

A Record
of the
Class of 1906





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Haverford



A
Record
of the
Class
of
Nineteen
Hundred
and
Six



College

A^N^D now we are about to go upon a long journey. Like the threatening cloud that steals upon the thoughtless traveller, the moment of departure has thrown its shadow over us almost unawares. In haste we turn to gather these simple remembrancers of our friendship. It is our hope that something true of Haverford life may be found upon the pages of this book, and that the fragrance and beauty of these latter days, in some mysterious fashion, may permeate its pages. For often we would live again amidst these scenes. Often, too, we would hear the echo of familiar voices, calling our names perhaps, and bidding us take new refreshment from the olden time.



*Slowly the growing years have woven us
Into the pattern that you see today;
Sharply the web is torn, and every strand
Into the wind is boldly flung away.*

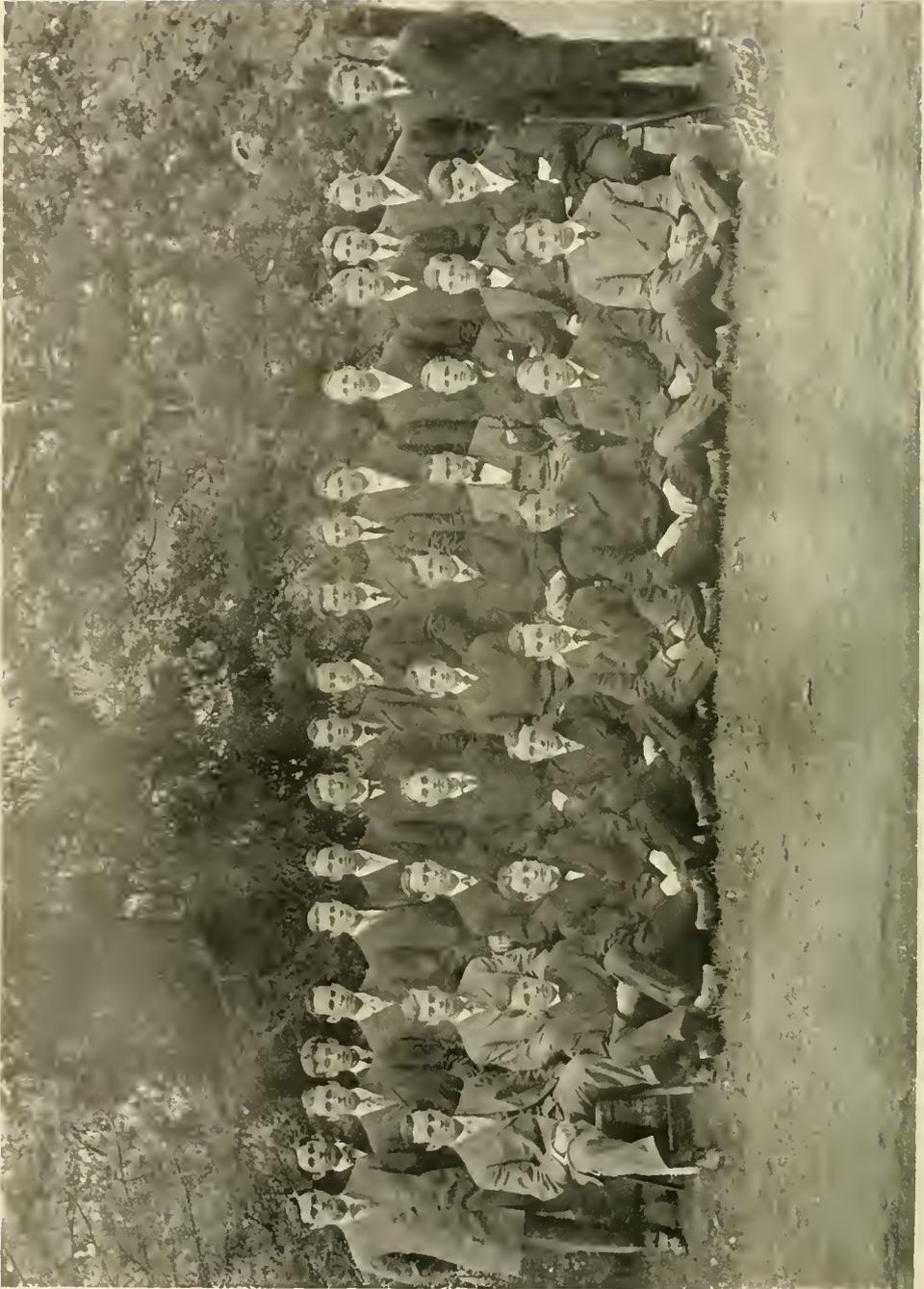
*The breezes of the gods will bear us far
And some perchance will never be returned,
But on each soul with stamp of living fire
Thy seal is deeply burned.*

*We came here boys, pray God we leave as men,
Each in his own way worthy to requite
Thee for thy deep and hallowed influence,
And thy days of dear delight.*

*In the far crowd that waits us in the world
These days will seem unreal and dreams of youth;
The dust of distant cities blind our eyes
And Commerce drag us from our search for Truth;*

*But sometimes, when the skies are blue and fair,
And birds are singing somewhere, far away,
Our work will lie forgotten for a space
While we recall Today.*

W. H. H., Jr.



THE CLASS

THE SENIOR CLASS

OFFICERS

Walter Carson	-	-	-	President
Warren K. Miller	-	-	-	Vice President
Roderick Scott	-	-	-	Secretary
James T. Fales	-	-	-	Treasurer



EDMUND FLETCHER BAINBRIDGE,

Entered class Freshman year from Central High School. Scrub Football Team (4). Winner of Scrub II. Second Cricket XI (3, 4), Third Cricket XI (1, 2, 3), Captain (3). Class Cricket XI (1, 2, 3, 4), Manager (2). Best fielder on Third XI (1). Mandolin Club (2). Chess Team (2). Class Secretary (2). Class Treasurer (2). Assistant Editor Class Record (4)

DONALD CORNOG BALDWIN,

Entered class Senior year from '07. Secretary-Treasurer Scientific Department of the Loganian Society (4). Corporation Scholarship (4). Alumni Oratorical Contest (4).



FRANK SENECA BREYFOGEL,

Entered class Freshman year from Reading High School. Glee Club (2, 3, 4). Class Vice-president (3)



THOMAS KITE BROWN, JR.

Entered class Freshman year from William Penn Charter School. Football Team (1, 2, 3, 4). Class Football Team (1, 2). Gymnasium Team (1, 2, 3, 4). Captain (4). Representative at Intercollegiate contest (2). Track Team (1, 2, 3, 4). Chairman Track Department (1). Class Track Team (1, 2, 3, 4). Captain (1, 4). Record Cop in 120 yards hurdles (2, 4); in running broad jump (2, 3). Walton Prize Cup (1, 2, 3, 4). Winner of Scrub H; Football H; Track H; Gymnasium emblem. Cane man (1, 2). Glee Club (2, 3, 4). Class Debating Team (1, 2). Y. M. C. A. Cabinet (4). Advisory Board (4). Honor System Committee (2, 3, 4). Temporary Class President (1). Contestant Everett Oratorical contest (1, 2). Corporation Scholarship (1, 2, 3, 4). Teaching Fellowship (4).

WALTER CARSON.

Entered class Freshman year from William Penn Charter School. Vice-chairman Football Department (3). Chairman (4). Gymnasium Team (1, 2, 3, 4). Winner of Gymnasium emblem and H. Representative at Intercollegiate contest (3, 4). Glee Club (2, 3, 4). President of the Loganian Society (1). Vice-president Civics Club (3). Chairman Debating Department (4). College Debating Team (1, 2, 3). Chairman (3). Chairman Class Debating Team (1, 2). Y. M. C. A. Cabinet (3, 4). Advisory Board (3, 4). President (1). Advertising Manager of the "Haverfordian" (3, 4). Editor-in-Chief (4). Manager of the "Year Book" (3). Editor and Manager (1). Class President (3, 4). Corporation Scholarship (1, 2, 3, 4). Winner Everett Oratorical Medal (1). Alumni Oratorical Contest (3, 4). Second Prize Systematic Reading (3). Freshman Latin Prize. Honor System Committee (1, 2, 3, 4). Junior Play Committee (3). Freshman Rules Committee (1). Chairman Self-government Committee (4). Executive Committee Inter-scholastic Meet (4). Editor-in-Chief Class Record (4). Clementine Cope Fellowship (4). Class Cricket XI (4).



RICHARD LUCIUS CARY.

Entered class Freshman year from the Boys' Latin School. Gymnasium Team (1, 2, 3, 4). Winner Gymnasium emblem. Track Team (1, 2, 4). Class Track Team (1, 2, 3, 4). Mandolin Club (2, 3, 4). Treasurer Tennis Association (2). Treasurer Scientific Department Loganian Society (3). Chairman (4). Y. M. C. A. Cabinet (3). Advisory Board (3, 4). Class Secretary (1). Corporation Scholarship (1, 3, 4). Sophomore prize in Mathematics (2). Honor System Committee (1, 2, 3, 4). Freshman Rules Committee (1).





THOMAS CROWELL.

Entered class Freshman year after private tutoring. Chess Team (2, 3). Bowling Team (4). Y. M. C. A. Cabinet (3). Class Treasurer (2).



AUBREY COWTAN DICKSON,

Entered class Freshman year from William Penn Charter School. Football Squad (4). Second Cricket XI (1, 2). Class Cricket XI (1, 2, 3). Association Football Team (2, 3). President Association Football Association (4).



HENRY WARRINGTON DOUGHTEN, JR..

Entered class Freshman year from Moorestown Friends' Academy. Scrub Football Team (2). Football Squad (4). Class Football Team (1, 2). Cricket Team (1, 2, 3, 4), Captain (4). English Cricket Tour (2). Class Cricket XI (1, 2, 3, 4). Shakespeare bat (1). Bat awarded to best Freshman batsman (1). Winner Scrub H and Cricket H. Grounds Committee (4). Association Football Team (4). Glee Club (2, 3, 4). President Tennis Association (4). Tennis Team (2, 3, 4). Y. M. C. A. Cabinet (4). Junior Play Committee (3). Class Presenter (4).



JOSEPH PUSEY EDSALL.

Entered class Freshman year from Radnor High School. Scrub Football Team (1, 2). Class Football Team (2). Gymnasium Team (2).



DONALD A. C. EVANS.

Entered class Freshman year from Central High School. Left during spring of Freshman year.



JOHN M. SHARPLESS EWING.

Entered class Freshman year from Westtown Boarding School. Football Squad (1). Class Football Team (1). Gymnasium Team (1, 2). Winner Gymnasium emblem and H. Class President (1). Honor System Committee (1, 2). Left at end of Sophomore year.



JAMES TURNER FALLS,

Entered class middle of Freshman year from Lake Forest College. Assistant Manager Gymnasium Team (3). Chairman Gymnasium Association (4). Glee Club (2, 3, 4). Operetta (1). President Tennis Association (3). Winner Tennis Tournament (2, 4). Tennis Team (2, 3, 4). Class Treasurer (4). Junior Play Committee (3).

GORDON HARWOOD GRAVES,

Entered class Senior year from Earlham College. Glee Club (4).



WILLIAM HENRY HAINES, JR.,

Entered class Freshman year from Westtown Boarding School. Football Squad (2). Scrub Football Team (1, 3, 4). Winner Scrub H. Class Football Team (1, 2). Freshman Scrub Cup for conscientious work (1). Third Cricket XI (1). Class Cricket XI (1, 2). Association Football Team (1). Freshman Rules Committee (1).



THOMAS PARROT HARVEY,

Entered class Freshman year from Indianapolis High School. Class Cricket Team (1). Chairman Freshman Rules Committee (1). Left end of Freshman year.



ALBERT WEIMAR HEMPHILL

Entered class middle of Junior year from Massachusetts Institute of Technology. Glee Club (3, 4). Mandolin Club (3, 4).



HARRY BOARDMAN HOPPER,

Entered class Freshman year from William Penn Charter School. Class Cricket Team (1).



WILLIAM KENNARD, JR.

Entered class Freshman year from Moorestown Friends' Academy. Class Track Team (2, 3, 4). Class Cricket Team (2, 3). Winner Bowling Tournament (3, 4). Captain Bowling Team (4). President Bowling Club (4). President Intercollegiate Bowling Association (4). Track Team (4).

WILLIAM GIBBON LINDSAY,

Entered class Senior year from Guilford College. Bowling Team (4).



ARTHUR TILGHMAN LOWRY,

Entered class Freshman year from Westtown Boarding School. Football Team (1, 2, 3, 4), Captain (4). Captain Class Football Team (1, 2). Gymnasium Team (1, 2). Track Team (1, 2, 3, 4). Class Track Team (1, 2, 3, 4). Cricket Team (1, 2, 3, 4). English Cricket Tour (2). Class Cricket XI (1, 2, 3, 4). Vice-chairman Cricket Department (3). Winner Haines Prize Fielding Belt (3). Winner Football H; Gymnasium emblem; and Cricket H. Association Football Team (3, 4). Cane man (1, 2). Vice-president Golf Association (2). Member of "Haverfordian" Board (2, 3, 4). Assistant Editor Class Record (4).



JACKSON MALONEY,

Entered class Freshman year from Eastburne Academy. Left at end of Sophomore year.



WARREN KOONS MILLER,

Entered class Freshman year from Bethlehem Preparatory School. Scrub Football Team (1, 2). Track Team (1, 2, 3, 4). Class Track Team (1, 2, 3, 4). Record Cup in 2 mile run. Winner Track 11. Assistant Manager Track Team (3). Class Vice-president (4). Secretary (3). Honorable Mention Everett Oratorical Contest (1), Winner (2). Alumni Oratorical Contest (3, 4).



JAMES MONROE,

Entered class Freshman year from Chestnut Hill Academy. Banjo Club (4). Class Secretary (2). Corporation Scholarship (2). Honorable Mention Freshman Latin Prize (1). Class Cricket Team (4).



FRANCIS BOLTON MORRIS,

Entered class Freshman year from Episcopal Academy. Class Track Team (1).

JOSEPH WALTON MOTT,

Entered class Freshman year from Westtown Boarding School.



SPENCER GILBERT NAUMAN,

Entered class Freshman year from Yeates School. Manager Association Football Team (4). Treasurer Intercollegiate Association Football League (4).



JESSE DUER PHILLIPS,

Entered class Freshman year from Worcester Academy. Secretary Athletic Association (2), Vice-president (3), Pre-ident (1). Secretary College Association (2), Pre-ident (4). Club Football Team (1), Track Team (1, 2, 3, 4), Captain (4). Winner Track II. Class Track Team (1, 2, 3, 4), Captain (3). Record Cup in High Jump and Pole Vault. Vice chairman Track Department (3). Cricket Team (1), Substitute (3). English Cricket Tour (2). Second Cricket XI (1, 2). Class Cricket XI (1, 2, 3, 4). Improvement Bat (2). Grounds Committee (4). President Cricket Department (1), Association Football Team (1). Glee Club (3). Class Debating Team (1). Y. M. C. A. Cabinet (3, 4). Advisory Board (3, 4). Subscription Manager "Haverfordian" (3, 4). Assistant (2). Class Secretary (1), Vice pre-ident (2), President (3). Everett Oratorical Contest (1). Representative to I. C. A. A. A. A. (3). Honor System Committee (3, 4). Assistant Manager Class Record (4).

HENRY PLEASANTS, JR.,

Entered class Freshman year from Haverford College Grammar School. Class Football Team (1, 2). Class Track Team (1, 2, 3, 4). Cricket Team (1, 2, 3, 4). English Cricket Tour (2). Class Cricket XI (1, 2, 3, 4), Captain (1, 2, 3, 4). Winner of Cricket II; Congdon Prize Ball (1, 3). Christian Febiger Prize Ball (1). Prize bat awarded to best Freshman bowler (1). Grounds Committee (2, 3, 4). Vice-president Interscholastic Cricket Association (3). Association Football Team (1, 2, 3, 4). Captain (4). Glee Club (2, 3, 4). Operetta (1). Secretary Tennis Association (2). Chairman Civics Department Logonian Society (4). Class Vice-president (1), President (2), Secretary (4). Assistant Manager Class Record (4).



DAVID JAMES REID,

Entered class Freshman year from Lower Merion High School. Football Team (4). Substitute (1, 2, 3). Winner Football II. Class Football Team (2). Class Track Team (1, 2, 3). Class Cricket Team (2, 3, 4). Association Football Team (1, 2, 3, 4). Track Team (4).





ELLIOTT BARTRAM RICHARDS,

Entered class Freshman year from William Penn Charter School. Secretary Chess Club (2, 3). Chess Team (2, 3). Class Treasurer (3). Corporation Scholarship (3). Everett Oratorical Contest (2). Alumni Oratorical Contest (3, 4). Freshman Greek Prize. Sophomore Theme Prize.

RALPH WILLIAM SANDS,

Entered class Junior year from '07. Corresponding Secretary Y. M. C. A. (3). Y. M. C. A. Cabinet (3, 4). Corporation Scholarship (3).



DANIEL HERBERT SCHWEYER,

Entered class Junior year from Ursinus College. Class Track Team (3) Banjo Club (4). Bowling Team (4).



RODERICK SCOTT.

Entered class Freshman year from Haverford College Grammar School. Class Track Team (2, 4). Treasurer Tennis Association (3). Y. M. C. A. Cabinet (4). Class Secretary (3, 4). Corporation Scholarship (1, 2, 3, 4). Fourth Prize Systematic Reading (3). Sophomore Latin Prize Assistant Editor Class Record (4). Teaching Fellowship (4).

FRANKLIN GATES SHELDON.

Entered class Freshman year from Swanton High School. Class Football Team (1). Manager Gymnasium Team (4). Class Cricket Team (3, 4). Manager Musical Association (3). Mandolin Club (2). Banjo Club (4). Glee Club (2, 3, 4). Operetta (1). Treasurer Y. M. C. A. (3). Y. M. C. A. Cabinet (3). Class Vice-president (4). Executive Committee Interscholastic Meet (4). Business Manager Class Record (4).



RAPHAEL JOHNSON SHORTLIIDGE.

Entered class Freshman year from West Chester Normal School. Assistant Manager Football Team (3). Manager (4). Class Football Team (1, 2). Gymnasium Team (3, 4). Winner of Gymnasium emblem. Assistant Manager First Cricket XI (3). Second Cricket XI (1, 2). Class Cricket XI (1, 2, 3, 4). Association Football Team (4). President Musical Association (4). Assistant Leader (3). Glee Club (1, 2, 3, 4). Mandolin Club (1, 2, 3, 4). Operetta Orchestra (1). Vice-president Logonian Society (4). Class Debating Team (2). Vice-president Y. M. C. A. (3). President (4). Y. M. C. A. Cabinet (3, 4). Advisory Board (3, 4). Secretary (3). Member of the "Haverfordian Board" (2, 3, 4). Class Vice-president (1, 2). President (2). Everett Oratorical Contest (2). Chairman Junior Play Committee (3). Honor System Committee (1, 2, 3, 4). Assistant Editor Class Record (4).





ALBERT KEITH SMILEY, JR.,

Entered class Freshman year from Lawrenceville School. Football Team (1, 2, 3, 4). Winner of Football H. Class Football Team (1, 2). Manager Track Team (4). Class Track Team (1, 2). Cane man (2). Class Vice-president (3). Freshman Rules Committee (1). Self-government Committee (4). Representative to I. C. A. A. A. A. (4).

