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COLLEGE









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The Record of the Class  
of Nineteen Twelve



HAVERFORD COLLEGE

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WALTER WOOD LONGSTRETH

PAUL CLISBY BREWER, JR.

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JAMES McFADDEN CARPENTER, JR.

15484



THE CLASS



## Foreword

Oh Reader (dear, of course), do not expect

A banquet for your brain upon these pages;

And if you're disappointed, pray reflect

That we are neither geniuses nor sages.

But we have labored long through sleepless nights

To cook this meal to serve your appetites.







## Dedication



To

Doctor Albert Elmer Hancock

In the midst of overwhelming care he gave us of  
himself. The dedication of this book is  
but a meagre return; the affection  
that it betokens is unstinted

"JACK" GUINEY



BORN JUNE 26, 1882

DIED FEBRUARY 6, 1912

IN MEMORY OF JOHN J. GUINEY, AN  
ATHLETIC LEADER, WHO SO WELL  
EXPRESSED HAVERFORD'S IDEALS  
OF SPORTSMANSHIP



ALBERT LANG BAILLY, JR.,

Haverford, Pa.

Born, Wynnewood, Pa., July 12, 1890.

Entered Freshman Year from Haverford School. Class Cricket Team (1, 2, 3, 4); Captain (1, 2); Class Gym Team (1, 2, 3, 4); Class Soccer Team (1, 2, 4); Class Track Team (2, 3, 4); Cricket Team (1, 2, 3, 4); Canadian Tour (1); English Tour (2); Soccer Grounds Committee (4); Soccer Team (2, 4); Gym Team (2, 3, 4); Manager (4); Track Team (3); Founder Natural History Club (2); Chairman (2, 3, 4); *Haverfordian* Board (2, 3, 4); Charter Member Cap and Bells Club (2); Operetta (2); Y. M. C. A. Cabinet (4); French Play (4); Class Numerals, Soccer (2); Cricket (1); Gym (1); Winner Inter-collegiate Cricket Average Prize Bat (1); Associate Editor CLASS RECORD (4); Winner of Gym Insignia (3); Cricket Colors and "H" (2); Soccer "H" (4).



JOSHUA LONGSTRETH BAILLY,

Haverford, Pa.

Born, Philadelphia, Pa., January 29, 1889.

Entered Freshman Year from Haverford School. Class Cricket Team (1, 3); Third Cricket Team (1, 3); Captain (3); J. B. Garrett Reading Prize (3); Corporation Scholarship (4); Teaching Fellowship (4); Vice-President Scientific Society (3); President (4); Secretary-Treasurer Chess Club (4); President (4); President Music Study Club (4).



MARK BALDERSTON,

Colora, Md

Born, Colora, Md., May 2, 1889.

Entered Freshman Year from Westtown Boarding School. Class Soccer Team (1, 2, 3, 4); Class Relay Team (2, 3); Class Numerals (1); Second Soccer Team (2, 3, 4); Corporation Scholarship (2, 3, 4); Elected to Phi Beta Kappa Society (3); 1896 Mathematics Prize (2); Clementine Cope Fellowship (4); Secretary Classical Club (2); Class Debating Team (2); Class Secretary (2); Class Treasurer (4); Associate Editor CLASS RECORD (4).



STACEY KYLE BEEBE,

Paris, Ill.

Born, Paris, Ill., May 17, 1890.

Entered Freshman Year from Palmer Academy. Class Banquet Committee (1, 2); Operetta (2, 3); French Play (4); Class Track Team (2); Charter Member of Cap and Bells Club (2); Secretary-Treasurer (2); Double Quartet (4); Glee Club (2, 4); Assistant Manager CLASS RECORD (4).



ARTHUR LINDLEY BOWERMAN,

Charleston, W. Va.

Born, Nelson, New Zealand, November 4, 1889.

Entered Freshman Year from Westtown Boarding School. Cross Country Team (2); Class Track Team (2, 3, 4); Track Team (3, 4); Corporation Scholarship (2, 3); Class of '96 Prize in Latin (2); Chess Team (4); Winner of Track "H" (3).



PAUL CLINBY BREWER, Jr.,

Germantown, Pa.

Born, Blairsville, Pa., May 6, 1891.

Entered Freshman Year from Penn Charter School. Corporation Scholarship (1); Class Debating Team (1); Everett Medal Contest (1); Cast, Play (4); Banquet Committee (4); Class Secretary (2, 4); Assistant Business Manager CLASS RECORD (4).



JOHN ARTHUR BROWNLEE,

Sylvia, Kan.

Born, Pretty Prairie, Kan., August 22, 1886.

Entered Freshman Year from Cooper College Preparatory School. Class Football Team (1, 2); Captain (2); Class Track Team (1, 2, 3); Class Numerals for Football (1, 2); Football Team (1, 2, 3, 4); Track Team (3); Y. M. C. A. Cabinet (4); Winner of Football "H" (1, 4).



JAMES McFADDEN CARPENTER, Jr.,

Pittsburgh, Pa.

Born, Pittsburgh, Pa., January 16, 1890.

Entered Freshman Year from East Liberty Academy. Class Track Team (2, 3); Operetta (2); Mandolin Club (4); Cap and Bells Club (4); French Play (4); Assistant Manager CLASS RECORD (4).



JOSHUA ALBAN COPE,

Morton, Pa

Born, Hatboro, Pa., December 31, 1887.

Entered Freshman Year from Westtown Boarding School. Class Football Team (1, 2); Class Soccer Team (1, 2, 3, 4); Class Numerals, Football (1, 2); Class Numerals, Soccer (3, 4); Football Squad (1, 2, 3, 4); Football Team (4); Winner of Football "B" (4); French Play (4); Y. M. C. A. Cabinet (4); Chairman Coopertown Committee (4); Everett Medal Contest (1, 2, 3, 4).

CLYDE G. DURGIN,

Saco, Maine.

Born, Saco, Maine, February 10, 1889.

Entered Freshman Year from Thornton Academy. Class Soccer Team (2, 3, 4); Class Secretary (4).





J. BENNINGTON ELFRETH, JR.,

Chicago, Ill.

Born, Millville, N. J., March 1, 1890.

Entered Freshman Year, from Westtown Boarding School. Class Soccer Team (1, 3); Second Soccer Team (3); Operetta (3); Leader of Class "Round Up" (3).



DOUGLAS PLATT FALCONER,

Darlington, Pa.

Born, Oak Park, Ill., April 21, 1889.

Entered Freshman Year from George School. Class Track Team (1, 2, 3, 4); Captain (2, 3); Class Soccer Team (4); Class Numerals in Track (1); Soccer (4); Track Team (1, 2, 3, 4); Captain (3); Soccer Squad (4); Assistant Football Manager (3); Athletic Council (3, 4); Student Council (3); Committee on Freshman (4); Y. M. C. A. Cabinet (2, 3, 4); President of Civics Club (4); Glee Club (3, 4); Leader (4); Mandolin Club (1); Charter Member Cap and Bells Club (2); Secretary-Treasurer (3); Play Committee (3, 4); Cast, Operetta (2, 3); Chairman Junior Day Committee (3); Chairman Hazing Committee (2); Class President (1).



FRANCIS HUNT FARQUHAR,

Born, Wilmington, Ohio, November 17, 1891.

Entered Senior Year from Wilmington College. Senior Foundation Scholarship. Football Team (4); Winner of Football "H" (4).

RALPH LEE FANSLER,

Born, Evanston, Ill., February 16, 1890.

Entered Junior Year from Northwestern University. Round Up (3); Operetta (3); Glee Club (4); Member of Music Study Club (4); Cap and Bells Club (4); Cast, Play (4); Stage Manager (4).

St. Davids, Pa.





LESLIE WARREN FERRIS,

Harbor Creek, Pa.

Born, Wakeeny, Kan., July 30, 1888.

Entered Freshman Year from Harbor Creek High School. Class Soccer Team (3, 4); Second Soccer Team (4); Class of '98 Prize in Chemistry (3).



HANS FROELICHER, JR.,

Baltimore, Md.

Born, Baltimore, Md., February 18, 1891.

Entered Freshman Year from Baltimore City College. Class Track Team (1, 2, 3); Track Team (3); Scrub Football Team (1, 2, 3); Class Numerals (4); Glee Club (2, 4); Double Quartet (4); Manager (4); Charter Member Cap and Bells Club (2); Assistant Treasurer (4); Play Committee (4); Operetta (2, 3); Associate Editor *Haverfordian* (3, 4); Associate Editor CLASS RECORD (4); Vice-President Classical Club (4); Corporation Scholarship (2, 3); Class Secretary (3).



WILLIAM HERBERT HOWARD,

Mechanic, N. C.

Born, Mechanic, N. C., August 19, 1889.

Entered Senior Year from Guilford College. Senior Foundation Scholarship (4).



HORACE HOWSON,

Wayne, Pa

Born, Philadelphia, Pa., March 21, 1889.

Entered Freshman Year from Haverford School. Class Cricket Team (1, 2, 3, 4); Cricket Team (1, 2, 3); Canadian Trip (1); English Tour (2); Second Soccer Team (2); Class Soccer Team (1, 2, 3); Winner of Cricket "II" (2).



CLARENCE MERLE HUNT,

Blanchester, Ohio.

Born, Martinsville, Ohio, March 31, 1889.

Entered Senior Year from Wilmington College. Senior Foundation Scholarship (4).

LANCE BRENTON LATHEM,

Chester, Pa.

Born, Duncansville, Pa., March 21, 1894.

Entered Freshman Year from Penn Charter School. Third Cricket Team (3); Second Gymnasium Team (3); Gymnasium Team (4); Class Gymnasium Team (4); Corporation Scholarship (1); Teaching Fellowship (4); Glee Club (1, 4); Mandolin Club (4); Cap and Bells Club (4); Music Study Club (3, 4); Secretary (4); Chess Team (3, 4); Chess Cup (4).





WILLIAM EVAN LEWIS,

Allentown, Pa.

Born, Bethlehem, Pa., October 9, 1891.

Entered Freshman Year from Muhlenberg College. Glee Club (4); Class Vice-President (4).



WALTER WOOD LONGSTRETH,

Rosemont, Pa.

Born, West Philadelphia, Pa., October 6, 1890.

Entered Freshman Year from Westtown Boarding School. Class Cricket Team (1, 2, 3); Class Track Team (2); Second Cricket Team (2, 3); Associate Manager CLASS RECORD (4).



HARMON MAIER,

Born, Covington, Ohio, October 20, 1887.

Entered Senior Year from Earlham College. Art Editor CLASS RECORD (4).  
Track Team (4).

HERBERT MENDENHALL LOWRY,

Philadelphia, Pa.

Born, Philadelphia, Pa., January 10, 1891.

Entered Freshman Year from Westtown Boarding School. Class Football Team (1, 2); Class Cricket Team (1, 2, 3, 4); Class Soccer Team (1, 2, 3, 4); Captain (1); Class Track Team (1, 2, 3, 4); Class Numerals in Football (1, 2, 3, 4); Football Squad (1, 2, 3, 4); Winner of Shakespeare Bat (1); Secretary College Association (2); Class Secretary (1); Cap and Bells Club (4); Operetta (3); Play (4); Associate Editor *College Weekly* (3); Member Beta Rho Sigma Society.



Covington, Ohio.



ALBERT LAWRENCE MARSHBURN,

Whittier, Cal.

Born, Estacado, Texas, December 10, 1889.

Entered Senior Year from Whittier College. Senior Foundation Scholarship (4); Scrub Football Team (4); Class Day Committee (4).

ROBERT EVERTS MILLER,

Lancaster, Pa.

Born, Lancaster, Pa., July 20, 1891.

Entered Freshman Year from Ridgefield School, Ridgefield, Conn. Class Football Team (1); Class Track Team (1, 2); Class Soccer Team (1, 2, 3); Captain (3); Class Numerals Football (2); Second Soccer Team (2, 3); Captain (3); Football Squad (2, 3); Chairman A. A. Non-mating Committee (4); Vice-Chairman Soccer Department (3); President Aero Club (2, 3, 4); Athletic Council (4); Junior Day Committee (3); Student Council (4); Business Manager CLASS RECORD (4); Vice-President Class (3); Chairman Class Day Committee (4); Class President (3, 4).





EDWARD IMBRIE MILLER,

Lincoln University, Pa.

Born, Lincoln University, Pa., August 2, 1891.

Entered Junior Year from Lincoln University.

CHARLES THOMPSON MOON,

Fallsington, Pa.

Born, Fallsington, Pa., November 24, 1890.

Entered Freshman Year from Westtown Boarding School. Class Football Team (1, 2); Class Soccer Team (1, 2, 3, 4); Class Cricket Team (1, 2, 3, 4); Class Track Team (1, 2, 3, 4); Football Team (3, 4); Track Team (2, 3, 4); President Y. M. C. A. (4); Chairman Preston Committee (4); Italian Class (3); Junior Play Committee (3); Biblical Literature Reading Prize (2); Class Day Committee (4); Winner of Football "H" (3, 4); Track "H" (3).





SYDNEY SHARP MORRIS,

Berwyn, Pa.

Born, Pottstown, Pa., March 24, 1890.

Entered Freshman Year from Episcopal Academy; Scrub Football Team (1, 2, 3, 4); Operetta (3); Glee Club (4); Treasurer I. A. A. A. (2, 3).



DAVID COLDEN MURRAY,

Chappaqua, N. Y.

Born, Chappaqua, N. Y., July 11, 1890.

Entered Freshman Year from Collegiate School, New York City. Class Football Team (1, 2); Class Track Team (1, 2, 3, 4); Class Soccer Team (1, 2, 3, 4); Cane Man (1); Football Team (1, 2, 3, 4); Captain (4); Soccer Team (3); Corporation Scholarship (1); Student Council (3); Athletic Cabinet (3, 4); Football "11" (2, 4); Soccer "11" (3); *College Weekly* (2, 3, 4); Editor-in-Chief (4); Charter Member Cap and Bells Club (2); Business Manager (4); Cast, Operetta (2, 3); Play (4); French Play (4); Glee Club (1, 2, 4); Double Quartet (4); Associate Editor CLASS RECORD (4); Member Beta Rho Sigma Society.



ELI NICHOLS,

Wilmington, Del.

Born, Centreville, Md., May 7, 1889.

Entered Freshman Year from George School. Class Debating Team (1); Class Secretary (2).

JCHN HOLLOWELL PARKER,

Baltimore, Md.

Born, Baltimore, Md., October 9, 1891.

Entered Freshman Year from Baltimore City College. Class Track Team (1, 2, 3); Class Soccer Team (4); Track Team (3); Third Soccer Team (4); Captain (4); Corporation Scholarship (2, 3, 4); Elected to Phi Beta Kappa Society (3); Mandolin Club (2, 4); Glee Club (4); Class Treasurer (1); Treasurer Aero Club (4); Officer of Natural History Club.





JOHN D. RENNINGER,

Born, Zieglerville, Pa., February 20, 1890.

Entered Sophomore Year from Ursinus College.

IRVIN CORSON POLEY,

Germantown, Pa.

Born, Germantown, Pa., November 11, 1891.

Entered Freshman Year from Germantown Friends' School. Class Football Team (1); Cup for Most Conscientious Freshman on Scrub (1); Scrub Football Team (1); Football Squad (3, 4); Class Track Team (1, 2, 3, 4); Football Numerals (1, 3, 4); Corporation Scholarship (1, 4); Honor System Committee (1, 2, 3, 4); Y. M. C. A. Cabinet (4); Hazing Committee (2); Junior Day Committee (3); *Haverfordian* Board (2, 3, 4); Exchange Editor (3); Member Cap and Bells Club (3, 4); Cast, Operetta (3); Play (4); French Play (4); Play Committee (4); Vice-Chairman Track Department (3); Class President (3); Student Council (4); Class Day Committee (4); Editor-in-Chief CLASS RECORD (4).



Zieglerville, Pa.



LEONARD CHASE RITTS,

Born, Albany, N. Y., August 5, 1889.

Entered Freshman Year from Butler High School. Class Cricket Team (1, 2, 3, 4); Second Eleven (1); Cricket Team (2, 3, 4); Cricket Grounds Committee (3, 4); Class of '85 Prize Fielding Belt (1); President of Intercollegiate Cricket Association (3); Secretary-Treasurer (4); Tennis Team (1, 2, 3, 4); Captain (3, 4); Doubles Championship (2); Singles Championship (3); Class Numerals in Cricket (1, 2); Tennis (3); Mandolin Club (1, 2); Honor System Committee (1, 2, 3, 4); Class President (2); Vice-President (1); Chairman of Committee on Freshman (4); Junior Day Committee (3); Nominating Committee of Athletic Association (2, 3); Secretary Athletic Association (2); President (4); Athletic Council (2, 3, 4); Chairman (4); Student Council (4); Chairman (4); Board of Governors of Union (3, 4); Manager Football Team (4); English Tour (2); Awarded Football "H" (4); Member of Triangle Society.

KENNETH ANDREW RHOAD,

South Bethlehem, Pa.

Born, South Bethlehem, Pa., January 3, 1890.

Entered Freshman Year from Swarthmore Preparatory School. Class Football Team (1); Captain-Elect (2); Class Numerals in Football (1); Football Squad (1); Class Secretary (1); Class Vice-President (2); Treasurer Y. M. C. A. (3); Alternate Class Debating Team (1); Y. M. C. A. Cabinet (3, 4); Glee Club (1, 2, 4); Double Quartet (2, 3, 4); Cast, Operetta (2, 3); Charter Member Cap and Bells Club (2); Vice-Chairman Football Department (3); Cheer Leader (4); Banquet Committee (1, 4); Toastmaster Class Banquet (2); Scrub Football Coach (4); Assistant Editor Haverford Song Book (4); Associate Editor CLASS RECORD (4); Class Day Committee (4); President College Association (4); Member of Triangle Society.



Butler, Pa.



WILLIAM HOOTEN ROBERTS, JR.,

Moorestown, N. J.

Boro, Moorestown, N. J., May 26, 1890.

Entered Freshman Year from Westtown School. Class Cricket Team (1, 2, 3, 4); Captain (3, 4); Class Soccer Team (1, 2); Class Track Team (1, 2, 3); Class Gym Team (1, 2); Captain (1); Cricket Team (1, 2, 3, 4); Cricket Numerals; Soccer Numerals; Football Squad (3, 4); Gym Insignia (1); English Trip (2); Captain (4); Gym Team (1, 2); Treasurer College Association (2); Athletic Council (4); Class Vice-President (2, 3); President (4); Winner Cricket "H" (3); Member Triangle Society.

THOMAS EMLEN SHIPLEY,

Germantown, Philadelphia, Pa.

Born, Germantown, Pa., December 25, 1890.

Entered Freshman Year from Germantown Friends' School. Class Cricket Team (1, 2, 3, 4); Class Track Team (1, 3, 4); Class Football Team (2); Second Cricket Team (2); Football Squad (2, 3); Assistant Soccer Manager (3); Manager Soccer Team (4); Member Chess Team (3); Class Banquet Committee (4); Toastmaster (4); Winner Chess Cup (2, 3); A. A. Nominating Committee (4); Class Vice-President (4).





FRANCIS GEROW SMILEY,

Mohonk Lake, N. Y.

Born, Mohonk Lake, N. Y., May 20, 1889.

Entered Freshman Year from Lawrenceville. Class Football Team (1, 2); Class Numerals in Football (1, 2); Football Squad (2, 4); Football Team (3); Athletic Council (4); Assistant Manager Track Team (3); Manager (4); Junior Day Committee (3); Secretary Y. M. C. A. (2); Class President (1); Class Treasurer (2); Winner of Football "H" (3).



LLOYD MELLOR SMITH,

Germantown, Pa.

Born, Germantown, September 5, 1890.

Entered Freshman Year from Germantown Academy. Class Soccer Team (1, 2, 3, 4); Captain (2, 4); Class Cricket Team (1, 2, 3, 4); Class Track Team (1, 2); Cricket Numerals (2); Soccer Team (1, 2, 3, 4); Captain (4); Improvement Bat in Cricket (2); Assistant Manager Cricket Team (3); Manager (4); Soccer Grounds Committee (3, 4); Athletic Council (4); Junior Day Committee (3); Nominating Committee (3); Student Council (3, 4); Y. M. C. A. Cabinet (3, 4); Vice-President Y. M. C. A. (3); Class President (2); Member Triangle Society.



HENRY MALCOLM THOMAS, Jr.,

Born, Baltimore, Md., December 30, 1891.

Entered Freshman Year from Boys' Latin School, Baltimore. Class Football Team (2); Class Cricket Team (1, 2, 3, 4); Class Soccer Team (2, 3); Class Numerals in Football (2, 3, 4); Cricket (2); Football Squad (2, 3, 4); Cricket Team (2, 3, 4); English Tour (2); Winner of Improvement Bat (1); Winner of First Eleven Fielding Belt (3); Swimming Championship (3); Charter Member Cap and Bells Club (2); Play Committee (4); Cast, Operetta (2, 3); Cast, Play (4); Glee Club (1, 2, 4); Double Quartet (3, 4); Class Treasurer (4); Class Presenter (4); Winner of Cricket "H" (3); Member Beta Rho Sigma Society.

WALTER HOPKINS STEERE,

Chepachet, R. I.

Born, Harrisville, R. I., October 18, 1890.

Entered Freshman Year from Moses Brown School. Class Gym Team (1, 2, 3, 4); Gym Team (3, 4); Gym Insignia (4); Football Squad (4); Class Numerals in Football (4); Class of '96 Cup for Most Conscientious Work on the Scrub (4); Assistant Manager *Haverfordian* (3); Manager (4); Class Treasurer (3); Y. M. C. A. Cabinet (4); Secretary Classical Club (4).



Baltimore, Md.



EDWARD WALLERSTEIN,

Germantown, Pa.

Born, Kansas City, Mo., December 9, 1891.

Entered Freshman Year from Germantown Academy. Class Football Team (2); Class Track Team (1, 2, 3, 4); Class Cricket Team (3, 4); Class Soccer Team (3, 4); Class Gym Team (1, 2, 3, 4); Football Team (3, 4); Gym Team (2, 3, 4); Captain (4); Soccer Team (4); Athletic Council (4); Winner of Football "H" (3, 4); Gym "H" (4).

