

HAVERFORD  
1914



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# The Record NOTE BOOK

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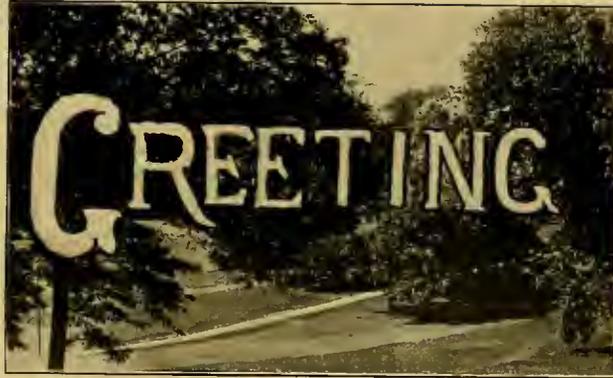
Haverford College

September 1911

June 1914



THE CLASS



Finally after tramping the same path for four years and toiling shoulder to shoulder for dear old Haverford, the crossways have been reached and henceforth our paths will be diverse. Some of us may meet a classmate sometime somewhere on Life's highway,—yes two or three, even, may plod along together,—yet most of our dirt roads will lead to sequestered vales and a classmate will only be seen when we seek the highway to return for a reunion.

As we pause at this crucial point, we realize that myriads have passed this way before, but they can tell us nothing of the Road Ahead. We feel that the past four years have been good to us. A host of memories entwine around each period of time, and so we would wish this, our Record, to stand as our last tribute to, and in the future to serve as a fresh remembrance of, those joyful days spent in the service and cause of our Alma Mater.







Very Sincerely Yours  
A. H. Wilson.

*" Let me live in a house by the side of the road  
Where the race of men ga by".*

□ □ □

To

Doctor Albert Harris Wilson

Who when we were entangled in the toils of Mathematics unstintedly gave us of himself and of his time, who constantly interested himself in our welfare to such an extent that the influence will remain forever a big factor in our lives, who believes that there is good in every man and seeks to make that good predominate, we dedicate this, our book, and know that at best it is an inadequate expression of our feelings.

# - College Dreams -

MUSIC BY L.B. LATHEM

WORDS BY D. WAPLES

In this world of strife and striving  
All our joys grow cold,  
For to gain we must a - band - on

The first system of musical notation for the song. It consists of a grand staff with a treble clef on the top staff and a bass clef on the bottom staff. The key signature is one flat (B-flat) and the time signature is 12/8. The melody is written in the treble clef, and the accompaniment is in the bass clef. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

What we vain would hold,  
What we boast to be our glo - ry  
Fades to noth - ing - ness

The second system of musical notation, continuing the melody and accompaniment from the first system. The lyrics continue below the treble staff.

And the fu - ture comes to meet us  
With a wan ca - ress,  
Back then we wan - der

Chorus

The third system of musical notation, which includes the chorus. The lyrics continue below the treble staff. The word "Chorus" is written above the treble staff at the beginning of the third measure.

back to realms of yore Back where ev-ery dream is fancy-stored Then we'll greet the fu-ture with the

spi-rit of the past And we'll con-quer in the name of Ha-ver-ford.

O'er the past a fragrance lingers  
 Of the wondrous truth  
 Which the angels pour from heaven  
 Down the vale of youth:  
 Vale with golden dreams and yearnings!  
 Vale of hopes sublime!  
 Vale whose secrets far surpass  
 The cherished gains of time!

Back then, to our college woodland,  
 In our reveries,  
 Where the wise reveal the path  
 To future destinies.  
 There again to con the precepts  
 From the golden page  
 And by our very dreams, outwit  
 The verities of age.



**HENRY ERNEST BELL**.....Milton, N. Y.  
Born, Milton, N. Y., January 2, 1892

Entered Freshman Year from Oakwood Seminary. Wogglebug Football Team (2, 3, 4); Football Squad (4); Class Numerals (3, 4); Class Soccer Team (4); Chess Team (2); Assistant Manager Tennis Team (3); Manager (4); Class Vice-President (4); *Class Record* Photographer (4).

Thesis, Peach Raising in New York State.



**JULES SILVANUS BENTLEY**.....Camden, N. J.  
Born, Camden, N. J., May 13, 1891

Entered Freshman Year from Westtown Boarding School. Class Football Team (1, 2); Class Soccer Team (1, 2, 3, 4); Soccer Team (1, 2, 3, 4); Soccer "H" (1); All-American (1, 2); Class Track Team (1, 2); Track (4).

Thesis, Government Ownership of Railroads.



**WALTER GREGORY BOWERMAN**.....Charleston, W. Va.  
Born, New York City, November 16, 1893

Entered Freshman Year from Charleston High School. Class Football Team (2); Football Squad (2, 3); Class Gym Team (2, 3, 4); Class Track Team (1, 2, 3, 4); Track Team (2, 3, 4); Track "H" (2, 3); Assistant Manager Gym Team (3); Manager (4); Chess Team (2, 3); Secretary-Treasurer Chess Club (3, 4); Winner Chess Cup (3); Class Treasurer (3, 4); Class of 1896 Mathematics Prize (2); Corporation Scholarship (1, 2, 3, 4); Elected to Phi Beta Kappa Society (3); Cope Fellowship (4).

Thesis, Some Problems from the Calculus of Finite Differences.



**CARROLL DUNHAM CHAMPLIN**

Born, Chelsea, Mich., October 22, 1887

Entered Junior Year from Class of 1912. Boxing championship (3); President Music Study Club (4); A. A. Nominating Committee (4); Class Secretary (4); Alumni Prize Oratorical Contest (3, 4); Winner (4); Associate Editor *Class Record* (4); Teaching Fellowship (4).

Thesis, The Message of Matthew Arnold.



STEWART PATTERSON CLARK.....Devon, Pa.  
Born, Devon, Pa., February 4, 1895

Entered Freshman Year from Central Manual Training High School, Winner Everett Medal (2); Fourth John B. Garrett Reading Prize (3); Wogglebug Football Team (4); Cast of *Engaged* (4); Alumni Prize Oratorical Contest (4).  
Thesis, Andrew Marvell, a Poet in Parliament.



GEORGE VALENTINE DOWNING.....Elsmere, Del.  
Born, Wilmington, Del., July 7, 1891

Entered Freshman Year from Westtown Boarding School. Class Football Team (2); Wogglebug Football Team (2, 3); Football Squad (2); Class Soccer Team (1, 2, 3, 4); Second Soccer Team (2, 3, 4); Class Numerals (1, 2, 3, 4); Class Cricket Team (1, 2, 3); Second Cricket Team (2, 3); Class Numerals (1, 2, 3); Improvement Bat (1); Assistant Soccer Manager (3); Second John B. Garrett Reading Prize (3).

Thesis, The Production of Leather and Its Relation to Chemistry.



**CHARLES WILLIS EDGERTON**.....Haverford, Pa.

Born, Philadelphia, Pa., June 26, 1893

Entered Freshman Year from Friends' Select School. Class Football Squad (2); Wogglebug Team (2); Football Squad (3, 4); Class Numerals (3, 4); Second Gym Team (1, 2); Class Track Team (1, 2, 3, 4); Track Team (3, 4); Class Numerals (3, ); College Record in Discus Throw (3); Class Soccer Team (3, 4); Second Soccer Team (4); Class Numerals (3, 4); Class Treasurer (3); Class Vice-President (3); Junior Day Executive Committee (3); Member Cap and Bells Club (3); Executive Committee (4); Manager Musical Clubs (4); Assistant Manager of *Class Record* (4).

Thesis, *The Isolated Electric Plant for Farm Use.*



**ALFRED WALTON ELKINTON** .....Moylan, Pa.

Born, Philadelphia, Pa., February 10, 1892

Entered Freshman Year from Westtown Boarding School. Wogglebug Football Team (3, 4); Class Soccer Team (1, 2, 3, 4); Second Soccer Team (1, 2); Soccer Team (3, 4); Class Numerals (1); Soccer "H" (3); Class Cricket Team (3); Winner Freshman Cake Walk (1); Preston Committee (3); Class Treasurer (3).

Thesis, *The Atlantic Deeper Waterways Association.*



HOWARD WEST ELKINTON.....Moylan, Pa.  
Born, Philadelphia, Pa., October 28, 1892

Entered Freshman Year from Westtown Boarding School. Class Football Team (1, 2); Football Squad (2, 3); Team (4); Class Numerals (2, 3); Football "H" (4); Class Soccer Team (1, 3); *College Weekly* Board (2, 3, 4); Assistant Business Manager (2); Business Manager (3); Editor-in-Chief (4); *Haverfordian* Board (2, 3, 4); Junior Day Finance Committee (3); Y. M. C. A. Cabinet (4); Vice-President of Scientific Society (3); Corporation Scholarship (4); Assistant Manager *Class Record* (4).

Thesis, Hypnosis—with Special Reference to Post-Suggestion.



THOMAS WILLIAM ELKINTON.....Philadelphia, Pa.  
Born, Philadelphia, Pa., March 22, 1892

Entered Freshman Year from Westtown Boarding School. Class Football Team (1, 2); Class Soccer Team (1, 2, 3, 4); Captain (1, 2, 3, 4); Soccer Team (1, 2, 3, 4); Captain (4); Class Numerals (1, 2); Soccer "H" (3, 4); Class Cricket Team (1, 2, 3); Class Secretary (3); Student Council (3, 4); Secretary (3); Soccer Grounds Committee (3); Athletic Cabinet (4).

Thesis, Industrial Service.



**JOSEPH COOPER FERGUSON, 3rd**..... Philadelphia, Pa.

Born, Philadelphia, Pa., July 8, 1893

Entered Freshman Year from Chestnut Hill Academy. Wogglebug Football Team (2, 3, 4); Captain (2); Football Squad (3, 4); Class Numerals (3); Class Soccer Team (2, 3); Second Soccer Team (2, 3); Class Track Team (1, 2, 3, 4); Chorus of *Patient Philosopher* (1); Mandolin Club (2, 3, 4); Banquet Committee (3); Class Secretary (3) Assistant Manager Gym Team (3); Executive Committee of I.-C. A. A. G. A. (4); Subscription Manager *Haverfordian* (4); Member of Cap and Bells Club (4).

Thesis, The Influence of Walter Scott's Writings on Honore de Balzac.



**MALCOM FERRIS** ..... Philadelphia, Pa.

Born, Glenside, Pa., May 7, 1894

Entered Freshman Year from Philips Brooks. Scientific Society (4); Chess Team (2, 3, 4).

Thesis, The Design and Construction of a Radiogoniometer.



**JOHN KITTERA GARRIGUES**.....Haverford, Pa.

Born, Haverford, Pa., June 17, 1892

Entered Freshman Year from Haverford School. Class Football Team (1); Wogglebug Team (2); Class Cricket Team (1, 2, 3, 4); Captain (1, 2, 3, 4); Cricket Team (1, 2, 3, 4); Captain (4); Cricket Colors and "H" (3); Canadian Tour (3); English Tour (4); Cricket Grounds Committee (3); Assistant Cheer Leader (3); Cheer Leader (4); Class Secretary (1); Class Vice-President (2); Toastmaster Freshman Banquet (1); Cast *The Importance of Being Earnest* (3); Y. M. C. A. Cabinet (4); Governor of Union (3, 4); President of Music Study Club (4); Athletic Cabinet (4); Class Day Committee (4); Associate Editor *Class Record* (4); Member of Triangle Society.

Thesis, *A Parallel Study of Greek and Roman Religious Education.*



**JESSE PAUL GREEN**.....Wilmington, Del.

Born, Boothwyn, Pa., September 18, 1887

Entered Freshman Year from West Chester State Normal School. Class Football Team (2); Wogglebug Team (3); Class Soccer Team (1, 2, 3, 4); Second Soccer Team (2, 3); Soccer Team (4); Class Numerals (3,4); Class Track Team (1, 2, 3, 4); Captain (1, 2); Track Team (1, 2); Track "H" (1); Class Cricket Team (1, 2, 3); Captain Class Basketball Team (1); Everett Medal Contest (1); Chorus *Patient Philosopher* (1); Mandolin Club (2, 3); Member of Cap and Bells Club (4); Class Secretary (2); Student Council (2); Freshman Committee (3,4); Secretary-Treasurer of Civics Club (3); President (4); Assistant Manager Track (3); Chairman Directing Committee Junior Day (3); Y. M. C. A. (4); *Haverfordian* Board (2, 3, 4); Editor-in-Chief of *Class Record* (4).

Thesis, *Injunctions with Relation to Capital and Labor.*



**EDWARD MORRIS JONES** ..... West Grove, Pa.  
 Born, West Grove, Pa., March 9, 1893

Entered Freshman Year from Westtown Boarding School. Wogglebug Football Team (2, 3, 4); Class Soccer Team (1, 2, 3); Second Soccer Team (2); Second Cricket Team (4); Class Basketball Team (1); Class Track Team (1, 2, 3, 4); Captain (3, 4); Track Team (1, 2, 3, 4); Captain (4); Relay Team (1, 2, 3, 4); Track "H" (1, 2, 3, 4); Record 220 yd. Dash, 22.1; Record 100 yd. Dash, 10.1; Class Cricket Team (1, 2, 4); Class Treasurer (2); German-American Scholarship (1, 2); Athletic Cabinet (4).

Thesis, The Evolution of Landscape Architecture.



**THOMAS RAYMOND KELLY** ..... Wilmington, Ohio  
 Born, Chillicothe, Ohio, June 4, 1893

Entered Senior Year from Wilmington College. Senior Foundation Scholarship (4); Wogglebug Football Team (4); Football Squad (4); Class Secretary (4); Honorable Mention Alumni Prize Oratorical Contest (4).

Thesis, An Historical Sketch of the Friends' African Industrial Mission.



HADLEY HART KELSEY.....Oskaloosa, Iowa  
Born, Hart, Mich., April 17, 1889

Entered Senior Year from Penn College. Senior Foundation Scholarship (4); Glee Club (4).

Thesis, Friends in Education—with Special Reference to the History of Friends' College.



HAROLD MACY LANE.....Oskaloosa, Iowa  
Born, Tama, Iowa, October 7, 1892

Entered Senior Year from Penn College. Senior Foundation Scholarship (4); Wogglebug Football Team (4); Glee Club (4).

Thesis, Charles Dickens and the Reform of Social Abuses.



**BENJAMIN JONES LEWIS**.....Broomall, Pa.  
Born, Alderson, I. T., January 19, 1894

Entered Freshman Year from Friends' Select School.

Thesis, History of the Arabs in Spain.



**LEONARD BLACKLEDGE LIPPMANN**.....Overbrook, Pa.  
Born, Philadelphia, Pa., March 24, 1892

Entered Freshman Year from Blight School, Phila. Round Up Team (1); *Haverfordian* Board (1, 2, 3, 4); Member of Cap and Bells Club (2, 3, 4); Cast of *The Importance of Being Earnest* (3); Cast of *Engaged* (4); Union Committee; Chairman of Union Library (4); Wogglebug Soccer Team (3); Banquet Committee (3, 4); Toastmaster (4); Associate Editor of *Class Record* (4).

Thesis, Sir Wm. S. Gilbert, a Life and Appreciation.



**ROBERT ALLISON LOCKE**.....Titusville, Pa.  
Born, Titusville, Pa., June 7, 1892

Entered Freshman Year from Titusville High School. Class Football Team (2); Class Track Team (2, 3); Assistant Manager Soccer (3); Manager (4); Member of Cap and Bells Club (3, 4); Executive Committee (3, 4); Vice-President (4); *Patient Philosopher* (1); Mandolin Club (2, 3, 4); Leader (3, 4); Manager of Musical Clubs (3); Class Vice-President (1); President (4, 4); Junior Day Executive Committee (3); Secretary-Treasurer Inter-Collegiate Association Football League (4); Member Triangle Society.

Thesis, Oil Engine Practice.



**ROY McFARLAN**.....West Chester, Pa.  
Born, East Downingtown, Pa., December 11, 1889

Entered Freshman Year from West Chester High School. Third Place Freshman Cakewalk (1); Class President (3); Chairman Executive Committee Junior Day (3); Finance Committee Junior Day (3); Corporation Scholarship (3, 4); Y. M. C. A. Cabinet (4); Governor of Haverford Union (4); Business Manager of *Class Record* (4).

Thesis, A Type of Commercial Distribution in the United States.



ROWLAND PAULL MCKINLEY.....Wayne, Pa.  
Born, Wayne, Pa., November 27, 1891.

Entered Freshman Year from Radnor High School. Class Football Team (2); Wogglebug Team (2, 3); Class Soccer Team (3); Second Team (4); Class Track Team (1, 2, 3, 4); Track Team (1, 2, 3); Class Numerals (1, 2, 3); Junior Day Finance Committee (3); Class Day Committee (4); Assistant Manager *Class Record* (4).

Thesis, The Immigrant and the Slum.



HAROLD SCHAEFFER MILLER.....Philadelphia, Pa.  
Born, Philadelphia, Pa., October 4, 1892

Entered Freshman Year from Friends' Select School. Wogglebug Football Team (4); Class Soccer Team (1, 2, 3, 4); Second Soccer Team (2, 3, 4); Class Numerals (2, 3, 4); Class Track Team (2); Class Cricket Team (1, 2, 3, 4); Second Cricket Team (1, 2, 3); Cricket Team (4); English Team (4); Class Numerals (2, 3); Chairman Junior Day Finance Committee (3); Junior Day Executive Committee (3); Y. M. C. A. Cabinet (4); President of Y. M. C. A. (4); Freshman Committee (3); Class President (3); Winner in Tennis Doubles (3); Assistant Manager *Class Record* (4).

Thesis, The Religion of the Koran.



DOUGLAS LEONARD PARKER.....Wichita, Kans.  
Born, Marion, Ind.,

Entered Senior Year from Friends' University. Senior Foundation Scholarship (4); Mandolin Club (4).

Thesis, *The Group Spirit*.

WILLIAM SHEPPARD PATTESON .....Penn Yan, N. Y.  
Born, Dresden, N. Y., June 30, 1890

Entered Freshman Year from Staunton Military Academy. Wogglebug Football Team (3, 4); Class Track Team (3); Associate Editor *Class Record* (4); Class Day Committee (4).

Thesis, *A Defense of Free Tolls in the Panama Canal*.





ROWLAND STANTON PHILIPS..... Kennett Square, Pa.  
 Born, Philadelphia, Pa., August 19, 1893

Entered Freshman Year from Cedarcroft School. Class Football Team (1,2); Football Squad (2, 3, 4); Football Team (3, 4); Class Numerals (1, 2); Football "H" (3, 4); Class Swimming Team (1, 2, 3, 4); Class Track Team (1, 2); Class Cricket Team (3); Chorus of *Patient Philosopher* (1); Banquet Committee (3, 4); Junior Day Finance Committee (3); Assistant Manager of the *Haverfordian* (2) Manager (3, 4); Assistant Manager *Class Record* (4); Member Beta Rho Sigma.

Thesis. Pragmatism.



EDWARD RICE, JR..... Tuckahoe, N. J.  
 Born, Cape May Court House, N. J., October 23, 1893

Wogglebug Football Team (2, 3, 4); Class Soccer Team (3, 4); Class Numerals (4); Class Cricket Team (2, 3, 4); Second Cricket Team (2); Cricket Team (3, 4); Canadian Tour (3); English Tour (4); Class Swimming Team (1, 2, 3, 4); Class Secretary (2); Class Vice-President (2, 4); Assistant Manager of Football (3); Manager (4); Assistant Manager of Cricket (3); Mathematics Department Prize (1); Corporation Scholarship (1, 2, 3, 4); Athletic Cabinet (3, 4); President of College Association (4); Member of Triangle Society.

Thesis, Kant's Pre-Critical Writings.