JOHN ALFRED STRATTON,

Entered class Freshman year from Westtown Boarding School. Football Squad (2). Scrub Football Team (3). Class Football Team (2). Gymnasium Team (2, 3, 4). Winner of Gymnasium emblem. Vice-chairman Gymnasium Department (3). Class Track Team (1, 2). Class Treasurer (1, 4).



FRANCIS RICHARDS TAYLOR,

Entered class Freshman year from Westtown Boarding School. Track Team (3). Class Track Team (3). Second Cricket XI (1). Class Cricket XI (1, 2, 3). Class of '85 Prize Ball (1). Association Football Team (4). Vice-chairman Civics Department Loganian Society (4). Member of the "Haverfordian" Board (2, 3, 4). Third Prize Systematic Reading (3).



JOSEPH TUNNEY,

Entered class Freshman year from the Roman Catholic High School. Scrub Football Team (4). Class Track Team (2). Class Cricket Team (3, 4). Glee Club (3, 4). Mandolin Club (1, 2, 3, 4). Operetta Orchestra (1). Track Team (4).

WALTER ALBERT YOUNG,

Entered class Senior year from Friends' University. Association Football Team (4). Class Track Team (4).



HENRY GEORGE SPENCER,

Entered class Freshman year from Hudson River Academy. Left at end of Freshman year.

NORWALD SHAPLEIGH,

Entered class Freshman year. Left middle of Freshman year.



FOUNDERS HALL



CLASS
HISTORY



Freshman Year



ET UP, Fresh! Get up, *get up*, GET UP!" Cr-r-r-ash!—Bang! !

"Now, out of that! Come on! Wake up! Get a move on, you lazy, good for nothing runt. Hurry up! Now, stand up there—*Toes in!* Here, wipe that smile off—wipe it off! Put your foot on it. What's your name? Where're you from?"

"Wha-a-at?" (drowsily.)

"S-s-s-s-say S-i-r-r-r-r-r! ! What do you mean by saying 'what' to an upper-classman? You're too fresh to live. Now sing 'Home, Sweet Home' backwards to the tune of 'I Want to be an Angel.' "

A fine reception for an humble seeker after learning! One minute sees him innocently asleep, the next finds him in a heap on the floor with a wrecked bed on top of him and a mob of angry-eyed strangers poking smelly lamps in his face, asking rapid-fire questions and hissing him to the echo. The gumption you thought you had drops to your trembling knees and is shaken off into space. The Sophs loom up like giants in the dim light. You find yourself "sirring" most respectfully some withered up, sawed off and hammered down travesty on the human face divine that you could put in your pocket and forget, under ordinary conditions.

But let us pass over the rest of that memorable evening.

From that time until mid-years our lives were a burden— or rather tuz and every reason to be. All the fagging had to be done by us. We carried the suit-cases of visiting teams, we moved benches, mats and even pianos. The College depended on us to encourage the football team by cheering on the field. In 1911 we were, after all, important factors in our new sphere of life.

But we are too hasty. There was much of importance that happened during that first week. A football team was formed under the leadership of Art Lowry, and after some days of secret practice behind the Gymnasium was able to put up a magnificent fight against the more experienced Sophomores. Meanwhile, the cane rush had taken place and we had won easily by the score of 12 to 7. Bert Smiley, "Skeetch" Ewing and Ernest Jones each had two hands on the coveted hickory. The track meet followed a little later in the fall and again we found ourselves victors by a comfortable margin. The splendid work of "Teakle" Brown and Jess Philips showed that there were new stars in the heavens as yet undiscovered by the College Astronomer. To crown our athletic prowess that fall we contributed two invaluable men to the Varsity football team—the husky and good natured Art and the sturdy, dependable Ernest, both of whom won their H's that year.

But while our days were being spent in gaining lasting glory for the Class in athletics, our nights were spent in learning the realities of life. Entertainment night we slid, crawled and fought our way up and down the halls of Old Barelay in the throes of a real soap-slide, and later stood in undress uniform in the Old Collection Room undergoing a regular course of sprouts, individually and collectively. We boxed, wrestled, tossed each other in blankets, sang songs, executed war dances and made fools of ourselves and of each other generally until the lights went out, and then with blanket and mattress slunk away to pass the remainder of the night on the floor.

By this time, however, we were getting acquainted. Freshman Hall was our common meeting ground at all hours of the day and night. Feeds were frequent and jolly and we early discovered that there were some unique specimens in the Class. Don Evans with his thick black hair and lustrous poetic eyes would favor us with his latest epic or discuss Ibsen with Bill Haines. Bill caught the poetic fever that fall and it never left him. In fact the disease made such headway that after Don's memorable Removal Sale of Personal Effects, Bill stepped into the vacant chair of versification and has filled it ever since. We should like



BARCLAY HALL

to say more about Don, for he was a great man; but too much reference to his poetic genius might offend "Pat" Maloney. Poor "Pat" was far too inappreciative of high learning to room happily with Don, for he would burst forth into unholy wrath when the poet was delivering his greatest odes—usually about 3 A. M. by candle light. A canny Irishman is not a natural mate for a bard.

Another great man of those days was Tom Harvey, the long-suffering. Shut your eyes and you can see Tom writhing in agony of mind, on the floor, with Art holding him while Bert executes a series of buck jumps on the rapidly caving bed.

While we are on the subject of "rough-houses," we must mention the never-to-be-forgotten night before the Christmas Holidays, when three of us stole quietly out of the hall and managed to lay violent hands on two of "Grouchy Grimes" chickens and a pigeon. These treasures we smuggled up to our rooms and placed in a closet. In the meantime several others had laid in a supply of fireworks and other noise-producing inventions. All remained quiet in Barclay until the lights began to go out. Then with one accord we swarmed out of our dens and began the fun. First of all the lower hall was rushed clear of all upper classmen while the firecrackers, Roman candles and indignant chickens made the night hideous. The first rush in the lower hall aroused our noble proctor, who came to the top of the stairs with a lamp in his hand and peered cautiously over the railing into the smoke of battle below. The second rush brought him to his senses and with the immortal observation, "Something must be doing," he returned to place the lamp in safety, then emerged and descended the stairs to do what he could to restore order and decorum. As we passed the Old Collection Room on the third rush, the flash of a lantern showed the representative of the Law and Order League perched high in the window sill out of harm's way, looking helplessly on the seething whirlpool of humanity below him. After paying our respects to all the halls in Barclay we assembled at length at the feet of wisdom on the window sill and gave our new cheer with a Merry Christmas for Dr. Hancock. Natural good nature now came to the surface and instead of a lecture we were favored with a jolly speech, complimenting us on our success as a thoroughly lively Freshman class, and giving us best wishes for future success.

After the holidays we considered ourselves in the light of important personages and again our monitors, the Sophs, endeavored to take us in hand, this time dealing with us individually. One evening they pounced on "Scotty" while he was in bed and bade him "Come down to 27 in four minutes." The four minutes found "Scotty" once more in the land of dreams, so the whole Sophomore class

turned out in full force to bring him bodily to the Court of Injustice. The last words of our long and lanky friend as he crossed the threshold were, "I don't see why you fellows can't let a man sleep." The door closed suddenly on indignant cries, "You think you're a *man*? You a MAN?" etc. Silence followed, broken only by murmurs and occasional hisses. Then the door opened and Rodrick appeared, clothes rampant, hair flashing, voice betokening outraged dignity. We stared aghast as the sonorous words floated out on the evening air, "I—Ramrod Scott—an *not* a *man*, but a green, green Freshman!"

It was not long after this that some restless spirit brought a barrel of apples to College. In spite of the gastronomic activity of the owners, a large quantity of the fruit began to rot. With the true generosity which consists in giving to another fellow what you don't want, they chose a time when the end room in Freshman Hall was crowded to overflowing and brought the barrel down stairs. The first Freshman that showed himself was at once bombarded. His precipitate retreat brought others to see what the trouble was and the next instant there was war. We were at a disadvantage from the lack of any ammunition, but soon found that a great source of enjoyment lay in standing as a tempting target until a volley was fired, then dodging in time to allow the apples to hit the windows behind us. After a few rounds of this game every pane of glass but one had collapsed. Just as the last apple was hurtling through the air our dignified President was seen taking in the situation. The fight stopped instantly and the rival armies joined forces in cleaning up the remnants.

One might suppose that class room work had no place in our lives during those primitive times. Not so. Higher algebra was ever present with us throughout the first half year, although no one really understood what it was all about, except possibly "Pete" Carson or "Mother" Cary. Jimmy Monroe, too, was a shark in those days.

But our buoyant spirits never failed us. Even into the class room they found their way, particularly into the Latin room, where the German gentleman with the Dachshund presided. The most practical part of our instruction that year was the application of a Latin motto to a little incident one day. The noble instructor had heard an alarm-clock ticking in the chimney, and fearing it was one of the twenty-five minute brand, determined to suppress it before the outbreak. A few enjoyable moments passed while he grubbed frantically up the chimney. At length with a victorious cry he emerged like Santa Claus with the clock in his hand. Triumphantly he raised the window and bared his arm for a lusty heave,

As the clock sped through space, a mournful silence fell on the Class while Bert in a dejected tone observed, "*tempus fugit.*"

Space is not sufficient to tell of all our doings during that memorable year. I have already omitted any reference to the painting of our numerals on the scaffolding of Roberts Hall, when "Hecker," "Knocker" and "Hop" gave the most edifying exhibition of careful mulling of paint pots that has ever been seen at Haverford. Later on, of course at the suggestion of the Advisory Board, the sign was painted out to soothe the feelings of our fellow men.

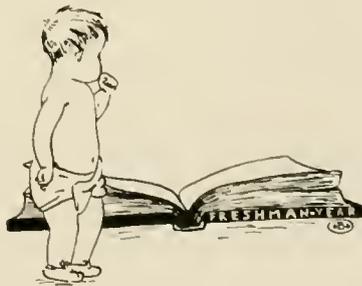
We now turned our attention to cricket and track. Our class cricket game with the Sophomores resulted in a tie score, a most unusual occurrence. In the play-off we were badly beaten. Our Class was represented by three men on the Varsity cricket team which tied with Harvard and Penn for the Intercollegiate championship. In track Jesse Phillips and "Teakle" Brown proved themselves stars, breaking all kinds of records and bringing lasting credit on themselves and the Class.

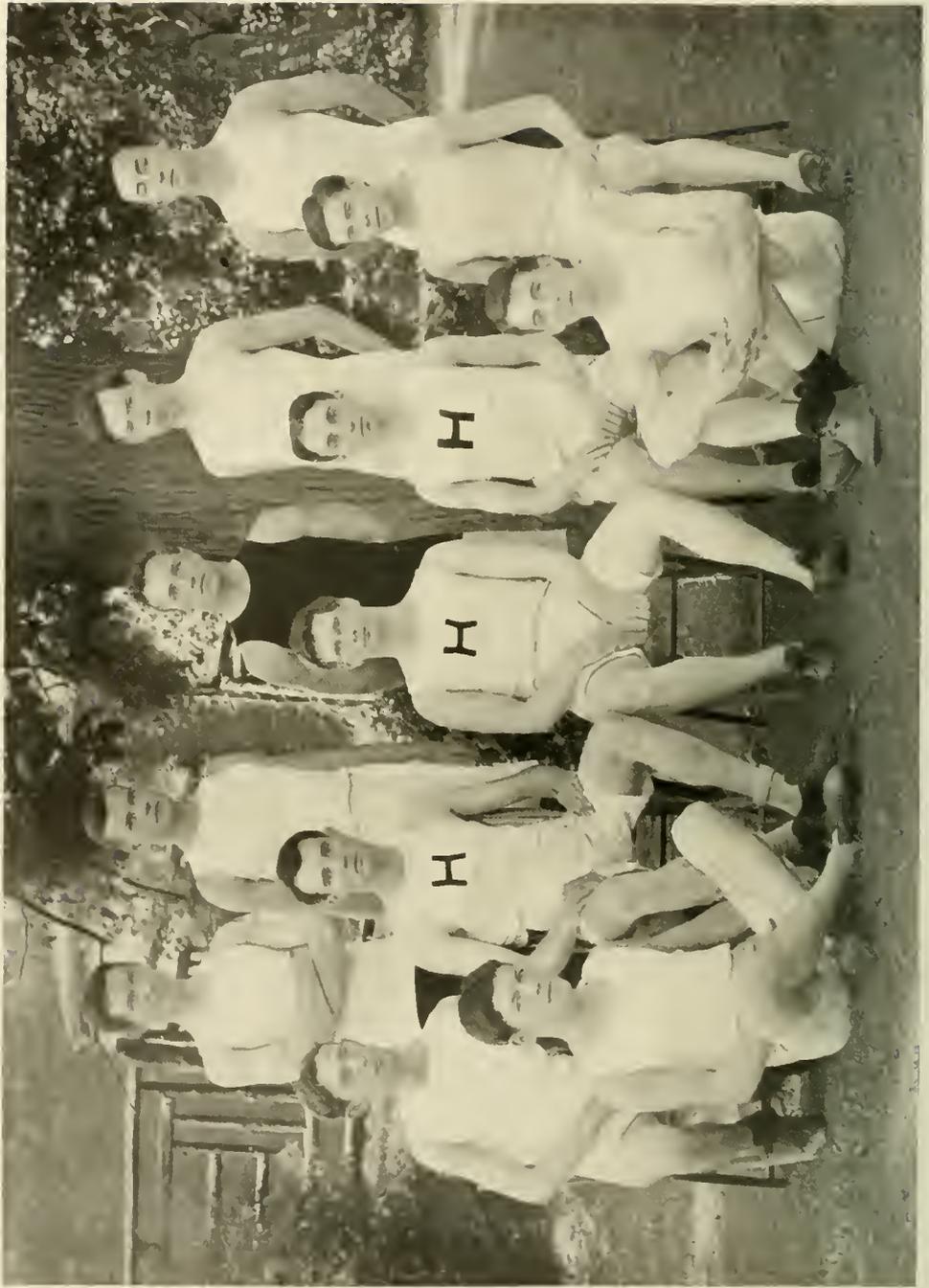
Those were busy days indeed. The famous opera, "The Haverford Bandit," was given, and all who were fortunate enough to be in the chorus enjoyed the festivities at Germantown, Wayne, Wilmington and the Merion Cricket Club.

So ended our Freshman year, for many of us the most eventful and best year of College. We had come safely through its difficulties and were on amicable terms with our old enemies. Three more years of college life were before us. Once more we joined in the dismantled rooms before Commencement to say farewell. The memory of those jolly days of close fellowship in Old Barclay will remain with us for a long time to come. In the words of the old song,

"It's always fair weather
When good fellows get together,
With the stein on the table
And the good song ringing clear."

H. P., Jr.





THE CLASS TRACK TEAM



Sophomore Year

SUMMER is commonly held to be a divinely appointed time of rest for the conscience as well as the body; when the college man forgets what he could not avoid learning in the winter, and ascends once more into the heaven of ignorance. But in our case it was otherwise. The ideals which Haverford had implanted in us in Freshman year, sprang up and sent forth branches in the summer, and bore fruit in due season.

We came back to College in a helpful spirit, and the moment we got inside of Barclay, we looked about us to see what good we could do. The Freshmen were the first to attract our sympathy. Many of them were sadly in need of books, furniture and articles of like description, which we had long since laid aside as useless. So we allowed them to purchase these trifles from us at perhaps 150 per cent. of the actual value, thus saving them the trouble and expense of going to town. How many dilapidated Barrett Wendells we thus washed our hands of, at three or three and a half, the evil genius who watches over Freshmen alone can say. And in other ways our desire to be of use was manifested. We appointed ourselves guardians of College property, the mortal enemies of all would-be vandals. Our indignation was but natural, therefore, when we found, one morning, great vermilion Ought Sevens overwhelming the trees, the sidewalks, and even sections of the Pennsylvania Railroad.

Now if you want any important service done for the College, call on Spencer or Billy. Behold them on this occasion, equipped with cans of green paint and brushes, and driving a flock of Freshmen towards Haverford Station even as a

herdsman driveth the goats before him. Then Billy went on to instruct these nuntaught children in the art of circumscribing the figures of swine about the hideous emblems, for so treated they are less odious to the public eye, while Spencer awed the more refractory into submission with fearful looks. Thus rapt in public services, and utterly oblivious to their personal safety, an officer of the law loomed up on the horizon, and, grasping Spencer between his thumb and forefinger, and putting his elbow affectionately about Billy's neck, he strode serenely into Ardmore, and presented our worthy colleagues at the bar,—not of the Red Lion, as they might have expected, considering their services, but of the Squire of that god-forsaken principality. After a severe examination, this pillar of the law sentenced the prisoners to pay a fine of four dollars and sixty-two cents each, for their crime was great, and could only be atoned for with much money.

The fiendish joy of the first night, expressed in prolonged choruses of s-s-s-s, was an emotion, the like of which comes but once in a man's life. Many "stunts" we put them through which would be well worth mentioning, if that memorable Freshman Entertainment had not caused all other such matters "to fade and fail and pass away." We made every preparation for their reception, for we wanted everybody to feel at home. We extended to them the freedom of the corridor and allowed them to go just as fast as they wanted, and to slide as often as they chose. Up and down they gyrated, with a grace, a variety of attitude and a delightful abandon that the most blasé alumni, hardened by many an exhibition of human misery, found refreshing. And then in the Collection Room, we showed even greater consideration. That the bodies as well as the souls of the Freshmen might receive our attention, "Pete" called upon "Doctor" Sands to examine their condition. The "Doctor" showed so much perspicacity on this occasion, that he was allowed by the powers inhabiting Roberts to enter Nineteen-Six. He declared that one unfortunate was suffering from a malady which was fast becoming epidemic. "Everything he eats goes to his stomach," insisted the "Doctor," and could not be swerved from his opinion. Much else the Freshmen did that night for their own amusement,—fought temptations, hunted, though unsuccessfully we must admit, for the "izziness of was," sang songs in many languages, but notably in Spanish, and



HVERFORD COLLEGE RULES
FOR FRESHMEN, '07

In the life of every infant comes a period crucial and decisive. It cannot be obviated; it is inevitable. It is when the rattle is replaced by the lexicon; when the commands of superiors succeed the lullaby. Upon this period, babes of 1907, have you entered; and for your edification, we, your august custodians, have devised these terse injunctions:

- 1 Be respectful and subservient to upper-class men.
- 2 Attend all College meetings.
- 3 Yield the sidewalks to upper-class men.
- 4 Post no notices.
- 5 Do not smoke except in your room.
- 6 Affix neither name nor card on door.
- 7 Hold class meetings in Chase Hall.
- 8 Wear no head-dress but a plain, black Eton cap, except on First-day.
- 9 Wear a plain black Eton cap to Fifth-day meeting.
- 10 Never appear in ostentatious apparel; neither venture facial adjunct nor indulge in high hats.
- 11 Carry neither food nor drink from the dining-room until after mid-years.
- 12 Exhibit Prep. School emblems only on the back.
- 13 Never hiss.
- 14 Avoid the display of Scarlet and Black until the Swarthmore game.
- 15 Disband all congregations before midnight.
- 16 Carry the baggage of visiting athletic teams to and from the station.
- 17 Never eat the evening meal, or attend meeting or lectures clad in sweater, jersey or flannel shirt.
- 18 Carry no canes.
- 19 Never disfigure the buildings or landscape with class numerals.
- 20 Keep a copy of these rules posted in a conspicuous place in your room throughout the year.