Ex-Members  
of the Class

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Albertus Lucas Biedenbach  
"Biddy"



Edward Garrett Brinton  
"General," "Eddie"



Carroll Dunham Champlin  
"Champ"



Ralph Leslie Garner  
"Pete"



Walter Franklin Graham  
"Walt"



Schuyler V. V. Hoffman, Jr.  
"Hoffy"



John Blanchard Lowry  
"Johnny"



Gorham Parsons Sargent  
"Gum"

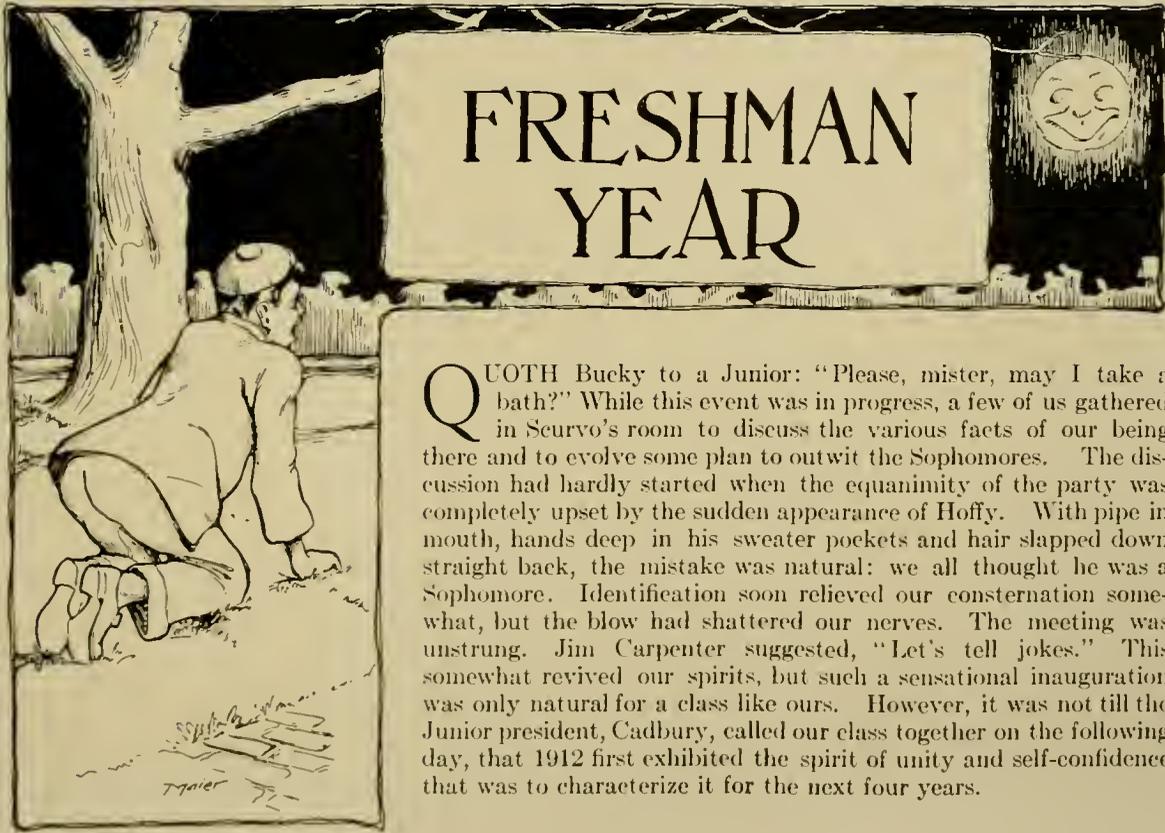


Samuel Booth Sturgis  
"Sam"

Gregory Clement  
"Roy"  
\* \*  
Yan Cho Kwan  
"Yank"  
\* \*  
Joseph Bennett Hill  
"Hi-ill"  
\* \*  
Edmund Richardson Maule  
"Eddie"  
\* \*  
William Webster Raub  
"Monsieur De Poppy"



Charles Howard Wetzel  
"Wetz"



# FRESHMAN YEAR

QUOTH Bucky to a Junior: "Please, mister, may I take a bath?" While this event was in progress, a few of us gathered in Scurvo's room to discuss the various facts of our being there and to evolve some plan to outwit the Sophomores. The discussion had hardly started when the equanimity of the party was completely upset by the sudden appearance of Hoffy. With pipe in mouth, hands deep in his sweater pockets and hair slapped down straight back, the mistake was natural: we all thought he was a Sophomore. Identification soon relieved our consternation somewhat, but the blow had shattered our nerves. The meeting was unstrung. Jim Carpenter suggested, "Let's tell jokes." This somewhat revived our spirits, but such a sensational inauguration was only natural for a class like ours. However, it was not till the Junior president, Cadbury, called our class together on the following day, that 1912 first exhibited the spirit of unity and self-confidence that was to characterize it for the next four years.



FRESHMAN YEAR



GENERAL BRINTON'S ARMY

After electing Roy Clement as our temporary chairman and three of our staunchest to hold the cane, the meeting adjourned, with its mind fully made up to give 1911 a few trifling evidences of what it means to be a real Freshman class. But just the same we were a callow and unsophisticated lot of Rhinies and must needs accept the usual indignities that are imposed on the same.

How we lost the cane rush and made our various escapes afterward, are vivid memories. Irv Poley early showed his ability to get things by securing a supper absolutely as a gift. Honus exhibited his talent as a distance runner by running a mile to escape a suspicious pursuer, only to discover that it was none other than a classmate from Westtown named Josh. And

what a joy it was, after assembling at the Rosemont station, to spread the name of our class far and wide (little realizing upon whom it would devolve to collect such evidences of our presence), and finally to come back triumphantly, about twelve, just in time to furnish the college with a little amusement. Yes, it's hard to believe, but *we* scrambled like eggs, *we* wrestled with temptation, *we* danced and sang duets; all at the behest of Eben and Co. What's more, we barked at the moon, we peered after Thursday meeting, and gave a very creditable performance at the Freshman entertainment. And then, of course, there was General Brinton's army, organized, as it were, overnight, only to respond the next day to the roll call as "dead, sir." For the benefit of those who missed seeing this great brigade at drill, we have inserted their picture. But the first real event of our class history, which was of general as well as local interest, was perhaps after these festivities. And what was it? The arrival of Stacey Kyle Beebe, Paris, Illinois. He blew in one bright autumn afternoon and by the evening of the first day we had the facts: something over twenty-one, engaged, popular, a sprinter, a high-jumper, a pole-vaulter, proud possessor of athletic cups (one), literary medals (one) and seven times traverser of the briny Atlantic. This was too much all at once; but he sprang, as it were, full-horned from pastures new and yet unsung. But of this more later!

When the College had to some extent recovered from this blow, the Sophomores were able to direct needed attention to certain individuals of our class. Schuyler V. V., as irrepressible as the tinkling brass itself, and Honus with his air of superiority and uncultured familiarity with upperclassmen, provided the chief objects of this attention. But despite the fact that we were still nominally under Sophomore control, 1912 was beginning to be recognized as an independent factor in Haverford. The seventy-fifth Anniversary of the founding of the college impressed us with the fact that the name of Haverford was not restricted to our one hundred and fifty contemporaries; and further it gave us an early inkling of our own responsibilities as Haverfordians.

We had only one "H" man on the football team during the fall, but that our class was not deficient in this department was evidenced in our game with 1911. The team had all the necessary "guts" prescribed by "Buck" Haines and the class was behind 'em, *en masse*. The way Dusty was pushed over for the winning touch-down and the pandemonium that followed more than made up for any cane rush disappointments. It was really inspiring, and so much so that we felt that the neighboring communities



FRESHMAN FOOTBALL TEAM

of Ardmore and Bryn Mawr ought to share in our joy. Not satisfied with this, we attempted a bonfire; but of this enough. Suffice it to say that it at least gave Josh Cope an opportunity to exhibit his wonderful powers of self-control.

By this time Doc, old war horse Smiley, had been elected president of our class. The class had begun to find itself out; also its members. Holly could be discovered at any time with his nose in his books, that is, except when South Barclay was interrupted by one of Biddy's periodic rampages. Walt Longstreth showed an early affinity for musical comedy by using his own bedsprings to practice the art terpsichorean; Poppy Raub slept now and then in Merion for reasons best known to himself, and the Socialistic Party was beginning to crystallize into an organization. This last fact caused Bucky Steere the loss of much sleep.

But Christmas was at hand. The approach of this event we celebrated by a real bonfire. From inauspicious beginnings, this pyre of our early recollections grew to magnificent proportions. How sixteen of us moved bodily an entire "dwelling" from Ardmore, how we had to reimburse the college for a certain vehicle and how Doctor Reid was minus a platform for his desk are events that cannot be rationally explained. However, certain dents in the ceiling of a room in Merion Annex offer a more simple subject for explanation.

On our return in January, Douglas Falconer succeeded to the Presidency and the college underwent its semi-annual revival of learning. This most of us managed to survive; to be sure, the brethren Baily exhibited the first evidences of their genius by flunking the "Theory of Gymnastics," but that was in our age of trifling.

About this time appeared the first indulgences of literary activity of which our class had been guilty. This was none other than the *Socialistic Journal*. It was a bright, cheery sheet, and one of great promise, and the first edition was a success in both a financial and a literary way. In vain have we watched for a second; for, alas, the Socialistic party divided against itself and could not stand. A few of us will not forget how before the Socialistic denouement, Helen of Merion became addicted to the use of profanity, through the unearthing of a lunch that had been carefully put away (in the annex).

Then came our first class banquet, which was what we might call a memorable occasion. Bert Baily made a good toastmaster (that was before the novelty wore off). Gummo's poetical address, together with Lewis' abortive comments on the proceedings, were distinctly the features of the evening. But just the same it was a good party and left us very well satisfied with ourselves as a class.

The fact is we had arrived at such a good opinion of ourselves that the impertinences of a certain

Sophomore were deemed conduct "unbecoming to a gentleman." It took six hours to decide whether this worthy should be murdered or simply thrown into the creek. Our innate conservatism saved us, however, and Eben was simply told what, in the eyes of our class, were his chief defects. *Hélas!* what a hue and cry was raised. Falconer could tell us of a midnight run to Valley Forge in delightful company, and of a night comfortably spent under a friendly roof; but it was at college that the spirit ran highest. Our righteous indignation over this indignity to our president was not to be sneezed at. It just happened that a small coterie of Merionites had sworn undying hatred against a prominent Sophomore for certain sins of commission. The hour and the man had met; none of the gallant six will forget that evening. After much planning and practice, our unsuspecting victim was called to the telephone. But the call was never answered. Six masked figures fell upon him. The cries of "Fred! oh, Fred!" were stifled by a rubber sponge. Yards of rope were wound about the unfortunate's limbs. The fight was strong and blood was shed; but finally the prisoner was lifted toward the waiting carriage. In mid-career the gag slipped and "Help, Caesar!" rang across the Campus. It was enough; it was too much. Beany called, "The game's up!" in truly melodramatic style. "Down dropped the body" and the outlaws fled precipitately. Beany and Hoffs took flight in the waiting vehicle, Irv and Clyde fled to Barclay, while Tom and Honus hid in the wood below the skating pond for hours. This insult was nobly taken up by Eben and the henchman of the Terrible Tiger. But the body-guard proved to be too much. The incident was forgotten (except for the varied supply of head gear that was flaunted in our faces in the years that followed). Since that evening this same individual has won the respect and genuine liking of the entire class. His English V Senior year remains a pleasant memory of good work and good fellowship.

But now all was peace and the stormiest part of the year remained a memory. Very quietly we won the college cricket championship. Doug displayed what the practice above referred to could do for a man with firm convictions, for he managed to show a clean pair of heels to every half-miler that came his way.

By this time Albert was in the zenith of his successes; every one was trying his tricks and, besides, there were matinee and evening performances by the original. The days grew warmer and Holly's nose stuck closer to the books. (Otherwise South Barclay would never have passed Billy Jackson's Geometry!) Meanwhile Stacey and Bill were giving their most successful series of parties in the Annex. It was about this time, too, that Berty Low sprung one on Mark and the rest of the College.

As spring wore on we experienced our first sorrow. It was George Norman's departure. Thanks to the fact that the Union was then in course of construction, we were able to bid him a creditable farewell. Strange, we never had a bill for that.

Many of us stayed to see the college well rid of 1909 and arrogantly disported our beautiful new hats on Commencement Day. We had elected Leonard Ritts as our chief dignitary and entrusted Doug with the care of 1913. So it was with mingled feelings of anticipation and pleasant memories that we left to tell our proud friends and parents of the joys and sorrows of our first year at Haverford.



CLASS CHAMPIONSHIP CRICKET TEAM



SOPHOMORE YEAR



# SOPHOMORE YEAR

OUR Freshman ideal had been realized: we were Sophomores! With hearts stirred by tales of Haverford Sophomoric prowess we returned to do and dare. We still carried the fast-dying spirit of the good old days, when Barclay was one long soap slide. Settlement of Fresh-Soph disputes by arbitration had not yet been deemed the best policy, although later on we took a decided step in initiating the new *régime*. But let us not wander about— here we were again at Haverford!

We were still the same old class “that’s never on the shelf” and it looked as if we had come to stay. But a few were missing! Clem had left for Penn—eventually to end up in Ragville, Alabama. George Norm, “the Cad,” as he was dubbed by the *Socialistic Journal*, had completed his education and returned via *Lusitania*, Royal Suite No. 1, to the “land of the swishing willow bat.” There was no more “Pop” Raub to ask Clem to take him down among the girls. Barclay no longer rang with the echoes of Oh, Hi-I-I! Eddie Maule, whose name was extolled by Gumm in poetic metre, had crossed the Delaware, and Graham had also left us.



## 'BEST GIRLS' TO LOOK PRETTY FOR PRIZES

Haverford Students Organize Beauty  
Contest of Photos

### DRESSERS DEPLETED

There is to be a contest of rare beauties among the students of Haverford College. It is to begin to-morrow and to continue on Monday, and entered in it are all the "best girls" of the student body.

Each student who has a "best girl" has entered her photograph in the competition. The likenesses are to be placed on exhibition, much as are the handiwork of painters at art exhibitions.

There are all kinds of photographs now entered, and all of them are pretty. Some of them are of the Gibson girl type, others wear Gainsborough hats; still others are "just fetching." As a consequence, there are many empty frames on the dressers of the students.

A. L. Baily, Jr., Lloyd Smith and Eli Nichols, whose "dens" are on the second floor of Barclay Hall, south end, compose the committee in charge. Each picture is numbered, in regulation art gallery fashion. Each entrant has the privilege of three votes for the prettiest girls, barring his own entry.

The girl who has the greatest number of admirers as shown by the votes, is to receive a silver cup, the gift of the contest committee. The girls who receive second and third place in the contest also are to receive prizes. As for the rest—well, each one entered will receive an "honorable mention."

The committee decided that was the finest and most politic arrangement.

After the lapse of several weeks we had put the college in good running order. For a while Friday night sessions were in vogue but they were not always a grand success. All the same we flooded the cellar frequently and used flour and eggs to advantage. We were amused at the tale of Van Sickle. Several weeks later suit was instigated against J. A. Jabbitt & Co. for "swindle and intent to rob." We recovered damages.

It was about this time that we began to feel onerously bored in Bib. Lit. II. Even Clyde's "By the gods!" could not express our feelings. Ruptures were frequent. One morning, having had several pet theories advanced as to Paul's probable ailment, trouble began to brew. Pete was spotted as the guilty one and requested to leave, whereupon he merely laughed and replied, "Oh, can't I stay and see the fun?"

Late in October the Hoscarius garage was entered and the machine stolen. Several suffered. Meanwhile the store was making money and Josh was looking prosperous. The football game resulted in a tie. Each Sunday saw Hal headed for the "Beanery" at Bryn Mawr, with his nontransferable meal ticket in his vest pocket. On December 10th, Bill, of Dutch country fame, was elected president of the Indoor Club. And this was the time of Baily's Beauty Contest. It never materialized, but no record of 1912 Sophomorehood would be complete without the *North American* account.

We hailed with curiosity the debut of the *College Weekly*. Later on our own big Bill was to become the shining light in this publication, and it was through its columns that we first noticed the birth of the Nature Club—"ah! Nature in all its effervescence!" Out of it grew Josh's "Poor Food Exhibit" with each specimen neatly bottled. The assortment is interesting.

*Bread.*

Numerous pieces of blotting paper  
numerous hairs (human and  
equine); 1 beetle; 2 meal-  
worms; 1 ball of string; 1 nail;  
1 iron washer.

*Vegetables.*

Numerous hairs (male and female);  
numerous pieces of solder; 1 col-  
lar button; 1 human molar (to-  
matoes).

*Milk.*

Numerous flies; 1 teaspoonful of  
mud containing much hay and  
straw.

*Meat.*

1 Annelide worm; 1 C. pticivorus;  
numerous pieces of pork con-  
taining bristles.

*Eggs.*

1 cockroach.

*Miscellaneous.*

1 piece of glass (preserves); 1  
spider (bananas);  $\frac{1}{2}$  sq. inch  
timber (mince pie); numerous  
hairs (white, black and horse);  
3 maggots (preserves).



CLASS CHAMPIONSHIP SOCCER TEAM

One night before Christmas vacation the "Round Up" made its appearance before the public. We did not win the cup, but Baily's gang won great applause. Holly Hindustan's wogglebug was the only original.

Elections took place and Smith took Ritt's place as president. Mid-years were over, not passed, however, in the complete sense of the word. Oscar kept late hours, pencils rose to  $3\frac{1}{2}$  cents, or two for 10, and the rubber collar still wore on. One evening Bill Lewis sneaked into the office and inquired whether he had passed Bib. Lit. II. "Sorry, but thee just got 49 $\frac{1}{2}$ %" came the reply, followed by a drawn out, "Pshaw!"

Then came the first Faculty tea—on St. Valentine's day. How appropriate! For the first time Martie met a girl with whom he could talk on his own level.

One Monday morning Professor Jackson's face took on an inexplicable expression—a mixture of surprise and delight. The four post-graduates on the back seat divined in vain, but that night the *Weekly* announced twin heirs. "Who'd a thought," said Honus, and Elf's only remark was, "It's all right—huh?"

By this time winter was in full blast. It has got out that one night Eddie Brint was arrested for playing poker; but no—that was a mistake. Ogontz was at its prime and Paul lost his reputation. Did you ever kiss a girl? Ask Paul. It was then that the Slang Dictionary came to light in the library and the trite remarks of those of lighter vein were unearthed. Meanwhile Champ was in mystic communion with the Muses, writing verse after verse. "Hypnotism" was the rage at Merion Annex and Buck as usual was the goat. At first he believed in its genuineness, but finally undeceived, he secured the assistance of Bone Durgin and planned revenge.

The Kidder Club was gathered when Buck suddenly went insane. When he threw his shoe through the window-pane, even Stacey's scepticism vanished, the phone was besieged, two doctors appeared and Buck had earned his emancipation. To-day the plaster bears the heel marks of the hero, the wall paper shows where his head collided with the wall, the chairs are scratched where they went spinning across the floor, and dark stains on the carpet mark where Buck frothed at the mouth.

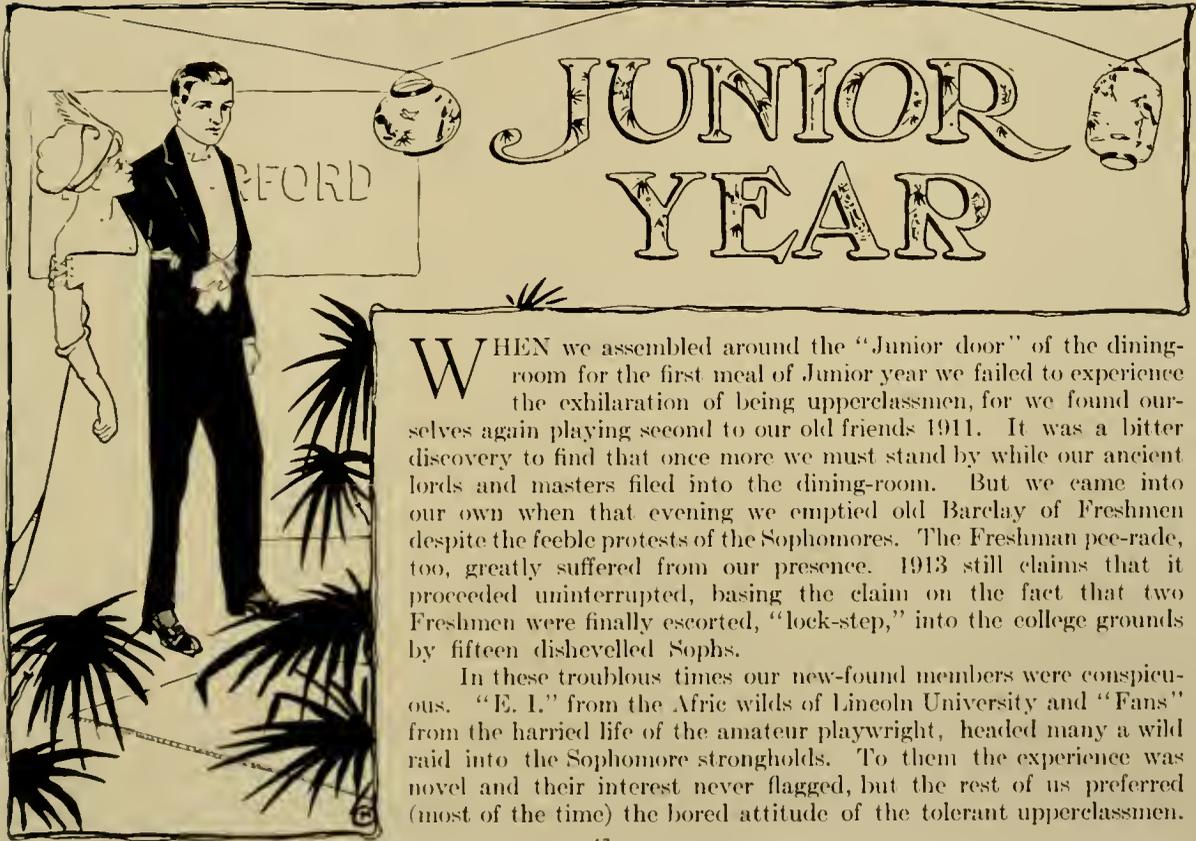
But Buck was not the only excitement maker. One day Briles disappeared (the word is a euphemism) only to turn up later looking more like an inmate of Sing Sing than a Freshman of Haverford College. Of course we got the blame.

With spring came the Aero Club and Bob and Wetz glided gracefully and disgracefully about the campus. The Hay was given and we were well represented. The Soccer Championship went to us, and Elder Shipley won the Chess Tournament. In May Doug was elected captain of the Track team.

So the spring wore on. We played French cricket, got spring fever and waited patiently for the middle of June to roll around.



JUNIOR YEAR



WHEN we assembled around the "Junior door" of the dining-room for the first meal of Junior year we failed to experience the exhilaration of being upperclassmen, for we found ourselves again playing second to our old friends 1911. It was a bitter discovery to find that once more we must stand by while our ancient lords and masters filed into the dining-room. But we came into our own when that evening we emptied old Barclay of Freshmen despite the feeble protests of the Sophomores. The Freshman pee-rade, too, greatly suffered from our presence. 1913 still claims that it proceeded uninterrupted, basing the claim on the fact that two Freshmen were finally escorted, "lock-step," into the college grounds by fifteen dishevelled Sophs.

In these troublous times our new-found members were conspicuous. "E. I." from the Afric wilds of Lincoln University and "Fans" from the harried life of the amateur playwright, headed many a wild raid into the Sophomore strongholds. To them the experience was novel and their interest never flagged, but the rest of us preferred (most of the time) the bored attitude of the tolerant upperclassmen.

Then work began and we had time to count our losses. General Brinton had gone to Idaho to try ranching, but not having grown up to the job of six head of mules to a gang-plow, he early abandoned the notion and tried banking. Now he's back east again selling implements and auto-buggies. Sargent went to Dartmouth. Kwan, attracted by the big city, transferred to Columbia. Biedenbach wandered back to Butler and now he's married! Pete Garner joined the wild quest of the immortal dollar. Champ, bored by our narrowness, our ignorance, our lack of comprehension of the big things of life, had got a job as school principal and so was gone. Champ was always a queer duffer. One of the deepest thinkers we have had with us,—a fervent believer in Bryan; a man who could give a corking Y. M. C. A. talk on the evils of smoking and next day buy ring-side seats at the National A. C. And yet he did not seem inconsistent. Sam Sturgis, too, was gone and was slaving away at Penn Medical. Wetzel, disturbed at the dull prospect of Haverford without Dr. Jackson, was breaking into Aero circles at Cornell.

Yes! Jackson was gone, hyperbolic paraboloids and all. For six months a pile of "Solid-Geometry-Jacksons" waited at Leary's for a purchaser. Poor dumb creatures! how were they to know that their days of usefulness were ended, that no one would ever again coax words of wisdom from them on the eve of the mid-year examinations?

All this taught us that another year had started, but we did not appreciate that we were really Juniors till we saw the lordly Soph and the timid Freshman trotting side by side to gym classes. Ah! the bliss of being a Junior! Yet we were not all unknown in gymnastic circles. Bert and Waller were preparing for the points they were to win during the winter and Buek was plugging away on the horse with a perseverance which amply deserved the first which he took in the Interclass. The meet we gracefully surrendered to Waples, but in the Round Up which followed, Elf and his band of Zouaves with their perfect maneuvers and the highly humorous hat drill completely captured the audience and, to quote the *Weekly*, "the cup walked over to us."

Meanwhile the football season was over. We had defeated Lehigh on their own field and the shortcomings of two seasons were soon forgotten. Murray was elected Captain and was soon calling his men out to train for the next season's work!

In the class-room too we were busy. Josh Baily was rooming with Hollie and, catching the bug from him, was laying the foundations for a corporation scholarship. Bill Lewis was showing

Durg how to get A in Math. Chas was reading for the Bib. Lit. prize. Fansler's blasé "Question!" was breaking the monotony of Ec. I recitations. But in English V the class really found itself. Josh Cope was regaling us with his wild tales of Kansas, for he had tried wheat-harvesting with Brownlee during the summer. Big Bill was giving us brilliant flashes of genius. An occasional work of art dropped from the pen of Irv or Hans and even Buck had his days of glory.

Mid-years came. The library was the Mecca of all Juniors. Bullock, Marshall, John Stuart Mill were devoured with voracity. Half a dozen fellows would be holding a wordy conference on Carver's theory of marginal utility and off in the corner somewhere was always someone tired of work and the long *Long Day*.

