

The
RECORD
of
1922

HVERFORD COLLEGE



The Record
of
1922



HAVERFORD COLLEGE

HAVERFORD
PENNSYLVANIA

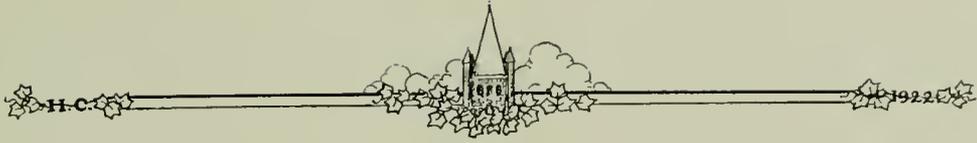


TO
ALBERT HARRIS WILSON

This book is
respectfully dedicated



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The Class of 1922

*“For Haverford, the dearest name we know,
That thro’ these four bright college years
Has been a name to make us come and go,
A name that’s magic to our ears.”*



CHARLES DAVID ABBOTT, JR.
Milford, Del.

Born Milford, Del., Nov. 26, 1900

Entered freshman year from Milford High School. *News* board, (2, 3); Student Council, (4); Advertising Mgr., *Haverfordian*, (3); Editor-in-Chief, *Haverfordian*, (4); Corporation Scholar, (2); English 13 Prize, (4); Honorable Mention in verse contest, (1); Class Poet, (4); Cast "Mrs. Bumpstead-Leigh," (2); "The Mollusc," (3); "Mary Goes First," (4); Cap and Bells, (2, 3, 4); Vice-President Cap and Bells, (4); Secretary English Club, (3, 4); Classical Club; Scops; Vice-President and Secretary of Founders' Club, (4).

NOEL STRYKER ARROWSMITH
430 Highland Ave., Orange, N. J.
Born Orange, N. J., Dec., 25, 1900

Entered freshman year from Princeton S. A. T. C. Varsity gymnasium, (1, 2, 4); "H. G. T.," (2); Second soccer team, (3); Wogglebug, (2, 3, 4); Class Treasurer, (2); Seaman's Club; Radio Club; Triangle Society. War service: Princeton S. A. T. C.





JOHN BRYANT BARKER

1525 Shady Ave., E. E., Pittsburgh, Pa.

Born Pittsburgh, Pa., April 3, 1899

Entered freshman year from Shady Side Academy. Class Vice-President, (3); Class Treasurer, (4); Scientific Society; Social Science Club; Classical Club; Pittsburgh Club; Permanent Class Treasurer. War service: Swarthmore S. A. T. C.



KENNETH BRADDOCK-ROGERS

125 W. Park Ave., Haddonfield, N. J.

Born Rochester, N. Y., Dec. 15, 1900

Entered freshman year from Haddonfield High School. Class football, (1); Class baseball, (1, 2, 3); Class of '98 Prize in Chemistry, (3); Campus Events Committee, (4); Scientific Society.



ALLEN KAZLITT BUCKNELL

1761 North 36th St., East St. Louis, Ill.

Born East St. Louis, Ill., Oct. 8, 1901

Entered freshman year from East St. Louis High School. Varsity soccer, (1, 2, 3, 4); Numerals, (3); "H," (4); Varsity basketball, (1, 2, 3, 4); Numerals, (3); "H," (4); Varsity tennis, (1, 2, 3, 4); Captain (4); "H. T. T.", (3, 4); Asst. Mgr. soccer, (3); Asst. Mgr. track, (3); Class baseball, (1, 2, 3); Class basketball, (1, 2); Class soccer, (1, 2); Debating team, (1); Freshman Mathematics Prize, (1); Scientific Society.

WILLIAM DICKEY CODER

West Chester, Pa.

Born Cumberland, Md., May 13, 1900

Entered from West Chester Normal School. Entered Class of 1922 from Class of 1921. Second soccer team, (4); Wogglebug, (2, 3, 4); Student Council, (4); President Y. M. C. A., (4); Cap and Bells, (3, 4); Cast of "A Night at an Inn," (3); English Club; Beta Rho Sigma. War service: U. S. Infantry and U. S. Marines, A. E. F. Good Conduct Medal. Sharpshooter Medal.





CHALMERS PRESTON EMIGH
Huntingdon, Pa.

Born Huntingdon, Pa., Dec. 1, 1901

Entered from Juniata College in sophomore year. Junior year at Juniata. Re-entered Haverford senior year. Varsity track, (2, 4); Numerals, (2); Wogglebug, (2, 4); Musical Clubs, (2, 4).



THOMAS LAFAYETTE FANSLER, JR.
Frazer, Pa.

Born Evanston, Ill., June 2, 1899

Entered freshman year from Radnor High School. Entered Class of 1922 after the war. Varsity football, (1, 3, 4); Wogglebug, (3); Class of '96 Football Cup, (4); Mgr. track, (4); Class basketball, (1); Nominating Committee, (4); Athletic Cabinet, (4); Musical Clubs, (1, 3, 4); Leader Glee Club, (4); Cast "Mrs. Bumpstead-Leigh," (3); "A Night at an Inn," (4); "Mary Goes First," (5); Cap and Bells, (3, 4, 5); English Club; Beta Rho Sigma. War service: U. S. Marine Corps.



DONALD ALEXANDER FLANDERS

31 Orchard St., Springfield, Vt.

Born Pasctucket, R. I., Aug. 14, 1900

Entered Class of 1922 in junior year from Class of 1920. Class track, (1, 2); Class soccer, (1, 2); Student Council, (4); Mgr. Tennis, (4); Chairman Promotions Committee, (4); Corporation scholar, (4); Class of '02 Prize in Latin for Freshmen, (1); Advertising Mgr. *Haverfordian*, (4); Musical Clubs, (1, 2, 3, 4); Cap and Bells, (1, 2, 3, 4); Cast of "Mary Goes First," (4); Treasurer English Club, (4); Classical Club; Social Science Club; Founders' Club. War service: Princeton S. A. T. C.

HENRY SALMON FRASER

1113 1st North St., Syracuse, N. Y.

Born Oswego, N. Y., July 11, 1900

Entered freshman year from Syracuse North High School. Mgr. baseball, (4); Mgr. Class track, (2); Student Council, (4); Chairman Student Extension Committee, (4); Class Secretary, (2); Toastmaster, (3); Class Chronicler, (4); Corporation Scholar, (2, 3, 4); Clementine Cope Fellowship, (4); Hibbard Garrett First Prize for Verse, (1); Class of '96 Prize in Latin, (2); S. P. Lippincott History Prize, (3); Captain sophomore debating team, (2); Everett Society Medal, (2); Editor-in-Chief, *Scarlet*, (4); Associate Editor, *Haverfordian*, (3, 4); Editor-in-Chief, *Record*, (4); President Social Science Club, (4); President Classical Club, (4); Phi Beta Kappa, (3); Founders' Club; Triangle Society.



HAROLD MAURICE GRIGG

Haddonfield, N. J.

Born Brockport, N. Y., Dec. 10, 1893

Entered Class of 1922 from Class of 1920 after the war. Varsity track, (1, 2, 3, 4); "H" (1, 2, 3, 4); Captain, (4); Mgr. football, (4); Football squad, (1); Class football, (1, 2); Class track captain, (1, 2, 3, 4); Class soccer, (1); Secretary Athletic Asso., (3); President, (4); Chairman Nominating Committee, (4); Athletic Cabinet, (3, 4); President, (4); Student Council, (3, 4); Executive Athletic Committee, (4); Y. M. C. A. Cabinet, (4); Class President, (1, 2); Chairman Junior Day Committee, (3); Banquet toastmaster, (2); Musical Clubs, (1, 2); Cap and Bells, (2, 3, 4); Social Science Club; Founders' Club. War service: Base Hospital No. 10, A. E. F.



JOHN FLAGG GUMMERE

Lansdowne, Pa.

Born Swarthmore Pa., July 27, 1901

Entered freshman year from Penn Charter School. Varsity baseball, (1, 2, 3, 4); Asst. Mgr. football, (3); Asst. Mgr. tennis, (3); Class basketball, (2, 3, 4); Class baseball, (1, 2, 3, 4); Class football, (1, 2); Wogglebug, (3, 4); Nominating Committee, (3); Class Treasurer, (1); Junior Day Committee, (3); Class of '02 Prize in Latin for Freshmen, (1); *Scarlet* board, (2); Classical Club; Scientific Society; Treasurer Radio Club, (3); President Penn Charter Club, (4).



PERCIVAL HALL, JR.

1 Kendall Green, Washington, D. C.

Born Washington, D. C., March 4, 1901

Entered freshman year from McKinley Manual Training School. Wogglebug, (3, 4); Class Treasurer, (2); Musical Clubs, (1, 2, 3, 4); Cap and Bells, (3, 4); Circulation Mgr. *Haverfordian*, (4); Radio Club; Scientific Society.

JOSEPH HALLOCK

Milton, N. Y.

Born Milton, N. Y., June 22, 1901

Entered freshman year from Oakwood Seminary. Class football, (1); Wogglebug, (3, 4); Class basketball, (3); English Club.





WILLIAM BLAIR HEILMAN

876 Wynnewood Road, Overbrook, Pa.

Born Overbrook, Pa., June 25, 1902

Entered freshman year from West Philadelphia High School. Varsity gymnasium, (2, 3); "H. G. T." (2); "H." (3); Captain, (4); Asst. Mgr. baseball, (3); Football squad, (2, 3); Varsity football, (4); Numerals, (4); Class football, (1, 2); Class soccer, (1); Class basketball, (1); Captain class baseball, (1, 2); Class track, (1); Class cricket, (1, 3, 4); Executive Athletic Committee, (4); Athletic Cabinet, (4); Y. M. C. A. Cabinet, (4); Silver Bay delegate, (3); Asst. Cheerleader, (3); Class President, (4); Class Secretary, (1, 4); Class Treasurer, (3); Chairman Banquet Committee, (1); Musical Clubs, (1, 2, 3, 4); Cap and Bells, (3, 4); Business Mgr. of Play, (4); Asst. Business Mgr. *Record*, (4); Scientific Society; Radio Club; Secretary, (3); Vice-President, (4); Founders' Club; Permanent Class Secretary.



WILLIAM CRAIG HENDRICKS

259 South Main Street, Chambersburg, Pa.

Born Bedford, Pa., March 2, 1901

Entered freshman year from Mercersburg Academy. Basketball squad, (4); Class football, (1); Class baseball, (1, 3); Class soccer, (1); Class basketball, (1, 2, 3, 4); Mgr. Class basketball, (1); Captain Class basketball, (3); Wogglebug, (2, 3, 4); Musical clubs, (1, 2, 3, 4); Student Extension Committee, (1, 2, 3); Cap and Bells, (4); Classical Club.



GEORGE ADOLPH HILLEMANN

7152 Meade St., Pittsburgh, Pa.

Born Pittsburgh, Pa., Oct. 30, 1900

Entered freshman year from Peabody High School, Pittsburgh. Football squad, (2); Varsity football, (3, 4); "H", (3, 4); Varsity track, (1, 2, 3, 4); "H", (4); Class football, (1); Class basketball, (1, 2, 3); Class track, (1, 2, 3, 4); Y. M. C. A. Cabinet, (4); Student Extension Committee, (4); Class president, (2); Business Manager of *Record*, (4); Class debating team, (1, 4); College debating team, (4); Social Science Club; Scientific Society; Founders' Club.

RICHARD WORTH JANNEY

212 W. Upsal St., Germantown, Pa.

Born Mt. Airy, Pa., Dec. 7, 1899

Entered freshman year from Germantown Friends School. Varsity soccer, (2, 3, 4); Numerals, (2); "H", (3, 4); Second All-American Soccer Team, (2); Track squad, (1); Mgr. track, (4); Class track, (1, 2); Wogglebug, (2); Student Council, (2, 3); Y. M. C. A. Cabinet, (2); Athletic Cabinet, (3, 4); Class President, (3); Junior Day Committee, (3); Chairman Honor Committee, (4); Cartoonist *Record* Board, (4); Musical Clubs, (1, 2, 3); Cap and Bells, (3, 4); Asst. Mgr. of Play, (3); Germantown Friends School Club. War service: Harvard S. A. T. C.



RALPH ADAM KLEMM

1204 Lehigh Ave., Philadelphia, Pa.

Born Ocean City, N. J., July 24, 1900

Entered sophomore year from Bucknell University. Wogglebug, (2, 3, 4); Class Secretary, (3); Class Day Committee, (4); Scientific Society. War service: Bucknell S. A. T. C.



WILLIAM HENRY MACCALLUM, JR.

6602 Germantown Ave., Philadelphia, Pa.

Born Philadelphia, Pa., March 6, 1901

Entered freshman year from Germantown Friends School. Wogglebug, (3); Chairman Co-operative Store Committee, (4); Class secretary, (3); Chairman Banquet Committee, (1, 4); Junior Day Committee, (3); Business Mgr. *Haverfordian*, (3, 4); Assistant Business Mgr. *Record*, (4); Vice-President Radio Club, (2); Scientific Society; Seaman's Club.



ROBERT RUDOLPH MATZKE

805 East Seneca St., Ithaca, N. Y.

Born Palo Alto, Calif., Jan. 14, 1902

Entered freshman year from Ithaca High School. Football squad, (2, 3, 4); "H," (4); Varsity basketball, (1, 2, 3, 4); "H," (3, 4); Captain, (4); Varsity baseball, (2, 3, 4); "H," (2, 3, 4); Varsity gymnasium, (3); Varsity tennis, (1); Class football, (1, 2); Class basketball, (1, 2, 3, 4); Class baseball, (1, 2, 3, 4); Class Secretary, (1); Class Day Committee, (4); Y. M. C. A. Cabinet, (4); Scientific Society; Triangle Society.

FREDERICK MILLER

349 North Duke St., Lancaster, Pa.

Born Lancaster, Pa., July 8, 1900

Entered from Franklin and Marshall College in junior year. Varsity tennis, (3, 4); Winner of tennis tournament, (3); Wogglebug, (3, 4); War service: Franklin and Marshall S. A. T. C.





ROBERT LOUIS MOLITOR

125 W. Chelton Ave., Germantown, Pa.

Born Philadelphia, Pa., May 31, 1899

Entered freshman year from Germantown Friends School. Transferred to University of Pennsylvania. Entered Class of 1922 in junior year. Class cricket, (3 +); *News* board, (1); Corporation Scholar, (1); Philosophy Reading Prize, (3); English Club; Classical Club. War service: University of Pennsylvania S. A. T. C.



THOMAS ROGER MONTGOMERY

Woods Hole, Mass.

Born Philadelphia, Pa., July 28, 1902

Entered freshmen year from Episcopal Academy. Class football, (1); Mgr. Class baseball, (1); Mgr. Varsity basketball, (+); Nominating Committee, (+); Class Vice-President, (1); Corporation Scholar, (1); Class Day Committee, (+); Student Extension Committee, (+); President Scientific Society, (3, +); Skipper of Seaman's Club, (3, +); Laboratory assistant in qualitative analysis, (+); Triangle Society; Permanent Class Vice-President.



ELLISTON PEROT MORRIS

131 West Walnut Lane, Germantown, Pa.

Born Germantown, Pa., May 17, 1899

Entered Class of 1922 in junior year from Class of 1921. Cricket squad, (1, 2, 3, 4); Wogglebug, (4); Class soccer, (2); Second soccer team, (2); Radio Club; Scientific Society; Westtown Club. War service: Friends Reconstruction Unit, April, 1919 to June, 1920.

ALFRED GEORGE MUENCH

Haverford, Pa.

Born Philadelphia, Pa., March 3, 1901

Entered freshman year from Northeast High School. Varsity soccer, (1, 2, 3, 4); "H," (1, 2, 3); Captain, (4); All-American, (3, 4); Varsity basketball, (2, 3, 4); "H," (4); Varsity cricket, (2); Class football, (1, 2); Class basketball, (1, 2, 3, 4); Class baseball, (1, 2, 3); Class Vice-President, (1); Class President, (1); Chairman Hazing Committee, (2); Student Council, (1, 3); Athletic Cabinet, (4); *Scarlet* board, (2, 3); Scientific Society; Triangle Society.





CHAUNCEY GAUSE PANSON

2414 Bryn Mawr Avenue, Philadelphia, Pa.

Born Philadelphia, Pa., June 21, 1899

Entered Class of 1922 from Oberlin College. Football squad, (2, 3, 4); Numerals, (2); "H," (4); Cricket squad, (3, 4); Asst. Mgr. Cricket, (3); Mgr. gymnasium, (4); Class track, (2, 3, 4); Class cricket, (2, 3, 4); Class football, (2); Class basketball, (3); Class Vice-President, (3); Junior Day Committee, (3); Nominating Committee, (4); Class Day Committee, (4); *Record* board, (4); Musical Clubs, (2, 3, 4); Stage Mgr. Cap and Bells, (4); Cap and Bells, (3, 4); Scientific Society. War service: Oberlin S. A. T. C.



HARRY WILLIAM PFUND

115 W. Logan St., Germantown, Pa.

Born Philadelphia, Pa., Jan. 3, 1900

Entered freshman year from Germantown High School. Wogglebug, (3, 4); Student Council, (4); Chairman Publicity Committee, (4); College Debating Team, (4); Captain Senior Debating Team, (4); Class Vice-President, (4); Corporation Scholar, (3, 4); Phi Beta Kappa, (3); Class of '02 Prize in Latin for Freshmen, (1); Class of '96 Prize in Latin for Sophomores, (2); Editor-in-Chief, *News*, (4); *Record* board, (4); Cast "Mrs. Bumpstead-Leigh," (2); "The Mollusc," (3); "Mary Goes First," (4); Cap and Bells, (2, 3, 4); Asst. Treasurer, (3, 4); Secretary Social Science Club, (3); Classical Club; English Club; Founders' Club.





JOHN HARKEY REITER
Haverford, Pa.

Born Ridgely, Md., Dec. 11, 1898

Entered freshman year from Franklin and Marshall Academy. Entered Class of 1922 from Yale in sophomore year. Cricket squad, (1, 2, 3, 4); Second soccer team, (1); Class cricket, (1, 2, 3, 4); Class track, (1, 2, 3); Wogglebug, (3); Class debating team, (1, 2, 3); Everett Society Medal, (2); College debating team, (4); Junior Day Committee, (3); Musical clubs, (1, 3, 4); *Haverfordian* board, (1); *Record* board, (4); Social Science Club; English Club; Seaman's Club. War service: 1st Class Q. M., U. S. N. and Merchant Marine.

WILLIAM REITZEL
Swarthmore, Pa.

Born Steelton, Pa., Dec. 15, 1901

Entered freshman year from New Rochelle High School. Class football, (1); Class track, (2); Hibbard Garrett Memorial First Prize for Verse, (2); Musical Clubs, (1); Cap and Bells, (2, 3, 4); Student-Secretary Cap and Bells, (3, 4); Cast of "Mrs. Bumpstead-Leigh," (2); Asso. Editor of *News*, (1, 2, 3); Asso. Editor of *Haverfordian*, (3, 4); Social Science Club; English Club; Scops.



WILLIAM LESTER RHOADS
Boyertown, Pa.

Born Boyertown, Pa., May 6, 1902

Entered freshman year from Boyertown High School. Musical Clubs, (1, 2, 3, 4); Leader of Glee Club, (4); Cap and Bells, (2, 3, 4).



RICHARD GRAFFLIN SAGEBEER
Berwyn, Pa.

Born Philadelphia, Pa., Dec. 30, 1899

Entered freshman year from Haverford School. Awarded teaching fellowship at Haverford for 1922-1923.



NATHAN BARNITZ SANGREE
4031 Baltimore Ave., Philadelphia Pa.
Born Pocono Pines, Pa., Aug. 3, 1900

Entered freshman year from Penn Charter School. Football squad, (2, 3, 4); "H," (3, 4); Captain, (4); Asst. Mgr. gymnasium, (3); Captain class football, (2); Class baseball, (2); Athletic Cabinet, (4); Class President, (3); Junior Day Committee, (3); Social Science Club; Scientific Society; English Club; Penn Charter Club; Founders' Club. War service: Cornell S. A. T. C.

JAMES ECKEL SIDEL
114 S. 6th St., Reading, Pa.
Born Reading, Pa., July 18, 1900

Entered freshman year from Penn Charter School. Soccer squad, (1, 2, 4); Wogglebug, (3); Class soccer, (1); Debating team, (1); Classical Club; Social Science Club; English Club; Penn Charter Club.





WILLIAM EASTER SILVER

Aberdeen, Md.

Born Darlington, Md., July 7, 1900

Entered freshman year from Tome School. Cricket squad, (1, 2, 3, 4); Track squad, (1, 2, 3, 4); Class track, (1, 2, 3, 4); Class cricket, (1, 2, 3, 4); Wogglebug, (2, 3, 4); Business Mgr. *News*, (4); Social Science Club; Scientific Society; English Club. War service: Johns Hopkins S. A. T. C.



CRAIGE McCOMB SNADER

Haverford, Pa.