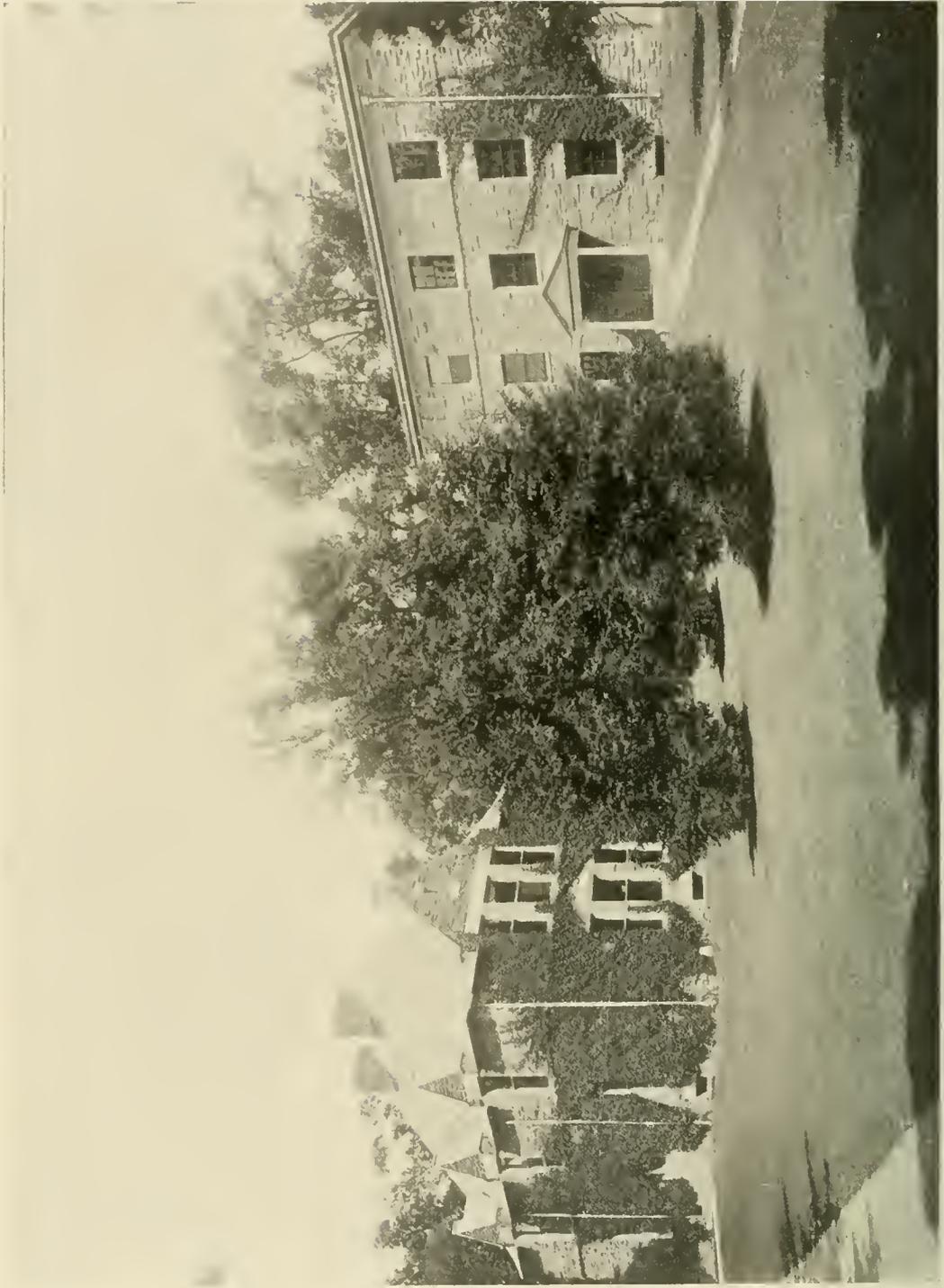
praised Westtown in soul-stirring hymns. But we cannot linger over these separate features.

Our entertainment had a twofold influence which was marked. In the first place, the Freshmen were so impressed with our importance, that they dignified us with "Mister" if they had occasion to speak to us, and shrank away into the distance when they had none; and second, the Y. M. C. A., never to be outdone in any good work, was inspired to hold a meeting and reception which came off the next evening. After the address of welcome, an hour or so was given up to praise and thanksgiving that Art Lowry, having passed off his Conies, was now permitted to play football. The remainder of the time was spent in the enjoyment of ice cream, pink lemonade and "Here's to good old College," in which the Freshmen joined with a soulful heartiness.

About this time our unlucky stars began to rise, and fate turned against us. The result was that we lost the football game and the cane rush. But we took our misfortunes philosophically, and after a few murmurings of discontent in the secret of our rooms, dismissed all such unpleasant incidents from our minds. Duly impressed with our attitude, the Weird Sisters repented, and allotted us the track meet, which we won from the Freshmen by the score of 53—19.

Other events of importance occurred about this time,—a bridge rush with the Freshmen, and the appointment of the Junior Play Committee, whose later efforts covered the Class with glory. But to none of these things were we able to give much attention, so paralyzed were we at the sight of a document which appeared one morning on the bulletin board, consigning us not to perdition, exams, or anything so mild, but to the mazes of a "Required Lecture on the Seven Lost Churches of Asia Minor, Illustrated." This instrument darkened our prospect, and filled our hearts with apprehension for some time to come. But it was not quite so bad as we had expected. In the first place, our industrious Prefect managed to get a number of the slides in upside down. This threw the ancient lecturer into such a state of agitation, that he almost stood on his head in his efforts to locate one of the lost churches. When this had been going on for some time, the light suddenly failed, and we were all plunged into Cimmerian darkness. But Bert Smiley rose to the occasion, struck some matches, and relieved the fears of the audience, who began to dread an extinction similar to that of the churches.

Meanwhile the snow came, bringing hope into the hearts of the Seniors and Juniors, who expected to gloat over the slaughter of the innocents. In view of the grave situation, the Class assembled in committee of the whole to discuss the snow fight in all phases. The sages among us learnedly debated the matter and established serious reasons that led the Class to vote the discontinuance of the custom. That Sophomores should take so to heart the higher interests of the College was a source of anxiety to the upper-classmen. "The good old times are gone sure," they sighed and cast epithets both libellous and uncom-



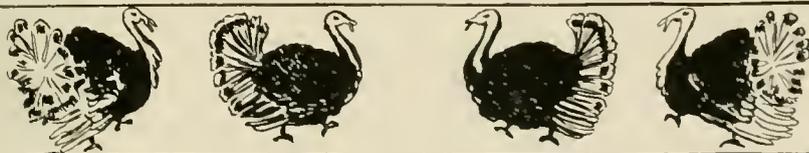
WHITALL AND CHASE HALLS

plimentary at us, not to speak of occasional snowballs, as we made our way from the old railroad bridge to Barclay. Some of the Juniors even tried to rouse the Freshmen against their lawful masters. But the Freshmen, with more respect for College tradition than might have been expected considering their years, declined to do anything so revolutionary. Thus begun, an indecisive battle waged between the Juniors and Sophs until the opposing forces retired to their barracks in Barclay Hall. But the end was not yet. Noise and commotion suddenly assailed our ears, for there was Henry, our dignified president, rolling in the snow, in the midst of a ring of admiring Juniors. Pride indeed goeth before a fall. While one of them was sandwiching snow between the victim's epidermis and his clothing, his nose collided with Henry's fist, and he was seen soon after carrying an unrecognizable mass of protoplasm to his room for repairs. Henry then addressed his captors with an eloquence which would have insured him "A's" ever after in Forensics, if Dr. Hancock had only been there with his book. But at this point the lunch bell rang, and we drowned our grievances in beakers of milk.

Class meetings followed, cheers for Henry, resolutions in defiance of the universe, appeals to the Advisory Board, and general excitement which lasted for nearly two weeks. But soon the tempest was stilled, and the teapot became calm as ever.

Strife being over, we turned our attention to debate, for our Secretary had received a challenge from the Freshmen. Tommy Brown, Rafe Shortlidge, and "Pete" Carson defended our view of the question, with arguments they had built up after many weeks of labor. The Freshmen showed unusual versatility on this occasion, and even dared to hold our representatives up to ridicule. They were amusing, but unwise; for "Pete," when his turn came, so skillfully returned the compliment that the gorgeous head was covered with confusion, and the judges decided in our favor.

This victory put the Class in such a good humor that we had to have a dinner, at the Merion Cricket Club. Several days of careful training, and we were fully able to cope with the noble repast, which had been waiting so long for a chance to realize itself. Rod Scott, overflowing with emotion, sang "O Mamma Pin a Rose on Me." Tommy Brown told of his experiences at Bryn Mawr, and "Coogan" Edsall smoked a cigarette. We broke up only too soon, satisfied with ourselves, and with the world, and with this, the pleasantest gathering Ought-Six had yet had.

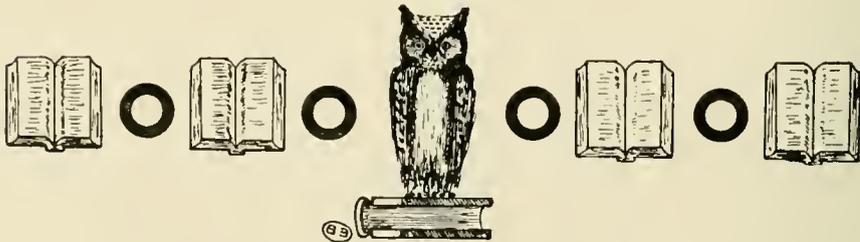


Spring was now coming on. Some of us with duck trousers and cricket bats augmented the beauty of Cope Field or tried to look interested on the steps of the cricket shed. Francis Morris, preceded by a tuneful "honk, honk," and followed by the delicate perfume of gasoline, could sometimes be seen peering out of the rising dust, like a Zeus encircled with clouds. Art Lowry showed sudden devotion to Horace, and translated an ode all by himself, so we are told, which he published in *The Haverfordian*; and many others of the Class began to reap the fruit of their classical labors, appreciating for the first time the applicability of those tender Horatian sentiments, which they had imbibed only after much travail of spirit. We blessed Dr. Mustard, as we remembered his favorite maxim, "In the Spring a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love." Only here and there could be found one who saw no beauty in these lines, and who, with infinite self-pity murmured to himself beneath the shade of a willow tree,—

I have a mouth for kisses
 But there's no one to give and take;
 I have a heart in my bosom
 Beating for nobody's sake.

In June, Dr. Gifford, confident that he could never have another Greek class as brilliant as ours, decided to rest on his laurels, and left the College, after a farewell testimonial of his regard in the shape of a final exam. But we had come to look upon examinations as mere incidents of trifling moment, and were not surprised to receive those little confidences of Oscar's, informing us that we had been admitted to the Junior Class. We spent the last few days of the college year in delicious idleness, congratulating ourselves that we had two years now for loafing at Haverford, for there was nothing more to learn.

E. B. R.





Junior Year

NINETEEN HUNDRED AND SIX was gathered at the feet of Rufus. The subliminal self hovered on the edge of the "threshold," ready to enter; and we were about to make friends with Leonie B. All was well in the College, for we were Juniors!

We were beginning the best year thus far of our course. Freshman rules had long been discarded. As Sophomores we had done our duty faithfully and well. All bother of running the College had been generously assumed by the ambitious Senior Class. Some of us had fond memories of last summer's cricket trip abroad, and we lost no chance to tell of our deeds in other lands. Then too, there was a great field open before us, in which to display our powers of intrigue. The ever present Freshmen were handy, and what better than to incite mischief in their puerile breasts? In very truth the Garden of Eden would have been less fruitful of pleasure to us than was Haverford in the fall of 1904.

But as with most things, we soon got over the excitement of the first few days of College, and started in to do "our own little work in our own little way." We fell easily into the old routine, until it seemed as though we had not just come back from a long vacation, but had been here always. So we live!

Some of our Class had wandered over to Lloyd, and liking the rooms there, had decided to stay indefinitely. It was at the invitation of two of these "pampered jades" that the long series of week-end parties began, which lasted throughout the rest of the year. And what orgies went on behind the drawn



JUNIOR DECORATIONS

shades! Modesty and a sense of the eternal fitness of things bid me to hold my peace.

But what of that stair fight in Barclay, which for a time played fair to rival Waterloo? The law of Haverford which alt-reth not, neither is changed, except possibly at the desire of the Board of Trustees, had decreed a Faculty tea for the Freshmen. When they returned to Barclay, distended with lemonade and lady fingers, and thinking that mayhap they were somebody, they found their rooms in a state of what General Sherman would have designated as a synonym, once removed, for war. Some wept, others were sore afraid, and still others were desirous of giving battle immediately. It was on this last lot, that some of the moving spirits of our Class began to get in their deadly work. Swaying the feelings of the mob with an eloquence worthy of Mitchell or others of the Dean's disreputable friends among the leaders of labor, they finally roused the Freshmen to such an extent that a rush was made for Sophomore Hall. The Sophomores held the top of the stairway, and a fight seemed imminent. But it was not to be, for the railing, giving away under such strenuous pressure narrowly missed sending some of the would-be combatants headlong. Truce was called for a moment and it was only then that Palmer succeeded in making known those desires nearest his heart. The stairs were vacated and the Freshmen, in a body, stood at bay on the campus, and howled derisive epithets. But to no effect. To our own chagrin, the fight had been averted, for we had thought to see and hear from afar the clash of the onrushing legions.

All this while Thorn, Hopkins, and Dr. Babbitt had been struggling with the football team, until now it was ready to enter into that long triumphal march down the fields of our enemies. Not once until the Swarthmore game was our goal line crossed, and then every inch of ground was stubbornly contested. Even in that "last great battle," we were for a time invincible; but it could not last. The Hicksite team was too much, and we turned once more toward home a little saddened perhaps, but justly proud of the men who had fought that day for Haverford, and who had gone down indeed to honorable defeat.

With the close of the football season Billie Haines stopped taking exercise. Also the call for soccer candidates was so well responded to that we won the Cricket Club League cup and twice defeated Harvard. As in football, the Class was ably represented, and Hen Pleasants was elected Captain for the following year.

Almost had I forgotten. When we came back to College in the fall we found a notable and marked change. The keeping of the cuts was now in the hands of another, for lo! the Dean had come at last to his own.

And now the mid-years were upon us. Some of us merely worked a little harder; some of us started to work. However, we emerged at last in safety, a little galled maybe by the unaccustomed strain, but well on the safe side of the fateful "E."





THE JUNIOR CAST

But with the close of the mid-years, came no let-up in our work, for we began at once rehearsals of the Junior play. It was during a breathing spell one day that T. K. tried to do a hand stand. "Pete" Carson was in the road, and Tommy, with evident consideration, attempted to remove "Pete's" face from the landscape. But he miscalculated and only succeeded in smashing his nose. Later on Hen Pleasants also met with a mishap. The lights were out, and he was in the midst of declaring that he was "the ghost of a joke," when by some accident, the bones, which should have been rolled out on the stage, came hurtling through the air, straight for Henry's head. He ducked, but too late. A string of vertebrae curled lovingly across his face. Curses, which no self-respecting ghost would utter, profuse apologies, and general confusion for a moment. Then Henry began again. But these were merely incidents. Daily did we drill and drill, accompanied by exhortations from the little man with the tremolo stop, alias "Hecker," to "Get that step," or "For Heaven's sake keep your line straight." Truly did we realize that saying, "The play's the thing."

About this time Palmer, whose eagle eye had for some time been fixed on certain of our Class, suddenly growled, and there were empty seats in the dining room for some weeks. The unfortunates were forced to act as scavengers, or to accept the hospitality of their friends' homes, varied now and then by a dinner in town.

Swiftly the time sped by until anon the spring vacation was over and we had returned to what was left of our Junior year. Cricket, track, and the ever present play occupied our minds, for who has time to study in the spring?

We added one more to 1906's long list of honors, by winning again the interclass track sports, and we won them by an easy margin.

May came; the leaves were green, and bright moonlight was over the world. We could not have had a more perfect night for our play, and no matter what the audience thought, it was worth for us, at least, all the time and effort we spent on it. And let it be recorded that the curtain rose on the stroke of 8 o'clock! With evident consideration and good sense, we refused to inflict our play ever again on the College, or to moan songs far into the night after a precedent which had been but recently established.

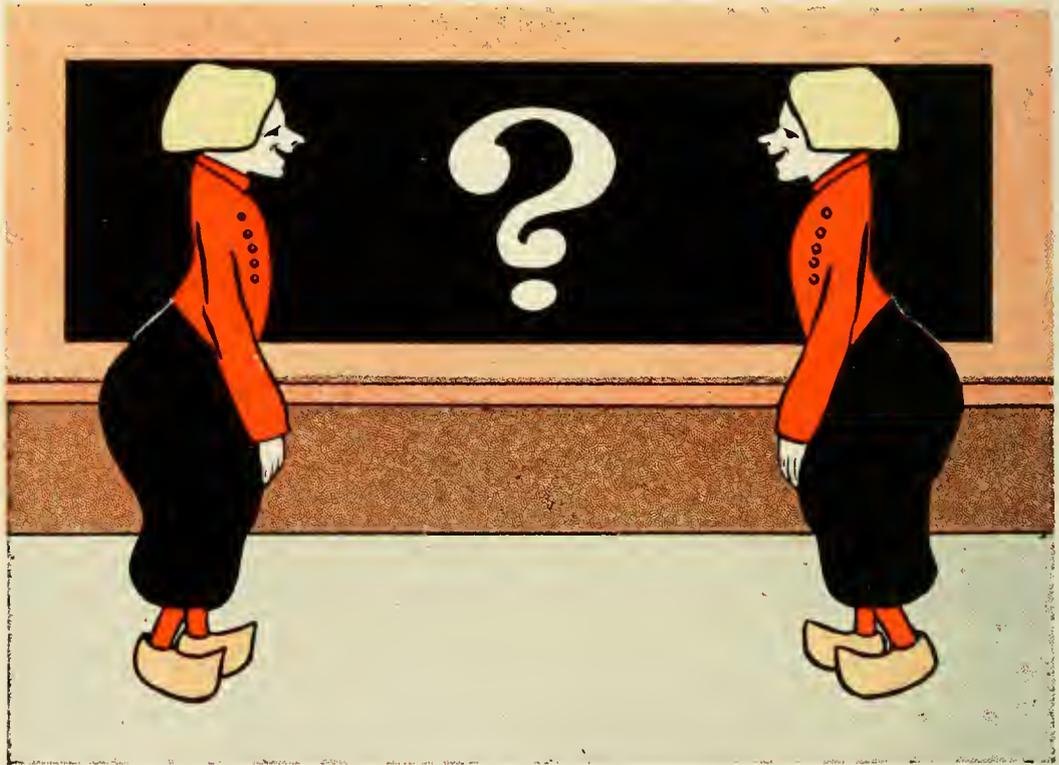
But all too quickly the end drew near. Ah! the sadness and the beauty of those last few weeks in the springtime at Haverford! The long, lazy days; the warm evenings; the calm nights; and through all, the easy companionship of your friends. These are the things which pull most at a fellow's heart to leave.