**BAXTER KEY RICHARDSON**.....Glenwood, N. C.

Born, Randolph County, N. C., December 16, 1888

Entered Senior Year from Guilford College. Senior Foundation Scholarship (4); Wogglebug Football Team (4).

Thesis, Some Features of Proprietary Government in North Carolina.



**ROBERT GROVES ROGERS**.....Brooklyn, N. Y.

Born, Brooklyn, N. Y., September 24, 1893

Entered Freshman Year from Brooklyn Polytechnic Preparatory School. Wogglebug Football Team (2, 3, 4); Mandolin Club (1); Class Track Team (2, 3).

Thesis, Maria Montessori and Her Methods.



**PAUL HUDSON SANGREE**.....Philadelphia, Pa.  
Born, Currytown, N. Y., March 25, 1891

Entered Freshman Year from Wm. Penn Charter School. Class Football Team (1, 2); Captain (1); Football Squad (1, 2, 3, 4); Football Team (2, 3, 4); Captain (4); Class Numerals (1); Football "H" (2, 3, 4); Class Track Team (1, 2, 3, 4); Track Squad (3, 4); Class Swimming Team (1, 2, 3, 4); Cane Man (1, 2); Wrestling Championship (3); Freshman Football Cup (1); Athletic Cabinet (4).

Thesis, The Electric Propulsion of Ships.



**ROBERT CHAPMAN SMITH**.....Hatboro, Pa.  
Born, Philadelphia, Pa., March 6, 1892

Entered Freshman Year from Friends' Select School. Class Football Team (1, 2); Football Squad (1, 3); Football Team (3); Class Numerals (1, 3); Cane Man (2); Soccer Numerals (4); Class Treasurer (1); Class President (2).

Thesis, Journalism in England in the Early Nineteenth Century.



**SAMUEL EMLÉN STOKES**.....Moorestown, N. J.  
Born, Moorestown, N. J., July 1, 1894

Entered Freshman Year from Moorestown Friends Academy. Wogglebug Football Team (3, 4); Class Gym Team (1, 2); Class Soccer (1, 2, 3, 4); Soccer Team (1, 2, 3, 4); Class Numerals (1, 2); Soccer "H" (3, 4); Class Track Team (1, 2); Winner in Tennis Doubles (3); Class Cricket Team (1, 2, 3, 4); Second Cricket Team (1, 2); Cricket Team (3, 4); Canadian Tour (3); English Tour (4); Cricket Colors and "H" (3); Cope Prize Bat (3); Haines' Fielding Belt (3); Fe-biger Prize Ball (3); Class Secretary (1); Class Treasurer (2); Class Vice-Pres-ident (3); Secretary-Treasurer of College Association (2); Y.M.C.A. Cabinet (3); Treasurer (3); Cricket Grounds Committee (3); Soccer Grounds Committee (3); Assistant Manager Cricket (3); Manager (4); Athletic Cabinet (4); Class Day Committee (4).

Thesis, Blood Sugar or the Reducing Substance in Blood.



**HERBERT WILLIAM TAYLOR**.....Malvern, Pa.  
Born, Malvern, Pa., December 25, 1890

Entered Freshman Year from West Chester State Normal School. Class Football Team (1, 2); Football Squad (1, 2, 3, 4); Football Team (2, 3, 4); Class Numerals (1); Football "H" (2, 3, 4); Class Track Team (1, 2, 3, 4); Track Team (2, 4); Class Cricket Team (1, 2, 3, 4); Second Cricket Team (3); Cane Man (2); Assistant Manager Track (3); Manager (4); Class Vice-Pres-ident (1); President (2); Secretary of Y. M. C. A (2); Vice-President (3); Cabinet (4); Athletic Cabinet (3, 4); Chairman (4); Vice-President of Col-lege Association (3); Student Council (3, 4); President (4); Secretary of Ath-letic Association (2); President (4); Associate Editor of *College Weekly* (2, 3, 4); Junior Day Executive Committee (3); Freshman Committee (4); Associate Edi-tor of *Class Record* (4); Teaching Fellowship (4); Member of Beta Rho Sigma.

Thesis, The Functions and Diseases of the Suprarenal Capsules.



THOMAS TOMLINSON..... Philadelphia, Pa.

Born, Philadelphia, Pa., July 8, 1891

Entered Junior Year from Class of 1913 (William Penn Charter School).  
Wogglebug Football Team (2, 3, 4); Gym Team (1, 2, 3); Gym "H.G.T." (3);  
Class Track Team (1, 2); Class Cricket Team (1, 4).

Thesis, Compulsory Education in Philadelphia.



CHARLES KINGSLEY TRUEBLOOD..... Richmond, Ind.

Born, Richmond, Ind., August 20, 1894

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

Thesis, Thomas Hardy.



DOUGLAS WAPLES.....Wayne, Pa.

Born, Philadelphia, Pa., March 3, 1893

Entered Freshman Year from Haverford School. Wogglebug Football Team (2); Class Swimming Team (1, 2, 3, 4); Gymnasium Team (1, 2, 3, 4); Captain (4); Gymnasium "H" (1, 2, 4); Executive Committee of I. A. A. G. A. (1, 2, 3, 4); Chorus of *Patient Philosopher* (1); Class President (1); Student Council (1, 2, 3, 4); *Haverfordian Board* (2, 3, 4); Editor-in-Chief (4); Hazing Committee (2); Assistant Football Manager (3); Secretary of College Association (2); Vice-President of Classical Club (4); Athletic Cabinet (4); Associate Editor *Class Record* (4); Member of Triangle Society.

Thesis, *The Modern Problem Play; Its Origin and Development.*



WILLIAM HENRY BACON WHITALL.....Germantown, Pa.

Born, Germantown, Pa., July 15, 1892

Entered Freshman Year from Chestnut Hill Academy. Wogglebug Football Team (2); Chorus and Cast of *Patient Philosopher* (1); Mandolin Club (2, 3, 4); Glee Club (4); Double Quartet (4); Cap and Bells Club (2); Honor Committee (2); Student Council (3, 4); Chairman of Banquet Committee (1, 4); Assistant Manager *Class Record* (4); Member of Beta Rho Sigma.

Thesis, *Mendelism and Its Relation to Human Heredity.*



**CHARLES RHOADS WILLIAMS**.....Newark, N. J.  
Born, Philadelphia, Pa., June 8, 1892

Entered Sophomore Year from Clark College. Class Football Team (2); Football Squad (2, 3, 4); Football Team, (3, 4); Class Numerals (2); Football "H" (3, 4); Class Soccer Team (3); Cap and Bells Club (2, 3, 4); Assistant Secretary (3, 4); Executive Committee (4); Chairman Play Committee (4); Try-Out Committee (3, 4); Cast of *Bourgeois Gentleman* (2); Cast of *A Doctor in Spite of Himself* (2); *Class Day Committee* (4).

Thesis, Aesthetics.

## Ex-Members

*Better to be a has been than a never was*

### Morris W. Gates

**"Morrie"**

Morris is our only rounder, fair, redolent of Newport, Fifth Ave., and Ardmore. We all saw and admired. His fame ever missed notoriety by the intervention of the faculty. His qualities of generosity and open-hearted democracy made us all regret his departure at end of Junior year.



### Percy Warren Moore

Was a querulous holder of the corporation. His foibles ran to insects, moonlight walks, mandolins and chemistry. He left us Sophomore year to obey the siren finger of the University of Wisconsin, and to flirt with agriculture, for which his peculiar swinging wobble well fitted him.

### Harry Offerman

The meanest thing the class of 1913 ever did to us was to rob us of "Offy" at the end of our Junior year. His smiling countenance, his naïveté, his willingness to do any old thing to oblige (even the faculty), won him a place in our hearts which his desertion can never efface.



### Charles Russell

"Unk" Russell was our most public spirited man during Freshman year. His industry in every field of undergraduate activity was indefatigable. From last reports "Unk" is doing wonders with the New York civil service.



**Herbert Wetherill Seckel**  
"Leck," "Webb"

Father Seckel left us at the end of Sophomore year to enter the dull confines of Business, distinguished for his rogueries and athletic prowess. He was our only member of the 1919 English Cricket Team, is famed as the leader of the *perade*, and the queen of North Barclay. His wit, his mouth and his drawl are among our most pleasing reminiscences.

### Francis Collins Stokes

A rough-houser, a devout worshipper at the shrine of beauty in art, in nature or in humanity—especially female—*Say, Smith, wasn't she a peach?*—a philosopher who believes in enduring hardships because "it will make a man of you," a gentleman from the top of his white head to the soles of his clumsy feet,—all these characterize our "Fran," who left at the end of Sophomore year to fill a revolving chair in the seed business.



### **John A. Stout**

Stout was our brooding agriculturist of Freshman and Sophomore years. He had very little to say and, like the Fat Boy of Pickwick, had a domitative proclivity. We loved him for his gentle ways.



### **Kempton Potter Aiken Taylor**

Kemp took a furlough after Freshman year, which relegated him on his return to the class below. His prominence in the team pictures in this book attest the beneficial influence of his year with us. His adventure with the back drop in the Wayne Opera House is the most suggestive of his annals.

### **Leonard Van Hoesen Thomas**

The distressing malady with which Leonard has been so long confined limits our expression here to sympathy and hope for his swift recovery, which we hear is assured. His manly virtues in a boyish exterior are responsible for his large retinue of loved friends. He was ever one of our very selves, entering into our life with much spirit.



### **Carl Gerhard Heym**

Destined to be the most prominent diplomat of the world, if his love for creative fiction does not lead him into literary circles. His extraordinary adventures with the "dames" of this vicinity, who fell powerless beneath his charms, are worthy of many a ballad. However, feeling the call of fair "Havad," he packed his papers and love letters at the end of Sophomore year and vamoosed.

### **William Shelley Geisinger**

The figure of a Billikin, a face like the harvest moon, and the status of a class maverick was "Geisy," although through his never failing good humor and Dutch wit he won his way into our hearts and pocket-books. We managed to see a lot of him, even though he was a "day stude," because of his mania for collecting our footwear, for repairs. We lost him at the end of the Junior year.

### **Lewis J. Feinstein**

Although 1914 had this member for less than a half year, we had come to know and respect his abilities. Ours was the lost and we regret he could not bear our presence longer.

### **Richard J. Schoepperle**

"Dick" was one of the most popular men in the class from the very start. None of us will ever forget his bath-robe, his slippers, his collarless shirts, and his love for "nosey poker," a game at which he always lost, much to our delight and the discomfiture of his noted "beak." We lost him at the end of Freshman year.

### **Albert Mordecai Taylor**

To come late and go early is said to have been a characteristic of Charles Lamb. A. M. Taylor had a superfluous sprinkle, also, for we only got to see him in classes the first year. Then he silently folded his tent and slipped away, and we knew him not.

# Genesis

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**I**N THE beginning, Prexy created Founders and the campus;

And the campus was without form and void of flowers; and darkness was upon the face of the campus at night; and the Spirit of Prexy was sore moved;

And Prexy said, Let there be light, and lo, unto him came all manner of mechanics:—the carpenter, the mason, and the electrician; and builded him a power plant, and there was light.

And Prexy saw the light, that it was good; and the evening and morning were the first day.

And Prexy said, Let there be a college of Arts and Sciences in the midst of this campus, and it was so; and Prexy created the college and divided it into departments, and it was good.

And the evening and morning were the second day.

And Prexy said, Let there be a faculty to rule over the college and the departments; and he caused to come together sundry men from all parts of the earth, and in the college he gathered the wise and learned, and it was so;

And over each department there was a head and Prexy blessed them and saw that they were good;

And the evening and the morning were the third day.

And Prexy said, There must be students. So he went out into the highways and byways of the schools; each bringing forth fruit of its own kind, the fruit according to the tree thereof.

And Prexy placed these unformed sprigs under the care of the Faculty and saw that they were good.

And the evening and the morning were the fourth day.

And Prexy said, We must now have buildings, since we have the men and students, so let there be buildings in which to shelter these weary workers, and places for them to work, each after his own kind;

And there were buildings.

And Prexy called one Chase Hall and the other Whittall Hall, and caused them to be used by day and the power plant by night;

The greater by day and the lesser by night;

He made the paths and lanes thereto, also.

And Prexy set them in the enclosure of the campus to give light to future generations, and Prexy saw it was good.

And the evening and the morning were the fifth day.

And Prexy ascended a mighty hill and Barclay arose; and behold below was a valley, and a stream running there into and one end was blocked and the space enclosed and the skating pond formed.

And Prexy said, Let the skating pond bring forth living creatures after their kind; and the bull-frogs croaked in the Spring, and cattle and creeping things and beasts of the earth thrived in Summer, each after his kind; and it was so.

But the space about the pond was barren, and Prexy said, We will make of it a "Garden of Eden." So he caused to be planted around about, all manner of trees and bushes, and they grew and flourished.

And the evening and the morning were the sixth day.

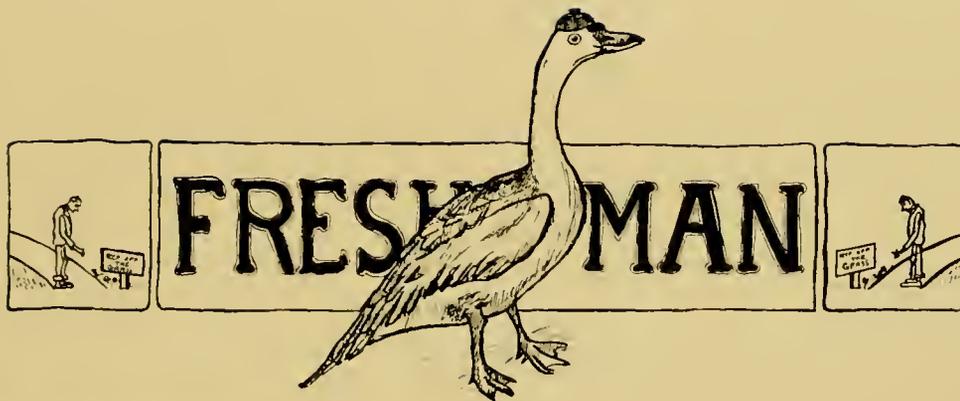
And Prexy sat in his office and saw everything that was made, and, behold, it was very good; and he blessed them and he rested from all his work.

And the evening and the morning were the seventh day.

These are the generations of the Campus, and of the Faculty, and of the Students; when they were made in the day that Prexy created the college.

And every plant of the Campus before it was in the ground, and every bush before it flourished, and every tree "from which the fruit of his heart grew," and Haverford beautified the earth.





THE late September magic of burning leaves, the cold formality in which the college world extended to us her hand, and the furtive endeavor to evade the jovially dignified crowds on Walton, where every one was acquainted save ourselves—these bore in upon our tender sensibilities for the first time free from our egotistical importance of "Prep" school, the intimation that we were not, as yet, persons of vast worth. Those who do not know us will think this not at all surprising, for the state of timid subservency is the one characteristic of Freshmen. In all else, however, the class made great departures. A bromide among us is a *rara avis*, indeed, and since sulphites are rarely of a feather, you must not wonder if at times our early evidences of the spirit of unity and brotherly affection were not perceptible.

Naturally, that first morning, we were duly impressed by the faculty gracefully arranged in a row upon the platform, and were awed by so much outward dignity. President Sharpless's kindly face looked over

the stand above us, and what comforting words were those: "Spare our Freshmen; be brotherly affectionate toward them; do away with this barbarous custom." What wonders hath the class wrought, for no longer are these warnings necessary! Then, too, our eyes were dazzled by a brilliant red light at one end of the row. This we later found out was the Dean with his usual color scheme, patriotic throughout to Haverford. We have long since gotten over the idea and fear that he had cut his throat each morning, and with four years' acquaintance have come to know that old red necktie at an amazing distance.

The class was a cosmopolitan one then. Merion and South Barclay were Westonian throughout and naturally conservative. But a brood of iconoclasts was North, strangely assorted, famous for its common trait of virile sarcasm, an indomitable tendency to burlesque, and its hearty espousal of *laissez faire*. The sanctum at the foot of the stairs was the appointed scene for a cane rush enthusiasm (?) meeting, and herein we were assembled radiant from Jimmy's harangue upon the modest virtues of the little ameba. Pre-eminent alike from his advantageous position on the couch and in his official capacity as temporary chairman, the person of Seckel was truly venerable. This austere worthy now demanded the names of the cane men, and upon the mention of Sangree, all eyes were turned to where, looming dark against the nether wall, a specie of Indian Hercules lay recumbent on the floor, his bushy brows ill concealing the large brown orbs which critically scanned the person of his room-mate, the "Fairy Child," the "Tuckahoe Swamp Rat," the "Youthful Archimedes." Rice, to whom these epithets are not incongruous, became restive beneath this scrutiny, and passed out the door, a nebulous lustre in his eyes, and an observation on his lips to the effect that it was time to dress for the rush. When Sangree stood erect the suspicion that we might lose the rush vanished from every mind. The forest pruneval and the Aborigine are wonders of our age, and just so was Sangree, our wild man, our marvel of strength in this period of mollycoddles and lack of eugenics. How the class swarmed upon Walton, was cheered by our sponsors, illustrious '12, dove into the maelstrom only to be drawn forth ingloriously by the diligent Diament-Curtis-Webb combination, and upon the yearned-for gun crack made our escape with great success, is too much a matter of yearly occurrence to repeat. Nevertheless the various methods by which we found exits from these ancient purlieus may serve to characterize a few of our members. Will Whitall, merry

Jamestown still a dream, drove off in his Peerless for a twilight spin, with only a supercilious glance at the despots who sought to retain him. Edgerton, in his car scattered posters over the countryside to let the inhabitants know that at last our great advent had come. Green, in his hurry and flight, jumped the wire fence once surrounding the football field and left his would-be captor gazing with mouth wide open; the chief palm belongs to Westonian Bentley, however, who lay quailing under a mulberry bush from the close of the cane-rush until the next morning, and "they didn't catch me at all," he breathed to Clarke behind his hand in meeting. A large "14" appeared on the grass, another on the walk, and still another on the skating-house roof. But here let us quote from the *Haverford News*, alias *The Weekly*, an impartial judge, supposedly, and a true lover of mighty deeds:

PFE-RADE A FARCE.—SOPHS CANNOT HOLD THE LINE.

The annual Freshman Pee-rade took place last Thursday after Meeting. From the standpoint of the bloodthirsty upper classmen, it was a grand success. It must be admitted that the artistic sense of the college is being rapidly displaced by a desire for the vulgar rough-house. When the final halt was called there were no more than six or seven of the first-year men left in captivity.



Or another clipping:—

FIRST NIGHT.—MORE OF A FARCE THAN EVER.

In spite of the fact that the Sophomores were overly solicitous about the early bed going of the first-year men, there were not more than six or seven of the "Rhinies" who were properly tucked in before 12 o'clock. The early part of the performance was so poor that only 25 or 30 of the upper classmen considered it worth staying up to see and they were disappointed.

The Freshmen were able to scatter numerals all over the neighborhood, and one ambitious youth painted, rather pasted with flour and paste, an enormous "'14" on the roof of the skating house. It was so large that eight Freshmen were busy for an hour the next day getting it off.

Perhaps the few of us who, perforce, partook of the college bounties, and those who returned at midnight, had the most satisfying memories of that night of torment. Certainly none can love our quondam "Offie" so deeply as those who saw him officiate as *Lord-High-Wiper-of-Smiles*, or shake the hand of "Piggy" Lewis with such unfeigned rapture, or after vainly seeking a point in a Westtown joke, naively report, "there is no point to it." Then, too, how apologetically little "Rat" Ferguson pasted up the rules which we immediately and consistently started to infringe. "Oh, sweet revenge!" That night we tasted it for the first time. Three Dauntless Ones caused a certain Sophomore of diminutive size to undergo a water cure, and then invigoration by the gymnastic stunt of a parabolic flight at which he was not an adept, so landed on the floor with a mighty crash. And '14 slept.

