine. Contributions of literary material have come from all classes in the high school, thus also assuring adequate representation of the high school work.

Minor changes have been made in the makeup of the magazine. These include a change from the regular type, a difference in the color of the ink and the inside pages and new cover designs with each issue.

B. G.

Editor—BARBARA GAIR

Assistant Editor—JOYCE FRANKEL

Art Editor—BETTY JANE GOODSTEIN

Head Reader—JANE VORHAUS

Faculty Advisor—MARGARET P. STANTON

Business Manager—ERNEST TUCKER

Assistant Business Manager—PHILIP VALDES





Editor—VERNON HUGHES
News Editor—HAROLD DAVIDSON
Feature Editors—JANE VORHAUS
 BARBARA GAIR
Advertising Manager—DANIEL COHEN

Faculty Advisor—CARL HORTON
Business Manager—PETER DENZER
Sports Editors—ELINOR SLOSS
 WARREN MILIUS

Birch Bark

THIS year has been a momentous one for Birch Bark. For the first time in its history, Birch Bark has had every issue a five column paper. The great financial struggle to make possible this progress was won this year by the courageous efforts of the business staff headed by Peter Denzer and by the timely financial aid granted by the Council. This staff has also won the financial battle for succeeding years by obtaining an increase of eighty dollars in the annual Birch Bark appropriation from the student government.

The ideals this year have been towards the democratic production of a livelier school paper. Since Birch Bark only appears once a month, special emphasis has been placed upon features and a feature treatment of the news. Hence, perfunctory accounts of past events have lost their prominence as news features, special pertinent articles and a new emphasis on future news have been given prominence. The ideal of a democratically produced paper has been achieved by placing responsibility in the hands of the departmental editors and the large reportorial staff.

The retiring editor wishes to express his gratitude and thanks to members of the staff, to Mr. Horton and Mrs. Wathen, and to many other students and teachers whose interest and efforts have made it possible to make this year a successful one for Birch Bark.

V. H.



Senior Play

THE Senior play, "Pygmalion" by George Bernard Shaw, was presented at the West Side Y.M.C.A. Little Theatre, on April 8th. Although the night of the Senior play is always a festive occasion, this year there was even more support and enthusiasm than usual. The theatre was crowded and the large audience, judging by their attention and applause, enjoyed every minute of the performance.

Barbara Gair and Peter Denzer had the leading parts, playing the roles of a cockney flower girl and a scientifically-minded phonetics teacher respectively. Their unusual acting ability surprised and delighted the audience. Evelyn Blue, Felice Schwartz and Charles Heidelberger also gave outstanding characterizations and the entire supporting cast was "par excellence."