Commencement day is over. For some whom we have known more or less

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OR AN ORTHODOX MORALITY

PERPETRATED BY
 THE JUNIORS OF HAVERFORD COLLEGE
 ON THE EVENING ON MAY 18, 1905



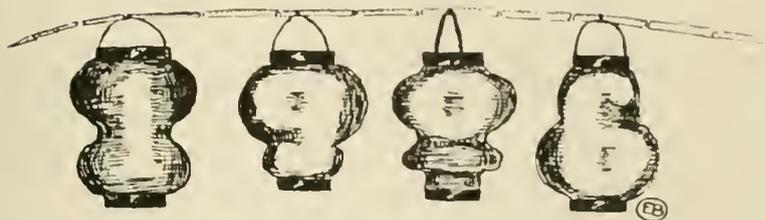
PERSONÆ

DR. I. CON O'CLAST	- - - - - WALTER CARSON
MR. CAELEBS, THE MAN WITH THE MESSAGE	- - - - - ALBERT K. SMILEY, JR.
HANS VAN MAKUP FLUNK	- - - - - D. HERBERT SCHWEYER
DR. DE HOSTHER, INSULTING SPECIALIST	- - - - - E. BARTRAM RICHARDS
CUPID, THE BEAMAN	- - - - - RODERICK SCOTT
MISS INFORMED	- - - - - SPENCER G. NAUMAN
MINNIE, THE MIDGET	- - - - - WARREN K. MILLER
HERR VON BONES, THE SPRITE	- - - - - HENRY PLEASANTS, JR.

intimately for three years, college is a thing of the past — 1906 are Seniors now. One little year only is left to us. Let us strive to make it the happiest and the best of all. Let us strive to keep untarnished the honor of the College and the honor of the Class and —

“Ever we’ll hold a love untold
Nineteen-Six, for thee!”

V. L. L.



THE CLASS SONG*

ARRANGED BY G. H. G.

WORDS AND AIR BY R. J. S.

To Haverford our loy-al-ty we pledge, Through all the years that we may

know; Our love for her we'll never yield, Still larger, truer it shall grow And

in our fond re-gard for college days, Our class de-mands we constant be; To

her a song we sing, To her our tribute bring, Old nineteen six, all praise to thee.

So we raise a hearty song, An echo of times gone by,

Telling of college days Whose mem'ries ne-ver die

From the Junior Show. Melody in first bass.

Hon-or-ing first the class With spirits brave and free. We'll

ev-er hold a love un-told, old nine-teen six for thee.

THE SONG OF THE CYNIC*

ARRANGED BY G. H. G.

WORDS AND AIR BY W. C.

Of all the in-con-ven-i-en-ces woman is the worst, In
An at-mos-phere of lov-en-der pur-gues her as she goes, High
It by some shrewd in-ven-tion we could get her off the earth. Of

drawing room and trolley car de-mands that she go first, Of
in the air in proud dis-gain, she pert-ly turns her nose, She
happy homes and husbands, there would not be such a dearth. For

bon-bons and at-ten-tion she must have the lion's share, She
nods in con-des-cen-tion to the humble com-pan-ion, She
more ex-ten-ded hap-pi-ness there might there be a chance. But

wants to be the main ge-zabe, I don't care where
thinks she owns cre-a-tion, in-cluding you and me.
not as long as women are, al-lowed to sun the ranch.

*From the Junior Show



LLOYD HALL

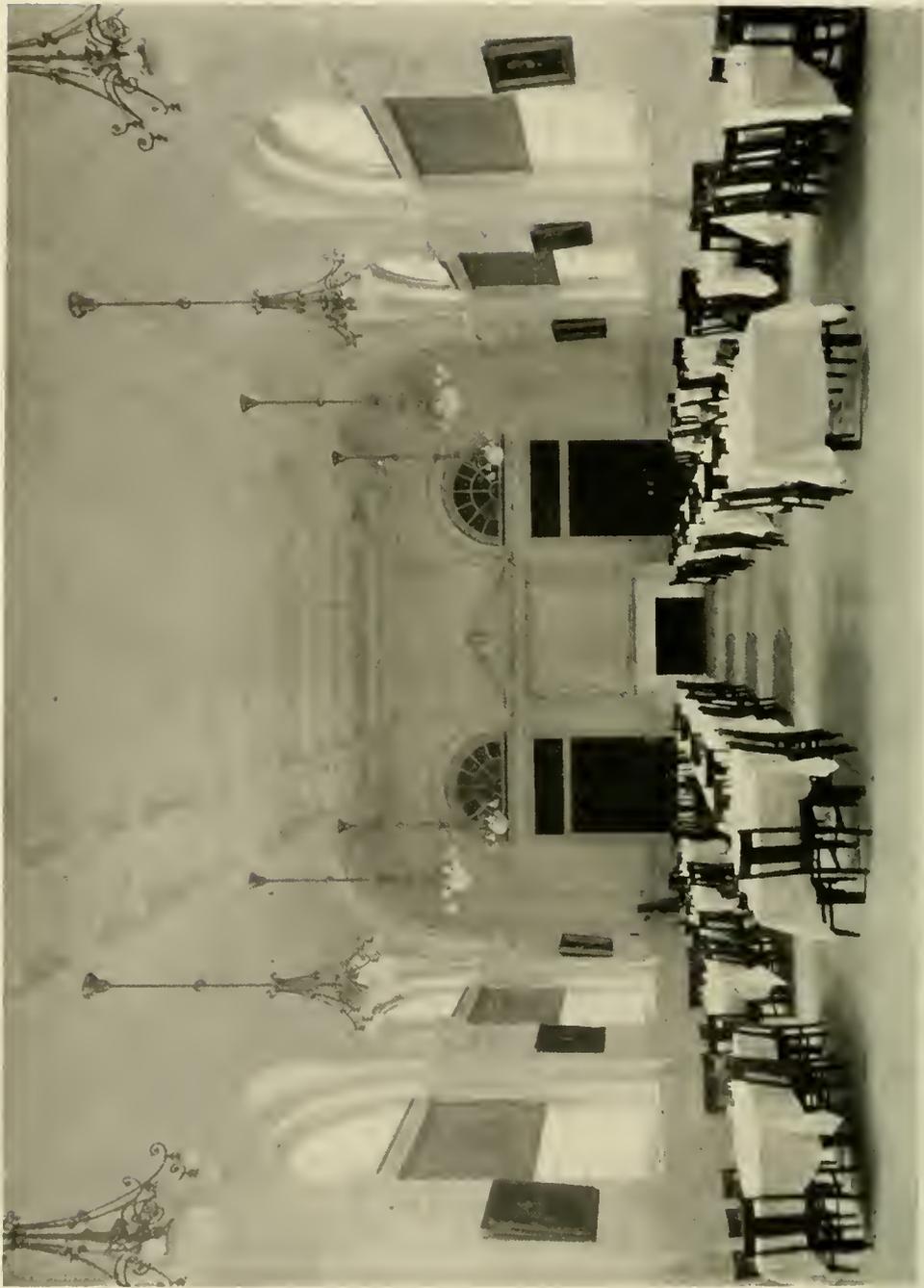


Senior Year



AND so, on the twenty-seventh of September, with true devotion to Haverford tradition, we gathered up the moth-eaten mantles that had fallen from the backs of our ancestors (at the altruistic rates of three-fifty and three dollars each) and experienced the first sensations of the so-called seniorial dignity. The emotion was by no means overpowering. We found that we were eschewing study, frequenting the dining-room and criticising the universe in a fashion that made us appear suspiciously like ourselves; and even toward the end, when the Chief of the Olympic Council stopped his discourse on "Christian Education in the Public Schools," to invite not a small one from our company to occupy a front seat, we still felt like little boys in a very disrespectful world. Yet, upon reflection, it would be untrue to record that we saw no changes among us at the beginning of our memorable year. Under the stress of the new spiritual experience, Tommy's hair-stand, that infallible gauge of emotion, assumed a noticeable increment of vigor and self-assertion; Roderick's voice slid to a lower register and evinced new charms in the rendition of "Oh Manma Pin a Rose on Me," while Henry's weakness, as many remarked, developed from a chronic "peeve" to a manly and righteous indignation at the surrounding world.

Aside, however, from these essentially innocent alterations in the Class personality, we must frankly confess that we did not share those feelings which our predecessors have characterized as "indescribable." Their inability to be explicit on this point, we might venture, grew out of a child-like belief in the myth that they "had attained the stars," and "were the biggest things in sight," as their histories tell us. Indeed, in our case, little Jimmy's broad, gurgling smile, surmounting a robe of funereal black; Fales ever swaggering like an Egyptian crane and Haines munching love songs and Bull Durham, presented, if the truth must be told, as striking a burlesque of dignity as one may expect to find in an anti-saloon league neighborhood.



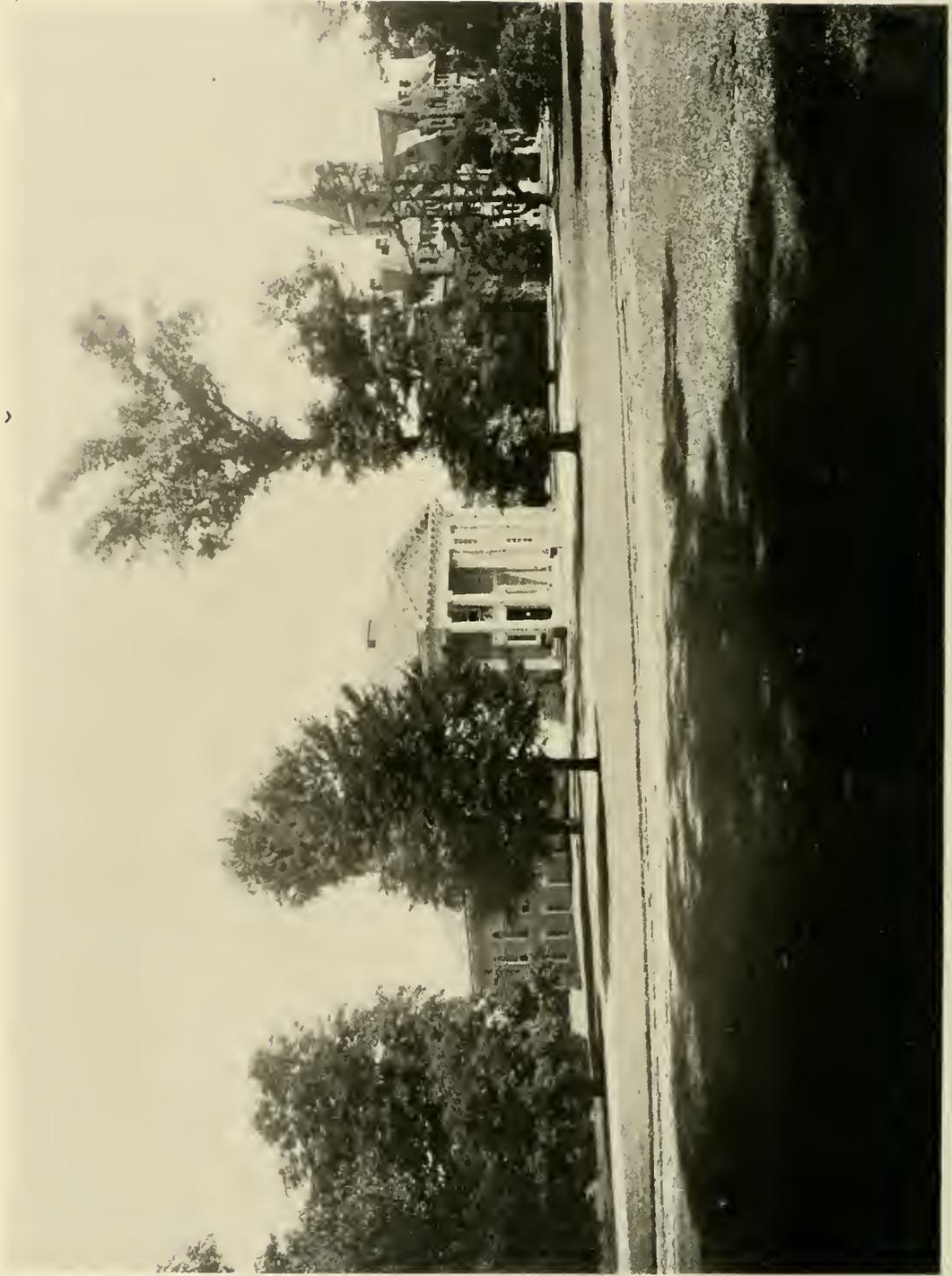
THE NEW DINING HALL

But while we were thus manoeuvring for a start, we found that we had been visited by the stork, this time fortunately a bird of good omen. With rare benevolence he complimented our little family with a donation of triplets, none other than Lindsay, large, round and innocent; Brigham, omnivorous and giggling; and Graves, musical and devoted,—three distinct contributions from the frontier and the "south" to our already cosmopolitan clan.

The foot-ball season provided us, of course, with our first problem, which proved to be rather serious, both through the difficulty of the schedule and the necessity of developing new material. The unfortunate injuries of Art Lowry, Tommy Brown and others, rendered the earlier scores somewhat disappointing. But the team steadily improved and when the regular men finally re-entered the play, the season drew to a highly satisfactory close. "Peter" Carson led the cheering, and although not designed to overawe the enemy to any perceptible extent, secured the annual measure of vocal support from the students. And Rafe Shortlidge, be it recorded, laboring under business conditions less favorable than formerly, accomplished no small task in keeping the team out of the hands of the sheriff.

But by this time, the contractor decided to finish the new Dining Hall. Although he had been proceeding with more deliberation than was thought necessary, it was deemed unwise to hurry him. The possible omission of the ceiling or some of the windows, due to sudden nervous excitement on his part, led us to strike a very deferential attitude toward the company and to avoid the appearance of any desire to get into the new building. As a consequence, then, the rumor of his beneficent intention to complete the work found its way through half-made walls to highly appreciative ears in the "room over the kitchen," that charming though sadly unfinished portion of the structure which Oscar has thus christened with singular poetic grace. Here we sat with magnanimous toleration, while October and November breezes whistled through our knives and forks. And yet, the joy of crossing perilous planks, of threading one's way through debris, of eating, oftentimes, in the midst of darkness, and almost always to the tuneful echo of hammer and saw, of carrying one's breakfast to the fireplace to prevent chilblains,—this joy, let it be said, was ours, and we appreciated it with becoming moderation. One thing alone appeared calm and serene in the midst of confusion. Indifferent to the mutations of time and space, callous to the illegal vacillation of contractors, the Haverford menu, rivaling the pyramids of Egypt, stood supremely immutable.

Our final entrance into the new quarters was marked by the installation of self-government in the Dining Room. Since the founding of the College in 1833, the Faculty had been making frantic efforts to maintain the peace in the gastronomic laboratory of Founders Hall. The fertile ingenuity of the Star Chamber had left no coercive scheme untried. We were even threatened, so the chronicles relate, with the introduction of a bevy of "co-eds" to ameliorate conditions! In vain. The Presidential frown, the savage leer from the Faculty



ROBERTS AND BARCLAY HALLS

table, terrible indeed to behold, had small effect upon the potato that flieth by night or the bread ball that wasteth at noon day. The indoor shot put and the discus throw flourished under adversity. And then it was that some prophet suggested that we might do better without the fatherly care of our elders. The privilege of self-government was publicly offered us and accepted in a masterful Declaration of Independence; and the millenium came. So quiet and orderly is the Dining Hall to-day (except for an occasional commotion at the Faculty table when a joke is discovered) that Graduates, even of one year's standing, feel greatly embarrassed there.

From the football field we turned our enthusiasm to the gymnasium, and began again to gyrate on our old friends, the bars, the rings, and the long-suffering horse. "Teakle" Brown, still suffering from capillary ascension, was often seen in furtive consultation with Dr. Babbitt. Th reupon Captain Ton, with as much emphasis and vigor as if he had discovered the idea himself, would give us a dissertation on the aesthetic side of gym work; or, more oft'n, in the impassioned tones of the Quaker orators, skillfully prompted by "his master's voice," enthuse us to defeat Rutgers and Lehigh, and to avoid the excessive use of tobacco and soda water. James Addison Babbitt too, never failed to encourage us on every possible occasion. Many a time when the clouds of pessimism seemed to be gathering about us, we were revived by a gentle touch upon the shoulder and the sound of a soft voice near us, uttering those immortal maxims, "Just get the toes a little higher," or, "You'll never get hurt if you hold on."

But while the Class had enjoyed a rich measure of success in all of its organized undertakings, it seemed that practically nothing had been done in the way of permanent social conquest. To be sure, some skirmishes and preliminaries had taken place. Several verbal contracts possibly had been made, but all these did little to conceal our distressing failure in a very important field of achievement. We were naturally discouraged. We saw defeat everywhere. The fussing of Cary, of Lowry, of Kemard, what had it accomplished? Nothing. It was gone, and the place thereof knew it no more. Turning to our Ethics notes we were about to search relief in the teaching, " 'Tis better to have fussed and failed than never to have fussed at all," when we beheld, on the horizon, the bulky form of the man from Mohonk. A huge, pie-like grin obscured his features. It was Smiley. With the same unobtrusive persistence with which he attacked Prometheus (Bound), he had wrestled with the corpulent little gentleman of the classics and bit the dust of West Chester in that glorious defeat which is victory. Then he announced his engagement and gathered to himself the hearty congratulations of his bachelor friends.

But long before this time Henry had begun to get "peeved" about association football. Even while the rugby season was in progress, notices which betrayed not a little the nervous unrest of their author began to blossom on the door jambs, inviting the unoccupied to taste the joys of the mysterious soccer, a coming panacea for the many ills of intercollegiate football. Our highest ambitions in this



THE MEETING HOUSE

field of sport were realized. Victories over Pennsylvania, Cornell, Harvard and a tie with Columbia returned the honors of first place to Haverford, where they had already passed a very pleasant year. The season closed in a burst of convivial glory at the Colonnade. Here it was that Captain Henry marshalled his host, even to the "minute midget Nauman," for a last stand, and with Dr. Babbitt and Dr. Mustard as chaperons, "gloried and drank deep," with a measure of capacity, let it be stated, that promises greater things to come.

Our last winter at Haverford had now passed quietly away. We had scarcely felt it moving from us until the mellow breath of April began to revive the beauties of the fields and lawns. And then the spring holidays beckoned us elsewhere for a time, and we separated, but dimly conscious that the end was drawing near.

And now what shall the scribe record of the musical campaign, when Pliny Earl looked down in horror from celestial regions, to see his sons wandering like missionaries over the face of the earth, actually singing in praise of Haverford? Moreover, what of that Class Dinner, at which Henry presided in the full sobriety of his "peeve." And what shall be recorded of the Bowling Team, and dignified William, its grave and serious Captain? Or of Bartram Richards, striving in vain to look worldly with an empty Class pipe in his mouth, or fingering a bag of "Eppie's" tobacco with the air of a connoisseur? And what, forsooth, shall be said of "Little Dickson" himself, as he sits at his desk, dreaming over the pages of his "convict labor," his faithful alarm clock ticking by his side, and ringing every half hour to recall its master to the arduous pursuit of wisdom? Or how shall we describe a certain member of the Y. M. C. A. cabinet, who falls asleep at his prayers, and awakens in the early hours of the cold gray dawn, with water on the knee? And shall nothing be writ of those long discussions that we held, trying to decide what we were "going to be" after the days of Greek Scripture and Ethics had forever closed and we had stepped out into the mysterious beyond where life is rumored to be hard for little boys who do not go into business with father? And must we likewise forget how, with our gaze fixed upon beautiful visions far away, we muttered of future happiness with Her, foolishly unmindful of our happiness then?

