







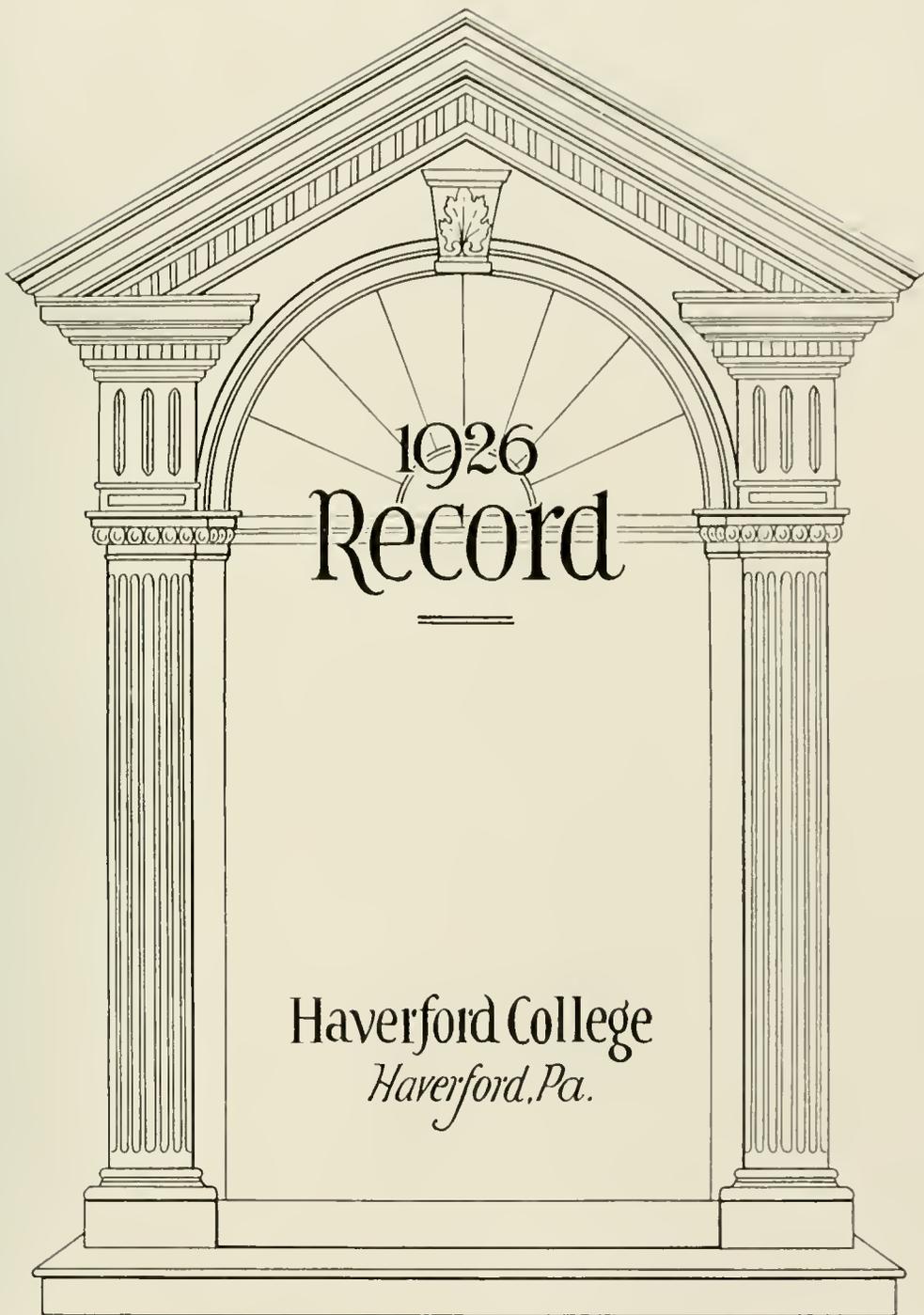






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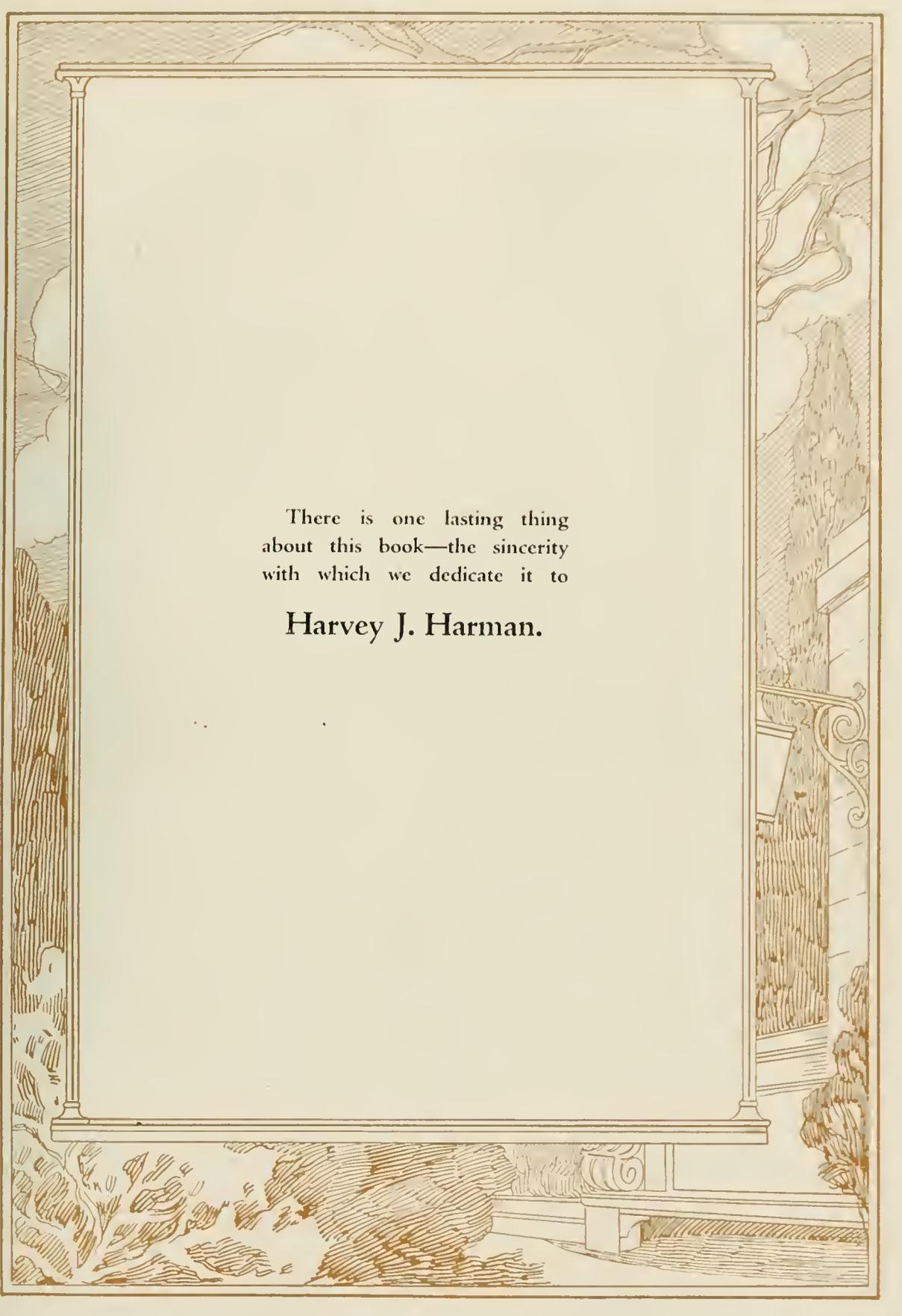
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1926  
Record