But mid-years were soon over. Bill got his A in Math. Josh got an A average and even our delinquents were forging up toward the necessary C.

Then came Maxfield! We will not be disrespectful to this be-spectacled genius, but suffice it that from the day when he returned English V themes all marked either D or E, he failed signally to excite much sympathy from 1912. And it was with Ezra that English VI had its famous Mock Class Day. However, inspired by concern for the reputation of the college, we rose nobly to the occasion and repudiated strongly the action of certain underclassmen who were making life miserable for the poor boy. He blamed the Juniors for certain eggs which came hurtling into the Sophomore English class one morning. Strangely enough, for once 1912 was not implicated! We have more sympathy for him now since Bert explained so graphically how he was upset by the sudden introduction to the Haverford bill of fare.

Which reminds us of another change in the personnel of the college employees. One of the Barclay Hall janitors went home sick from a severe attack of gunshot and the peerless William Goldfish



MOCK CLASS DAY

made his appearance in the dining-room. His harpy-like grab for unguarded plates will long live in the memories of those who knew him. It is a well-known fact that at any dinner party you can pick out a present Haverfordian by the way in which he sub-consciously spreads his arms, like protecting wings, over his plate whenever the butler chances to halt behind his chair. But while we cursed the Goldfish roundly for taking the ice-cream saucer while the hand was busy conveying the spoon to the lips, still we liked him, for he was a humorist. Who of us can forget the time when Albanus Maximus Rex, our mighty Joshua, chided him, "Aw! come off! There's some more chicken?" William paused a moment—grabbed the plate and presently returned with a triumphant smile and the chicken's neck!

Even before the Christmas holidays the periodic arrival of Seiler's car proclaimed that the Cap and Bells Club was working hard on the operetta. Through the college halls could be heard, now and then, snatches of the songs. Sprinkled around in the rooms of the east were well-thumbed copies of the libretto. After mid-years the principals were seldom available. Rehearsals were almost continuous. The première was to be given on Junior Day and we decided to manage it on a purely financial basis. Sentiment was cast to the four winds and a cold, calculating box office established. Patroness invitations were sent out and the committee did a thriving business. The financial success of the evening was soon assured, but no one will ever know how valiantly they labored that some of the "best friends of the college" should not be seated back next to the wall. "Can't you get anything better than row V for Mrs.——?" would come the plea of some excited member of the patroness committee. "Why, she——" and there would follow a recital of the things she had done for the college, and tears would come into the eyes of the committee as they promised faithfully to make every effort to exchange the tickets for some in row T.

During the week before Junior Day we gradually acquired a different view of the evening. Our quarrels with the Cap and Bells were forgotten and the old Haverford spirit of good will and hospitality returned. When on that eventful Thursday evening we found that even the parties in the very poorest seats in the house were smiling and happy, we ceased entirely being managers and found ourselves hosts.

The decorating committee turned the campus into a fairyland of lights and the gym into a veritable garden. For weeks previous Doc could be seen trotting back and forth from Lloyd to the gymnasium with a diagram of decorations and a lot of mathematics à la Jackson determining the amount of strain on a strand of crêpe paper running from the cupola to the running track.



THE GYMNASIUM, JUNIOR NIGHT

Here in the gym we assembled before the performance with a select party of "special friends" and, right proud of starting a new college custom, we were royally served by Trower. After the performance the mob, our guests, were served on the campus with ice cream and lady-fingers, and departed just as the customary Junior Day rain began to fall.

The play itself passed off according to schedule with great *éclat*. We might note that, in a cast of sixteen members, nine were Juniors. Hal as a "race-track tout" easily divided the laughs with Pat and demonstrated his ability to handle the title rôle this year.

After vacation the track training table started and the cricketers appeared on Cope Field. French cricket was in evidence, but 1912 seemed more interested in dingle-ball, at which the two Joshes were meeting all comers. A bench from the old collecting-room took its position in front of Barclay and, with the steps, became a popular lounging place during the lengthening summer evenings. We could sit here and watch Dave's Infirmary Campaign Fund grow. A few of the class continued to study, but many were content to take chances on their inertia carrying them through final exams.

The memory of our defeat in soccer at the hands of Henry Ferris (Henry, of

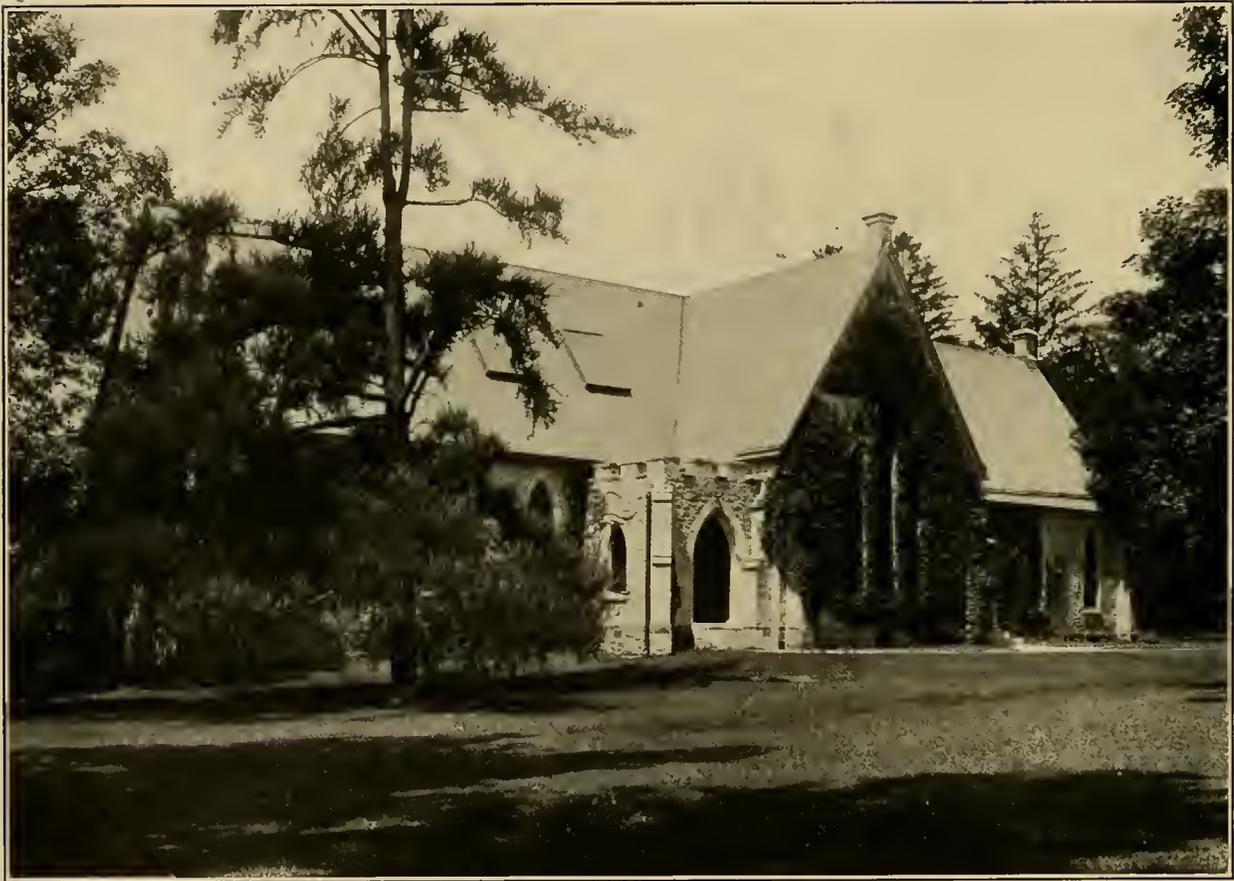


DINGLE-BALL

all men!) was still ranking when we met 1911 in cricket and severely trounced them just to prove that we did not win by a fluke in Freshman year.

But we were doing bigger things than winning championships even. Following up our progressive policy of the year before, we pushed through the measures for the final abolition of hazing. No more does the Freshman regale a circle of incredulous but admiring friends with tales of his wild midnight clashes with the tyrannical Sophomore. All that is past and with it we have lost something, it is true. But even as we think of the time when we almost threw Eben into the skating pond or of the night after the great football game when Josh Cope poked the nozzle of the fire extinguisher down the throats of three Sophs in succession,—even in the presence of these happy memories we feel that we have gained infinitely more than we have lost. In looking back to Freshman year we feel that there are to-day bonds of friendship, of camaraderie, running through the whole college from the most popular Senior to the most insignificant Freshman,—bonds of which we knew nothing then. We see the effect of this in the increased number of Freshmen who have been interested in college activities. A new Haverford spirit is growing up and to have started and fostered this new spirit we cannot but feel is one of the greatest things that has ever been done for the college.

Commencement came. Hollie and Mark made Phi Beta Kappa. 1911 graduated. As we bade them farewell and found ourselves Seniors at last, we realized for the first time the real calibre of the class which, for three years, we had looked down on. The Senior Play on Class Day was a revelation and then as we began to find the work that "Lucius, Alan & Co." had done during the year we somehow wished to call them back, shake hands and say "God speed! We *are* glad to have known you."





SENIOR YEAR

## Senior History

THE faculty and 1911 were both a little doubtful as to our ability to hold up the dignity of seniordom. Even we, deep down under the mask of little deviltry, rather shuddered at the responsibility. The success of the class immediately preceding us was, however, as the inspiration of a cup of cold water. We accepted the challenge and returned, determined to make good; 1912, *enfant terrible*, brilliant, spoiled and loved, had decided to deflect no longer from the "straight and narrow."

*"No longer arm-in-arm we roam,  
Despite constabulary warning,  
Declaring that we won't go home  
Till morning!  
With burst of Bacchanalian song  
And jokes as broad as they are long."*

Bill Murray perhaps typified the attitude of the class, for had not he at last openly admitted his intentions of settling as soon as possible?

Even while the old thrill came as never before as we sang, "*Boys, again we are here,*" we realized gratefully how nearly intact as a class we were. Eli Nichols had been our only loss (medicine at Penn) and he, we hear, will be there when the rolls of sheepskin are handed out in June. Our reinforcements were the best Haverford has had for years and each has managed to make a place for himself. There were five; the two "H" men, Hunt and Howard; Farquhar, the man with the lisp and the ability to play football; Maier, ever to be remembered for his laugh, his pencil and his phrase, "fiddling with the fems;" and Marshburn, whose speech at the Class Banquet brought the class to its feet. "I made many mistakes on my arrival at College," said Marsh. "The first person I saw after leaving the station was Honus [cry of "hard luck" from Skis], and I said to myself, 'That's the Dean!'"

The big thing of absorbing interest was football, and 1912, always a great football class, gave her strength and energy to help Jack and Bill turn out a winning team. In our desire to uphold the dignity of our captain we even concealed our smiles when a Rhiny, with eyes and mouth opened by a mixture of awe and pride, demanded a suit, declaring that "Mr. Murray" had said he could play football.

*"We donned our sticky clothes with bravely hidden loathing,  
We did our best to wear a dunatless micn,"*

But the fact remains that frequently we wished for the end of the season—that is, until it got here. (That last practice on Walton Field was really pathetic.) Dusty made the college cheer well enough to please even the Alumni and Lem Rits was awarded an "H" for his extraordinarily good work as manager. He watched out for the well-being of the team better than had ever been done before and much of the season's success is due to him. For it was a success and as the football men sat back in the parlor-car chairs coming down from Bucknell, they decided that they liked the game and each other very decidedly after all. They had forgiven the half-frozen and partly plowed field on which they had played in the afternoon and even the charms of the fair admirer of "Tip" Topham ceased to stir the susceptible breasts of Marty and Waller. Question: Did Marty ever get that sweater back?

Let us see also how the other half lives; for 1912 claims a large amount of space in Wogglebug annals. As champions we had a large representation on the All-College Wogglebug team. The first game (a tie) with the Juniors was a bitter disappointment but, smarting under the vials of invective delivered by Coach Wallerstein, the Senior Wogglers showed their mettle in the second struggle, strewing the fields with remnants of the Juniors while the band played the very musical score of 12-0. The features of the game were the Varsity form displayed by Smith and the Herculean line-bucking of Baily. There is but one cloud on an otherwise glorious day: Buck, our own sweet, innocent Buck, stooped so low as to steal the ball. But we did not know that that evening and our happiness was complete, and at supper the whole student body beheld, hanging in the place of honor, the glorious Wogglebug banner. Long may it wave!

Thanksgiving came and went and our first ethics



THE WOGGLEBUG BANNER

theses were written. Some of the gibberish we wrote in the very early morning before going to bed must have added an enlivening touch of humor to the weary way of the corrector.

We have said nothing about hazing, because there has been nothing to say. Its abolition has proven a success. There were cases of freshness (there always will be), but not so many as in former years. The Student Council had to take action in one pretty bad outbreak, but we as a class have felt, and feel, that education in the new system is all that is necessary for its complete success. We leave this injunction delivered as it were on our collegiate death-bed: Think very hard indeed before returning to hazing.

There was to be no Round Up this year, but the Christmas recess was none the less joyously anticipated. The vacation was a glorious one and the return to college was depressing to say the least. Even Red had no holiday adventures to revive our spirits; for he had been cramming the entire two weeks so as to receive more orders of Masonhood than had ever before been bestowed upon any one in a similarly short length of time. But mid-years were all too soon at hand. Shortly afterwards the collegiate sun was clouded by the death of Jack Guiney. We have tried in several ways to express our appreciation of him and of his work and this is not the place to say more. We feel, however, that no record of Senior year would be complete without some reference to one who meant much to all of us.

But the college work has to go on and we were once more caught up in the treadmill of collegiate activities. It was at this time that Bert Bailey relieved his feelings in verse to this extent:

*'Tis fifth morning, and each minute  
Seems to have an hour in it;  
Frederick Palmer, grim, is sitting  
And his brows are closer knitting  
As the noise of turning pages  
Breaks the silence now and then.  
Hork! A muffled snore, repeating,  
Urges Ike to end the meeting,  
Then another snore engages,  
Rises, quavers, falls again.*



CHAMPIONSHIP WOGGLEBUG TEAM

It wasn't quite so bad as all that, but the President had to call us down twice for our behavior in meeting and we became deeply penitent for the error of our ways. One of our members tried to console himself by an appeal to the muse and we print his lines written in French IV:

*There he stands, our imperial Cere! Français,  
Whose initials I cannot rehash;  
His eyebrows are arched in a questioning way,  
And his finger-tips twirl his moustache.  
He first takes the cuts. "Where is Murray to-day?  
Some engagement? Malade?" (Pas du tout!)  
He shrugs and looks sideways as if he would say,  
"Never mind—ou en étions-nous!"*

The rumors about the production of *Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme* in the original began to take more definite form. Spitzie's Trustees could be observed frequently in consultation with their chief. "Irving, have you my *Bourgeois*?" "Oh, Jimmie, how about that dance music? Got time to try it over now?" Josh Cope had spent most of his Christmas time memorizing his lines and rehearsals were proceeding merrily. The Thursday afternoon French class had been drawn from for the women's parts, and for once a non-coeducational college had the genuine article in this respect. The two things the undergraduates came for were to see Irv make love and to hear Josh sing. Both were worth traveling far to see, but there were many counter attractions.

The class's share in the production included Carpenter as the dancing master, Murray as the Count, Poley as the lover, Bert Baily as the Teacher of Philosophy, Bill Roberts as a lackey, and Josh showed his mettle by shining in the star part of Jourdain. Lance, of course, supplied a great part of the music and Doug, Hal and Dusty raked out the



CHESS TEAM



CAST—" BOURGEOIS GENTILHOMME "

old Zouave Drill costumes to do honor to the Turkish scene. Josh deserves especial credit for the hit he made owing to the fact that he had been out of the infirmary but two days before the performance. Everybody said the evening was a glorious success and we were more firmly convinced than ever of the ability of Dr. Spiers.

Meanwhile Soccer and the Sacrilege Club were flourishing. In the former we added another class championship scalp to our belts. The latter was organized by Skis, Jim and Paul, but new members are joining rapidly. Exclusiveness is the key-note of the little band and there have been many black-balls.

We have saved little space for either the Glee Club or Cap and Bells performances. In both 1912 has had a prominent position, but they have been written up separately. Junior night was, as usual, the best yet. Some of us were even magnanimous enough to think this year's gym decoration more effective than ours.

It was just before the Spring vacation that the book agent was at his prime. This was no ordinary book agent, no eccentric Launcelot Smythe of *Patient Philosopher* fame, no ordinary Matador, but a real artist in words! For did he not persuade Bill and Bert among others to mortgage their souls for life in order to possess for so much a month sets of Kipling and Hopkinson Smith? And it was at this time that Mark made us have doubt of his hitherto undoubted self. "This is what he wrote; here's the very note!" We publish a facsimile to prove our point.

I got 15<sup>00</sup> - M  
Bill Mark Moser  
Please see guide  
mate to T - I'm coming  
back soon  
Mark

Cricket, baseball, French ericket are once more claiming the attention of their devotees. Class Day plans are already in progress. To many of us, it is like the first tolling of the bell for execution. And now before taking the plunge we pause a moment and consider. There are many things we could have done better were we to have the chance to try them again. As a class, we have made mistakes; we have at times shirked our responsibilities and at others made but small use of our opportunities; but underneath our apparent callousness we are grateful, humbly and reverently grateful, to Haverford.







## Haverfordian

SOMEHOW or other 1912 lost out in the *Haverfordian* election and 1913 captured the editor-in-chiefship. But our class has missed out so seldom in college activities that we cheerfully bow and give honor to whom honor's due. We are certain, however, that without us that worthy paper must long since have lost its reputation. Our contributions have been numerous and we have had three men on the board and a business manager. Poley and Baily were elected in Sophomore year and Froelicher the next spring. Skis Morris handed in one poem which was not published, but the originality of its conception almost got him a place on the board. Bob Miller's brilliant little effort, *'Tis a Pity*, also enjoyed a large private circulation.

As we turn over the pages of our back *Haverfordians* we see the following bit of autobiography:

### CHINQUAPINS.

"Did you ever gather Chinquapins? Janet was gathering chinquapins. . . . Just then I *saw* Janet. (Subtle—Ed.). . . . I stooped to pick up a chinquapin. . . . It was then that I discovered Janet's eyes were blue—and smiling. . . . They say that two persons can gather more chinquapins than one, but I don't believe they can gather so many, for the spines were always getting in my fingers and we would have to stop while Janet pulled them out. Such a little hand she had and so . . . I wonder if Janet will gather chinquapins this year! I think *I* will."

The piece was not alarming in itself, but the author was Mark,—Mark the modest, Mark the meek, Mark the mathematician, Mark the perfect man.

Until the advent of the CLASS RECORD the only professional poet was Baily, whose sentimental effluvia have filled odd spaces between the prose bits from time to time. One of these bore the rather mournful alliteration *A Lament of Life*, but the four lines we print go even deeper "into life and all that that means."

“Oh, reader, these are bitter words,  
Intended not for all mankind,  
But meant for men like me, because  
I stumble, helpless, thoughtless, blind.”

And don't let's forget Bert's prose effort, *Whistler's Mother. A reverry.* It got more comments from outside sources than any *Haverfordian* production last fall. Vassar quoted it at length and one subscriber (a lady) wanted fifteen extra copies. Bert has only recently joined meeting and the *thees* and *thous* are still apt to become confused when he attempts them in apostrophe:

“Oh, *thou* mother of my mother, tell me, what are the secrets of life? Tell me, that I may have the courage *you* have had, that I may drink my cup of sorrow too. Tell me, *thou* mother of my mother, for *you* have seen and felt, and *you* know.”

Most of Froelicher's work has been of a distinctly lighter vein, calling for reproof from the prep. school exchanges, but receiving applause from the undergraduate public. *An Affair* gives a rather new excuse for an eavesdropper (a broken ankle), but if ends ever justified the means, the injured man was right in not making his presence known. He wrote another, this time of the moonlight-on-shipboard type, and here we feel that Honus has done as the prep. school English profs. advise, “write about what you know best.”

Poley varied his attack with varying success. His work included a couple of book appreciations and, of course, a stage article. *The Present Day Theater* got Shoep into all kinds of trouble with the more Puritan element of the board for publishing it. Lucius Shero fairly gasped at the nerve of attacking Ben Greet's classic manner of presenting Shakespeare. “Ben Greet has been forced to pastures new to find less sophisticated lambs to fleece.” Irv did his best work in the exchanges, however, and kept up Haverford's reputation for having one of the three best exchange departments in the country.

Josh Cope worked like a Trojan, writing innumerable reminiscences. There were his reminiscences of Nantucket (published), his reminiscences of Kansas (also published), and his reminiscences of Crum Creek (fortunately not published). We should like to quote *Some Rural Reminiscences, in toto*, but, alas! Here is, however, a paragraph typical of the whole:

“Along about eight-thirty was retiring time and Ma would announce in decided tones, ‘Now, Pa, if you don't get to bed you know you won't want to get up in the morning to milk them cows.’ And ‘Pa,’

awakened from his nap, would get down the huge family Bible and read a chapter, and then in truly Presbyterian fashion, the whole family, including the dog, joined in singing a psalm. Pa's deep nasal tones, Minnie's high-pitched voice, Emmy's shrill falsetto and the dog's deep-throated whines blended into a weird chant that suggested some mourning-scene in an Indian village."

As the article was autobiographical, those of us who were at the French play and heard Josh's rendering of *Jcanneton*, cannot help wondering whether he joined in.

Murray, despite his *Weekly* labors, gave us both purple and grey patches in *My Hero*. He did his best work in an O. Henryish thing that he called *A Piece of Driftwood*, beginning in true O. Henry style: "The great magician shuffled, cut the cards and turned up a two-spot. Thereupon a new soul was born."

*Myths and Legends from Mackinac Island* represents a contribution from Ralph Fansler. As *Life* says of George M. Cohan, "It's exactly the kind of thing you'll like if you like that kind of thing." But these myths have none of the Cohanesque appeal. From George M. to Mark Balderston is a far cry, but we must not forget Mark's article on shoes, and many *Loose Leaves*. Mike Maier has also been represented in this department. Jim Carpenter gave us a Remington in words (we refer to the artist, not the typewriter) in his Western story, *On the Border*. The thing fairly blazed with local color and Jim knew whereof he wrote.

Altogether the *Haverfordian* has kept up to the standard to which Schoepperle raised it and has advanced the bit that is necessary not to stagnate; and in this 1912 has had her share.



THE MUSICAL CLUBS

## The Musical Clubs

UNDER the auspices of the Cap and Bells and the watchful care of Doug Falconer, we produced this year a first-class Glee Club. Porter labored successfully with a Mandolin Club and then there was Lance Lathem. Whatever would have happened without Lance cannot even be imagined.

The program was like most musical club programs, varying from good music to banality until it reached Nos. 8-9. There the bored audience read with a yawn "Margaret was a lady, all 4 fytttes." Lance strikes a chord on the piano and there flit before their amazed vision, three window-shades and seven pairs of feet. These, the shades, are hung upon the aforementioned frame. Another chord and Porter's head appears over the curtain, followed by placard bearing the words "Stage Manager." He chants, "Is all in readiness?" Another head, another sign, and Hans as the "Female Chorus" simperingly yodels, "She is not here, she is not here." Imagine it, gentle reader. After further discourse, the F. C. is commanded to seek out the Prima Donna. Another yodel and Dusty, fair, fat, forty, and Margaret, comes tripping down the aisle, blowing kisses to the male audience. Then—but pshaw! With this opening you can imagine at least that the audience has changed from yawns to smiles; the smiles have broadened to grins, the grins to chuckles and the chuckles have combined into a storm of applause. The words of the piece were original, set to operatic and other fine music of current acquaintance, sung with much (burlesque) feeling. Murray was Nobody, Red Beebe in brown derby, cricket blazer and grey "pants" was an enticing lover, telling fair Peg

*"I'm off my feed,  
My stomach's sour,  
Sweetheart, with love for thee."*

Dusty, as Margaret, had trouble with her voice and sang now soprano, now bass. Doug Falconer was the grey-headed father, coiffured in a dish-mop, Hal Thomas a delightfully villainous coachman whose "noble steeds were champing lots of hay

*"So they'd acquire sufficient pep  
To lure his love away."*

Porter as stage manager, upset at the non-arrival of the scenery, ordered his Male Chorus (L. P. Crosman) to be a forest and Froelicher, as the Female Chorus, to be Wild Animals Feeding. Twice Honus made the hit of the evening; once, by his realistic interpretation of a babbling brook, and again as a co-star with Hal, winning all hearts with the abandon and grace of their joint rendering of the Orgies of Love.