But we must close.

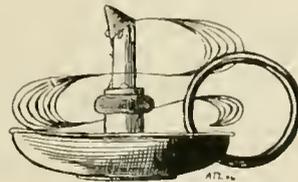
Even as we write, the chirp of birds reaches us through the open window, and the familiar June bug, tumbling upon the page, tells us that spring has followed winter into the past. Long since, the campus nymph has arrayed the shrubs and trees in their richest apparel. Summer has come, and is stealing away without compunction these college days that vanish every evening and leave us only the memory of their beauties. We shall not forget them. We shall



THE DRIVEWAY

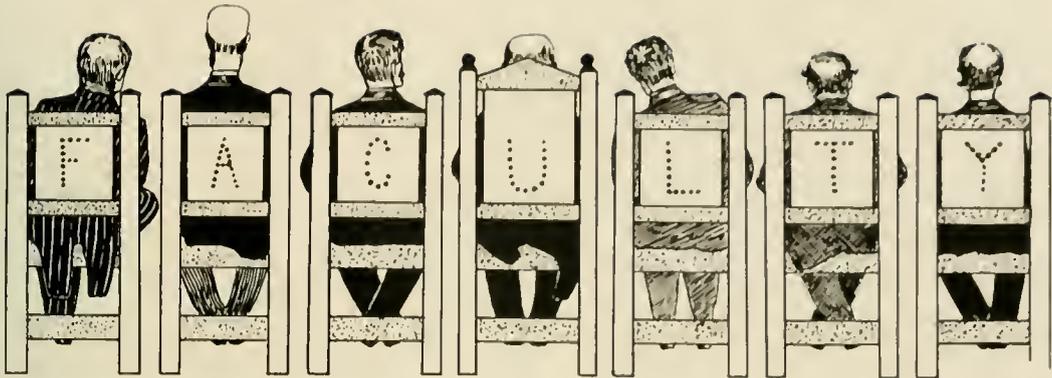
not forget the friendships that have made them bright and happy, for they have enriched our lives. Often too, we shall pause, in strange places perhaps, and turn our eyes and thoughts back upon these gray walls, these fields and lawns and stately trees. We shall hear the laughter of olden times. The remembrance of it will never quite fade away. And as for the Class of Nineteen-Six, who of us, looking again in fancy upon its happy faces, shall not say, "With all thy faults I love thee still."

w c





THE FACULTY



E. B.

IN offering here a photograph of the Faculty, in their ordinary aspect, as plain and unadorned human beings, we trust that those who might have anticipated their appearance in a less ordinary rôle will not be deeply displeased. Our plan in portraying them as they actually are, was in no way intended to offend an interest in imaginative work. Indeed, for the sake of satisfying a certain morbid curiosity which our predecessors in the making of class books have skillfully engendered, we considered the suggestion of presenting the Faculty in a cake-walk. President Sharpless, naturally, was to have led. With a foot gracefully poised in air, one arm lovingly linked through Dr. Hall's right, and the other fondly encircling Oscar's neck, the trio were to have been seen approaching a huge cake at the end of the Faculty Room. Following them, in the midst of hilarious enjoyment, were to come their associates, in the guise of satyrs, fairies, Ethiopians, and other anomalies to be met in literature, if not in life.

But several considerations prevented the execution of the scheme. These we need not mention. Let it be enough to say, that those who criticise us for serving up the Faculty plain, are entitled to our liberal apologies for disappointing a taste that has been so well educated.

In passing out of active participation in Haverford life, we feel that we are leaving many friends among the Faculty. Much of the enjoyment, and still more of the value of these four years, have come to us through their uniform interest in our work, and the least that we can do on this occasion is to make known our sincere appreciation of their help.





Who's Who in '06



Who's Who in '06

The following catalogue has been compiled with strict reference to the laws and by-laws of veracity. The truth, nothing but the truth, though in all cases not the whole truth, has been religiously told. Unfortunate it is that the limitations of language, the censorship of the press and the foolish restraints of modesty, make it necessary that the full individuality of Nineteen-Six should remain forever "unwept, unhonored, and unsung."



BAINBRIDGE

This represents "Eddie," a useful little man with an acid reaction. With rare genius he vacillates every fifteen minutes from a genial humor to an interesting form of grouch, the latter of which phenomena is usually accompanied by a contraction of the countenance and the liberal use of popular English. It is advisable to shake well before using. He will improve with age.



BALDWIN

"Cornhog" unfortunately took the oath of allegiance rather late. During the past year he has been seen several times at recitations or crossing the campus. At rare intervals he indulges in the vulgarity of a meal, answers to his name in Ethics and constantly prays that more than twenty-four hours may be allotted the ensuing day to give him time for the pursuit of the liberal arts.

Although "Brey" is a comely boy, he suffers, unfortunately, from attacks of acute inertia. At such times, while apparently enjoying the best of health, his mind writhes in horrible dread before the possible necessity of doing something. His countenance is usually embellished by a sun-set blush, which, upon the mention of sundry yet inoffensive names, expands into a seething conflagration, requiring the assistance of a fire extinguisher.



BREYFOGEL

Obviously "Tommy." Some regard him as the funniest thing that has happened in the history of the Class. His hair-stands, his mad efforts to coerce them with towels and night caps, his preference for soft shirts with tuxedos, his inevitable "What the Bill" and his tireless social aspirations give him a clear title to the honor of leading anomaly among us.



BROWN

The ubiquitous "Peter" is an eccentric compound of unknown ingredients. Although voted to be the most versatile man in the Class, he has not yet mastered the art of keeping the ridiculous out of the grave. Like Sampson, he has, on occasion, been compelled by his friends to use the jawbone of an ass.



CARSON



CARY

This is "Mother," a reticent individual widely known as "math-shark." A morbid curiosity to find out "how the other half lives" has given him the reputation of an indiscriminate suitor. During the short period of twenty years he has fussed anything from a first cousin to the Woman's College of Baltimore.



CROWELL

"Tom" is a mouse-like lad, capable of an occasional nod, but usually to be seen in the midst of a dense silence. Once in Freshman year, a cry of alarm, twice in Junior year, muffled petitions for the bread, are reported to have escaped his lips. He is innocuous at all times and reputed to understand English.



DICKSON

In this jagged outline we see the likeness of "Eppie," or, if you will, "Curly D." For pro-pro-pro-nunciation and slavish obedience to the alarm-clock habit, he is without peer. He is an authority on crimes and the money market and absolutely worships the Dean.

"Hecker" is a reasonably small boy with a stentorian voice. Neither he nor his friends ever know what he is going to do next, since the lad operates upon a psychological system as yet unclassified. He is regarded on all occasions with considerable anticipation and amusement and generally excused for being the most unruly member of the Class.



DOI GITEN

Somewhat like an Arab, "Coogan" strolls occasionally into our midst, asks a few questions, laughs a few laughs, and again retires into oblivion, drawing lustily upon a borrowed cigarette. He seems to take life for granted, and mildly regrets that other commodities are not to be had in the same way. Notwithstanding, the boy has a thoroughly modern soul, with all conveniences.



EDSALL

"Jimmy's" ambition has been to keep his genial countenance supplied with smiles. He has never been known to get angry, is fond of everything, and will "take" a social smoke on the slightest provocation. His unaccountable failure, however, to appreciate the humor in himself, has deprived him of many pleasures which his friends enjoy.



F LES



GRAVES

Gordon is an exemplary lad, very sensitive on points of righteousness, and a lover of sweet sounds. He has a bad habit of being continually good, thinks frequently in Latin, and daily salaams before a portrait of Dr. Mustard.



HAINES

Amidst rolling clouds of Bull Durham, moaning over lost and prospective loves, sits "Billy," in poetic rapture, insensible to the passage of time. He is by far the laziest man in the Class. With no ambition save to escape one, he pleasantly offers his services to the universe in the fervent hope that they will not be needed.



HEMPHILL

In "Hemp" we recognize the senior member of the firm of Bainbridge and Hemphill, managers of the frontier outpost of the National Biscuit Co. A devout admirer of good living, susceptible to strong emotion and frequently obscured in clouds of superinduced fog, he tells us wonderful tales of the great round world and gives a cosmopolitan atmosphere to our diminutive household. Now and then he sings a little song.

"Hop" is a well-meaning individual unfortunately given to making immature remarks, a virtue which has led some to regard him as one of our most infantile members. At times, however, he becomes semi-serious and speaks with oracular gravity. Class Day finds him indifferent to the world and still making eyes at the Goddess of Nonsense.



HOPPER

The psychologist seeking curios would revel in the discovery of "Billy." He is unique. Nevertheless, he frequently emerges from his stern environment of decided opinions to do something artistic in the way of fussing. The drama, the weather, and the Class he criticises with uniform severity, and patiently awaits the day when he will have us all insured against sudden death, pestilence, matrimony and the gout. His favorite pass-time is Schweyer.



KENNARD

Mr. Lindsay, the gentleman from North Carolina, is preceded by a circular countenance and a potential smile. He defends eloquently the natural "beauties" of the "Seuth" and regards the matrimonial market of the North as sadly impoverished.



LINDSAY



LOWRY

"Art" is a large sized, yet withal gentle, Epicurean. He maintains that life, in good company, is well worth living and wishes it to be distinctly understood that he does not care to be disturbed by the curriculum, the wrath-to-come, athletic dues, or any of the baser concerns of life. He finds joy under all circumstances in the firm belief that the millenium is the age of the present.



MILLER

Warren takes life seriously. He sees no virtue in the idle hour and no economic value in the smile. For light reading he daily refreshes himself with a few volumes of constitutional law, keeping, meanwhile, his weather eye focussed on the Class, to prevent revolutions, seditions, majorities and other crimes tabooed in the Corrupt Practices Act.



MONROE

Diminutive "Jimmy" is an amiable child with a soft complexion, and although very young at one time, is now approaching manhood with smiles of anticipation. He is greatly attached to science and romantic literature, and is apt, at any time, to call attention to the obvious with great deliberation.

In the easy and graceful use of profanity, and in the humble admiration for anything that smells like an automobile, Francis graduates "summa cum laude." He is proud of his sloppy appearance and lives a life of squalid enjoyment of shop-work and tobacco.



MORRIS

Shrewd in business, wily in council, taciturn always, "Joe" has moved among us like a Sphinx, the source of an inscrutable riddle. On occasions, to be sure, he will speak, eat, smile, and get angry like the rest of the human species, but usually lives in an exclusive world of his own, where he has only himself to reckon with—a problem equal to his best endeavors.



MOTT

To Spencer belongs the distinction of never having agreed with any body, on any subject, at any time, in any place. He has been actively engaged throughout a large part of the course in doing nothing and takes his relaxation in the form of knocking things in general, with particular reference to the rest of us.



NAUMAN



PHILIPS

"Jesse" is a striking combination of paternal gravity and child-like mirth. His facial repertoire contains but two expressions—one of agonizing pain and the other of exuberant joy. A quiet hour or two of social chat is his daily relaxation, though a strong liability to total recall is a matter of some concern to himself and his friends.



PLEASANTS

For the trying space of thirty-two seconds, Henry has suppressed his painful "peeve," allowing his image to go to posterity illuminated by a dawning smile. With the dignity of a bishop, the seriousness of an epitaph, and the impatience of a hungry infant, he has created many friends and much amusement in our midst.



REID

"Dave" is one of those quiet, restful individuals who modestly attend to the business in hand, who live and let live, who fuss successfully and make good husbands in the end. He knows no worry or anxiety and finds one day as good as another. Sometimes he makes bold to smile at Kennard.

Even here in dense outline something of the chronic misanthropy of "P-More" Richards may be discerned. With the exception of hunger, thirst and cynicism, he is wholly incapable of any emotion. He regards all joy, pain and amusement as quite improper and secretly prays for the hour when he may enter into the heaven of Buddhistic nothingness. He has been adjudged the most uncanny individual in our midst.



RICHARDS

With the toleration of an indulgent father, "Doc" has been a member of our Class for two years. He is a pious soul and deeply feels the naughtiness of this terrestrial footstool. No one has ever heard him laugh, although jokes, puns and other things have been discharged near him. Occasionally he tries a little play himself, but always with funereal dignity.



SANDS

To describe "Schweyer" both language and gestures are wholly inadequate. Since his arrival among us two years ago he has successfully resisted every missionary effort to rescue him from himself, and to-day remains unparalleled in the history of human curiosities. His friends may always rely upon him to provide unconscious amusement and to join with them in appreciating the joke.



SCHWEYER



SCOTT

Coopertown, Preston, Bible Class, Sunday School, Y. M. C. A., Ethics, behold thy saint! "Rod" has fought the good fight, routing 3571.019 temptations, reforming two adjacent towns and capturing several rampant ideals during the course. He is an eloquent advocate of woman's suffrage, believes in the transmigration of souls, and passes his days in collusion with the great verities and in defending the Faculty—*requiescat in pace*.



SHELDON

"Shelly" is a comfortable lad of a hundred and seventy pounds and a quiet way of enjoying things. With little to say and a great deal to do, he passes his spare time in meditating upon the profound truths of "Banking and Finance." His secondary avocation is assisting a score of intermittent alarm-clocks to keep Dickson awake.



SHORTLIDGE

"Rafe" is an orderly lad inhabiting a cheery disposition and a well-fed figure. He likes to dream occasionally about certain phases of the future, relishes Keats and chocolate éclairs, and endures submissively the embarrassment of being voted the best-looking man in the Class.

This is the gentle "Bertie." He may be identified by a 16-karat, pre-nuptial smile, and a great fondness for the slight peculiarities of one Dickson. A devotee of the merry jest and a lover of the pleasant hour, he regards the tragedy of life with happy optimism.



SMILLY

"Jack" is a quaint youth of retiring disposition and regular habits, very domestic, and attentive to business. When sufficiently tempted he will indulge in a brief smile, but has no sympathies with the frivolous. His favorite diversion is a quiet half-day with the chest-weights, a form of entertainment which impresses him as both dignified and serious.



STRATTON

The square jaw here depicted at once reveals Frank, in the full bloom of his orthodoxy. He is a long narrow creation of exceptionally tidy habits, passionately devoted to Meeting and prone to see the influence of George Fox in everything from the flood to the latest edition of the cook-book.



TAYLOR



TUNNEY

Prepared, for conscience' sake, to laugh at the slightest semblance of a joke, mild and pacific, "Joe" passes his days in juvenile innocence. Like Rod, he is a victim of innate piety. His darkest sin is a lurking desire to filch a "second" on Thursday nights, while his least ambition is the immediate canonization of the world.



YONUG

Over the horizon of an incurable smile, "Brigham" may be seen peeping at the surrounding world. Coming from the jungles of Kansas, everything within the pale of civilization naturally fills him with surprise. Men, boys, freedom of speech, and especially food, supply him with sources of endless amusement and keep his face continually on duty in nourishing a chronic and all-pervasive grin.





The Classes



THE JUNIOR CLASS

THE JUNIOR CLASS

HAROLD EVANS, PRESIDENT

GEORGE HALLOCK WOOD, VICE PRESIDENT

JOHN WHITTALL NICHOLSON, JR., SECRETARY

KARL JACKSON BARR, TREASURER

KARL JACKSON BARR

JOSEPH COOPER BIRDSALL

ARTHUR EMLEN BROWN

PAUL WILLITS BROWN

GEORGE BRINTON COMFORT

GEORGE CRAIG CRAIG

WALTER LEWIS CROLL

IRA JACOB DODGE

WILLIAM STAUFFER ELDRIDGE

HAROLD EVANS

FRANCIS DOWNING GODLEY

SAMUEL JAMES GUMMERE

WILBUR HAMILTON HAINES

ERNEST FULLER JONES

JAMES PHINEAS MAGILL

JOSEPH CORNELL BEANS MARCH

MICHEL HENRY MARCH

JOHN WHITTALL NICHOLSON, JR.

JOSÉ PADIN

WILLIAM RYLE ROSSMESSLER

HOWARD HEY SHOEMAKER

EDWARD COMFORT TATNALL

EMMETT ROBINSON TATNALL

ALEXANDER NES WARNER

WILLIAM BUTLER WINDLE

GEORGE HALLOCK WOOD



THE SOPHOMORE CLASS

THE SOPHOMORE CLASS

GEORGE KING STRODE, PRESIDENT

WALTER RODMAN SHOEMAKER, VICE-PRESIDENT

JOHN THEODORE TROTH, SECRETARY

CARL FORSE SCOTT, TREASURER

FISHER CORLIES BAILY

CARROLL THORNTON BROWN

HOWARD BURTT

JOSEPH BUSHNELL, 3RD

JOHN BROWNING CLEMENT

THOMAS CHARLES DESMOND

CECIL KENT DRINKER

EDWARD AIKIN EDWARDS

JOSEPH PASSMORE ELKINTON

GEORGE WILLIAMS EMLEX, JR.

ROBERT ERVIEN

THOMAS ROTHWELL HILL

WILLIAM WESLEY KURTZ, 2ND

MORRIS ALBERT LINTON

THOMAS MORRIS LONGSTREICH

CHARLES LICHTY MILLER

WILLIAM HAVILAND MORRIS

ALFRED BALCH MORTON

FREDERIC OMAR MUSSER

WINTHROP SARGENT, JR.