Haverford College  
*Haverford, Pa.*



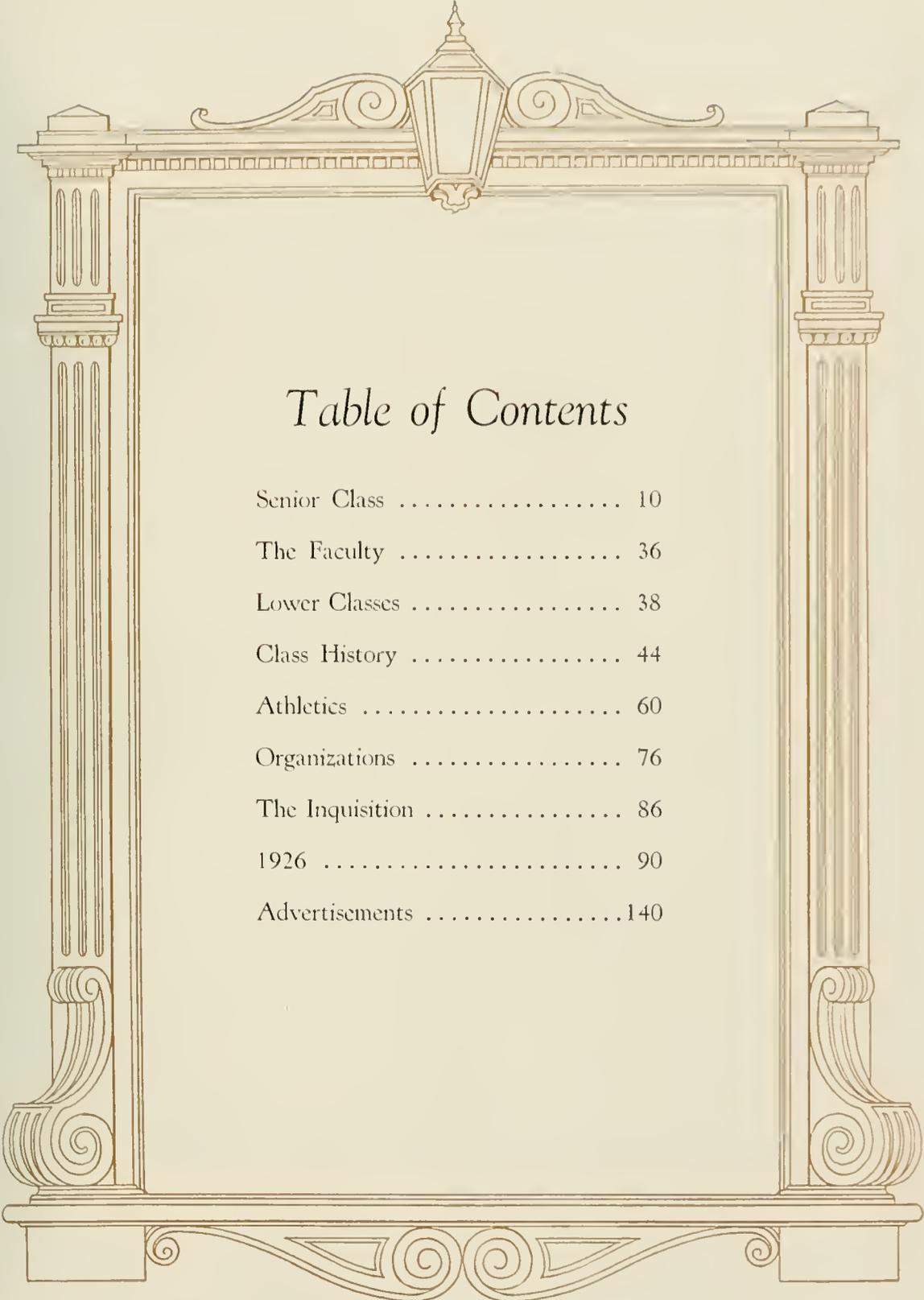


There is one lasting thing  
about this book—the sincerity  
with which we dedicate it to

**Harvey J. Harman.**

*Here's to Twenty-Six—*

*"If this be treason, make the most of it."*



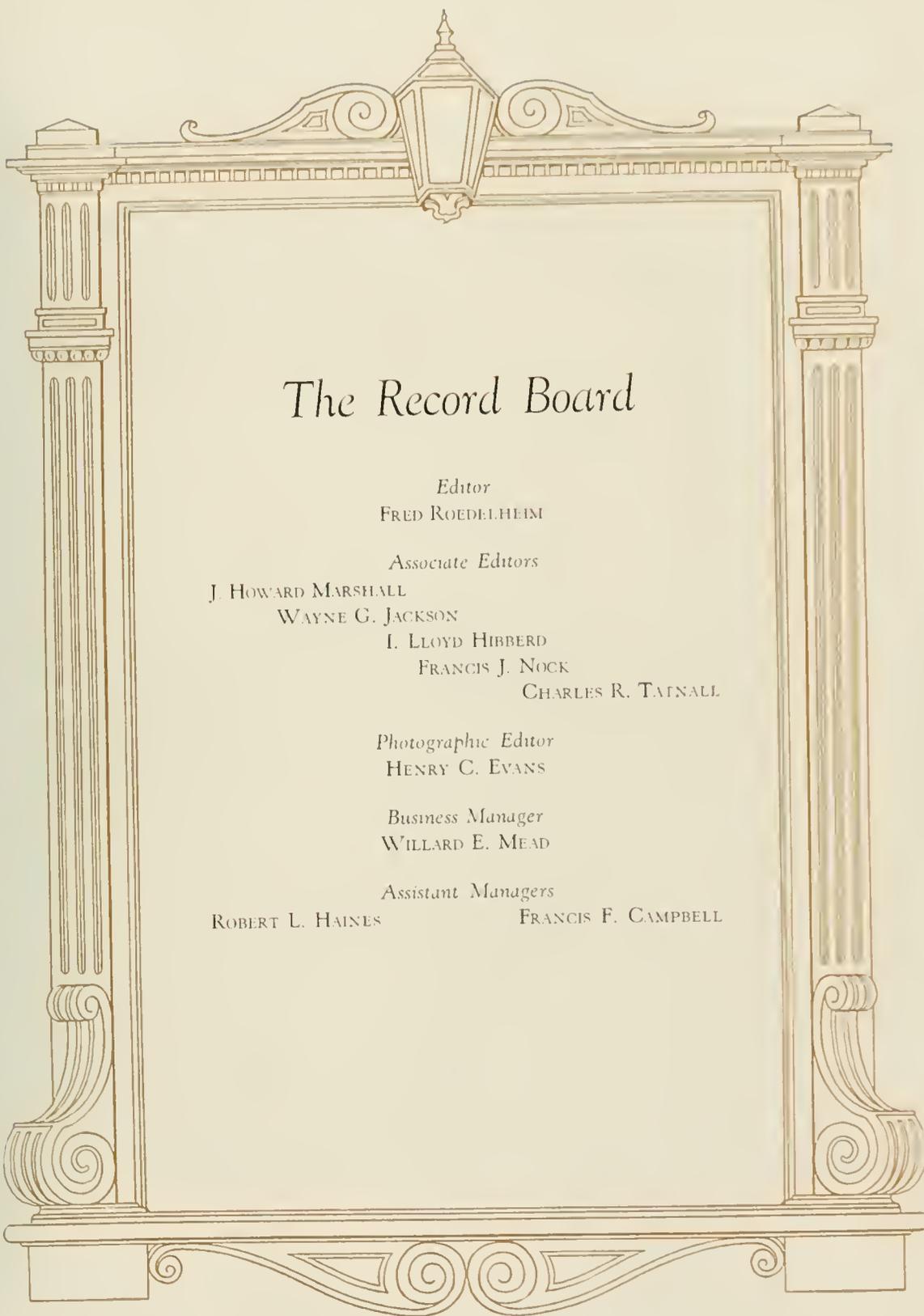
## *Table of Contents*

|                       |     |
|-----------------------|-----|
| Senior Class .....    | 10  |
| The Faculty .....     | 36  |
| Lower Classes .....   | 38  |
| Class History .....   | 44  |
| Athletics .....       | 60  |
| Organizations .....   | 76  |
| The Inquisition ..... | 86  |
| 1926 .....            | 90  |
| Advertisements .....  | 140 |

1926 RECORD



*A Record Board*



# The Record Board

*Editor*

FRED ROEDERHEIM

*Associate Editors*

J. HOWARD MARSHALL

WAYNE G. JACKSON

I. LLOYD HIBBERD

FRANCIS J. NOCK

CHARLES R. TATNALL

*Photographic Editor*

HENRY C. EVANS

*Business Manager*

WILLARD E. MEAD

*Assistant Managers*

ROBERT L. HAINES

FRANCIS F. CAMPBELL



Senior Year

## Class Officers

### FRESHMAN YEAR

#### FIRST HALF

Merle Miller ..... *President* .....  
 Paul Sassaman ..... *Vice-President* .....  
 Schuyler Baldwin ..... *Secretary* .....  
 Hugh Borton ..... *Treasurer* .....