Pardon this superabundance of talk, but the happy inspiration of Margaret on a musical club program so relieved the usual ennui of such an evening that Peg deserved some space.



## Cap and Bells

ONE of the most brilliant of our endeavors is the Cap and Bells. We cannot take all the credit for this successful little club, but six of us have been members from the founding at the end of Sophomore year, and as Juniors the management was largely in our hands; 1911 was represented only by Pat, Dan Boyer and Vic Schoepperle.

*The Patient Philosopher* included in its cast Doug Falconer as the leading lady. (We can still see his skirted self passing out tickets for the next stand.) Bill Murray, as the dummy leading man, Hal Thomas as a race-track sport, Dusty Rhoad as the doctor, Irv Poley as the secretary to the philosopher; while Herb Lowry was such an entrancing chorus girl that some were shocked and others delighted. We were well represented in the male chorus by Honus, Ralph Fansler and Skis Morris. This left a good nucleus for the next year.

However, Senior year started off with a gloom, for there seemed no prospects of a musical comedy nor of the alumni backing of which we had been assured; also we felt that we were strangers in the land of "legitimate" comedy and, of a consequence, liable to be "taken in." Nevertheless we started in bravely with the great assistance of Mr. Knowlton of Haverford School. See what we unearthed. We found that Hal Thomas, whom we had previously supposed to be merely an eccentric dancer, was a comedian of great merit. We found that Clis Brewer could be a "charming nurse;" that Bill Murray had possibilities in changing his last name to Shakespeare; that Irv Poley could be a most delectable queen; and that Herb Lowry was even more entrancing than usual in skirts. We discovered Ralph Fansler to be an excellent stage manager, while the material from the other classes was more than satisfactory. The result of our findings and Mr. Knowlton's coaching was two very good plays, well presented, "though we say it as shouldn't": Bernard Shaw's *Dark Lady of the Sonnets* and *The Doctor in Spite of Himself*, translated from the French of Molière. They were well contrasted; the horse-play and hearty, full-fed humor of the latter accentuated the delicately veiled satire of the former. Few who saw and had the wit to grasp the meaning, will forget the Shakespeare of Mr. Shaw's conception, Shakespeare, the daring buccaneer of woman's affections, the artist with eye and ear ever alert for good scene or phrase, the vain,



CAST—"THE DOCTOR IN SPITE OF HIMSELF"

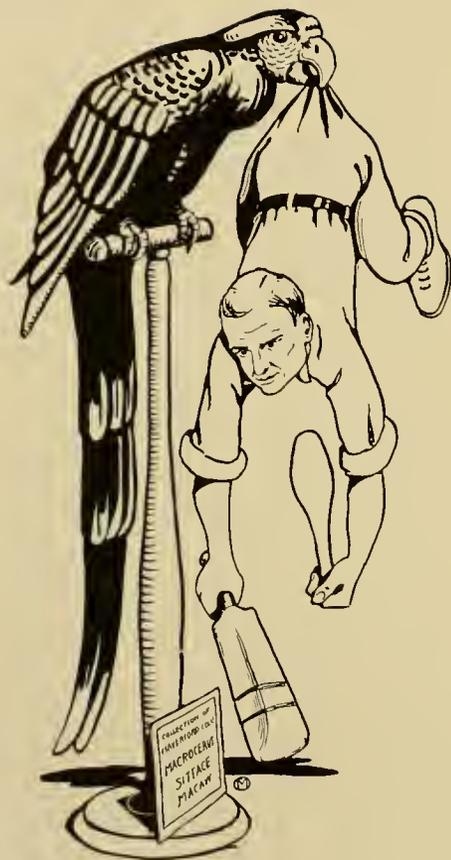
pompous dandy, quick to take offense at slurs on his person, family or art. Nor will even the most refined soon forget the vulgar Doctor, who beats his wife, gets drunk, is drawn into a difficult situation, bluffs it out and turns apparent trouble into money—the Doctor with the hoarse laugh and red hair. Indeed and indeed they were good plays, well done by all concerned and liked by every one, despite the gloomy prediction of failure of the Missourian undergraduates waiting to be “shown” at the dress rehearsal.



CAST—"THE DARK LADY OF THE SONNETS"







## ALBERT LANG BAILY, Jr.

—“BERT”—

*“The rugged virtues of his race  
He softens with an Oscar’s tact,  
Combining Gummere’s easy grace  
With all Doc Baker’s love of fact.  
To Shelley’s power of making myth  
He adds the charm of Martha Smith.”*

These, my friends, are lines adapted to do justice to Bert. His versatility is certainly amazing. To begin with, there’s that mission class at Joseph Sturge. ’Tis rumored that, in the words of the advertisement, “There’s a reason” beyond the elevation of the masses in these Sabbath slumming sallies. *Cherchez lo femme!* But if you doubt Bert’s versatility, consider the variety of selves he can assume: Indian club performer, bird specialist, gym manager, amateur playwright and organizer of dramatic specialties, actor in several languages and dialects, Haverfordian pillar, parlor magician, juggler, sleight-of-hand artist, amateur in all sorts and descriptions of musical instruments, and what not?

But, in common with all great people, Bert, like Launeclot Smythe in “The Patient Philosopher,” has his “eccentricities.” One of them is that whenever anyone looks at him he assumes his parlor magician, absolutely-no-deception manner. (See the sparkling eyes and pursed lips in the class picture.) And then Bert has a laugh—but the least said about that, the better. Just wait till you hear it some time. People like Bert *in spite of* the laugh, but the sparkling eyes are undoubtedly an asset. For your school-girl cousin says, when looking over the class picture, “Oh, who is that boy with the fascinating eyes?” Indeed, many of the fair sex instruct their escorts to get seats near the club-swinging section and there they gaze at Bert’s chestnut orbs to their heart’s content.

Bert is a good conversationalist and has had many varied experiences to draw upon. He is constantly reminding himself of John Kendrick Bangs, Mark Twain, Ezra Kendall and Mutt. But a word to the wise: Don’t let him get started on a specialty on the train, if you have the least shrinking from being conspicuous.

*And when he walks, he always walks with Albert,  
And when he talks, he always talks of Albert,  
And when he sleeps, he always dreams of—Albert.*

But withal, he does it very entertainingly, and we hope the knowing will discern the affection that is behind these foolish words of ours.

## JOSHUA LONGSTRETH BAILY, Jr.

--"JOSH"--

And lo! among us there was one, a genius! Josh is best seen when looking for a friend in a large crowd, but he is best known as the organizer and leading spirit of every high-brow society in college. From the beginning Josh was recognized as a classic figure on the green of our campus, but his first notoriety was gained by his untiring efforts for the establishment of the Haverford College Poor Food Exhibit. It's a hard stomach that knows no turning! (See Sophomore Year!) In his search for



acquisitions to this collection Josh found the ultimate in Junior year. It was the human tooth in the tomatoes. It was a pleasure to see him gloat over this; the real scientific spirit is seldom seen in one so young.

But about this time Josh commenced gathering material for his final disquisition on the haunts of the furtive snail and, with Lance as his henchman, organized the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Music (as a counter-irritant to the Cup and Bells Club). Cricket and Chess have been Josh's only indulgences. He is our ultimate authority on all things bugs, and the only one among us who wins Corporation Scholarships as pure pastime.

Already Josh's name has appeared in the columns of the "Conchological Review." It is but a beginning. Move on, Darwin! He's next!

*Some people are good—others are never found out.*



One of our mysterious paradoxes. We had always thought Mark to be a quiet fellow—in fact, the only man in the class who kept the ten commandments. But Senior year—oh, my! We still remember the big white hat at the Quadrangular—while Mr. Huish, on the soccer field, threatened to put him out of the game for dirty playing, whereat Mark reddened, face, neck, hands and knees. (We couldn't see the rest of him.) We can imagine Mark blushing as he reads this. When Bert Lowry, in feminine attire, broke into Mark's room late one night, Freshman year, Mark, like Uncle Allen, turned his back on the fair temptress and put his head beneath the covers. Ever since, Mark has been noted for his glorious sun-rise blush, which operates even if the table-cloth is raised immodestly. Mark is hard to get started talking, but when appealed to is always able to settle an argument. He is enthusiastic in everything he goes into. He cornered the Clementine Cope, but he never does any work. They ring Founder's bell in the morning by Mark's entrance into the dining-room. His favorite amusement is astronomical research with Dr. Wilson in the observatory where he regulates the stars in case any of the "pesky little duffers" go wrong. Moon, Balderston & Co. is about as interesting a combination as you can find. Mark is the author of "Did you ever gather Chinquapins?" and the poem

*Change thy wan pallid east  
Let each new reddening deeper than the last  
Cause thee to color with a blush more vast  
Till thee at length is blue.*



## STACEY KYLE BEEBE

—“STACE” “RED”—

Red blew in from Paris, Illinois, via the lesser one in France. His breezy Western ways were immediately felt. After informing Oscar of his arrival, he descended on Merion, there to meet the staid Alfred Lowry and other reverend Seniors. Surmising correctly that they were Haverfordians, he immediately went up to them with outstretched hands. “My name is Beebe, fellows. Since we are to live here together, we might as well get acquainted.” We haven’t decided whether the joke was on Red or the Seniors. Snubbed? Oh, no, Stace was never snubbed.

Thus entered, he became the lion of the class—for a month. For a month, he held nightly lectures before an enthusiastic audience, telling how he “did” Europe. “He did not stand shivering on the bank, but plunged at once into the depths of your credulity.” After one of his airy descriptions, Josh Cope has been known to gaze deliberately at the chocolate pudding, sigh and leave the table.

He next came into prominence at mid-years when a crowd went train-riding on a freight. The rest alighted at Haverford more or less safely. But Stace! Oh, no! He worked his way up to the engine and persuaded the engineer that six of the sons of some of the best families of the country were on board. The train was stopped and Red walked back serenely and with great dignity—from St. David’s. We have no witnesses save the mute testimony of a water-tower at the station. We have no doubt the train stopped because Stace came back; but why is unsettled.

But that was Freshman year! Since then Red has shown his ability in various ways; have we not a Pianola in Merion? He is extremely popular in social circles and every night two weeks ahead is always arranged for. Some of us have lost faith in the fair sex because they still appear to believe in his acrobacy as a *raconteur*. But then they don’t see him as much as we do. On second thought, they do; there is something wrong.



## ARTHUR LINDLEY BOWERMAN

—“ART” “ICH”—

Art is long. Indeed, he is so long that we suspect him of being the defunct schoolmaster of Sleepy Hollow. We are encouraged in this belief by the veiled mystery of Ich's past, of which little is known except that years ago he came from New Zealand. But is his name not Ichabod and did he not have the strange irreconcilable antipathy for water which is characteristic of all ghosts?

Yes, Art is long. You will never doubt that after seeing how much longer he is than his clothes; they can't be bought large enough! Trousers half way to his knees, sleeves half way to his elbows, and, way upon the heights, his head towering above everything else.

But, withal, he has been quite an important member of our class and of the college. He has upheld our standard of scholarship;—he knows more Latin Grammar than Dick Gummere. He has won points for us in track. His two mile against N. Y. U. in Junior year was one of the prettiest we have ever seen.

Above all, he has amused us betimes with his humor,—the humor which prompted him to answer, when Bickel asked him “What's your name?” “Ich bin Ich.” His is a humor which is unique—indeed has taken his name and is known as Bowermanesque. When thoroughly aroused this streak of humor is likely to prove disastrous to his neighbors, for his tendencies toward the ballet are marked. Two things prevent him from being graceful—each is about fifteen inches long.

His motto in Freshman year: “Cleanliness is not next to Godliness; it is next to impossible.”

## PAUL CLISBY BREWER

—“PAUL” “CLIS”—



*I thought I stood upon the brink  
Of some great yawning chasm;  
I looked again and saw it was  
Paul Brewer in a spasm.  
“Poor thing,” I said, “Poor, silly thing,  
It’s fearful when he has ‘em.”*

To have been to Haverford and not to have seen Paul in a spasm is to have been to Monte Carlo and not to have seen the gaming tables. These spasms happen most frequently at the dinner table and then it is that the horse-laughs and the serpent’s hisses are called into play to restore order. One of the worst of these occurred when Paul was being berated for not keeping the Corporation Scholarship he entered on; for Paul, like Lance Lathem and Bill Murray, is a fallen angel in this respect. “Paul,” says Skis Morris, confusing Beta Rho Sigma for Phi Beta Kappa, “Paul, if you had worked like some of the boys not so smart as you, you’d have made Beta Rho by Junior year.”

Paul’s mind works quickly—so quickly, indeed, that his speech tumbles over itself to keep up. In class debates he was hardly intelligible. And don’t let us forget his speech on “Nympha Americana,” at the Class Banquet. The tone was so cynical for so sacred a subject that it aroused Jim Carpenter to a ringing defense of the sex in general. But the warmth was confessional, at least many took it to be so, and the six or seven suspects nodded their heads in sympathy.

But, in the words of Dr. Baker in Bib. Lit. II, “Let us return to Paul!” And what could be more fitting for discussion for us who are about to choose a walk of life than to discuss Paul’s stride. It can be spotted across the campus almost as easily as the seven-league boot effect of Ich or as Irv’s—but *his* is indescribable. And as Herb Gallagher sagely remarked on a Bib. Lit. Exam., “There is class to Paul.”



## JOHN ARTHUR BROWNLEE

—“ART”—

The Pride of Pretty Prairie. His tales of Kansas are considered by the uninitiated to resemble the celebrated hot winds of the Sunflower State. (See Cope for further particulars of the country and its inhabitants.) Just get him started about Kansas and then hear Durgin rave! It is believed he is a close relative of the silver-tongued orator, if we are to judge by the oily utterances he eased across the public speaking platform.

Arthur is one of those with a mission in life. Up to now he has practiced with the soft pedal among female Sunday-school contingents of our outlying districts, but now that college is over and he gets out in the world of men and affairs,—sheriff, legislature, governor, Senator from Kansas! Who knows? Stranger things have happened and Art is always surprising us, as when he “downed” Marty Moon in Freshman year.

It is reported that after taking English IX he decided to see “Sherlock” in the *Merchant of Venus*, but we suspect that this is apocryphal, expressing rather the popular opinion of a great man than an actual occurrence.

Art has become pretty well easternized during his stay, though he still gets up at six o'clock every morning. And he still reads his favorite magazine, the *Cooper Courier*. We will long remember how one day as we were reading aloud one of its literary gems which told very sentimentally of a “ship that hugged the shore,” we found Art hugging a sofa pillow, starting with dreamy eyes far into the West and smiling reminiscently. Cheer up, Arthur, only a few more days!



## JAMES McFADDEN CARPENTER, Jr.

—“JIM”—

Jimmy! Jimmy! Ladies and gentlemen, behold the major-domo of all the “trusties.” His early history we must, of a necessity, pass over briefly. Why he preferred this Ardmore habitat to ours, in Freshman years, we can only surmise. We are sure it must have been his natural love for romance whether in languages or in life. For what proud heart would not melt from an appealing look from those great sad eyes? During Sophomore year Jim became less covert in his fussing and took Stacey in as a partner on these occasions. The two became *habitués* of Bryn Mawr. We might draw an analogy from the Damon and Pythias of ancient days. About this time Jim began taking a real interest in his studies. Encouraged by some periodic delvings into Rabelais and De Maupassant, Jim aspired to keeping the door of the Cercle Français. From thence it has been but a procession upward till now he is first aide to him of the alphabetical prænomen. Jim elected Spanish for Senior year and, in order to clinch his hold on the department, learned to play the guitar. And now on any bright evening he can be heard strumming softly to himself (and others. See Thomas, H. M.) in truly Castilian style. Owing to the austere bearing which Jim acquires when puffing the inevitable stogey, he has become chief adviser to the dean, too, and, when not occupied in Center Barelay, can be found in confidential chat with that worthy.

Jim went west one summer and his proficiency with lariat has proven detrimental to the life and limb of a certain collector of ancient apparel. But a month's absence did not affect Jim in some fundamental ways. Ask him about a certain High School Track Meet. Ask why such reticence about details of vacations spent in Pittsburgh. Consider certain timely visits to New York and, last but not least, that speech at our Senior Banquet. Two and two, we think, make five.



## JOSHUA ALBAN COPE

—“JOSH”—

Albanus Maximus Rex,—a man of three ambitions, to be a scholar, a philosopher, a heart-breaker. As a scholar—there is much that Josh knows, there is much also that he does not know; but there is very little that he knows he does not know and there is still less that he does not know he knows and incidentally tell the rest of us. His greatest delight is to “slip one over” on someone else and his most characteristic failing is his intolerant attitude toward that individual. Impressing knowledge upon him serves only to raise his temper, as when someone tipped a shelf of books over on him in the library and he was too “mad” to help pick them up.

On entering college Alban became Joshua even as Simon became Peter. Indeed Josh is a modern St. Peter, with some of that worthy's faults and most of his virtues. Rugged, impetuous, wildly enthusiastic about his work, he puts the rest of us to shame by hurling himself into the breach while we are counting the cost. He was born to be a leader, but a leader of eighteenth century men, and, unfortunately, they are all dead. He loves to strike a pose as Napoleon at Waterloo, chest out (adorned by a scarlet “H”), head thrust forward, jaw tense.

We have likened Josh to St. Peter, but Josh could never keep the Golden Gates. He would get the *keys* mixed. Haverford itself will not outlast the memory of his rendering of *Jeanneton* in the French play. One of the audience exclaimed in tears, “And how well he acted it! One would have thought he really had no ear for music.”

But it is on the public-speaking platform that Josh is at his best. Few of us who were here Freshman year will forget how this Twentieth Century Rousseau made a heart-rending appeal to the mothers of America.



## CLYDE GOWEN DURGIN

—“DURG” “BONE”—

Look back at his picture! Did you ever see anything more modest, innocent and straightforward? But, reader: damn appearances! Let it be said to his credit that he never posed as a student, though it is true that his naïvely articulated, “Oh, Doctor Chase,” has been known to move mountains. His prominence was achieved in student activities. Friend, this is an euphemism. In another part of this book you will find his “activities” dilated upon in verse. I can in passing but allude to his relations with a certain crabbed creature in the class preceding and to his clandestine familiarity with certain portions of Philadelphia. How he led “Woolly Buck” astray from the paths of righteousness laid down by the “Reserves” and how he taught him the vagaries of transmigration and the joy of a game of five hundred is a long story. But, “by Godfrey,” he hails from Saco and, “by the great horned spoon,” that is a sufficient explanation for anything. But this, our one and only original “bonehead,” is a sportsman and would back a friend to his last cent. One instance of this was when Cope threw Shipley, Freshman year.

We could say lots of nice things about him and we could tell you how, through the influence of Dr. Bolles and others, he acquired a proficient knowledge of marriage, divorce and the legal responsibilities of an office boy; or how, at a suffragette meeting, he got what is technically known as a “rise” by saying *pro bono publico*: “A very intelligent audience indeed. Really, I’m surprised!” She with the military coat and high collar, sitting next to him, jumped at the bait, gasping, “Intelligent! I should say they were! The brightest people in the country!” But our space is all gone. If you don’t meet him now you’re bound to later on, for

*“He’ll be squatting on the coals,  
Playing tricks on poor damned souls.”*



JOHN BENINGTON ELFRETH, Jr. —“ELF” “CHICK”—

Little, inconspicuous (except for a Hilton overcoat and a gleam in his eye), there came amongst us one who laughed and the world laughed with him. It was the “Old King” (then a baronet). Ere long the Hilton was discarded and a dapperness substituted that lent Chick a fussing prestige only exceeded by his ability as a Wogglebugger and as leader of the Junior Round-up. The enthusiasm with which he did this fussing was remarkable. Sledding parties, opening nights at Woodside and the Summer Training Camp at Chautauqua have produced wonderful results.

But “roll over, Roger, you’re on your back!” Elf has adopted a regular program. Shouting to Honsy to order his breakfast, he dashes out of bed singing *Alexander’s Rag* in truly vaudevillean style. After a morning spent in classes, Elf returns to Merion, takes a shave, shower, etc., plays a tunc on the box, writes letters and goes up to supper. All spare time he spends in teaching Tom and Honus a few new ones, in order that the reputation of Merion for repartee may not fade. It has not. There is no let-up; Elf goes on forever. On the way to Merion after supper there is always a song-fest, Elf singing bass to Tom’s tenor (there is none to sing the air; that would spoil it). Then it is a round of tiddle-de-winks and bed.

Of his private life we (as he) must be reticent. We can but vaguely refer to a certain sledding party and to the fact that he is now using his second watch. With editorial delicacy, we must hesitate to inquire as to the whereabouts of the “Round Up” cup. But enough, we must beware lest his shafts be sharpened against us. Adios! “little friend of all the world!”

## DOUGLAS PLATT FALCONER

—“DOUG”—



*“With lamp alight, he sought at night  
For earnest men, his ruling passion;  
But either he was short of sight  
Or earnest men were out of fashion.”*

This was adapted from a humorous poem on Diogenes, but it applies to Doug. For who of us does not long to be worth while and serious of purpose when in the stare of his steady blue eyes? And the worst of it is that he does live up to his views and is himself what he demands in other people. We don't have the satisfaction of calling him inconsistent. But, alas, Doug,

*“It is hard for us to cotton  
To the fact that you're forgotten  
More than we have ever known.”*

Some of the call-downs he has given are forever memorable. “Extra-sessions” talks, for example, and especially the Midnight Address to Spencer held Freshman year in Merion Annex in the presence of Eben himself, the entire class of 1912, and Freddy Tostenson blinking at us sleepily from the other bed. Cicero's orations to Catiline were nothing so far as fiery invective is concerned. Doug himself grins rather sheepishly about that speech now. He was paid for his “insolence,” however. Ask Doug how many miles it is from Valley Forge to Philadelphia!

And how Doug used to call us down in class meetings! Since Junior Year, however, he has left us severely alone as far as political policies are concerned, and confined his attention to Civics Club, Soccer and Glee Club. In other ways Doug has retired. At one time he was a continuous and daring fusser. “Daring” is literal; for he used to ask three girls for the same football game and count on two of them being unable to come. 'Tis rumored the gods were with him, but he had some narrow

escapes. Many were the teas and supper parties he engineered. But, alas! he has turned misogynist (Editor's note: Honus is not responsible for this write-up!) and all his spare time is now given to the completing of his memoirs, “The Fuming Confessions of a Fusser; or, Why I Have Ceased to be One.”

## RALPH LEE FANSLER

—“FANS”—

*My pleasure is doubtful;  
My interest is unknown;  
My ambition not be spoken of;  
My presence alone is felt.  
Who am I?—Question!*

Numerous answers to the above enigma have been suggested: “All American Half-wit;” “Genius unappreciated;” “Bernard Pshaw, Jr.” We used to see him wandering about the campus trying to find someone to stage his latest production or elect him to the Cap and Bells. He is fast developing into a monomaniac concerning the stage (actor—author—manager—chorus impressario—everything).

*He's not content to write a skit  
Nor toil as manager or actor  
[His great ambition won't permit  
His being any single factor],  
But strives to master as his goal  
The tout-ensemble of the whole.*

He likes to tell us his varied dramatic experiences (even in class), and this, coupled to his rendering of Jerry Dolan in the original tragedy skit of *Justice is Satisfied*, is proof positive he is wedded to his art. His labors as stage manager for the Cap and Bells should dispel any lingering doubts as to his devotion. In this capacity Ralph did a difficult thing well, and in this and other ways he has shown his heart to be in the right place.

But his fame as a playwright is as naught compared to his football prowess, though the fear of professionalism almost kept him out of Wogglebug.

His originality expressed itself when he asked President Sharpless to excuse him from a five o'clock Ethics class, so that he might shave, take a shower, wash up, and put on a clean collar. So much temperament can not fail of its reward hereafter.

By the time these words are in print there will be a successor on the hurdy-gurdies to *Everybody's Doing It*. The name of the new piece is *Eatin' Chicken Right Out of the Pan*, and Ralph has written the words. It is to be published on his own guarantee of five hundred copies at ten cents each. (P.S.—This sounds as if it were written to be funny; it is literal truth.)