The next week saw an increase in our liberty and the development of individual characteristics. Then, and not till then, did we come to know each other, not merely as one of the class, but as persons. Had these persons been in the slightest degree of a different sort than they were, the class could not have existed; so harmoniously did the various types blend into a composition very different from anything that had come before, and hewing a path all its own for four years. We thumped our rattles around and became original.

Then did we first grow familiar with the sight of "Apostle" Paul (his mission the conversion of all to the delights of pure rough-house). Rice could be heard hurling imprecations (in the Tuckahoe dialect, of

course) at the plodding "Bowse" whose scholastic aspirations were then showing signs of incipency. "Honor Math!" How those words used to thrill us to the core, sunk as we were in the bliss of mathematical obtuseness.

Football came and went with its customary associations of fair damsels, waving banners, enthusiasm meetings and low grades. Sangree, Fran Stokes, "Bob" Smith, "Herb" Taylor and Seckel were our representatives. Although the letters were few, our assistance was considerable. The last game was preceded by the "Round-up" of immortal memory. Patteson was the organizer, the fertile humorist, and to him we owe our triumph. Who of us can forget the practices in which we strove so mightily to enter the gym with the proper abandon, take our seats with a reckless ease and laugh at "Pat's" jokes at the right moment? How Taylor broke forth in ecstasies and Waples was born off on a ladder in the agonies of hysterics.

After the interclass gym meet had been awarded to 1914, the minstrel show—for such it was labeled—went off without a hitch, with one exception. Our "Whitie" Stokes, now a prosperous seed merchant, had invested two dollars in a white rat which was intended to strike terror into the hearts of the spectators, and also to provide an excuse for a hurried exit. Stokes, at the given signal, withdrew the rat from his pocket, and with a wild cry set it free on the floor to run. As fate would have it, however, the rat bounded under the heel of his namesake, Ferguson, and instead of protection found instant death. Mas! for "Whitie's" hopes! Memento mori! There was little hesitation on the part of the judges—we were unanimously awarded fourth place. In the Freshmen cake-walk we experienced a real triumph. The betting ran high. Now Whitall, now Garrigues, now Bentley, were the favorites. Judge of our consternation, however, when instead of these celebrities the cake was awarded to Hiram and Freddie Elkinton. McFarlan still boasts of having attained third prize. Of the cake, however, few of us can tell whether it was made of flour or wood.

The next event of importance was our liberation from the tyranny of Durgin, the Collector of Reports. No longer need we haunt the halls until Big Ben had sounded the hour of eight-thirty. Consequently many larks were planned and executed. We must not forget that our *serious work* was progress-

ing steadily. One day per week we studied all day, an excess of studious employment, which is to be ascribed to the advent of the mid-years. Ben Lewis even gave evidences of the semi-annual apprehensions when he attempted to convince Professor Reid that one-ninth and one were practically identical. Lewis himself, who came at last to see the folly of his position, now maintains that he was so flustered by the fact that "Em" Stokes was graduated from the "dumb section" that he had a lapse.

Mid-years after all did happen, and we survived. How delicious it is to recall in these days of four examinations the method by which we mastered a three-hour course in three hours and attained the coveted "D." How we marveled and, methinks, sometimes scoffed at conscientious Offerman, who aspired to higher grades, and how we raptured in our dance around the burning note-books in the hall—the only bonfire we would consider, even though a barrel of oil had been bought for that purpose. Edgerton, where is that oil?

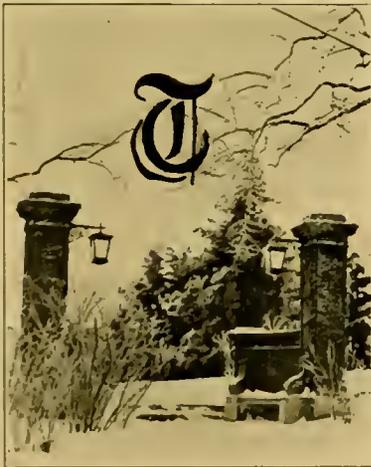
Soccer came, and with it the triumph of the class Bentley, The Elkintons, Downing, Thomas, Stokes, and Miller formed the backbone of the team and made the college suspect that after all we might be what we thought we were. Losing the championship by a misunderstanding—thinking the whistle to have blown and allowing the Seniors to push in a goal—we won it in swimming and drained the Smoker cider barrel to the dregs by way of celebration. Sweetest of all the memories of this season are those of the *Patient Philosopher*. Who can forget the lithe figure of Ferguson as he gyrated to the strains of "Haberno, Gay Fandango" or "Kemp" Taylor as he prolonged a little too long the note of "My Mandolin Maid?" Then, too, Locke and Green, as they gently rocked to and fro, upheld with dignity the chorus of "Nursery Rhymes."

Time now laid aside his scythe for the better use of his wings and sped through the spring with the speed of Gates's new car. Track was in progress and Jones and Green, our representatives. Bowerman was "pluming his wings for greater flights." The big occasion at the close was the Spoonfest, but on many other evenings we felt the bliss of the sunsets over the golf grounds, and of the songs on the steps of Barclay which, at least, rivaled in spirit and volume, if not in technique, the efforts of the Seniors on Old Founders. The Freshman-Sophomore Wogglebug Cricket contest fell to our opponents 28-29. The

long spring days and longer nights made us all slight the conscious-promptings of final exams. The "real college work" became our sole pastime. Those of us athletically inclined indulged in moonlight track meets, in which "Bud" Philips carved a name for himself by winning the two miles (?) to the tune of five minutes. The Elkinton trio had adventures in their rivalry for the affections of a lady. So amorous did these become that Clark, in one of his most exalted moods sagely observed: "Tom is human, Howard is half-human, but Freddie is divine." Green, also, had flights and made the *Haverfordian* on a bit of verse called "Love is Eternal."

Our hats were finally extorted from a committee who unreasonably demanded spot cash for their efforts. The impressive figure we cut when shaded by these ebony sugar loafs made us truly aware of our importance in the college world. It all had to end, though, and end it did, this glorious year which combined the hopes of school and the delights of college. The pure joy of the thing was passed, but we looked forward and were content.





HAT first summer vacation passed all too quickly for many of us. The pleasures of telling our thrilling adventures "at college, ye know," to Helen, Mary and Sally, never grew stale, but at last September 25th loomed up on the calendar. Alma Mater did up her back hair, powdered her nose and sat up expectant. Soon classic Barclay was to resound to the groans of terrified Freshmen, Mars would be in the ascendant, and the old, old system of intimidation and senseless hazing would begin. But Lewis hid his mops and pails in vain. From the station that morning there issued a band of Sophomores different from all that had come before, teaching its Freshmen bashfulness in a new way, and without the boisterous roughness of the usual brand of Sophomores. Nineteen hundred and fourteen came back resolved to accede to President Sharpless's often expressed wish that "first night" and the "pee-rade" should be abolished. Other classes have claimed the honor for themselves, but the fact remains that 1914 was the first class

unselfish and liberal enough to forego the pleasure of doing as they had been done by. Without the consent and co-operation which we gave the reform could not have been carried through. True—the festive tomato was much in evidence—great reforms are not made over night—but the decisive step had been taken, the old system banished, and all future generations of Freshmen will rise up to call us blessed.

The new class hats were much in evidence. Little did we know when we chose them how soon their sombre color would serve to herald forth our grief—for we had lost three men. Kemp Taylor had gone into business for a year. He is our only bequest to 1915, where he has been a popular leader since his return when we were Juniors. A. M. Taylor had left for Cornell. Dick Schoepperle felt the call of the wild, furled his beloved bath robe and fled to the University of Illinois. We missed his long nose and characteristic garb, and have often wished he would come back if only for a visit. But after taking stock of our losses, we found cause for congratulation in our new member: Williams of the raving tresses and gigantic frame.

Naturally the cane rush was our first thought. The Freshmen looked dangerous at first, but when the last gun was fired, we found ourselves the winners. Prone at the bottom of the heap we found Leonard Lippmann in his gayly-colored pantaloons, firmly grasping the stick, while a little to one side lay "Monk" Russell, both hands clasped with a death-like grip on one of McFarlan's attenuated members. The hard-hearted judges refused to count this, but still victory was ours, 14 to 12. How joyously we tripped into Bib. Lit. II; that is some of us. As for others a certain resentment still lingers over the thought of being compelled to hunt for and conjure the Dean that the first two classes were missed by a change of schedule. Of course, this was true, but one has to show a physicist.

And then came the football season. We were well represented on the team, and much of its success was due to one of our men—Webb Seckel. Who can ever forget the snake dance at Lancaster, with which we celebrated the victory his field goal gave us? Herb Taylor was one of the "towers of strength" (Weekly No. 23). Philips, though he didn't make the Varsity, was plugging away in a manner that won for him the warm praises of all. The season, as a whole, was a success, particularly for 1914. The class game came when the regular season had ended, but it was a contest worthy of an epic. Of course we all knew

that Seckel would win it for us, but J. Pluvius sent such showers that the game was invisible from the side lines. At last, however, the clouds lifted just in time to allow us to see a small waterspout go down the field in the person of Seckel, the pigskin safe under his arm, giving us the game by a score of 6-0. Again the clouds lowered to hide the disgrace of 1915. Great credit is due to H. Elkinton, Williams, Sangree, "Bud" Philips, Taylor and the rest that swam and floundered that day on a field turned to a torrent, filthy with mud.

In gym., "Doug." our boy wonder, was not able to participate; let us draw the curtain. In soccer, our contribution, Bentley, Stokes, and Tom Elkinton, performed wonders, but such was expected of them from their previous records. "Stew" Clark was forging into the lead as a public speaker, his remarks concerning the propriety of Taft's stumping the country won for him a medal. "South" Barclay became musical and bought a Victrola with many records, to play an accompaniment to their rough-houses, to Fran Stokes' wild leaps in the air after a shower-bath, and to their peculiar game of fire-ball. Merion kept pace by purchasing a pianola.

As Christmas drew near, the good feeling that usually attends that festival was, sad to relate, somewhat lacking. Certain of the Freshmen, made bold by the lenient treatment they had received, took it upon themselves to spread the report that we were not hazing them because we were afraid to do so. This was too much to be born. A few of our members corralled the offenders in North, and soon proved their statements to be in error. Whereupon there was much outcry. The class stood behind the so-called miscreants as a unit, but nevertheless, "the powers that be" decreed banishment for a time.. However, the fact that the exiles were thereby able to have a four weeks' Christmas vacation, instead of only two weeks, mitigated their sorrows.

January fourth found most of us back wishing for mid years. Those were busy days. "Bowse" and "Offy" geared up their grindstones. Rogers was once caught looking worried; Percy Moore admitted that he was studying (though he usually attributed his marks to natural brilliancy), and even Gates stayed at college two nights. Oscar underwent his usual ordeal of innocent queries, but at last when reports came out we were comforted.

It is with genuine sorrow that we pause here to note the death of one whom we had all come to respect and love. "Jack" Guiney, our football and track coach, had done much to raise the standard of athletics at Haverford. Young, jovial and strong, he exhibited all those qualities which an athlete admires. We can but repeat the words so fitly inscribed on the tablet to his memory in the gymnasium, which was his home:

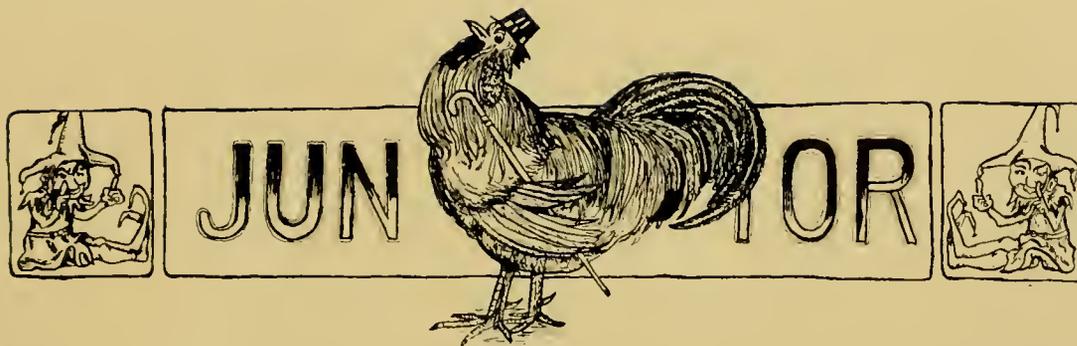
"John J. Guiney, an athletic leader, who so well expressed Haverford's ideals of sportsmanship."

After mid-years the days rolled by like a dream.—Green and Taylor's band of "supes" held forth at the Metropolitan, to the great delight of the opera-loving public. McKinley, then learning the need of being able to talk to a chorine, took a class of Italians to teach them English, incidentally learning their language himself. Heym daily informed us of the progress in the rumored war scare between Germany and England, always with a caution not to repeat *his* news as he had inside information which should not get out. "Johnny" Stout discovered a new way to be lazy. Philips, Green, Waples and Lippmann did wonders for the *Haverfordian*; Smith also ran. Fred Elkinton launched forth as a breaker of hearts, and bought stamps by the cart load. Jones tried to think of new ways to keep in training for track work. Miller won the South Barclay championship as a "rough houser" (though F. Stokes ran him a close race for the honor). Ferris flitted in and out, daily, as much of a stranger as ever. Downing shone as usual in chem. lab., smoked and chatted nothingness to his heart's content. The music clubs were revived and "Bob" Locke, Ferguson and Whitall came into their own. As spring advanced, Rice's fancy almost lightly turned, but his books called him back. It is rumored that Edgerton's fancy was less obedient; then began those lovely and pleasant trips to Woodside. Garrigues was the star of the cricket team. It was the delight of the college to watch his legs and arms whirl in bowling. "Erny" Bell's inventive genius showed alarming symptoms. Benny Lewis slept on his chemistry text book, Dr. Hall having told him to spend six hours on it daily. Patteson garnered dimes from the ice cream enthusiasts. And so June came at last. Green gave us a feed in the cricket pavilion, and we freighted the night wind with song and smoke. The finals were

a severe strain for all of us, but few fell by the wayside, and at last we were free to seek our roof gardens, real upper classmen, and looking forward to another year at dear old Haverford, which Sophomore year, most of all, has taught us to love.







**M**OST Haverford classes are decimated at the end of a Freshman year full of escapades and Dean's notices, but our greatest loss occurred at the end of Sophomore year. Moore, following an erratic star of destiny left a Corporation Scholarship in order to study agriculture at Wisconsin; Heym went to Harvard, Seckel and Fran Stokes forsook us for lucrative business positions; "Unk" Russell and Stout, also, failed to answer the roll-call. Champlin—splendid heritage from 1912—and Tomlinson, were our new members. "Young Taussig" McFarlan and his wife, "The other Mack," came to live among us. A few words of suggestion from President Sharpless at the time of choosing rooms had scattered the class as never before. "Scarey" Thomas was the only one left in North; the "South Barclay Bunch," as such, ceased to exist; and Merion, formerly a sweet refuge for grinds, was surcharged with such a motley number that the little leaven of scholarship that was there, was hard pressed to leaven the whole. Let our twenty-four B's in Senior year testify to its success. On the whole, a splendid class unity was brought about. T. K. Brown also came to live in Center with Henry Joel and to enliven the college with his social functions and pet vernacular of "Say, feller, I'll tell thee." Here begins twenty-four hours of simplified spelling.

Naturally our paternal instinct, or maternal, if you choose in these days of suffragettes, was fully alive to prevent any serious Sophomore outbursts which would break the standard we had set. Happily, none occurred. Our energies were thus soon turned to football. Ten of the class were on the squad, and the rest heart and soul in the game. Few of the team will ever forget the trip to Carnegie Tech. On the return from Pittsburgh a weary team was retiring when the burly porter came down the aisle calling "Lady coming." Williams, with suspenders dangling, sought refuge in a nearby berth, only to find he was literally "in wrong," for it belonged to the lady. Such incidents as these made life exciting and pleasant. The soccer team has one as good concerning their trip to Harvard on the Fall River Line with a bunch of sight-seeing teachers.

Early in the year the class gathered in Downing's room for a "feed," a picture, and a jolly time. Several classical yells, and some that were not classical, were tried. In a fit of optimism we decided to bury old "Skinny Wah, Wah." This reliable yell was written on a scrap of paper, carried out mournfully to Merion Field, buried, and finally danced on by each member of the class; but, although the rites were apparently duly performed, "Skinny Wah, Wah!" has returned with the persistence of a cat, to do service, and therefore deserves a place here:—

Skinny Wah, Wah!  
Skinny Wah, Wah!  
Whip-a-canoë-ski,  
Wah, Who-Wah!  
Nineteen fourteen  
Rah, Rah, Rah!

Miller and Stokes brought honor to themselves and the class by winning the tennis doubles. Shortly after Christmas vacation, H. Elkinton, Miller and Clark took part in "Sauce for the Goose is Not Always Sauce for the Gander," an original skit by Howard, who himself took the leading part. The comment of the press was not very complimentary to the ambitious "Stew P." It ran: "The main part was well taken,



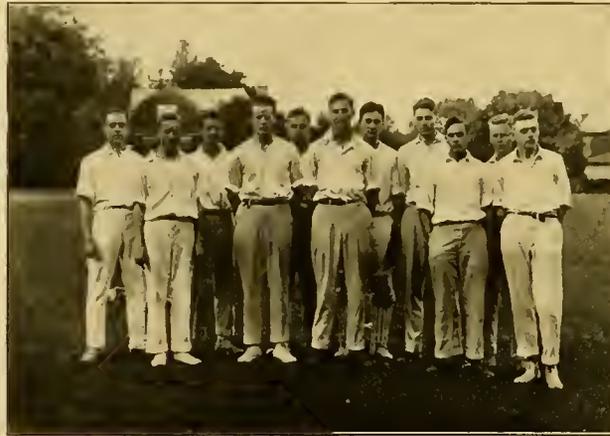
Championship Class Soccer Team

while Miller has a good voice and makes up well." Clark began to take more sugar on his peas to sweeten up. We omit, by request, the puns that Patteson would make.

In 1913 we won three class championships: gymnasium, soccer and cricket. The first of these deserves special mention, as it has long furnished one of a few standing jokes. Waples, as is the custom, won the Interclass Gym. Meet, taking five first places, but this time Tomlinson placed on the horizontal bar and

the mats, Green in the novice clubs, Stokes in the novice parallels and tumbling, and Bowerman in the novice horizontal and parallels. We leave the class soccer and cricket episodes to come in their proper places.

While the air was filled with cowboy calls and speculation was rife concerning the 104 verses unfit for print in one of Prof. Lomax's cowboy songs, we began to make plans for Junior Day. If we omit Clark's railway accident, this was, by far, the biggest event of the year, and from casual remarks we felt bound to make the affair a huge success—not that we cared what our superiors, in years only, thought, but we wanted a vent for our artistic skills and aesthetic temperaments. McFarlan, on account of his strenuous exertions in behalf of the honor system, was elected president, and his first act was to gather us together at the Haverford Court to discuss the decorations and so forth. After Offerman had plagiarized three



Championship Class Cricket Team

jokes, whose production at the 1913 banquet two weeks later made him the sensation of the evening, the discussion which followed was worse than starting Tommy Brown on simplified spelling. It was bedlam for a while. Frantic economists, led by Hiram Elkinton even wanted the dining room to be decorated instead of the gymnasium. Some thought they liked the Grecian Temple effect, and some wanted a fountain. Finally, we discovered that the far-sighted McFarlan had chosen his committees, and that plans were already under way for the best Junior Day ever. At twelve o'clock we crept out on tip-toe, and an added feeling of affection arose within us for the class.