Born Philadelphia, Pa., Oct. 15, 1900

Entered freshman year from Friends' Select School. Varsity soccer, (1, 4); Numerals, (1); "H," (4); Varsity cricket, (3, 4); Numerals, (3); "H," (4); Captain, (4); Baseball squad, (1); Class soccer, (1, 2, 3, 4); Class baseball, (1, 2, 3); Captain class cricket, (3, 4); Student Council, (1, 2, 3, 4); Secretary Students' Asso., (3); President, (4); Mgr. Musical Clubs, (4); Y. M. C. A. Cabinet, (2, 3, 4); Secretary Y. M. C. A., (2); Athletic cabinet, (4); Class President, (1, 4); Toastmaster, (1); Founders' Club Prize, (1); Class debating team, (1, 2, 3); Captain, (1, 3); Everett Society Medal, (2); College debating team, (4); 2nd Philosophy Reading Prize, (3); Cap and Bells Club, (3, 4); Classical Club; Social Science Club; Scientific Society; Founders' Club; Permanent Class President.





RICHARD MANLIFFE SUTTON

1547 Clarkson St., Denver, Colo.

Born Denver, Colo., Jan. 23, 1900

Entered sophomore year from Colorado University. Second soccer team, (3, 4); Track squad, (2, 3); Wogglebug, (2, 3); Class basketball, (2, 3, 4); Class track, (2, 3, 4); Cheerleader, (4); Mgr. cricket, (4); Y. M. C. A. Cabinet, (4); Treasurer Y. M. C. A., (3); Campus Events Committee, (4); Class Vice-President, (2); Debating team, (2); Corporation Scholar, (3, 4); Musical Clubs, (2, 3, 4); Cap and Bells, (3, 4); Vice-President of Scientific Society, (4); War service: Colorado University S. A. T. C.

EDWARD ALLINSON TAYLOR

Haverford, Pa.

Born Haverford, Pa., April 24, 1900

Entered freshman year from Choate School. Second soccer team, (2); Mgr. of soccer, (4); Class baseball, (3); Wogglebug, (2, 3, 4); Class cricket, (1, 2, 3, 4); Secretary Y. M. C. A., (2); Class Vice-President, (2); Class Day Committee, (4); Circulation Mgr. *Haverfordian*, (3); Scientific Society; President Radio Club, (2, 3); Triangle Society.



EDWARD JACKSON THOMPSON
Philipsburg, Pa.

Born Philipsburg, Pa., June 2, 1901

Entered freshman year from Philipsburg High School. Football squad, (3, 4); Class of '96 Football Cup, (+); Baseball squad, (3, 4); Track squad, (2); Class football, (1, 2); Class track, (1, 2); Class baseball, (1, 3); Class basketball, (3, 4); Senior Debating Team, (+); College Debating Team, (+); Class Orator, (+); Musical Clubs, (1, 4); Class Secretary, (+); Toastmaster, (+); Class Day Committee, (+); Scientific Society; Secretary Social Science Club, (+).



KENNETH BETTS WALTON

315 Oriental Ave., Atlantic City, N. J.

Born Philadelphia, Pa., Jan. 8, 1901

Entered freshman year from Narberth High School. Varsity baseball, (1, 2, 3, 4); Numerals, (1); "H," (2, 3); Captain, (+); Varsity basketball, (1, 2, 3, 4); Numerals, (1, 3); "H," (2, 4); Varsity track, (2, 3, 4); Numerals, (2); Football squad, (2, 3, 4); "H," (+); Class basketball, (1, 2, 4); Captain, (1, 2); Class baseball, (1, 2, 3); Captain, (3); Class track, (2, 3, 4); Class football, (2); Nominating Committee, (3, 4); Athletic Cabinet, (+); Publicity Committee, (3, 4); Class Secretary, (2); Chairman Banquet Committee, (2, 3); Junior Day Committee, (3); Chairman Class Day Committee, (+); Corporation Scholar, (1, 2, 3); Class of '96 Mathematics Prize, (2); Stage Mgr. Cap and Bells, (3); Record board, (+); Cap and Bells, (3); Social Science Club; Scientific Society; Radio Club; Seaman's Club; Founders' Club; Beta Rho Sigma.





MALCOLM ROSE WISE
Clifton Heights, Pa.

Born Clifton Heights, Pa., April 23, 1900

Entered Class of 1922 from University of Pennsylvania in senior year. War service: Swarthmore S. A. T. C.

JOHN COLVIN WRIGHT
Bedford, Pa.

Born Bedford, Pa., Nov. 20, 1901

Entered freshman year from Bedford High School. Second soccer team, (1, 2, 3, 4); Captain second team, (4); Class soccer, (1, 2, 3, 4); Wogglebug, (2, 3, 4); Class baseball, (1, 3); Corporation Scholar, (2); Musical Clubs, (1, 2, 3, 4); Leader of Mandolin Club, (3, 4); *Record* board, (4); Cap and Bells, (3, 4); Social Science Club; Treasurer Classical Club, (3, 4); English Club.



EDWIN WALTER ZERRER

5428 Westford Road, Olney, Philadelphia, Pa.

Born Philadelphia, Pa., Dec. 27, 1901

Entered freshman year from Frankford High School. Varsity tennis, (3, 4); Captain Wogglebug, (3, 4); Class football, (1, 2); Class track, (1, 2, 3, 4); Class basketball, (2, 3, 4); Class baseball, (2, 3); Editor-in-Chief Y. M. C. A. Handbook, (4); *Record* board, (4); Asst. Business Mgr. *News*, (2, 3); Subscription Mgr. *News*, (4); Musical Clubs, (1); Cast "A Night at an Inn," (3); English Club.



EX-MEMBERS



EDWARD BALLINGER JONES

36 West End Ave., Haddonfield, N. J.

Born Haddonfield, N. J., Oct. 6, 1898

Entered freshman year from Westtown School. Varsity soccer, (1).

If Jones had stayed longer at Haverford, the college could not help being deeply in his debt. While he was here, he studied hard, starred at soccer, and lived a model life. If the world were made up of Joneses, jails would not be necessary. The best of luck to the best of boys!



DAVID ALEXANDER KAY

516 N. Church St., West Chester, Pa.

Born West Chester, Pa., May 5, 1899

Entered freshman year from Princeton S. A. T. C. Baseball squad, (1); Class baseball, (1); Wogglebug, (2); Second soccer team, (2); Class Treasurer, (2). War service: Princeton S. A. T. C.

Good old Dave is married now, after a year and a half of lumber yards and salesmanship with the Kay Lumber Co. For a year and a half we have missed his fudge and the water he used to throw on us, when he thought it was time for a bath. But now he boasts a moustache, looks serious, and will someday be called papa. A happy fireside, Mr. Kay!

ANDREW LINDSAY LEWIS

Broomall, Pa.

Born Broomall, Pa., April 7, 1901

Entered freshman year from Marple-Newtown High School. Football squad, (1); Class football, (1).

Andy left us after the first quarter of freshman year to attend the Army and Navy Academy in Washington, but before he could capture Berlin, the armistice was signed. Now he is back making a great success in the class below. A valiant footballer, baseballer, and student councillor is this Broomall midget. Will see you in cap and gown next June, Andy.





DELAPLAINE MCDANIEL

Church Road, Wyncote, Pa.

Born Denver, Colo., Oct. 7, 1899

Entered freshman year from Westtown School. Varsity soccer, (2); Numerals, (2); Class baseball, (1); Class soccer, (1, 2); Class basketball, (1); Class cricket, (1); Second cricket team, (1). War service: University of Pennsylvania S. A. T. C.

McDaniel, to his credit, could not keep himself from entering the firm which takes so many Haverfordians—the Provident Life and Trust Company. He hasn't insured all the fellows in '22 as yet, but he writes that he has hopes. He better get his own life insured, if he still owns that Harley motorcycle which used to make Uncle Billy's hair stand on end.



GERALD LONGACRE MARVIN

820 Corinthian Ave., Philadelphia, Pa.

Born Fort Spokane, Washington, May 9, 1897

Entered freshman year from Central High School, Philadelphia. Musical Clubs, (1).

Illness took Marvin from us after a year of pleasant companionship, but we shall never forget him; in fact, we cannot forget him. That wild time in Atlantic City when the Musical Clubs jaunted down for their annual concert was a golden page in Marvin's diary. And the way he drove that Ford! If the gasoline was not forgotten, one of the wheels was sure to be. Whether we traveled to Valley Forge or to Swarthmore, the result was the same: we got nowhere on time. But Marvin should have returned after his illness, for we missed him indeed.



KARL MATZ MILLER

217 E. King St., Lancaster, Pa.

Born Lancaster, Pa., March 14, 1900

Entered Class of 1922 in sophomore year from Class of 1921. Varsity football, (1, 2, 3); Numerals, (1); "H," (2, 3); Class soccer, (1); Class football, (1); Class baseball, (2); Musical Clubs, (1, 2, 3); Cap and Bells, (2); *Scarlet* board, (2); Triangle Society. War service: Ambulance Co. No. 111, 28th Div.

"Mo" has been a martyr to the cause of football. A long illness resulting from an injury received in that sport has prevented him from being one of the leaders of 1922. He would have been leader of the Mandolin Club in 1921 if he could have stayed. At present, he edits the *Lancaster Hurricane* and visits the old place on week-ends.

SHIGEO NAKANE

232 Maine St., Brunswick, Me.

Born Sendai, Japan, May 20, 1899

Entered freshman year from Mid-Pacific Institute.

Nakane's smile always made friends at first sight, and, since he never ceased to beam on his friends, he never made an enemy. Now he is finishing at Bowdoin, that big little college of Maine. Get ready for us, Nakane, when you get back to Tokio, for some of us are coming East!



THOMAS TATNALL, JR.

902 Delaware Ave., Wilmington, Del.

Born Wilmington, Del., June 2, 1900

Entered freshman year from Wilmington High School. Class baseball, (1); Wogglebug, (2); Class track, (2); Musical Clubs, (1, 2).

What Tat could not do on the ukelele was not worth doing. All North Barclay would turn out to hear that music and listen to that voice. No wonder many a bevy of Southern beauties came up on dance nights to bask in the moonlight which he made harmonious. Tat's success while here argues well for the bank of which he is now the cashier. We wish him all the happiness in the world.



KUNG HUEI YEH

Box 6, University Station, Urbana, Ill.

Born Kiangsee, China, Feb. 9, 1897

Entered freshman year from Tientsin Anglo-Chinese College.

Yeh was with us for just one year and everyone was sorry that he did not decide to return in the fall of 1919, but he thought the Middle West was nearer to China than Philadelphia, so off he packed. He intends to return to his fatherland after his education is completed, so we give his home address for the benefit of his classmates at Haverford: 7 Hsiao Yin Mem, Tientsin, China.



CHARLES BIDDLE ATLEE
100 Linden Ave., Riverton, N. J.
Born Riverton, N. J., July 27, 1898

Entered sophomore year from Swarthmore College.

Atlee was with us for a time in sophomore year and we certainly wish he had stayed. As an inventor this young man did no less than create a new-type tapeworm trap, which may someday help out some poor sinner. But it was as a good Samaritan that Atlee found himself in his element. On one memorable occasion he harbored a down-and-out soldier in his room in Lloyd, and the next morning missed half his wardrobe. But Atlee admitted that all was fair in the struggle for existence.

ANDREW BROWN
731 S. New Hampshire Ave., Los Angeles, Calif.
Born Kernville, Calif., May 26, 1901

Entered freshman year from Los Angeles High School.

In the departure of Andy Brown for Leland Stanford at the close of freshman year, we lost one of our most esteemed members. A natural athlete was this prince of good fellows. We only wish that sunny California would send us many more such as he.

ANTHONY MORRIS CAREY, JR.
1004 Cathedral St., Baltimore, Md.
Born Baltimore, Md., July 8, 1900

Entered freshman year from Gilmour School.

Tony Carey was one of the star football and baseball players our class contributed for two years, but Princeton finally weaned him away. Swarthmore felt it when Tony hit the line, for he was not what one would call a delicate child. Tony was also one of the very highest hitters on the baseball nine. There are no two ways about it—Tony should have stayed longer with us.



SAMUEL HIOK CHANG

841 West End Ave., New York, N. Y.

Born Swatow, China, Feb. 14, 1900

Entered sophomore year from M. I. T.

Lively little Chang was a sketch. He could make more movements in two seconds than an orator could in an hour. Just tickle his ribs and see what will happen. A giggle, a protest, a convulsion, and a scream—it is all over and Chang has vanished. Chang gave way to poetic outbursts on occasion, and once broke into *Contemporary Verse*. But he is most remembered on the campus as an active merry optimist, and we hope to find him in his usual mood when we visit our missionary cousins in Canton.

BARTON HAY KUHN'S

1614 Harney St., Omaha, Neb.

Born Omaha, Neb., June 6, 1901

Entered freshman year from Omaha Central High School.

Kuhn's is remembered at Haverford as a patient and thoughtful student. He is the only man who attended Latin class for a year without ever having his lesson unprepared. He used to get on peoples' nerves because he never made a mistake. Kuhn's was the incarnation of caution. He would jump rather than walk across a railroad track. When sophomore year arrived, Kuhn's was missing, and on inquiry we learned of his presence at Princeton. Good luck, and don't memorize all of Tacitus.

DAVID REDFIELD LANE

South Road, Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

Born Port Chester, N. Y., Oct. 16, 1899

Entered freshman year from Westtown School.

A quiet, conscientious worker with a healthy sense of humor—that was Lane. We recall his efforts in the Rhinie cake walk, and if he were back, we should like to see him perform with the Cap and Bells; but he has returned to his Poughkeepsie castle on the Hudson, where no doubt he is kept busy entertaining many a fair Vassar maid.



VINCENT OSCAR MILLER

Dennisville, N. J.

Born South Dennis, N. J., Feb. 26, 1902

Entered freshman year from Bordentown Military Institute. Class track, (1, 2); Class cricket, (1); Class baseball, (1); Scientific Society.

Let Merion Hall speak for V. O. It was there he held his revels and turned beds on their backs when all good people were sound asleep. It was there that shirts, ties, shoes, tuxedos, towels were borrowed with the greatest profusion, sometimes to be returned. It was not until the beginning of senior year that Weemus felt that Germany needed him, but evidently he feels the country is once more on its feet, for he is now back in the States. For further particulars about Weemus, ask anybody.

FOSTER NICHOLS PERRY

Massachusetts Institute of Technology, Boston, Mass.

Born Westerly, R. I., Jan. 11, 1902

Entered freshman year from Choate School.

If Perry were with us to-day, he would be playing the title rôle in our graduation comic opera. Inhabitants of Lloyd remember him for his bed-dumping propensities; he was never to blame. The profs loved him for his stutter; whenever he was called upon, that little stutter was just enough to give him time to think.

Now he is up at Tech trying to make Boston a better city.

FREDERIC HOMER SARGENT, JR.

St. Augustine, Fla.

Born Neudah, Wis., Nov. 3, 1898

Entered sophomore year from Dartmouth. Varsity football, (2).

"The most handsome man in seven states"—that is the way we came to know Homer Sargent. Wasn't that what she said he was? As a shooter of darts against the walls of Kinsey, Homer outdid all rivals. Bullseye after bullseye was his score in this manly game. And now he's scoring bullseyes in Florida, with an occasional run over to Havana, we presume. Sorry you didn't hang around longer, old man.

PROSPER DANIEL WIRT

403 S. 12th St., Lebanon, Pa.

Born Lebanon, Pa., Oct. 5, 1899

Entered sophomore year from Lebanon Valley College.

Pros was very actively passive at Haverford. The things he most loved were bug lab, Greek re-exams, verse writing, and symphony concerts. He didn't like Post's courses because epics were not put to music. Consequently he left for Harvard to take work in the fine arts in general.



1922 CLASS OFFICERS

FRESHMAN YEAR

<i>First Half Year</i>	<i>Second Half Year</i>
CRAIGE McC. SNADER <i>President</i>	ALFRED G. MUENCH
ALFRED G. MUENCH <i>Vice-President</i>	THOMAS R. MONTGOMERY
WILLIAM B. HEILMAN <i>Secretary</i>	ROBERT R. MATZKE
JOHN F. GUMMERE <i>Treasurer</i>	PERCIVAL HALL, JR.

SOPHOMORE YEAR

GEORGE A. HILLEMANN <i>President</i>	HAROLD M. GRIGG
EDWARD A. TAYLOR <i>Vice-President</i>	RICHARD M. SUTTON
HENRY S. FRASER <i>Secretary</i>	KENNETH B. WALTON
NOEL S. ARROWSMITH <i>Treasurer</i>	DAVID A. KAY

JUNIOR YEAR

RICHARD W. JANNEY <i>President</i>	NATHAN B. SANGREE
JOHN B. BARKER <i>Vice-President</i>	CHAUNCEY G. PAXSON
RALPH A. KLEMM <i>Secretary</i>	WILLIAM H. MACCALLUM, JR.
WILLIAM B. HEILMAN <i>Treasurer</i>	HENRY W. KUMM

SENIOR YEAR

WILLIAM B. HEILMAN <i>President</i>	CRAIGE McC. SNADER
HARRY W. PFUND <i>Vice-President</i>	THOMAS R. MONTGOMERY
EDWARD J. THOMPSON <i>Secretary</i>	WILLIAM B. HEILMAN
JOHN B. BARKER <i>Treasurer</i>	JOHN B. BARKER

The officers of the second half of senior year are the permanent officers of the class.



The Class in Freshman Year



FRESHMEN

FRESHMAN YEAR

WE CAME as many came, green, green, green. But when the sophs got through, we were ripe, ripe, ripe—tomatoes being used. Although we outnumbered them as the Midianites the Israelites, we were helpless before their stern commands. We marched, we crawled, we ate molasses, we swore, and then, when it was all over, we were dumped. (To those unfamiliar with the term “dumped,” we would say that it means sudden inversion of the bed whereon the subject sleeps.) The sophs, however, did not have it all their own way, because we squashed them in the cane fight, much to their disgust. Oh, we were fresh, all right, damn fresh, all agreed that we were independent cusses. At length, the half dozen upperclassmen who were surviving the ravages of the S. A. T. C. became so aghast at our tendencies, that they decided to let us go our own sweet way to perdition. Thus we were forced to carry warfare into our own ranks to keep amused. As ever, Barclay fought Lloyd, using fire extinguishers to cover the attack. Neither party was victorious, but the affair gave an opportunity to hear a new lecture in morning collection.

Just about this time the medical authorities conceived the amusing notion that we could play football, and when that proved a fizzle they pushed us into the gymnasium. This did more than any other one thing to cause the braver souls amongst us to enlist in the army. One well at which we did drink, however, was the President's reception. To our horror we found that this social event was merely a blanket to conceal sophomoric misdemeanors. To have pajamas torn asunder, to find one's sheets upon the flagpole, is disconcerting to say the least. We attempted to show our distaste, but after being broken by the cricket bats of '21 and cowed by the stentorian tones of Van Sickle, we retired to nurse our wounded pride.

Then sloth settled and nearly everyone decided to escape the doldrums by running away to France. But before we could all get across the armistice was signed. Founders bell rang for hours on end, bonfires served as beacons to the countryside—we got a holiday! Unfortunately, along with the blessings of the armistice, came a

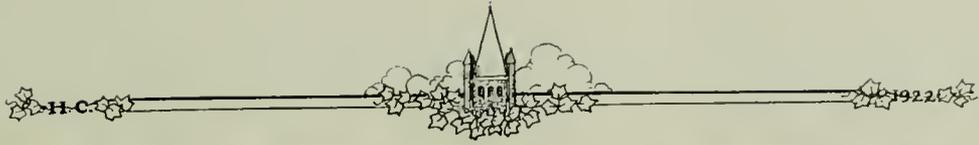


horde of real sophs, and we lost our pride overnight. We were as children, seen and on no occasion to be heard. The vices of the S. A. T. C. were now rampant in our midst, and even the most virtuous of our number learned to laugh at the psychological moment of stories which had inured our new persecutors to the sufferings of war. Some of us even began to watch games of chance, by means of which half of the student body paid their bills at Red's Drug Emporium.

As winter gradually came to an end, the college started to settle down. The President and Dean began once more to get their full night's rest. Revolvers and rifles no longer perforated the walls of Barclay. The sixty-dollar bonus to the ex-service men had taken its toll of vice, and everybody who had gone through the process seemed the happier for it. Even we, the Rhinies, became acclimated and began to ape the faults of our exemplars. We, too, accompanied Dante through Inferno.

The third quarter drew to a happy close, the frosh basketball team having ten victories to its credit out of twelve starts.. Still more were we overjoyed to get free of the gym and out into God's free air. About the middle of May we gathered at Kugler's in town for our first class banquet. There we listened with rapture to "F of X's" inimitable jokes, and were highly impressed by Carpenter's appeal to us to draw together as a unit, and become as great a class as the one which had graced Haverford ten years before. That was Mr. Carpenter's class, needless to remark. The banquet was followed by a sweet love-feast in the cricket shed, all at the expense of the sophs. They told us how we had been their dearest enemies, and Garrett Roberts wept. At last the hatchet was buried.

As the closing days of Rhiniedom approached, we felt our hatbands growing tighter and tighter. Soon, thought we, we should be able to dump freshmen and make them say "Oh Googleballs, Sir." No wonder our future duties caused our pride to take a new lease on life. It was during this golden period that Ted



Sic Semper Pajamas!

Taylor assembled his classmates at his home for the final meeting of the year. Although Ted became ill at the crucial moment, the proposed party was staged with the greatest of success in his bedroom.