# TROC



## FRANCIS HUNT FARQUHAR

—“FRANK”—

We have not known Frankie long enough to do him full justice. We should like to be able to remember him as a bashful Freshman lithpingly explaining to Spencer that he didn't mean to wear his hat on the campus. But Fate has deprived us of that pleasure. He came to us full-fledged and with a football record behind him. He made good with real Haverford spirit and won his “H” in fine style.

But being away from home gets on his nerves and to relieve the strain he writes daily to the girl he left behind. To him Wilmington, Ohio, is the Garden of Eden and his eyes were resolutely closed to all other parts of the world. Lately, however, we notice he has joined the Hartshorne Bryn Mawr Brigade. We suppose he is seeking to gratify his aspirations for social honors or perhaps he is looking for that strange evanescent something that we of the East call Eastern Culture.

His bright eye and cheery smile have lightened many a weary hour of thesis work. His philosophy of life is Hedonism and his greatest pleasure is hunting trouble, but he is always ready to compliment anyone at his own expense. His greatest fault is lack of self-confidence, which some think accounts for his statement that he “never kissed a girl.” Yes, he prefers to worship from a distance; but we suspect that his attitude had its origin in the curtain-lecture which followed a certain historic hay-ride.

His every act is done to please “the folks.” Only once has he departed from this rule,—when he visited the “Troec,” and he firmly maintains that even then he was properly chaperoned. May he go back uncontaminated by our faults and impart to the natives the Eastern Culture he has acquired while among us and—may she be waiting!

## LESLIE W. FERRIS

—“LES”—

The sphinx, gentle reader, do not be frightened—it will not hurt you! Les first came to our notice as the room-mate of “Monsieur le poppy Raub,” of de Paw, and it was Pop who tried to force Les into the collegiate limelight as basket-ball captain; but all in vain! Since the former left, Les has lived a life of single blessedness and undisturbed tranquillity. Unlike most of us, he is acquainted with the inmost recesses of Hall’s chamber of agony.



But listen! We have news for you. Now, as Jimmy Babbitt would say, “It’s really important that this should not get out.” By a clever system of detective work we have got wind of the fact that Les is just about to make the final leap. Occasional post cards with such wording as “God bless our home,” “To my sweetheart,” surrounded by a profusion of forget-me-nots and roses, have helped us to unearth this mystery. Meanwhile he has been playing soccer and dreaming—a wonderful combination! But mum’s the word! We must not let Les know of this.



## HANS FROELICHER, JR.

—“HONUS”—

We have watched the metamorphosis of Hans with great interest. It has been indeed a change from the callow youth of Freshman year who stammered through the eggs streaming down his face, how infinitely fresh he had been, to the man-about-town Honus of Senior year, voted by his class to be the most sophisticated of us all. It is indeed rare that the promises of youth fulfil themselves; but Hans has allowed the naïve “Venus” of Freshman year once more to display her charms as a “Female Chorus.” For that was the part Honus assumed before admiring throngs in the Glee Club production of “Margaret Was a Lady.” With his hair gracefully filleted, Hans swept through the mazes of the Orgy of Love, beginning with the Birth and ending with the Death of Passion.

As a critic Honus has also shown his ability; but his reputation has declined since his vote for Hal as 1912's handsomest man.

*“On every point, in earnest or in jest,  
His judgment and his prudence and his wit  
He deemed the very touchstone and the test  
Of what was proper, graceful, just and fit.”*

His opinions are delivered with a biting tongue. “A wit he had, by all the college feared,” and a wit so stinging that we admire the head and wonder about the heart. But the heart is there undoubtedly and Honus is the person of all persons to whom to go in times of trouble. In class meetings he delivers his opinions with “words of learned length and thunderous sound,” nicely selected to get a rise from his fellows.

Honus early carried his powers of cerebration into athletics and, after mastering a perfunctory knowledge of football, he elected himself captain of the class Wogglebug team and led his gallant band of heroes fearlessly through a victorious season.

## WILLIAM HERBERT HOWARD

—“HERB”—

Just mention South Carolina to Howard and watch the fireworks. He is a real sho' nuff “tarheel” from the Ole No'th State, and like a true Southerner, loves his tobacco both as a stimulant and as nourishment. His personality is a curious mixture of absurdity, vengeance, generosity, unbelief and general lack of energy. He eternally hates hypocrisy, physics, moth balls and missionaries, insisting that the “pore whites” of North Carolina don't need any spiritual suckers to convert them. He pretends



to harbor a deep animosity to woman, as such. Whether this is due to inexperience or to overexperience we are unable to say, but, as Herb says, he “ain't no spring goose.” He has taken an interest in birds of late and has been known to get up at four in the morning to go hunting sparrows. His knowledge is profound, especially in Biblical lore. We can still hear him exclaim in Ethies, “Peter's Sheet? No! *I* never heard of it.”

He is musical, too, being able to make a banjo sing creditably, and he has mastered the art of barnyard denizen imitation.

(Since the above was written Howard has been twice discovered lurking about the Bryn Mawr campus after ten at night. Maybe he's not a misogynist after all.)



## HORACE HOWSON

—“BEANY”—

Beany launched his career by falling in love. But the youthful passion, begun so auspiciously at the Lehigh game, Freshman year, alas, perished early, because Bean could not see his way clear to the Buick which was to carry him to Bethlehem every Saturday. He turned to cricket for consolation and soon made himself prominent (particularly at Westtown).

Beany also brought himself into notice in Biology II, Sophomore year. His presence on the “Bug walks” was the only thing that made life endurable for the class; and his ride on a cow one bright afternoon remains vivid in the memory of Dr. Pratt. For the greatest transformation in Bean's life, none of us were responsible. It seems that he was indebted to our old friend Henry Ferris to the tune of twenty-five cents. After Hen had spent at least ten dollars in stamps and lawyers' fees, Beany parted with the two bits. He received the following from Henry: “Your delightful note *just* received. Old man, I've been sending those darned unpleasant notes to you for two reasons: First, because I wanted to overcome my *natural* repugnance for asking people for money. And secondly, Beany, old fellow, I wanted to awaken in you a latent sense of self-respect and responsibility. Very affectionately, Hen.” It had the desired effect: Beany was remunerated as well as rejuvenated, as he sold the letter for a fabulous price to Uncle Allen, and it now rests with the Babylonian bricks and other literary monstrosities in the College library.

He has taken particular interest in his course in English Poetry. His appreciation (quoted from his exam book) of Shelley is typical: “Kelley is a great nature poet and his descriptions of woods and trees would make envious any woodchopper, botanist or chiropodist.” Beware, you fixed stars, a comet is among you!



## CLARENCE MERLE HUNT

—“MIKE”—

“Mike” says he was born of “poor but respectable parents.” He was discovered one day late in September in Founder’s Hall smoking an ill-smelling cigar and writing to Her. These have been his chief occupations since. But the cigar has been replaced by four pipes, a can of Prince Albert and some chewing tobacco. For Mike, too, is a worshipper at the shrine of the quid. But if Mike is sentimental in the Fall, how will he relieve his feelings in the Spring? For in the Spring a young man’s fancy—you bet he is. Perhaps the hair oil Mike uses—once smelled, never forgotten—is one evidence of this.

But that lady’s ring dangling on his watch-chain! We have our suspicions—very decidedly. In the “Buckeye State” he has the reputation of being a good fusser and here goes to Bryn Mawr just to keep in practice. He considers his chief blessing—next to a letter from Her—to be Valentines from our neighboring institution of learning. His chief curse is undoubtedly Greek; but he does dislike loud-mouthed Freshmen and he’s frequently been tempted to let out on the noisiest of the Rhinies.

Mike’s smile is a treat and shows a nature at peace with the world. Despite his placidity, he has a good sense of humor, with a strong flavor of originality. We have noticed that

*“When the boys ore at supper collected  
His arrival is hailed with delight;  
He is welcomed, adored and respected  
In each bunch of good fellows at night;  
For his prescnce implants an original seal  
On an otherwise commonplace evening or meal.”*



## LANCE BRENTON LATHEM

—“SHRIMP”—

“Lathe Lanthem, Lance Lathem, whatever yo’ all name is, yo’ father wants you on the telephone,” said the highly-“colored” “Baltimore oriole.” But alas, telephone wires are not so strong as apron strings and Lance’s advent and sojourn among us might be mirrored in that touching canvas, “Breaking Home Ties.” Biologically speaking, it has been an evolution of Shrimp to gymnast; intellectually,—we’ll award him at least an improvement bat. The forces that contributed to this development are many. Gum and Wally are directly responsible for his good start in life and, in particular, for his maturing sophistication and hirsuteness.

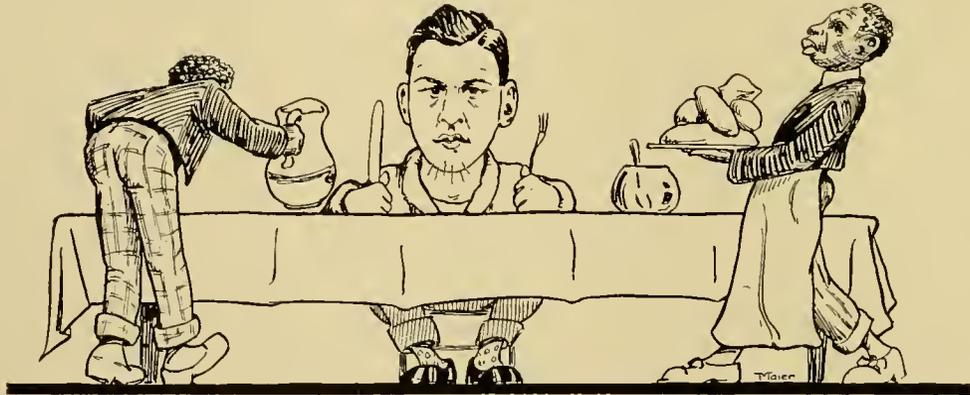
He was adopted by the Glee Club almost immediately on his arrival and ever since he has been the mainstay in the musical development of 1912 and the College. Josh Baily taught him to play chess; Bert taught him to be funny. He has another year at Haverford, however, and may get over the latter. By consistent application on the piano and the horizontal bar and by the election of Biology VIII, Lance has won favor in the eyes of Jimmy. His associations in that class have not been of the best, but we trust he will survive all such deleterious influences (particularly his aversion to tonsorial establishments).

But nothing we can say can take from Lance the place he has won among us. He has achieved it because of his affectionate disposition. He has rather overdone the demonstrative business; for now Lance cannot walk fifteen yards with anybody without twining himself about his companion.

*"Whene'er I go to bed at night  
It almost makes me weep  
To think that I must close my eyes  
Before I go to sleep."*

But that is only before going to bed. Once there, sleep is to him a blessed thing beloved from pole to pole; that is, from his head to his feet. Morning after morning, his patient room-mate pronounces this peremptory prompting: "Crawl out, it's half-past!" "Half-past what?" growls Energy, dimly away in his awakening consciousness that there are no less than twenty-

four "half-pasts" in the course of a day. Then, realizing that 7.30 is the hour referred to and with perhaps a mild ejaculation that it is cold, he makes a bold dash for the front room. Here he digs industriously around the cold ashes of last night's fire for the stump of the eternal cigarette, heaping all the while manifold imprecations on Hazard's head for having by chance swept it away. After a long period of inaction, Bill painfully shivers into a jersey, slips



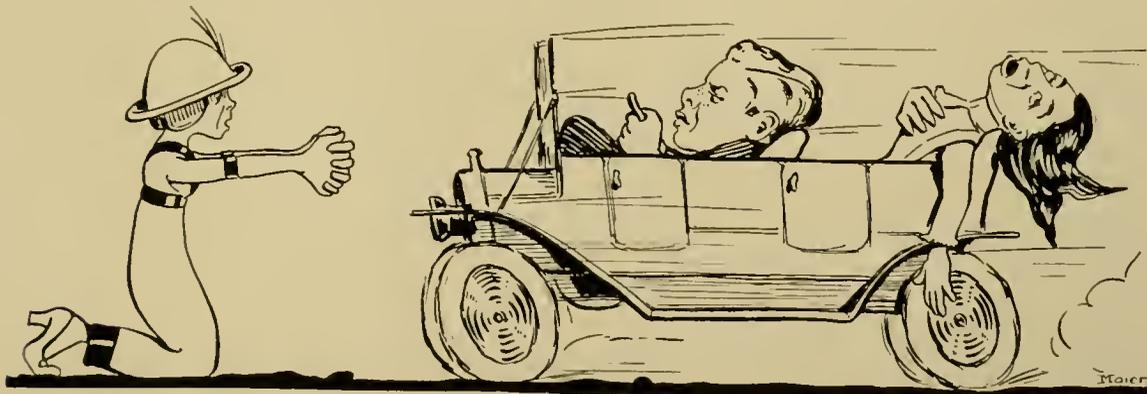
into a sweater, and—well, the rest of his toilet is conventional. And just as shiveringly he trots to the dining-room, a frozenly good-natured smile on his face. We all of us want to help Bill collect enough rolls and cream to make a breakfast,—like the Girl in the Train, he has a way with him.

In appearance, despite the vote of the class (See Statistics), Bill has often been mistaken for a Rocky Mountain goat. Others claim he is an Italian prince in disguise; but the six long hairs on his chin certainly help give credence to the first theory. He is a great supporter of the National Indoor Game and early in his college career he was elected President of the Indoor Club. Except for Glee Club Senior year, Wogglebug football and bridge have been his only activities. But then we don't expect activity from Bill.

## WALTER WOOD LONGSTRETH

—"WALT"—

Honus' child-wife. The most obvious thing about Walt is his Ford. He is a very conspicuous and well-known figure. If we were writing seriously, we should say that he is an unquestionably skilful driver; a dare-devil and reckless one, to be sure, but, nevertheless, he is still with us. His driving is the only thing he is modest about.



Besides this we have little to say. We might allude to his wit. (His jokes had to be repeated from Freshman year till the present time to be really appreciated, but they have at last penetrated.) Although it is rumored that he has a room at college, he is seldom to be found there. However, we always are aware of his location, because we can hear his laugh. It comes either from Llanerch or Rosemont, according to the time of day.

Walt fusses at every college function, but his calling list is so large that he can go a month without repeating; and this holds true even when he gets ahead of schedule by getting regrets from four girls for the same football game. His own estimate of himself is that he is a lady-killer and very popular. We venture to agree, for is he not a part of his machine? But go to! We must not be cynical. However, he has a Ford and thereby let him be known. You may pick him by his pose in any class picture: the red-haired one, the other is Brinton.



## HERBERT MENDENHALL LOWRY—"BERT" "HERBY"—

The first breath of college filled Herby, as his fair friends affectionately call him, with an exhilarating sense of freedom. He rose in his might and cast off his West-town shackles. Since then his course has been kaleidoscopic. We first see him flitting like a wood sprite to the station, his fair form draped in darkness.

But the exploit which brought him first into wide prominence was when a woman came at night on the grounds. She flirted disgracefully with every one, to the huge delight of the spectators, and finally almost killed Mark, who was in bed at the time. You've guessed it. Thus disclosed, his impersonating powers have been continually in demand,—so much so that the fair sex have accepted him as one of them, and the odor of pash pink papered epistles perpetually permeates his pockets. Bert is one of those who thinks that one's pursuits to be well done should be done singly, so he has had little time for athletics or studies. He attended practice in most branches of sport and went to classes, but he could not afford to keep training in the one or awake in the other. In spite of this, he could not be kept down and he has the unique reputation of having flunked Ec. V. The only characteristics he retains from West-town are his laugh and his future, and these he may be expected to retain forever. He is especially strong in English XIII, and when Dick asks in examination whether Landon would have cared for shredded wheat, or Macaulay would have preferred Julia Marlowe to Billie Burke, he answers politely adding for good measure, that Emerson would have liked caviar sandwiches and moving-picture shows.

His motto is framed over his dresser:

*"I'd be a butterfly born in a bower,  
Where roses and lilies and violets meet;  
Roving forever from flower to flower,  
And kissing all buds that are pretty and sweet."*



## HARMON MAIER

—“MIKE”—

1912's bequest from Earlham is an improvement upon 1911's Maier, so 'tis said, got 95 for a grade in Indiana, but here he contents himself with a high B. With the possible exception of Josh Baily, he admits he is the greatest genius in the class. His two-day rhapsody on architecture in English XIII proved this beyond any possibility of doubt and his cry of "It hurts!" entirely surrounded by laughs, has shown us all the sensitiveness of the artistic temperament. He does not claim to be human, but Dutch, for he has been seen eating ripe (nay, over-ripe) limburger with gusto.

Skating has also a great fascination for him. "I love," he says, "to fiddle with the fems, but even on the ice it is hard to say to just what type of girl I LEAN." He is rumored to be a high-jumper; time will show. But his ability as a cartoonist is the *pièce de resistance* of his character; we hate to think what the Year Book would have done without him. He can draw anything from Annie Laurie to a crowd and his chalk talks are still the topic of conversation at Coopertown, Preston, Joseph Sturge and Haverford Court. But the work which appears in this book is as naught compared to that which was turned down. One piece represented Fate with a Michael Angelo bodice offering the world to a budding college graduate. It was suppressed for fear it would undermine the morals of the institution. In searching for a model in the art product referred to, Mike was caught on an inspection tour

of the Tenderloin, ably chaperoned by Buck. He is the author of "The Closed Eye" and the perpetrator of the unconquered 1912 Wogglebug.

Motto: "Just Let Me Illustrate."



## ALBERT LAWRENCE MARSHBURN

—“MARSH”—

Though Marshburn has been raised mostly in California, the land of curiosities, he is a hybrid from half the States in the Union, with pink hair and a sandy complexion. Woe unto him who provokes Marshburn's patriotism, for he will immediately be flooded with tales of the West, outstripping even Brownlee's Kansas whoppers in grotesque conception. California, however, is not far enough west for this strange individual and he is looking forward to entering the missionary service in China. While here at college he always keeps strict training. He may be found in the gym or on the track "taking a little exercise" any afternoon in the week (he expects to graduate in a track suit), while a class of unruly colored children on Locust Street gives sufficient stimulus to his mental capacities. He never agrees with you on any subject you may mention and would argue (to the tune of *ipse dixit*) that the sun revolved about the moon, for the sake of exercising his debating powers. He is a marvellous fusser, having felt perfectly at ease at a dance where the girls outnumbered the boys 23 to 3. And, supreme achievement! Bill Hartshorne has annexed him to the Bryn Mawr Brigade. He has good judgment, strong convictions, and, take him all in all, is as fine a fellow as you could want for a friend, but he has a terrible streak of profanity about him which is demoralizing the third floor in Barclay. He has been known to say "look out" and "be careful."

*There's very little that disturbs  
His all serene urbanity;  
The greatest shock alone perturbs  
His soul to rank profanity.  
While all the demoiselles declare  
His crowning glory is his hair.*



## ROBERT EVERTS MILLER

—“BOB” “FUZZY”—

Despite a certain tendency toward avoirdupois which has been apparent since his youth, Bob's agility is much in evidence. Witness his leap for liberty from Bickel's classroom window and his wonderful feats of flying; the last time Swarthmore was defeated was when Fuzzy did it with his aeroplane.

And what a ladies' man he is! Fuzzy is one of our "suspected seven," though he does not give evidence of concentration. He maintains (even in the slack season) an average of five feminine notes daily. This extraordinary feat is explained in two ways,—First, Fuzzy has a theory: "There is no use talking nonsense to a girl just because she is a girl." He applies his principle, and—well, he gets results. The other reason is his hair, which, when once cut *à la penitentiary*, defied for six months brushes, tonics, weights, derbies, etc., and upright "showed like a stubble field at harvest home." The girls? Oh, yes, we forgot,—they enjoyed the sensation. Ever since, Bob has been Fuzzy, and so let him remain. It suits him well.

His portly form has so impressed the class that they have elected him Senior President (he is our "justice with fair, round belly!") and made him Business Manager of the CLASS RECORD. Too much cannot be said for his efficiency. It is mean work hunting ads.—we speak from the bitterness of experience—and we are only too glad to give honor where honor's due. However, the cares of state do occasionally hang heavy on his shoulders and he has won the class vote of being the biggest gloom (see Statistics).

*"For it's simple enough to be grouchy  
When nothing is going your way,  
But the prize old growl  
Is the man who can howl  
When everything's going O. K."*

But Fuz is most noted for his kinship with "E. I." and his personal edition of the Roman Classics with English translations.

## EDWIN IMBRIE MILLER

—“E. I.”—



“Bob’s cousin,” “Knee-High” Miller, arrived among us at the beginning of Junior year. He was admitted on suspicion to the South Barclay (top-floor) Club until the eats gave out; then the crowd decided that their suspicions were well-grounded. But little Offie stood by, for he was his roommate.

So far as we know, none of Ed’s family has ever played dingle-ball; but Ed took to P. A. as the proverbial duck to water. Soon he was in a position to meet successfully any attacks on his claim of hall-championship. But with it all E. I. did not allow his interests to become too narrow and he found time for bi-weekly visits to Bryn Mawr and various sallies upon the “Movies” of Market Street.

Latin III was interesting—as a study of human nature; and E. I. did much to help along the gaiety of these festive periods. In fact, his drawling whine, “But, Professor, I did study my lesson” (the Art editor has made an attempt to illustrate the sentence in musical notation); this whine, we say, was second, in amount of amusement afforded, only to Lowry’s snoring and Bert Baily’s meanderings with the Muses in the same classroom. To bear out his reputation as a classical student, in Senior year he elected Greek VI under Dr. Baker. Here he strove nobly to while away the three-hour sessions by discussions of his own interested queries; *e. g.*, “Did the Greek chorus really wear socks?” or, still more pointedly after a two-hour discussion as to the existence or the non-existence of a proscenium in the Greek theatre: “But, Professor, Honus and I don’t understand whether there was a stage or not.”

We are not ashamed of his *naïveté*; he came among us too late. His sense of humor was already ingrown. But let us console ourselves; perhaps we have saved him from a worse fate.

## CHARLES THOMPSON MOON

—“MARTY”—

We would like to give a full account of Moon, but lack space. He holds more records than any other man in the class: biggest bones, heaviest, champion eater, champion sleeper, champion fusser, champion worker, champion rough-houser. After a walk to Valley Forge in Freshman year he was unanimously elected peace-setter of the college. Brinton voted twice.



Toward the social world as toward everything else, Charlie's attitude is philosophical. Coming home from a pink tea he complains of violent hunger. "Didn't they feed you?" "Sure, but I can't take time to eat. I go to *learn something*." If you should see his six feet three and two hundred pounds balanced uneasily on the corner of a chair gingerly nursing a cup of tea in one hand and wiping the perspiration from his face with the other, trying to appear at ease while a sweet little thing of sixteen looks at him with adoring eyes and says, "Oh, Mr. Moon, I just dote on football. I know you must be a star. Do tell me all about it." If you should see all this you would understand why there is one situation in which Marty can't find time to eat. But ask him about it. "I have a nice time at the tea?" "Oh, say! fellows, there was a little peach there." Then quickly, lest he be caught in a sentimentality: "I'll have to read up on Royce—you've got to go some to keep up to her. She's got *ideas*." Ideas? No, Charlie, it was *eyes*.

Moon has acquired a local fame as a chauffeur since that memorable day when he piloted Walt's little boat, loaded down to the gunwales, and wrecked it on the first starboard tack. We wish we could publish Wetzel's lyric,

*"Listen, my children, I'll tell you soon  
Of the midnight ride of Marty Moon."*

There is also good authority for the belief that he was one of the clandestine party which made use of the baggage auto for a joy-ride on one Halloween night.