#### SECOND HALF

Paul Sassaman .....  
 Charles Tatnall .....  
 Robert Hames .....  
 Edward Wood, Jr. ....

### SOPHOMORE YEAR

Benjamin Lowry ..... *President* ..... Charles Sumwalt  
 Henry Evans ..... *Vice-President* ..... Hugh Borton  
 Charles Sumwalt ..... *Secretary* ..... Fred Roedelheim  
 John Calkin ..... *Treasurer* ..... Robert Richie

### JUNIOR YEAR

Howard Marshall ..... *President* ..... William Maguire  
 Philip Garrett ..... *Vice-President* ..... Joseph Vansant  
 Donald Baker ..... *Secretary* ..... Charles Greene  
 Brooks Perring ..... *Treasurer* ..... Ernest Shank

### SENIOR YEAR

Willard Mead ..... *President* ..... Willard Mead  
 Harris Haviland ..... *Vice-President* ..... Howard Marshall  
 Alfred Buck ..... *Secretary* ..... Ernest Shank  
 Francis Ale ..... *Treasurer* ..... Edward Wood, Jr..



FRANCIS HARVEY ALE

1162 Murray Hill Avenue Pittsburgh, Pa.

Entered Freshman year from Mercersburg Academy; Class Track Team (1, 2, 3); Assistant Soccer Manager (3); Class Treasurer (4); Corporation Scholar (1); Radio Club; Scientific Society.

DONALD GAY BAKER

Haverford, Pa.

Entered Freshman year from Westtown School; Junior Varsity Soccer Team (1); Soccer Team (2, 3, 4), "H" (2, 3, 4); Cricket Team (1, 2, 3, 4), "H" (3), Captain (4), Cope Prize Cricket Bat (3), Second Fielding Belt (3); Classical Club, Secretary (3), President (4); English Club; Social Science Club; Founders Club.



## SCHUYLER FORBES BALDWIN

4510 Osage Avenue, Philadelphia, Pa

Entered Freshman Year from The Gunnery School; Football Squad (1, 2, 3), Freshman Football Cup; Second Tennis Team (2, 3, 4); Class Football Team (1, 2, 3); Class Secretary (1); Cap and Bells Club; Glee Club (2, 3, 4); Play Cast, "A Successful Calamity" (1), "The Great Adventure" (2), "Captain Applejack" (4); Classical Club Plays (2, 3, 4); English Club, Treasurer (3); Press Club; Classical Club; Freshman Debating Team; Campus Events Committee (4).



## ROBERT BARRY 2ND

303 Lincoln Court, Overbrook, Pa.

Entered Fall of 1920 from West Philadelphia High School; Cricket Squad (2, 3); Class Soccer Team (1, 2); Class Baseball Team (2); Class Cricket Team (3); *Haverfordian* Board (3, 4), Editor-in-Chief (4); Pi Society; Junior Day Committee (1923); English Club.



HUGH BORTON

19 Prospect Avenue, Moorestown, N. J.

Entered Freshman Year from Westtown School; Soccer Team (2, 3, 4), Numerals (2), "H" (3, 4); Class Soccer Team (1, 2, 3,); Class Track Team (1); Student Council (3, 4); Class Secretary (1), Vice President (2); Y. M. C. A. Secretary-Treasurer (2), Vice President (3), President (3, 4); News Board (2, 3); Beta Rho Sigma; Founders Club; Pi Society; Scientific Society, Secretary (3); Social Science Club; Debating Team (3), Alternate Class Debating Team (3); Glee Club (4); Cap and Bells Club.

ALFRED EDWARD BUCK

13 Raymond Court, Garden City, L. I., N. Y.

Entered Fall of 1923 from Dartmouth College; Football Team (2, 3, 4), Numerals (4); Class Secretary (4); Instrumental Club (2, 3, 4); Radio Club; Cap and Bells Club.



## ALFRED BUSSELLE, JR.

Chappaqua, N. Y.

Entered Freshman Year from Scarborough School; Football Team (1, 2, 3, 4), Numerals (1, 2), "H" (3, 4); Track Team (3); Class Football Team (1, 2); Class Track Team (1); Junior Day Committee; Intramural Committee (3, 4), Chairman (4); Class Day Committee (4); Hazing Committee (2); Classical Club Play (2); Glee Club (3, 4); News Board (2, 3, 4), Sporting Editor (3, 4); Pi Society; Press Club; Social Science Club; Scientific Society; Cap and Bells Club; "B" (4).



## JOHN BURGESS CALKIN

Spring Grove, Pa.

Entered Freshman Year from York Collegiate Institute; Freshman Track Team; Assistant Football Manager (3); Assistant Track Manager (3); Class Treasurer (2); Class Honor Committee (1, 2); Junior Day Committee; Store Committee (3); Campus Events Committee (2, 3, 4); Chairman Student Extension Committee (4); Manager of Cap and Bells Play (4); News Board (2, 3); Pi Society; Social Science Club; Scientific Society; Press Club.



FRANCIS FAULKNER CAMPBELL

2016 East Jefferson Avenue, Detroit, Mich.

Entered Freshman Year from Baltimore Polytechnic Institute; Track Team (2, 3, 4); Class Track Team; Class Soccer Team (1, 2, 3); Glee Club (1, 2); *News* Board (1, 2, 3, 4), Business Manager (4); Business Board of the *Record*; Press Club; Scientific Society; Pi Society; Cap and Bells Club.

ALEXANDER RAYMOND CARMAN

1615 Ridge Avenue, Evanston, Ill.

Entered Freshman Year from Evanston High School; Track Team (2); Cricket Team (3, 4), English Trip (3); Class Track Team (1, 2); Class Football Team (2, 3); Class Cricket Team (3); Assistant Tennis Manager (3); Cricket Manager (4); Cheer Leader (4); *News* Board (3, 4); Pi Society; Social Science Club; Scientific Society; Press Club; Radio Club; "B" (4).



STUART ROBERT CARTER, A. B.

1901 West Maple Street, Wichita, Kans.

Entered Fall 1925 from Friends University, Wichita; Instrumental Club (4); Cap and Bells Club.



FRANKLIN O'NEILL CURTIS

31 York Court, Guilford, Baltimore, Md.

Entered Fall 1923 from Baltimore Polytechnic Institute; Second Team Tennis (1); Class Soccer Team (27) (1, 2); Jacob P. Jones Scholarship (1); Assistant Manager of Cap and Bells Play (4); Cap and Bells Club; News Business Board (1, 2, 4); Scientific Society.



HENRY CARTER EVANS

Riverton, N. J.

Entered Freshman Year from Penn Charter School: Soccer Team (2, 3, 4), "H" (3, 4), Captain (4); Track Team (3, 4); Student Council (4); Class Vice President (2); Y. M. C. A. Cabinet; Secretary Executive Athletic Committee; *News* Board Photographer (3, 4); *Record* Board Photographer; Scientific Society, Vice President (4); Athletic Cabinet (4).

PHILIP CRESSON GARRETT

5301 York Road,

Logan, Pa.

Entered Fall of 1921 from Westtown School; Football Team (1, 2, 3, 4), "H" (2, 3, 4); Basketball Team (1, 2, 3, 4), "H" (2, 3, 4) Captain (4); Cricket Team (1, 2, 3, 4), Numerals (1), "H" (2, 3); Class Vice President (3); Athletic Cabinet (4), Chairman (4); 1st Fielding Belt for Cricket (3); Campus Events Committee (2); Football Dance Committee (2); Triangle Society.



## CHARLES HERBERT GREENE

Troy, Pa.

Entered Freshman Year from Troy High School; Football Team (2, 3, 4), "H" (3, 4); Track Team (1, 2, 3, 4); Class Football Team (1); Class Track Team (1, 2, 3); Class Secretary (3); Junior Day Committee; Corporation Scholar (2, 3, 4); Mathematics Prize (1, 2, 3); Chemistry Prize (3); Chess Team (3, 4); Radio Club; Chemistry Club; Classical Club; Chess Club; Scientific Society; Phi Beta Kappa (3).