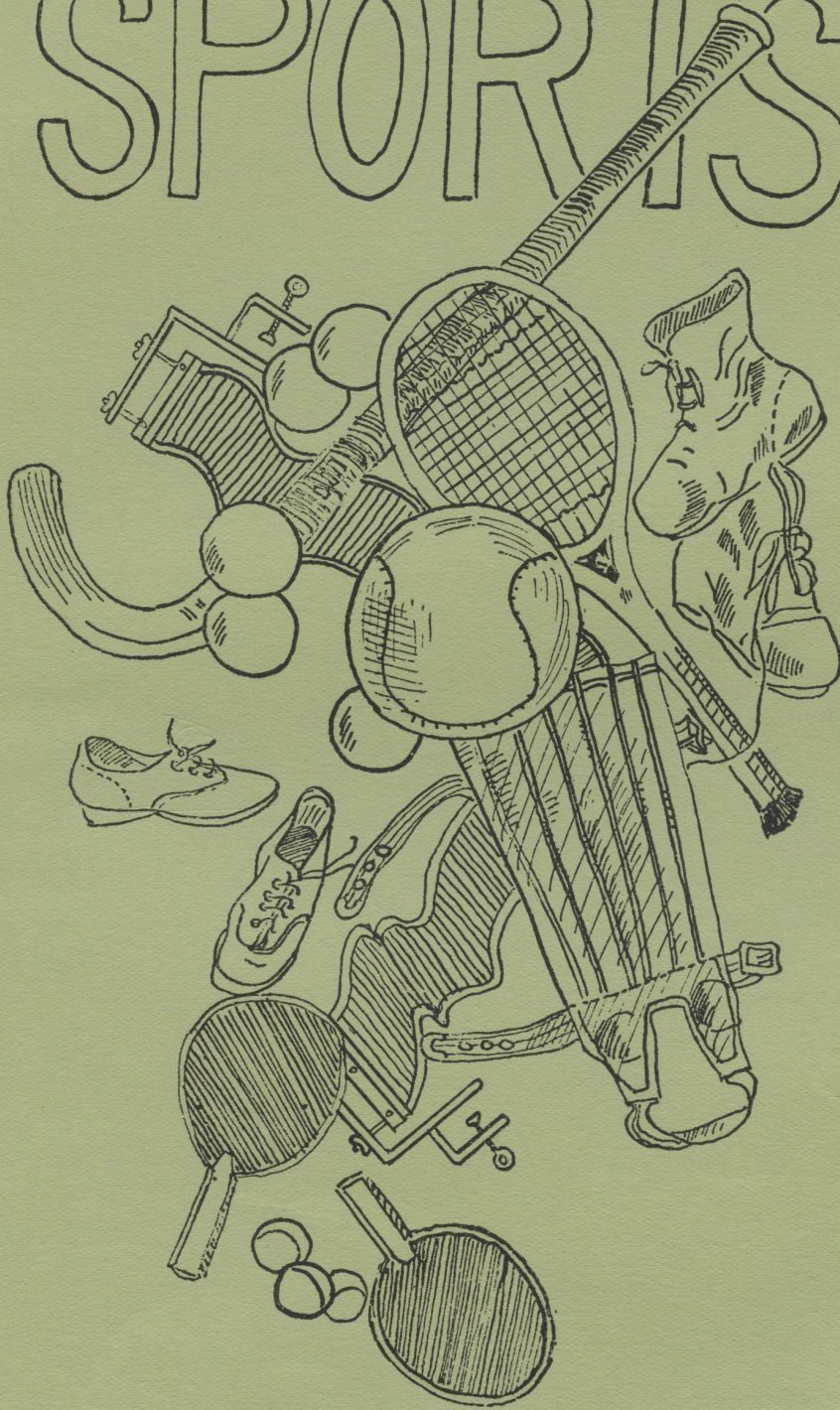
"Pygmalion" deals with a phonetics teacher who is able to transform a flower girl of the meanest sort into a dignified and mannerly lady within six months.

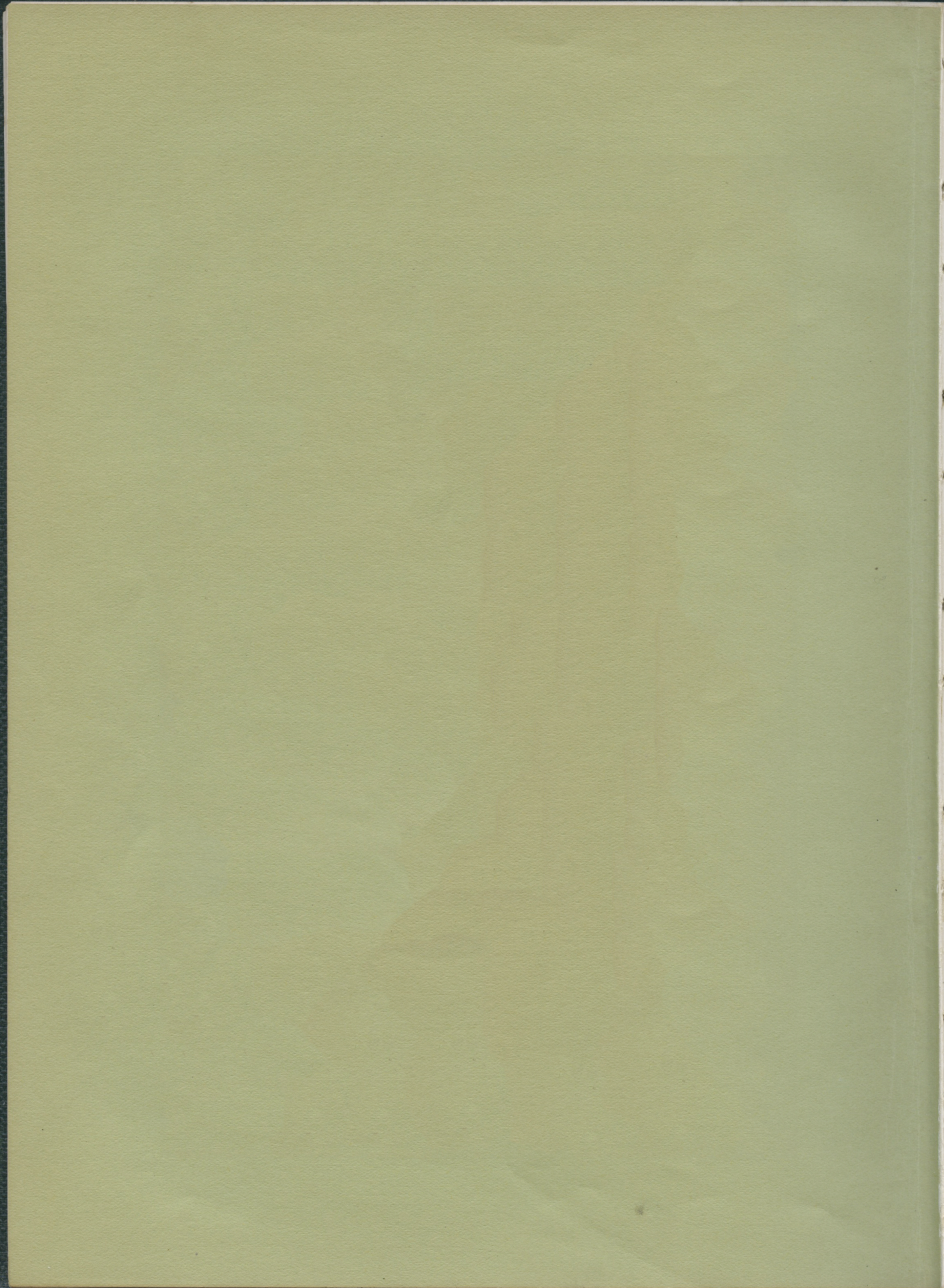
The cast was as follows:

Mrs. Eynsford Hill	Betty Jane Goodstein
Clara Eynsford Hill	Phyllis Saks
Freddie Eynsford Hill	Vernon Hughes
Eliza Doolittle	Barbara Gair
Henry Higgins	Peter Denzer
Colonel Pickering	Warren Milius
Alfred Doolittle	Charles Heidelberger
Mrs. Pearce	Evelyn Blue
Mrs. Higgins	Felice Schwartz
Maid	Jane Vorhaus



SPORTS







Front Row—(Left to right)—Vorhaus, Stern, Milius, Harrington, Heidelberger
 Back Row—(Left to right)—Mr. Borger, Adams, Price, Robinson, Simmons, Hughes

Soccer Team

THE 1938 soccer team finished its season with a 50 percent record of victories, conquering Fieldston, Friends, and Garden Country, losing to Lincoln, McBurney, and Riverdale, and ending its season in a thrilling 1-1 deadlock against the formerly triumphant Lincoln eleven.

Although the percentile was the same as last year's, the 1938 soccer players made a more sure, dependable team, showed some fine team work and in the Riverdale and last Lincoln game rose to an exalted height of school spirit not seen in last year's squad. This year there was also a fiercer struggle for positions on the varsity than there was the year before thus furnishing more substitutes for the games, and indicating a general enthusiasm for soccer which Mr. Horton and Mr. Borger had inspired in the boys.

V. H.

Lincoln	3	Birch Wathen	1	Garden Country	0	Birch Wathen	2
McBurney	2	Birch Wathen	0	Brooklyn Friends	2	Birch Wathen	5
				Riverdale	3	Birch Wathen	2
Fieldston	1	Birch Wathen	3	Lincoln	1	Birch Wathen	1



Front Row—(Left to right)—Levison, Liveright, Gordon, Hughes, Stern, Vorhaus, Kaufman
Back Row—Mr. Horton, Harrington, Adams, Denzer, Simmons, Robinson, Milius, Mr. Borger

Basketball 1937-38

WITH expert coaching and fine team play, Birch Wathen completed a successful basketball season, winning nine games and losing seven. This sixteen game schedule is the largest that any Birch Wathen quintet has encountered and the 1937-8 squad came through it nobly.

Losing only to decidedly superior aggregations, the play on the whole was consistent and aggressive with both the first team and the substitutes showing to advantage.

Although three regulars will graduate, capable replacements seem assured so that next year's team should also be a potent one.