CARL FORSE SCOTT

WALTER RODMAN SHOEMAKER

WILLIAM CLARKSON STRIBLING

GEORGE KING STRODE

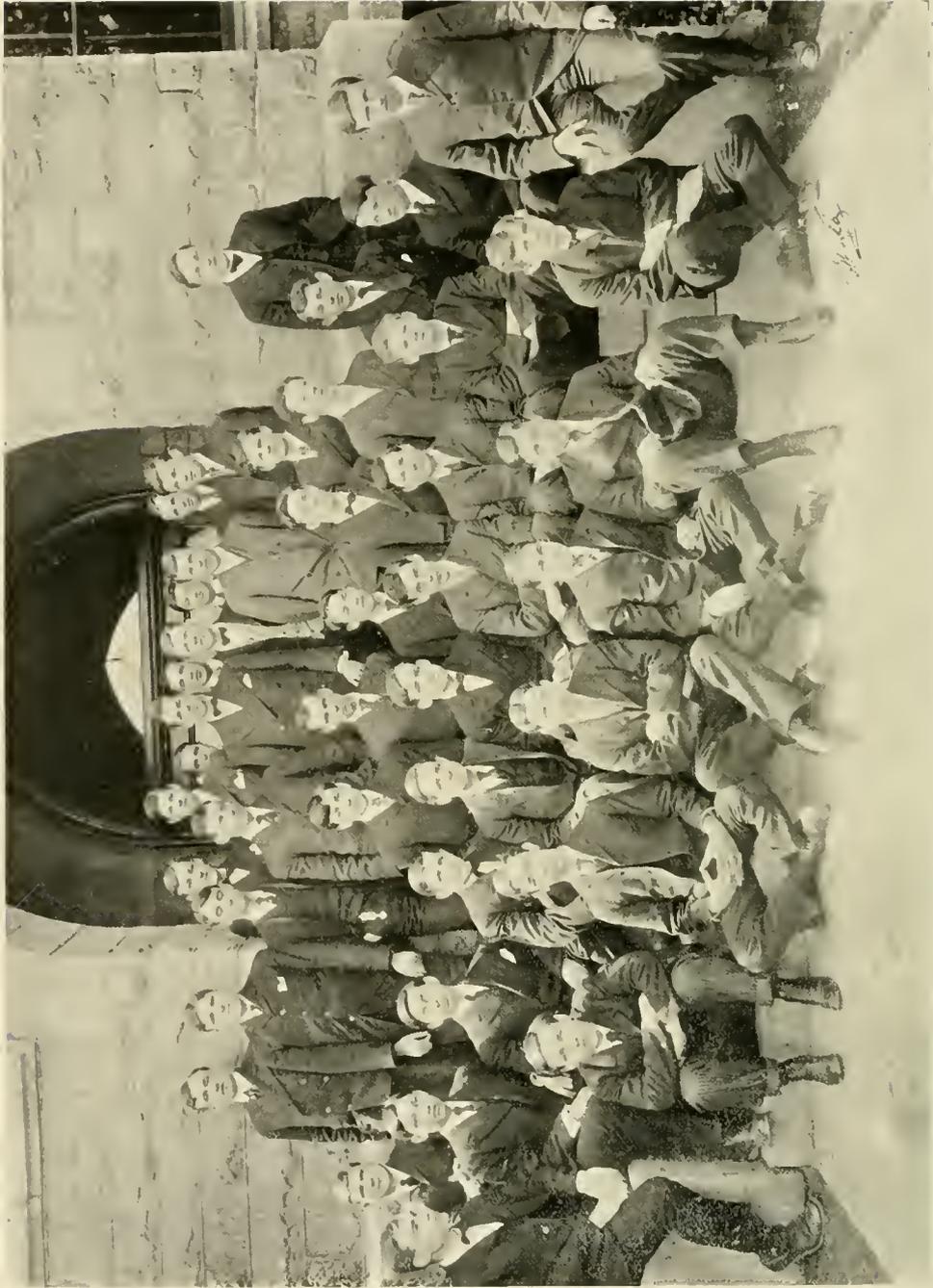
JAMES CAREY THOMAS

JOHN THEODORE TROTH

WALTER WILKIN WHITSON

STEPHEN REMINGTON WING

EDWIN WRIGHT



THE FRESHMAN CLASS

THE FRESHMAN CLASS

BURDETTE DODGE, JR., PRESIDENT

THOMAS KRAPPEL LEWIS, VICE PRESIDENT

R. LINDLEY MURRAY UNDERHILL, SECRETARY

EDWIN SHOEMAKER, TREASURER

GEORGE SMITH BARD

ROBERT NEWTON BREV

CLAUDE CLAUSER

JOSEPH COPE

JAMES WHITE CROWELL

GERALD HARTLEY DEACON

BURDETTE DODGE, JR.

PERCIVAL BRADSHAW FAY

WILLIAM SELLERS FEBIGER

JOHN CLINTON GREEN

FREDERICK CLIFFORD HAMILTON

ALLAN JANNEY HILL

HARRISON STREETS HIRES

CLARENCE CREADICK KILLEN

PAUL CLIFF KITCHEN

THOMAS KRAPPEL LEWIS

SIDNEY LOEWENSTEIN

ALFRED LOWRY, 2nd

HOWARD MILTON LUTZ

CHARLES EDWARD MARSH

HAROLD THOMAS MARTIN

PAUL V. N REED MILLER

LAWRENCE CLAYTON MOORE

RICHARD HENRY MOTT

FREDERICK MYERS, JR.

JOSEPH WHITTAKER PENNYPACKER

DAVID LEON PHILIPS

WILLIAM CHAMBERS POWELL

FRANK McCRACKEN RAMSEY

CHARLES SCOTT RISTINE

THOMAS AUGUSTINE RYAN

THOMAS KITE SHARPLESS

EDWIN SHOEMAKER

REYNOLD ALBRECHT SPAETH

MARK HERBERT CARVER SPIERS

JOSEPH VAN DUSEN STETSON

JOSEPH WARRINGTON STOKES

FREDERICK RAYMOND TAYLOR

CHARLES BAKER THOMPSON

R. LINDLEY MURRAY UNDERHILL

WILLIAM WEATHERBY WARNER

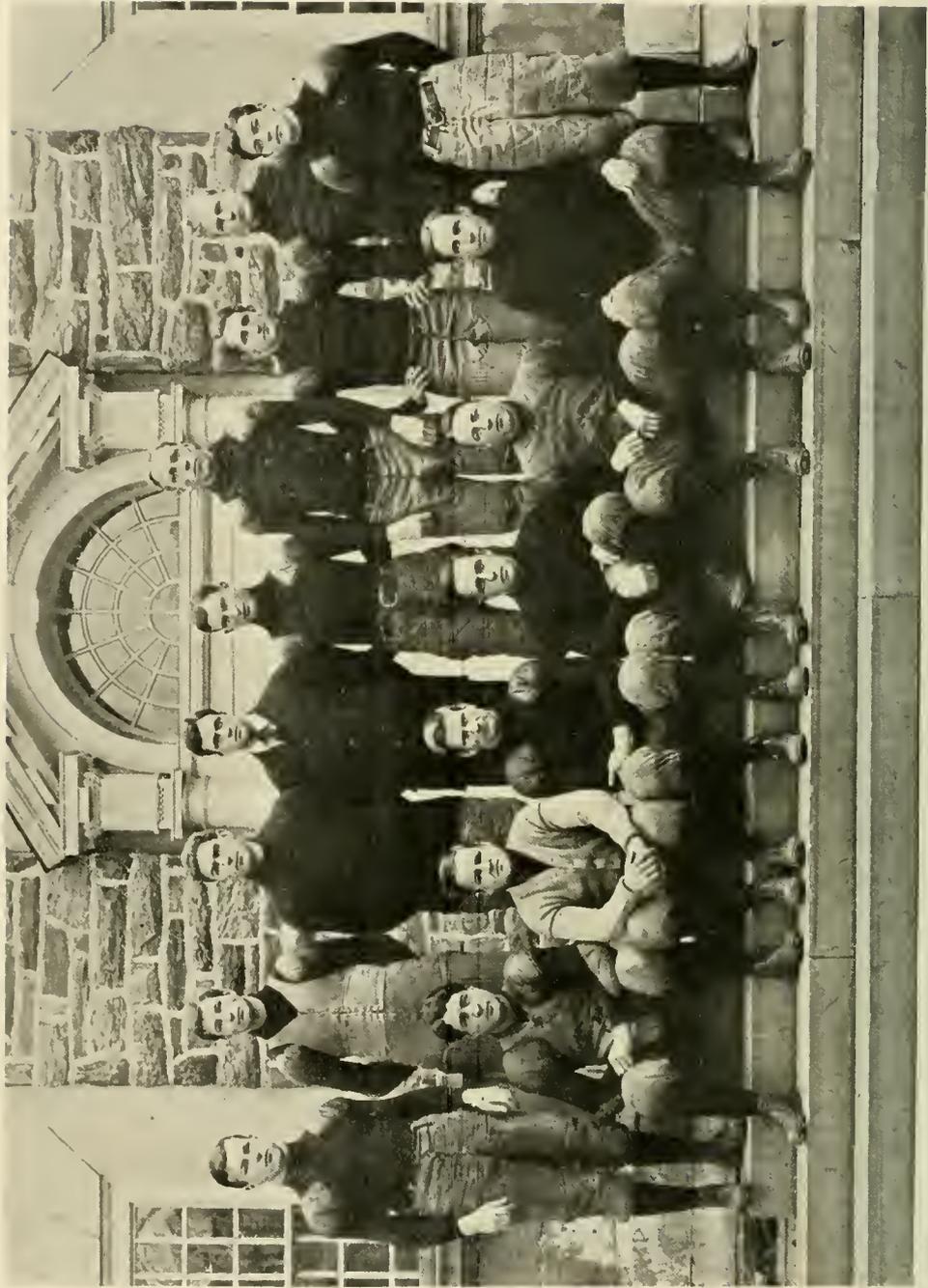
AARON DEGRAUW WARNOCK

LLOYD GARRISON WILLIAMS





EB



THE FOOT BALL TEAM

FOOTBALL

CR



THE first athletic interest to claim the attention of the Freshman is football. No sooner does he enter College than the bulletin board invites the ambitious athlete to don football togs and show the coaches what he can do. And then, too, in the general enthusiasm attendant upon the game, his deep and lasting college loyalty finds its birth. The mass meetings make the songs and cheers thrill him in a way that will be long remembered.

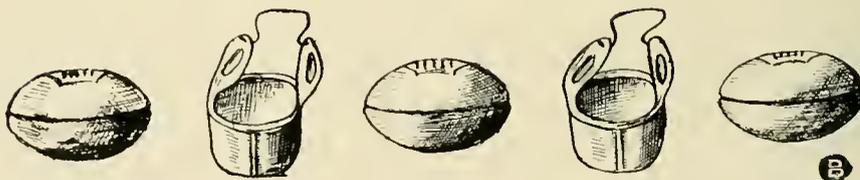
When we entered in the fall of 1902, our football ability was an untried quantity. But as soon as the cane rush was won, we gathered behind the Gymnasium to choose a Class team. Lowry was elected Captain, and we went into the game against 1905 with reasonable chances of success, but lost on a failure at goal, by the narrow margin of one point, the score being 6—5. The ability of two of our men, however, was quickly seen, and Jones and Lowry made the first eleven, receiving at the end of the season two of the five H's awarded that year. Smiley, Jr., was a substitute on the first team, and Brown, Jr., and Hames, Jr., received the scrub emblem.

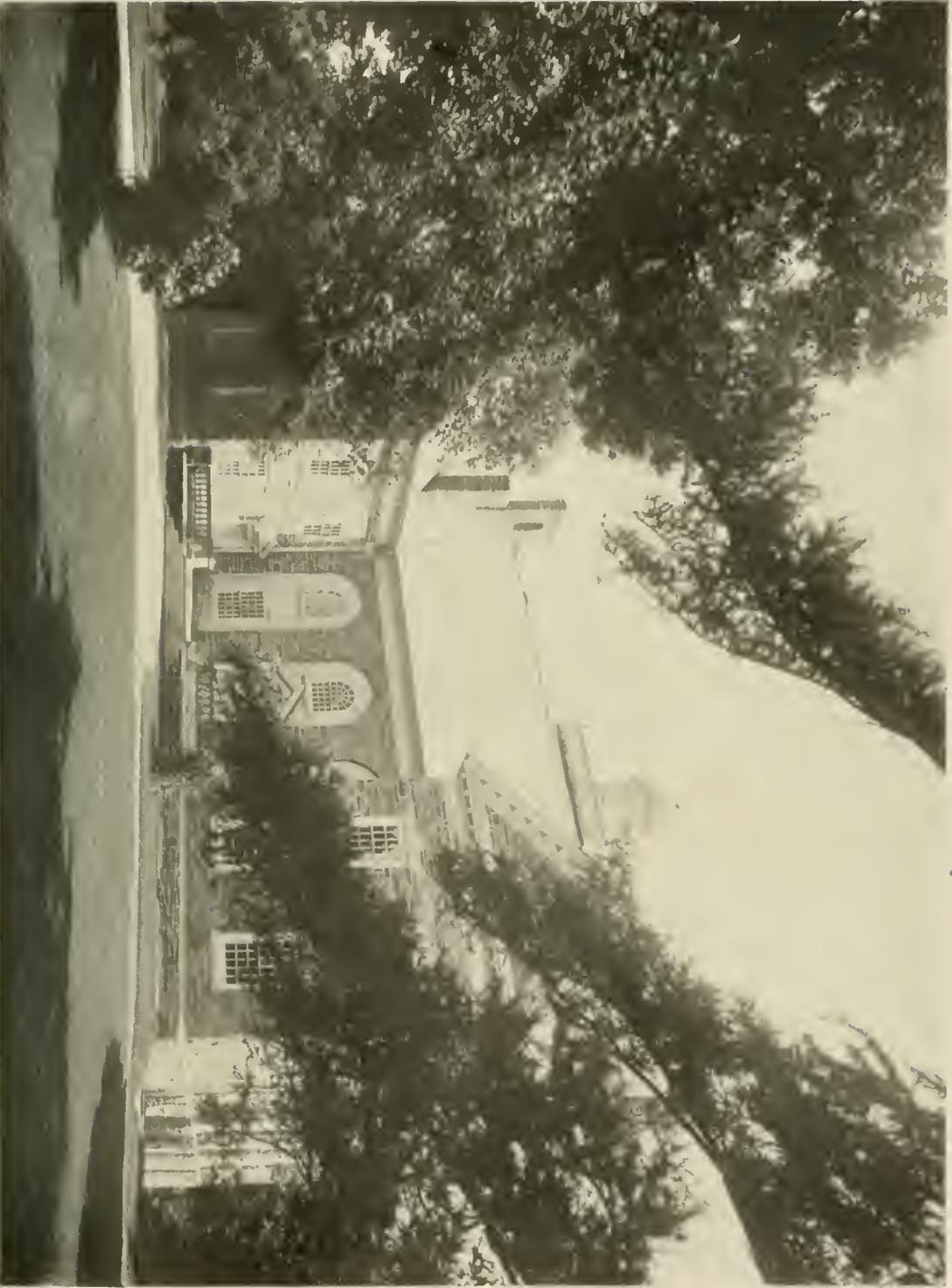
In Sophomore year we were again ill-starred in the class game with 1907. Twice we crossed their goal line, only to lose the ball on fumbles, while another fumble gave them a score, without having been able to make a first down against us during the whole game. This year and the following year, Haver-



ford had exceptional teams. 1906 held two places on the eleven, in the persons of Brown, Jr., and Lowry, the latter of whom was elected Captain for our last year. The schedule this season was hard and several vacancies were left from the previous year. The team, when finally organized, was light, and in the earlier part of the season was constantly weakened by injuries. In the second game of the schedule they played a plucky game against Lehigh but lost by a failure at goal. The injured list slowly decreased, and with the full team in the line-up, the last three games were well won. Besides those already mentioned, Brown, Jr., Reid, and Smiley, Jr., have won the college H, while Bainbridge and Doughten, Jr., have been awarded the scrub emblem.

Haverford has always endeavored to foster the best elements of football, and in the recent reform of the rules has been represented on the important committees arranging the new game. In Dr. Babbitt we now hold the chairmanship of the intercollegiate committee on officials. But whatever evolutions the game may undergo, let it at Haverford always be played with true pluck and straightforward sportsmanship.





THE GYMNASIUM



THE GYMNASIUM TEAM

GYMNASIUM

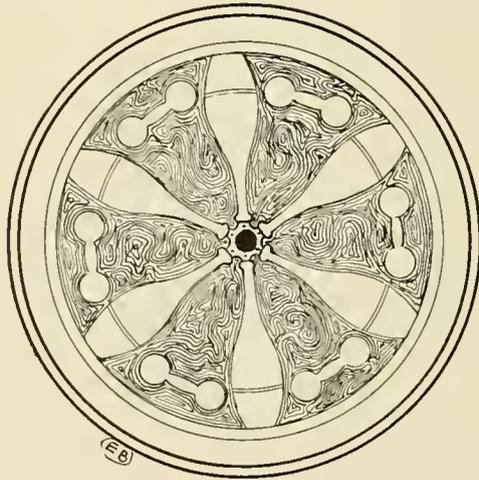


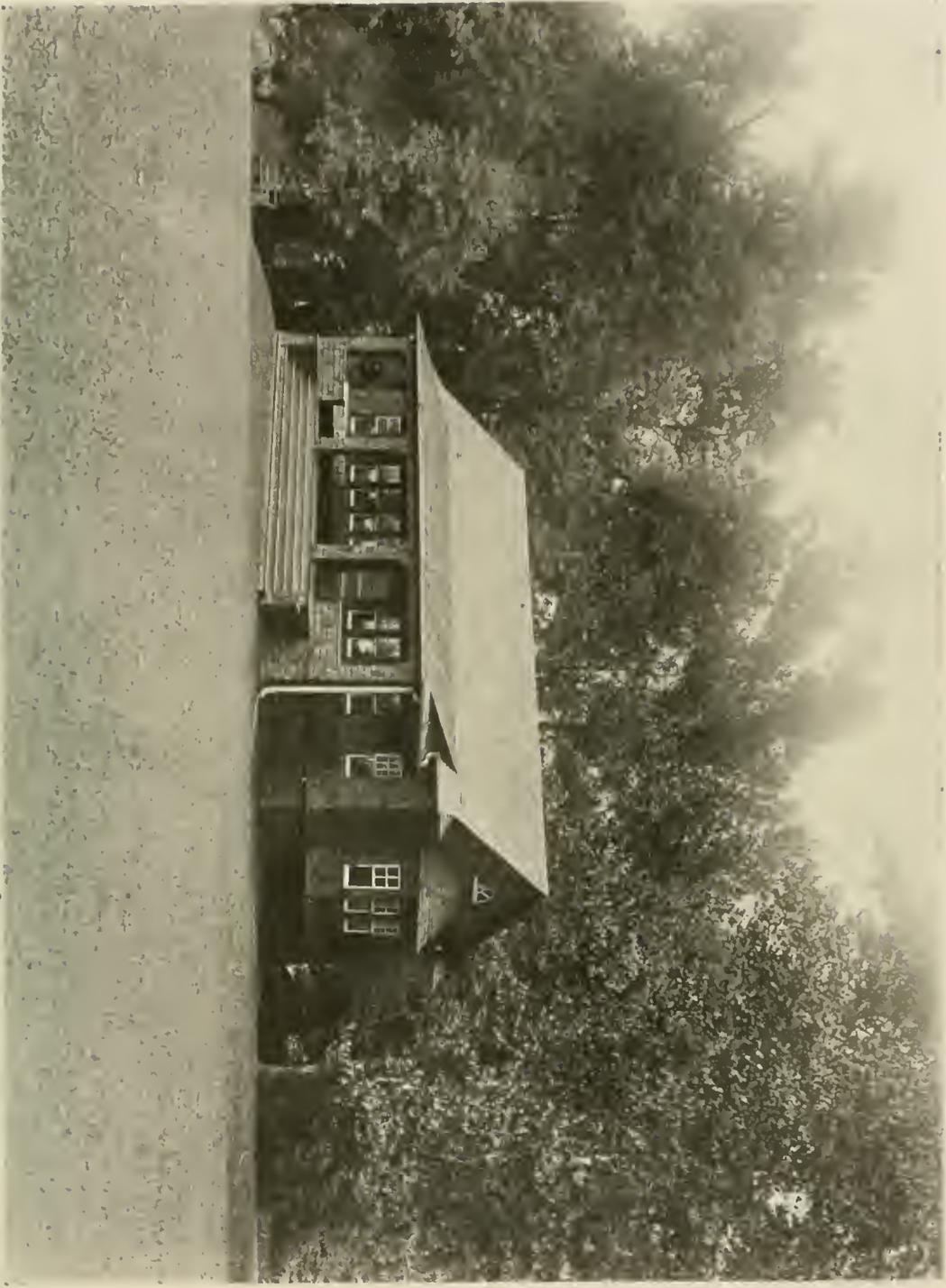
URING the four years of our course, 1906 has regularly had strong representation on the gymnastic team. Dr. Babbitt noticed the strength and grace of the Class even when we were still handling wands and dumb-bells in the early days. During Freshman year Brown, Jr., and Lowry won the gymnastic emblem, while the hopes of the College for an all-round star were based on Ewing, who unfortunately injured his wrist at the beginning of the season and was compelled to discontinue work. As Sophomores, Brown, Jr., Cary, and Ewing, were all point winners, Ewing being awarded one of the two possible H's, and Cary the emblem. In Junior year, Shortlidge and Stratton made the team and won the emblem, while Carson was awarded the H.