## GERALD CONNOP GROSS

30 Valley Road, White Plains, N. Y.

Entered Fall of 1921 from White Plains High School; Football Squad (1, 2); Class Football Team (1, 2, 3); Class Cricket Team (1, 2); Radio Club, Secretary (1), Traffic Manager (2, 3), Station Manager (4); Glee Club (3, 4); News Board (1, 2); *Haverfordian* Board (3, 4), Business Manager (4); Press Club; Debating Society (1925); Scientific Society; Pi Society; Cap and Bells Club.



ROBERT LEE HAINES

Moorestown, N. J.

Entered Freshman Year from Westtown School; Soccer Team (4), "H" (4); Junior Varsity Soccer Team (2, 3), Captain (3); Class Secretary (1); Class Honor Committee (3); Junior Day Committee; Track Team (2, 3, 4), Numerals (2, 3).

EDMUND PENNELL HANNUM

5239 Spruce Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

Entered Freshman Year from West Philadelphia High School; Track Team (3); Class Track Team (1, 3); Class Cross Country Team (1, 2); Class Football Team (3).



SIDDONS HARPER, JR.

123 Thompson Avenue, Ardmore, Pa.

Entered Freshman Year from Lower Merion High School; Press Club; Classical Club; English Club; Scientific Society.



DALZELL FAHNESTOCK HARTMAN

442 North Duke Street, Lancaster, Pa.

Entered Freshman Year from Franklin and Marshall Academy; Corporation Scholar (1, 2, 3, 4); News Board (1, 2); Press Club; Scientific Society.



HARRIS GODDARD HAVILAND

The Knoll, Lansdowne, Pa.

Entered Freshman Year from Friend's Select School; Junior Varsity Soccer Team (1); Class Soccer Team (1, 3), Captain (3); Soccer Team (3, 4), "H" (3, 4); Basketball Squad (3, 4), Numerals (4); Tennis Squad (3, 4); Class Vice President (4); News Board (3, 4); Social Science Club; English Club; Pi Society; "B" (4).

ISAAC LLOYD HIBBERD

1425 Harrison Street Oakland, Calif.

Entered Freshman Year from New Mexico Military Institute; *Haverfordian* Board (3, 4); Classical Club; English Club; Classical Club Plays (2, 3, 4); Glee Club (1); Cast of "Captain Applejack" (4); *Record* Board; Cap and Bells Club.



WILLIAM MacPHERSON HUBER

3007 Midvale Avenue, Philadelphia, Pa.

Entered Freshman Year from Germantown Friends School; Scientific Society; Classical Club.



WAYNE GRIDLEY JACKSON

In-care Guaranty Trust Co., Paris, France

Entered Freshman Year from the Institut Carnal, Rolle, Switzerland; Freshman Track Team; Class Football Team (1, 2, 3); Class Cricket Team (3); Assistant Cricket Manager (3); Tennis Manager (4); Instrumental Club (3, 4); News Board (2, 3, 4), Managing Editor (3, 4); Record Board; Founders Club; Social Science Club, President (3, 4); Scientific Society; Radio Club; Press Club; Pi Society; Cap and Bells Club; "B" (4).



JOHN ANDERSON JOHNSTON

250 South 21st Street Philadelphia, Pa.

Entered Freshman Year from Lower Merion High School; Philosophy Reading Prize (3); Track Team (3, 4).

JOHN DEAN JOLY

North Latches Lane, Merion, Pa.

Entered Freshman Year from Penn Charter School; Track Squad (1, 2, 3); Class Cross Country Team (2); Manager of Soccer (4); Junior Day Committee; Glee Club (1, 2, 3); Instrumental Club (4); Cap and Bells Club, Assistant Secretary (3); Play Cast, "The Boomerang" (3), "Captain Applejack" (4); Social Science Club.



EDWARD HENRY KINGSBURY

130 West 227th Street, New York, N. Y.

Entered Freshman Year from Evander Childs High School; Track Team (2, 3, 4), Numerals (2); Manager of Football (4); Intramural Athletic Committee; Williamson Scholarship; Newton Prize in English; Cap and Bells Club; Play Cast, "The Great Adventure" (2); News Board (1, 2, 3); Business Manager (3); Manager of the Co-operative Store; Debating Team (3, 4); Founders Club; Scientific Society; Classical Club; Social Science Club; Pi Society; "B" (4).



VICTOR ANTHONY LAMBERTI

2376 Ryer Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Entered Freshman Year from Evander Childs High School; Football Team (1, 2, 3, 4), Numerals (1), "H" (2, 3, 4); Track Team (1, 2, 3, 4), Numerals (2), "H" (1, 3); Store Committee (3, 4); Instrumental Club (4); Cap and Bells Club.



WINTHROP MOORHEAD LEEDS

304 West School Lane, Germantown, Pa.

Entered Freshman Year from Germantown Friends' School; Basketball Team (3, 4); Numerals (4); Track Team (3, 4); Junior Varsity Soccer Team (3, 4); Freshman Track Team; Radio Club, Chairman Program Committee (4); Chess Club, President (3); Scientific Society; Instrumental Club (3, 4); Cap and Bells Club.

DANIEL CLARK LEWIS, JR.

825 Columbia Avenue, Millville, N. J.

Entered Freshman Year from Lawrenceville School; Track Team (2, 3, 4); Numerals (2, 3), "H" (4); Class Football Team (3); Corporation Scholar (1, 2); Radio Club; Chess Club; Chess Team (3, 4); Scientific Society; Chemistry Club; Preliminary Honors in Mathematics (2).



## BENJAMIN HOWARD LOWRY

407 Chester Avenue, Moorestown, N. J.

Entered Freshman Year from Penn Charter School; Track Team (1, 2, 3, 4); "H" (1, 2, 3, 4), Captain (4); Football Team (1, 2, 3, 4), Numerals (2, 3), "H" (4); Class Track Team (1, 2); Class Football Team (1, 2); Student Council (3); Class President (2); Junior Day Committee; Campus Events Committee (3); Hazing Committee; Customs Committee (4); Scientific Society; Social Science Club; Penn Charter Club, Secretary-Treasurer (3), President (4); Beta Rho Sigma, Secretary (4); Secretary Athletic Cabinet (4); "B" (4).



## HOWARD TREGO MACGOWAN

Fisher's Road, Bryn Mawr, Pa.

Entered Freshman Year from Lower Merion High School; Glee Club Accompanist (3, 4); Instrumental Club (3, 4); Cap and Bells Club; English Club.



## WILLIAM THOMAS MAGUIRE

Louella Apartments, Wayne, Pa.

Entered Freshman Year from St. Luke's School; Baseball Team (2); Basketball Team (1, 2, 4); Junior Varsity Soccer Team (2, 3, 4), Captain (4), "H" (4); Class Cricket Team (3); Class President (3); Y. M. C. A. Cabinet (4); *News* Board (3, 4); Chairman Freshman-Junior Dance Committee (1); Chairman Junior Day Committee; Chairman Senior Day Committee; Scientific Society; Pi Society, Secretary-Treasurer (4); "B" (+).

## J. HOWARD MARSHALL, 2ND

Park and Hill Avenues, Langhorne, Pa.

Entered Freshman Year from George School; Soccer Team (2, 3, 4), "H" (2, 3, 4); Tennis Team (1, 2, 3, 4), Captain (4), Numerals (1), "H" (2, 3); Class Soccer Team (1, 2, 3); Freshman Track Manager; Student Council (3, 4), President (4); Customs Committee (4); Hazing Committee (2); Class Honor Committee (1, 2), Chairman (1); Class President (3); Permanent Vice President Senior Class; Charity Drive Committee (1, 2, 3); Junior Day Committee; Athletic Cabinet (3, 4); Executive Athletic Committee (4); Preliminary Honors in Chemistry; Debating Team (2, 3, 4), Debating Key (3); Class Debating Team (1, 2, 3), Everett Society Medal (1, 2); Alumni Prize in Oratory (3); *News* Board (1, 2, 3, 4), Editor-in-Chief (3, 4); *Record* Board; Scientific Society; Social Science Club; Press Club; English Club; Pi Society; Beta Rho Sigma; Founders Club; "B" (4).