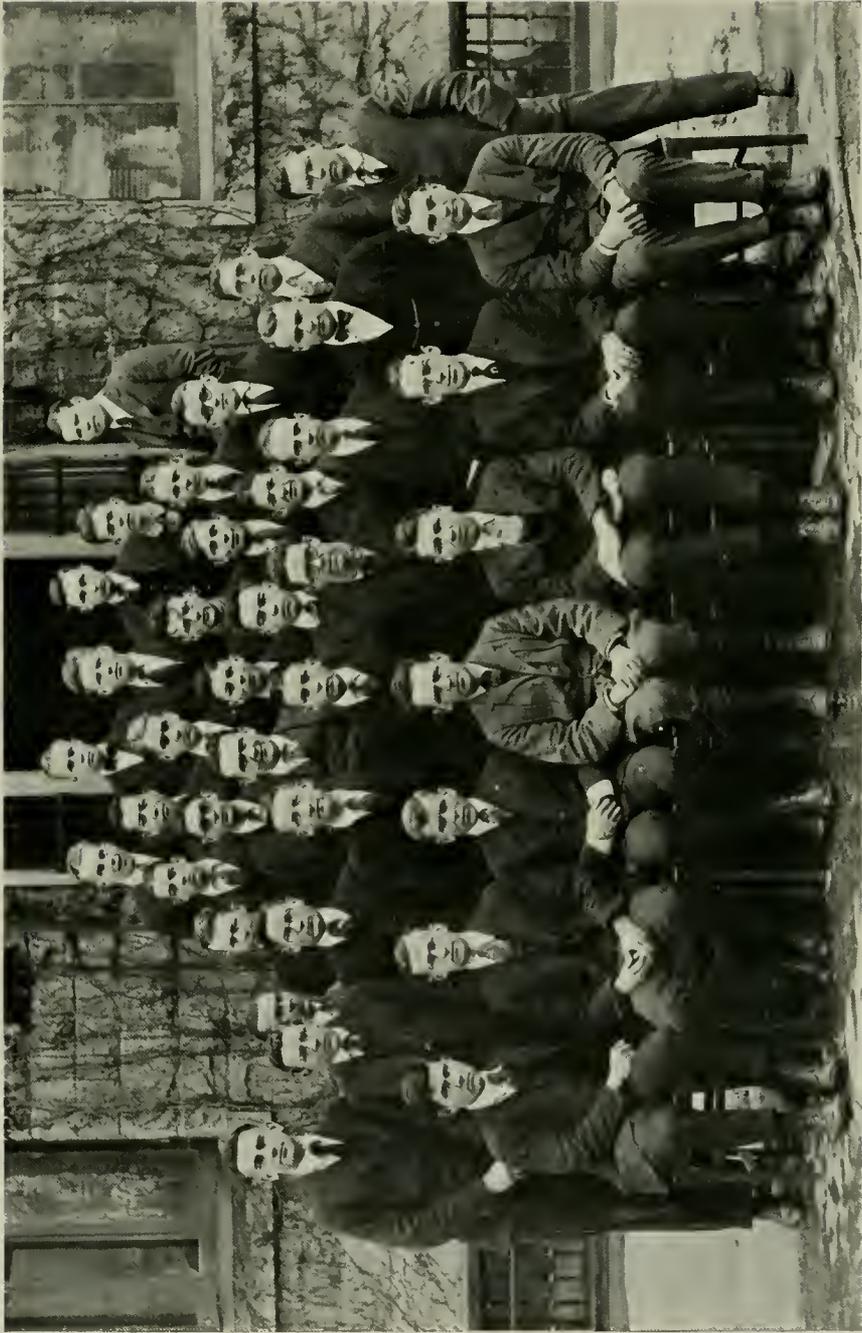
When the day of release was about to dawn, at precisely the dead hour of the night, we celebrated by dumping all the sophs! Oh, that was a night! Poor Tom Montgomery caught the blame, and in the midst of a yelling mob, his tender body was dragged on the grass to the pond, just as the sun came galloping over the hills. All honor to this red-headed martyr! That same morning, after the President had shaved, our thralldom was formally annulled. Someone asked if we had enjoyed the year. "Even so!" we answered.



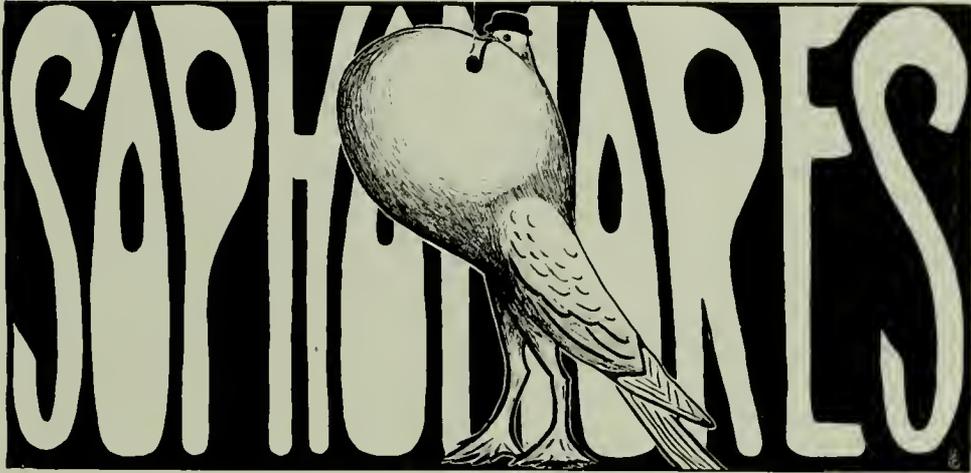
Ike's Boudoir



Matzke in His Element



The Class in Sophomore Year



SOPHOMORE YEAR

WHEN the fall of 1919 announced its presence, we returned to the good old college, and immediately jumped into the dirtiest white flannels available. We had one great and serious purpose in life; namely, to make the Rhinies know their place, and to make that place as low as possible. So we went to our job of hazing with that spirit in which father chastises Johnny. We felt assured at the time that our efforts in their behalf would be appreciated by the freshmen, but they did not live up to the contract, and next year voted to abolish the hazing system. This seeming questioning of our methods was, rightly or wrongly, only taken by us as a compliment to our prowess.

After having completed this duty for the good of the college, we settled down to attend an occasional class, and get away with as many cuts as possible. The biggest man in the class was he who did the least studying, got the highest marks, took the most cuts, was put on probation four times a year, drank the most gin, ran the best race, and kissed the most women. All our men were big men during sophomore year.

The only fly in the ointment was the gymnastic work, over which Doc Babbitt now held his mailed fist. There we swung our arms around in foolish fashion to the notes of an outworn piano. Several times each month Babbitt would drop in and give us instruction in the most approved manner of dancing a jig. How that man can jig! On one occasion he jiggged on the souls of three poor sophs, who will be unmentioned, to the extent that they were put on pro in the gym. Probation in the gym, as all know, means to do the required work in a voluntary spirit.

North Barclay was taken as the abode of more than half the class; it was here that the $\text{I}\Phi\Theta$ was organized. This fraternity, starting with a tremendous burst of enthusiasm, since it voiced the aspirations of every normal man, ended with a meal which ruined our treasury and digestive organs, and thereafter the club was



known chiefly through the memory. But this is not the whole story. There was a rival organization, known far and wide as the Unax, which had its headquarters on the third floor North. In their heyday the Unax frequently fought with the IΦΘ, but since the latter's decline and fall, they meet only sporadically.

In the anti-Rhinie cane rush we repeated the performance of the year before, thereby winning the right to carry canes in senior year. Still further did we make life miserable for our friends the freshmen when winter arrived, bringing with it a crop of nice moist snow. A bombardment was the regular thing before meals, but we broke so many windows that Johnson got up on his ear. In fact, he got so much up on his ear that he began to charge two seeds for panes of ordinary glass six inches square. In spite of this prohibitive cost, however, snowballing continued, the class grew poorer, and Doc Johnson was enabled to buy a Ford Sedan.

Midyears and the Endowment Fund Drive were upon us before we could get out of the way. After several speeches and mass meetings, in which the rags that the professors had to wear were exhibited, our class went over the top with three times its quota. Under the conditions, everyone passed his examinations—it was a fair return for value received. With the coming of the rainy season in April, we were startled one A.M. by the news of a great railroad strike. Visions of the possibility of escaping classes by keeping civilization from going to the dogs leaped through our minds. Result: classes were suspended, we got gorgeous uniforms, had good meals, good pay, and fierce work. Everybody was glad to get back to the cut system after walking across the tops of slippery freight cars for a week.

After the strike had been settled, certain members of the class thought they owed a debt of gratitude to Macadam, and consequently took the propitious occasion



of paying it when the junior class was holding a smoker. Eddie Miner, of whom you must have heard, spoiled our chances when he sounded the tocsin and brought the juniors about our ears. We shall spare our readers the details of the horrible scenes which ensued. Enough to say that Eddie is now travelling in Egypt and Syria by the latest reports.

Of course we had our love-feast with the freshmen and made all sorts of *amendes honorables*. Mourning was displayed at the passing of hazing, and the wake continued till midnight. But when the lights had gone out, we realized that an epoch had ended, and we stood alone, like the Mobicans, the last of our race.

With the advent of spring our mundane thoughts lightly turned to baseball and track. Courses and classes still bothered us somewhat, but we were learning the ropes by now; namely, to do nothing unless forced. Needless to say, the profs saw to it that we were forced. After hurdling the exams and shooting off in economics, we woke up to find the year over and our trunks still in need of packing.





The Class in Junior Year



JUNIOR YEAR

PLATITUDES are generally dangerous when addressing a hyper-critical audience, but we shall venture one, and say it with feeling: "The junior year is by far the most pleasant of all, for then you have the honor of being an upper-classman without the responsibility of being a senior." To be sure, we entered on the third lap with some hesitation in the face of Bib Lit, which we soon found not a quarter so bad as we had been led to believe. Many of the sinners were now introduced to the parables for the first time.

When several new arrivals had been fully absorbed into the corporate body, and the regular routine of settling down (made hideous by the innumerable movings of Zerrer and Matzke) finally accomplished, it was found that the class had scattered itself all over the campus. Center Barclay was the stronghold of '22 radicalism, but Lloyd, Merion, and Founders each had its variously opinionated coterie. On the whole, however, aside from friendly friction, the class made progress as a unit.

Football was in the air! Although the first game with Stevens had resulted in a defeat, it had been sufficiently close to to make us feel confident of future success. And come it did when we made our holy pilgrimage to Newark and saw Delaware bite the dust. When we returned, Founders bell was pealing, and in town there were—but that must be left to the trained imaginations of the initiated. The day of the Swarthmore battle finally dawned, and we were all full of the spirit of victory, but weight and fate were against us. Mac and his team made a gallant stand and re-



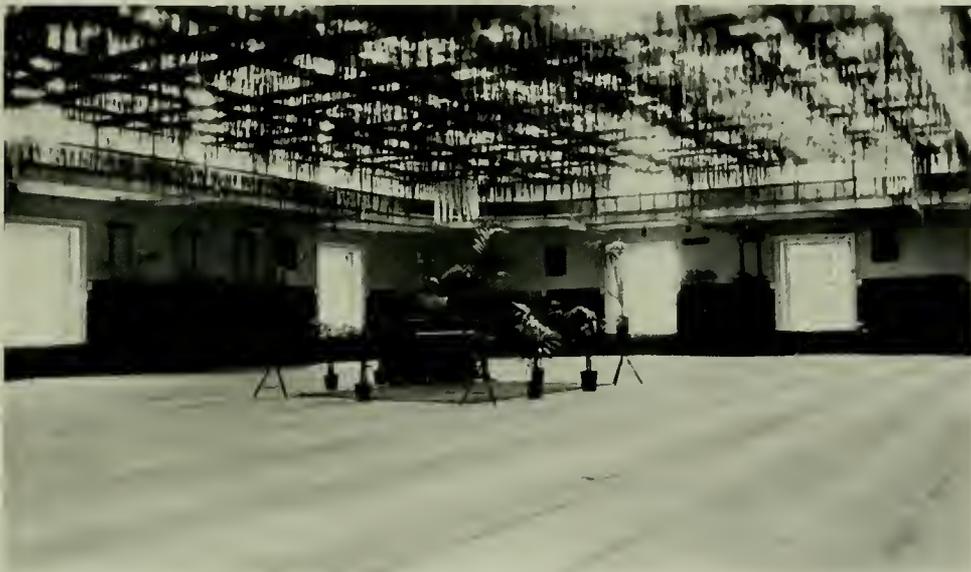
Lloyd Hall

warded our confidence by scoring a touchdown in the last quarter. It was a magnificent battle of which we are all proud, even though the score was against us.

The late fall and winter held many diversions. David Bispham gave one of his inimitable recitals; Herbert Hoover spoke to an immense gathering in Roberts Hall; the inevitable Library Lecturers gave their inevitable pleasure to the student body; and Dr. Snyder commemorated the Keats' Centenary with an interesting address in the Union.

The class banquet this year maintained the worthy tradition which we had begun three years before, of an annual feed. The embryonic Ciceros thus were given a chance to puzzle the class with their cryptic thoughts. Since this was the year when we were supposed to come out socially, we decided to come out in high style at the Swarthmore concert held at the Bellevue-Stratford. But during the coming out, a few men passed out, and later went out by request. After the storms resulting from this occasion had somewhat subsided, we noticed several ships thrown up high and dry on the beach; but we worked hard to launch them again, and after two weeks of hard labor and great expense they were once more navigating around. The great disaster and costly shipwrecks were brought home so forcibly to the college body in large mass meetings that some new method of protecting leaky ships at sea was deemed necessary. The old routes of travel were recharted by the new Student Council, lighthouses placed on the shoals, lectures given to subordinate pilots, hogsheads of grape juice put in the lifeboats for emergencies, and the ships all fitted out with fresh engines. The new merchant marine is now doing very well at Haverford.

Simultaneously with the appearance of Dr. Lockwood on the hunt for birds, came



Ready for the Prom

the baseball and track seasons. The latter sport had an unusually successful season, ending in a welcome triumph over Swarthmore on a day when baseball and cricket teams had also been victorious. The sun set scarlet that evening.

The affair of which we are perhaps most proud was the Junior Prom. Grigg and his energetic committee had planned for months to give us a dance to be remembered while time should last. Naturally we expected big things, and we were not in the least disappointed on the great evening. With the subdued light floating down from above the artistic decorations, and Myer Davis's orchestra playing intoxicating fox-trots, it was the occasion which marked the pinnacle of our lives as juniors, the event that we shall look back upon as the climax of that year.





The Class in Senior Year



SENIOR YEAR

IN JUNE, 1921, the ship of state decided that in the autumn it would be best to have the class of '22 guide it forward for a year. Therefore, when September arrived, all hands came on deck to learn their new duties. The bottle was broken against the prow and presto, the ship was launched on unknown seas. The seaman's club now took it upon itself to give advice at every stage of the voyage, with such good effect that the *Record* board is forced to print a snapshot of this noted organization. (*Vide infra.*)

The various departments and committees of the college now began to pioneer out on the frontier of new and difficult duties. The centralization created by the new Student Council brought everything into line and put a premium on efficiency. That moribund institution, endearingly termed the Barclay Store, was galvanized into life by MacCallum, who read to the ignorant representatives on the Council monthly reports lifted bodily from Taussig. The outcome of the whole reform movement in regard to the store was that prices were the same as before, that we could buy stamps there instead of from Oscar, and that in order to get cigarettes, one still must go to Red's.

A hue and cry was raised about this time to legalize walking across the campus on Sunday, but, amid the huzzas of the Conservatives backed by the Roberts Ironsides, this measure failed completely of adoption. And to add to the discomfiture of the progressives, a morning lecture was delivered in collection to the effect that not only was expectorating forbidden in the future, but also the promiscuous use of the word "darn." No one has said "darn" since.

With the coming of St. Valentine's Day, the college rounders started to chew gum and smoke a daily cigarette. Never before, and probably never afterwards, will two hundred and twenty-five natural sinners lead such model lives as we all have this year. No one received the one-way ticket, nobody was put on probation in the gym, nobody looked twice at a flapper. *La vie Parisienne* was metamorphosed



into midweek meetings of the Gentlemen's Aid Society. But inasmuch as everyone was happy, why spoil the dream?

But to end the nonsense which we find our pen flinging out, and to get down to tacks of brass, let us mention the fact that spring began on March 21st. About a week or ten days later, the office learned of the fact, and after much deliberation, decided that the spring-opening would be held as usual. Of course it was a big success. If, moreover, the office could get one idea, it could get two, and the great day finally dawned when the cricket team, that favored race of Zion, had to listen to the laying



Seaman's Club

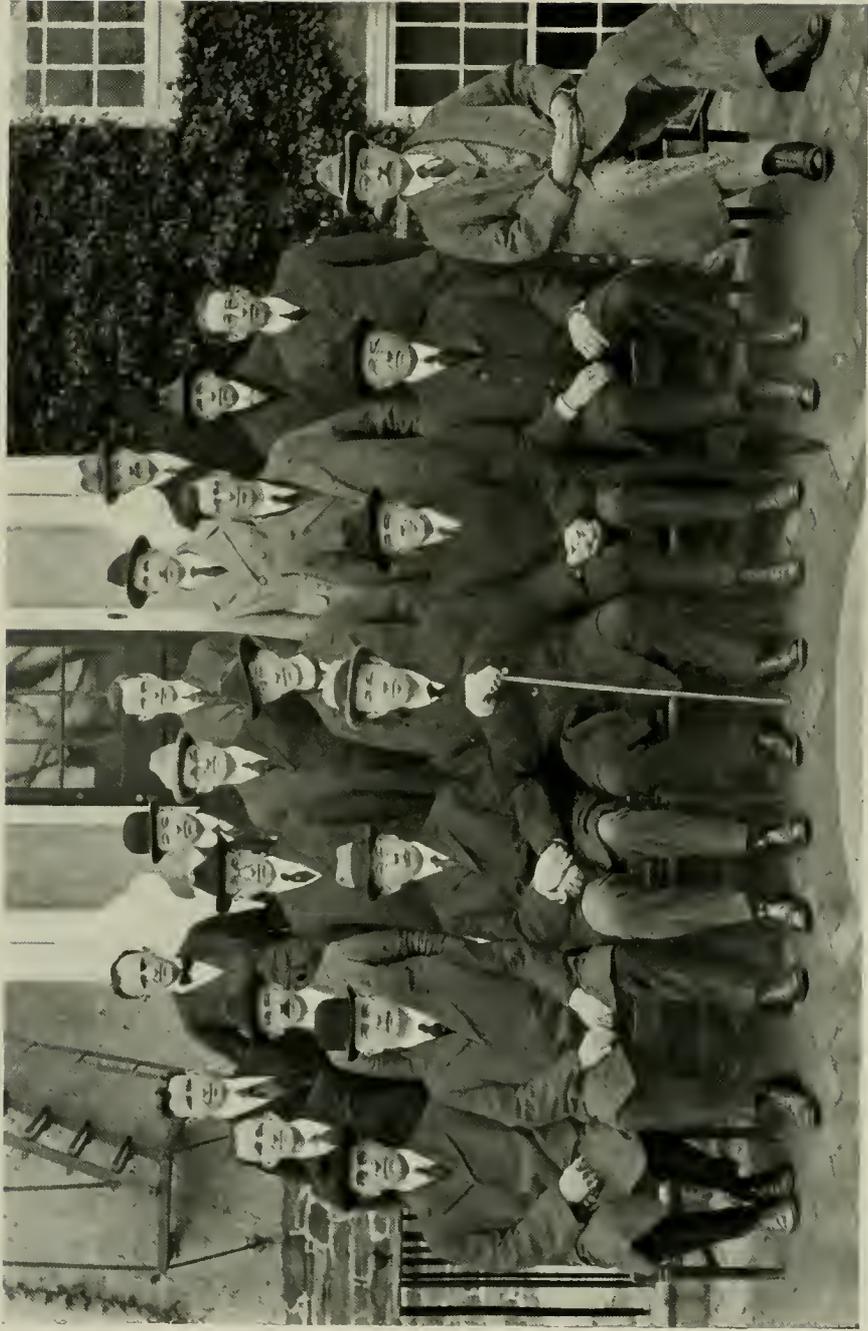


down of the Law of the Levites. The admonition was so taken to heart that the track team went out on the next afternoon and walloped Stevens.

With the approach of graduation, the class of '22 began to view itself in retrospect. Four years of unalloyed pleasure has been our portion. Loyal service has been its own reward with us, as it always is with those who roll up their sleeves and pledge themselves to intelligent and constructive work. We come through the fourth year without any serious quarrel, and we hope, without a single enemy. And now before we separate, let us stand in line together, as brave old Haverford commands *Salute!*



The Big Fire



The Faculty



THE FACULTY

WILLIAM WISTAR COMFORT, Ph.D., Litt.D., LL.D.

President

Born, Germantown, Pa., May 27, 1874; A.B., Haverford, 1894; A.B., Harvard, 1895; A.M., 1896; Ph.D., 1902; Litt.D., Univ. of Pennsylvania, 1917; LL.D., Univ. of Maryland, 1918; Haverford faculty, 1901-1909; Cornell faculty, 1909-1917; President Haverford College, 1917—. Contributor to *Atlantic Monthly*, *Publications of the Modern Language Association*, *The Nation*, and other periodicals. Author of French textbooks.