W. M.

Walden	18	Birch Wathen	20	N. Y. Friends	24	Birch Wathen	28
Barnard J. V.	23	Birch Wathen	27	Franklin	25	Birch Wathen	19
Franklin	25	Birch Wathen	11	Garden Country	26	Birch Wathen	40
Lincoln J. V.	12	Birch Wathen	25	McBurney J. V.	29	Birch Wathen	24
N. Y. Friends	18	Birch Wathen	21	Lincoln J. V.	21	Birch Wathen	32
Collegiate	28	Birch Wathen	15	Trinity J. V.	24	Birch Wathen	13
Walden	16	Birch Wathen	20	Collegiate	33	Birch Wathen	15
Garden Country	18	Birch Wathen	13	Trinity J. V.	12	Birch Wathen	22



Front Row—Beatrice Kremsdorf, Mary Moore
Center Row—(Left to right)—Barbara Gair, Phyllis Saks, Jane Oppenheimer, Elinor Sloss, Irene Dvorjitsky
Back Row—(Left to right)—Betty Jane Goodstein, Evelyn Blue, Ellen Jacobi, Joy Gottesman, Virginia Kaufman, Elinor Lee, Jane Gidding, Miss Brown

Girls' Hockey

UNDER the able supervision of the new athletic coach, Miss Brown, the girls' hockey activities included a round-robin tournament between the respective class teams. Everyone played on a team and the Seniors were victorious by winning all three of their games with the Juniors in second place.

The varsity team had a particularly strong defence and showed good team work in the outside games played but was unable to defeat any of the four outside school varsities. The playing in the Fieldston game was superior to the other three but the match with Brooklyn Friends was the most interesting to watch because the teams were so equally matched.

The Varsity scores were as follows:

Birch Wathen 1	Lincoln 2
Birch Wathen 1	Woodmere 3
Birch Wathen 0	Fieldston 4
Birch Wathen 0	Brooklyn Friends 0

M. M.



(Left to right)—Marjorie Bernstein, Elinor Lee, Nancy Irle, Miss Brown, Virginia Kaufman, Joy Gottesman, Mary Moore, Elinor Sloss

Girls' Basketball

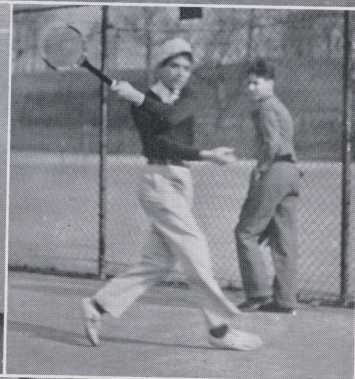
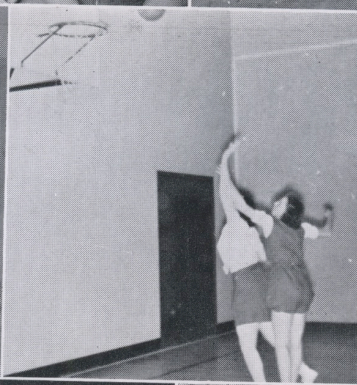
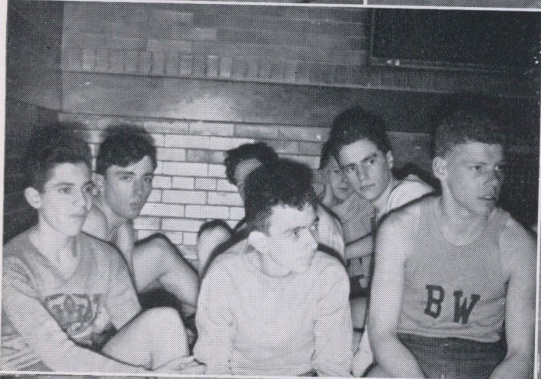
THE girls' basketball season ended successfully this year with the varsity winning 4 out of 6 of the games played. There were very few inter-class and intra-mural games, as most of the activity was concentrated upon the varsity. The games were played both at home and away, but all of them took place in the city. The new coach, Miss Brown, proved a very efficient teacher, as the scores of the games show.