## WILLARD ECKER MEAD

354 Lehigh Avenue, Pittsburgh, Pa.

Entered Freshman Year from Peabody High School; Class Football Team (3); Cheer Leader (4); Student Council (4); Class President (4); Permanent President Senior Class; Y. M. C. A. Cabinet (4); Class Debating Team (2, 3); Alumni Prize Oratory (3); Cap and Bells Club; Chairman Play Committee (4); Play Casts, "The Successful Calamity" (1), "The Boomerang" (3), "Captain Applejack" (4); *News* Business Board (2, 3); Business Manager *Record*; Debating Team (2, 3, 4); Classical Club Play (1, 2); Founders Club; Pi Society.



## MERLE MIDDOUR MILLER

35 North Grant Street, Waynesboro, Pa.

Entered Freshman Year from Perkiomen School; Football Team (1, 2, 3, 4), "H" (1, 2, 3, 4), Captain (4); Class Football Team (1, 2); Baseball Manager (4); Student Council (1, 2, 3, 4); Class President (1); Class Honor Committee (2); Y. M. C. A. Cabinet (2, 3, 4); Social Service Chairman (2, 3, 4); Chairman Hazing Committee (2); Campus Events Committee (2, 3), Chairman (3); Student Extension Committee (2, 3, 4); Junior Day Committee; Instrumental Club (1, 2, 3, 4), Leader (3, 4); Glee Club (1); Cap and Bells Club, Vice President (4); Beta Rho Sigma; Athletic Cabinet; "B" (4).



RALPH C. MILLER

2116 Morris Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Entered Freshman Year from Evander Childs High School; Glee Club (2, 3, 4); Play Cast, "Captain Applejack" (4); Cap and Bells Club; Radio Club; Scientific Society; English Club.

WATSON STEELMAN MORSS

6703 Cresheim Road,

Mount Airy, Philadelphia, Pa.

Entered Fall 1923 from Ursinus College; Baseball Team (3, 4); English Club.



FRANCIS JAY NOCK

334 East Walnut Street, Titusville, Pa

Entered Freshman Year from Hasbrouck Heights High School; Football Team (1, 2, 3), Numerals (2, 3); Track Team (1, 2), Numerals (2); Class Football Team (1, 2); Class Track Team (1, 2); Corporation Scholar (2, 3, 4); Glee Club (1, 2, 3, 4), Leader (4); Instrumental Club (3); Cap and Bells Club; Record Board; Classical Club; Founders Club.



OSMOND CHESTER PITTER

Happy Grove,

Hector's River P. O., British West Indies.  
 Entered Freshman Year from Happy Grove School; Track Team (1, 2, 3, 4), Numerals (2), "H" (3, 4); Cricket Team (1, 2, 3, 4), "H" (1, 2, 3, 4); Freshman Track Team; Press Club.



ALEXANDER BUCHANAN REX

Entered Freshman Year from Norristown High School; Instrumental Club (3); Sub-Assistant Track Manager (2); Radio Club; Scientific Society; Social Science Club.

Died April 18th, 1925.

ROBERT HOOTON RICHIE

426 South 43rd Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

Entered Freshman Year from Westtown School; Soccer Team (2, 3, 4), "H" (2, 3, 4); Cricket Team (2, 3), Numerals (2, 3); Track Team (2), Numerals (2); Class Soccer Team (1, 2, 3); Junior Varsity Soccer Team (1); Class Treasurer (2); Cap and Bells Club, Assistant Treasurer (3), Chairman Play Committee (3); *Haverfordian* Board; English Club; Scientific Society; Founders Club.



## FRED ROEDELHEIM

"Oakshade,"

Elkins Park, Pa.

Entered Freshman Year from Cheltenham High School; Track Team (2, 3, 4), Numerals (3), "H" (4); Class Football Team (2, 3); Class Soccer Team (3); Class Cricket Team (3); Class Track Team (1, 2, 3, 4); Basketball Manager (4); Class Secretary (2); Y. M. C. A. Membership Committee (3, 4); Charity Drive Committee (2); Corporation Scholar (1, 3, 4); Preliminary Honors in English (2); Play Cast, "Successful Calamity" (1); Instrumental Club (3, 4); Cap and Bells Club; News Board (1, 2, 3, 4); Record Editor-in-Chief; Founders Club, Vice President-Secretary (4); Debating Team (2); Classical Club Play (2); Scientific Society; Social Science Club; Press Club, Executive Committee (3, 4); English Club; Pi Society; "B" (4).



## PAUL LEWIS SASSAMAN

301 East Oakdale Avenue,

Glenside, Pa.

Entered Freshman Year from Abington High School; Football Team (1, 2, 3, 4), Numerals (1, 3), "H" (2, 4); Track Team (1, 2, 3, 4), "H" (1, 2, 3); Class Football (1, 2); Class Track Team (1, 2, 3, 4), Captain (1, 2, 3); Class Soccer Team (1); Student Council (1, 2); Class Vice President (1); Class President (1); Class Honor Committee (1, 2), Chairman (2); Y. M. C. A. Cabinet (4), Chairman Membership Committee (4); Hazing Committee (2); Customs Committee (3); Founders Club Prize (1); Chairman Campus Events Committee (2); Student Extension Committee (4); Executive Athletic Committee (4); Manager Musical Clubs (4); Cap and Bells Club; Scientific Society; Triangle Society.





CHRISTIAN ERNEST SHANK, JR.

Rosemont, Pa.

Entered Freshman Year from Lower Merion High School; Basketball Team (2), Numerals (2); Soccer Team (3, 4), Numerals (3), "H" (4); Track Team (2, 3); Class Soccer Team; Class Track Team; Class Cricket Team (3); Class Treasurer (3); Permanent Secretary Senior Class; Class Honor Committee (3); Radio Club.

CHARLES EDWARDS SUMWALT

2901 Chelsea Terrace, Baltimore, Md.

Entered Freshman Year from Baltimore Polytechnic Institute; Football Team (2, 3, 4); "H" (2, 3, 4); Student Council (3, 4); Secretary Students Association (3); Class President (2); Class Secretary (2); Assistant Basketball Manager (3); Customs Committee (3); Student Extension Committee (2); Class Honor Committee (2, 3).



## CHARLES RHOADS TATNALL

1100 West Tenth Street, Wilmington, Del

Entered Freshman Year from Westtown School; Football Team (2, 3, 4), Numerals (2, 3), "H" (4); Track Team (1, 2, 3, 4), Numerals (1, 2), "H" (3, 4); Class Football Team (2, 3); Class Track Team; Class Vice President (1); Instrumental Club (3); Glee Club (3, 4); Stage Manager (4); Cap and Bells Club; Scientific Society; Record Board; Press Club, Secretary-Treasurer (3), President (4); Debating Manager (3, 4); Founders Club.



## JOSEPH ADDISON ROBINSON VANSANT

2348 East Hagert Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

Entered Freshman Year from Brown Preparatory School; Football Squad (1, 3); Baseball Squad (1, 2); Class Football Team (1, 2); Class Soccer Team (3); Class Honor Committee (3); Class Vice President (3); President English Club (4); Classical Club.



ALEXANDER R. S. WAGNER

511 Warwick Place,

Chevy Chase P. O., Somerset, Md.  
 Entered Freshman Year from Haverford  
 School; Football Squad (1, 2); Basketball Squad  
 (1, 3, 4); Baseball Squad (1, 2, 3, 4).

EDWARD SHARPLESS WOOD, JR.

Riverton, N. J.

Entered Freshman Year from Westtown  
 School; Soccer Team (2, 4), "H" (2, 4); Class  
 Soccer Team; Track Manager (4); Student Coun-  
 cil (4); Class Treasurer (1); Permanent Treas-  
 urer, Senior Class; Y. M. C. A. Cabinet (3, 4),  
 Vice President (3); Co-operative Store Commit-  
 tee (4); Scientific Society, Treasurer (3), Presi-  
 dent (4); Founders Club.