HENRY SHERRING PRATT, Ph.D.

David Scull Professor of Biology

Born, Toledo, O., Aug. 18, 1859. A.B., Univ. of Michigan, 1882; A.M., and Ph.D., Leipzig, 1892; studied at Leipzig, Freiburg, and Geneva, 1888-1892; Harvard, 1892-1893; Haverford faculty, 1893—. Studied at Innsbruck, 1902-1903; Graz, 1910. Author: Text books of vertebrate and invertebrate zoology; *A Manual of the Common Invertebrate Animals*; Scientific papers.

JAMES ADDISON BARRITT, A.M., M.D.

Professor of Hygiene and Physical Education

Born, Waitsfield, Vt., Oct. 22, 1869. A. B., Yale, 1893; M.A., Haverford, 1896; M.D., Univ. of Pennsylvania, 1898; Haverford faculty, 1893—.

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

Professor of Philosophy

Born, South China, Me., Jan. 25, 1863. A.B., Haverford, 1885; A.M., 1886; studied at Univ. of Heidelberg, 1887; Univ. of Pennsylvania, 1893-1895; A.M., Harvard, 1901; Litt.D., Penn College, 1908; D.D., Harvard, 1920. Principal, Oak Grove Seminary, Me., 1889-1893; Haverford faculty, 1893—. Editor *Friends' Review*, 1893; *The American Friend*, 1894-1912; *Present Day Papers*, 1914-1916. Author: *Social Law in the Spiritual World*; *Studies in Mystical Religion*; *Spiritual Reformers*; *The Quakers in the American Colonies*; *Later Periods of Quakerism*, 2 vols.; etc.

DON CARLOS BARRETT, Ph.D.

Professor of Economics

Born, Spring Valley, O., April 22, 1868. M.A., Harvard, 1896; Ph.D., 1901; Haverford faculty, 1897—. Studied Univ. of Berlin, 1903-1904; in England, 1914-1915. Author: *The Supposed Necessity of the Legal Tender Issues*; *Collateral Readings from the Elementary Course in Economics*.

LEGH WILBER REID, Ph.D.

Professor of Mathematics

Born, Alexandria, Va., Nov. 18, 1867. Sc.B., Virginia Military Institute, 1887; A.B., Johns Hopkins, 1889; Sc.M., Princeton, 1896; Ph.D., Göttingen,¹1899; instructor at Princeton, 1893-1897; 1899-1900; Haverford faculty, 1900—. Author: *Elements of the Theory of Algebraic Numbers*.



FREDERIC PALMER, JR., Ph.D.

Dean and Professor of Physics

Born, Brookline, Mass., Oct. 17, 1878. A.B., Harvard, 1900; A.M., 1904; Ph.D., 1913; Haverford faculty, 1904—. Educational Secretary, Y. M. C. A., Naval Training Station, Newport, R. I., summer, 1918. Author: *Articles on Ionization in Gases Produced by Ultra-Violet Light*.

WILLIAM EDWARD LUNT, Ph.D.

Walter D. and Edith M. L. Scull Professor of English Constitutional History

Born, Lisbon, Me., Jan. 13, 1882. A.B., Bowdoin, 1904; A.M., Harvard, 1905; Ph.D., 1908; Wisconsin faculty, 1908-1910; Bowdoin faculty, 1911-1912; Cornell faculty, 1912-1917; Haverford faculty, 1917—. Author: Articles in various historical reviews. Adviser at the Peace Conference.

ELIHU GRANT, Ph.D.

Professor of Biblical Literature

Born, Stevensville, Pa., July 12, 1873. A.B., Boston University, 1898; A.M., 1900; Ph.D., 1906; Smith College, 1907-1917; Haverford faculty, 1917—. Author: *The Orient in Bible Times; The People of Palestine*. Editor: *Babylonian Business Documents of the Classical Period; Cuneiform Documents in the Smith College Library*.

RAYNER WICKERSHAM KELSEY, Ph.D.

Professor of History

Born, Western Springs, Ill., 1879. Ph.B., Earlham College, 1900; M.L., Univ. of California, 1908; Ph.D., 1909; Haverford faculty, 1909—. Author: *The United States Consulate in California, 1910; Friends and the Indians, 1917; History of Moses Brown School, 1919*. Editor: *The Cazenove Journal, 1922; Bulletin of Friends' Historical Society, 1921—*.

WALTER SWAIN HINCHMAN, A.M.

Francis Barton Gummere Professor of English

Born, Burlington, N. J., Sept. 13, 1879. A.B., Haverford, 1900; A. B., Harvard, 1901; A.M., Haverford, 1903; studied Univ. of Berlin, 1903-1904; Master of English at Groton School, 1901-1920; Haverford faculty, 1920—. President New England Association of Teachers of English, 1918-1920; Bureau of Camp Service, A. R. C., Washington, D. C., 1918-1919. Author: *Lives of Great English Writers, 1908; Tintagel and Other Poems, 1910; William of Normandy, 1910; Holmes Hinkley, 1912; History of English Literature, 1915; The American School, 1916*.

LEON HAWLEY RITTENHOUSE, M.E.

Professor of Engineering

Born, Annapolis, Md., Sept. 29, 1879. M.E., Stevens Institute of Technology, 1901; Electric Railways, 1902; Sales Engineering, 1903; Instructor at Armour Institute, 1904-1905; Haverford faculty, 1905—. Electrical engineering, Brooklyn Edison Co., and Bell Telephone Co., several summers. In charge of Central Station power for coal mines, U. S. Fuel Administration, 1918.

FRANK DEKKER WATSON, Ph.D.

Professor of Sociology and Social Work

Born, Philadelphia, Pa., June 28, 1883. B.S., Univ. of Pennsylvania, 1905; Ph.D., 1911; Univ. of Pennsylvania faculty, 1906-1911; Swarthmore faculty, 1908-1911; New York School of Social Work, 1911-1914; Haverford faculty, 1914—. Joint author of textbook on economics. Author: *The Charity Organization Movement in the United States*.



ALBERT HARRIS WILSON, Ph.D.

Associate Professor of Mathematics

Born, Saundersville, Tenn., Feb. 4, 1872. B.A., Vanderbilt University, 1892; M.A., 1893; Ph.D., Univ. of Chicago, 1911. Faculty of Princeton, 1895-1903; of Univ. of Illinois, 1904-1905; of Alabama Polytechnic Institute, 1905-1910; Haverford faculty, 1910—.

DEAN PUTNAM LOCKWOOD, Ph. D.

Librarian and Associate Professor of Latin

Born, Rio Janeiro, Brazil, May 13, 1883. A.B., Harvard, 1903; A.M., 1904; Ph.D., 1907. Harvard faculty, 1909-1910; Columbia faculty, 1911-1918; Haverford faculty, 1918—.

WILLIAM BUELL MELDRUM, Ph.D.

Associate Professor of Chemistry

Born, Hull, Canada, Dec. 18, 1887. B.A., McGill University, 1909; M.Sc., 1910; Ph.D., Harvard University, 1914. Vassar faculty, 1914-1917; Haverford faculty, 1917-1918; Chemical Warfare Service, 1918-1919; War Industries Board, 1919; Haverford faculty, 1919—. Contributor to *Journal of Physical Chemistry*; *Journal American Chemical Society*. 1851 Exhibition Research Scholar, 1912-1914.

OSCAR MARSHALL CHASE, S.M.

Registrar and Assistant Professor of Drawing

Born, Chadds Ford, Pa., Dec. 16, 1871. S.B., Haverford, 1894; S.M., 1895; Haverford faculty, 1896—.

EDWARD DOUGLAS SNYDER, Ph.D.

Associate Professor of English

Born, Middletown, Conn., Oct. 4, 1889. A.B., Yale, 1910; A.M., Harvard, 1911; Ph.D., Harvard, 1913; studied in Europe on Bayard Cutting Fellowship from Harvard, 1913-1914; Yale faculty, 1914-1915; Haverford faculty, 1915—.

JOHN ALEXANDER KELLY, Ph.D.

Assistant Professor of German

Born, Chillhowie, Va., Sept. 2, 1889. B.A., Emory and Henry, 1911; M.A., Columbia, 1916; Instructor in Germanic Languages, Univ. of Virginia, 1916-1917; Fellow in Germanic Languages, Columbia, 1917-1918, 1919-1920; U. S. N. R. F., 1918; Ph.D., Columbia, 1920; Haverford faculty, 1920—. Author: *England and the Englishman in German Literature of the Eighteenth Century*.

LEVI ARNOLD POST, A.M.

Assistant Professor of Greek

Born, Stanfordville, N. Y., July 8, 1889. A.B., Haverford, 1911; A.M., 1911; A.M., Harvard, 1912; B.A., Oxford, 1916; Y. M. C. A. Secretary in Mesopotamia, 1917; Haverford faculty, 1918; A. E. F., in France, 1919; Haverford faculty, 1919—.

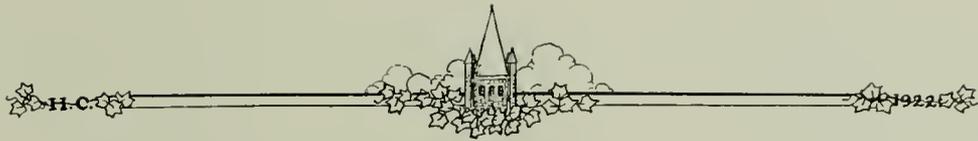
JAMES MCFADDEN CARPENTER, JR., A.M.

Assistant Professor of Romance Languages

Born, Pittsburgh, Pa., Jan. 6, 1890. A.B., Haverford, 1912; M.A., 1913; Cornell faculty, 1914-1917; Haverford faculty, 1917—.



Football Squad



FOOTBALL

NATHAN B. SANGREE, *Captain.*

HAROLD M. GRIGG, *Manager.*

IF SUCCESS ever trails along in the wake of defeat, our football representatives are going to clean up the business world in about six years. Despite certain well-earned victories, our record on the whole has been rather discouraging. The football team only now has truly recovered from the effects of the war. Under Harmon, the new coach, and Tat Brown, captain of 1923, great things are looked for in the greatest of collegiate sports.

In freshman year, with all the upperclassmen either in Europe or the S. A. T. C., we boasted no varsity team; but the little frosh team, captained by Bob, swam through some of the local prep schools to a merry tune. At mid-years the class received some valuable acquisitions, and sophomore year saw Tony Carey tightly holding down a regular berth at tackle on the varsity. Furthermore, that little chap, George Adolph, together with Ike and Chauncey, broke into the line-up several times during the season.

Nate Sangree was prevented, while a soph, from waging any gridiron battle on account of a troublesome ankle, but in junior year Nate fitted himself in at quarter, "Mo" Miller shone at end, and Hilleman played a neat game at tackle. Result: three letter men. How these men fought down at Newark, and how the team romped away on the long end of a 14-0 score, ask anyone of the thousands who saw that memorable tussle.

Under Nate as captain in the fall of '21, the eleven put up a game struggle against terrific outside odds. The chief heroes this year, including the captain, were Ike, Paxson, Matzke, Hilleman, Bill Heilman, and Thompson. After an uphill battle all season, the team finally put across a close victory over Trinity on a wet day. But on the following Saturday, Swarthmore proved too much for Nate's men, and we lost. Here's to the success of '23 against the Garnet!





Soccer Squad



SOCCKER

ALFRED G. MUENCH, *Captain.*

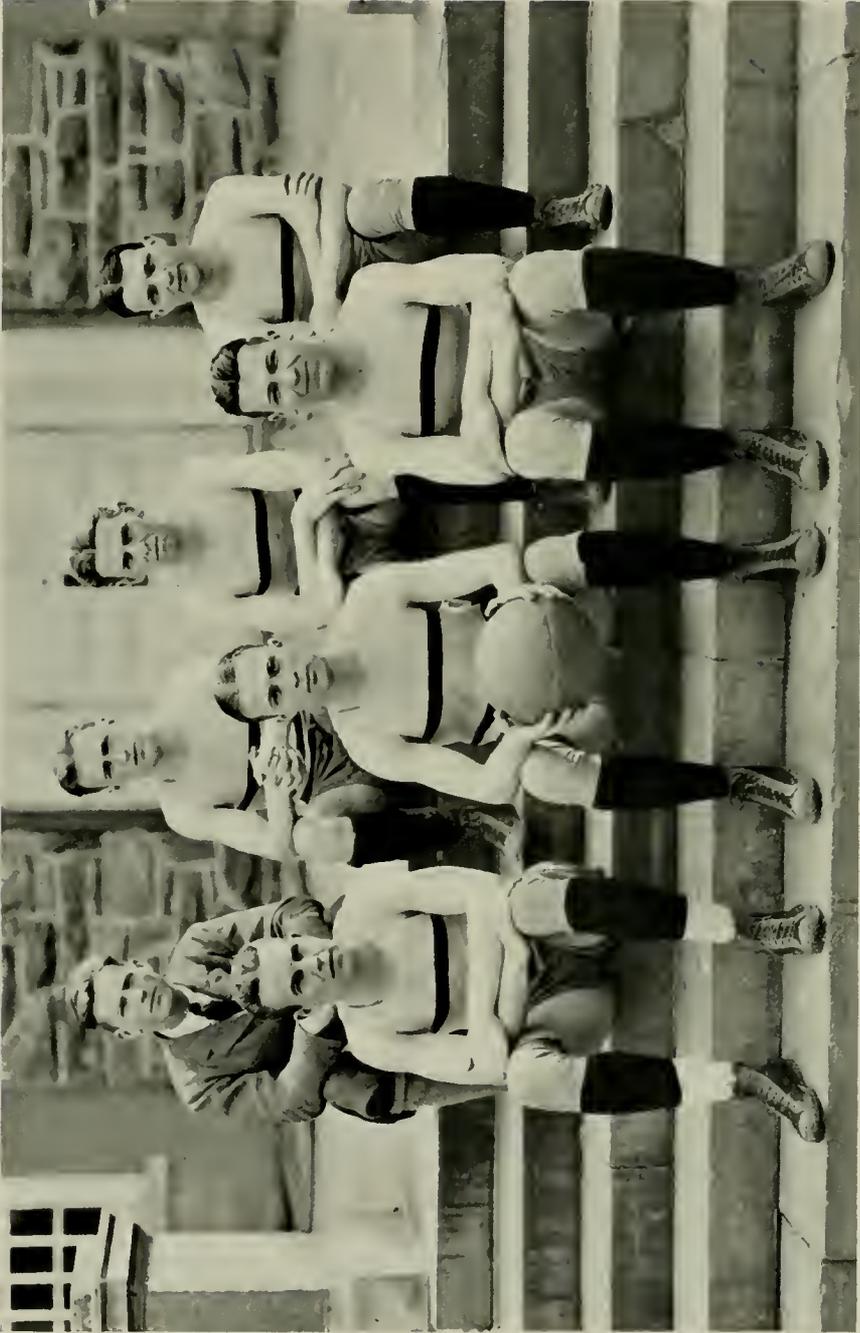
EDWARD A. TAYLOR, *Manager.*

OUR class is not noted for the number of its soccer players but rather for the exceptional ability of the few it does boast. Al Muench has twice been selected for the first All-American team and Janney once for the second. McDaniel, while he was with us, was one of the leading players in collegiate ranks, and Bucknell and Bud Snader were always fast and steady.

Haverford did not take part in intercollegiate soccer our freshman year, but under Coach Young a local schedule was run off with success. Muench and Snader were our only representatives on that team, the former winning an "H," and the latter his numerals. In sophomore year Muench again won the "H" and Janney received numerals.

Junior year witnessed the arrival of the new coach, Danny Oates. Under his direction the team met with fair success, tying Cornell for third place in the intercollegiates. Muench was placed on the All-American first team, and Janney on the second. McDaniel won his "H" and Bucknell got his numerals.

Senior year prospects looked exceptionally bright. Muench was elected captain with Ted Taylor as the fighting manager. We were defeated, however, in a heart-breaking game with Princeton, and from then on luck deserted us. Muench and Leeds were out of several important contests because of injuries, and the team was greatly handicapped without them. At the finish of the season we found ourselves in a tie with Harvard and Cornell for third place. Muench again made the All-American, while Janney, Snader, and Bucknell were awarded the "H". Droit Wright captained the second team through a successful series of games with various teams of this state. Prospects look better than ever for next year with Bill Hunsicker as the pilot. Nothing less than the championship, Bill!



Basketball Squad



BASKETBALL

ROBERT R. MATZKE, *Captain.*

THOMAS R. MONTGOMERY, *Manager.*

BASKETBALL made its *début* as a major sport in our freshman year, and although the youngest of major sports, has been made one of the leading ones, chiefly through the efforts of our class. In 1918 Bob Matzke amazed this section of Pennsylvania with his skill and dazzling speed, and with him and with Ike as Captain, the frosh walked off with ten out of twelve games. Incidentally Bob and Ike landed on the varsity that year.

For the next three years we had the distinction of placing four men on the varsity team every season. Besides Bob and Ike, Al Muench and Bucknell stepped into the line-up as guards. An unusually promising season was considerably checked when Bob Burritt and Matzke were incapacitated.

Prospects were never so bright as in senior year when we started the winter with four veterans of three years' experience. Bob was chosen captain, while Monty stepped around as manager. The longest and most ambitious basketball schedule Haverford ever attempted was arranged, including games with Princeton and the champions of the Middle West; but the team was unable to win a majority of its contests, despite its game showing on the western trip.

In one of the most thrilling basketball games ever staged in the gym, the team was nosed out by Swarthmore in the last two minutes of play by the score of 18 to 16. Soon after the opening of the fray, the Scarlet and Black jumped into the lead at 9-4, and although the first half ended in our favor, fouls enabled the Garnet to pull ahead just before the whistle. Joshua should have ordered the clock to stand still, but he wasn't around.



Baseball Squad



BASEBALL

KENNETH B. WALTON, *Captain.*

HENRY S. FRASER, *Manager.*

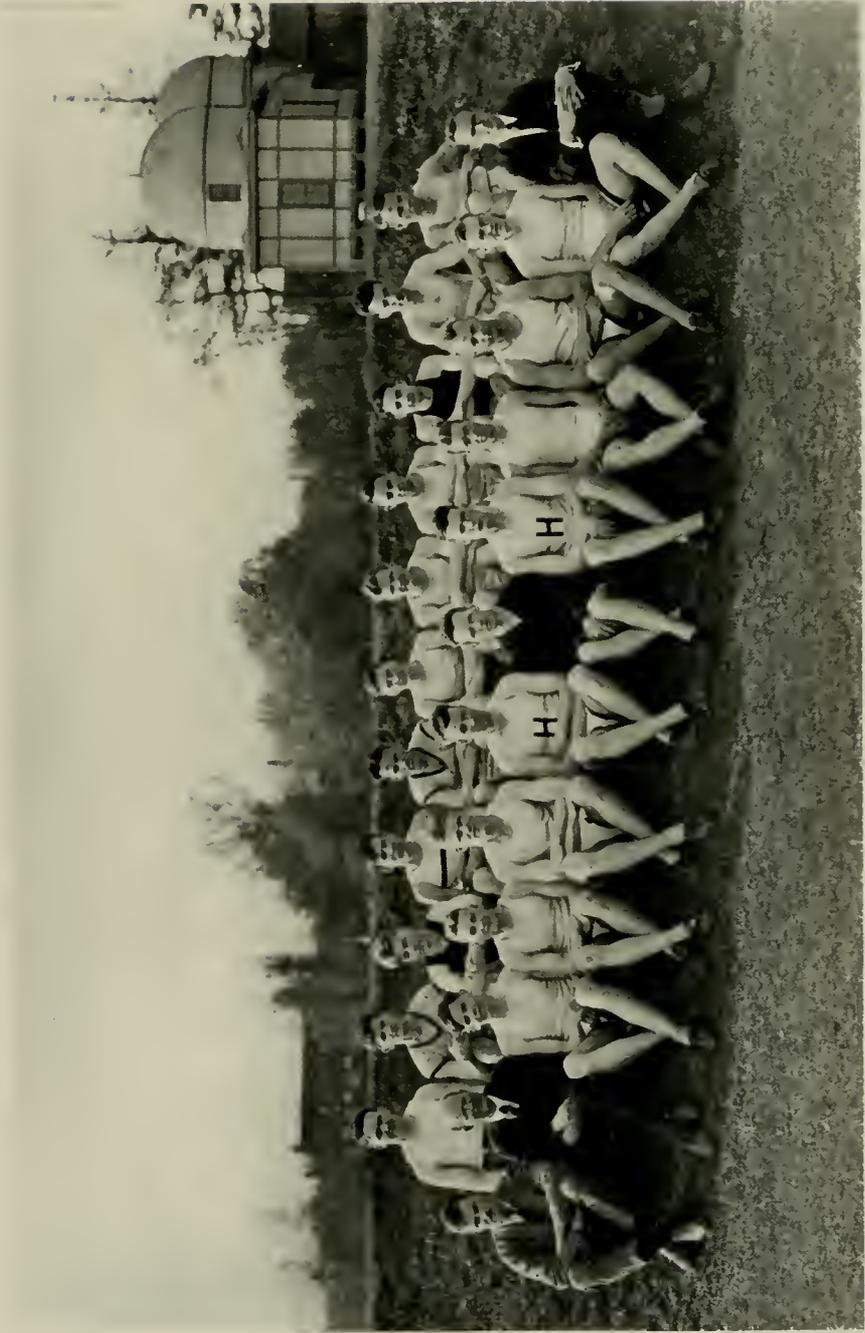
BASEBALL had a chequered career at Haverford until our senior year, when everything took a turn for the better. With the advent of "Moose" McCormick, former Giant star, hard systematic practice became the rule, with the result that the good old game was put on its feet once more. With Ike Walton as captain and Gus Fraser as manager, things have gone off smoothly and efficiently. In the first game Drexel succumbed after nine innings of nip and tuck, while at the present writing, Osteopathy has been sent trudging home by Tat Brown, who pitched a wonderful hitless game and received perfect support. Score: 13-0. F. & M. likewise has fallen by the wayside, 6 to 5.