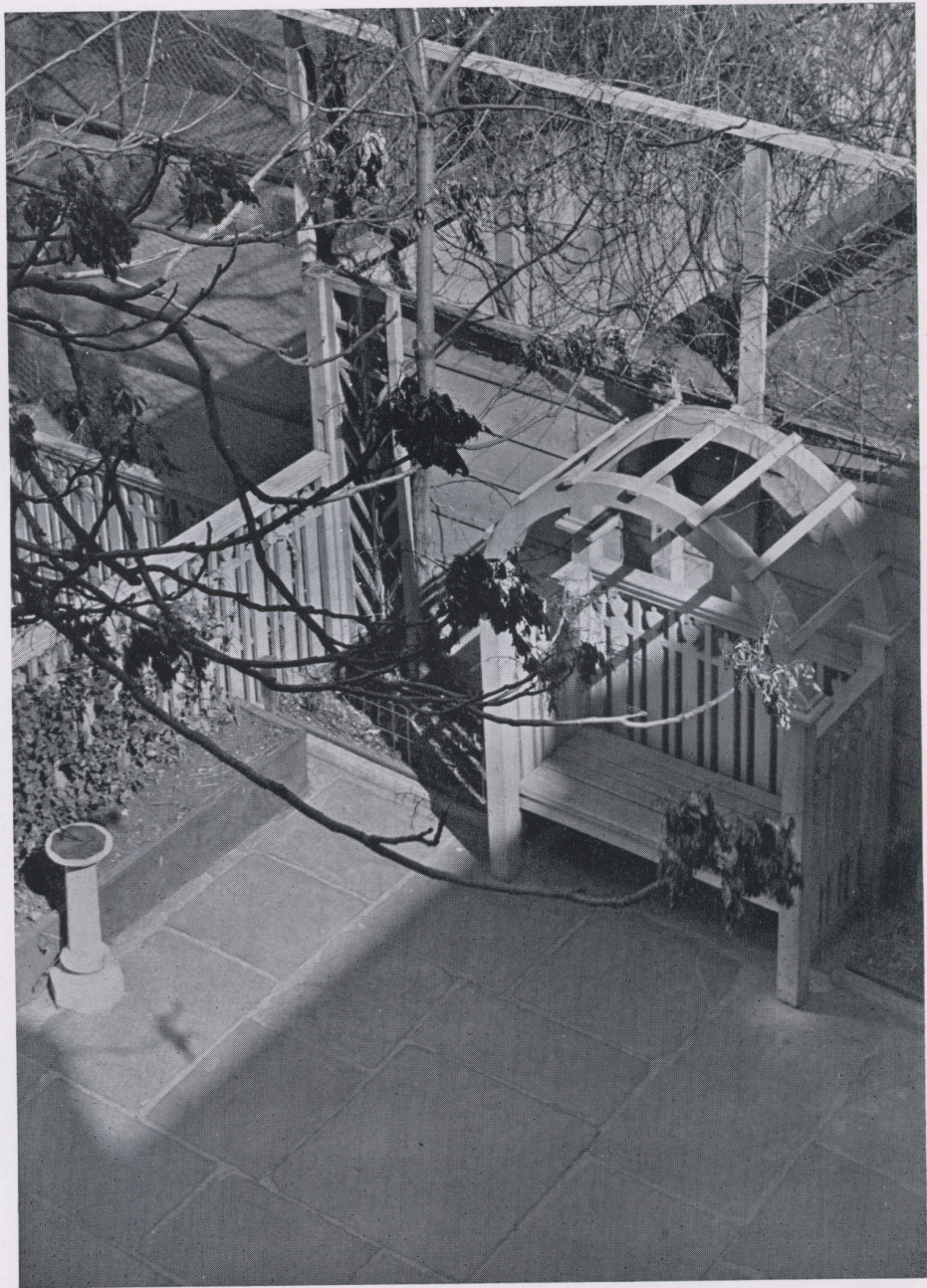
Dancing was taught once a week as it was last year during the basketball season. Miss Fleming returned to the school this year to teach it, and classes were held in modern dancing.

The results of the basketball season were as follows:

Birch Wathen 44	Woodmere	21	Birch Wathen 14	Lincoln	36
Birch Wathen 22	Garden Country Day	12	Birch Wathen 35	Friends	36
Birch Wathen 26	Brooklyn Friends	15	Birch Wathen 19	Dalton	12

E. S.



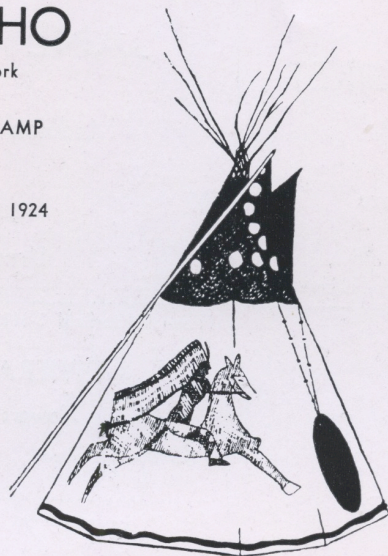


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next year (1938-39) I'll probably be back
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To Naomi best wishes for a successful career
in college — and friends who will satisfy —
I think you have learned many things in school
which will stand you in good stead, and I'm
sure that the next four years — will bring
you real joy — I most certainly hope so!

Cordially,

Margaret Kenyon Stator