Now began the customary reaction from Mid-years—two weeks of unalloyed bliss. Waples was elected Editor-in-Chief of the *Haverfordian*, and it began to take on a new form. Howard Elkinton was elected to the same office on the *College Weekly*. "Bill" Whitall was taken with the appendicitis—at least that is what zealous doctors said he had. The Patteson-Lewis-Rogers-Tomlinson card combination resumed the usual evening game of "500." Edgerton and his car became as assiduous as ever in seeking for joyous joy-riders. "Bud" Philips, re-elected to the business managership of the *Haverfordian*, again took up the pursuit of the patient advertiser; "Bob" Smith advanced the spark a little and went to three shows a week instead of two; "Ernie" Bell appeared again with his ubiquitous camera, and "Malc" Ferris returned to his schedule of playing stranger and slipping away unnoticed. Just half the class ordered canes in March, and we swung proudly along, especially "Stew" Clarke, who looked very much a king—except the crown—this had been shaved off after his encounter with the Haverford station.

These signs of approaching spring led us to recall the Interclass Soccer Series. Tying with 1913 in points, we fought a hard game with two extra periods of five minutes each, but failed to break the tie. On April 14th we again wandered on the field, determined to win. All opponents of '14 know what this means. For an hour and a half the battle waged without score. Bentley, with his shoulder in a brace, had several beautiful love passes with Ollie Porter. In true football fashion, Ollie would charge, often two feet off the ground, only to find Jules had slipped by and himself about to meet the ground with a heavy thud. To make a long story short, as Bolles would say, at fifteen minutes past six Bentley centered

into Tatnall's hands, and Green and H. Elkinton, followed by the whole 1914 team, pushed both Tatnall and the ball through for a goal and the championship was ours.

In quick succession to the class series came our historic Wogglebug. Praised be the man who invented Wogglebug games! There are two kinds of men who play. There is the true humorist who sees the most fun in himself; and then there is the usually quiet gentle man, who, becoming excited, is out with a vengeful passion for blood—dripping gore. We had both kinds. It was after this game that the fellows began to openly label Leonard Lippmann a genius. They had suspected it before, but now they were convinced. Out came a prancing figure in a dunce's cap, a bright checkered golf costume, and some of the usual undergarments on the wrong way, and we recognized our Leonard. "Polly" Sangree appeared in an acrobat's plush, Clarke and Patteson were also there in their native characteristics; the rest were convulsed with laughter. We lost the game, I believe, but what does that matter? Humor and passion were satisfied.

In the Spring Athletic Opening Sangree was proclaimed victor in the wrestling events, and "Champ," living up to his name, took first boxing honors. Our championship swimming team, composed of Waples, Philips, Rice and Sangree, lost to the 1913 relay team by less than half a length.

A great misfortune now befell the college, although we rejoiced at the excitement. Whitall Hall burned in the dead of night. Practically the whole college appeared in picturesque garb. Oscar was there in his rubber collar. Morris Gates, who had just gotten back, came in full dress; pajammed figures were many. Two fire companies hastened to the spot and almost drowned Fritz Elkinton by the nervous handling of their fire weapons. Frantic appeals were made for the president, and when he was found, equally frantic appeals to know, "Why aren't there more water mains here?" Although few knew it at the time, the greatest loss was to the Junior Class. In accordance with the plans of the decorating committee for Junior Day, a wagonload of lumber for the pillars of a Grecian Temple had been purchased and was ready for finishing. The original plans for decorating the gymnasium had to be completely changed and new material secured. Great credit is due to Green for the way in which he himself made the necessary changes, and in four days entirely metamorphosed the work of months. Rough cedar poles, which were to cost noth-



Junior Day

ing if not cut, were secured; blue crepe paper was ordered by the hundred weight. Jess even made a model of the overhead work, showing how the wires to uphold the heavens could best be fastened. The college was ransacked only for a few lamps and tables. Miller paled and grew thinner than ever under the care of the finances. We can still see him in his den waiting hopefully for Lewis, the mail man, to come around with more acceptances. Outside his door he still has a hook on which Hiram—Taurus—the Toreador, tied the bull outside, for at this period, you must know, it began to flourish. After the last touches had been given to the fountain and the "1914" electric sign had been suspended over the gymnasium door, a tired class tripped over to supper and had visions of trying to talk intelligently to friends after the play, "The Importance of Being Earnest," about which we had wrangled so much with the Cap and Bells. Our exertions were well worth while, however, for Dr. Jones came twice to see the decorations before the crowd presented itself, and Dr. Babbitt enthused greatly over the gymnasium transformed into a Palm Beach, declaring it was the "best ever." The night was splendid, and of the morning after we shall not speak. A much needed vacation followed.

After vacation, "Bob" Locke, on whom life's ebb had already begun to leave its bald tide-mark, was elected secretary-treasurer of the Intercollegiate Soccer Association; Stokes and T. Elkinton were chosen for the All-American team. Champlin and Miller gave stirring pleas for and against Woman Suffrage at the Alumni Oratorical Contest. The class won the championship in cricket, which had been wrested from us the year before by an over-industrious ground committee. This deed of injustice marked the rapid decline and fall of ground committees. We swamped all classes and especially 1913, in which game the final score was 117-61.

About this time Geissinger, who like Offerman, escaped all class dues by lingering on the brink between the two classes, was seen flying—or should we say fleeing—across the campus with old shoes hanging from his arms and an imaginary trail of creditors in his wake. Offerman, having played *possum* as long as possible, finally declared for 1913 and decided to graduate with them. We were indeed sorry to lose this indefatigable seeker after truth: This and many other signs of the zodiac made us, with deep re-

gret, realize that Commencement time was at hand, and another year of apprenticeship was gone. For the first time we knew that we could assume without contest our right places as masters-of-the-situation, and consequently all our old hatred, if such it was, for 1913, departed, and we could in a whole-hearted spirit and brotherly feeling, wish them God-speed.

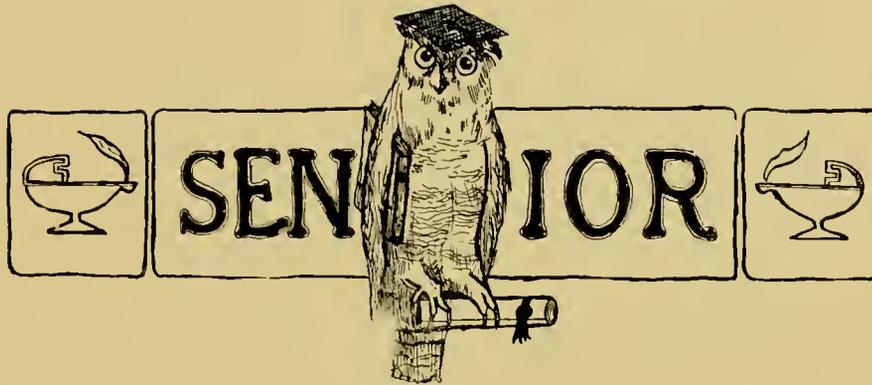


CRICKET FIELD



BANQUET  
CLASS of 1914  
HAVERFORD COLLEGE  
HOTEL ARIZONA, MARIE 1914





**F**ROM the four corners of the earth, we, the mighty class, flocked together after a glorious summer. Mighty in deeds, mighty in vitality, mighty in thoughts, mighty in ideals. Before us loomed a year's work, but what cared we? Were we not the mighty muts, the stately Seniors, the glorious grads-to-be, the charming class who start the singing in the dining room, and did not a member of football fame govern the cane-rush? What rejoicing there was as we gathered into the class room for our first lecture on ethics, and how energetically we went forth to seek the ethical standard, and like unto Hermes, straining on tip-toes, sought to break the tape even with our flying goal, in blind confidence that somehow, someday, somewhere Justice, although "plodding along on leaden feet," would cross our pathway. 'Twas about this time that "Stecker" Stokes thought he needed no stars to guide him, began "to seek the light that lies in woman's eyes and lies and lies and lies." In serious Senior serenity we labored and accomplished. To our world, our deeds were of the magnitude of those going on around us. Did not Sangree bring together his sturdy warriors, kill the dragon, sow its teeth and strike down the sturdy opponents sprung therefrom?



Seniors on Football Squad

Taylor, Philips, H. Elkinton, and Williams were at their best, and Cheerleader Garrigues, with gloriously graceful waves of arms and undulations of body, caused the air to be rent with lusty cheers for these—our classmates. Often on defense we would see Taylor or Williams or Elkinton arise from the bottom of a mass, resulting from a blocked play, or on the offense see Sangree or Philips plunge thru the center or around the



Class Feed

ends for good gains. Feasting and teas were the pleasures of others. Tom Elkinton and Stecker Stokes strove to break all previous records for large parties. Oh, what a change hath college wrought! No longer have we the two bashful boys, but society men of the first calibre.

'Twas no wonder that Edgerton's car flitted around incessantly in the evenings, for the beauty of the Autumn was supreme. Nature seemed to outdo herself in welcoming and greeting us to a world where we are to play soon an important role. McFarlan and Miller were completely carried away by their feelings,



Championship Wogglebug Foot-ball

practical and un sentimental as McFarlan is. Even Richardson, our North Carolina representative, goaded on by Woosley, wandered around with them until three o'clock one moonlight night. Do not ask them where they went, or why; it's a secret; they don't know.

New Lloyd, although unfinished and accessible to the rooms for a week only through the windows, was dedicated and consecrated as a Senior rendezvous, and here, around Locke's spacious fireplace, the class later was to congregate for good times and closer friendships. It was not long before a class feed was determined upon, and Patteson, Downing, and Whitall appointed as chief chefs. What one of us will ever forget that chunk of ice, oyster filled? Praise, however, is due to Edgerton in preventing Bell from going astray.

In taking the roll-call, two members were missing—Thomas and Gates; but several new increments responded—Kelly, Kelsey, Lane, Parker, Richardson, and Trueblood. We immediately adopted



Y. M. C. A. Cabinet

them, and along with the bunch, forced them to don, in the latter part of October, our outward signs of dignity, the gowns; *i.e.*, all except Sangree and Philips, who still retained a certain childish perverseness, and choose to be *super-ordinary*. Jones, too, was in the same group, and he alone has appeared the entire year unadorned by scholastic apparel, claiming his gown had been sold to two people by a member of 1913, and he had lost possession of the article.

By this time Ec. V was well under way. Taylor soon learnt to answer "here," to H. W.; Miller recited and argued according to the text-book, and often found himself wrong; Clarke had several "bad thinks." Those traits were budding which caused Dr. Bolles to exclaim at Mid-years in a moment of ecstasy: "I've really enjoyed my work with this class. It's the best I've ever had," and swear—no, affirm—that he did not say that to every class. We must believe the truth, however, for did not Dr. Jones say the same at the close of Philosophy V? "Yes, your papers are up to any. I am very much impressed with the adequate knowledge of

the subject. There is no single paper in a class by itself, but three or four are a little superior. If I were to make any selection, the first would go to Waples, with Herb. Taylor a close second."

But we have skipped a most important detail. Dearie me! how careless! Let us go back to the end of the football season to the time of the Wogglebug games. McKinley was elected our sturdy captain and drilled his cohorts so well that, in spite of the Juniors' kicking about men, we won. Yes, everybody has learned to take their hats off to '14.

Let us glance at *The Weekly*:—

"The Wogglebug football championship was decided on Monday, when the Seniors defeated the Juniors by a score of 6 to 0. The Seniors won through the splendid work of their speedy back-field which, in the second half, succeeded in tearing up their opponents' line for a well-earned touchdown. The speedy Kelly couldn't be stopped. He crossed the goal line once after scooping up the ball from a short punt, but the touchdown was declared illegal, because the whistle blew during the play. However, the Seniors were not to be downed, and they soon carried the ball over when Kelly made a fifteen-yard run through the line. The Seniors thoroughly earned their victory; although the Juniors fought gamely."

Line-up:

SENIORS

Ferguson, r.e.  
Richardson, r.t.  
Patteson (Clarke) rg.  
Rice, c.  
A. Elkinton (Lane), lg

Bell, lt.  
Stokes, l.e.  
Tomlinson, q.b.  
Rogers, r.h.b.  
Miller, l.h.b.  
Kelly, f.b.

Christmas and mid-year flew by and nothing broke our serenity but Locke's, Stoke's, and Ferguson's adoption into the flower family of Haverford—a type of lily, we believe it was. About this time, South Barclay sympathized with Hiram Elkinton upon the death of his aunt. They lost the bellowing of his presence on the hall and were bothered by his questions of how the treatises on "specie payments," handed in some five days before, had been worked out.

After mid-year, the soccer team began practice again. Captain Elkinton, Stokes, Bentley and F. Elkinton were equaling their previous records, and Green finally burst into the first team for the last three games. Downing and Smith were doing faithful and good work on the second team. The season did not turn out so successful as was anticipated and as the playing deserved. No luck broke our way. The class games resulted in a tie between the Seniors and Sophomores in the round robin series. Finally, after three ties and an extra game after vacation, the Sophomores won out. A lack of spirit and more important interests placed elsewhere caused our championship team to go down.

Gymnasium was active under the management of Bowerman. Garrigues and Waples were our contributions and their assistance was great. Waples did especially fine work, taking third place at the Interscholastic Gymnastic Meet and raising Haverford to fifth in that Association. Herb Taylor could be seen flitting over the campus, tape measure in hand, preparing and worrying over the new track, or consulting his friend, Dr. Babbitt, about the best way to govern athletic smokers; Bell camped on the trail of his classmates, camera in hand, ready to snap at a second's notice; Williams was tearing his hair over the play try-outs; Clarke and Lippmann were coming in dull monotonous their parts; Jones was becoming nervous over the coming track season and gloomy concerning the poor showing of the fellows, hurling imprecations at the belated class soccer games. The Bryn Mawr quartet fussed steadily, consistently, persistently and thoroughly. On March 14th, the last Class Banquet was held. It was well adapted to suit the taste of any ventral hedonist, even of the most delicately developed and versatile epicure. Lippmann grounded the gavel with gravity and introduced wittily the speakers—Locke, Taylor, Champlin, Patteson and Clarke, all of whom expounded words of wisdom and the virtues of college life in prose or verse or worse. Finally "The News" told us that vacation had arrived, and should have come two weeks earlier, at the Easter Season, when our friends, our brothers, our affinities or near affinities, were in a place to enjoy the festivities, but we went just the same.

For some time after vacation the world moved on in the even tenor of its way, nor was it disturbed until the Class Day Committee, Stokes, McKinley, Garrigues, Patteson and Williams, recently elected, began to splash around, to quibble and worry over a play. After reading and disagreeing over some fifty they com-

menced to pull out their gray hairs. McKinley became serious for the first time in his college career and could be seen at all hours with a slip of paper, on which was written "estimated expenditures and receipts." Rogers and Lewis continued complacently to lean back in their easy chairs and smoke, or to pass the hours in "500"; Ferris had drawn some attention and fame to himself by means of instituting a wireless station; Downing was still working overtime in the chem. lab.; Miller, his term of Y. M. C. A. presidency just completed, began to smile, to rough-house and to play his frivolous game of throwing a tennis ball far over the head of any one he could get to indulge; Trueblood nosed around among all the mildewed books of the library; Parker turned dreamy eyes to the West and loved ones; McFarlan daily counted his list of advertisers, made mysterious visits to Bryn Mawr, where he stayed even too late for the *Constable* to catch him coming home, and coined fabulous sums from tutoring; Fritz Elkinton could not be forced from his room in the morning until the mail man had come and, then for the rest of the day, read letters while going and coming from classes; Bentley visited college once or twice a week, and it was a common sight to see him overcoat in one hand and suitcase in the other, headed for Camden. Smith moved among us as bashful and shy as ever, waving his hands in the same peculiar method and sighing for a return of the "Pink Lady," a show which he is reported to have seen at least seven times during his Sophomore year. Of course we cannot vouch for the truth of this statement.

Junior Day with its play "Engaged," came and we dined for a few brief moments in the new place of reception, the dining-room. We chatted and were happy in one of the too few social functions of our college life. Then came those gala days—

No sleep till morn, when youth and pleasure meet,  
To chase the glowing hours with flying feet.

The crack of the cricket bat was once more heard mingled with the chirp of birds in their love making. Spring had come and the resplendency of the campus was such that it repaid one to spend a cold bleak winter just to be at Haverford when life comes anew.

In the four years—four years only too short—many things have happened worthy of mention. We have seen the Chemistry Building completed and occupied, Whitall Hall burned, extinguished and re-

fitted, a new soccer field sodded, a new football field, track and grandstand arise and the corner section of Lloyd Hall finished and inhabited; besides developments along lines less practical, mayhap, and quite intangible, yet just as important: a new curriculum with more hours and granting a more thorough study, a new chair created, *i.e.*, Sociology, and hazing and the soap slide abolished.

Thus you have heard our history. We ourselves are proud of the record, for we have won, and will feel repaid for what we have done, if you, kind readers, also approve. We entered Haverford with light hearts, looking forward to four years of enlightenment, comradeship and happiness. These, and more have we gained. As we survey our college life from this pinnacle, we needs must take Fran Stoke's philosophical saying, "It will make a man of you." "It has made men of us," we all cry; we have grown out of our old selves and become finite-infinite; we have ceased to be poor little manikins and go forth as personalities. We are entering something new. We know not what it is, but we shall accept it with the same enthusiasm and vigor that we have accepted conditions here, and we are full of confidence that we will win, as we have done here, a confidence bred by rubbing shoulders with men of keen minds and high ideals, bred by the inspiration to be gotten only by association with Haverford and things Haverfordian.





NEW LLOYD HALL.

## Commencement

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**T**IS dawn; upon a housetop stands the youth,  
Viewing the busy mart of trade below  
Where beggars, gentlefolk, and men uncouth  
Finger the wares, pass gravely to and fro.  
Intent he gazes, as each worthy man  
Makes estimation of his property;  
When these are many,—low he breathes, “I can,”  
When few, though brave, he sighs despondently.  
Thus, in the agony of silent hope  
Youth beholds Manhood in its imminence  
With faith, like David’s sling, prepared to cope  
The armored Giant of Experience.  
The Buyer; fancies he what is to sell?  
The Future; yields it thorns or asphodel?

—D. W.



### HENRY ERNEST BELL

—“ERNIE”—

It would, indeed, take an imaginative cartoonist to do justice to Ernie, our Ernie of the inventive mind, the ubiquitous camera, and the enduring smile. For the first we envy him, for the second, we thank him, but it is because of the smile that we love him. Four years ago, when he first came amongst us, he was blessed with a heart devoid of malice, a mind free from guile, and as he was then, so is he now. A gentle spirit, my worthies, and a gentleman. There are things that we could say, deeds that we could record, but that would be superfluous. But let us remind him that in the years to come, we can picture him couchant in the heart of the paternal cornfield. Then, prudence forbids us to say more, but,—Ernie will understand.

### SYLVANUS JULES BENTLEY

—“JULES,” “BENTEL”—

In the cut, you will perceive the two conflicting tendencies which make for personality,—one the alert address of the salesman, ambition on the *qui vive*; the other—betrayed in the incipient smile—a sportive habit of mind, leading straight to the Lewis-Downing-Bell Den of Humor, that seventh circle of the unskillful jester. Jules has many traits, all of which we admire. He is disposed, however, to present them in a false light, which deprives him of much legitimate applause. He is of the tireless-worker's persuasiveness, to which his all-night shifts as brakeman of the P. R. R. during vacations will testify. Scholastically Jules excels in all work of a legal significance—witness his "A's in Blackstone. Here we may logically observe that he is an authority as regards the high politics of his native Camden, but side-lights on this theme are only to be obtained at the price of a course in English VII. Warm-hearted, vigilant, industrious and perverse are his characteristics, a distorted sense of the humorous his only blemish.