In freshman year Tony Carey and Ike were the only two to land berths, the former being planted in the garden, and the latter holding down short and sometimes first. Both were very much on the job when it came to stickwork, but the scores of that dark period would make the most radiant optimist knit his brow.

With the addition of Bob Matzke and Jack Gummere the team was noticeably strengthened. Many a batter has been retired on apparent triples by this speedy pair, and many a run has Haverford gained through their timely blows. The whole team is fighting mad this year and consequently is putting up a sterling brand of ball.



"Moose" McCormick



Track Squad



TRACK

HAROLD M. GRIGG, *Captain.*

RICHARD W. JANNEY, *Manager.*

IT WAS not until sophomore year that our class began to make track history. We opened the season by beating the other three classes in the interclass meet, thereby winning the cup. Grigg came back to his old haunt that year, and regularly placed in the half mile whenever there was any placing to be done. Emigh, the college heavyweight, shoved the shot and threw the javelin and discus for points now and then, while Ike Walton began his career as the best miler the college had seen since the days of Baker, the record holder.

The track team came into its own in junior year, capping the climax of a good season with a victory over Swarthmore. To Al Hisey, '21, goes the chief credit for this victory, but he was ably seconded by Ike and Grigg. Ike won the mile with Grigg second, and Grigg took first in the half. The result was a well-earned triumph over a strong rival.

G. A., known to the reading public as George Adolph Hilleman, has kept the cinder path warm with his speed in the century dash. For one year he also was a member of the relay team. Bill Silver and Dick Sutton complete the list of stars. Grigg was elected captain for our last year, and under him and Haddleton, the new coach, track traditions are gaining fresh lustre this spring, Stevens and F. & M. having been the first to succumb.



Coach Haddleton



Tennis Team



TENNIS

ALLEN K. BUCKNELL, *Captain.*

DONALD A. FLANDERS, *Manager.*

TENNIS is one of the most popular minor sports of the college, and it can be said without exaggeration that it is chiefly owing to the class of '22 that tennis is so strong a sport at Haverford. With Buck, Ducky, and Eddie, or in other words, Messrs. Bucknell, Miller, and Zerrer, the tennis team has sent many a rival home defeated. Bob Matzke played the first two years, but then deserted for baseball.

Last year the team cleaned up Delaware, Franklin and Marshall, Ursinus, and Johns Hopkins, tied Moravian and New York University, and then lost its only match to the Garnet.

It seems to be an established custom that the captain and manager room together. Between them in Barclay tower they concoct the schedule, which this year for the first time includes the Intercollegiates at the Merion Cricket Club. This spring the team meets all colleges played last season, with the addition of the U. of P., Muhlenburg, and the strong Textile aggregation. Barring injuries, another successful season is inevitable. Thus far, victories have been registered over Delaware and Moravian.





Cricket Squad



CRICKET

CRAIG McC. SNADER, *Captain.*

RICHARD M. SUTTON, *Manager.*

CRICKET, the good old-fashioned game for gentlemen, still manages to hold its own at Haverford. Last year the team carried off the league cup, and as far as one can judge at the present writing, it is well on the road to repeat the performance.

Cricket is like a civil war at Haverford, because every time the team goes on the field to play a visiting eleven, behold, the majority of the opponents are Haverford alumni! Consequently, every victory seems like a defeat, every defeat like a victory. Thus is everybody satisfied. Especially was everybody satisfied last summer when the All-Philadelphia XI was selected to conquer the British Isles, and four former Haverfordians found positions on the team.

Our class has never produced its full quota of cricketers, since other spring sports have come in for the lion's share. Snader was our playing manager for a time, but now he captains the XI, while Dick Sutton does the managing act. Paxson and Reiter should also be mentioned as able and steady players. Thus the ancient game walks on.

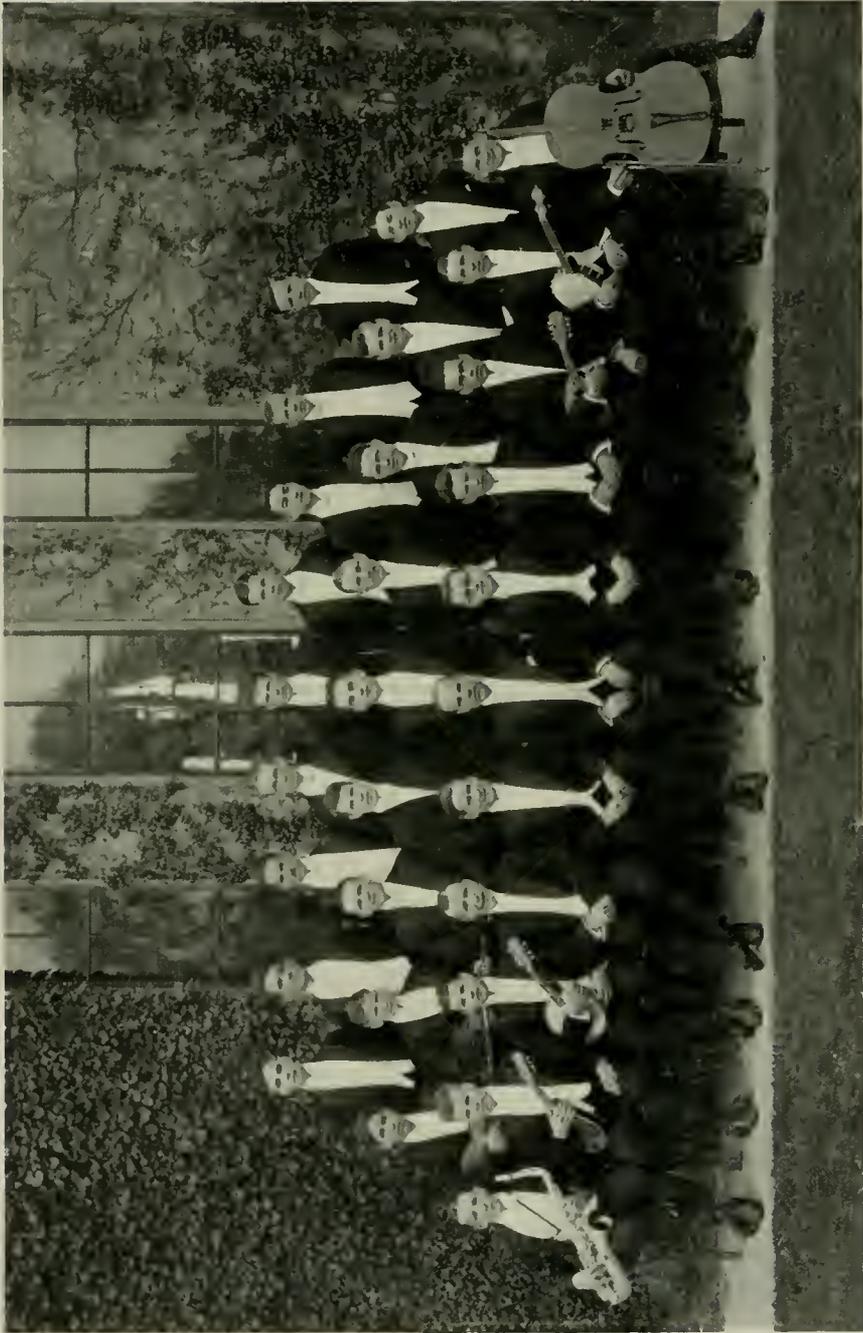




Team Captains



The Managers



The Musical Clubs



CAP AND BELLS

OUR class is certainly fortunate in having among its number two such stellar performers as Abbott and Pfund. As actors, or actresses, they could certainly give the movies a hard run for existence, if they took up the stage for a profession. Pfund showed great versatility in portraying widely differing parts with uniform skill, while Abbott's feminine interpretations have made many an Ogentz girl look twice to believe her eyes.

It was not until sophomore year that the Cap and Bells resumed operations on a pre-war scale. "Mrs. Bumpstead-Leigh" was staged with great success, in which play Abbott took the part of an impressionable young girl, while Harry portrayed an elderly matron and Reitzel a maid (with such a cute little voice!). In junior year, Pfund and Abbott again took leading parts in "The Mollusc," while Eddie Zerrer helped Bill Coder in that stupendous feature entitled "A Night at an Inn."

The play this year was Henry Arthur Jones' "Mary Goes First," with Abbott in the title rôle. Pfund starred in the difficult part of a vain and jealous old lady, and Moll Flanders took off the family physician to perfection. The play would have gone to New York and Paris for a year or two, but the Dean would not excuse the cuts. As we look back over the past three years, there is much to be found worthy of the highest praise in the faithful work which the above men have put into the Cap and Bells Club.

In regard to the Musical Clubs, the same can be said: Steady progress and uniform success have attended those members of '22 who lay claim to musical abilities. Even before the opening of the season in freshman year, there were few of us who had not made the gentle acquaintance of Rhoads' voice and Droit's violin. When the regular tryouts took place under the direction of Harry Hartman, our class won nine positions on the Clubs. The fortunate men were Wright, Rhoads, Hall, Hendricks, Janney, Heilman, Carey, Marvin, and Andy Brown. Alas, the last three have left for parts unknown.

In the years after we assumed the upperclass toga, all those who made the Clubs in freshman year remained thereon as regular "gentlemen of the ensemble." In sophomore year, Grigg, Paxson, Emigh, Sutton, and Mo Miller joined the noble aggregation. At the end of the season, after Mo was unable to assume the headship of the Mandolin Club on account of illness, Droit Wright stepped into the breach and wielded a brave baton.

The 1922 season has been a brilliant one, there being no advertising trip to New York! With Rhoads as leader of the Glee Club, Droit in charge of the instrumentalists, and Bud Snader taking care of the money, the Clubs beat all known records. What the college will do, now that it does not possess the sweet tones of all our musicians, cannot be guessed. It will have to cut a lot of new "timbre" to keep the house intact.



The Student Council



The News Board



The Haverfordian Board



LITTERATI

UNCLE BILLY once declared that you could count on the fingers of one hand the men in college who would make respectable representatives abroad of the United States. The Dean on another occasion is reported as saying he had yet to see an honest man who was at the same time an undergraduate. But no one has ever accused us of being backward in literary aspirants. What one literatus doesn't know, another does. Reitzel supplies the poetry, Fraser commits the essays, and Abbott holds the just scales of criticism, and so how can we help admitting that the *Haverfordian* of the past year ranked with the very best collegiate periodicals of its type? In all seriousness, however, it was a credit to the college and a delight to its readers.

The *News* was a horse of a different color. Going through all the vicissitudes of any metropolitan daily, this journal of wildcat opinion has been headed in turn by a wide assortment of geniuses. Reitzel was in at the start, when Leuba made room for him freshman year. But Reitzel, later joined by Abbott, could not stand the mad pace of football contests, alumni conventions, directors' meetings, and other extremely important froth of the day; hence, when senior year rolled around, the *Haverfordian* attracted these editors into a cooler intellectual bower, for where one went the other was sure to follow.

The chief editorship of the weekly quite naturally fell to Harry Pfund, who put the paper on a higher and better plane than it had ever enjoyed before. In fact, Harry's humorous footnotes made even the *Scarlet* look like a back number. But Pfund's humor was as nothing compared with that of Fraser who made the *Scarlet* unsafe for Haverford. It was observed on more than one occasion that if the *News* failed to elicit mirth, no relief could be found in a dose of the *Scarlet*. Pfund enjoyed the enviable distinction of providing W. W. with a wealth of collection conversation; time and again, Uncle Billy rose to the Tuesday massacre with true Napoleonic confidence, as he summarized the editorials of the night before.

Last come the English Club and the Scops. The former, headed by Dr. Snyder, Abbott, and Moll, holds forth at epochal intervals on modern literature served with sandwiches. On the other hand, the Scops, convening at the Sign of the Lockwood, disport themselves with creating, recreating, and destroying verse. Reitzel, as the Cardinal, presides, his duty being to be funny. This he is. And in spite of the predictions of the Class of '21 concerning the Scops, the campus at large still looks blank when someone mentions it.

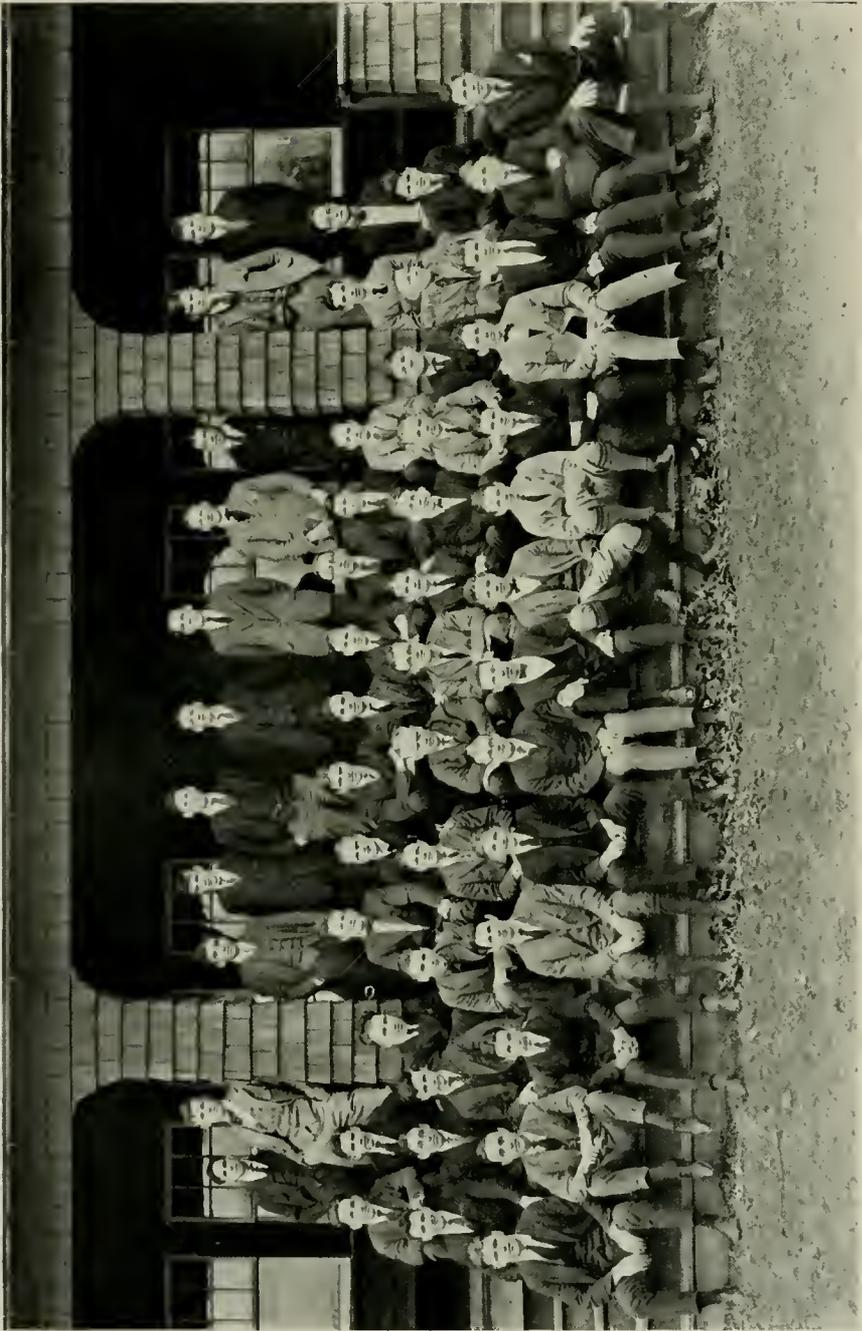


1923



SOPHOMORE CLASS

Charles Frederick Bader, Jr.	Jack Wedler Kamens
Henry Clay Bainbridge,	Edwin Walker Keller
Robert Barry, 2d.	Robert West Leeds
Casper Melvin Beideman	Richard Longstreth
John Fries Blair	Abram Margolis
Cortland Beadle Brinton	Morris William Mead, Jr.
Hugh Penn Brinton, Jr.	Leo Nelson Morris
Dean Carpenter	Frank Fenton Muller
John Stanton Carson	Arthur Mullin
Howard Comfort	Charles Edgar Nash
Walter Grosh Costenbader	Edward Bell Patterson
David Russell Edgerton	Harold Carnaby Payne
Thomas Southard Ellis	John Frederick Reich
John Monroe Fisher, Jr.	Philip Garrett Rhoads
George Liddle Fite	James Theodore Robertson
Edward Foulke	George Joyce Roedel
Charles Harrison Frazier, Jr.	Albert Edward Savage
Harold Doman Greenwell	George Lewis Sadtler
Percy Chandler Grigg	Leander Riddle Sadtler
William Henry Hand	James Bennett Smith, Jr.
Forrest Chapman Haring	Joseph Fleming Sprankle, Jr.
Gaylord Probasco Harnwell	Lawrence Newbold Taylor
Stanley Bond Hastings	Charles Love Scott Tingley, Jr.
Paul Robbins Haviland	Gordon Mackenzie Turner
John Frederick Headly	Edward Postlethwaite VanTine
Wesley Marvin Heilman	Elwood Thomas Walker
Colin James Herrick	Nathaniel Wallenstein
Axel Febiger Hinrichsen	William Nelson West, 3d.
Howard Jessup Hogenauer	Donald Elliott Wilbur
George Washbourne Howgate	Horatio C. Wood, 3d.



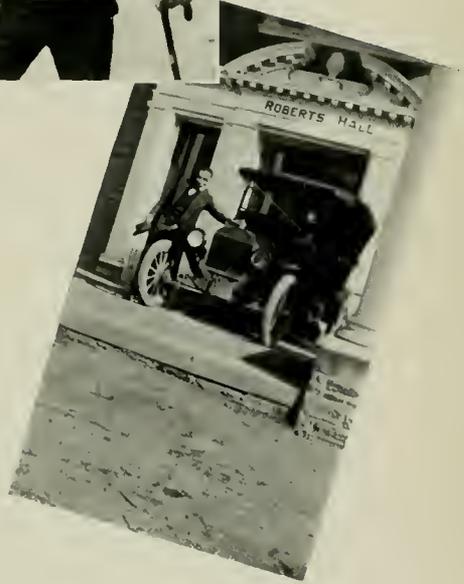
1925



FRESHMAN CLASS

Conrad Berens Acton
Jerrold Clement Arnold
Eric Glendinning Ball
Francis Carroll Barton, Jr.
Robert Charles Bates, Jr.
William Livingston Bayer
Wray Davison Bentley
Geoffroy Billo
Henry Mitchell Blair, Jr.
Roger Shupert Burns
Leigh Edward Chadwick
Rowland C. Cocks
Lyman Calkins Douglas
Douglas Walter Eiseman
John Alfred Eiseman
Martin Eshleman,
Frank Archambault Fortescue
Philip Cresson Garrett
Thomas Cresson Garrett
Edward Lee Gordy
Gerald Connop Gross
Charles William Haines
John Sykes Curtis Harvey, Jr.
Horace Richard Heilman
William Ernest Hinrichs
Irving Hollingshead
Henry Fleming House
Alfred Parsons Hulme
Charles Harmony Johnson
Phillips Johnson
Walter Ames Johnston
Karl H. Grattan Guinness Kumm
Edwin Penckert Laug
Durrell Learock Lord
Norman Mathis

Harold Edwin Meeks
Hugh Montgomery
Kwangchi Christopher Nieh
Horace Sill Peck, Jr.
Edward Garrett Pennock
Chalmers Van Englen Pittman
Frederick Prokosch
David Jones Reinhardt, Jr.
Owen Rhoads
Willard Martin Rice, IV.
William Davis Rogers
James Montgomery Sanders
Walter Russell Sassaman
John Lewis Schulze, Jr.
Charles Coleman Sellers
John Archer Silver
Rutledge Fell Smith
John Clinton Starbuck
Francis McIlhenny Stifler
Walter Percival Stokes, Jr.
Henry Hooker Strong
Robert Brooke Taney
Louis Edward Taubel
Harold Benjamin Taylor
George Thomas, IV.
Raymond Moore Thomas
Paul Flagler Turner
Henry Shreve Vandever
Benjamin Breckinridge Warfield
James Rose Watson
Charles O'Neil Weisser
Stanley Edward Willey
Hugh Latimer Willson
Austin Wright, Jr.
Harman Alfred Yerkes



The Biographies
of
42 Famous Characters

By
Various Authors

Illustrated by
R. W. JANNEY

FIRST EDITION
Haverford, Pennsylvania



“Charlie”

CHARLES DAVID ABBOTT, JR.