Brown, Jr., captained the team in Senior year. The opening event of the gymnastic schedule has been for several years a joint exhibition with some of the Universities. Manager Sheldon arranged such a meet early in the past season with Columbia, Pennsylvania, and Princeton, which was well attended. The fifth Interscholastic Track and Gymnastic Contest was also on the schedule. About eighty-five school boys participated in the event, many of whom remained over night and were entertained in the dormitories by the students. The wide range of events included in the contest has always made the program a difficult one to execute to the satisfaction of the contestants and the spectators. This year we were extremely fortunate in finishing the meet, with no confusion, before quarter past ten.

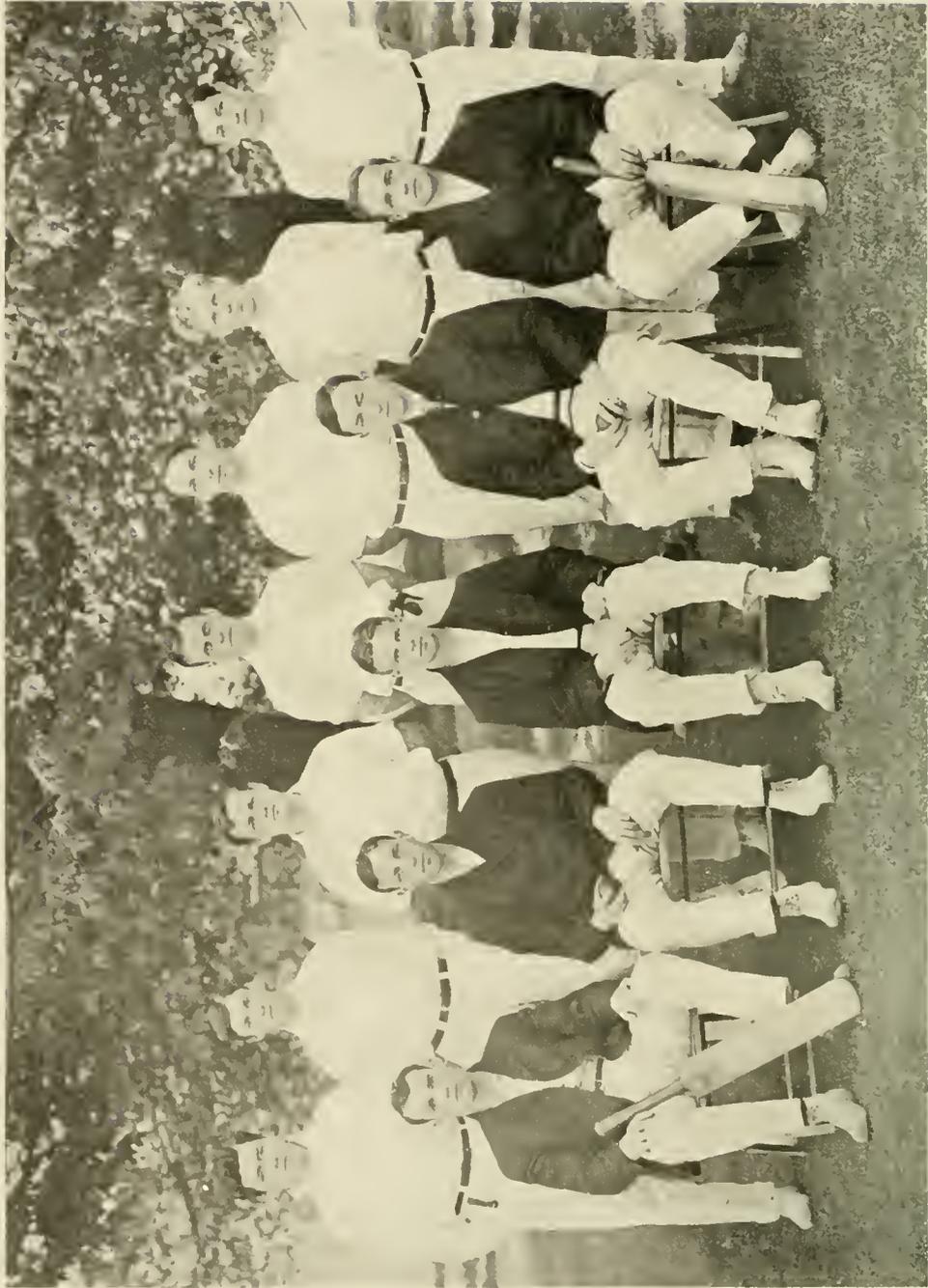


Our team entered, as usual, into two intercollegiate contests this year, with our old rivals, Rutgers and Lehigh. The earlier of these events resulted in an uninteresting victory for Haverford. The latter, however, was closely contested, but finally closed with the score in our favor, bringing to an end a uniformly successful season in this department of sport.





THE CRICKET PAVILION



THE CRICKET TEAM

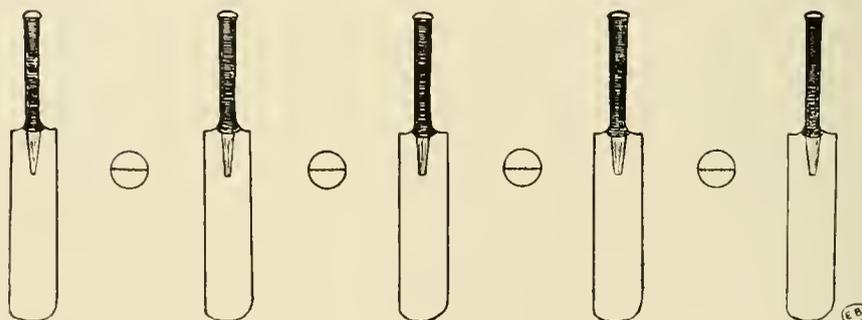
CRICKET

If there is one sport distinctly characteristic of Haverford, it is cricket. With three college teams, class teams, and certain nondescript aggregations made up of extreme novices, almost everyone at Haverford appears in a match sometime during his college course. In Freshman year we followed tradition, and throughout the whole winter devoted many hours to shed practice.

With spring, the Class team was organized and played a few games with school teams from Philadelphia in order to give the new men preparation for the interclass matches, while Doughten, Jr., Lowry, and Pleasants, Jr., were numbered on the first eleven. Although the match with 1905 resulted in a tie, a second innings lost us the game. Doughten won the Shakespeare bat for the Freshman making top score in interclass matches, and at the end of the season was awarded the bat for the best Freshman batsman, while Pleasants won his colors, the bat for the Freshman bowler, the Congdon prize ball for the best first team bowler, and the Febiger prize ball for the best bowling average in the intercollegiate matches. In our Sophomore year cricket was at its height. The eleven of the year before remained practically intact, and continued to improve in anticipation of the coming English tour. We defeated 1907 in the interclass series, later to lose the championship to 1905. Philips won the improvement bat, and he and Doughten, Lowry, and Pleasants, were chosen to represent us in England, where their work had no small part in the success of the trip

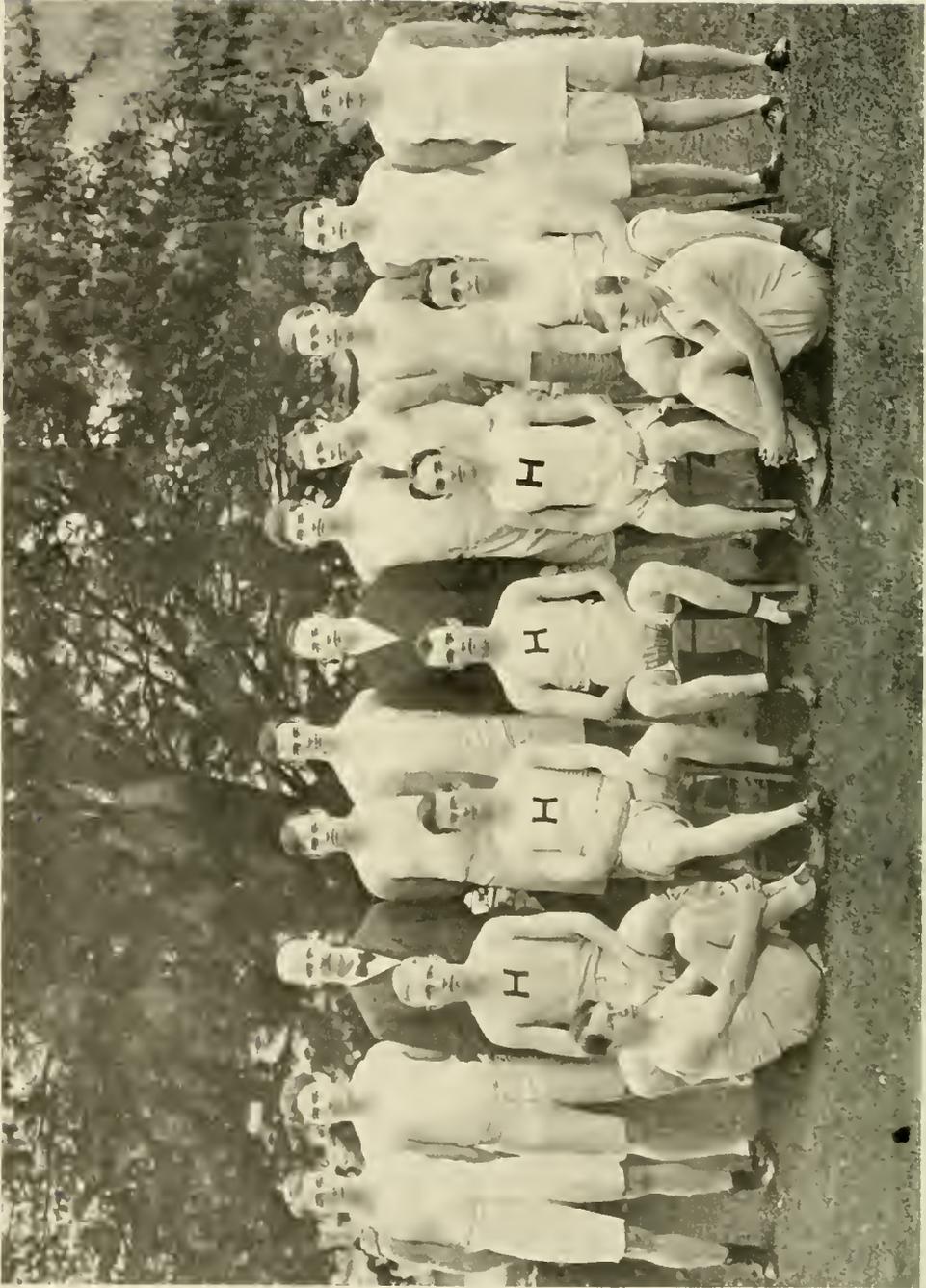


In Junior year we tied with 1905 in the first match and defeated her in a second innings, but later lost the championship to 1907. Doughten, Jr., and Lowry won their colors, the Haines prize fielding belt also being awarded to Lowry. Pleasants won the Congdon prize ball for the best bowling average on the first team and Doughten was elected Captain of the eleven for Senior year. As these pages go to print, the season is still young, so that it is impossible to tell of its success, but with the intercollegiate championship in our possession for five years, let us hope that readers of this book will long since have seen Haverford again victorious.



THE GOLF LINKS





THE TRACK TEAM

TRACK



TRACK athletics for the past few years have deservedly taken a high place at Haverford. Every fall, as soon as the question of new football material is settled, the problem of discovering and developing track recruits is undertaken. For this purpose an annual fall meet is held between the Sophomores and Freshmen. Shortly after entrance we surprised the College in this event by winning from the Sophomores, who had won the interclass track sports the previous spring, as a result of which victory, places on the College team were assured for Brown, Jr., Lowry, Miller, and Philips, places which they have held throughout the entire course. In the last four years, Brown has made records in the high hurdles and broad jump, and has won the Walton cup for highest individual scoring in his Freshman, Sophomore, Junior and Senior years, winning his H in Freshman year. He also won fourth place in the high hurdles in the Interecollegiate Meet at Franklin Field in Junior year. Lowry broke the pole vault record the same year, winning his H during the last season. As a Freshman, Philips broke the high jump record, and was awarded the H, while Miller won the H and established a record in the two mile run in Sophomore year, making a still better record in Junior year. Cary made the team during our second term, Taylor in Junior year and Kennard, Reid, and Tunney were added in Senior year.

In the annual interclass spring sports, 1906 easily won in Sophomore, Junior and Senior years.

Philips captained the College team this spring. Two meets were arranged by Manager Smiley, one with New York University, and another with Wesleyan. In the contest with N. Y. U.



we took 7 1-2 first places to their 5 1-2, while they got the majority of second places and won the meet, the final score being 56-48.

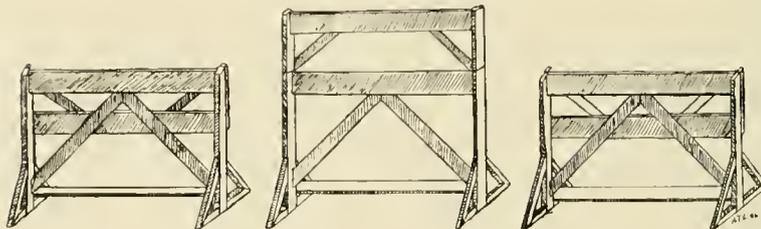
The meet with Wesleyan also went against us by the score of 65-47.

Despite these two defeats, the number of firsts we won, and the records held by fellows now in College, go to prove there is excellent track material at Haverford. We feel that more time is owed to athletics of this sort and would urge continued perseverance in following years in raising a standard that is already high.

TRACK RECORDS

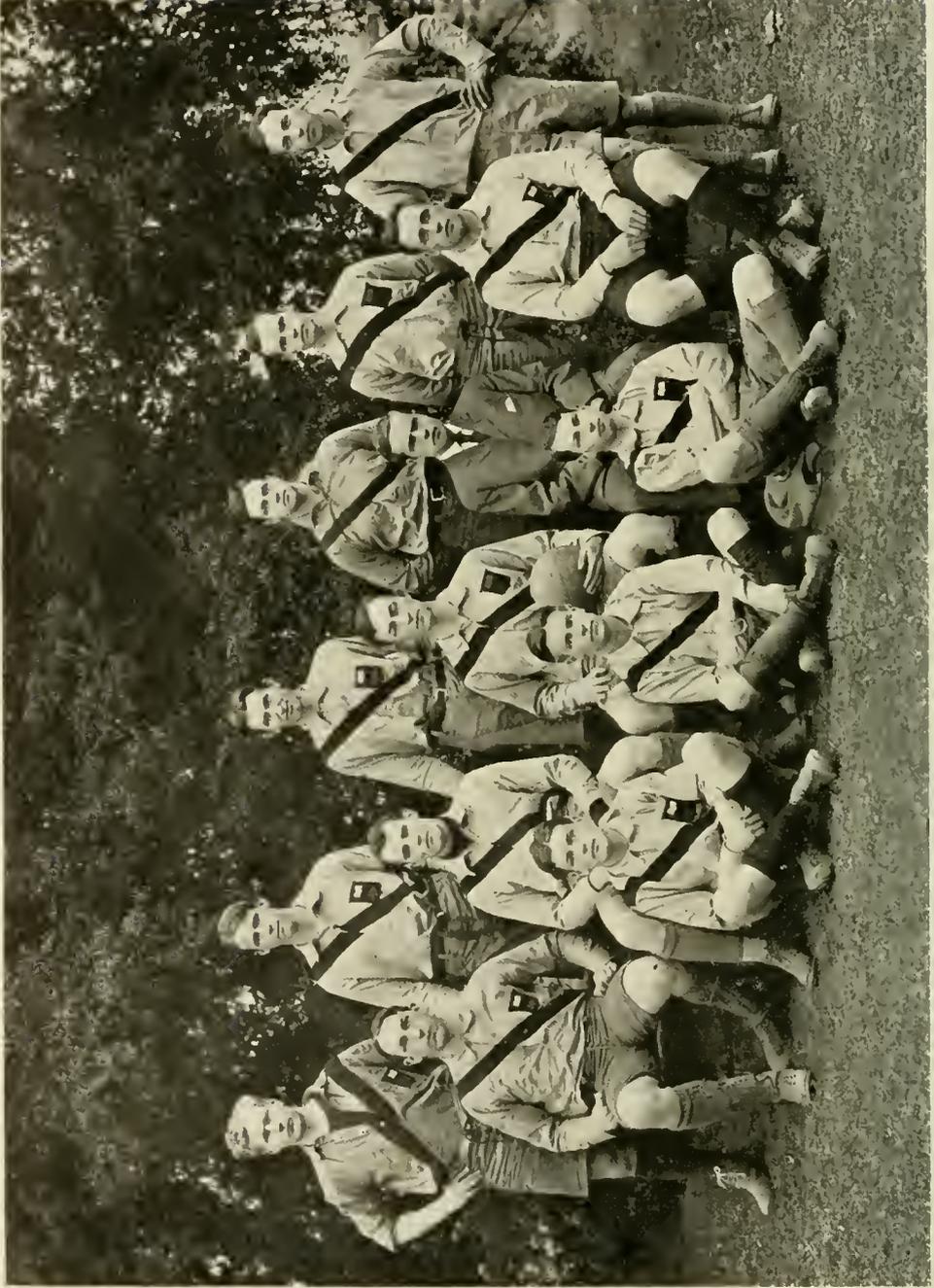
EVENT	RECORD	HOLDER	DATE
100 yards dash	10 2-5 sec.	W. W. Hall, '02	1899
		E. Y. Brown, Jr., '01	1900
220 yards dash	23 sec.	W. W. Hall, '02	1899
440 yards dash	53 1-2 sec.	W. B. Rodney, '97	1897
Half mile run	2 min. 3 4-5 sec.	E. C. Tatnall, '07	1905
Mile run	4 min. 43 sec.	E. C. Tatnall, '07	1905
120 yards hurdles	16 1-5 sec.	T. K. Brown, Jr., '06	1905
220 yards hurdles	27 sec.	J. W. Reeder, '02	1902
Running broad jump	21 ft. 2 5-8 in.	T. K. Brown, Jr., '06	1905
Running high jump	5 ft. 8 1-2 in.	J. D. Phillips, '06	1903
Putting 16-lb. shot	37 ft. 8 in.	W. W. Hall, '02	1899
Throwing 16-lb. hammer	123 ft. 6 in.	H. W. Jones, '05	1905
Pole vault	10 ft. 1-2 in.	J. Bushnell, 3d, '08	1906
Two mile run	10 min. 22 sec.	W. K. Miller, '06	1906
Discus Throw	99 ft. 5 in.	E. F. Jones, '07	1906

*Record of 6 ft. 1 in. made by E. B. Conklin, '99, at the Princeton Handicap Games, 1899.