### WALTER GREGORY BOWERMAN

—"BOWSE"—

Whole chapters could be written on Bowse, but unfortunately space will not permit. Of him could we write an epic,—how he came to us verdant and virile, and cut the bushes by the pond; how with those long strides peculiar to him he two-miled his way to fame; how he inundates our dear Reid with his own Northumberland lore; how as a Junior he grasped the coveted Key and now rests on trailing clouds of glory at the very feet of the immortals. A man of stern Puritan conscience, he has made us tremble at times, yet his very exhortations are but the result of a desire for the welfare and salvation of us all in common with the rest of mankind. What the Future has in store for Bowse we know not, but let us give the Future warning. Don't keep it back long, or he'll choke you and take it. "What about that 50c. you owe the class?"

### CARROLL DUNHAM CHAMPLIN

—“CHAMP,” “C.D.”—

As he himself would say, “a full-blooded halfbreed.” Descending upon us from the eminence of 1912, he has touched us with a sense of our own infirmities. Sincerely and with force does he plead from Freebe’s rostrum; and equally does he scoop honors in the ring and in the realm of higher philosophy. Since the apotheosis of Lance, he has ever strummed the anthems in Y.M.C.A. A futurist in the truest sense, in converse he can outery Nester by wealth of phrasing. An irresistible thirst for knowledge leads our philosopher to diverse lecture halls where the finer points of pedagogy are treated. From Rufus to “The Hells of Earth” is a wide gulf, yet he has spanned it. But come, in spite of ourselves we cannot be facetious at Champ’s expense, for his is a kind of dignity that is impervious to such attempts.





#### STEWART PATERSON CLARKE

—“STEW P.”—

For four long years has our Stewart remained a day student, steadily refusing to mingle in our childish pursuits, thinking, mayhap, that “discretion is the better part of valor.” And, indeed, has he not reason to be chary, for did not his undue garrulity bring down upon him The Everett Medal, and his red flannel *unmentionables* consign him to a swift immersion in the pool? Indeed it may well have been from a resultant despondency that in Junior Year he wooed Death beneath the iron wheels of the 4.42. But even Death was coy, and Stew is still with us. Now for all this, think not that he holds no place in our hearts. Good natured and ever cheerful, it but needs his presence to dispel the darkest gloom, and after dinner—well, by his speeches shall ye know him.

## GEORGE VALENTINE DOWNING

—“PIVOT”—

Wan and eager of countenance with protruding eyeballs and drooping mouth-corners, Pivot resembles the “gone” view of the Herpicide advertisement. And the Pivot of Freshman year is gone, a shy, dyspeptic individual, but from his ashes has arisen, Phoenix-like from his own crucible, “Our New George.” Chemistry, old books (some few of the risqué variety), and the humorous, serve to fascinate him; soccer to make him robust. The Merion Maecenas, he holds his clientelle enraptured and faithful by means of nightly readings—and refreshments. George has not done as he has been done by, and so we admire. As a leather chemist he will soften his senseless hides by the injection of somewhat the same spirit that has won him a place in our hearts.





### CHARLES WILLIS EDGERTON

—“EDGE”—

Various philosophers have maltreated Epicurus—but it has remained for Edge to discover, possibly unwittingly, what the old gentleman was driving at, by a process of clipping away all philosophical herbage and verbage. For himself Charles Willis has chosen the middle path of Haverford Quakerism, has worn a continuous smile, and babbled of green fields. Yet has he also worked, vacillating at times, yet with the final goal of the insect who “gets there just the same.” Under his management the Cap and Bells has waxed great and through it, he has achieved to the seats of the mighty. Edge knows how to give others a good time as well as have one himself, and poor in spirit must he be who cannot look back to pleasant hours spent in the luxury of his motor car.

ALFRED WALTON ELKINTON

— 'FRITZ' —

Everlasting youth is the endowment of a pathetically small few; therefore, Fritz's exuberance of spirit comes as a revelation to most of us and is the envy of many. He is the actual and visible essence of the "Youth's Companion" and "The American Boy." Being of no little prowess both upon the ice and cycle track, as well as the proud possessor of a soccer "11," he nevertheless carries his honors lightly and devotes his more serious attention to the management of his large and growing correspondence. We are given to understand that, go where you will, he is dogged by a train of languishing maidens, and Lewis carries an extra mail bag in which repose their missives.





## HOWARD WEST ELKINTON

—"HIRAM," "TAURUS"—

Similis est Elkinton,  
Bufoni languido  
Tamen si vexatus sit,  
Heu! (spinaculo):  
Bufo se exerceat  
Cum libris et pilo.

Yes, the above doggerel is in Latin; we have, nevertheless, other reasons for making use of it. "Poetry—should it teach or *merely delight*?" Obviously, reader, it should teach *and* delight. You will therefore worry out the meaning of the verse and come to the inevitable conclusion that Elkinton is a "languid toad." That this characterization is not accurate is disproved by our emphatic assertion and the bright light in his eyes. As he searches for the letter A on his typewriter you can catch a trace of the persistency which has won him his laurels. This wild adventurous gleam is produced just as effectively by the noise of a  $\circ$  B K key as by the aforementioned spinaculum. Howard, as athlete, journalist, student and convivial spirit generally, is distinguished by his relentless perseverance, pervaded at times, it is true, by a quaint far echo of the boisterous muse.

Howard is industrious in all—and talented in unique—ways. His phlegmatic appearance is assured to give the lie to the suspicion of excessive vigilance.

## THOMAS WILLIAM ELKINTON

"TOM," "TIM," "TWELK"—

When the President tells over the list of the Elkintons the response of the last named is usually the most laconic of the three. His words are few, his exploits numbered, his sociability vast. As a man of the town our information comes chiefly second-handed, but as he is known by the affectionate sobriquets of "the Venerable Ape," and the "Mournful Twelk," we speak from authority. Generous to a fault, indulgent in the extreme and endowed by temperament rather than by years, with the philosophic mind, he has all the best qualities of companionship. He has, beside his many friends, won athletic and other honors. At times he gives evidences of much talent and executive ability, which, when developed, will make us proudly say, "I told you so!"

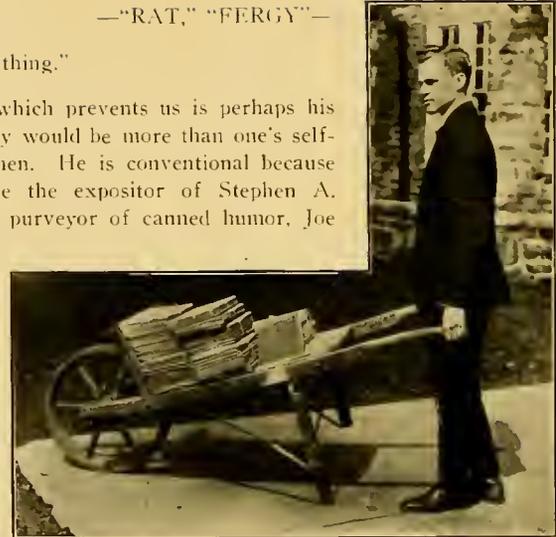


### JOSEPH COOPER FERGUSON, 3rd

—"RAT," "FERGY"—

"A lion among ladies is a dangerous thing."

Not many of us know Joseph as we should like to. That which prevents us is perhaps his easy compliance to every request. To allow his kindness full play would be more than one's self-respect would permit. Joe is one of our few instinctive gentlemen. He is conventional because it is natural. Joe has risen greatly in our eyes since he became the expositor of Stephen A. Leacock and the malign tone of the new Lloyd Annex. As a purveyor of canned humor, Joe stands *par excellence* with Father Seckel. Freshman year found him out as a potential Wogglebug, philosopher and breaker-of-hearts. All of these promises he has fulfilled. Joe has the trick of intimacy to such an extent that each member of the class thinks he has not many other friends like himself. The above pose—as minion of the *Haverfordian*— shows us the bright, earnest facial expression we have come to associate with the Hero of Homespun—with which worthy he will, just as certainly, make good.

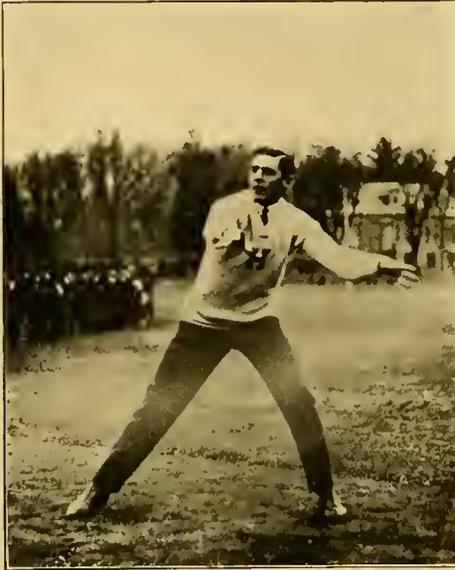




### MALCOLM FERRIS

—"MALK"—

"Malk" has often been called the stranger in our midst for, although four long years have flashed by since we met, Malk has shown no signs of mingling to any great extent. His mind has been wholly devoted to more serious things. But there have been changes. The little airs with which he would delight his neighbors in Freshmen Math, have ceased; airs so haunting, yet so soft that Dr. Reid never got wind of them. And now, after three long years of daily peregrination, Malcolm is no longer a day student, but lives among us. To those who will drop in on him, an evening's entertainment is assured. For Malk is a wireless fiend. Daily amidst a maze of wires, switches, keys and coils, he will conjure up for you all sorts of messages from the ambient air. A gentle soul, my worthies, and his like shall inherit the earth.



## JOHN KITTERA GARRIGUES

*Victrix causa deis placuit  
Sed victa Catoni.*

The champion of Losing Causes, whose chief social danger lies in the suspicion of insincerity. And well it may, for the modern man who defends the defenseless and strives for the well nigh unattainable, must be touched—to be sure—with either insanity or hypocrisy. Above you will note, in his open features, his resigned acceptance of the most thankless job in college. To avoid the current phrase let us say "John should be perplexed." So long as he sows the seeds of the higher life at Preston every Sunday, devotes his afternoons to the coaching of scrub teams, and his evenings to equally unprofitable forms of altruism we shall not question his motives. John has had stages, like the rest of us, from the social gallant, through the studious life to the calm reflective temperament beyond. He is to-day our only thoroughbred classicist, having absorbed all the Latin and Greek in college. Of his other powers we may speak to better advantage when we have seen their effect upon our British rivals in the victorious cricket invasion of 1914.



### JESSE PAUL GREEN

—“JESS,” “MUSE”—

A man of iron, the modesty of a Lamb and the temperament of a Lanier, Jess rushed in where angels feared to tread, and it is thanks to him that you are now reading this pretty book. Little did we think in Freshman year as to the altitudes to which he was to attain, but ere Sophomore year the bushel had been charred by the light that it concealed and Jess stood forth a luminary of the first magnitude. As to athletic prowess, has he not been a bright particular star upon the track, and did not several men trip over his big feet in the intercollegiate soccer games? As to cultivation of the arts, was he not a bulwark of the *Haverfordian* and Oscar Hammerstein's chief (and last) prop? A Napoleon of executive ability, on Junior Day, he was to be seen in fifty-seven places simultaneously, as useful in one as in another. Yet there are even deeper depths of altruism to which this spirit plunges. An inherited tendency toward the lecturer's desk has made of J. Paul a mighty worker amongst our untutored Latin neighbors. More power to him!



### EDWARD MORRIS JONES

—“TED”—

Having known him during four tempestuous years, we feel qualified to speak. A man of seeming hesitancy, it has remained for him alone to beard (pardon, to moustache) the Dean in his den and haul him metaphorically around the track. For it is as a track captain that Teddy has taken life seriously, as indeed he takes Monday lunch and the ancient sport of “500.” Eventually he will die and just as surely will he make his sprint to the pearly gates, but as he goes in we can even now hear him murmur, “Oh, why didn’t I do something else!” But Teddy is a thorough sport and we admire him; he is a pleasant comrade and we seek him; but above all he is Teddy Jones, gentleman, and it is he we love. Watch him blush.

### THOMAS RAYMOND KELLY

One of our most sincere reformers, Kelly has the puckered lip and chin of the revealer of searching truths. When launched fairly forth in his fiery invective against the vice traffic, the auditor, transfixed by his piercing eye, thinks of John Knox and his last indiscretion. Kelly, we feel, is unique in living up to his best, even to the well ordered gait and gaiters. His thorough going and purposeful attack has carried him to the goals of this, his one year with us, and few of us doubt, since forecast we must, that of our number none shall surpass him in the achievements of spiritualized efficiency. We know him best as a hard student, convincing speaker and earnest worker in the Y. M. C. A., and for the best interests of the community.





### HADLEY HART KELSEY

"The Kelsey" is one of our most recent acquisitions, indeed he only came to us this year—but, ah! since he did come, how much he has contributed to our simple joys. Connected by bonds of blood to one we all hold dear, he has acted as the Missing Link that binds us to those Olympians who have for four years controlled our destinies. Gaze upon him as he is revealed in the accompanying portrait. A man of stern stuff, say you? Aye, true; yet has he his passions and ardors even as the least of us. The ladies, God bless 'em, of Oskaloosa, Iowa, are as drink to him, even as those various implements made of wear-ever aluminium, of which he thinks, talks, and dreams. For further data consult "Who's Who."

## HAROLD MACY LANE

Alias "Tin Plate Pete," in memory of that classic day when he circled the four corners of the dining room in search of custards wherewith to grow fat. He has for a whole year lightly tripped it amongst us on his Cat's Paw Rubber Heels. A man of method;—has he not introduced an intricate system of card filing in which is stored memoranda, programs, pictures, feathers, and party-colored locks of human hair? Having pulled many a grudging A from the grudging Oscar during 3rd quarter, we predict that finals will find him with an average of 106. Whereon, great will be the slaughter of the fatted calf.





### BENJAMIN JONES LEWIS

—'BEN'—

A strong argument for reincarnation comes to light when we read of rare Ben Jonson, and then think of our "Old Reliable" Ben Lewis. Like the illustrious poet, he is hearty and jovial; like "Kim," he is the little friend of all the world. He is here shown in a characteristic pose, thoroughly comfortable and doubtless cogitating those grand old words of the philosopher, "I should worry." Yet, if you seek a favor of him, away goes book, pipe and contentment and he is yours to command. For three years, acute Brynmawrititis has had him in its fell clutch, but of late the classic halls have known him not. West Philadelphia, however, has not shared the same fate. He has had his pickings of sweethearts, of pipes, horseflesh, and cards, and, in short, is our own particular Tony Lumpkin, lacking naught save ambition and red hair.

## LEONARD BLACKLEDGE LIPPMANN

"A very gallant gentleman."

A hybrid personality whom none but a Chesterton could adroitly portray, whom none but a Macaulay could aptly characterize, nor a divinity fittingly exploit. Leonard is himself the living solution of the controversy he so much detests concerning the relation of noumenon to phenomenon, for in him we have the joys of the flesh incarnate, enhanced by a mind and culture which are their only eloquent defense. Seemingly a paragon of fastidious refinement, we are surprised that Leonard can see beyond and smile; for, truly, some few of us know, he loves the social whirl for its adaptability to his inimitable burlesque. His notoriety with faculty and other nonsympathizers, be it said, results from his hatred of a compromise. Leonard would as soon forsake his world of precise chivalric courtesies—and in any other he would be alien—as demean himself by any justification of his actions. To give offense where offense is due, to scorn the mob, to exasperate authority, to bewilder disputants, to enchant Browning societies, to drink tea, to mystify reformers, to indulge in practical jokes, to avoid his numerous enemies, to love his innumerable friends—these are some of the functions of this versatile, frivolous, observant, literary and justly distinguished character. Leonard has achieved more already in his life than any other of us. "And Catulus makes mouths at our speech."





### ROBERT ALLISON LOCKE

—“BOB”—

When Robert first left Titusville, was he assailed with doubts a la Dick Whittington? And did the bells that grace the roof of the Liberty Hose Company peal forth the old familiar “Turn again, Turn again!”? At any rate, to forsake a question that must ever go unanswered, our Robert has twice been our president, and furthermore, we’re glad of it. He has a surprising amount of savoir faire, and fits himself to all and sundry. Indeed, the only place where he would not be perfectly at home would he be in the jail, and even there he would soften the hearts of the most austere of jailers with the first few bars from his seductive mandolin. It was Bob who put the Glee Club in its present high position, and this year did he not endanger his life and few remaining hairs by managing the danntless Soccer Varsity? Yes, the train that first brought him hither brought from Titusville a son, but for us it brought a friend and father.

## ROY MCFARLAN

—“MACK”—

“Von Cassius has a lean and hungry look,  
He thinks too much; such men are dangerous.”

Roy is our keen kutter economist. He has won recognition as a man of parts. His perfect assurance in all emergencies has carried him ever to the forefront. As president, his manifest composure aroused suspicion in some, but the bluff was never called. His tutoring has won him the name of plutocrat—his tooting that of Bull-fighter. Roy is perhaps our oldest and our most efficient. His time from 11.30 to 12.14 A.M. is never wasted. His Glasgow enterprize is not common among us and we give due honor. As a diplomat he is ingenious; as a politician forceful. He tends to exploit those phases of personality which are demanded most in the business code.





### ROWLAND PAULL MCKINLEY

—"MACK," "ROLL"—

Although originally a student of human nature, Mack has developed into a student of books since he and his Roy have joined forces. Nor do we love him the less. Yet this new transition has not dimmed his interests in his own pursuits. That typical success "I love the ladies," was undoubtedly written for him alone, and on the Wogglebug field there has been no diminution of skill. But it would be improper to forsake this fascinating subject without casting some light upon his satorial perfection. From the part of his golden hair to the soles of his party pumps Mack is undoubtedly there with the goods. He is a perambulating reproach to the frawsty, and the class is proud of him.

**HAROLD SCHAEFFER MILLER** —“MILL,” “TWIN BLUE MIRACLES”—

From far away we heard him, for his voice has that timber that speaks of the sounding brass and the tinkling cymbal. From far across the fields he called us to duty and to the seriousness that is life. We came and were led through green fields and by still waters. Yes, in after years the manse will have a worthy incumbent, for already many of us can look back with gratitude to some word or words of encouragement or warning that have almost made a turning point in our lives. Harold has done much toil for the class and for the college, and that he is appreciated is shown by a glance at the list of offices after his name. He will jump into his own, even as he nervously flitted and rough-housed among us when day was done, weddings and funerals over and the Queen of Night on her throne.





## DOUGLAS LEONARD PARKER

—“CHESTY”—

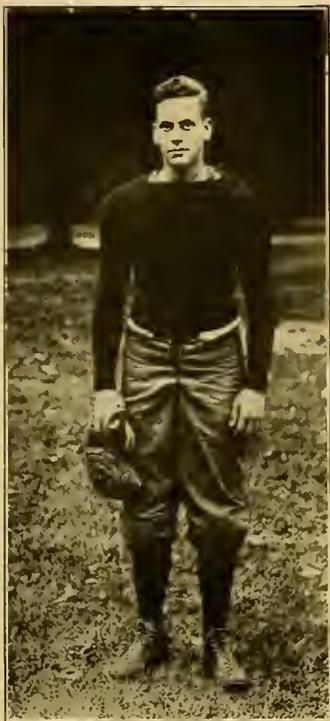
And by his walk shall ye know him, and by his strains: particularly the latter, for at about 11.45 A.M. (an hour when he is at his best) his ravished listeners congest the traffic in his vicinity, and great are the wails therefrom. His is an air of unrest typical to Wichita, Kansas, which accounts for the speed with which he gets things done. Some there are who say he sleeps not, but we, who know him amidst the tranquilities of Greek I, can swear that it is false. Although a decided addition to the glee and instrumental clubs, his chief avocations and exercises lie in the fields of checkers and his own variations of “500.” He threatens to elevate the morals of the clergy, and while we have heard from him but once in Y. M. C. A., a whole year’s acquaintance has made us sure that he can do it.