“Bos”

“You’re wrong. Look in.....”

In addition to saying, “You’re wrong. Look in.....”, he frequently uses, “That’s not right. Chris (Christopher Roberts, ’21, brother of Garrett) said”; alternating with this: “How can you be so stupid! Comfort said to me” By dint of constant application to these three rules of conduct, he has attained to high office and much respect among those who are not his intimates. Those who are intimate with him, love him, but do not respect him. This he somehow feels is not as it should be, which condition is unfortunate because his associates have never seen any reason for changing their attitude.

His only method of forcing them to alter it would be by an exhibition of the abstract thinking engendered by philosophical studies; but alas, Charles is no philosopher. His conception of Plato’s Idea of the Good is limited by an impression of something resting precariously above numerous other somethings; and as for his explanation of Aristotle’s Final Cause, Charles once declared, “It’s something caused by something on ahead of it, yet at the same time behind it, because it’s bound up in it, and moving toward a goal somewhere in infinity.” This definition we find ourselves unable to deny because unable to comprehend.

Besides these minor faults, Charles is blessed with some more outstanding ones. He acts. He writes poetry. He also committed the *Haverfordian* editorials, but he had to do that. He drinks tea by the quart and once imbibed a gill of something else. Well, we repeat, his intimates love him and all others like him. We congratulate the world as he enters upon it.



NOEL STRYKER ARROWSMITH

"Arrow"

Arrow is what might be called a good, healthy, round-bottomed, American youth. He does well everything that all active creatures of this genus do; he dances, he shoots craps, he plays bridge, he passes examinations, sometimes on the second trial, but he *passes*. And besides all this, he does one thing supremely well—he performs on the rings with a careless abandon that makes the spectator gasp. Yet nothing ever happens, and Arrow swings blithely on to the end, usually winning a first place. Only once did Arrow almost come to grief, when he tried a series of somersaults beginning at the roof and ending on the floor.

Such is Noel in the main; but he has another baffling characteristic which operates in a most mystic manner. This is a strange force that nobody can explain. Sometimes this force impels him toward Bryn Mawr, sometimes it moves him to accompany Dicky Zerrer on some dark piratical expedition. And strangely enough, this same force enables him to take life on the run, and jump all the hurdles of four years of slavery.

In freshman year he had a room-mate who, if he had only remained, would probably have made Noel an altogether different type of person. But he didn't, and we are glad, for we like Arrow as he is and as he will be.



JOHN BRYANT BARKER

"Bark"

"Where you at?"

Bark is the chief of our numerous representatives of that outpost of civilization called Pittsburgh, and he has worthily piloted the organization which helps keep the memory of the dear old dirty city fresh in the hearts of its children. It must also be mentioned that it is largely owing to his efforts that English is now taught in the secondary schools of the above-mentioned village.

The first year of John's career at Haverford was spent in recovering from the disastrous effects of a three-months' visit to Swarthmore during S. A. T. C. time. But in senior year, the malady had entirely departed, and Bark settled into his rightful heritage. His special vocation was Bib. Lit., and never was a man more thoroughly versed in any subject. He devoured the books on the Bible as soon as the library acquired them.

For three long years Bark ruled the third floor of North Barclay with a rod of iron, and for three long years was the queen of the R. O. A. E. In addition to these local duties, he has twice been treasurer of the class, and has handled our money as though he enjoyed it.

No chronicle of this kind would be complete without some mention of Bark's hypnotic influence over the younger members of the fair sex. His blonde hair and ear-to-ear smile put the lucky lady at once under his power. If you doubt it, just ask the one who thought he was "the dearest, sweetest, cutest thing on earth."



KENNETH BRADDOCK-ROGERS

"Brad"

Brad is a modest fellow hailing from Haddonfield, but his innocent manner is only a mask to conceal the humor lurking behind it. For the first three years Brad lived upstairs in Founders, dividing his time between chemistry and practical jokes. It was he who adulterated whipped cream with shaving soap. Heinie Kumm never could appreciate the subtleties of that situation. Again it was Brad who informed Kumm of the need of a French tutor for a certain demoiselle of the neighborhood. Heinie innocently volunteered his services, but that was as far as he got.

When senior year rolled around, Kumm had graduated, leaving poor Brad without anyone who would fall for his jokes. Consequently, he moved over to the Union, there to rule with regal power. As he found no one there who would either tutor French or eat shaving soap, he inflicted his humor on the student body by locking the billiard room at unseasonable hours, after having made sure that all windows were locked to keep the flies out.

But Brad has another hobby—that hardest of all subjects, chemistry. The laboratory is his heaven although many a man's hell. There he spills hydrochloric acid in sodium hydroxide, and says, "Ecce sal!" Great life while you live.

Brad intends to teach up at Trinity next year, and we all wish him success.



ALLEN KAZLI'TT BUCKNELL

"Buck"

"Le collègue—c'est moi!"

Some men have greatness conferred upon them, while others confer it upon themselves. Far be it from us even to try to classify Bucknell, but we should venture the conclusion that he is not in the former class.

Buck is a man of marked characteristics. One of the most marked is his sense of humor. He vents this peculiar type of humor by coming up behind you in the dining-room and giving you a rousing blow on the back, which makes you swallow the bone in the fish you were contentedly eating, the ensuing discomfort being eased only by Buck's hearty laugh booming out over the room. Every once in a while, Buck, a firm believer in the principle that variety is the spice of fun, would vary his attack by dropping a piece of ice, or pouring a glass of cold water, down your back. Unfortunately, these scintillating bits of humor were appreciated only by one person.

But these vices of the lighter sort are overbalanced by Buck's many virtues. Besides being an accurate mathematician, he is an excellent athlete (ask him yourself). He lists among his activities, tennis, soccer, basketball, billiards, poker, and craps. The greatest of these is craps. On the crap field Buck met his Waterloo last year when he tried to take away Tony's modest income. Things worked just the other way, however, and the next year Tony threw up his janitorial duties and passed a pleasant vacation in Atlantic City.

Seriously speaking though, Buck is a prince of an athlete. After playing on the tennis team for three seasons, he attained the captaincy in his fourth. Soccer was a gradual but successful climb, and in his last year he was rewarded with the coveted "H". And in basketball, Buck developed into such a speedy guard that Lardie Davis often put him in at forward, where he had more chance to rain goals into the basket.

Added to all this, Buck is (once his sense of humor is overcome) one of the best-hearted boys on the campus; and one is almost tempted to believe there might be something funny after all in swallowing fish bones and in feeling ice-cold water trickling down one's back.



WILLIAM DICKEY CODER

"Bill"

"Skipper"

*"A violet by a mossy stone
Half hidden from the eye!
—Fair as a star, when only one
Is shining in the sky."*

The shy and reticent character of this man makes it difficult to deal with him satisfactorily. In all our long association with him, we have never known him to utter a single unnecessary word, and even his necessary words are couched in the most gentle, most carefully modulated tones imaginable. He is a Spectator in Life's drawing-room, occupying a quiet chimney corner, wandering thoughtfully on the crowd's borders, eternally silent, pregnant with hidden powers.

Throughout his college career, his way has been marked by a seriousness of purpose that has gained him the highest honors at each step. Even in the smallest matters this strength is manifested: we recall his Y. M. C. A. work with the greatest pleasure, for he made a great experiment to galvanize into life a moribund institution. And we shall never forget the way in which he overcame obstacles at a Hallowe'en party he once gave. The dice were lost; he produced another pair from his hip pocket. The guests demurred to using them; his winning personality then carried the day.

As for his diatribes against the besetting vices and the deadly sins of college life, they have been the wonder of the faculty for many years. . . . wonder, we should explain, how one tall mortal could contain so much of the antithetical. At present, Bill is star reporter for the *Public Ledger*. He smiles when a man is murdered, and laughs when he sees a suicide—it's all news that comes to his mill. He will be editor in a couple of years, and then a great paper will come into its own.



CHALMERS PRESTON EMIGH

"Chal"

"What do you know about it? You aren't married."

When this huge mountain of flesh arrived on the campus in our sophomore year, we gasped at the possibilities of the human race. No sooner, however, had we gasped, than he departed, not to return until the beginning of senior year. Now as you graduate, Mr. Emigh, receive the benediction of '22!

With his tenor robusto voice, Chal was a master of metaphorical language. This ability was partially expended in composing fifteen-page letters to his girl, and then tearing them to shreds because they so inadequately expressed the desires of the heart. Two other things Chal could do well were to put the shot and throw the discus. If there were any ancient Greeks around to-day, they would turn pink under the gills to see that little discus hurtle from pasture to pasture.

Emigh evidently thought no education was complete without a wife, so he proceeded to meet her at Miss Sayward's School during a concert of the Musical Clubs. In passing, it might be stated that the *raison d'être* of the Musical Clubs is just that, namely, to afford opportunities to the rising young men of the college.

No sooner did the wedding take place than Emigh was back at Haverford feverishly hunting for furnished apartments. Light housekeeping must agree with him, because he now weighs 240 lbs. May every man of the class be as happy as Emigh ten years from now!



DONALD ALEXANDER FLANDERS

"Moll"

"God"

"I...yes...mmm, oh yes...certainly!!"

We of '22 knew him only by hearsay for a year. Then we knew him by listening. Rufus also knew him by listening. The birds themselves stopped singing when Moll passed pensively by. But when Moll went a-strolling, his body traveled one way and his mind the other—they were never seen together. It is this same absence of mind which endears Moll to his friends. For example, at the center table in the Sanger Hotel, he is known to have passed his handkerchief instead of the requested butter, all the time discoursing on the Biblical character who was asked for bread and produced a stone.

To counterbalance the trait just outlined, Moll has devoted most of his time to mathematics, that is, the time left after subtracting talking, smoking, bridge, Bryn Mawr, and talking, smoking, and bridge. One thing more, he delights in that old rollicking English sport of "Up Jenkins." This game he plays with an acumen and abandon worthy of lesser things, and a seriousness of purpose that even greater ones would not dare demand.

Moll enjoys the distinction of being the one Son of Adam who could turn a lecture on ethics into a Socratic dialogue, with Rufus as prompter and himself as Soc. Such occasions were always hailed with relief by weary seniors who could thereupon cease from the taking of notes. There was only one obstacle Moll could never overcome, and that was to find someone to contest his views, for between mathematics and metaphysics the ordinary citizen of the college was lost when face to face with Moll.



HENRY SALMON FRASER

"Gus"

"I'm not afraid of him."

(Editor's Note: The bottle in the above cartoon is hair tonic.)

Though he is leader of the *élite* studios of 1922, Gus despises the marking system and hates classroom courses, for know, gentle reader, that Gus came to Haverford not to learn *how* to study but *to* study, and the constant interruption of his work by the necessity of attending classes is one of the banes of his existence.

When Gus tiptoed into Haverford, he was the meekest of the meek: a shrinking little violet with a typewriter for a plaything. Study and then more study was his favorite pastime, and reading classic myths of ancient Greece was his greatest vice. Four years have done much for this son of Syracuse; it all began with Hendricks' insistence on tutoring Gus in the broader things of life. After conquering with difficulty his first cigar at our freshman banquet, Gus rushed on to wine (modern connotation), women, and song. "I Want a Sweet Girl in my Home," a pathetic love ditty, was a Fraserian classic that used to ripple longingly through the halls of Center Barclay.

His little book-lined lookout was for three years the hub of the college and the rendezvous of the class of '22. Here it was that his incisive harangues and humor endeared him to every one of us. With that same ease with which he won a Phi Beta Kappa key in junior year, he entered the Student Council on a "wet" ticket. And there his words of wisdom made the Council what it wasn't. Early in senior year Gus pulled up the roots of a dying Extension Committee and planted a new one which has already borne fruit of a dozen varieties. Baseball needed a good manager, so the squad chose Gus for senior year—a backstop was at once erected to make work lighter for the manager.

Just a touch of the romantic slipped anon and anon into Fraser's well-filled weeks, though he never could describe a girl in anything but mediaeval terms. A chorine is always a "handsome woman" to Hank. Cornell has now claimed Gus for graduate work in history, and he is leaving with the Cope Fellowship and a carton of cigarettes tucked away in his suitcase.



HAROLD MAURICE GRIGG

"Harold"

"Give me Paris or give me death."

When Harold entered the class, after a sojourn in France during the war, he at once became one of its leading members. His particular department of endeavor has been track, of which sport he is captain at the present time.

In the winter, Harold chooses to live in Merion, probably in order to get as far away as possible from Roberts Hall. But in the summer, he may be found either in Newport or Cape May. On one occasion at the latter place, he suddenly learned how to waltz, although up to then he had disliked that dance. But that's a trade secret.

In the modern business of tutoring, Harold especially shines. He has monopolized Haverford School so that every college undergraduate doing tutoring there has to pay him a commission for the privilege. This is what Thompson would call the middleman's profit, the rightful gain coming from aiding both consumer and producer.

Because of his all-around abilities, Grigg has twice been awarded the Williamson scholarship for proficiency both in studies and athletics. We should welcome many more like him at Haverford. As a manager of various things, Grigg invariably made duty a pleasure. We left Junior Day entirely to him, and were very glad we did; he also efficiently managed the most difficult of all departments, that of football. As we leave, we unite in wishing him the sure success which awaits him.



JOHN FLAGG GUMMERE

“Gum”

“Jack”

“I’ll bite.”

Gum’s three majors at Haverford have been Latin, baseball, and women. His Latin has arrived at such a state of perfection that on one occasion, when the waiter dropped a plate of tongue on the floor, Gum was heard to observe, “A mere *lapsus linguae*, gentlemen; pass the milk.” But it was as a liberal translator of Horace, Juvenal, Lucretius, Plautus, and the rest of the horrid crew, that this senior excelled. In fact, he would sometimes translate as many lines of the *Ars Poetica* as there are Romes in Italy.

But of Gummere’s three majors mentioned above, the greatest is women. And we certainly admire his judgment in stressing this phase of education. Jack insists that this is the most enlightening course he takes, and it is everywhere admitted that if he follows it up, results are bound to come. Someday he will find his soul-mate, or perhaps she will find him some dark and stormy night.

As a baseball star, Jack has it all over Ty Cobb with the exception of hitting and fielding. But what the team would do without him, we shall leave to the imagination of pessimists. When a ball is hit to center field, the spectators hold their breath, while Jack goes tearing off toward Barclay, turns, dashes off again, stops, leaps, falls, and then catches the ball two inches from the ground. This, of course, is done in order to make a double play and catch some baserunner who has been rash enough to beat it for home! And now that the game is over, old top, good luck and fair weather!



PERCIVAL HALL, JR.

"Perce"

If there ever was a quiet, yet quizzical, person, it is our esteemed representative from Washington. On his arrival in freshman year, he took up his abode in Founders, and liked it so well that he remained there four years. Possibly he had wired the room so thoroughly with death-dealing electric wires that he was afraid to take them down. Just as one crosses a creek on stepping-stones, so must one trip lightly in Hall's room, lest he feel the sting of an incipient current. Even his bed is wired, in case anyone should sleep in it in his absence. (Hall wears rubber pajamas himself.)

Not inclined to seek the wide world, he made the world come to him by wireless. Nor were messages the only thing he caught: his electric chair has caught the unwary more than once. Poor Chang sat in the chair one day and felt an unpleasant tingling in the hinder quarter. On investigation a dead wasp was found on the chair; yet when Chang resumed his seat, the wasp had left its sting behind. Chang decided to call on somebody else.

Since Hall hates women, we won't do more than mention that he once imported one from New York—but only once.

Since he is a mechanical genius, Perce is never so happy as when driving a car. He even drove one from Torresdale to Philly with his eyes closed. We hold that incident to be unique. Often have we heard of driving with both eyes closed and arms around—well, not the wheel—but as we said, Hall hates women.



JOSEPH HALLOCK

"Joe"

Once in a lifetime we meet a serene contented youth. Give Joe his morris chair, his pipe, and a copy of *Judge*, and he purrs with sheer bliss. Nirvana has nothing on this world as far as Joe is concerned. Oft when seated thus beside the window, as the sun descends to kiss the earth, Joe waxes and wanes poetical. Just hearken to one of his couplets:

"Two rose-red lips all wet with dew,
Flung down by Jove from Olympus blue."

Such lines can come only from the mind of an empiricist, though we are at a loss to account for his knowledge of the subject. How dew would get on rose-red lips, we should hesitate to say.

That far-away, heavenly mien, those curved, ripe lips have often lured the weaker sex to many a hearty encounter. The thing, however, which ultimately drives them away is that rousing laugh, than which there is no louder. Many are the professors who have stopped their classes that Joe might laugh; for what Joe studied in freshman algebra he never forgot.

Rooming with Thompson, Joe was not long in learning to fling out the line, with the result that many of his classmates learned the ins and outs of merrie England, where Joe remained one autumn in order to escape Bib. Lit. This will probably be the last time Joe leaves America's rock-bound shores, for ever since his return he has reclined quietly in that good old morris chair.



WILLIAM BLAIR HEILMAN

“Shrimp”

“Bill”

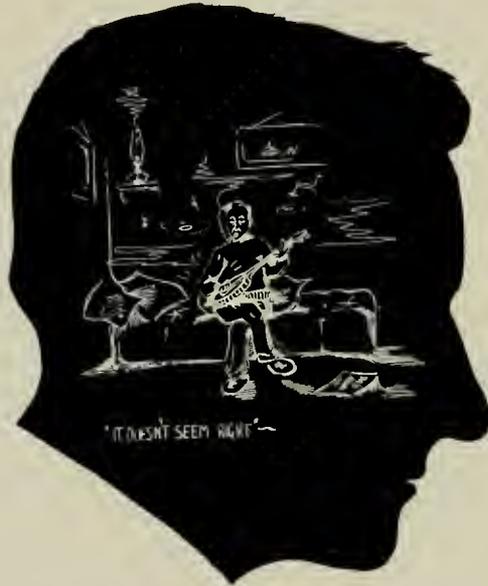
*See little William,
He's sleeping in bed;
He'll wake up some morning,
And find that he's dead.*

Shrimp is one of the busiest men in college; he is quite unhappy unless engaged in tearing apart some constitution and setting up fresh by-laws to keep pace with the times. But he can't stand the strain, for in the last six weeks he has had more diseases than Lydia Pinkham could cure in a lifetime. Hardly a day passes without his getting dead tired out. We first hear of this when he gets up, then in the latter half of the afternoon he droops a little, and between seven and eleven o'clock he is on the down grade. We hope he will hold out so as to be in condition to receive his diploma from the palm of Uncle Billy.

Shrimp is the example of what happens to a man when you take away his profession. He was all set to swing Indian clubs this winter, just as he did last winter, thereby winning his “H” in gymnasium, and taking all kinds of first places. But he was prevented from being the active captain of the team because the A. A. abandoned gym for the time being.

Bill is the “Merion mystery.” He once admitted he had sinned slightly, but we were unable to discover whether it was smoking or swearing. On maturer thought we came to the most reasonable conclusion that it was kissing. Keep right on sinning, Bill!

If a baseball had kept out of the way of Bill's eye in Junior year, we should see triples and doubles dropping out in center field today; for Bill is one of the best little hitters that ever stepped up to the plate. And now we hope he will hit as well in life as he has at Haverford; five hits out of five times up.



WILLIAM CRAIG HENDRICKS

"Craig"

Any winter morning: "*Who's going to close the windows?*"

Craig Hendricks is our idea of perfect contentment with life and all that life brings toddling along. Nothing ever disturbs him; he just takes the latest blow of Fortune and waits for the next. Craig's sturdy fatalism probably springs from his superstition, for at his prep school, Mercersburg Academy, they seem to specialize in this field. For example, Craig is known to have lighted three fags from a single match only once, and then he couldn't help it. But that's the tale of another land. Shall we ever forget those marvelous yarns which resulted from his tour of Mexico and Cuba with Ike?

The most admirable faculty of Craig is in outguessing Rufus, Dolly, Ned, and each and every one of our professors. Craig disturbed the covers of the texts which the above Rufus, Dolly, and Ned were accustomed to prescribe—well, just often enough to remind himself of the author's name. But Craig has yet to faint at the sight of a flunk notice. How could he flunk when he knew precisely what was going to be asked? Give him three old exam papers and he would tell you to perfection the exact questions which would be asked the next morning.

Craig's last two years were rolled through in Center Barclay. Without him it would have been a different place. We remember Craig's masterful influence over Gus in showing that devotee of history that the world was doing things every day. Craig so dominated the Fraserian mind that he completely convinced Gus he was dangerously sick one afternoon, and huddled the trembling Gus off to the infirmary.

Chambersburg is a lucky place to have Craig, and we owe it a good deal for lending him to us for four years. We all want our paths to lead through the Cumberland Valley just as often as we travel. And when we enter Chambersburg, we hope to hear Craig's banjo greeting us.



GEORGE ADOLPH HILLEMANN

"G. A."

"80"

"Where's that d——n shoe horn?"

A Greek god with a Roman nose is the contradiction which smoky Pittsburgh sent us. But G. A. is more than one contradiction. He disproves effectually that a man can be an athlete and still fool the Dean into believing that he's some student. Remarkable to say, his marks have risen ten points since sitting through Ned's debating course, and we take for granted that this unusual feat has been brought to the attention of the college officials.