THE READING ROOM



THE SOCCER TEAM

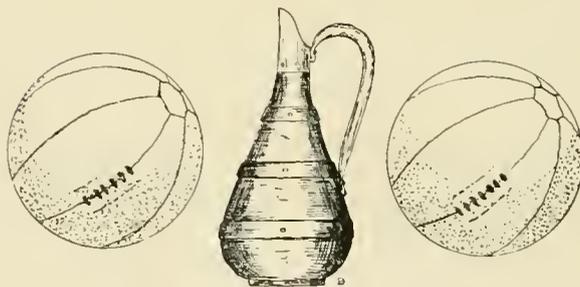
SOCCER

SOCCER, though but lately enrolled as a department of the College Athletic Association, for five years has steadily been gaining favor at Haverford, until now it enjoys as much popularity as any of the other branches of our athletics. The first few years of its existence here marked a gradual growth in its development, until last year the College team won the cup of the Cricket Club League of Philadelphia. This was no small achievement. Backed by such success, the team met Harvard twice in the first intercollegiate games ever played in this country, and won both. The interest in the game spread to many colleges, and last fall an intercollegiate series was undertaken by Columbia, Cornell, Harvard, Haverford and Pennsylvania. In anticipation of these games, soccer practice was begun early and conducted with persistence. The first part of the season, however, was extremely disappointing, owing to the numerous injuries. Dickson, '06, one of the regular players of the previous season, was unable to get into the game at all. We lost the Cricket League cup, won the year before. But Pleasants, Jr., who captained the team, knew no defeat. The interest within the College steadily arose, and with the coaching of Dr. Mustard and the enthusiasm of the Captain, a team was finally organized which won the intercollegiate series with three victories, over Cornell, Harvard and Pennsylvania, and one tie with Columbia. In these games, 1906 was represented by Doughten, Jr., Lowry, Philips, Pleasants, Jr., Reid, Shortlidge, and Young, while Taylor, a first eleven man, was kept out through sickness.

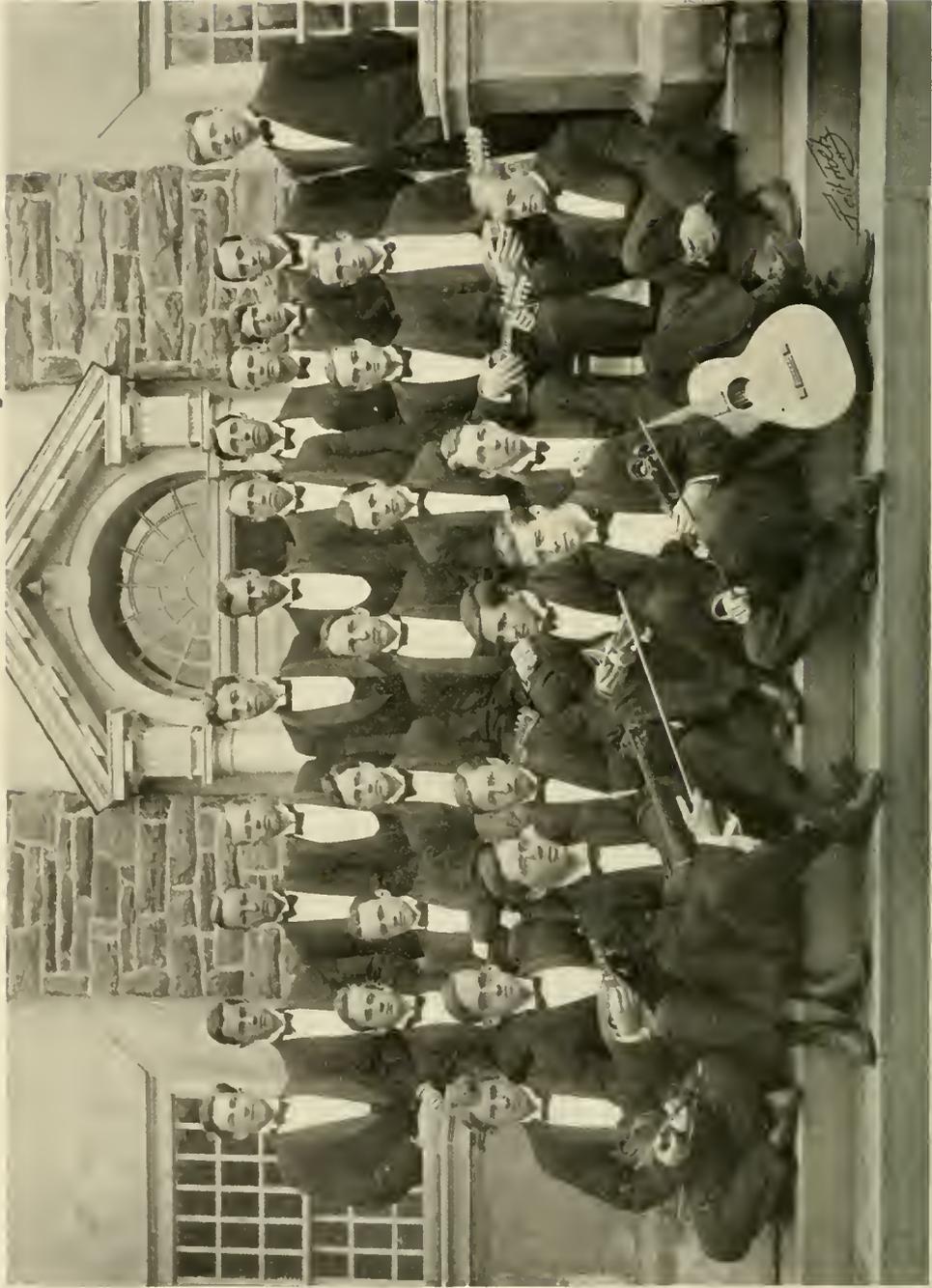
The general commotion in the rugby football world has led



many to prophesy that soccer will supplant this American game. Whether this is so or not, it is true that soccer is being taken up by many schools and colleges, while some institutions are making it a fall game. Whatever its future, with the impetus given by the possession of an intercollegiate cup, we hope that coming Haverfordians will enthusiastically continue a game that in every way is so true and genuine a sport.







THE MUSICAL CLUBS

The Musical Association

AMONG the activities of the College considered in any record of its manifold interests, the Musical Association deserves mention. Time was, and in memory of men still young, when any sort of musical utterance, especially instrumental in character, was under strict taboo on the campus. But by the time 1906 was ready to enter College, things of a musical nature had grown into general esteem. Our Freshman year was memorable for the second of Seiler's operettas, called "Ye Haverford Bandit," in which several 1906 men made their appearance before footlights. Glee and mandolin clubs also claimed our attention. In the various concerts given during our college course, Bainbridge, Cary, Hemphill, Sheldon, Shortlidge, and Tunney, have played on the mandolin club; Monroe, Schweyer, and Sheldon on the banjo club; while Breyfogel, Brown, Carson, Doughten, Fales, Graves, Philips, Pleasants, Sheldon, Shortlidge, and Tunney have been members of the glee club. Carson has ever been a novelty with his whistling, and Graves has the distinction of being the only really accomplished pianist that has graced the College for many years.

In addition to the usual Christmas concert, which met with good success, during the past year the clubs have given performances at Manheim, Tioga, and Wayne. But, after the operetta mentioned above, perhaps the most signal undertaking of the clubs during the past four years was a three days' tour in April last. The trips we had made to near-by points became insignificant in comparison with concerts at Wilmington, Baltimore and Lancaster, however modest this may be as an itinerary. Spaeth, '05, the leader of the clubs, had arranged good programs, and Warner, '07, the manager, carefully attended to all the details. The venture was successful financially, and what is more gratifying, from the remarks of the audiences, musically as well.

These occasions have been heartily supported by 1906, and we shall remember with not a little pleasure our efforts in this field of college activity.







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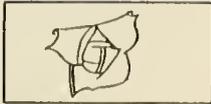
But the annals of Nineteen-Six would be incomplete if no reference were made to its literary achievements—not that these are destined in any way to crowd the classics from the alcoves of the Library, but because in this realm of collegiate activity, often neglected, our Class has labored with relative success. Early in the course, Rafe, Frank and Art were elected into the sacred Order of the Sanctum and acquainted with the mysterious rites of proof-reading, dummy-making and general literary hack-work. These functions they performed with long-suffering grace, while Jesse and "Peter" were at work on the firing line in Philadelphia, preaching with true fervor the virtues of the Haverfordian as an advertising medium.

In February of Junior year the magazine was wholly entrusted to our care. The Board was re-organized with "Peter" as Editor-in-chief, and a plan of campaign outlined for the work of the ensuing year. The various departments of the paper's interests were distributed among the members of the staff, the editorial section was enlarged, and several improvements in the technique of the magazine, such as a higher grade of paper, a new cover design, and the publication of frequent illustrations, were introduced. It was our object also to elicit the interest of the Alumni in undergraduate literary work. We found them very ready to respond and were enabled to publish from their pens seventeen articles in the course of nine issues.

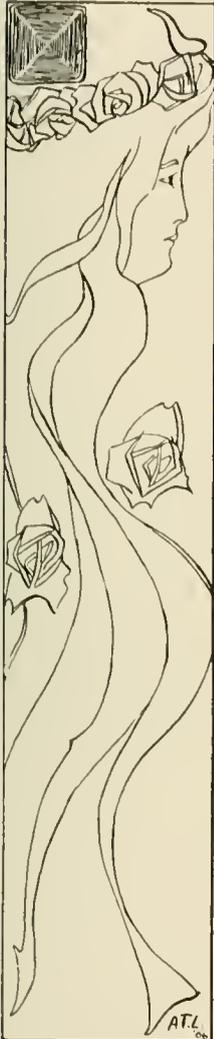
But, best of all, it was great fun mixing the ingredients of that paper every month. To be sure, it was a grind now and then, but we enjoyed that too, only we didn't know it. It all seems pleasant now, as we look back upon completed tasks. Those little love verses of Billy's, spoken warmly out of his lazy, yet all-loving soul, were always refreshing to the thirsty eyes of the Editors. And those beautiful maidens and love matches, those sanguinary tyrants and suicides, those ghosts and spooks, to say nothing of the odes and epics on the meaning of life and "thee," etc., etc., that sprang from the fertile imaginations of Art, Rafe, Frank, Richards and "Peter"—all these never failed to awaken our curiosity and drive us into the fields of care-free fancy and delight.

Ah, those were happy hours!





The Editors



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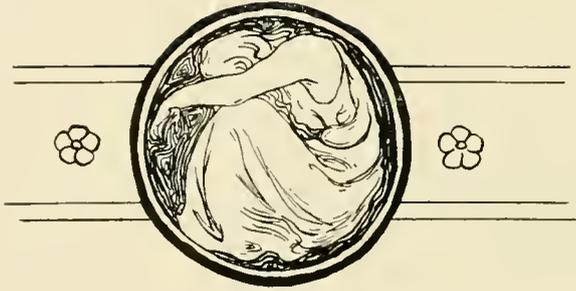
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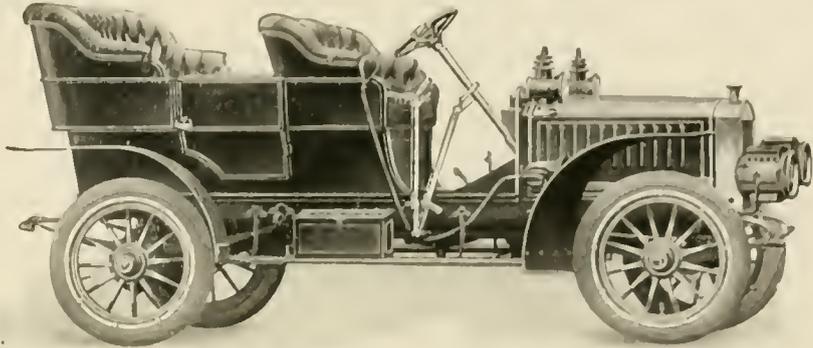
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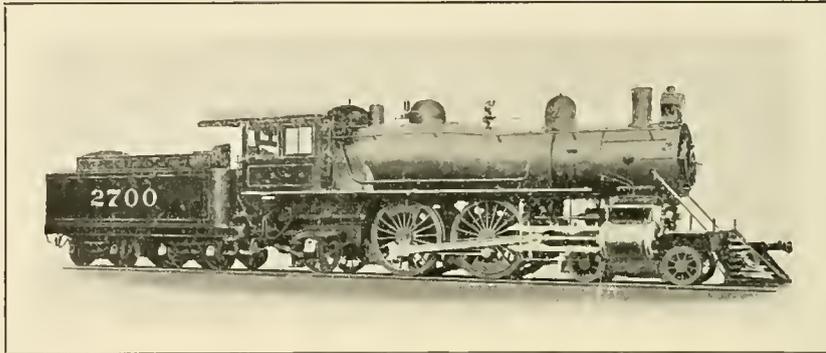
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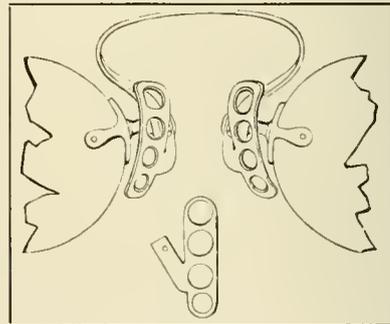
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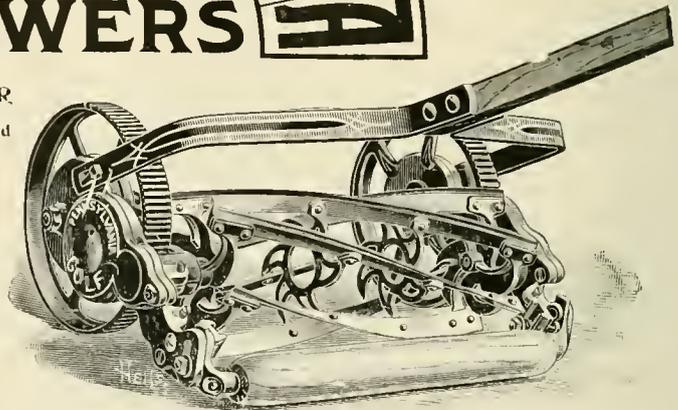
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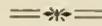
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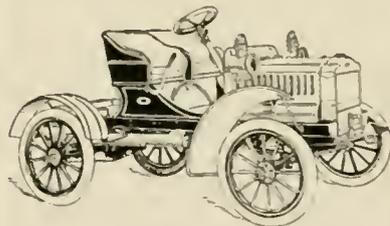
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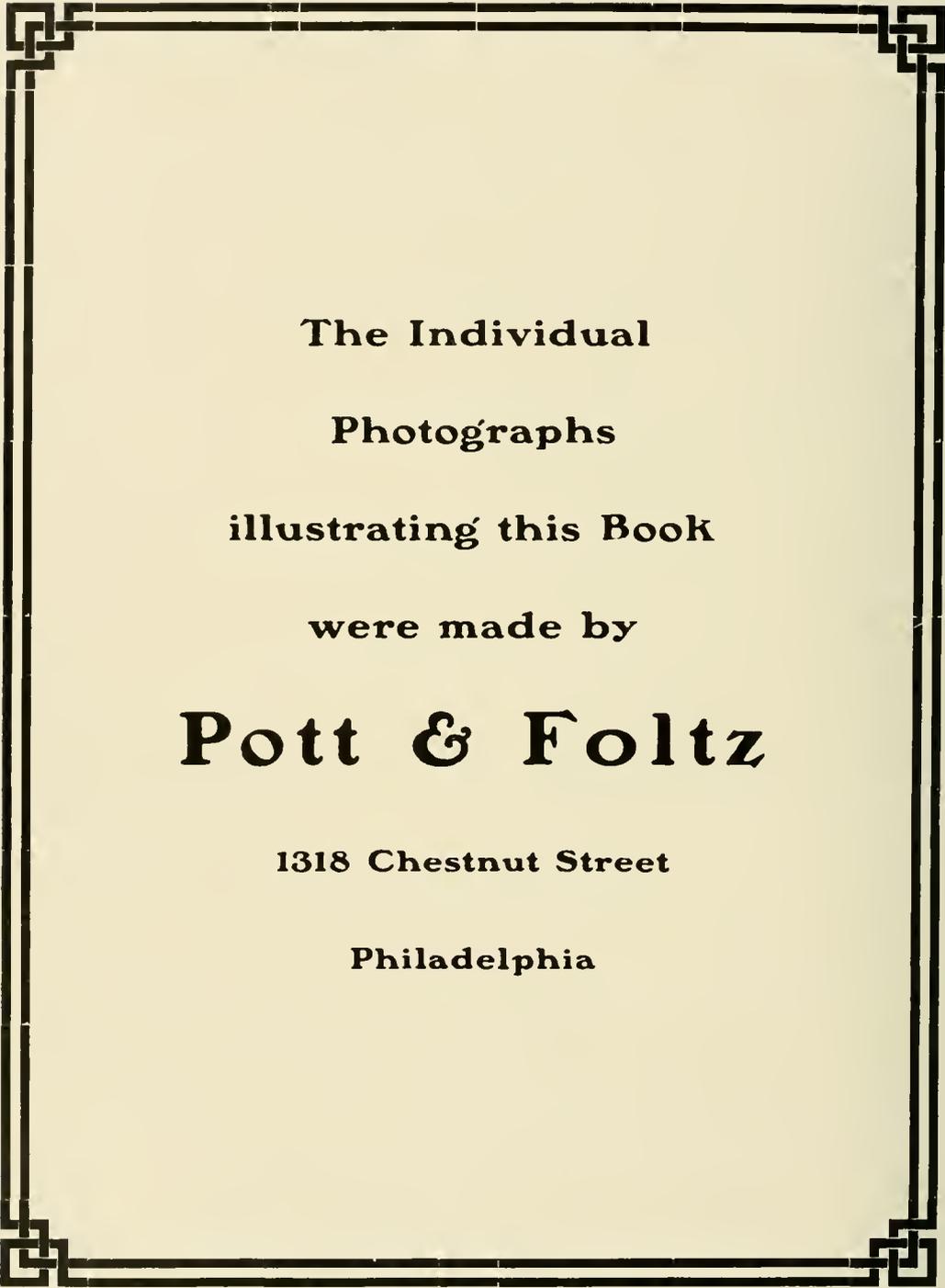
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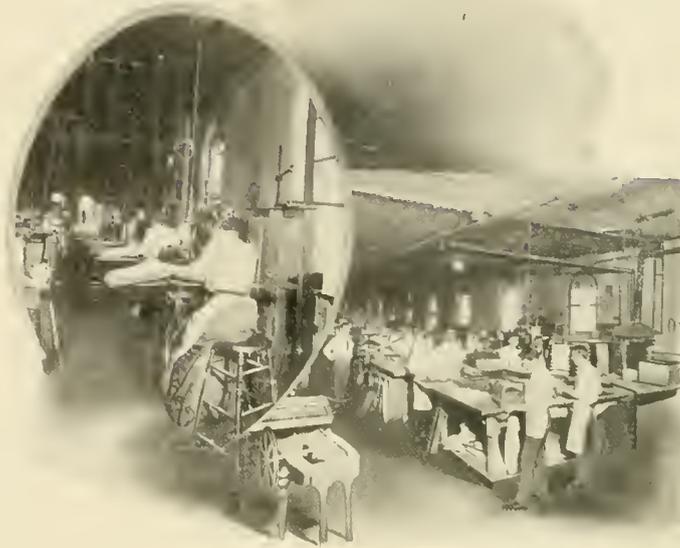
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