*Ex-1926*

|                                |        |
|--------------------------------|--------|
| Samuel A. Armstrong .....      | 1922-4 |
| Truesdale Sparhawk Brown ..... | 1922-3 |
| Roger Burns .....              | 1923-4 |
| Samuel R. Eaves .....          | 1922   |
| James E. Forsythe .....        | 1924-5 |
| Allan Gilmour .....            | 1922-5 |
| Murray C. Haines .....         | 1922-5 |
| William S. Halstead .....      | 1922-5 |
| Robert L. Hatcher .....        | 1922-5 |
| Horace H. Hunsicker .....      | 1922-4 |
| Irving L. Hunt .....           | 1924-5 |
| Harold Hurd, Jr. ....          | 1923-4 |
| Wilson M. Leary .....          | 1922-5 |
| Montfort V. Melchior .....     | 1922-4 |
| James R. Miller .....          | 1922-4 |
| Harold C. Monroe .....         | 1922-4 |
| Henry B. Perring .....         | 1922-4 |
| Benjamin F. Theobald .....     | 1922   |
| X. X. Thudium .....            | 1922   |
| Hugh B. Welty .....            | 1924-5 |



*The Faculty*

## Faculty

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

FREDERIC PALMER, Jr., Ph.D., *Dean*

LYMAN BEECHER HALL\*, Ph.D.

ALBERT SIDNEY BOLLES\*, Ph.D., LL.D.

HENRY SHERRING PRATT, Ph.D.

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

R. M. JONES, D.Th., Litt.D., D.D., LL.D.

DON CARLOS BARRETT, Ph.D.

LEGH WILBER REID, Ph.D.

WILLIAM EDWARD LUNT, Ph.D.

ELIHU GRANT, Ph.D.

RAYNER WICKERSHAM KELSEY, Ph.D.

LEON HAWLEY RITTENHOUSE, M.E.

FRANK DEKKER WATSON, Ph.D.

DEAN PUTNAM LOCKWOOD, Ph.D.

ALBERT HARRIS WILSON, Ph.D.

WILLIAM BUELL MELDRUM, Ph.D.

EDWARD DOUGLAS SNYDER, Ph.D.

AUSTIN KEYINGHAM GRAY, M.A.

OSCAR MARSHALL CHASE, S.M.

JOHN ALEXANDER KELLY, Ph.D.

JAMES MCFADDEN CARPENTER, JR., Ph.D.

LEVI ARNOLD POST, M.A.

ARLINGTON EVANS, B.P.E., B.S.

RAYMOND THEODORE OHL, A.M.

HERBERT NICKSON BAKER, B.S.

WILLIAM REITZEL, B.A.

\* *Emeritus*



Class of 1927

## *Junior Class*

Addison Jackson Allen  
Samuel Ashbridge Armstrong  
James Winsor Baker  
George Thomas Banks  
Harold Earl Bates  
Wellard Snowden Benham  
John Hunter Biddle  
Herman Edward Compter  
Samuel Cook  
Natt Morrill Emery, Jr.  
Allan Bradshaw Fay  
John Evans Forsythe, Jr.  
Albert Vann Fowler  
John Sherman Fowler  
Warren Edwin Gilson  
William Oliver Grover  
William Storm Halstead  
John Lewis Heller  
Stewart Hoskins

Walter Emerson Huelle  
Wilham Lucien Lester  
Leopold Seymour Lipsitz  
John Crozer Lober  
Alexander Robertson Middleton  
Allen Graff Powell  
George Hansen Renninger  
Charles Edward Rhoads  
Herbert Crawley Rorer  
Ira Burns Rutherford  
Stephen Stansfeld Sargent  
George Edward Saunders  
William Wyman Saunders  
Watson Scarborough  
Arthur Silver  
Irving Bell Smith, Jr.  
Charles Roberts Thompson  
Wallace Burr Totten  
Carl Stephen Vogel

Walter Foster Webster

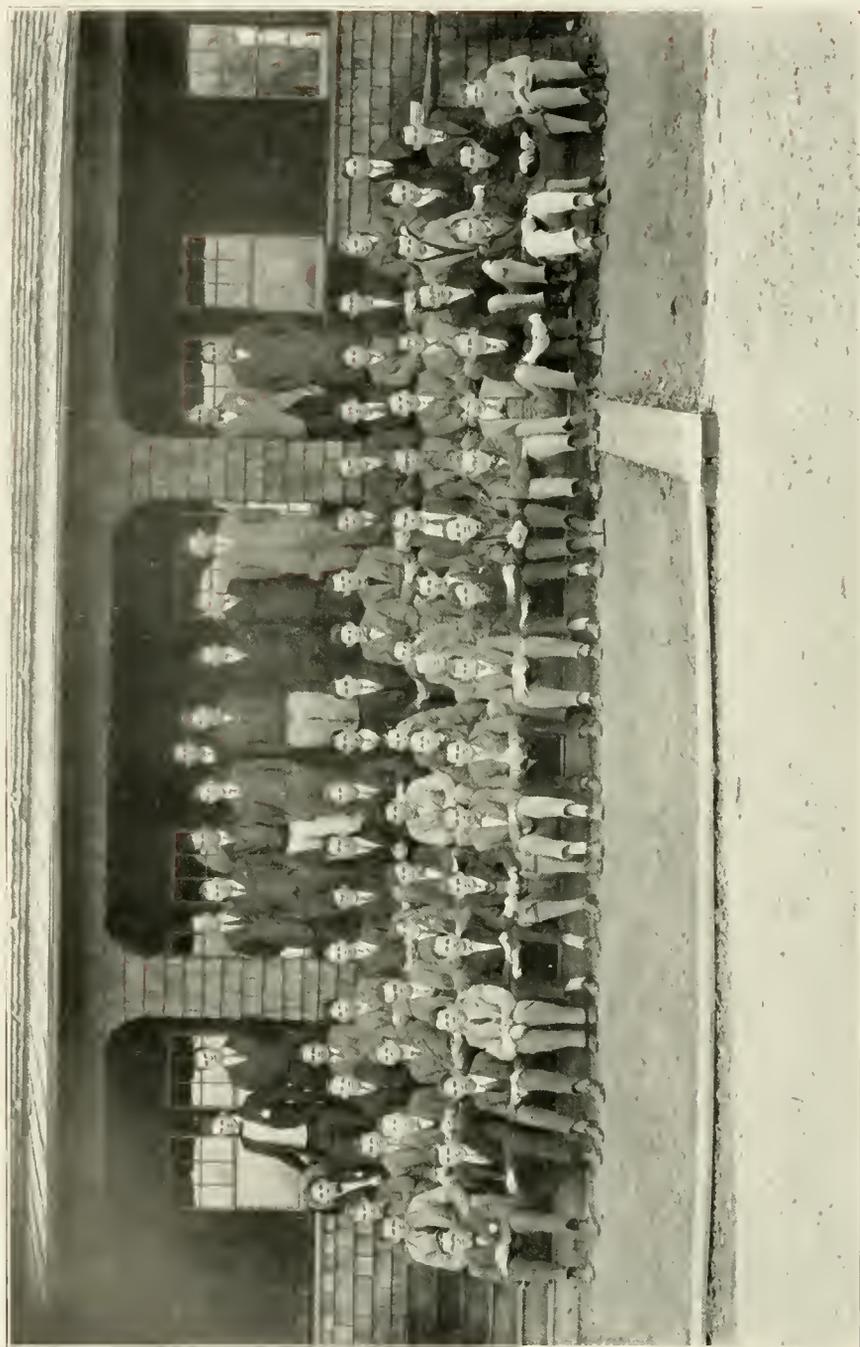


Class of 1928

## Sophomore Class

William Henry Albert  
 John Carroll Beatty, Jr.  
 Carl Frederick Berlinger  
 William Ramsay Bready, 3rd  
 Edward Dexter Brown  
 Edward Simpson Buckley  
 Richard Cornelius Bull  
 Frederick Manley Burgess  
 Royal Stanton Davis  
 James North Dunham  
 John Temple Evans  
 John Orville Fitzsimmons, Jr.  
 Keely Fox  
 Walter Addison Fox  
 C. Kenneth Gray  
 Walter James Gruber  
 Arthur Burtis Hallock  
 William Kuntz Hartzell  
 Theodore Brinton Hetzel  
 Richard Lionel Hillier  
 Nelson Julian Hogenauer  
 Edward Drey Hollander  
 Allen Fayette Horton, Jr.  
 John Quincy Hunsicker, 3rd  
 John Alexander Hull Keith, Jr.  
 Joseph McLain King  
 Richard Thatcher Lane  
 Frankland Melvin Logan  
 John Stead McConaghy  
 Michael McEntee  
 Oliver Wiley Melchoir