Another of the many contradictions about this physical prodigy is his self-asserted disinterestedness in ladies, and yet it is reported that his ears prick up every time he hears a skirt rustle, just the way squirrels do when they hear a nut drop.

G. A. is a prodigious worker, and outside of a few hours a day in which he tells us what he thinks of education in general, he manages to keep the *Record* on its feet financially. Among the numerous things he can do to perfection is pull weights by the ton and millenium. The walls have been re-enforced in the gymnasium where G. A. works, so that they may stand up under the unusual stress and strain. As a swimmer, G. A. knows enough to get away big at a girls' summer camp, but of the wild days and wilder nights of that period in his life, we shall betray nothing here. Hilleman is an understudy of the college "physician," James A. Whenever Doc Babbitt can't get over to crucify the patients, Hilleman can do it equally well. From this it is not hard for the reader to deduce that G. A. will soon go to medical school.



RICHARD WORTH JANNEY

"Dick"

"That's the old stuff."

It is not often that men succeed in obeying the precept of knowing themselves, but we assure the reader that the above caricature, drawn by Janney himself, is an accurate representation of his back and legs. How Dick ever knew that his back looked that way, we shall leave to those who delve in the unsolvable mysteries of the universe. Suffice it to say that the same man who drew this back, also drew the fronts of all the rest of us, for which we give him no end of thanks.

Dick is one of our star soccer men, having been picked for the second All-American. To watch him with that famous head-gear of his, dancing over the field, making brilliant shots, is a treat worth a good deal to anybody. Dick also shines as manager of the track team, having everyone bloom forth in clean suits at the meets.

After Janney deserted the Smith entry for the dangers of Merion Hall, he began to develop the vicious habit of depending on the Merion Bus to get him to meals. This placed him on very bad terms with Pa Sanger, because sometimes the bus explodes on the hard trip from Merion to Founders, making the whole crew too late for the eggs and prunes. It has done much for Janney's digestion, however.

Dick intends to enter the lumber business, and so is getting well grounded in fundamentals with a special course in forestry under Dr. Pratt. The requirements are that Dick shall spend an hour, three mornings a week, walking around the campus looking at trees and other important phenomena. Reports every month consist of statistics as to number of leaves, size of twigs, etc. We now take leave of Dick, standing under a beautiful larch, and like William Penn and the Indian chiefs, we gather round him and say, "Heap good luck."



RALPH ADAM KLEMM

"Conklin is one of the greatest scientists I am acquainted with."

It was not until sophomore year that Klemm emerged from the wilds of Bucknell University to come to Haverford. Here he soon developed a double personality, the other personality being his dog "Folly." And from that time on, "Folly" was his faithful companion, as well as the friend of every student and professor. For Klemm's motto is "Love me, love my dog," and since you can't help liking him, you have to smile when you trip over Folly in the dark, or when she jumps playfully in your lap just after a rare mud bath.

Most of Ralph's spare time has been spent in training "Folly" (affectionately called Foddy, Woddy, Poddy, Doddy, etc.) to lead a perfect life, and at the end of three years he succeeded in teaching "Folly" exactly five tricks, which is a great tribute to the intelligence of both. The greatest of these is to say, "Which would you rather do, Folly, go to Swarthmore or die?", whereupon she immediately rolls over on her back and is a dead dog.

Ralph was one of the main bulwarks on the line of the famous Wogglebug team throughout his three years here, and was just about to develop into a crack gymnast when "gym" was dropped. For a time, he spent rainy afternoons boxing with Monty, until they both succeeded on the same day in breaking each other's nose.

It is with misgiving that we leave Ralph to become a doctor, because we are all convinced that he should raise dogs or go into the pugilistic ring, for how could he ever gain an equivalent fame in administering pills to middle-aged invalids?



WILLIAM HENRY MACCALLUM, JR.

"Bill"

"Have you seen my ring?"

"If he had not existed, it would have been necessary to invent him." This does not argue for the value of William's existence; it merely states his necessity and inevitability. Somewhat as farmers watch destructive cloudbursts, murmuring the while, "It is the will of God," do we behold the gyrations of Bill. When we see him, with consummate care, scan the daily newspapers for information as to the changing financial status of the Nicotine-Stain Remover Co., it teaches us to bow our heads and pass by on the other side, throwing our brick into the shrubbery as we do so. We know he owns two shares of the preferred stock. (William would not own common stock.)

Wonderful to say, this same trait gives Bill a certain power to manage business matters around college. He can make one *Haverfordian* grow where one had carefully died years before; he can turn the Barclay Store over to the Student Council, and yet continue to send out bills with undiminished cheerfulness; he can keep the *News* on its feet even though his roommate is the established financial head. Once he even had a dream of putting the *Scarlet* on a firm financial basis.

As a lover of the conventional, Bill has no peer. He reads *System* and *The American Magazine*, and thinks less and less of the rabble as time goes on. But Bill serves a very useful purpose in this world of constant change, and we should prefer to anchor to him rather than Emma Goldman, for instance.



ROBERT RUDOLPH MATZKE

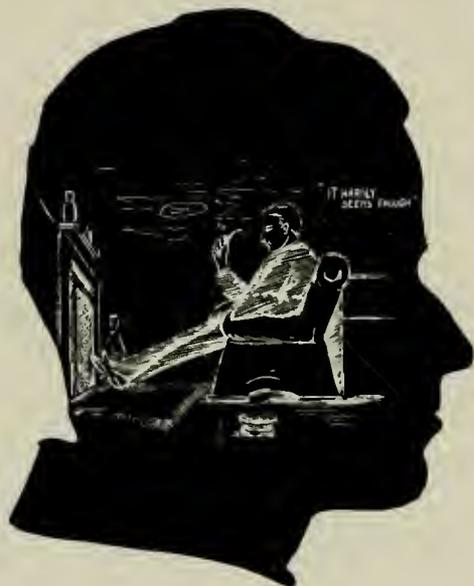
"Bob"

"Well, I've just had my cylinders reground."

There is so much to be said about Bob that one hardly knows where to begin. But as it is almost always appropriate to talk about "luv," we shall begin with his *affaires d'amour*. Now that the curiosity of the reader must be aroused, we are ready to gossip.

It will be well to confine ourselves to the first of his *liaisons* because of its novel and innocent character. It all started by watching Janet Velie in "Going Up" for three nights in succession from the same box. After Bob thought she should at least be familiar with his face, he wrote her a long, sweet epistle, having the temerity to ask for an autographed photo. Although he did not get the picture, he did get a reply which was, if possible, even longer and sweeter than his own letter, giving him plenty of opportunity for further acquaintance. Bob answered at once, but Janet, true to type, proved unfaithful and did not reply again. After wandering lovesick about the campus for a week, someone told Bob that the letter wasn't written by Janet at all, and was only a cruel, cruel joke. At this point, Bob is reported to have quoted from Shakespeare.

As Bob weighed only 140 pounds, he was unable to do very much in the way of athletics. In fact, all he did was to win his football "H," play four years on the baseball nine, and four years on the basketball team, being captain of basketball in his senior year. Not so worse for a featherweight, is it? As he starts out to buffet the harsh world, we can only say that if any red-blooded Haverfordian ever made good, Bob is the man to equal him.



FREDERICK MILLER

"Ducky"

"Phone Rhinie!!"

Ducky did not come into our midst until junior year, when, fresh from Franklin and Marshall, he took up his residence in Kinsey and fitted into Kinsey life like a perfect cog. Here, under Jim Pierce's fatherly guidance, he proceeded to lose so much sleep that he is still trying to make it up. Ducky did not, perhaps, gain very much knowledge that year, but he did gain a lot of valuable experience.

Ducky holds decided opinions on almost everything and everybody, especially the profs, and nothing could alter them. But he would die on the cross for Rufus Jones, under whom he took every phil course offered. Consequently, Ducky became one of the keenest philosophers of the class; parked on the davenport in front of the fireplace, a huge pipe in his mouth, he would often expound all the intricacies of Pythagoras and Descartes. He also has very decided opinions as to the time to work and the time to rest (especially the latter), and Snooze 2b was one of his favorite classes. In fact, so much did Ducky like to bum, that it was once rumored about the campus that he got up at six o'clock in the morning in order to have a couple more hours to loaf.

But he really did work, especially around exam week, when he was wont to take many caffeine pills in a desperate effort to stay awake all night. More pills were always necessary the next morning in order to stay awake to try the exam.

As an athletic luminary, Ducky glimmered in golf and tennis. He was one of the best golfers on the campus, and one of the mainstays of the tennis team while he was here. But if you were to inquire whether Ducky is most famous as a worker, as a golfer, or as a tennis player, we should reply that above all he is a perfect gentleman.



ROBERT LOUIS MOLITOR

"Mol"

"Let us have peace."

Have you ever seen a dormouse, with the little fuzzy whiskers just poking out from under its nose? Have you ever watched it browse around, foraging for something to its liking? Well, if you have, then you have seen Mol *in minuto*.

If you amble into the college library any evening, you will always see a small dark-haired individual with a fuzzy moustache, scampering around among the shelves, pausing here and there as he finds some choice bit in some huge tome. This is Molitor, his lair, and his joy.

Yet when you get to know this quiet little individual, you will find him to be a most likable person, neither shy nor reticent, but a scholar whose diminutive size belies the knowledge stored in his head. To know the real Mol, one has only to turn to various copies of the *Haverfordian*, there to read applied philosophy mixed with delightful wit. Whether we prefer to have Mol turn George Ade or William James, we all are united on one point—that he ought never to stop his pen.



THOMAS ROGER MONTGOMERY

“Tom”

“Monty”

“The department’s broke.”

Monty is one of the greatest characters of the class. When two galloping legs flash across the campus, and you see a flash of red hair, it simply can't be anyone else but Monty. When a long angular figure uncoils itself with a mighty swoop that digs up a foot of Haverford sward on the end of a midiron, no one else could have missed the little white ball but Monty. When a hearty voice greets us with: “Well, big day to-day, boys,” and a laugh that just won't stop, no one else can claim these things but Monty. So there is not a single one of us who won't be able to know Monty when we see or hear him a mile away in the rest of our unfolding lives.

Tom started the budding social prestige of the class in freshman year, and did it well, by reports from both sides. Ever since then, each new girl we meet calls us “Tom Montgomery's classmate.” A smile that just draws hearts—a voice like a lake breeze—and a line that can't be uncoiled—no wonder they all tumble.

In his junior year the dead Scientific Society sprang into very real life under Tom's touch. Meanwhile, he was spending his summers in Belgium, France, and Germany, and came back with tales which lasted all winter. The famous Seaman's Society was the notorious result of this globe-trotting. Under Skipper Tom this club steered a flaming career of monthly sessions throughout our last two years. To their sorrow he drew Hendricks, Ike, Arrow, Joe, MacCallum, and Reitzel, down with him into the depths of the stories there unfolded.

At the end of the senior year it was the most natural thing in the world for the class to elect him permanent vice-president. As we peer into the future, we are very sure Monty will climb to the top of whatever ladder he decides to ascend, and we shall have to do some soaring ourselves to keep near him, for if there is one friend we could not bear to lose, it's Monty.



ELLISTON PEROT MORRIS

"Elliston P."

"Well, what d' yuh know?"

Elliston P. never got over his French experiences. Paris and the rest of it made him *le bon camarade*, colossal, corpulent, comfortable. He would be trusted wherever he went, if only because of that honest mustache. A man with a beard like that is always a desirable member of the human race. (The writer of this article also has a heavy beard.)

If Elliston P. greets you with "Well, what d' yuh know?", you know, at the end of three hours, that he was born to sit with left leg over right, and just beam with optimism on all comers.

His avocations are as famous as his established profession. He delights in taking pictures, especially of himself, which always please him immensely, and we don't wonder. We should be pleased too, if he favored us with one of them. As a member of the Friends' Relief Corps, he would certainly have relieved Europe if he had stayed longer. At present, he relieves the love-sick maids of Deutschland with frequent letters in German script. This is probably doing more than the Republican administration to restore amicable relations between Philadelphia and Berlin.

It is sad to think of Elliston P. as an engineer, because he was born to keep a French *auberge*, but since he is determined to disregard our advice, we are obliged to concede that his unselfishness and optimism will pave his way to success.



ALFRED GEORGE MUENCH

"Al"

"Who's going to lend me a shirt to-night?"

Al is the perpetual joy box of the class. He could go into a den of pessimists sentenced to death and have them all screaming with him in five minutes. For when Al is started, he's irresistible, and if you can't laugh with him, you've forgotten how to move your facial muscles.

Al made a deep dent in the self-satisfaction of our then sophomore rulers in our freshman year, when he told them emphatically that he didn't approve of the Rhinie cap rule as far as it applied to him. One night, he and Ike had a bloody battle with the whole soph class in Center, and the two seniors of the college had to call a truce to pick up the fallen.

But hectic days of freshdom passed for Al, and he rode into the Sophomore Hazing Committee with a blazing soccer "H" upon his chest—one of the very few soccer letters ever awarded to a freshman. By the way, if you ever see Al's curly blond head bobbing about a soccer field, you'll know that you are gazing at the All-American center halfback. But that's another story.

Perhaps this explains the wistful, yearning way in which half the younger other sex about Philly speak of Al. He gathers fallen hearts and keeps them with him, especially since he left the narrow halls of Founders for the freethinkers of Center Barclay. In junior year he was one of the immortal ten who made a Lower Region out of Center, second floor; and Monty, Ike, Ted, Gus, Eddie, Craig, Bob, Bill, and Buck, all had their hands full with Al around. Al stood so close to the heart and family of one young thing, that a string of blanks a mile long which misfired from a supposedly dead wire into the waiting ears of her mother was passed off by the latter as a crossed wire.

Al makes new friends faster than anyone we know, and he has made real friends of all of us. He doesn't know whether to jump into the paper business or wander up to Harvard for some Business or Law, but whichever he chooses, he is sure to travel the merry road of success.



CHAUNCEY GAUSE PAXSON

“Pash”

*“Spanish he spak ful faire and fetisly,
After the scole of J. McFadden C.”*

The best thing Pash ever did was to come to Haverford. As a landmark and as a football player he is famous all over the campus. He is a *landmark* because as pilot of the Merion Bus he is without an equal, as is the bus itself; he is a *football player* because as center he has won the praise of many newspaper critics.

To return to the bus; how it runs, nobody has ever ascertained, but by actual count it has saved 1,863 breakfasts for Merionites in two years. As to how the pilot runs it, that is another matter, and the favored few who have seen the bus and “Memories” at play on '88 Field will never forget the spectacle. In vitality the bus is unparalleled. Emerging from a three-foot covering of snow in the spring, it was found that injuries to the machinery had been sustained which it cost \$0.05 to repair.

The bus frequently serves as a means of transporting Pash from college to neighboring districts, Swarthmore, Bryn Mawr Avenue, and Pocono being the chief attractions. What happens up in those wild and woolly mountains around Pocono, only Pash knows, and he won't tell; suffice it to say that a certain girls' camp is not far from his headquarters. How we envy you, Pash!

And now it's June and Pash is sporting a cap and gown. As he travels down the long road, bus-riding into the distance, let his klaxon be drowned in a Long Yell for Pash!



HARRY WILLIAM PFUND

Harry is the linguist of the class, with his German, French, Spanish, Latin, and Greek. You would think that the mastery of these tongues would be enough for one mortal, but not so Harry. As editor-in-chief of the *News*, he filled up his spare time, and incidentally placed that paper on a higher plane than ever before. Reliable, sensibly conservative, and fair in its editorials, the weekly paper was welcomed by everyone on Tuesday evening.

As an actor, or rather actress, Harry bears off the palm. He is equally at home in any rôle, male or female. He even took two of the parts in the Latin comedy of the Classical Club with such ability that one would think he had hung around the Forum all his days. But those shoulders! Broad, muscular, huge, when bared in the Cap and Bells performance, they would have lent delicate charm to almost any dame or damsel.

Harry has the most even temperament of any man we know. He never acquired a temper or any of those other luxuries of youth. Instead, a smile and readiness to do more than his share have always endeared him to those who knew him. Harry believes in the saving grace of work—not like some we know, who blush to find a book in their hands. Consequently, he has ever been one of the true leaders of the class.

This coming year Harry intends to spend at Heidelberg, where he is certain to make good. Already he has seen much of the other side, walking and Rhining with Herr Kelly last summer. As he sails away once more, we call to him to drop us a line now and then. *Auf wiedersehen, teurer Freund!*



JOHN HARKEY REITER

"Red"

"Now up at Yale. . . ."

Who is Harkey Reiter? This question would be greeted with astonishment in countless residences along the Main Line. In the homes surrounding the campus his name is a household word, along with the Smith Brothers and dear Lydia. The kid brothers swear by him; the maiden aunts do their utmost to keep him interested; kid sisters resolve to marry a man like him some day. Still, J. H. is a puzzle, for he is a man of moods.

Few of us know the real Harkey if there is such a thing. He has always been the perfect aristocrat of the class. Everything he says is so appropriate, his tone so smooth, and his line so long (he will ardently disclaim the line, but, fair damsels, keep the man from talking Pittsburgh or Navy, if you can!) that matrons will sit with him by the hour. The maids? Oh, he is grandfather to Miss Irwin's School, and social adviser to numerous sub-debs. But he revels in the intellectuals, barring Bryn Mawr. It's difficult to estimate this sage. He seems apart from us and untrammelled by mere mortal cares. If he wished, he could dissipate, keep women wild about him, go snaking with the parlor variety, but, oh no, he isn't that, girls!

Harkey is ultra-conservative in social reform, as would be expected; he believes in free speech, however, because he could hardly afford to pay cash for all he uses. He has infinite faith in some men, and less in all women. Consequently, he isn't married—yet.



WILLIAM REITZEL

"Bill"

"Lend me your car to-night, Coder."

One must not take this picture too seriously. It is not even certain that it is Bill who figures in it. But Bill is like the female species, in that whatever you say about him is true and false at the same time.

Bill is a strange individual. He possesses the inhuman faculty of being able to compose more verses in the course of one hour than Gray did in his entire lifetime. This prolific trait is endurable in him so long as he insists on reading them aloud. When he does this, and his verses prove to be characterized only by the humdrum monotony of love sonnets in general, when you are required to watch him sway his head oddly from side to side with every line, then you have an opportunity of beholding unadulterated genius interpreting its own masterpieces. Moreover, William has the habit of punning. His puns are more frequent than the arrival of library notices, more innumerable than the words in his poems, more pitiable than Thursday meeting.

In spite of these claims on fame, William manages to live quietly and unostentatiously, spending most of his time in solitary thought and occasional lonely walks to Bryn Mawr, where he takes books from the library.

In addition to his life behind the footlights, Bill also made it possible for the *Haverfordian* to publish poetry, good stories, and short playlets. Without Bill, seconded by his partner in iniquity, Charley, the *Haverfordian* would not be what it is.



WILLIAM LESTER RHOADS

"Les"

"Do, re, mi, fa, sol."

When Les first came down the pike from Boyertown he had little in addition to a deep bass voice and a sharp accent. The latter he has dropped, but the former he would stick to though the heavens fall. He has also acquired, after many trials, a well groomed moustache which sets young girls' hearts in a flutter and tickles their lips.

Rhoads was once requested to sing in the frosh cake-walk, and after having been told that "anything goes," volunteered to sing a certain song of his own manufacture. But just as the curtain was to rise, he was informed that W. W. C. was sitting in the bald-headed row. The act was left out and the cake-walk was a great success.

Les is one of the few men in our class who is absolutely sure of making a living under all conditions. For if everything else fails, he can take his choice of announcing trains at the Broad Street Station or of leading some wandering glee club. He has already demonstrated his ability in regard to the latter, having led our troubadours all over God's heaven.

As a student of French, Rhoads can say "Je suis" without turning an eyelash, and can read the tongue as easily as his own. He also proved to be an excellent song-starter in senior year, often starting "Boys again we are here," when everyone was prime for the football song. The great thing, however, in Rhoads' favor is not his voice nor his French, but himself.



RICHARD GRAFFLIN SAGEBEER

"Sage"

"Do you know anything about the nature of this constant?"

The above remark by Sagebeer is taken from a mass of similar remarks made in an endless debate with Braddock-Rogers over the circulatory system. It is not intelligible to us, it was not intelligible to Braddock, but we have not inquired if it was intelligible to Sage. However, we picked out that remark as the most intelligible of them all.

It is more fun to watch Sage tell a joke than to hear the joke. If Ned were within earshot, he would get off that original statement about being laughed *at* instead of being laughed *with*. The thing Sage does to perfection is play the noble game of chess. Playing with himself, he is never known to have been beaten. Without him the Union would not have a *raison d'être*, for we are convinced, after much investigation, that no one ever sat as long over those chess boards as Sage.

It is rumored that he will succeed Professor Weenie Graves when that valued member of our faculty leaves for Harvard to study history. A conscientious student and true friend is this son of Haverford, and we wish him all kinds of good fortune in the years to come.



“Nate”

NATHAN BARNITZ SANGREE

“Bubs”

“We will not compromise.”

When the war was over and Cornell held no more attractions for this young warrior, he turned from Cayuga’s waters to seek the halls of Haverford. Here he found his way cut out for him on the football field, where he toiled and sweated for three full seasons, attaining the captaincy in senior year. Thus were terminated twelve successive years of Haverford gridiron history written large with the name of Sangree, and we can say with perfect assurance that the Last of the House of Sangree continued the tradition begun by his brothers.