## WILLIAM SHEPPARD PATTESON

—“PAT,” “CUPID”—

Pat is a good boy now. Not, you will understand me, that there was a time when he was not, but since the days when “Cupid” first flew into our horizon there has come a new seriousness that well becomes that massive brow. A comedian of the first water. Pat has kept us in one continuous gale of good-natured laughter for four years, and we now offer our tardy thanks. Also, was he not the genius from whose fertile brain sprang the never-dying “Skinny-Wah-Wah?” It is for his many talents that we all appreciate him, but those of us who know him as a keen observer of life and an ever sympathetic friend, will always see him as one of the brightest gems in the crown of 1914.



ROWLAND STAUNTON PHILIPS

—"BUD," "PHIL"—

Bud first flashed in upon us from his native Kennett, a glory in brown and smiles. His Yankee sense of humor soon endeared him to Dick Schoepperle, of sainted memory, by whom he took up his abode. Not for long, however, for Bud soon made his appearance amongst "our best people" in North, and stood well in the foreground of the governing class. His artistic development has been rapid, a fact of easy proof for his accurately-kept note-book has varied monthly in characteristic items. First it was cigarettes, then Latin trots, then shirts, then football liniment, and finally we found last week, "item—Plato (complete works)—\$15." The word "pep" was first coined for Bud. Naturally aggressive, he has waxed more so under Sangree, and the *Haverfordian* owes its boom almost entirely to his efforts. Athlete and business man, and blessed with the persistence of a library notice, Bud must succeed, and "blind to what he would not see," will triumph even in failure.

## EDWARD RICE, JR.

—“RUE”—

We, who have watched the lines about his face harden from the Freshmanic blush of the “Campus Episode” to the dignified assurance of the football factotum, have never ceased to wonder at his versatility. Including in his make-up, less cynicism than most, he has a bubbling font of enthusiasm on tap for everything from Monday lunch to cricket. Like the other great, he has his hobbies; motor boats, skating and Kant are his passions, and oratory, squared accounts and poetry his abominations. Born under a lucky star, he has had his Waterloos with the rest of us, for did he not, on one occasion, when fussing one of the fair, miss the last trolley, and having made certain that the family was asleep, did he not effect entrance and seek repose on a couch until an irate menial flung him headlong into the gutter? Yes, the world will dampen his buoyant disposition, but will never quell the spirit which prompts it.





### BAXTER KEY RICHARDSON

—"HOW COME," "RICH," "DIDO"—

From Guilford came this guileless and good natured "Dido," and he brought with him the mail carrier's swagger and a language that we are just beginning to learn. It is said that the girls all giggle and goo-goo with glee whenever he talks; certain at least it is that the boys bellow with bliss whenever he skates or essays the valse. As an operatic "supe" Rich has rivalled the records made last year by *Gregory the Great*, and many a carefree divine has looked wistfully after our lusty Aeneas. But Dido has learned the road that leads "dawn to Brin Mah," and is "right reglah" thereon. Had Dido developed an earlier passion for Haverford, much would have transpired, but as it is we can only sigh as we murmur, "There goes the noblest Halfbreed of them all."

## ROBERT GROVER ROGERS

—"ROG," "BOB"—

That Bob has come into his own was amply proven to us all by the tenacious way in which his name reappeared throughout the long struggle for spoon man. That we all do not know him as we might is not our fault, for Bob is as bashful as the blushing violet. But he is as kind-hearted as he is bashful, as absent-minded as he is both. Given a pipe and a can of his own particular brand, he is quite happy. Indeed, the story is told that once, while in search of his missing briar, he moved all his furniture into the hall, while puffing furiously upon it, and exhaling clouds of smoke the while. A regular Don Juan during his first two years, Bob has since withdrawn from the lists, but only, rumor has it, that his affections have at last found a permanent anchor. If so we can only congratulate him—and her.





### PAUL HUDSON SANGREE

—“POLLY”—

“Stands that two-handed engine at the door  
Ready to smite once, and smite us more.”

Paul is Paul and still he is of us for he is twain. See him there in football gear of his own construction; a bruiser rampant on a field of mud. This is the Paul of action, the leader, yet there is another Paul. Hear him quell the Thersites of the locker-room, watch him track the elusive “Mazda” to its lair, or feel the weight of his hand upon your neck and you would never suspect the man of moods. Yet in common with the rest of us, Polly has his eccentricities. An avowed feminist, he is ever ready to defend the sex in their quest of the vote, yet he is not so tender with Oscar the Incendiary. It is Polly alone who dares to champion the Hungry with the head of our culinary department. Then there are those who accuse him of cultivating the muse, but to most of us he is the hero of lost causes. And if he is a hard loser, why “Make him smile and love him.” But verily, avoid argument.



## ROBERT CHAPMAN SMITH

—"BOB," "SMITH"—

"He was so good that he would pour  
Rose water on a toad."

We have each a different mental picture of Bob. His most prominent abstract trait is sincerity. A kindred feeling with the insensate things of nature leads him to prowl the woods at night and confide in the silent hills. Ben Lewis, after a Phil. IV lecture, called Smith "an inscrutable x"—no other could. His simplicity results from a lack of sophistication, not from a narrow horizon. Bob is reported to have passed an entire afternoon in a stable loft because he had loaned a necessary garment to one in need; which is rarely done to-day. To recount his generous extravagances would weary. Wealthy in human sympathy, we are not surprised to find him lavish. In the earth which he inherits, all cynics shall hold their peace. For industry, "pcp" and genuineness he is worthy to be praised.



### SAMUEL EMLLEN STOKES

—“STECKER,” “EM”—

He came amongst us with all the innocence of the new-born babe, and we looked upon him with a mixture of awe and admiration; judge, then, our horror when from out of a clear sky he propounded the conundrum of the “Pirate Ship.” But he shall be forgiven, for he has done much to make the honored name of 1914 echo down the ages. In soccer he is a *bear cat*, in cricket he goes to bat and stays on it, and as a factotum to the perennial Y. M. C. A. he was the one best bet. Good natured and generous, he has made many friends and no enemies, a system which if pursued in after years should go far to make our “Em” the Dr. Munyon of Moorestown.

## HERBERT WILLIAM TAYLOR

—“HERB,” “AND TAYLOR”—

From a certain never-to-be-forgotten night in Freshman year to this present season of tears and long-drawn partings Herb won his way straight to our hearts, and has ever since occupied considerable space. And that we have not been selfish about it either, we have but to state that next year he has been bequeathed to the college body in general and Jimmy Babbitt in particular, that each and all may have before them a living exponent of the glory that was 1914. Herb has ever held aloft the ideals of our class, yet in the capacity of standard bearer has attempted to keep himself outside the range of public vision. But let us here gratefully acknowledge four years of faithful service, four years of pleasant fellowship.





### THOMAS TOMLINSON

—“TOMMY”—

“Out upon it, I have loved thee whole days together  
And am like to love thee more; If it be fair weather.”

Descending upon us from the heights of 1913, Tommy became one of us, and bids fair to hold forever a part well in the forefront of our class. From the picture that accompanies this paragraph you may gather that he is a student; from the quotation that begins this paragraph you may suspect him to be a man of many amours. Both, gentle reader, are true. But it is even more as a gymnast that we are entitled to point with pride; and as a lightning producer of monstachios he has never found his peer. One after another they appear. One after another they fade. But entangled in hair or as smooth as glass, Tommy is Tommy, and will be so till the end of the chapter. “Therefore we loose him.”

### CHARLES KINGSLEY TRUEBLOOD

—“THE HERMIT”—

Though he was among us, yet we knew him not; his words were monosyllables, a hermit of the old type, seeking the seclusion and quietness of damp cells and the library, resisting all invitations and force (of persuasion) to become a thoroughly adopted child, but at times showing his deeper and nobler self. We have come to respect his scholarly monasticism and the will-power to follow his polar star to realms ahead. His is the life of modesty, but beware of the discussions in which you try to involve him, for behind this outer crust of cold reserve there burns the fire of wisdom and of fervor. “On, Stanley, on,” to the accomplishments of thy visions.





### DOUGLAS WAPLES

—"DOUG"—

Freeburg has characterized him as the "embodiment of classic restraint"; Eddie Rice has claimed—but there, Eddie is prejudiced. To most of us he is simply "Doug," and to understand, the Sphinx would be an easy task in comparison to the riddle offered by the erstwhile editor of the *Haverfordian*. There is that about him that is illusive, distant, lacerons; touched with a faint suggestion of Swinburne and haunted by the ghost of Dowson. In the full presence of us all he was hailed as one of the class geniuses, and not a voice said him nay. He has a pretty knack in phrasing and some of his silences are pregnant. Yet with it all, beneath a surface of epigram and William James, there beats a heart, although he would not have it known. He is a nature too human in its essentials for the mere *précieuse*, and he has made some firm friends. "Doug" has done much already, but he will do more hereafter, and whatever he shall put his hands to it will be done well and conscientiously. And so with this assurance, "Hail Douglas—and farewell."



### WILLIAM HENRY BACON WHITALL

—"BILL"—

All types of society have ever taken joy in their aristocracy—hence our pride in William: an aristocrat of the first water, reserved, refined, the only original glacial epicure. His tact and forbearance have won him a distinct place amongst us, while his negative virtues, which are many, have gathered rose buds for him even from our lamented Martha. Possessed of a blush that is as notorious as it is deceptive, he is at once a lure to the fair and a blind to the vengeful. A ready raconteur, his stories of high life have won for him more praise than his attempts upon the *oaten* life, but it is upon his reputation for having escaped more collegiate inconveniences than the rest of us that his fame chiefly rests. Too human to delight in needless toil, too honest to pretend that he does, we can but wish him the realization of the philosophy which he has evolved to justify his ways. We know no greater blessing.



### CHARLES RHOADS WILLIAMS

—“WILLIE”—

Charles came amongst us in Sophomore year, but from the very first his mind was turned and his activities directed to more serious things. As a result he is the mainstay of the Cap and Bells, and holds undisputed sway in the heart of “Freeby.” A confirmed modernist in things dramatic, he has gained the heart of Beulah Jay via Comp. Lit., and George Bronson Howard. It is stated upon good authority that when Freeburg first perused the “Rape of the Teazer” he burst into tears and cried out to the four winds, “Eureka!” Willie started at Westtown, and is already as far as Newark upon the way that leads direct to Broadway. And when he gets there, oh shades of Kauffman and Viereck, look for thy laurels!



Spoon Man \_\_\_\_\_

# 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 WILBER REID, Ph.D.

WILLIAM WILSON BAKER, Ph.D.

FREDERIC PALMER, JR., Ph.D.

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RICHARD MOTT GUMMERE, Ph.D.

ALEXANDER GUY HOLBORN SPIERS, Ph.D.

RAYNER WICKERSHAM KELSEY, Ph.D.

ALBERT HARRIS WILSON, Ph.D.

THOMAS KITE BROWN, JR., A.M.

HENRY JOEL CADBURY, Ph.D.

VICTOR OSCAR FREEBURG, A.M.

WILLIAM OTIS SAWTELLE, A.M.

EDWARD EUGENE KRAUSS, S.B.

PAUL W. WEAVER

WILLIAM HENRY COLLINS, A.M.

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\*Absent 1913-14.





# OTHER CLASSES.



## Junior Class

ALLEN, Percival Roy  
BARKER, Albert Winslow  
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 Hewlitt  
ELLISON, James Sprague, Jr.  
FALCONEK, Cyrus  
FARR, Edward Lincoln, Jr.  
GARRETT, Hibbard  
GUMMERE, John Westcott  
HALLETT, George Hervey, Jr.  
HELVESTON, Harold William  
HENDRICKS, Paul Craig  
HOOPES, Thomas, Jr.

HOWSON, Hubert Abbe  
LELAND, William Henry  
LEVIS, Edward Megargee  
MCNEILL, Joseph  
MOORE, Edwin Lawton, Jr.  
MORLEY, Felix Muskett  
NITOBE, Yoshio  
PHARO, Eugene Morris  
SHAFFER, Elmer  
TAYLOR, Kempton Potter Aiken  
THEIS, Grover Cleveland  
THOMAS, Leonard Van Hoesen  
TURNER, Charles Brinkley  
VAIL, Walter Elwood  
VANHOLLEN, Donald Beauchamp  
VOTAW, Ernest Nicholson  
WAGONER, Samuel, Jr.  
WEIKEL, Malcolm Husted  
WHIPPLE, Paul Kimball



1915

## Sophomore Class

ALLEN, Wilmar Mason  
BRAY, William McKinley  
BUFFUM, Frederick Cyrus, Jr.  
BYE, Edgar Chalfant  
CAREY, James, 3rd  
CARY, Frank Wing  
COOPER, Joseph Arthur  
CORSON, Bolton Langdon  
DUNLAP, George Arthur  
FARIES, Walter Reichner  
FARR, Walter Green  
GARRIGUES, Albert Graham  
HANNUM, William Townsend  
HARVEY, Andrew  
HARVEY, David Maitland  
HEATON, Lawrence Gardiner  
HUNTER, Perry Ashbridge  
JOHNSON, Henry Alden  
KENDIG, Raymond Clare  
KIRK, William Thompson, 3rd  
KNIGHT, Clinton Prescott, Jr.

KNOWITON, Henry Earle  
KUINS, John  
LEIDY, Philip Lulwell  
LOVE, John Cary, Jr.  
LUKENS, Edward Fell, Jr.  
MARTWICK, William Lorimer  
MAXWELL, John Gordon  
MENGERT, Ulic Johnson  
MOON, Edward Randolph  
MORGAN, Sherman Parker  
ORERHOLTZER, Charles Herman, Jr.  
SCHOCK, Wendell Deringer  
SHARPLESS, Francis Parvin  
SHIPLEY, James Fmlen  
STEEER, Isaac Thomas  
STOKES, Joseph, Jr.  
VANBUSKIRK, George  
WENDELL, Douglas Cary  
WOODERIDGE, Ravimond Lester  
YORK, Harold Quimby



1916

## Freshman Class

BAILY, William Lloyd, Jr.  
BRODHEAD, Horace Beale  
BROWN, Charles Farwell  
BROWN, Ernest Lancaster  
BUZZY, John Howard  
CHAMBERLIN, William Henry  
CHANDLER, George Donald  
CLEMENT, Dewitt Crowell  
CROSMAN, Willard Martin Rice  
DARLINGTON, William Marshall  
FORMAN, Horace Baker, 3rd  
FORSYTHE, Jesse Garrett  
GARDINER, William John  
GIBSON, Robert  
GREENE, Joseph Warren, 3rd  
HAINES, Robert Bowne, 3rd  
HILL, Henry Whitmore  
HOWLAND, Weston  
INMAN, Arthur Crew  
JONES, Herbert Lawrence  
KAMENS, Jack Weler  
KLOCK, Harvey  
LAVERTY, Maris Alexander  
LAWRENCE, Edwin Field, Jr.  
LESTER, Edward Rowntree  
LITTLE, William Clark

McKINSTRY, Hugh Exton  
MENDES, Joao Silva  
METCALF, Robert Davis  
MILLER, Robert Boyd  
MOORE, Gilbert Henry  
MURRAY, Francis King  
NAPIER, Arthur Howell  
PAINTER, Donald Hinshaw  
PANSON, Newlin, Fell  
PENNEY, Humphrey Linthorne  
PRICE, Edmund Taber  
RAMSEY, Lawrence Marshall  
REEVE, Augustus Henry, Jr.  
SANDERSON, George  
SANGREE, Carl Michael  
SCHOEPPERLE, Hubert Vinsens  
SNADER, Edward Roland, Jr.  
SPAETH, John William, Jr.  
SPELLISSY, Arthur Emerson  
STRAWBRIDGE, Justus Clayton, 2d  
VANDAM, Colby Dorr  
VANDAM, Loring  
WELLER, Henry Seymour  
WESTON, Edward Mitchell  
WHITSON, Thomas Barclay  
WILSON, James Gordon





Managers. Rowland S. Phillips.  
Lester Edgerton  
W. H. Calkins  
Mrs. H. B. Whitely  
Harold S. Miller.  
Ransom P. McFadyen  
Roy Mottelau



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L. Blackledge Lippman      Carroll D. Champlin.  
Jesse Paul Green.



W. W. WELLS



W. W. WELLS



W. W. WELLS

ATHLETIC CAPTAINS

# Athletics



So we look back over the college athletics during the Senior Year, the activities of the various departments present a very creditable record. The encouragement and support which all the teams have received from the undergraduates and alumni have gone far to make this year stand out as a successful one from an athletic standpoint.

Under the enthusiastic and efficient coaching of Jack Keogh, the football team was worked into shape, the scores for the season resulting: Haverford vs. Delaware, 7-0; Stevens, 6-0; Washington, 8-0; St. Johns, 14-0; F. & M., 6-27; Lehigh, 3-16; Carnegie Tech., 10-6.

During the winter the Gym. team defeated Columbia 35-19, but lost their meets with Brown, 21-23, and U. of P., 20-34. In the Intercollegiates, Captain Waples placed first in the parallel bars, third in the rings, and third in the all-around, thus placing Haverford fifth in the meet.

Three soccer teams were organized, the second team playing in the second division of the Cricket Club League during the fall. The following was the scoring of the collegiate games played: Haverford vs. Penna State, 4-0; Princeton, 1-4; Columbia, 3-1; Yale, 2-3; Cornell, 2-0; U. of P., 1-1; Princeton, 3-1; Harvard, 1-2. Haverford thus placed fourth for the inter-collegiate title. Captain Elkinton and S. E. Stokes were placed on the All-American team.

The track team proved especially strong in the sprints and the high jump, and won from the N. Y. U. by a score of 70-34, but were defeated by Lehigh, 45-67. By some excellent work the six men, Jones, Bray, E. L. Brown, Price, Hallet and Hunter, taken to the Middle States Inter-Collegiate Meet, placed Haverford fourth with 17½ points. The score of the final meet was Haverford, 54; Swarthmore, 50.

The matches scheduled by the tennis team resulted as follows. Haverford vs. John Hopkins, 4-2; U. of P., 2-4; Lafayette, 2-4.

In cricket the prospective English tour added interest to the competition for places on the first team, and full schedules were arranged for three elevens.



FOOTBALL VARSITY

"Jack" Keogh (Coach)	Reeve	Harvey	H. Elkinton	Ramsey	Moon	Hannum	Levis	Rice, Mgr.
L. VanDam	Martwick	H. Taylor	Paul H. Sangree (Capt.)	James Carey (Capt.-elect)	Philips	Knowlton	Shipley	



GYMNASTIC TEAM

Faries J. Stokes Bowerman, Mgr. A. Garrigues J. Garrigues  
Sharpless Votaw Waples (Capt.) K. Taylor (Capt. elect) Lathem Bowman



SOCGER TEAM

		Shipley		Miller		Moon		
Locke (Mgr.)	Young	Green	Gardiner	F. Elkinton	Penney	Dr. R. M. Gummere		
J. Stokes	F. Cary	Van Hollen (Capt.-elect)		T. Elkinton (Capt.)		E. Stokes	Bentley	Buzby



TRACK TEAM

Vail	Weikel	Moon	Murray	H. Taylor, Mgr.	Knowlton	Corson	Edgerton	Farr
Shaffer	Hallet	Bray	Bowerman	Jones (Capt.)	Hunter	Martwick	Price	
	Shipley		Brown	W. Crossman		Clement		



CRICKET TEAM

Webb  
W. Crosman

J. Stokes  
E. Stokes  
Miller

Brinton  
Garrigues (Capt.)  
J. Carey

Bennett (Coach)  
E. Crosman  
Rice

Coleman  
Wendell

# Cap and Bells

## THE PLAY



N the work of the Cap and Bells Club, the part that the class of 1914 has played has been commensurate with their accomplishments in other college activities.