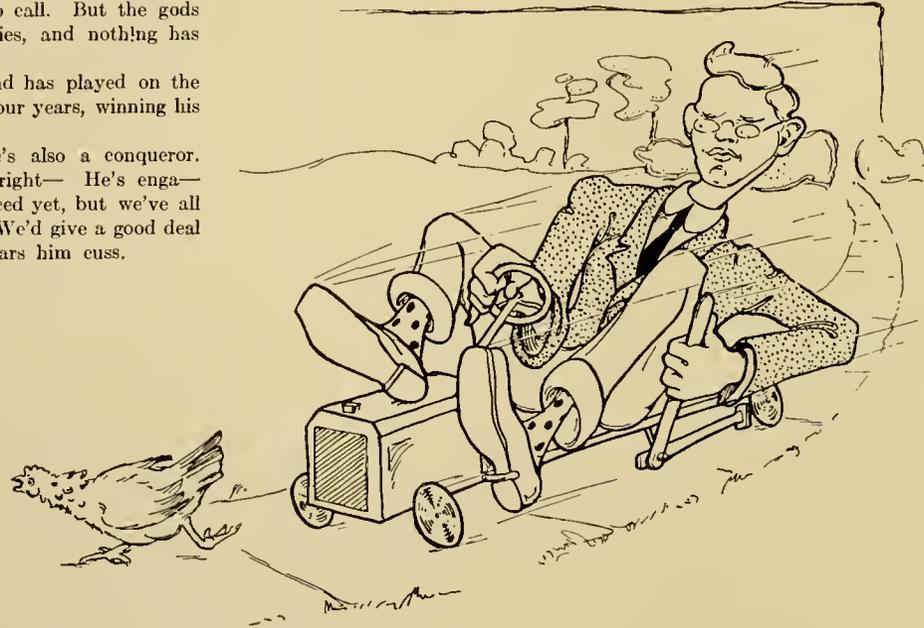
But it is as a rough-houser that we know him best. Who can ever forget the times he kept the whole corridor at bay with two Indian clubs and a curtain-pole? Or the time he hurled the scrap barrel down stairs at Josh Cope? Or the time when Durgin just managed to prevent him from throwing an upperclassman over the banister in Center Barelly, third floor? But that

is all over. Charlie has been Y. M. C. A. president for a year and is almost tamed. The good old times have gone. Will they return?

Skis is the mouth-piece of the class, when the class is mad, sore or merely aggrieved. It is soothing to outraged feelings to hear him call It, and Its ancestors and relatives by marriage, more bad names than are included in the slang dictionary. Mark never got over the shock of meeting Skis. His ears were thoroughly scorched before he could get out of range. Like Red Saunders, he can cuss for ten minutes straight with one breath and without repeating himself once. And all the time his vocabulary is becoming most picturesque, yes, and less vulgar. Skis also owns a devil wagon, one of Walt's Fords. Much of the hair of the class has faded several shades through driving with Skis. One always winds up one's affairs before taking such a chance and one's friends have the phone number of the hospital ready to call. But the gods are good to insurance companies, and nothing has happened yet.

Skis is quite an athlete and has played on the Wogglebug football team for four years, winning his "W" twice.

Among the gentle sex he's also a conqueror. Sh!—In your ear—yes! that's right— He's enga— Not so loud! It's not announced yet, but we've all suspected it for several years. We'd give a good deal to be around when she first hears him cuss.





## DAVID COLDEN MURRAY

—“BILL” “COLD”—

In *The Dark Lady of the Sonnets*, Bill Murray as Shakespeare said, “We are poor things, we men and women;” but he doesn’t think so in real life. Has he not shown his faith by planning to take “a few drops of matrimonium” as soon as possible after graduation? For

*He was the first that ever durst  
Tell the class of his engagement.*

Not that practically everybody wasn’t well aware of the fact before its announcement, but it seemed to give Bill pleasure to tell us how little hope there was and it was not until the fall of 1911 that he openly pleaded guilty. It was a trip abroad that was his undoing. But many a man far less susceptible than Bill has yielded to the combination of a girl and moonlight on the water. Since then the college has seen him at snatched intervals between phone calls and catching trains. He has had the same seat reserved for him on the 12.15 nightly, and the P. R. R. sells him hundred-trip tickets at wholesale rates.

His promptness has been equally noticeable in other activities. He can write in twenty minutes something better than anyone else can do in a similar length of time. His versatility is remarkable, enabling him to dash off with equal ease a grad. thesis on Dumas, a Year Book personal, or

*“An ode of pleasure or of passion,  
In Ella Wheeler Wilcox fashion.”*

Cold is distinctly an exotic from the Four Hundred of Chappaqua. The aroma of exclusiveness still clings to him, much to the annoyance of his acquaintances, the amusement of his friends and the pride of Bill himself.

Hollie was early dubbed "Grind Parker" by the *Socialistic Journal* and, through the abortive appearance of his sense of humor has now and then shaken our faith in the appellation, he is still our nearest approximation to this ultimate. His time from midnight to midnight is carefully planned and a schedule is posted above his desk to remind him ever to "work, for the night" (or morning, as the case may be) "is coming." System is his secret. Everything he does is done in an orderly manner everything from the disposition of the pins in his pin-cushion to the disposition of the periodic "sweet potato pie." This latter is one of the fixtures of Centre Barelay. The moment Hollie's laundry appears from Baltimore, his friends drift around, inadvertently, of course, and then the feast begins.



Of course, Hollie goes to meeting regularly; but of his religion, we are not sure. He is said to have been found at various times making his obeisances to the Barelay Hall cockroach and the multiplicity of idols that decorate his room. But this is easily explicable when we realize that the said cockroach is perhaps the most industrious and thrifty creature on the premises; and the gilded idols may supply the place of the things he has no time to think of. Would that more of us could be thus satisfied!

But Hollie's accomplishments are manifold. Football, soccer, track and Glee Club are all part of his life, not to speak of his position as First Assistant Ornithologist of our community. Where Hollie will end we cannot prophesy, but he will always be satisfactory.



## IRVIN CORSON POLEY

—“IRV”—

Poley is Poley! Ah me, gentles, in that sentence lies a contradiction. None of us will ever understand how that big, innocent, wide-eyed, clumsy boy wrought so subtly in our midst. Starting from the Merion “Council of Knoeks,” Freshman year, Irv’s cycle of influence gradually grew broader till it came to include even our greatest gloom. His artistic power (first manifested one stormy night at the *Standard*) won him a part in the *Patient Philosopher*; and time soon found him high in the councils of the Cap and Bells. In the meantime he had become dramatic mentor of the College, the only appreciative listener in Latin III, and an aspiring trusty of the “Cerele.” Furthermore he returned to the rank of “Corporation” scholar. (Perhaps there was an inspiration: witness his constant allusion to the *Vassar Miscellany* in the Haverfordian Exchange Department.)

In other words, Irv has been walking steadily toward the front. Walking is a very apt term to apply here, since that is one of the best things that Irvin does. His daily progress across the green from Merion is well worth a study. “See those shoulders heaving in the air! It’s a bear!” Lost in thought, he wanders from one side of the road to the other with bucolic unconcern.

When reminded of the night of the never-to-be-forgotten seance, all Irv can say is: “Aw, come on now, fellers.” His lightning calculation of how much it would take to keep Buck in a sanitarium, together with emotions undergone on a certain sleigh-ride with Josh, Senior year, almost gave him nervous prostration. But this only goes to show the interest he takes in his fellow creatures. Irv is always interested. He was even considering, at one time, saving coupons to go on Durham’s trip, of which Elf was the College representative.

But his interest is really centered in the Romance Language Department, of which he is the chief adviser. “Oh! Irving, have you my ‘Bourgeois,’” or, “Irving, did you get anything out of that this morning?” And to all of this he must reply politely because it means a consistent “A.” But let us hark back to where we started. We said that Irv was a contradiction; he really is not. He is a single person, whole-hearted, tried, able.



## JOHN DAUB RENNINGER

—“RENNIE”—

Rennie is a late-comer, formerly of the Class of 1911. He is rather quiet in manner—has little to say, but whether this is a sign of weighty thought or none at all, we do not know. We surmise the first, as he can at times raise quite a little perdition to the cubic centimeter.

His greatest fault was his matrimonial relation with Henry of blessed memory. Many a time when Hen was absent on an excursion of rough-house, Rennie complacently threw his bed out of the window and when Henry returned simply explained, “Some one must have done it,—it sure was a dirty trick.”

John has always shown a great tendency toward Bolles' courses, in which he has reaped a rich harvest of A's by answering to all questions, “Yes, that's right.” One thing more,—John is the only man in college who knows the registrar well enough to call him Oscar to his face.

It speaks well for him that we like him, because he has an exasperating habit of finishing his reports, essays, theses, etc., two weeks before they are due. His spare time he gives to the Great National Indoor Game. But perhaps we had better not let this out; it might interfere with his reputation as a pedagogue next year.



## KENNETH ANDREW RHOAD —“KENT” “DUSTY”—

Kent Rhoad is the best-liked man at college, for at each minute of the day he can be seen with his arm about a different son of our Alma Mater. With his ready smile before you, with his arm about your waist, with his cheerful blarney in your ear, do you wonder we succumb? He is another of our fussing tribe. Once he went calling on a lady and was overtaken by a heavy rain. The lady asked him to stay all night and went up to prepare the guest room. On returning, she found Kent dripping wet, but still smiling. In explanation he said, “I just went home for my pajamas.” This is but rumor, however. He is a famous *raconteur* and wherever he goes he is called upon for his story of the planets.

His continual affability, next to his ability to put through work, is, however, his most characteristic asset. We each feel that something is lacking in the day's routine if Kent does not greet us with “Hello, old man, how's the family? That's good. Got any tobacco? Got a paper? How about a match?” But his sincerity is unquestioned and is effective in winning him friends only because of the genuine good will behind it. However, it works out politically as a substitute for the proverbial cigar. The result is that he is in a class with Murray,—and Bryan—for Dusty, like the first mentioned Bill, has run for every class presidential election since we first entered college.



## LEONARD CHASE RITTS

—"LEM" "POP"—

Now that Biedenbach has trod the broad and flowery, Lem is our unique citizen from Butler, a town where the streets are so hilly that you never have to crank, where they hold horse races on the main street every Sunday and where (whisper it!) they publish the *Butler Eagle*. Is it any wonder that Pop has gained distinction?

Lem has cricketed, Lem has tennised, and Lem has *run* the football department. Somehow, at the end of the season, the books showed a surplus, and Pop was given an "H." This would seem to indicate a profound seriousness of character, but those who have seen him at Woodside leading Lloyd into temptation, would hotly deny the allegation and defy the alligator. They say that when he hits Butler, the police department is at once enlarged and Chautauqua tells us strange tales of an auto ride and of his attendance at a single performance of *The Soul Kiss*.

He has made many friends at Haverford; among others, "John," who sells him bananas by the dozen and jujubes by the gross. Among other things that show Lem's individuality is his habit of walking every evening, At 9.45 P. M. Pop rises promptly from his work, goes to Harbaugh's (no charge for the ad.) and guzzles a soda. Then he sighs, rises, purchases a box of Cuticura and departs. His night-walking and his cannon were the most striking things about him Freshman year; and the latter helped him to acquire his name. For he has been called "Pop" from this cannon which erstwhile belched forth its heavy charges of shot, shell, nails, candles, screws, junk, etc., in a noble effort to perforate the partition between south and center. The cannon has ceased to roar, but Lem continues to recall the old days by his booming "We-l-l fel-l-ers!" "Oh-h—ye-e-s-s!" and "Wahl, boys, what's up?" Lem should have been a Westerner, and we adapt Horace Greeley's advice: "Go West, young man, and blow up with the land!"



## WILLIAM HOOTEN ROBERTS, Jr.

—“BILL”—

Bill is best known for his flyer. After riding with him down Grey's Lane, skipping here and there around trees and bushes, under horses' feet and attendant carriages and sometimes getting as far as the foot of the hill,—once the first trip is taken, riding with Skis and Walt seems like participation in a baby carriage parade.

Wild Bill is ever ready to uphold his name whether in rough-house or vandalism, but an appeal to his higher nature will always bring that serious brooding expression which has enabled him to achieve the class presidency and the Senior Beauty Contest. (See Statistics.) No one knows whether in these moments of sublimity, he is really thinking or playing for effect. Nevertheless the result is Apolloesque.

Bill would have made a great athlete, but for Jimmy Babbitt, who declared him unsound. Any one who has seen him in action will tell you that this statement is groundless. The only substantiation is a suspicion of heart trouble; see his hundred-trip ticket!

Ask a member of the class and he would say that Bill is conservative. Ask the man from Scribners' and he will merely show you a bill for two sets of books. Cash paid \$5. Cash due \$3 per mensem for eleven years and eight months. Oh, yes, he's quite a reader, but we all think that after this he'll try a library.

## THOMAS EMLEN SHIPLEY

—“TOM” “EMS”—

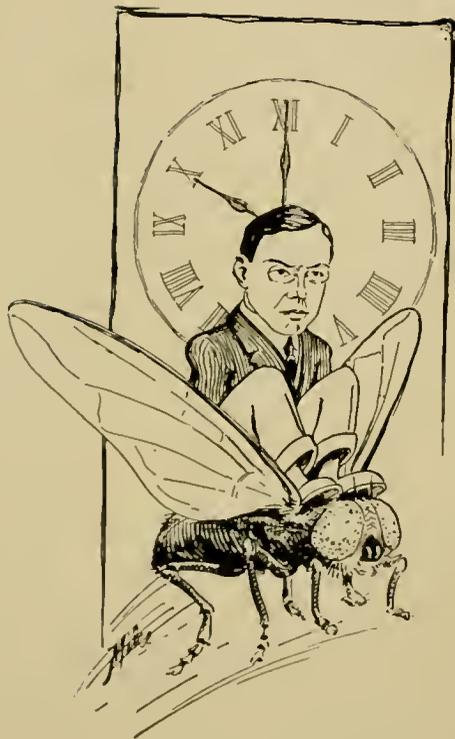
“And Shipley is Shipley.” But we did not know Tom then nor did he know himself. None of us will forget how he deuted the ceiling of his room with his head on a snowy night in December. Sophomore year “Ems” won the chess tournament, became addicted to silk neckties and acquired a leaning toward the Sock and Buskin.

As a Junior, the evolution proceeded still more rapidly. Indeed, the development was such a strain on his health that he was ordered to Bermuda for his spring vacation. He returned with a plentiful supply of Havanas (for his friends) and such a fondness for travel that weekly visits to Germantown no longer satisfied. To supply this deficiency, he included Wayne in his periodic itinerary. This is a little vague, but Tom understands. His career as a Junior ended abruptly with the near-class day exercises; he received the spoon from a no less capable judge than himself.

Under the tutelage of Elf, Tom has established a reputation for himself as a master of repartee and he claims the honor of originating such retorts courteous as “Be still,” “Aw, shut up” and “Go home, little one,” and such disarming sallies as “Is that a heart?” On the basis of this reputation for subtlety, Tom was elected Toastmaster of our Banquet and has been designated the Elder on account of his bearing on that and other equally religious occasions.

Any write-up of Ems would be incomplete without telling of his philosophy. In it he is dogmatic and even Rufus can not dislodge him. This is his maxim: “Get an egg and milk, eat, sleep and be merry—and then take a shower.” Could anything be more rounded, more ideal, more complete?





## FRANCIS GEROW SMILEY

—“DOC”—

1912 is seldom boastful, but we are proud of Doc. And just to show that it isn't safe to judge by appearances, we may say he has the breast of a chicken; but underneath there is the heart of a man. Besides, Doc is awfully good-natured. Some say it is because he sleeps so much; for he goes to bed every night at 10 o'clock whether he is interrupting his own meditations over an abstruse problem at Math, or a little feed with the boys. (Those crates of oranges that come to Doc every year are always an event!) And even on his of late not infrequent flyers at fussing, he gets uneasy by 9.30 and if, on account of trains, he cannot leave before 10, he has been known to fall asleep in his chair. We could get no proof of this, however.

In fact, the only thing that will keep Doc up late is an impromptu debate. Once he gets an idea, it becomes ingrown. "Insistency! thou art a mule!" He can talk on all subjects ranging from *Why Girls Go Wrong* to *The Plantesimal Theory of the Stellar World*. On two memorable occasions Doc was actually known to argue till 12.30 and had to go to bed early for three weeks to catch up. But the big thing about him is principle. He always votes against his friends in class elections just to be certain that later he'll have no qualms about having been partial. Infirmary and soccer are his pet stands; he approves of neither.

The last two years Doc has devoted much of his time to the study of that dire enemy of civilization, the house-fly, or *Musca Domestica*, as we must call it in Doc's presence. He went all the way to Washington to hear a twenty-minute address on the subject. When he leaves college he plans to make flies at Lake Mohonk scarcer than hen's molars, and he will have for an ad.:

"There ain't no flies on it."



LOOK out for the furniture—here comes Lloyd! One of the china-shop-bull type whose antediluvian sense of humor prompts him to unseemly action in other fellows' rooms. In this Stone Age streak manifests itself all through his very popular and comprehensive weekly addresses, the effect of which is enhanced by his easy stage-presence and graceful gestures. For those who have never seen Lloyd ascend the platform and deliver himself of one of his creations we feel they owe it to themselves to come. For the blasé person it is indeed a novelty, for the student it is a revelation, for the neophyte it is something weird and for those of us who have been to every class and heard him speak every time in a different vein—well, "the films are changed weekly." His gestures remind one of a cross between the acting of Anna Held and the foot-work of Unk Russell, the Gray's Ferry bantam weight. Can you beat it?

*There he goes, there he goes, all primed up for his Monday fling  
And nobody knows, nobody knows, whether he'll gambol, whistle or sing.*

Among the ladies he has a certain *je-ne-sais-quoi* which always takes. His impetuosity, which is such a factor in his social success, has frequently been shown. Be sure and hear his nervous rhapsody, "De-da-li-li" (sung), followed by three whistles. We wanted to describe it as musically nervous or nervously musical, but Bill Lewis insists so hard that it isn't musical that we omit the word. Bill Cloud, late of 1911, was a witness of this strain of vivacity in Lloyd's nature and he probably remembers the furious vision in white which arose from a Freshman bed, "smeared" him one in the eye and disappeared, banshee-like, through a pane of glass.

He has an ingenious method of argumentation, be he in conversation, or addressing a Y. M. C. A. gathering, which always ends up in the convincing words, "Well, I don't know; but isn't that right?" (Even if he *has* skipped twenty steps in his reasoning!) He has enthusiastic convictions and, what is better, the courage of them. He has taken a very active interest in Y. M. C. A. and missionary work. Rumor has it that some day we shall raise money for the Smith Fund as now for the Simkin Fund. We wonder if the heathen will succeed in following Lloyd's logic any better than we have.

"A thing of duty is a bore forever." This does not apply to Buck *in toto*, as one Baltimorean is so fond of saying, but to the moustache. For Buck will not stop for anything even so important as a hand at five hundred, until he has seen that his moustache is lying smooth and his little woolly top-knot is in perfect condition. Woolly has been incorporated as an epithet into Buck's name,—Woolly Buck. Ay, Woolly is the word, to paraphrase Buck's own composition on Poe. For have you not heard that famous excerpt: "Poe is a genius, yes,—but a hellish genius! Ay, hellish is the word!" No, it is true that

*"We cannot reach within a mile  
Of his sublime, suburban style."*

Buck fairly bristles with personality and for that reason the editors of the YEAR BOOK almost fought for the opportunity of writing him up. Technically speaking, he is a prize package and my pen fairly scratches with nervousness at the responsibility. Ask Buck some time about the games of strip poker, Sophomore year. By fair means or foul, Buck was always a loser and each night found him shivering during the last few hands of the evening. Before long Buck began to have "susplections" at the continuance of the miraculous hands held by his companions. Young Elf, in the most injured way, asked Buck if he believed he personally had played unfairly and Buck assured him no. Then, having already thrown two aces on Buck's chair, Elf rose in high dudgeon and accused Buck of cheating. It was a brilliant stroke, worthy of its creator! But it ended strip poker for a time in Merion Annex.

The hypnotic fit thrown by Buck, Sophomore year, was his supreme achievement and Buck moved in the collegiate limelight for the proverbial nine days. But the story of that evening has been recounted elsewhere in the book. Suffice it to say, David Belaseo never staged an affair more realistically than Clyde Durgin, and David Warfield never carried out an idea with more perfection than did our friend from Chepachet. It was, indeed, a hellish genius,—at least, the boys that were taken in thought so. But all honor to Buck!





## HENRY MALCOLM THOMAS, Jr.

—“HAL”—

Henry is a long-legged, gawky, red-haired gentleman from Baltimore. He is the founder of the “Rounders’ Club,” of which Herb Lowry is the vice-president. The Club was formed for the purpose of fussing a certain crowd of girls. Each member has his turn with each girl and, at stated intervals, moves on to the next around the circle, thus providing for themselves both variety, amusement and entertainment. All is arranged peacefully and without jealousy. In order to perpetuate the club, the girls have elected certain Freshmen members, and it is feared that the present officers will be forced to retire.

In college circles, Hal is our little ray of sunshine. He is always bright and cheerful and ready to dance. His ability in the terpsichorean line is perhaps his greatest accomplishment and includes the buck and wing, Jack O’ Lantern (Yama Yama) and the Orgies of Love. He is also the famous author of the distinction between “going out” and “going away.” Perhaps it is not an obvious one. The latter implies that his bed will be empty (of Hal) for one night at least. Hal rooms under Jim and Bill, and they have given him inspiration for a poem which we feel constrained to publish verbatim:

*“If the man that lives up stairs,  
In the room just over head,  
Plunk-a-plunks on a guitar  
When you want to go to bed;  
If his room-mate has a mandolin  
Which is mostly out of tune  
And he’s always serenading  
An imaginary moon;  
Can you blame me for ejaculating,  
Every now and then,  
And letting slip a cuss word  
At that goll-darn mandolin.”*



## EDWARD WALLERSTEIN

—“WALLIE”—

In Freshman year Wallie distinguished himself as one of the tribe of Gum and as Business Manager of the *Socialist Journal*. There are two Wallies; one you see when you are alone with him; the other, in a crowd. Wallie 1 is one of our best. Wallie 2 is somewhat too much aware of what Wallie is doing. He is a frequenter of the theater, front row and side door, but only as devotee of the milky way or, as Emerson has it, he “hitches his wagon to a star.” When Frances Starr, Carrol McComus, or Billie Burke is in town, Wallie booms Ryan’s business. His record is five front rows in one week.

At college he is in for all kinds of athletics, overcoming his small size by his nerve and daring. He has played on the first football and soccer teams and is captain of the gym team. He expects to make a bid for the cricket team this spring. But unfortunately he is his own advertising manager. He is also a walking encyclopedia of modern times and people, always right. Wallie is all right till you disagree—then words cannot convey his true opinion of you.



JUNIOR CLASS

## Junior Class

BAKER, PAUL GAY

BEATTY, JOSEPH MOORHEAD, JR.

CROSMAN, CHARLES HENRY

CROWDER, WILLIAM SAMUEL

CURTIS, FREDERICK AUGUSTUS

DIAMENT, FRANCIS HARRAR

FROELICHER, FRANCIS MITCHELL

GIFFORD, PHILIP COLLINS

GODDARD, ARTHUR HERBERT

HALL, NORRIS FOLGER

HARE, WILLIAM YARNALL

HIRS, CHARLES ELMER, JR.

HOWSON, RICHARD

LONGSTRETH, WILLIAM CHURCH

LUDLAM, JESSE DIVERTY

MAULE, EDMUND RICHARDSON

MEADER, STEPHEN WARREN

MONTGOMERY, GEORGE

NICHOLSON, HERBERT VICTOR

PORTER, OLIVER MOORE

TATNALL, JOSEPH

TAYLOR, NORMAN HENRY

THOMAS, LESTER RALSTON

VAN SICKLE, JOHN VALENTINE

WEBB, WILLIAM

YOUNG, CHARLES OTIS



SOPHOMORE CLASS

## Sophomore Class

BELL, HENRY ERNEST  
BENTLEY, JULES SILVANUS  
BOWERMAN, WALTER GREGORY  
CLARKE, STEWART PATTERSON  
DOWNING, GEORGE VALENTINE  
EDGERTON, CHARLES WILLIS  
ELKINTON, ALFRED WALTON  
ELKINTON, HOWARD WEST  
ELKINTON, THOMAS WILLIAM  
FERGUSON, JOSEPH COOPER, 3D  
FERRIS, MALCOLM  
GARRIGUES, JOHN KITERA  
GATES, MORRIS WHITE  
GEISINGER, WILLIAM SHELLY  
GREEN, JESSE PAUL  
HEYM, GERHARD CARL  
JONES, EDWARD MORRIS  
LEWIS, BENJAMIN JONES  
LIPPMAN, LEONARD BLACKLEDGE  
LOCKE, ROBERT ALLISON

McFARLAN, ROY  
McKINLEY, ROWLAND PAUL  
MILLER, HAROLD SCHAEFFER  
MOORE, PERCY WARREN  
OFFERMANN, HARRY  
PATTESON, WILLIAM SHEPPARD  
PHILIPS, ROWLAND STANTON  
RICE, EDWARD, JR.  
ROGERS, ROBERT GROVES  
RUSSELL, CHARLES  
SANGREE, PAUL HUDSON  
SECKEL, H. WETHERILL  
SMITH, ROBERT CHAPMAN  
STOKES, FRANCIS COLLINS  
STOKES, SAMUEL EMLÉN  
STOUT, JOHN AMOS  
TAYLOR, HERBERT WILLIAM  
THOMAS, LEONARD VAN HOESEN  
WAPLES, DOUGLAS  
WHITTALL, WILLIAM HENRY BACON

WILLIAMS, CHARLES RHODS



FRESHMAN CLASS

# Freshman Class

ALLEN, PERCIVAL ROY  
BARKER, ALBERT WINSLOW  
BLISS, ADDISON LEECH  
BOWMAN, EDGAR MILTON  
BRINTON, WALTER CARROLL  
CAREY, GALLOWAY CHESTON  
COLEMAN, NELSON BADER  
CROSMAN, EDWARD NEWTON, JR.  
CROSMAN, LORING PICKERING  
DODGE, KARL  
DUNN, EMMETT REID  
EGOLF, PAUL HEWLETT  
ELLISON, JAMES SPRAGUE, JR.  
FALCONER, CYRUS  
FARR, EDWARD LINCOLN, JR.  
GARRETT, HIBBARD  
GUMMERE, JOHN WESTCOTT  
HALLETT, GEORGE HERVEY, JR.  
HELVESTON, HAROLD WILLIAM  
HENDRICKS, PAUL CRAIG  
HILL, GERALD FORD  
HOOPES, THOMAS, JR.