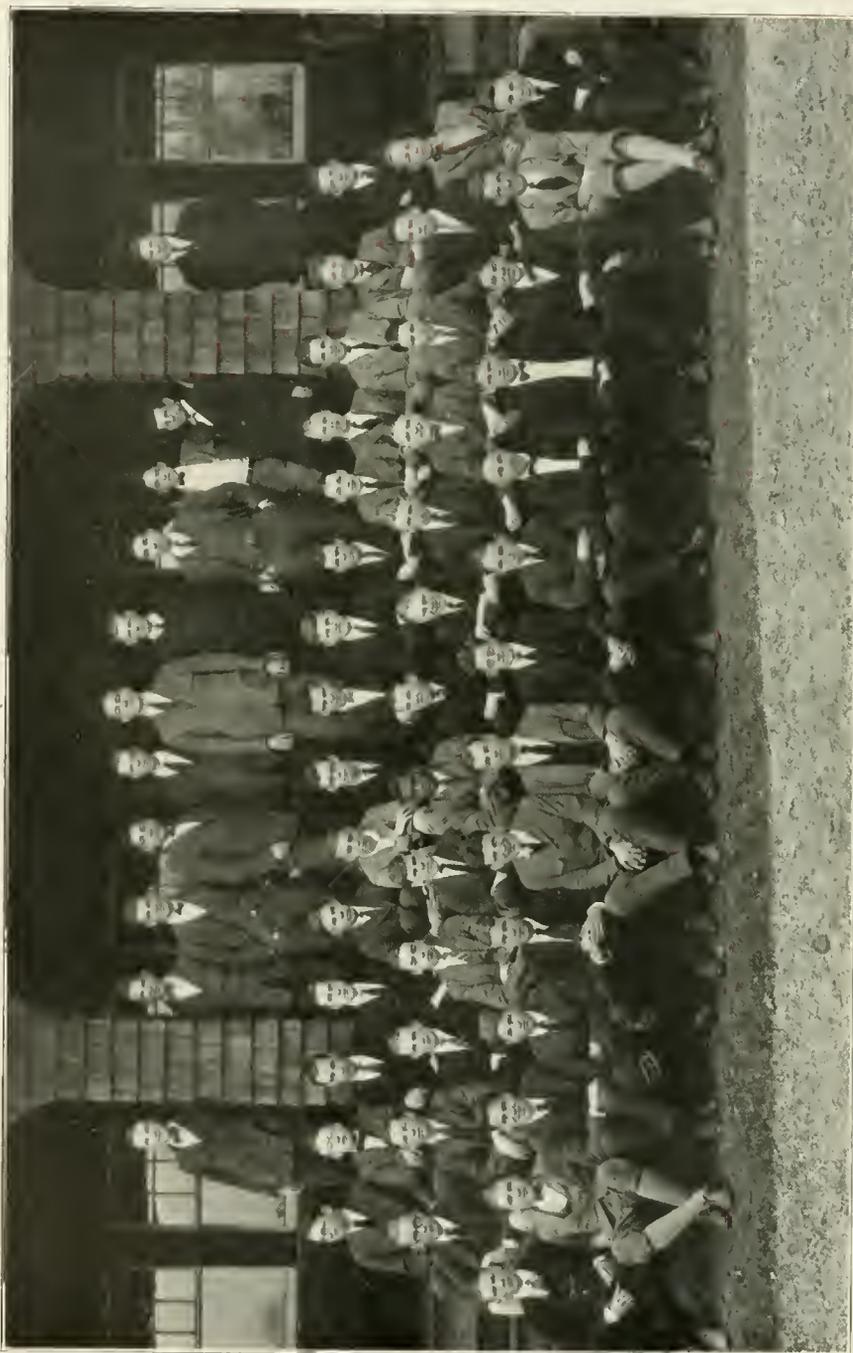
James Evans Mitchell, 2nd  
 James McKee Moffett  
 Samuel Burkhart Morrison  
 Henry Schuldt Murphey  
 Alexander Lowber Nichols  
 Paul Wright Nimmo  
 Chester Arthur Olinger  
 Eric Hilton Renwick  
 John Rex, Jr.  
 Jonathan Evans Rhoads  
 Ingram Henry Richardson  
 Donald Wood Richie  
 Louis Ferdinand Richter  
 Charles Apel Robinson  
 John Cecil Rowe  
 James Clifford Scott, Jr.  
 Osman Joseph Seeds  
 Robert Lloyd Shank  
 Philip Atlee Sheaff, Jr.  
 Franklin Willard Smith  
 Ellsworth Brayton Stevens  
 James Tyson Stokes  
 Charles Maris Tatum  
 Herbert Freeman Taylor  
 Allen Curry Thomas, Jr.  
 Theophilus Hilleman A. Vanneman, 3rd  
 Thomas Smith Whiting  
 Theodore Whittelsey, Jr.  
 Richard Wistar  
 John William Woll  
 Leonard Emanuel Yoder



Class of 1929

## Freshman Class

|                                 |                                    |
|---------------------------------|------------------------------------|
| John Evans Abbott               | Kingsley Bacon Leeds               |
| William Kate Alsop, Jr.         | Frederick Lemere                   |
| Theodore Emmons Baker           | Davis Draper Lewis                 |
| William Lemen Beard             | John Werdman Lineaweaver           |
| David Crumley Bevan             | Bramwell Linn                      |
| John Alexander Bishop           | Alexander Albert Liveright         |
| Wilton Wendell Blancke          | George Wildon Laurier Lloyd        |
| Carl Bowker Bomhoff             | Joseph Emory MacNamee              |
| Frank Karr Briggs               | James Shinn Maier                  |
| Samuel Thatcher Brinton         | John Thompson Marshall             |
| Roger Clapp Brown               | William Meyer Masland              |
| John Dickson Carr, 3rd          | Andrew Mawhinney                   |
| Egbert Snell Cary, Jr.          | Alfred Mellor, 2nd                 |
| Henry Jacob Chapin              | Jesse Hamor Michener               |
| Charles Hill Collison           | Ralph LeRoy Miller                 |
| John Roberts Cooper             | Theodore Hollingsworth Morris, 3rd |
| Carroll Langdon Corson          | Keith Napoleon Murray              |
| Robert Morton Cunningham        | Lionel Canton Perera               |
| Frank Curtis Dohan              | John Edgar Probyn, Jr.             |
| James German Downward, 3rd      | Alexander Boyd Ralph               |
| Herbert Kleber Downworth        | Howard Arthur Reid                 |
| Morris Wilbur Estes             | George Ashbridge Rhoads, Jr.       |
| Nathan Thomas Folwell, Jr.      | Thomas Bransford Rodenbaugh        |
| John Perrigo Fox                | John Roedelheim                    |
| George Sellers Garrett          | John Henry Rollman                 |
| Thomas Carrington Gawthrop, 2nd | Gerald Francis Rorer               |
| Alexander Lowery Gucker         | William Glow Sander                |
| Robert LeConte Halberstadt      | Francis Wills Sharpless            |
| Charles Morris Hamilton         | David Kalbach Shivelhood           |
| John Geoffrey Hartman           | Edward Cope Smith                  |
| Arthur Sykes Hawthorn           | Walter Sondheim, Jr.               |
| David Hartas Hedley             | David James Speck                  |
| Everett Howard Hemphill         | James Massey Standing, Jr.         |
| Theodore Frederick Herman, Jr.  | Robert Charles Sullivan            |
| Halsey Munson Hicks             | Willard Everett Swift, Jr.         |
| Edward Theodore Hogenauer       | William Henry Sykes, 2nd           |
| John Stevens Hunner             | Paul Talmev                        |
| Francis Christie Elwell Jameson | Daniel D. Test, Jr.                |
| George Walter Johnson           | Burrell Hilton Tripp               |
| Horace Martin Jones             | Richard Gunsauls Urban             |
| Kenneth Edward Kingham          | Alexander Holdship Ware            |
| George Walter Knipp             | Harold Levi Wilt                   |
| William Spurrier Lane           | Francis Howell Wright              |
|                                 | Lester Martin Zook                 |



Freshman Year

## Freshman Year

"De sooner youse guys hops into it, de sooner youse guys'll snap out of it." Daniel Webster needed Bunker Hill, Abraham Lincoln needed a whole battle-field, to make their speeches immortal. The large math. room and a New Yoik background were enough for Jeff Billo. And in as much as scared green worms can snap, we snapped!