During our stay the dramatics have been under the control of the Club, which has now risen to the dignity of a major college activity. From our entrance the annual plays have had a large share in our interests.

In Freshman Year *The Patient Philosopher* had nine of our boys in the cast: Ferguson, K. Taylor and Waples were light, fantastic pierrots. We can see them yet in ballet skirts and pellucid hosiery, in the first blush of their rouge and penciling. It must have held "the bald-headed row" enthralled. Bill Whitall was a nurse. For reasons esoteric he abandoned the untimely skirt and

danced to less modest and more solid natures.

Fran Stokes was the class star. His unique speech, "*It looks all right to me, sir,*" invariably drew a sigh of admiration, and especially so since he accompanied this solitary comment with an equally well-timed gesture. Green was a dashing young interne, while Heym, Locke, and Philips, were *men*, just men.

In Sophomore Year Williams was the only representative of the class in *The Doctor in Spite of Himself*. This year saw the Cap and Bells launching forth in a new direction and success has stamped their work as characteristic.

As Juniors, Lippmann made his debut in the leading role of *The Importance of Being Earnest*, which success he repeated this year in *Engaged*. The naturalness and ease of his manner has always won praise.

His place will be a hard one to fill. In Junior year it was that Garrigues first strode the boards. His butler was a notable creation. Clarke, too, in Senior year, made a charming, blushing, buoyant maid, as he deftly dusted the furniture.

Since Sophomore year the business management of the Club has been efficiently handled by Edgerton; while Williams has done the hard and monotonous work on the Play Committee. The enlargement of the stage and the hanging of a new curtain have added much to the presentation of a play.





The Musical Clubs

## THE MUSICAL CLUBS

**M**USIC is not our forte, but we are proud of the quality of our contribution if not the quantity. During our Freshman year *The Patient Philosopher* made use of our talent in its chorus, but the Sophomore year the time and ability was divided between the mandolin and glee clubs, which were brought into being once more. Locke, Green, Ferguson and Whitall represented us in the instrumental organization, and as Juniors the first three of these were again active in the work. Locke had become leader by this time.

As Seniors we contributed Kelsey, Lane and Whitall to the Glee Club, and Locke, Ferguson, Parker and Whitall to the Mandolin Club. Locke was again elected leader and conducted successfully, as usual.

The combined clubs displayed their abilities to advantage at Merchantville and the Merion Cricket Club, and in a joint entertainment with the Swarthmore Clubs at the New Century Drawing Rooms. The most noteworthy and enjoyable time of all was the concert and week-end at the Hotel Dennis, Atlantic City, and all say that trip fully repaid them for the weeks of hard work.

A double quartet sang between the acts of "Engaged" at West Chester and Wilmington. All the concerts were followed by dances, which added greatly to the social life and aided each one to become better acquainted in lines other than college sports and the class-room.

Our parting word to those that follow in the activities of Cap and Bells is: Keep at it. To make the cast will require effort and study. To make the mandolin and glee club will require many evenings when you would rather do something else; in fact, it will cause you to give the very best within yourself, even as we have had to do; but one good round of applause from a well filled house is a sensation and an experience you don't want to miss.





COLLEGE WEEKLY BOARD

	F. Cary	Kirk	
Love	H. Taylor	H. Elkinton (Ed.-in-chief)	Van Hollen

## Carmina Saecularia

UNLIKE the historic circle of Elizabeth we are no nest of singing birds. Songsters we have, however, whose lays have caused enough remarks to draw forth the censure of the college. We have sung wisely (if not too well) and these, our feeble pipings, contain many a gem of purest ray, many an evidence of penetrating insight, and many an unguessed truth, we make this admission (no, not a claim, far be it) in case, shrewd reader, who chance to overlook the sporadic and interlinear outcroppings of genius.

Our early loves and aspirations, our painful searchings for *le mot juste*, and the spontaneous fire of our bards, have all been duly put to paper; some few are published; the greater part are not, and it is well. Of the latter class there is no record save in the shifting sands of Haverford tradition, voices on the evening air, and twisted bits of paper on the Potter's Field. Although our most finished litterateur, L. Blackledge Lippmann is the author of most of these abortive and short-lived products, with which his portfolio is crammed to overflowing, "Stew" P. Clarke is also notorious for an ode, "I Stood on the Bridge at Midnight,"—an adaptation—of which, enough. Others there are, too, in number, who have voiced the lyric cry with varying degrees of legitimacy. But let us pass to those who have indulged in the writing catalogued under "serious attempts."

At variance with literary evolution our prose precedes our verse. Appearing first in the files of the *Haverfordian*, we find *That Fraternity Affair*, by Lippmann—the first printed expression of that *joie de vie* and Weltschmerz combination which was destined to reappear so frequently. A close scrutiny of Leonard's fiction from the aforementioned to that harrowing tale, *If He Can Do It, You Can*, reveals the gradual preponderance of Weltschmerz. Like the lexicographer and Horace, however, he is best known for his sermons, in which none but his most intimates can feel the "haunting sorrow." Unique in flavor, but universal in appeal, we have next to record *In a Square*, an essay by Robert C. Smith by far the most finished and sincere contribution of the Class to the *Haverfordian*. We have only to regret the sterility of his muse. Sharing dramatic honors with Lippmann we have *The Spirit of the Matterhorn* by F. C. Stokes, perhaps the best reminder of his cheery personality he could have left us. The editorial and other comments of Elkinton and Waples, respective editors-in-chief of the *Weekly and Haverfordian*, may well have mention. Our other litterati have for the most part invaded the realms of rhyme, from which, both from considerations of space and excellence, we shall quote the verses of which the Class has the right to be most proud.



HAVERFORDIAN BOARD

		Van Hollen				
Pharo	K. Taylor	Bye	Ferguson	Lippmann	Nitobe	A. Garrigues
	H. Elkinton	Philips	Waples (Ed.-in-chief)	Green		

### Redeemed

Like a mighty billow beating  
'Gainst a barren shore of sand;  
Like the fiery molten lava  
Loading down a littered land;  
Like the earth in painful travail  
As she shakes and quakes with fire,  
Lest the world of fashion on her  
Fail to feel her righteous ire.

Like a thunder cloud appearing  
O'er the surface of the sea,  
It awakes my sleeping conscience  
From its vacant vicious glee.  
Like the flash of lurid lightning  
Comes a vision from the skies,  
Beating blind the sense within me,  
Tearing tears from sightless eyes.

Oh! this vision is a phantom,  
And I fear its mystic power,  
As it prods my preying conscience  
In this tragic, haunting hour.  
Oh! my sin scarred heart is shattered,  
And this pulse of life will cease,  
If I fail to feel the meaning  
Of this harbinger of peace.

\* \* \* \* \*

Like the gentle sighs of Autumn,  
And the play of balmy breeze;  
Like the murmur on the mountains,  
And the tunes of stately trees;  
Like the songs of little brooklets,  
As they lead from lispings springs,  
So my soul sings soft, sweet music,  
For the joys that freedom brings

CARROL DUNHAM CHAMPLIN. 4

### To the Pine

And thou, Oh! stately pine, art not the least,  
That brings good news of Spring, of budding trees,  
Of piping birds, green fields and bursting leaves,  
Giving the world new life where life had ceased.  
'Twas in the Fall when, all the land aglow,  
With Autumn's burning, all consuming fire,  
Attune to Nature's magic, mystic lyre,  
Thy bough, the angel spared as sacred, so  
That through the bleak and icy months to come  
Thee, man would see, a sign from God above,  
And know the sun will rise and heat the earth  
Melting at last the lake all cold and dumb  
And warming up his heart with life and love,  
A pledge to him which prophesies of mirth.

HOWARD WEST ELKINTON.

### Song of the Road

Over the hills the sunset glowed,  
And over the hills the dawn,  
And over the hills is the beaten road  
Where the Roman tribe has gone.  
Canopied o'er by the windy skies,  
Ruled by their fancy's sway,  
Freemen are they, who know no ties,  
Lords of the Broad Highway.

Deep in the wood the song birds hide,  
And deep in the wood they sing;  
And deep in the wood the pixies glide  
Who dance in the fairy ring.  
Silver the stream, and cool and clear,  
Far from the haunts of man;  
Still through the dusk, if ye but hear,  
Echo the pipes of Pan.

LEONARD BLACKLEDGE LIPPMANN.

### Longing

When I'm lonely dear, and weary,  
When the world seems dark and dreary  
And troubles like sea billows roll;  
O'er my heart there comes the longing  
For the clear and brighter morning  
When you will whisper to my soul.

When my heart with grief is throbbing,  
When my breast with pain is sobbing  
And tears like mountain rivers flow;  
Then a word from your lips smiling  
Sends Dame Care with love beguiling,  
And happiness my life doth know.

—JESSE PAUL GREEN.

### Star Dreams

Far in the purple distance hangs a mist;  
Deep in its bosom lies two pallid stars,  
Adrift within a sea of amethyst.

These love and in the vastness hold their tryst,  
As far and faint they hear the grinding worlds:  
Far in the purple distance hangs a mist.

Like mortal man and maiden oft they've kissed—  
Those lovers fair, so pure, so beautiful,  
Adrift within a sea of amethyst.

Here listening hand in hand where pain is missed  
They watch the sun sink in the saffron sea:  
Far in the purple distance hangs a mist.

Here wandering naught unlovely is enticed  
To grate against the symphony of love,  
Adrift within a sea of amethyst.

Yet now to sing Love's thernody they list,  
While the old, old stars sigh out Love's aftermath:  
Far in the purple distance hangs a mist,  
Adrift within a sea of amethyst.

D. W.

### In Suit of Truth

Oh I built me a Palace of Lofty Ideals and said "when I  
make this my home,—  
My Lady shall come and shall polish the gold and dust the  
glass panes of the dome,  
The Maid with a soul deeper far than the sea and a laugh  
more light than its foam."

Then to purge me pure for this fairy demesne I followed  
the Beautiful way  
To a mood which the evening spirit had kissed and imbued  
with the secrets of day;  
With a Silence that spoke, with a Sadness that yearned,  
with a Tenderness pensive and gay.

I felt all the ills of the flesh pass away, all the sorrows that  
wear out the soul,  
Yet I snote at the gates of my Palace in vain,—then longed  
for the fairer goal,  
So I followed the charm of My Lady and thought "the  
best is as good as the whole."

But the lady winced as I touched her hand and bade me  
mend my art,  
So I journeyed the road of the Tiresome Day with the  
men of the Aching Heart  
Of the tool-worn hand, of the fevered brow, of the pain,  
the sting, the smart.

Then Peace took my hand and I followed her on to my  
Dream Palace there in the skies,  
Where a wonder was spread as when children in dreams  
catch glimpses of paradise,  
For there by my footstool My Lady knelt with the love  
haze in her eyes.

DOUGLAS WAPLES.

### Love Is Eternal

Out from the depths where the loud breakers roar,  
Up from the pits where earth's products smoulder,  
Back from the vastness, from yon deep blue shore  
Where the day star rolls in royal splendor,  
Where sable night's mantle a sleeping world hides,  
From the realms of the Zephyrs, from every portal  
Comes ever the echo—*life is immortal*.  
So the wood thrush this sweet message confides  
To his small mate on the bough where he swings,  
And the south winds whisper the same refrain  
As they caress the wood flower so frail,  
And the man and the maid, and all order of things  
Repeat and repeat, again and again,  
In sweet harmony—*love is eternal*.

J. P. G.

### Faunus Nocturnalis

Lonely, I roamed through the aisles of the shade-haunted  
woodland,  
All was at rest, save the stream with its eddies and  
swirls;  
Pale shone the moon, and the cob-webs and dew-drops  
around me  
Wove a wierd tissue of delicate laces and pearls.  
Hushed was the wood. In the tree-tops no longer the  
breezes  
Woke the soft leaves into tremulous ripples and swells.  
Heavy the air, with the fragrance of fern-hidden flowers,  
Sleeping, not dead, in the midst of enchantment and  
spells.  
Then, without seeing, I felt the swift touch of a Presence,  
Stirring the earth with a magical wand of release,  
Wrapping my spirit in soft indescribable cadence,  
Such as the pipes one time played on the hillsides of  
Greece.

I, who was lonely, at last shall be lonely no longer,  
I have returned to the place where my spirit began.  
Old gods have claimed me, and I have been hailed as a  
brother,

Blessed in the night with the mystical presence of Pan.  
L. B. L.

### To an Ideal

How like the springtime are the lays we hear,  
Sung by fair singers who themselves have loved!  
And yet how like a summer's days, rose-fair  
But lustreless, our own loves oft have proved!  
Far rather let my ecstasy embrace  
The Image which these greater ones have left,  
What though their passion glow more splendidly  
In story than in truth, or art bereft.  
Mine be the bliss to dream by Sappho's lyre  
And watch her ivory fingers intertwine  
The strings, as on the cloud her voice conspires,  
I skim the blue Ægean where the vine  
Doth stir with nightingales; nor ever rue  
A mere Illusion soon to prove untrue. D. W.

### A Child's Garden

He has grown old, and passed to other things,  
Crumbled the wall to which the ivy clings,  
Dank is the grass, and soft the stones with mould;  
He has grown old.

He has grown old; who cares now for the rose  
That once he cherished? Is it one of those  
That blooms half stifled in the jasmin's fold?  
He has grown old.

He has grown old, but still the dainty fret  
Of daisy and of pinks and mignonette  
Shal' hide the spade his hands no longer hold.  
He has grown old. L. B. L.

# The Great Departure

An Idyll of Freshman Year

*Characters:*

STELLA

WHITALL

WAPLES

MRS. OZPALL

SECKEL

K. TAYLOR

OLIVER OZPALL

SANGREE

FERGUSON

*Scene:* The drawing-room of Mrs. Ozpall, 23 Athens Ave., Ardmore.

*Time:* Seven-thirty, P. M.

The rising curtain discloses a vista of hallway; to the right, the front door, ajar. The hallway is carpeted with carpet. The doorway into the dining-room is hung with hangings. At the rear of the drawing-room a door may be descried, through which some member of the Ozpall family keeps passing at regular intervals; against the rear wall of the room is a piano, apparently well used; several chairs give the impression of having-been-sat-in, a footstool, which has an air of usefulness about it; a spittoon. Through the rear door comes a low, monotonous grumble, as of elderly persons quarreling over a game of cards. Suddenly the hangings are parted and a tall, gaunt female of twenty-four, or thereabouts, enters the drawing-room from the rear door. She draws herself to her full height of six feet one and, striking an impressive posture, soliloquizes:—

Stella: Joe! (*sighs deeply*) My Joe! (*with a rapid intake of breath*). Who would have thunk that a woman of my position could taste such bliss? (*Speaking more rapidly.*) In one short minute, all me girlish dreams realized. One pressure of me hand, one word in me ear, and we were dancing together in the Y. M. C. A. How short and beautiful you were, my Joe, with your toes turned out and your claws folded across your abdomen. Your sparse, downy beard was rubbed off in spaces by the friction of your collar; your eyes were aglow with the lustre which hot water alone can produce. How you must have suffered!

And all for me! Ah, Joe, to-night you will come (*she starts and assumes a crouching posture, as though listening. From the front door comes a sound as of stifled laughter, then the ring of the front door bell.*)

Seckel: (*As he enters nervously.*) Ah, Miss Ozpall. Howd'do. So glad to see you. So glad, indeed. My name's Taylor, you know. (*Stella shows signs of uneasiness.*) Joe's sick, you know. (*Stella collapses.*) But nothing serious. (*Stella opens one eye suspiciously.*) He told me to give you his love.

Whitall, Sangree, Waples (*in unison*)s And us, too.

Stella: (*Crawling into the drawing-room on all fours.*) Oh, I guess I'll be all right again. Only I'm so dizzy.

Seckel: (*Endeavoring to inspire the company.*) Wouldn't it be a jolly game to sing something? (*Sangree recoils.*)

Whitall: (*desperately*). Won't Stella play?

Stella: (*with effort resuming upright position*). Let's all sing, "In Dear Old Tennessee." (*Waples looks apprehensive, the visitors arrange themselves about the piano. After several false starts, the whole company is singing with a will when suddenly the door-bell is heard. Whitall exits into the hall. Enter Taylor and Ferguson, breathlessly followed by Whitall, who gives signs of great nervousness. Taylor falls back into Ferguson's arms, overcome by surprise, then disengages himself and supports Ferguson in turn. Ferguson has eyes for Stella, alone. They converse apart.*)

Stella: Ah, Joe, we are betrayed! I smelt a rat when the others entered. (*Ferguson takes exception to the figure*) (*perceiving her faux pas*). I mean, that is, I feared something had happened. I'm so glad to behold you safe and sound, but we'd best join the others.

Seckel: (*feeling ill at ease*). I think I'll drop down to the corner for some cigarettes (*edges toward the door*).

Whitall: (*offering full box of Pall Malls*). Oh, you needn't bother, I have some right here.

Seckel: (*forestalled, with effort recovering composure*). Oh, fine!

(*Enter Miss Mayflower from the right, bowing low as introduced.*)

Let's all just sit around and talk. I feel like Walt Mason, when he sings, "I'd rather be a parrot than a toad."

Waples: (*becoming master of the situation*). That reminds me. An Irishman shot at a pheasant, and on looking around for the carcass came upon a toad. "Ah," he said, taking the creature in his hand, "Ye were a pretty borrd before I shot all the foine feathers off ye."

(*Painful silence. Agitation behind portieres in the card room, then shrill female voice rings out*).  
Stella!

Stella: All right, mamma, I'm coming. (*Exits into card room.*)

Sangree: (*Casting a belligerent glance at the curtains*). Do you suppose they will try to put us out? We six must stick together.

Stella: (*Enters sadly and strives to reanimate the company*). Well, now Miss Mayflower will play for us. Go on, Lizzie.

Miss Mayflower: Oh, no, you play, Stella.

Stella: No, I don't wanta.

Miss Mayflower: Oh, go on.

(*Voice from the card room*): Stella! (*Stella again exits.*)

Seckel: (*quite apprehensively*). Let's take a walk. So hot inside. Nice moonlight night—all that sort of thing, you know. What d'yah say, Miss Mayflower?

Miss Mayflower: Well, I don't know whether it would be quite—

Seckel: Oh, yes, I'm sure it would be quite—

Ferguson: (*struggling with an idea*). Quite what, Lizzie?

Miss Mayflower: Well, quite—that is, I mean, altogether—

Ferguson: (*reassured*). Oh, certainly, "Altogether."

Stella: (*enters bearing tray with four cookies*). See what I've brought. Now we can be cozy again. (*Offers cakes to Taylor and Ferguson, who eat with avidity. Sangree, Waples, Whitall and Seckel begin to suspect a broadside hint.*)

(*Voice from card room*): Stella! at once. (*Exit Stella, mangling cookie. Whispered conversation. Reappears almost immediately, following Mrs. Ozpall, who addresses the group, quite beside herself with righteous indignation.*)

Mrs. Ozpall: Ruffians (*coughs*). Home-breakers! I had no idea that all of your number had not made the acquaintance of my daughter in the conventional manner. We may live on Athens Avenue, and we may chew gum, but, believe me, we know what's what. We may dance at the Y. M. C. A., and we may buy our meat at Llanerch, but maybe we ain't gentile! Oh! To make sport of my daughter is to make sport of me, and that (*piercing Seckel with a glance*) is something which I defy Old Man Harbaugh himself to attempt.