HOWSON, HUBERT ABBE  
KLING, EDWARD WILLIAM  
LELAND, WILLIAM HENRY  
LEVIS, EDWARD MEGARGE  
LOCKE, LE ROY DYER  
MCNEILL, JOSEPH  
MINOT, FRANCIS  
MOORE, EDWIN LAWTON, JR.  
MORLEY, FELIX MUSKETT  
NEWELL, CARL LEISTER  
NITOBÉ, YOSHIO  
PHARO, EUGENE MORRIS  
SHAFFER, ELMER  
TANG, MAN HOI  
THEIS, GROVER CLEVELAND  
TURNER, CHARLES BRINKLEY  
VAN HOLLEN, DONALD BEAUCHAMP  
VOTAW, ERNEST NICHOLSON  
WAGNER, SAMUEL, JR.  
WATSON, EDGAR JORDAN  
WEIKEL, MALCOLM HUSTED  
WHIPPLE, PAUL KIMBALL



THE FACULTY

# The Faculty

## *President*

ISAAC SHARPLESS, SC.D., LL.D., L.H.D.

ALLEN CLAPP THOMAS, A.M.

LYMAN BEECHER HALL, PH.D.

FRANCIS BARTON GUMMERE, PH.D., LL.D., LITT.D.

HENRY SHERRING PRATT, PH.D.

JAMES ADDISON BABBITT, A.M., M.D.

RUFUS MATTHEW JONES, A.M., LITT.D.

OSCAR MARSHALL CHASE, S.M.

ALBERT SIDNEY BOLLES, PH.D., LL.D.

DON CARLOS BARRETT, PH.D.

ALBERT ELMER HANCOCK, PH.D.

LEGH WILBUR REID, PH.D.

WILLIAM WILSON BAKER, PH.D.

FREDERIC PALMER, JR., A.M.

LEON HAWLEY RITTENHOUSE, M.E.

RICHARD MOTT GUMMERE, PH.D.

THOMAS KITE BROWN, JR., A.M.

ALEXANDER GUY HOLBORN SPIERS, PH.D.

RAYNER WICKERSHAM KELSEY, PH.D.

CLARENCE ELNATHAN NORRIS, A.M.

ALBERT HARRIS WILSON, PH.D.

HENRY JOEL CADBURY, A.M.

ALFRED LORANUS ATWOOD, A.B.

JOSEPH EUGENE ROWE, PH.D.

WILLIAM HENRY COLLINS, A.M.

JOSEPH HAINES PRICE, A.B.





# FOOT BALL

FOOTBALL has always been our forte. Ever since Freshman year when so many of our number helped out the Varsity in tight places and when, oh wonderful day! Dusty Rhoad plunged, crawled and was carried over the goal-line to victory over the Sophs; ever since then we have been foremost in these gladiatorial contests. In Sophomore year we failed to score on the Freshmen, the rain and the darkness. Why, it was so dark that you had to listen for the ball. However, we upheld the Varsity with Marty, Art Brownlee, and Bill and held down the bench with a dozen others. In Junior year we had four, sometimes five men in the line and at least two in the back field. Smiley, Waller and Moon won their "H's." As to the bench, it was fairly littered with '12's. And this year, ah, glorious epoch! But let us have a fresh paragraph.

This year we had Jack Guiney to coach. What a difference! Of the eleven "H's," our class won six: Moon, Brownlee, Farquhar, Murray, Waller-



stein and Cope. The early part of Marty's football career we all felt as though he had not yet learned the knack of making his weight and head count at their full value, but Junior year he began to show his possibilities and Senior year he loomed up big, both as a hole-maker and a hole-blocker. Art Brownlee has been a consistently good player the greater part of four seasons. He fell off for a while Junior year, but he came to his own before the end of the 1911 season. Waller substituted nerve, speed, and headwork for weight. Josh was an unexpected find at center and we thank our lucky stars for sending us Farquhar from Wilmington College, Ohio. Murray, as a player, starred especially in receiving forward passes, and as a captain he was everything that is desirable. We can still hear his patient protest: "But, Mr. Referee, that wasn't——" and, nowadays, when there is so much bickering to be done with officials, his ability to hold his own in an argument was a great advantage. Thomas, Poley and Lowry played in part of nearly every game and they just missed out on the "H" question. All three now proudly claim charter membership in the Also Ran Club. Elsewhere in the book we have referred to Dem's conspicuously successful career as a football manager. And so we feel that 1912 deserves credit to a not inconsiderable extent for a successful season. And that was what it was. For this year we won more games than usual, scored more points than our opponents, *and* more points than had been made in the past three years AND scored on Trinity. Of course we are satisfied with ourselves. Why not?



GROUP OF SENIORS ON SQUAD



# SOCCER

I N Freshman year our class soccer amounted to a defeat at the hands of 1911 (a disgrace we have always keenly felt) and the contribution of Lloyd to the first team.

But when Sophomore year came round we beat the Freshmen and then tied the Seniors, 0-0. In the play-off, Josh Cope came to the front and ever since we have relied on his strength and nimbleness to sustain our forward line. He shot our only goal (he enjoyed a monopoly until

he got his game leg) and 1910 immediately set up an infantile howl about "off side." But George Bennett never did give a penalty unless he happened to be looking, and the score was allowed. We insist, however, that the goal *was* fair. Josh was *not* off sides. 1910 braced up and soon were awarded a penalty kick (George was looking); Gheen kicked the ball, but it didn't go through and the championship was ours.

We had two men on the first that year: Smith at right half and Baily at goal.

In Junior year we steeled ourselves in a vain attempt to wipe out the defeat in Freshman year, but Henry Ferris proved our Waterloo by shooting a goal from forty yards away. (This was worse than before, though it did far more than Rufus' Bib. Lit. I to strengthen our belief in miracles.)

On the Varsity Smith and Murray were given H's, while Moon developed into a "tower of strength" and floundered nobly in the mud.

Three new stars loomed on the horizon Junior year. Les Ferris, Bob Miller and Doug Falconer sweated their way into the second team, thereby inspiring the first to win the Intercollegiate Champion-

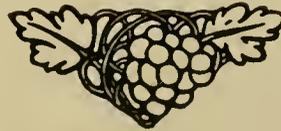




ship. Bob captained our class team that year. Also Honus Froelicher instituted our one and only glorious Wogglebug team that season, but they lost their only game to the Sophomores, who scored a touchdown. After the game it was discovered that 1913 had played fourteen men in the second half. How true it is that Wogglebug represents sport for sport's sake.

Senior year came around. Doug reported for practice on September 30th and played faithfully, sometimes on the first, sometimes on the second, and was finally given the honorary position of first sub. We won the class championship again without any flukes. We defeated the Sophomores once in six inches of water and once against a thirty-mile wind.

Smith captained the Varsity, Shipley managed it, Huish coached it, and Wallerstein cussed it. Wallerstein and Baily were both on the team, while Moon and Falconer were on the side lines (dressed, not fussing—at least, not always). We beat Penn, Columbia, and Cornell, lost to Yale (Gay slipped it to us), and Harvard roamed through us to the tune of four to nothing. Baily was awarded an "H" and we turned our dejected thoughts to cricket and track.







# GYMNASIUM

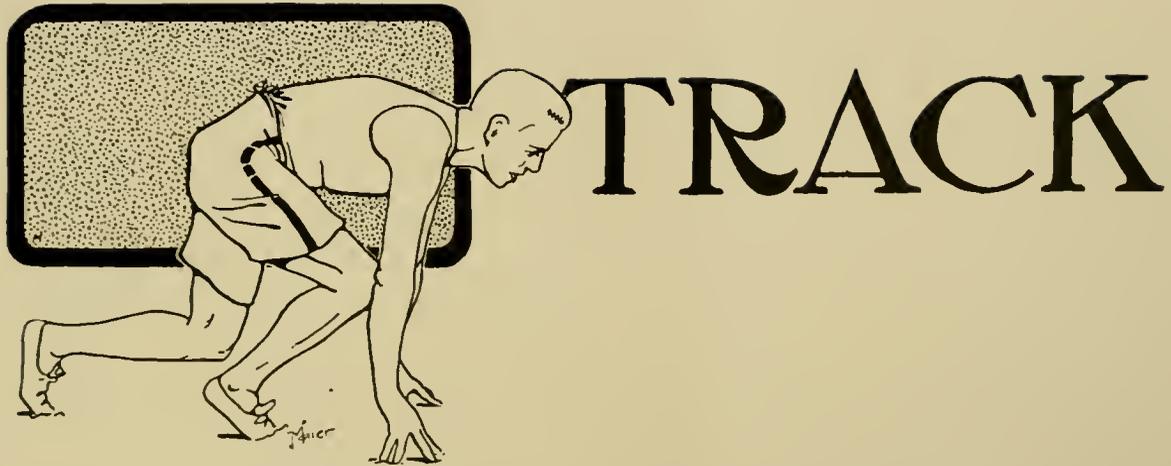
WE won the Class Gym Meet as Seniors after four years of hard, gruelling work. Bill Roberts got his insignia for tumbling in Freshman year while as Sophomores Wallerstein and Baily were awarded initials. In Senior year Steere was added to the list and Wallerstein was given an "H." How simple it sounds! And how much work behind it! Buek won the novice horse in Freshman year and from then on, night after night, like Bellerophon of old, he strove to master the bipedal Pegasus. Many a time and oft was he thrown, to rise smiling and unconquered, and at last he won his event against Lehigh.

But our greatest achievement has been the development of the "Shrimp." We can remember him pathetically dangling from the bar in a vain effort to bend his elbows in Dr. Babbitt's first gym exam. (Oh! fond memories.) But la! How things do change! For Lance made the gym his home and worked on all the apparatus in sight. From October till April he has never gotten into supper till the dessert (such as it was) was served. But his work bore fruit. It was through him we at last won the Inter-

class, for he took first place in all four novice apparatus events. Roberts worked faithfully Sophomore year till he strained his heart. Baily kept South Barclay awake at nights dropping clubs in the hall and finally managed to win half a point in the Intercollegiates. Wally worked hard on the bar and mats and was rewarded with the captaincy, with Baily as manager. (The combination worked better than we had thought.) Last season was a success. We beat Lehigh, lost narrowly to Penn and held the Intercollegiates in our gym.

But we cannot close without a word about Elfreth's zouave brigade, which ran away with the Round Up Cup. (We took part in two Round Ups. In the other, in which three places were awarded, we took an "honorable mention.") The drilling was good and the hat drill sent even Uncle Allen into convulsions.





**I**T was evident from the start that our class was booked for a great track record. On the first night, Lloyd, our boy wonder, jumped out of the window on the average of four times per minute, a record that has never been equaled. In fact, the whole class showed exceptional track ability. At the end of the evening all but ten of us had out-distanced the Sophomores. It was unfortunate, however, that most of our speed should be confined to the unconventional. Our feet would never fit comfortably in track shoes, and while many of the promising young "phenoms" were fast, their speed was confined to the city and the cinder-track knew them not. In the meets we had Fale, Doug and Falconer who could all be counted on for points. There were occasionally others, if the competition were eliminated. Red Beebe professed to be quite a high jumper, but could never get more than his imagination over the bar. All this was in our early stages. The modesty, which is inherent in our class, prevented many of the real ones from coming into the lime-light. Let us draw a veil over the apprentice years and recount our latter-day triumphs.

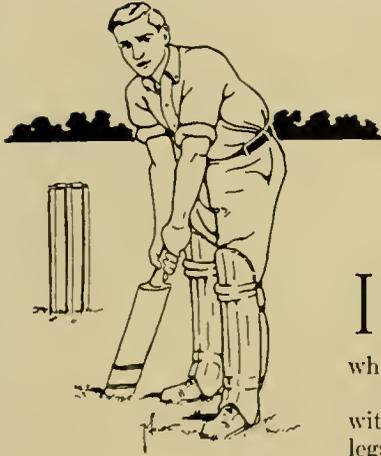


A moment, please. If you examine closely, you can see, through the veil, our valiant relay teams speeding to victory and honor in Sophomore and Junior years. But, ah! See there are two long legs striding round and round the track, never tiring. No kangaroo skin could contain those feet or 1912-ite mistake them. It is Bowse doing the two-mile. (Look out! By Godfrey, as Durg would say, that hammer almost killed you. Marty is breaking the record.) Yes, that was a fine race! But see, who comes here? Why, it's Honus, he's finishing the two-mile, too!

Now we have, they tell us, new prodigies from the wild and woolly; but alas! we may not, before this book goes to press, see Mike Maier jump or Farquhar sprint. 'Tis a pity, for we might have wondrous tales to recount.







# CRICKET

**I**N all the history of Haverford, but two classes won the class championship in Freshman year: 1895 and 1912. We were enthusiastic youths and ran a nine game schedule (including a trip to Williamson School, where we played on a tennis court). We lost but one match.

Long may the first 1911-1912 game be remembered. Beany opened up with the hat-trick. (Hen Ferris still swears the ball curved in behind his legs.) Our hopes ran high when 1911 were all out for 65. Then we went to the bat and had 31 for 3 down by supper. The next day was a string of disasters; 4 for 34; 5 for 35; 6 for 37; 7 for 41. The ninth fell for 57 and then Shipley was caught (so says 1911) at the wicket. But the umpire (thank heavens) saw that the ball bounced from his pad and not from his bat and declared him not out. Smitty scored on a leg cut between his legs. Tom snicked one through slips. Lloyd popped one over the bowler's head—score 63. Then Tom stepped into the breach, hit two two's and was caught at mid-on amid wild cheers from the side lines.

We must not fail to mention our trip to Westtown, or to tell how we disgraced the college, laughed during grace, and caused Billy Wick to withdraw indefinitely his standing invitation to Haverford teams.

We played the Juniors on class day morning, starting at 8.30, and won 157 to 80. Later on the prizes were awarded. Lowry took the Shakespeare Bat, Thomas the Improvement Bat, Ritts the '85 Belt, Baily the Hinchman Bat, while Beany made a clean sweep of the Congdon Ball, the Febiger Ball, the Freshman Bat, the Freshman Ball, and the Freshman Cup. Howson, Roberts and Baily were all regular Varsity men, while Lowry, Thomas and Ritts held places on the second.



The Canadian trip was a wonderful affair, though the best game was at Pittsburgh, where, 'tis rumored, they watered the wicket between the innings with beer. Beany demonstrated his business ability when stranded in Toronto with two cents by matching pennies with an unsuspecting traveling salesman and winning a dollar and a quarter.

In Sophomore year we lost the championship to 1910, largely through the absence of Beany. (Puffer Haines scored 28!) The Varsity won from Penn, and the team left for England with five of us on the list.

Our record there was not particularly brilliant. Baily, as Trolley Cope put it, "collared the bowling" at Harrow, but his googlies only googled once in a long while and he consistently went to sleep in the slips; Beany scored at Harrow, Rugby and Tunbridge, fast bowling being his delight, and Roberts gave a fine exhibition of wicket keeping at Rugby where he demonstrated the art of catching hot ones with his nose.

But the feature of the trip lay outside the pale of our class. It was Johnny's breathless,—no; it was panting rather than breathless—remark to Bill over the cards with ladies, "Come on, Bill, we'll beat the—shoes off 'em!"—Oh Johnny! Johnny!



THE ENGLISH TOUR TEAM ON SHIPBOARD



Bill, Bert and Bean were all given their colors and next spring the field was be-blazered to perfection. We again won the championship, rather unexcitingly this time. The varsity lost to Penn. Hal Thomas was awarded his "H" and the Haines belt, Josh Baily was made captain of the third team, Wallerstein made his debut outside of Wogglebug, and Lance turned his attention from gym to the nets.

Senior year is here and our cricket prospects are (proverbially) bright. Roberts is captain. Smith is manager and we have already won a game. (Lowry and Wally both played. Ye gods!) Anyhow, we hope for a good season.

The enthusiasm meeting ("enthusiasm" in connection with the game will appear incongruous to the non-cricketing portion of the college) was a great success. The alumni turned out well, we are glad to say; but that was to be expected when support is needed for the "best of sports."





## Chemistry I

SCENE: *The chemistry auditorium on a certain morning in December. Dr. Hall, in piccadilly collar and bright four-in-hand necktie, stands partly concealed behind a long desk covered with a varied assortment of chemical apparatus. He nonchalantly fingers a leaf of Alexander Smith's "General Chemistry" lying upon the desk. After perusing one page for some length of time, interrupting himself occasionally to shoot a glance at the fast filling gallery, he breaks the prolonged silence with a single word, "Howson!" Howson does not heed the call to action, but remains seated as if frozen to his chair.*

HALL (*again in terse style and somewhat heightened color*): "Stand up." (*Howson rises energetically—he too reddening slightly.*)

HALL: What is chlorine?

HOWSON: Well, I guess it's a gas!

HALL: You are sure about that, are you? (*A smile slowly breaks over his face, which makes Howson all the more uncertain.*)

HOWSON: No, I guess it's a liquid.

HALL: I think that is about enough guessing, Howson. I'll ask someone who knows. Brinton!

(*The "General," using the back of the chair for a prop, pulls himself together and stands up, shifting his arms and feet constantly till an easy and characteristic attitude is struck.*)

BRINTON: What was your question, sir?

HALL: What is chlorine?

BRINTON (*gazing into the Bunsen flame for inspiration and getting none*): I pass. (*Whereupon he sits down. Laughter from the class.*)

HALL (*somewhat riled*): Well, you pass right on out the room! (*Exit Brinton.*) Beebe, what do you know about this?

(*Beebe rises, shrugs his shoulders in his characteristic way, clears his throat, winks at Sturgis and begins.*) Chlorine is a very green, or rather yellowish, gas. The word is derived from the Greek *κλωρός*, meaning

pale green, hence its name. It has a density of 35.79, etc. (*An elaborate description follows. Hall holds a lighted match in his hand till it burns down surprisingly near the end, then with a slow, steady motion he brings it near his lips, snuffing it with a slow, deliberate—whch. All this takes time.*)

HALL: What is that again, Beebe? (*A semi-interested smile coming over his face.*)  
(*Beebe clears his throat once more and repeats.*)

HALL: Well, that is about right!

COPE: Dr. Hall, your water (“a” as in “fast”) is overflowing!

HALL: Oh, yes; I almost forgot that!

LEWIS (*mumbling half energetically*): Bootlicker!

HALL: Moon!

(*Moon digs his hands down into his trousers pockets furiously, jingling with one hand a bunch of keys, so hard that they must break.*)

HALL: What is the equation for chlorine?

MOON: Let me see.  $\text{MnO}_2 + 2\text{NaCl} + \text{---}$  I don’t believe I know.

HALL: A. Baily, the equation for Cl?

(*Baily, a serious look on his face, then with a little laugh:*) Hah! It’s beyond me!

HALL: Come, come, isn’t there anybody who knows this? Balderston, what is it? (*In louder and somewhat sharper tone.*) (*Listens to Balderston’s answer.*) I am glad to find one person in the class who comes near it! (*Then follow several experiments by Hall, Balderston standing all the while. Finally Hall remarks:*) You may sit down. Since you know very little about this chapter, let’s see what you remember about some former ones. Bowerman, what is soap?

BOWERMAN (*Answering in all apparent sincerity*): I don’t know!

HALL: You don’t? Well, what is the difference between *ick* and *ous*?

BOWERMAN: I don’t know.

HALL: Sit down! Lewis, do you know what energy is?

LEWIS (*with conviction*): No, I don’t.

(*The doctor rather disgusted, lights several more Bunsen burners, tries an experiment with hydrogen, but fails. Then continuing:*) It’s very funny this doesn’t work. It was all right before class. We’ll just let it rest a minute. Now these samples which you see on the desk (*pointing to several evaporating*

dishes containing specimens of sulphur) are what we made last time. The one, you notice, is *flowery* and the—

(*He is interrupted by Lowry, who has been dozing in a little ball and who rises obediently, thinking his name has been called.*)

LOWRY: Yes, sir.

HALL: Who told you to stand up? (*Lowry quickly sits down.*)

HALL: Who told you to sit down? (*The same subtle smile creeps over his face. Again Lowry rises.*)

HALL: Do you know what we are talking about?

LOWRY: No, sir.

HALL: Sit down. As I was saying, the first is the flowery sulphur and the other is known as roll sulphur. I see that this hydrogen experiment is working now. By the way, Steere, is hydrogen explosive?

(*Two days before, Steere had barely escaped injury, experimenting with hydrogen, the apparatus having exploded.*)

STEERE (*in a decisive tone, full of confidence*): Yes, sir, it is.

HALL: You are sure about that?

STEERE: Well, if it isn't, it makes a pretty good bluff at it. (*Laughter from the class. Cries of "Buck," "Buck."*)

HALL (*appreciating the situation*): That will do. Thomas, what is whiting?

THOMAS (*never having heard of this particular substance*): I don't know.

HALL: Well, why don't you know? (*The grimness of the smile hovering around Hall's lips does not soften under the spell of Hal's winning giggle, and Hal silently sits down.*)

HALL: Before we close can you tell me, Kwan, what a colloid is?

KWAN (*scrwring up his face quizeally and in broken English*): A colloit?

HALL: Yes.

KWAN: Why, it is a disease. (*Rise from the class.*)

HALL (*surprised*): A what?

KWAN (*blushing to a Chinese crimson and rather fussed*): A dis—ease; certainly it is a dis—ease, it's—

HALL: You tell me after class where you found that definition. I want to see it! (*He glances at*

the blackboard.) Those back problems must be in next time. Anyone not having them in and correct will be debarred from the quarterly examination. That will do for to-day.

(The class hastily makes its exit, Kwan in the midst wildly gesticulating to the "American youths who don't know anything" that a colloid is a dis—cease.)



THE meeting is called to order," and Dick Gummere, President of the United Humorist's Society, rapped his gavel sharply. "We will dispense with the minutes of the last meeting and begin by reading some selections from *Punch*. The Secretary will please come to order." At this Lloyd, who had been pouring a bottle of ink over Ich Bowerman's snowy curls, subsided. "The time for horse-play comes later."

After *Punch* had been read aloud from cover to cover, amid amused chuckles from Dick and conscientious chuckles from the rest, the President arose and said, "Now, Mr. Smith, will you kindly favor us?"

"Well," says Lloyd, "I saw an automobile the other day" [cries of "good! good!"] "coasting down a hill. Well, a baby carriage got in the road and the baby was scattered all over the machine." Hearty laughter and applause.

"Mr. Rhoad."

"Well, sir, once upon a time there were two stars, Mars and Uranus, and some people were going to see them in an observatory. Suddenly the professor exclaimed, 'Oh, madame, there is a hole in your shoe.' The girl called out, 'There's one in the observatory roof, too.'" General titter.

Finally Buck arose. "I say, Mr. President, I'd like to have some one explain that joke about 'it wasn't a crow, it was a robin.'"

But just then Lloyd, who had been a bit fidgety, upset a bench on Fritz Palmer's toe and the meeting broke up amid general hilarity.