Nate was everybody’s friend, but he never let anything interfere with his opinions. Opinions, if they were his own, were more than sacred to him. And if ideas were slow to enter his head, they were slower to leave it, as any of us may have discovered in arguing with him. His favorite indoor sport is arguing either on athletic policies or the liquor traffic, until the crowd is exhausted.

About the middle of junior year, Nate took a turn for the better, having lost one of his opinions, and almost immediately was elected president of the class. Here he held the loose ends, and kept all the dormitories friendly with each other. For three years Heinie Kumm kept watch over Nate until Dick Sutton took up the job after Kumm’s graduation. But in spite of all their care, Nate insisted on disappearing at periodic intervals for parts unknown. This leads us to the necessity and pleasure of congratulating her on her very good fortune.



“Fritz”

JAMES ECKEL SIDEL

“Siddle”

*“His lips were ashen
With passion.”*

Sophisticated reader, do not be misled by the above picture. The honorable Fritz sits up all night on occasion, but not to study. In reality he is sending out a circular letter to his harem. Such a letter inevitably opens with a series of moons, which have the sole purpose of showing the derivation of the word “lunatic.” We do not know how they end.

He believes in the greatest good for the greatest number; hence he confines his *amours* to all he meets. Sociology and social work are his majors, and his research often takes him on a hunt for oppressed beauties. The cavalier instinct thus can go hand in hand with red, red hair.

While existing in Merion Annex, Siddle maintained what was known far and wide as “Hell’s Kitchen Inn,” but the less said of that dive the better. It was *not* closed by the authorities. After Siddle had arrived at his junior year, he decided that Haverford had little more to offer in the line of sociology, and he therefore used to run in to the University to attend lectures, at which he was the only male in the midst of three score and ten co-eds. Here he got A’s regularly, and this made up for the marks at Haverford.

One of the best things about this red-headed Son of Adam is his good humor. He never frowns, no matter what the provocation. A ready laugh, a generous heart, and a hard-working spirit, these will carry any man to happiness.



WILLIAM EASTER SILVER

“Bill”

“Tea Hound”

When Bill Silver first popped into Haverford about the middle of freshman year with a brand new S. A. T. C. uniform, (the breeches are still seeing service) the college did not immediately sit up and take notice. But it was soon discovered that he had the true business instinct, and he was accordingly made one of the junior members of the firm of Barclay and Barclay.

Socially, Bill ran a close race with MacCallum for first honors of the class, and many a pretty lassie's heart was sent into a delicious flutter when Billie Silver gave her a ring,—on the phone. Bill was individual in his method of courting, if in nothing else. For while other mortals would shower their loved ones with flowers and Whitman's candies, Bill would set off to see the fair lady of his dreams with a quart bottle of the sweetest honey that bees ever produced. Who could think of a more novel or romantic way of winning the love of a girl than that?

One day he decided that the Barclay store did not offer a wide enough scope for his business talents, so he joined with MacCallum in a huge merger to buy up all the loose stock of the General Motors Co. He figured that as they were down to 12—which he thought was as low as any self-respecting share should go—they must certainly rise again; and with this powerful line of logic, he succeeded in getting a number of other fellows to chip in on the merger. Fortunately, however, for the stock afterwards went still lower, the brokers refused to handle as little as twenty-five dollars, and he was forced to abandon his dreams of quick wealth.

Athletically, Bill restricted himself to track. In the hundred and two-twenty yard dashes, he made a very creditable showing, but he practiced so incessantly that he found it impossible ever to *walk* across the campus. And as his style of running was as individual as his style of courting, Bill could easily be identified from afar.

As soon as Bill leaves college, he intends to can things, such as tomatoes and corn; here's hoping he encloses a can or two when he writes us of his factories at Havre de Grace.



CRAIGE McCOMB SNADER

"Bud"

"Gee! My hair's coming out fine!"

Bud came amongst us as a meek, retiring creature, but soon opened his political career at college by being elected the first president of his class. His ambitions did not end there, however. As a Student Councillor for four long years he has done much to put the college in its present excellent condition. Trouble has put in its appearance from time to time, but trouble always has disappeared in the end. Bud's smile attended to that.

History records that he arrived at two different presidencies at about the same time within the past year: that of his class and that of the student body as a whole. In the latter position he has been chiefly responsible for the careful reorganization of undergraduate activities together with a raising of the general morale. Everything functioned smoothly and efficiently senior year with Bud at the helm, and all the old quarrels which our ancestors handed down to us have been laid at rest with many a heartfelt sigh of relief.

It is not only as an administrator that Bud excels—he also sees to it that Haverford wins many a victory on the soccer field. With that shiny bald head he will bounce a ball from one goal to the other. Opposing teams have claimed that his baldness gives us an unfair advantage. But Snader would not be Snader if he had any hair, and then anyway, as he says, in twenty more generations the whole human race will be bald, so why worry?

Keep your head up, Bud, and your feet down, and we'll come calling in Washington.



RICHARD MANLIFFE SUTTON

"Dick"

"Now, gentlemen, here's a good joke!"

Our flaxen-haired cheerleader is one of the most handsome men in the class. All women prostrate themselves before his innocent blue eyes. This power has therefore made him famous as one of the devilish wrecking-crew of Bryn Mawr—Sutton, Gucker, and White. Oh, the wrecks they have been in!

As cheerleader in senior year, Dick found himself in his element. With jokes garnered from the *Ladies Home Journal* and *Good Housekeeping*, he often stampeded college mass meetings. And when he broke his jaw in the national game of soccer, the college could not wait until he was well enough to tell another joke.

But Dick is not only our most brilliant humorist, he is also one of the best students in the class, having walked off with corporation scholarships from time immemorial. Moreover, he can ask more questions in one economics class than there are niggers in Watson's woodpile. But when the exam rolls round, we all wish we had had the courage to ask about what we did not know. For Dick is the most honest person in Christendom: he never bluffs because he has no need to.

As an observer of curves, he excels in Palmer's physics and Babbitt's female anatomy courses. The latter especially results in long nights of careful study.

If Denver contains any more men like the Sutton Brothers, we hereby urge it to send them on, as soon as they become of age. But Denver must be reconciled to losing Dick, for we have forbidden him to return.



EDWARD ALLINSON TAYLOR

"Ted"

"That's the cat's own."

In freshman year we knew Ted as a cloud of dust and a motorcycle roar. But after he had discarded his road bug for a Franklin, we knew him as the man with whom the college went traveling. Now Ted has a certain brown Ford, the like of which was ne'er seen before. Jitney would be a dignified term to use to describe it.

Ted was largely responsible for whatever class spirit we had freshman year, when the war was keeping everybody on the edge. We had been sifting in, one at a time, and scarcely knew each other. But Ted had the whole class celebrate the arrival of June over on Buck Lane, and the class thus became sophomores as a unit. That was just a sample of what Ted is doing all the time; ever hunting for something to do for the rest of us.

Ted is one of the most unselfish fellows we know, and his word is like a safe full of affidavits without all the strong language. Where he does sometimes employ strong terms is with respect to certain courses at the college. On several occasions his opinions have been flung about so vigorously that the fountains of our knowledge had no doubts whatever on how Ted thought his courses should be conducted. Some even paid attention to him, for his ideas are usually as sound as the hardest bed-rock.

During senior year Ted guided the soccer team over its vales and hills, but his excellent management could not atone for the fact that he departed from us to live at home. His excuse was study, but we must have misunderstood him, for our idea of Ted studying is skating figures over the ice, wielding a clever tennis racquet, or gliding over a waxen floor. "Why should I," he says, "put a book between me and life?"

Often has the class trembled at the impending loss to bachelordom, when he casts himself down on some couch and almost sighs his young soul away; but always has he contrived to keep his distance from the altar, while he steadily tears along toward two more years up at Tech.



EDWARD JACKSON THOMPSON

"Jack"

"I shall vote for Bryan."

Once upon a time in an unknown region of the earth, a little baby was born. Everybody said this babe had a most promising future, and well did they prophesy. After a long adolescence, the boy became a man and walked among the village folk, well understanding they expected much of him. His opinions were weighty and accepted as gospel. His moral life was an example.

At last the father said, "Hie thee to Haverford, son, and make known thy native land." The boy, ever obedient, did as he was bid, but alack, no one had ever heard of Philipsburg. His opinions were scoffed at by the shallow college rabble, his three string harp (Pennsylvania R. R., soft coal, and Philipsburg) broke soon after arrival. But with all the discouragement, he studied hard at history and economics, and can now tell the dates of Hilperik II, and the price of eggs.

Jack believes in free silver, the spoils system, and the farmer's cause. Since our country goes under the name of a democracy, should not the Democrats always be in power? Where is the good Republican? Look at the condition of the country since Harding took the chair. Now will you vote for Bryan if he runs?

As a toastmaster Jack takes the toast. He can tell as many jokes as the Joke book contains. As a baseball player he wears the regulation uniform, but as a football player he wins a prize cup. If the future ever duplicates the present, Thompson will live to climb many a lofty ladder.



KENNETH BETTS WALTON

"Ike"

"Satchel"

"Atta boy!"

If you were to walk beside Ike Walton and do everything he does (if you can) for the space of one year, then you would have lived an ordinary lifetime and done everything that man could hope to do. If it did not keep you busy pulling A's from the profs, you would be expected to play end on the football team, shoot baskets during the winter, win the mile in the spring track meets, together with captaining a baseball nine, filling up the Philadelphia papers with news items about the college, staging class day exercises, and getting ready for a summer voyage, say to Mexico and Cuba. It's a great life if you don't weaken, and Ike never will.

When Ike entered, he knew all about wireless and radio and other nefarious things, with the result that he got a job and dragged Craig Hendricks along with him on a vacation trip into the torrid zone. Although neither would admit that Cuba and Tampico have not all the charms the newspaper cartoons invest them with, yet both have made silent resolutions never again to ship with the crew nor step out with another señorita.

The southern trip only served to warm Ike up for his next year's activity at college. This past year he has been like a fast engine on a limited train, with the result that the baseball team is the snappiest which Haverford has seen for many a day. In fact, so many home runs have been hit that the cricket players over on the crease are getting the baseballs mixed up with their own balls.

Ike is going to make a success with the related subjects of philosophy and engineering. He forced an A out of Rufus, after that honorable professor had found Ike's ethics somewhat below par. It was a new subject for Ike! But in engineering—well, when the government has another Panama Canal or two, we have one bet as to the engineer. To sum it all up, Ike is one of those rare persons whom everyone likes and respects, a true friend to us all.



MALCOLM ROSE WISE

Malcolm Rose Wise, having tried both Swarthmore and the U. of P., wisely decided to finish his senior year with us. Wise is not what might be called a talkative chap, but his name would lead us not to expect that. He took up his quarters on arrival in a remote corner of Founders, and has applied himself diligently to his books. The consequence has been that most of us have not become very intimate with him.

We all have our hobbies and Wise has his. He subscribes to *The Menace*, probably being the only Methodist in the world so to do. He thinks the United States is in imminent danger of being swallowed by the Pope, and that unless the government takes steps, the Middle Ages will again be upon us.

We are sure he is a fine fellow, for he can usually be seen hard at work in the engineering laboratory, trying to help out E. P. Morris with a tough problem. Both consequently pull good marks!



JOHN COLVIN WRIGHT

"Droit"

"Soften up, you guys!"

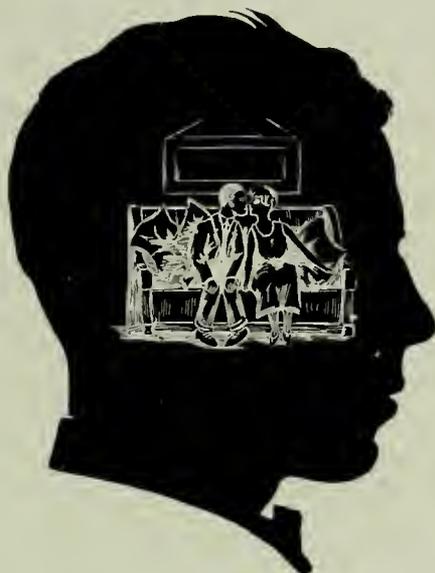
Out of the land of eternal youth, Bedford Springs, comes this sprightly and erratic genius. His genius takes the form of jazz, indecision, and flapperism; add a dash of intellect, subtract horse sense, mix in a whirl of coat-tails, scandal walk, batons, whirling arms, and you have a visualization of the "Wright Blues."

How many damsels have ached with longing as they watched the back of Droit when he was leading the musical clubs. For two years they saw that back and it has caused many a one to wonder why she ever lived. But the Musical Clubs prospered as never before under Wright's baton, and the college will certainly miss his practiced leadership.

Droit was also no mean soccerite. As captain of the second team he aided in the clean-up of many excellent college teams of this state. Moreover, in senior year he acquitted himself very creditably in some first team games.

If Wright has one idea, he has several. The one of which he feels most sure is that Weemus Miller and he were not made to be bosom cronies. Senior year brought quiet after many a fight: Weemus left for Germany which needed him badly, and Droit took up jazz banding. He does it all with his little violin, while Craig Hendricks sits at his elbow, grinning over a lively banjo.

Droit intends to be a lawyer and he ought to make a good one. We maintain, however, that he should lead the Philadelphia Orchestra rather than plead cases before the Supreme Court.



EDWIN WALTER ZERRER

"Dicky"

"Cut the cards."

Open the door quietly and enter Dicky's room. After a few minutes you will become accustomed to the smoke, and can discern at a distance through the blue haze four figures crouched over a green table. The one who is raking in the tricks is the redoubtable Zerrer, fresh from his last grand slam. Only once was he beaten at bridge this year, and that was when his roommate was his partner. Bridge develops the mind, says Dicky, clears your head for English next morning, and otherwise makes for general progress. And then, you might be doing lots worse things, he will argue with reason.

But if Dicky can take tricks with deuces, he can also shake a clever racquet. It is a treat to watch him and Ducky Miller cavorting around a court. Each is too polite to let the other win.

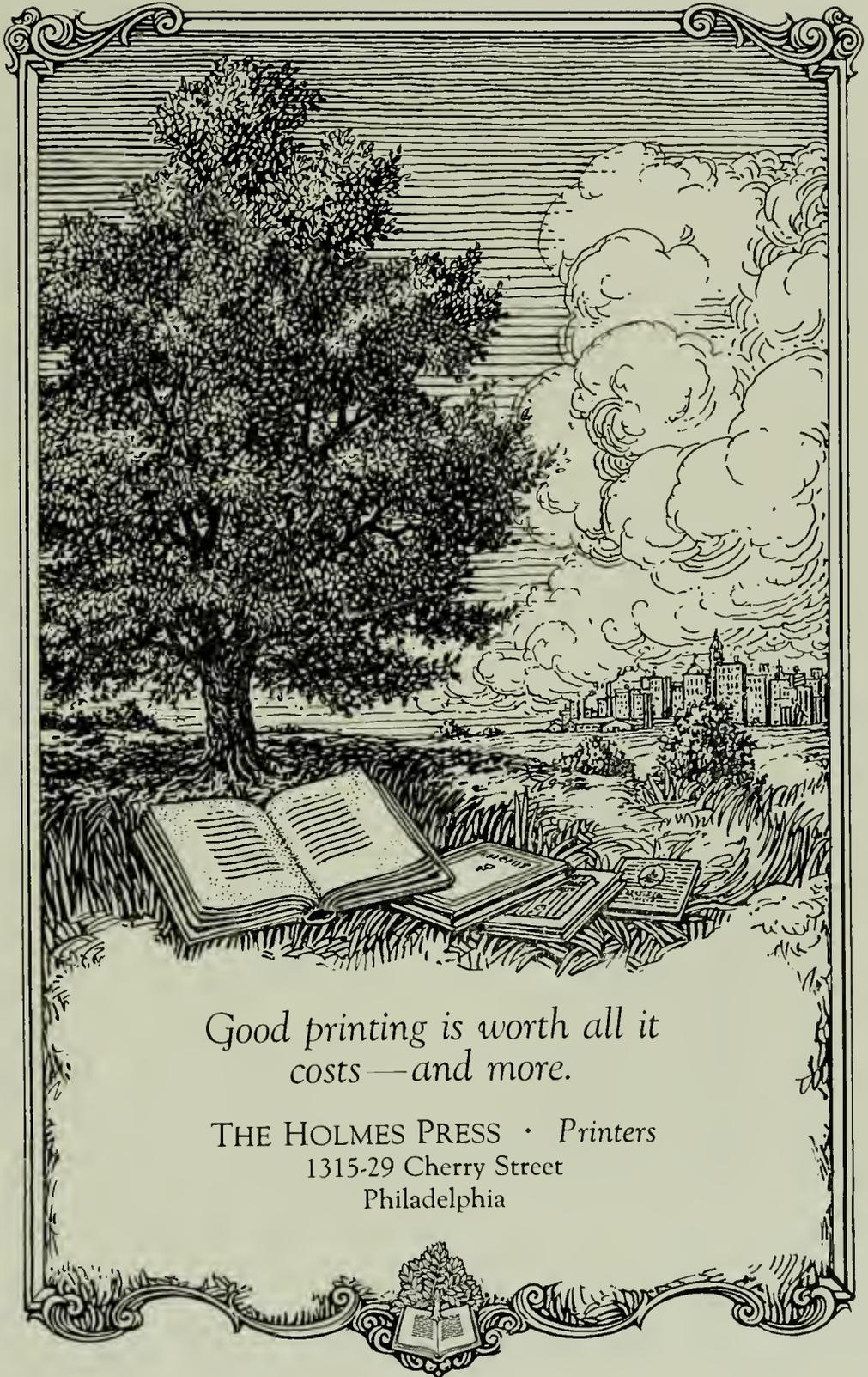
Dicky insists that the cartoon at the head of this page is not at all true to life. He has challenged both the artist and editor to give one instance where he has been caught in the act; and although they refuse to particularize, they still remain unconvinced of the legend of the un-kissed hero as applied in this case.

The things which Dicky hates above all else to do are the keeping of files pertaining to *News* subscribers and the attending of sociology courses. It is nothing short of monumental to observe the stacks of letters which the alumni send in, commending the manner in which they receive their weekly paper; but this does not phase Dicky at all—he sends them out the same as ever. As to sociology, he has taken honors and done original research in relation to niggers in woodpiles, and the results to be expected when one boils things in nutshells. (This jargon will be intelligible only to those who have taken Soc 2b.)

In conclusion we should say that bridge, tennis, girls, and sociology, *plus* Mr. Edwin Zerrer, equal an unbeatable combination.

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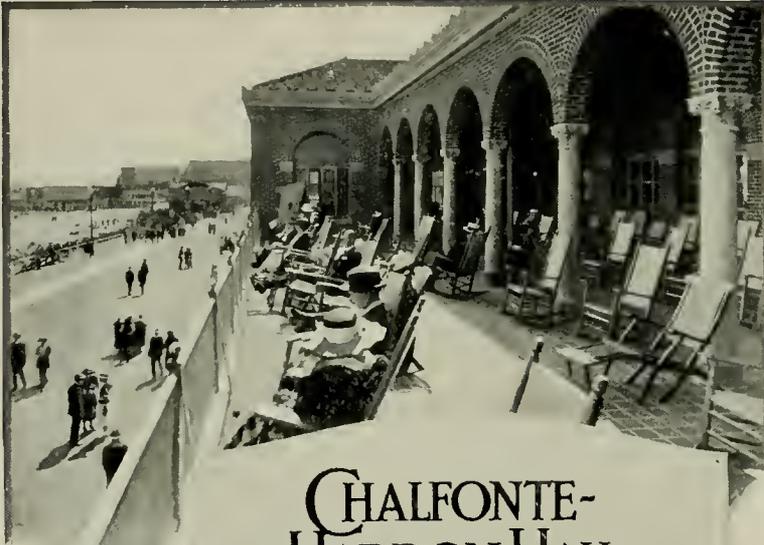
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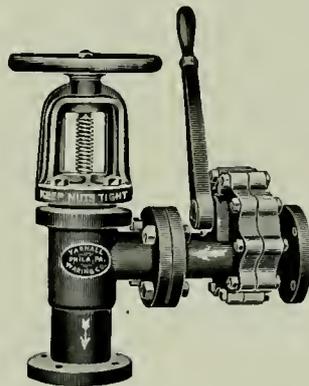
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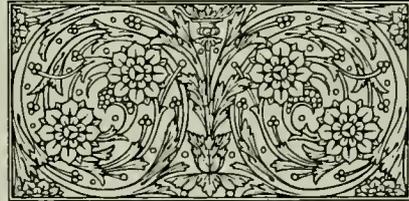


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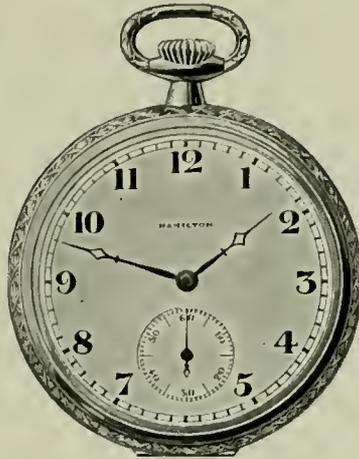
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