Sangree: (*from rear wall*). That sounds reasonable.

Mrs. Ozpall: I shall therefore ask all the young men who have not been introduced to Stella to be off! (*Approaching Ferguson with menacing gesture*) Be off! I say. (*Stella interposes.*)

Stella: No! not that one. (*Ferguson creeps up behind her.*)

Mrs. Ozpall: (*turning upon Whitall*). Be off! Up! Out! I say!

(*Whitall bolts for the door, where the figure of Oliver Ozpall, Jr., looms up vast, dark and terrible in the gloom of the side porch. The figure stands like the Galloping Hessian, with folded arms, daring anyone to cross the threshold. Whitall re-enters hall.*) Trapped! By damn! I forgot my overcoat. Are you all ready, troops? Let's laugh to show how we take this good-naturedly. Hip, hip!

All: (*weakly*). Ha, ha, ha.

(*Sangree, Whitall, Waples and Seckel form a wedge led by Sangree. They speed over the threshold and come off unharmed, save the hapless Seckel, who, propelled by a stout boot toe, describes a parabola and squirms in a hedge without.*)

Taylor and Ferguson: (*recovering courage*). The insolent puppies!

Stella and Miss Mayflower: (*holding them back*). Oh, how brave you were!

(*From beyond the street lamps comes the sound of a scuffle. Sangree is attempting to return. Then as the barber-shop-chord settles on the stillness, the street lamps go out one by one. Quick curtain.*)



## History V

**N**OW, I want you to take full notes, then write them up in good shape for a final examination. Now, you have studied geography, haven't you? Well, I suppose Germany has changed since I was a boy, but we'll take up feudalism, anyway. Now, if you'll read the books, you'll find as many varieties of feudalism as grasshoppers. Let us see the larger and more important kinds. Our good old friend, Billy Penn, was a modern man, yet he was a fendal lord. A lord, I suppose you know, couldn't do work; he couldn't go into a store and sell handkerchiefs ten for a quarter. No, he couldn't soil his hands. (NOTE—These remarks are emphasized by much waving of arms and rubbing the head, leaning to one side.) Now, I'll let you off to-day, and come prepared to do a little more work. Don't forget to read those three chapters in the book. When we meet, I'll take up the Crusades.

Now, see if I can't find something in this lecture of mine—(after hunting through a mass of papers for three minutes). Well, never mind. We'll take up the Crusades. What a—what a strange mix-up it all was! The first Crusade was preached by Peter the Hermit. Billy Sunday was nothing with Peter's preaching of the Crusade. Went to Clermont, knew the folks, you know. Couldn't tell him anything. We have such people around now, don't we? We are all kind of funny, so we mustn't be too severe on men of these times. Peter preached the Crusades, and people came to pull the hair out of Peter's mule as a souvenir. That was pretty hard on the mule, wasn't it? I'll tell you, these movies would like to have gotten hold of that man, I tell you, wouldn't they? Now, without making a long story, although you'll find long ones in the books, an old king would go off, then his grandmother would get sick and he'd hustle back to gobble up all the land. No more parcel post or chickens carried or rotten eggs. "Now it's all right for you to be a duke, but how you goin' to help run the government?" he'd say, and grab up a large bundle of land.

Now, I'll let you out early to have a little fun. You ought to have fun in class, however. I love to read history and talk to you about it, and if I thought you'd stop reading when you leave the classroom I'd feel much hurt.

Now for an examination. Oh, yes, we *must* have an examination. Let me see, when will you have it—Wednesday or Friday? All that want it on Friday, raise hands. Yes, we'll have it on Friday. Now don't forget we must have read one-half the book.

## History II

(To be said in a voice wet with tears, and eyes quivering with emotion)

**T**HIS morning I want to give you a little talk about representative government. Now this subject, class, is one that can't fail to be of the utmost importance to any student of history. I remember when I was out in Berkley, California, I used to make it a part of the course out there, and I intend to do so here. Out there, you know, they take a great interest in such things. When I used to live in Oregon, we introduced a bill that was the first law passed through the initiative. The liquor men out there had kept all temperance laws out of the statute books, but a few of us got together, and I helped draft a bill which was to make the State dry. The result was an overwhelming majority, and Oregon has been dry ever since. This liquor question is a live issue, class, and I believe that this generation will see the saloon banished from our country. I once knew a man that drank a lot. He used to go home and murder his family every night; but now he has given up drinking, and is dying for the lack of it. So class, I think you, as young men, ought to line up on the side of temperance. I see the time is up now. Read the next ten pages in the text, and I will continue to lecture on—what was it—oh, yes, representative government next time.



# LETTERS OF A JAPANESE SCHOOL BOY

Are Colleg Tea educationally educating

With apologies to Wallace Irwin

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**T**O EDITOR of "Class Record," who know how to say nothing in lots always.

*Dear Hon. Ed.*—I are deliciously thanks of attentioning your tea last Tuesday backwards, where I meet Hon. "Faculty" and Student Corps. As secretary of Japan Student Deep Think Club, I receed my hints to take back to them.

I arrive sharply at 4 o'clock in afternoon p. m. and approachingly enter the door when Hon. Smitogo, with heap bashful looks, induce me to many lady. I are just getting into deep controversy over beautifull weather, when she go-by-me-to next lonely person. Thusly it went all the way the entire line down when—O, abruptly—I are alone. I get fustly nervous, till up come a dark tallish feller who snug:—

"I are J. Garrigtoki, what are you?"

"Edifying Editor of Record," I information him.

He was very babbly, siloqued about old-Greek ladies, and afterly he induce me to morish people. He run up and downwards of room with minute cup of tea, smiling ear to ear sweetly upon all the fondly mammas. I see all boys having good time but looking like Irishmen at grand uproar.

I feel more homely when I meet Hon. Dr. Barotogo and Hon. McFarlura and disgust with them about horrible incomb tax and Hon. Taussig.

"Are labor problem worsen in Japan?" holla Hon. Dr.

"No, not," I whisper in loud voice, "'cept have no democrats and goodish monumentary systemry; no need some always reform."

Hon. McFarlura now become bearish and give me most pleasantly disagreeable look.

At thisly moment I feel draft and revolve around to look for door and see Hon. Dr. Baktakura bounce inwardly, thusly blowing whiskers which grow lateral longitudinally on face of funnish man in rubber colera nearby. Afterwardly blowing all rapidly over Hon. Doc, he are bring up to me. He are smart-ish man with face stretching to top of head and prove me his new method of painless hara-kiri or why men are so woozish on bottom of feet.

"Cocane," he continue on, "are able to remove pain without hurt." Hereby he blow offwardly. Next a rough-looking man with tooth-brush up on lip come along and specify, "Have you complicated spelling in Japan?" I see he no want speech with me cause there are a large bevy of fairer sex group around him, so say I, "I no know how to orthograph," and he rub his ear and dress a maid.

I are left alone and watch the costumes. In the civilizationing of Japan, I are specially interested in making-dress for ladies and how they can make so little go so farish. Many dress are unnailed at bottom and thusly display biceps. However, wisely, I look twice to make assuredly. I stotter this with reddish blush: "O shocks, there are worser one, where I"--(but it are so little matter that I enjoy not disgusting it here). With delightfully shocked expression I thusly turn to Hon. Phil. Prof. and questionate him:—

"Are it freedom or predestination that make lady-fashions so unashamed?"

"Not sure," negligee he, with very nice father-in-law expression of foot. "It are revival of unfittest."

I puzzly over this theory long afterly I had arrive homeward.

Soonish I meet some many boys, and I repel thesewise sayings to Hon. Deep Think Club with great applauds. Hon. Fergari depose "Yes, I are studying at Bryn Mawr colleg for Poultry." He tell me that Hon. Bowls know an old Emperor who war in the business of henraiser, and will learn me catch them. Howeverly, I must omit over the sweetly cruel theories of Hon. Bigish Sangoma on the brutalish art or science of football play-game as it are played (by He) or soccer as Stecker Stoke try.

On going outward, I see a boy with reddishly hair push headusily eight nine lady in automobile car and I ask myself:

"Are it equal suffrating or colleg Tea, what make Haverfordians so wide mindedly?"

Hoping you are the same,

ROLANDORA PAULATOGO.

# The Star Chamber

## A FARCE OF COLLEGE LIFE

*Scene:* The Dean's office.

*Time:* 6.42 P. M.

Seated in a circle are discovered the Committee on Delinquents: Blames Jabbitt, Prof. Breed, Relentless Rudolph, and Don Carlo. (*Enter student from door at right.*) He is gaily appareled in full dress; over one arm is thrown a thin black top coat; in his hand he holds a glossy silk hat, while a stick dangles carelessly from his middle finger. He is evidently en route for a dance, else why the pumps which protrude from the pockets of his top coat? Immediate sensation, a gasp, followed by silence, broken only by the indignant breathing of Relentless Rudolph. At last:

Prof. Breed—W-why, er-er-Mr. Lippmann, y-y-yer unnerstan' this isn't a—a—dress affair?

Mr. Lippmann (*pleasantly*)—No, sir

Prof. Breed—W-w-why, o' cose not. T-t-t-take a chair, Mr. Lippmann. (*Mr. L. does so*). Now, Mr. Lippman, your work hasn't been up to mark, sur; you've g-g-g-got some conditions, now haven't you?

Mr. L.—Yes, sir.

Relentless Rudolph (*Speaking through the interstices of a luxuriant mustache*)—To be precise, Mr. Lippmann is conditioned in Entrance Math., Math. I, and II., and Richard Bummere says that if his work does not show a marked improvement he will flunk Latin. For myself I can only say that his lack of grasp of my Physics (a most elementary course) is quite unparalleled. You see, Lippmann, you are in a pretty bad way. Now, really, how can you expect us to keep you?

Mr. L.—Well, you see, sir, the work is er-er-er- ah, quite new to me, and I don't particularly care for work, anyway. And then I have been putting so much time upon Government I and Biology that, well, er—really, you know—

Blames Jabbitt—That's right, old fellow, a thorough knowledge of the alimentary canal will do you good. You're not out for football? No, I thought not. Do you good. Every one should go out for football; I did myself, and look at me! But still, I remember your last paper. Very good, gentlemen, and I gave him an A. His paper was on the top of the pile.

Don Carlo (*his head on one side, and a gentle ruminative smile plays across his features*)—Ah-h, yes, I am sure that Mr. Lippmann is working hard and will do very well, but if he should work just a little harder—

not, you know, that I don't think he doesn't work as hard as he can, for I'm very sure he does, still—now understand me, gentlemen, I say I am sure he does, yet if only, perhaps he would just put a little more time on his work, I think perhaps that possibly—mind you, I don't say it would be so, only perhaps why—why—*(his voice trails away and is lost)*.

*(During this Mr. Lippmann has looked nervously at his watch, and he now leans over and unblushingly divests himself of his boots. He now thrusts his feet into his pumps, and prepares to put on his top coat).*

Mr. L.—Well, gentlemen, it's really been fearfully decent of you to have asked me over, and thanks awfully. But really, I'm afraid that I can't stay any longer, for I'm booked for a dinner dance in town, and if I stay another moment I'll miss the 6.53. Oh! by the way, Dr. Jabbitt, you'll be passing Lloyd and I really won't need these boots on such a warm night. Could I just bother you to run them up to my rooms. If John isn't there just chuck them in the closet. I'll look you all up later on. My regards to the President. Sorry I can't stay. Good-night. *(Exit.)*

Prof. Breed—Why, why, o' cose—

Relentless Rudolph—Well, I'll—come, let's have Sangree.

*(Curtain.)*



# L'Envoi

(An adaptation of the mystic poem used by R. Tagore)

**F**AREWELL, brother, our time has come to part.  
Four years in the daily round of duty, have we toiled and rejoiced.  
The past has been beautiful; we feel its force.  
The Present we hold but as a drop of dew struck by the morning sun.  
The Future is expectant prised, spectrum-like, in the knowledge of lessons learned.  
From the blossoming garden we gather fragrant memories of vanished flowers.  
In the joy of our hearts we feel the living joy that oft sang heart to heart.

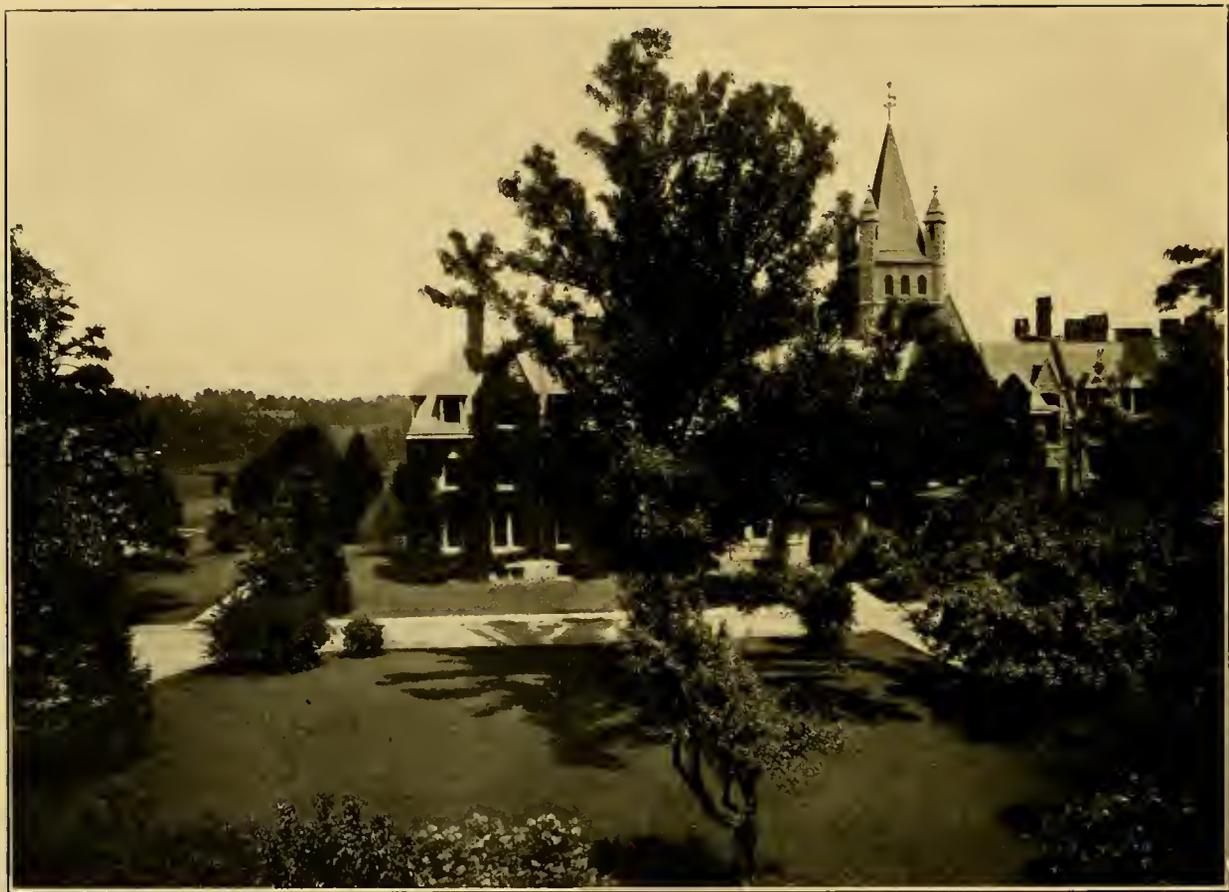
Farewell, brother, out from our finite selves we grow;  
Our college days droop toward their sunset to be drowned in golden shadows.  
The hours trip rapidly away, hiding our aspirations in their skirts.  
Our life is short; it yields but a few days of love.  
Were it but to work how dull and eternally long life would be.  
But life is not the one old burden, our path is not one long journey.  
So the joy of our heart bids still to live the joy that ever sang heart to heart.

Farewell, brother, one glad sweet song still lingers on our lips.  
Our blood flows fast; our pulse beats sharp and strong;  
Our eyes see visions and our desires are keen.  
We dream fond dreams of those great deeds just beyond our present ken.  
Freed from the bonds of bigotry and narrow-mindedness that erst dragged us to the dust;  
We wander forth from Old Founder's door glad to have co-labored on heights before unknown;  
And ever a joy within the heart whispers of the joy which once sang heart to heart.

Farewell, brother, a clasp of the hand and we must part.  
The world is our field, full of briar-roses and hawthorn.  
The heart must be cheerful, the courage must be strong, the soul must be perfumed purged;  
The mind open to knowledge which ends only in eternity.  
Send one bright ray into a darkened life; place one small flower in a *Springless* soul:  
Just one clasp of the hand; a brother is lifted and aided.  
And the joy of our hearts will feel the living joy that oft sang heart to heart.

—J. P. G.





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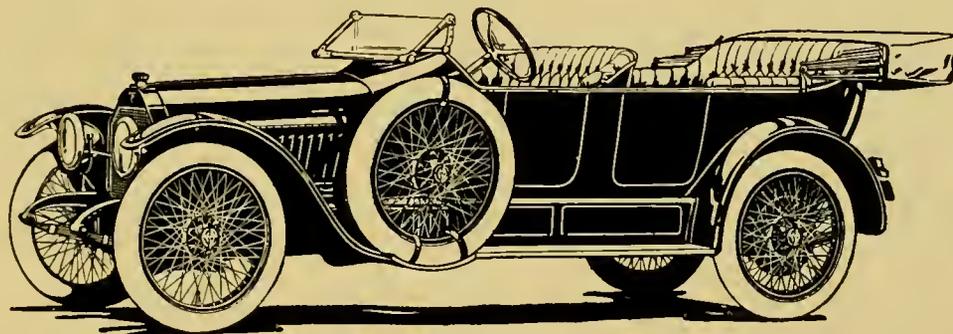
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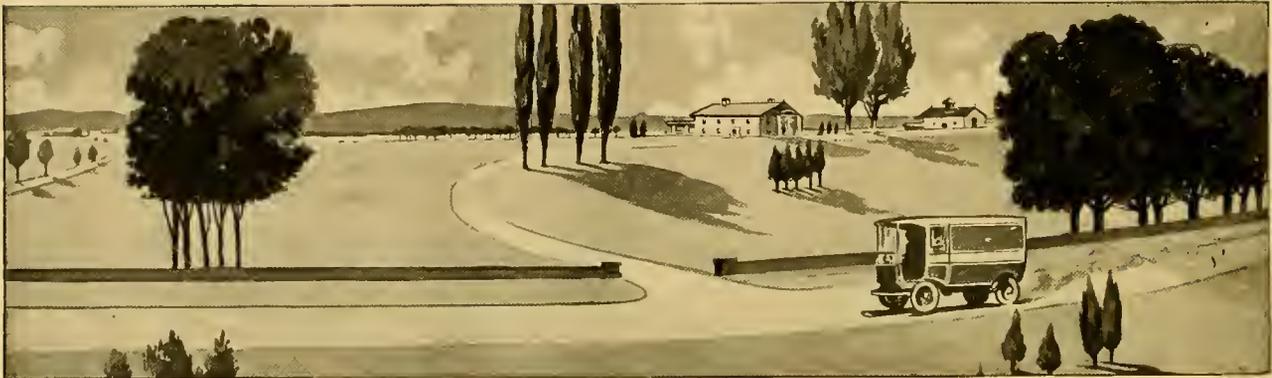
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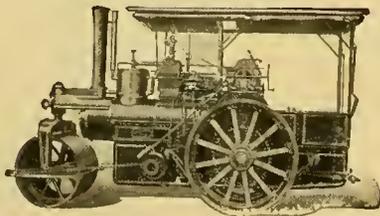
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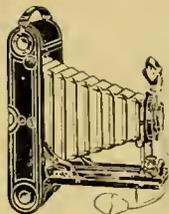
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