## The Confessions of Clyde

The Father Confessor pulled down his cowl  
And bent his head in a sober way;  
He knit his brows in a grewsome scowl,  
While his fingers fumbled his beard of gray.  
"My erring son, you have come to me  
To confess your sins and each secret wrong;  
So be honest and brief as a man can be,  
For our life is short and eternity long."

The sinner before him bewailed his fate:  
"I started existence in Saco, Maine,  
You see I was born in a sinful state.  
Absolution! Oh, let me have hope again!  
I lived along to the sinful age  
Of seventeen summers, and then I went  
To a college and there, on its snow-white page,  
I have left a blot that is permanent.

"In my Freshman year I disgraced myself.  
I was one of a band who by bold device  
Had sworn to secure, and did, by stealth,  
The body and person of J. Haines Price.  
The twilight had fallen, we hired a nag  
And a ramshackle buggy and bought us some rope,  
With a curtain of cotton concocted a gag,  
Yelled, "Price at the phone," and awaited in hope.  
We copped the poor Soph when he came to the door  
As we bandaged his eyes we could see he had paled,  
But the gag somehow slipped and he uttered a roar;  
"Twas a sinful attempt and a sin that it failed.

"For a while I was good, but I fell from grace  
On an ill-fated evening in Sophomore year,  
When we buncocoed the annex—especially Stage—  
With a *fitting* performance by Brick-top Steere  
My brain engineered it—he carried it out—  
He ran all the risks of a dangerous game—  
Doctor Branson was hopping. There isn't a doubt  
'Twas a sin the rest missed it—on me lay the blame!

"There's a demon within me, by it am I steered!  
From our skeleton's jaw I extracted a tooth,  
Which I put in a dish of tomatoes and queered  
Martha Smith for a month with the college forsooth!  
The innocent stuff was condemned, not a soul  
Took a bite. I had spoiled it, but yet, 'tis the truth,  
There was virtue in that well worth while to extol!—  
The sin I'm confessing was swiping the tooth.

"Then the fellows got next to my tricks and my wives;  
The year passed in peace, but next autumn there came  
A half-breed from Earlham, the type that one styles  
'An innocent sucker,'—J. Tebbitts by name.  
It was partly Teb's fault, for the lad was so green  
That I couldn't resist the temptation and so  
I sent him in search of an orient queen,  
Some twenty blocks north in a residence row.  
There were many small crimes which I cannot relate,  
'Twill suffice, I suppose, if I merely allude  
To the night he went crabbing with Wintergreen bait  
To his call on Babbitt and the quarrel that ensued.

“Once Teb and McKay got a bid to a dance  
But they hadn’t dress suits—so the very next day  
Teb hired a beauty—a week in advance—  
But I copped it and lent it as mine to McKay,  
When the dance came around Mae was dressed, but alack!  
Poor Teb went in citizen’s clothes to the dance  
Where he found out the trick and insisted that Mac  
Should change on the spot—all excepting the pants.

“Strip poker’s my joy. Nothing under the sun  
Is too base for my practice. (A sport won’t be beat!)  
The name of ‘disgrace’ is the laurel I won.  
I’m a liar, deceiver, a hoax, and a cheat.  
Then again,” said the sinner.—“Enough, enough,  
Your sins are too black for the devil to name.”  
And he sentenced the sinner, in accents bluff,  
To return to the village from whence he came.

## Oscar Chase

(With our humblest to Mr. Kipling.)

### I

You may talk and live by rule  
Till you’re safely out of school  
And the wheels of life run on along the ruts.  
But in autumn Freshman year,  
With the town of Philly near,  
You’ll be haunted by that spectre, over-cuts.  
Then you’ll watch the upper classes  
Round the office swarm in masses,  
To expostulate before a whiskered face.  
You will catch a string of deuces,  
Hear some wonderful excuses,  
Watch with awe the fountain pen of Oscar Chase.

Oh, it’s scratch, scratch, scratch.  
See it charmingly, continually scratch!  
You’ll observe and get the habit,  
’Less you’re strong with Jimmy Babbitt,  
And will artfully conserve the needed scratch.

### II

There never was a slavey  
From an office to the navy,  
In quite as much demand as Oscar Chase.  
Types out letters by the dozens,  
Cashes checks for Fritzzy’s cousins;  
Even Caleb takes a whaek at Oscar Chase.

Then it's Chase, Chase, Chase!  
(To the students when they need him, "Mr. Chase.")  
"Send up the Prexy's mail!"  
"Is that typewriter for sale?"  
"Get a move on" (*sotto voce*), "Oscar Chase."

### III

When I reach eternal Hell,  
Where there is no spring or well,  
And your very perspiration seems to hiss.

He'll be squatting on the coals,  
Selling drinks to poor damned souls,  
"I'll have to charge thee eighteen cents for this."

Oh, it's Chase, Chase, Chase,  
(No, he wouldn't sell the whiskers off his face!)  
Your motto is the dollar.  
Why, you'd sell your rubber collar,  
And you'd sell it at a profit, Oscar Chase!

## Economics I

Of all the many studies that  
The frowning faculty requires,  
There's only one in all the list  
Which incontestably inspires!  
The grandest course at college run  
Is known as Economics One.

The learned doctor who conducts  
The classes is their main attraction:  
A nitro-sulphite who instructs  
His pupils with a stern exaction.  
Whatever you state you may expect  
Your answer will be quite correct!

"If all the pigs in France should die,  
If Spain the tariff should employ,  
How would you fix the price of lye

Or plums in Paris—Illinois?"  
(Make any guess, and stick it out;  
'Twill hold *some* truth without a doubt!)

Says Cope, "Bank surplus is, of course,  
An asset." Stacey disagrees  
And states with more than equal force  
That it is "Liabilities."  
And Barrett adds in accents mild,  
"Those statements may be reconciled."

And so we go from day to day  
And no one reads his Mill or Saeger;  
The reason being, one might say,  
Professor Barrett is so eager  
To keep his classes from division,  
He never makes a real decision.



## The Inquisition

1. *Who is the handsomest man in the class?*

Lewis and Roberts tie, but there were many "also rans." See the class picture. Murray, Poley and Beebe got a vote apiece. Our humorist suggested Morris and Steere.

2. *Who is the biggest bootlicker?*

Rhoad won by one vote, with Carpenter his nearest competitor. There were fifteen entries, showing there were very few that hadn't taken a chance at "the royal road to learning."

3. *Who thinks he is?*

Once more the voting was spirited and competition was intense. The blue ribbon went to Carpenter, with honorable mention to Beebe and Fansler.

4. *What is the best course you have taken?*

Philosophy V won without difficulty, with Dr. Gummere's Chaucer and Shakespeare not so very far behind.

5. *What is the worst course in College?*

Baker's Bib. Lit. II did almost equally well as Jackson's Freshman Math. The judges decided to award the palm to the latter, however, feeling that any course that lingered so vividly in our memories for three years deserved to win. Economics I and Biology I had their staunch supporters, however. The jesters suggested Monday Lunch and the Running Track.

6. *Who is the tightest?*

The results were rather confused, due to misunderstanding in the meaning of the word. Owing to the business-like management of his car, Walt got a few votes, and Doe wished his name mentioned in order to get in right with the family. Gum Sargent was mentioned by a few.

7. *Who is the least appreciated?*

A. L. Baily managed to pull away from his many rivals, but the race was a close one. One said

“All of us,” and Shipley conquered his natural modesty so far as to write his own name. Some of the coyest put “me” and then failed to sign the paper.

8. *Who will make the most money and how?*

More than half the class decided that Red Beebe would, but the “How” part of the question was of less uniformity. Some insisted it would be by graft, some as a Mexican athlete, others as a toreador, one by making balloon juice. Several refused to answer.

9. *What is the best thing the class has done?*

Here the class split into two parts: the serious-minded and the less so. Well, the former voted for the abolition of hazing, or the making-a-man out of Lance Lathem; the “less-so” element seemed proudest that their class was to graduate, or of the lecture we gave to Spencer Freshman year.

10. *What are you personally proudest of having done?*

Here, of course, the replies were varied. Walter boasts of having passed in his Ford a 90-horse-power Benz—going the other way. Murray says having gone to Y. M. C. A. but once in the four years, while Buck claimed most credit for having slipped one on the Merion Reserves. One or two boasted that they had passed Physies I without a second trial. P. C. brags of having put one of those magical double-crosses on a cut charged up against him.

11. *Who is the most persistent in the pursuit of the eternal feminine?*

Lowry wins with nine and one-half votes, with Rhoad and Beebe as nearest rivals. We confess we expected Jim Carpenter to do better than he did. He has at least the satisfaction of having tied with Lowry in one person’s opinion, and to tie with Bert in anything that pertains to the fair sex ought to go far as a consolation.

12. *Did you ever kiss a girl? Foolish question No. 11,229.*

Shall we tell the results. Yes, there were a few noes—five, to be exact. But then you know there are three kinds of lies: plain lies, “dam lies” and statisties. Several weren’t sure, and one admitted that he’d like to.

13. *What is your favorite hunting ground?*

Bryn Mawr won out; but let’s keep it dark. One or two were proudest of never having been there,

so that ought to keep the ladies of the neighboring institution from having their heads turned at the honor. Woodside Park tied for second place, but then you know who voted that way.

14. *Who is the biggest cater?*

The returns-reader read: "Moon, Marty, Charlie Moon, ditto, same, Moon, Moon, Marty," etc. Ich was his nearest rival, with two votes. Marty has the honor of having caused the most nearly unanimous vote of the day.

15. *Who is the best bluffer?*

Our friend from Paris (Illinois) wins. The supremely artistic manner in which Lewis used a trot under Dick's very nose in Latin I gained him several votes.

16. *Who is the nearest to being a genius?*

Josh Baily out-distances easily all rivals, his brother being his nearest competitor. Proficiency in such varied pursuits as biology, music and chess insured his success.

17. *Is it true that Oscar has contracted a clandestine marriage?*

Nearly everybody thought it was, but, like all great new noumenal truths, it is difficult to prove. "Not a chance," and "Too tight," were the verdicts of two of the sceptics, however.

18. *Who is the most innocent?*

Sometimes we have our suspicions of Mark, even if he did win. It goes to show that a blush does have its advantages; Lance has made such rapid strides in sophistication that he did not make so good a showing as his backers had hoped.

19. *Who is the most sophisticated?*

The voting here was very much scattered. First place, Froelicher, second (tie), Murray and Beebe. We believe Hans won on that mockingly sweet smile he has recently adopted.

20. *Where did Dr. Jones acquire his stride?*

Many believe in running from South China or in catching the weekly express from Saco. (For some reason the home towns of Dr. Jones and Clyde Durgin were confused. Our apologies, Doctor.) Some suggested that it was acquired in the pursuit of philosophy, while searching for the subliminal self.

21. *Who is best dressed? Worst?*

Roberts won over Red Beebe by a slight margin. We wonder if Bill's pajama-liveries in *Le Bourgeois* had anything to do with it. The class difference in taste was shown in that Red beat all other entries for the worst dresser. Thomas received a vote for the latter from his wife, in memory of "those iron-grays." On the suggestion of the class genius, we have entered question 21<sup>1</sup>/<sub>2</sub>.

21<sup>1</sup>/<sub>2</sub>. *Who is the best undressed?*

Cries of "Buck, Buck," were everywhere heard, for many remember Walter in the Sophomore days of strip poker.

22. *Who is the biggest gloom?*

Lloyd Hall carries off the honors, for Lewis yielded unwillingly to Bob Miller. In fact, it was quite a family affair, for Cousin Ed (alias E. I. Miller) ran a good race.

23. *Who can claim the distinction of being Matador-in-chief for the class?*

How foolish! The answer was a foregone conclusion. That flaming red hair would attract any bull and, well you all know what practice he has had. Who? Imbecile! Red Beebe. We had not thought our class so devoid of perception as to even consider rivals to Red in this race, but several insisted. So we have given him three assistants, all too humble beside their chief, but alone, strong men in their calling, to wit, briefly, Froelicher and Carpenter—Faculty member, J. A. Babbitt. But, hold! The telegraph clicks latest returns and Don Carlos Barrett forges proudly ahead, leaving James A., late as usual, behind in this triumphant course.

24. *Who is the best fusser in the class? The most promiscuous?*

Henry Thomas, with his insinuating grace, blarneyed his way to distinction as the best (unsuccessful) fusser in the class. Fansler lost caste forever by voting for Hans. Herb Lowry, of course, is the most promiscuous; but Marshburn, to the surprise of all, was close at his heels. Considering the fact that he has had but one year to exhibit his talents, this is quite a feather in his cap, for you all know Herby.

25. *Who is the best all-round athlete?*

Wallerstein easily carried off the honors for the best all-round athlete. Some bitter cynic voted for Beebe—see question 23.

26. *Who is the most talented?*

The office was swamped with returns. Bert Baily received an overwhelming majority, but oh, shame! he voted for himself. Hush! Some consider J. Cope quite a thinker in his own line.

27. *Where did Dick Gummere get his slang? His jokes?*

For four years we have sat at his feet and listened in half-shocked, half-delighted awe to the delicately turned phrases which fell from his lips. It cannot be called slang, for that is the speech of the people, and no one ever before heard this wonderful conglomeration of words. But where does it come from? We give it up. Whence come the bubbles in a glass of-er-ginger ale? As to his jokes, there was quite a controversy. Some said *Punch* was the fount. Some even questioned the existence of any. But our keenest thinkers said Lloyd Smith. At first we were skeptical. Could a member of the Faculty stoop so low? But the originators of the idea merely pointed accusing fingers at the jokes and we stand aghast. There is talk of an indemnity suit, but it will probably not result in anything.

28. *Who is best natured?*

Dusty's geniality proclaimed him to be the best natured in the class, but Marty Moon's football affability (four years without a cuss) gave him a few votes.



# Nineteen-Twelve Class Officers

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Spoon Man.....

# CLASS DAFFYDILS



MARTY MOON LAY SLUMBERING ALL OVER THE CARPET. MARK THE MEEK ENTERED, SIGHED, STEPPED OVER THE CORPSE LIKE FORM AND BEAT IT. BONE THE JOKER ENTERED AND PLACED ONE PEDESTAL ON THE SLEEPING BEAUTY'S BUZZING BEEZER LO A SOUND ISSUED FROM THE DISTORTED BEAK

IF BABBITT GOT CARBUCLES WOULD LA THE LANDERM?

AHEM! ANY MAIL LEWIS?



HERMAN HOCKFELS THE BIG BOOB OF SOUSE BESSLEHEM WAS IN DESPAIR THE DAY WAS WEARING ON. [WHAT? WHY THE CLOSE OF A SUMMER EVENING] HE BOUSED THE CLIM, DOVE INTO THE BLANKETS, BURIED HIS BILL IN THE STRAW MATRESS AND JOBBED.

MINE GRETCHEN WENT FOR A DORTING ON DER LE HIGH LEHO - UNT-UNT TUSTY RHOAD.

ANY OLD CLOTHES TODAY BOYS?



UNCLE ALLEN WAS GETTING RESTLESS. MEETING HAD 3 MINUTES TO GO. A HUSHED SOUND FADED - LEWIS SNORED. TRUFE TURNED TO SHARE HANDS BUT UNK IGNORED IT, ROSE, SLID HIS PAYS ALONG THE RAIL AND INTONED

IF AUNT MARTHA WENT SHEDDING WOULD BUCK STEEP?

WHAT HO! HAZARD, MORE MEAT!



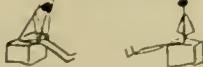
BUCK-BUCK WAS HITTING THE GREEN TABLE. ON THE FLOOR LAY HIS CLUMPERY COLLAR AND HIS SHIRT HIDER BUCK BET ON THREE LADIES AND SHED HIS SHIRTY THREE ACES DIDN'T MAKE GOOD - SOCKS FOUR DECEM VIRATES LOST - ETC. ETC. DURS DEPOSITED A STRAIGHT FLUSH - BUCK ROSE GLEMING AND HISSER

IF BILL LEWIS'S ENERGY FAILED SUDDENLY WOULD CARPENTER THE BODDY?

Sorry old fellow, I was detained

WELL HOLLIE HOWS THINGS GOING?

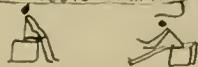
FINE! I'm still a college Perfect cinch. I've E A B study till 7. TAKE ASHOKER, brush my hair, shoes, teeth



I straighten up my room have 15 minutes for BREAK FAST, STUDY till collection, THEN GO TO WORK ON MY GRADUATION THESIS. AT 9:30 GO TO ETHICS, AT



10:30 PHYSICS AT 11:30 ENGINEERING. I WASH UP FOR LUNCH, EAT IT, THEN GO TO THE SHOPS TILL FOUR AT FOUR I GET DRESSED AND RUN TILL 5:30 I HAVE ANOTHER SHOWER AND FIVE MINUTES TO LOAN IN AFTER



SUPPER, YN EA, MANDOWN CLUB practice. A WALK TO COOPER TOWN AND BACK, AND AT 10 o'clock I AM READY TO BEGIN WORK ON TOMORROWS LESSONS. I AM IN BED WHEN LIGHTS GO OUT



GEE YOU ARE A LUCKY GUY



YEP NOTHING TO DO TILL MORROW!





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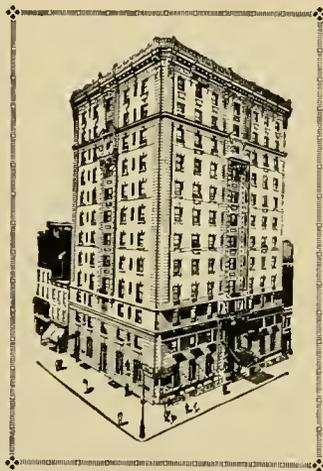
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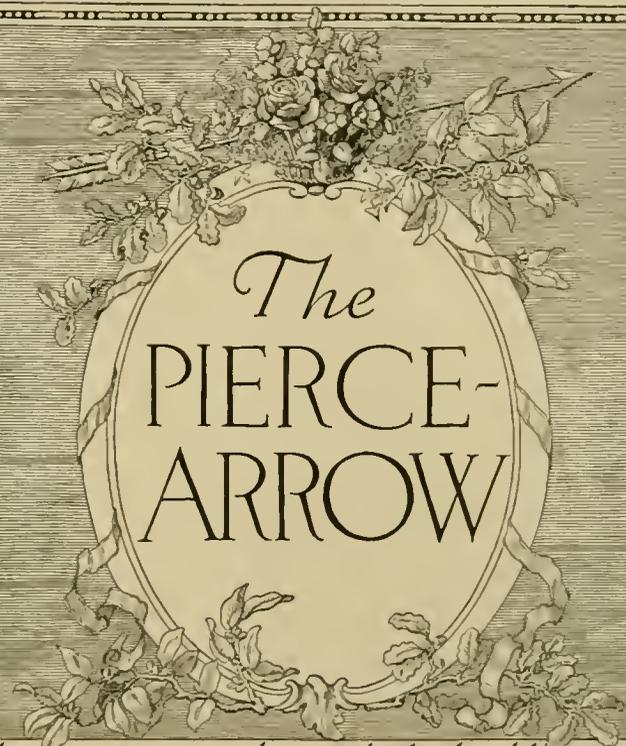
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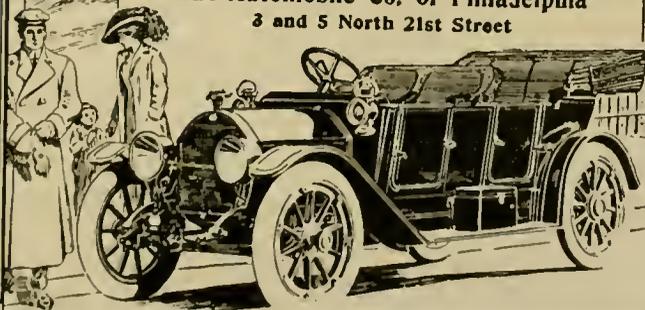
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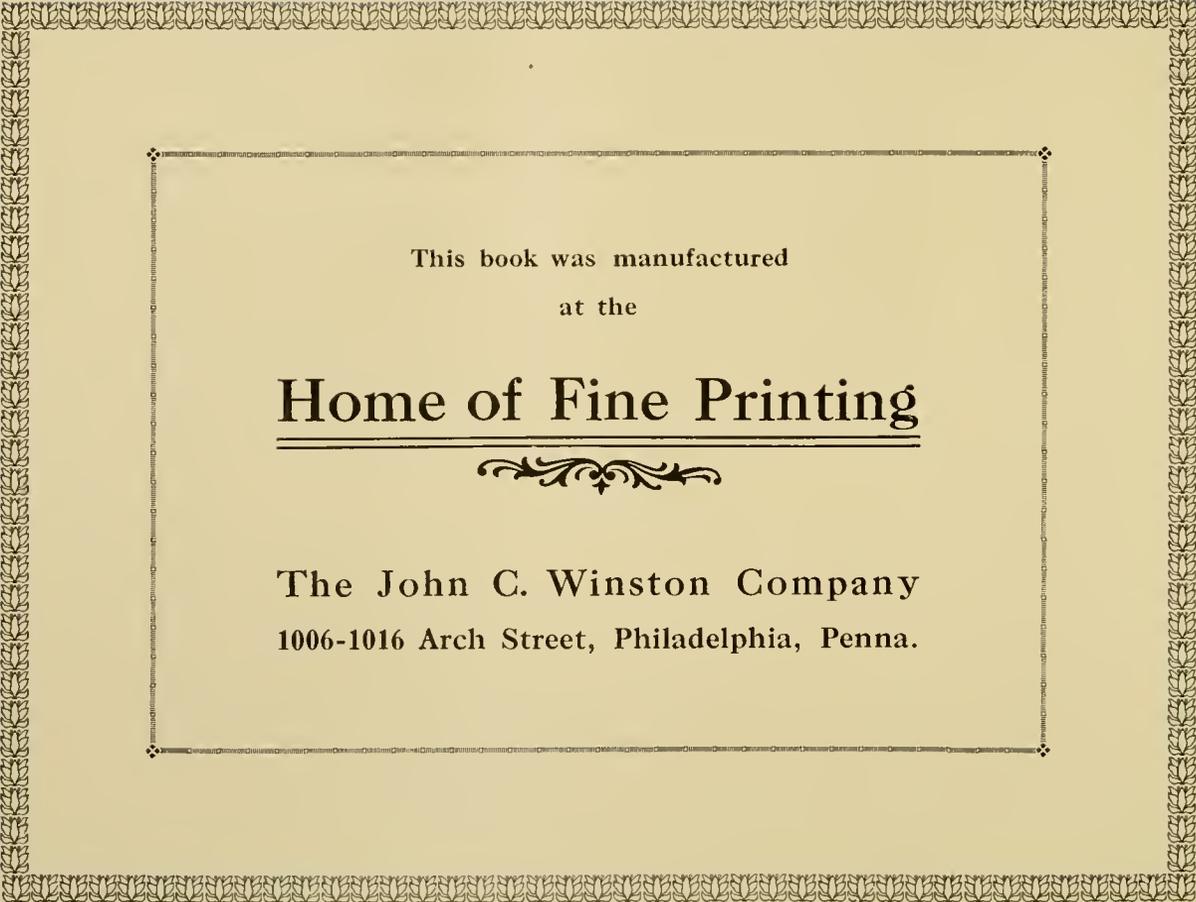
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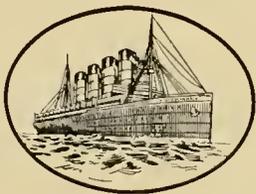
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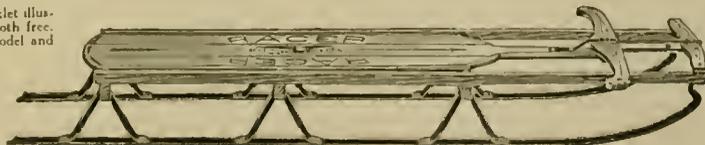
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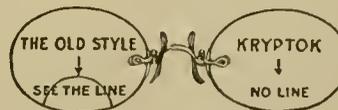
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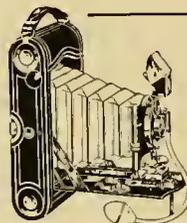
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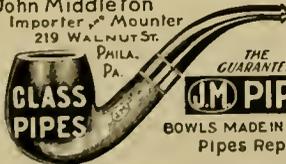
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