Our coming-out party on first night had been a great success. All the college celebrities were there—Doggy Johnson, Pop Haddleton, Dave Reinhardt—all except Cap (and he was afraid that his "best friend whom he won't tell" might need him.) We were a motley gang of debutantes. Pajamas had been decreed as the prevailing style of dress, and even the prevailing style of weather had been decreed for us—wet and colder—though we had to pray for that. We formed our receiving line in front of North Barclay and there received everything that was coming to us—even before the end of our Senior year. The use of eggs and tomatoes as confetti lent a distinct air to the occasion; so we adjourned to the neighboring batropolis where the redoubtable Sparrowhawk Brown had his own private coming-out party. Many were the Rhinie plans for revenge turned over that night, and many were the Rhinie beds—ditto.

Passing over this trying initiation to the collegiate spirit, we were given the usual set of rules of Rhinie etiquette which purported to set forth what Haverford expected



"Skip, Rhinie!"



Two of the Freshest



as every man's duty. This contradictory document told us that the method of becoming collegians was by skipping, and so for a week we skipped out of it. Nothing is so sure of inspiring College spirit as being told that one's class is the worst ever seen at Haverford. With this encouraging dictum we were faced, and it took us four years to see the truth of it. Harried by a stern hazing committee, consisting of Billo, Rheinhardt, Rogers, Montgomery and Strong, we made valiant attempts to become Haverfordians, while the rest of the College became reconciled to our presence.

Becoming Haverfordians meant learning what the professorial snortle in Math 1 meant, and that in Bug 1 a good knowledge of the professorial photographs was a primary requisite for a good mark. Some of us who were not members of the fold learned the technique of Thursday meeting.

Soon after our entrance, the Class boasted Haverford in proving itself the most intelligent class in the country, a fact which has since been questioned by many. The peculiar line of our intelligence was brought out in our performance in the Cakewalk, about which opinions vary.



*Before the Battle*

Two athletic coaches, Harman and Mc-Pete, came to Haverford along with the Class of '26, and to some extent counteracted our daring to enter the portals. An account of the participation of '26 in the football and soccer seasons will be found elsewhere. Suffice it to say here that these two coaches took the place in Haverfordian hearts which might have been filled by the Freshmen. (Tender sentiment.)

Misled by advice, we proceeded to compose a Rhinic Cakewalk that moved the College deeply, and although the results threatened to disrupt the College, the Class of '26 in retrospect is rather satisfied with the performance.

In the way of all Freshmen we were received by the Faculty, socially, and by the Founder's Club, annually, on which latter occasion we were told that, in spite of our patent inability to do anything, we must all be managers or athletes or litterateurs. Having previously learned from the President in Collection that one should have a great work and not come down, we were told what our great works should be. During this rite, the Sophomores who could not be Founders, taught us more College tradition by taking a sample pajama from each and every Freshman, which articles were tastefully draped about the College in an effort to second the work of the Campus Club. This annual experiment was not looked upon favorably by the authorities, and the crest-fallen pajamas were returned to their owners in a saddened and wiser condition.

Although we thought the Hazing Committee the acme of kindness when we were released from rules for the first College dance, a short time after Thanksgiving, but later upon being allowed to dress in a more conservative fashion than the early regulations permitted, several members of the class were singled out as horrible examples of misplaced kindness, and Carman with his skis, sausage and "Go 'way, Doggie," and Leeds with his "I am very very very VERY dignified," made the campus merry in anticipation of the spring birds. Ralph Miller also displayed the latest styles in lingerie and what the well-undressed actress will wear in the way of bloomers, etc.

Following the upheaval of the Cakewalk, the College with unconscious irony invited the Faculty to dinner. The ostensible purpose was to promote better speeches

and to give an opportunity to professors to work certain jokes out of their systems. The real reason has recently been divulged as an attempt to remedy the food situation by subtle means. This failed. Winter for a Freshman is a sad time, what with Gym, exams, Soph snowballs, and Library lectures—all things that one gets hardened to by Senior year. But we managed to worry through this difficult period and emerged in the spring joyfully anticipating the cricket crease and tennis court rolling.

Perhaps the most successful affair of the spring was the dumping of Mox Reich, for which affair several too exuberant Freshmen were meted out severe punishment. They have since said that the cause was worth the effect. With thoughts of revenge on innocent members of '27 we elected as our Hazing Committee our most violent members, Miller, Busselle, Lowry, Sassaman and Marshall. In the hope of softening our ardor, the Sophomores gave us a Love Feast at which they told us that all was done for our own good, and not to be too hard on the next year's Rhinies. But we still continued to maintain our reputation of being the worst class that had ever come to Haverford, a reputation which we jealously guarded.



*A Cold Reception*



*Haverford 73½—Swarthmore 48½*



*Sophomore Year*

## Sophomore Year

No one in College is more important than a Sophomore; just ask one. We returned in the fall of '23 full of this importance and of our responsibility towards the Class of '27. Being well imbued with the principles of Haverfordianism extant in that day and age, we displayed remarkable ingenuity in entertaining ourselves with the Freshman on their first night at College. The customary quota of eggs, fruit and the usual parade to Ardmore were gone through for the last time in Haverford history. This display of startling originality worked off some of our energy, and we were surprised to find that we were still the isolated class of College, and that the question of hazing was being discussed with the end of stopping it. Thus mildness was forced upon our unwilling committee. It was not until the night of the Junior-Freshman dance that we displayed the latent possibilities of the Class. In the manner of all true Sophomore classes we proceeded to disorganize Freshman night life by removing beds and sleeping apparel from the Rhinie rooms. This task was rewarded by the finding of several adherents to the Victorian nightshirt in the Class of '27.

Blazing with altruistic revenge, the Juniors decided to retaliate in the name of the Freshmen, and simultaneously all the Sophomore beds in College hit the ground with a sickening thud. Then something snapped, perhaps what the Hazing Committee had been talking about our Freshman year. The Sophomores rose as a body, met in North and thence proceeded to retaliate by sending every Junior crashing to the floor. The courtesy of Miller in asking permission to dump the Tower occupants, the valiant stand of the Iron Man in Founders, the fight put up by Schultze, all these were features of the affair. Lord, sword in hand, barred the way to his bed and asked for arbitration but failed to receive it. In one way or another all the Juniors hit the deck, and the



*The Last Hazing Committee*



*Fight, Team!*

Class of '26 took on a greater respect for itself, which was echoed in the better feeling of the other classes.

But all this happened after the Cakewalk when a pushball contest was staged ostensibly with the Rhinics. A large proportion of the upper classes suffered from lapse of memory laboring under the illusion that they were Freshmen again, and the net result of the Dean's pushball battle was a victory for the opposition and a swelled list of infirmary inmates.

No history of the Class would be complete without a mention of the foundry of North Barclay. Led by Monroe, Armstrong, Zimmerman and Jo-Jo Haines, the countryside was regaled at nights by the sound of crashing castings being turned out to the detriment of stairs, trunks and various pieces of furniture. The watchman was re-assured, and the Dean worried. "Never again will there be such a group together," he decided. The Reprobates' Club was the outgrowth of the importation of foundry manners into the dining room. Big business was thus not encouraged.

Introduced to the "snowball of progress" in Ec 1b along with the "man in the street," and the "hewers of wood and drawers of water," we felt we were progressing scholastically even though we had not come into the field of Bib. Lit. as yet.

Looming large among the activities of '26 is the *News*. The class was laying its foundation when Kingsbury took over the business end, and the future editors were under the tutelage of Walt Sassaman. The gradual rosiness of the sheet may be dated from this time.

Merion and the Annex were the seats of the agitating element of the Class and many a fruitless session was held there during the intervals between the inter-house contests of window-breaking. The fruit of these sessions was manifested in the attempt to better food conditions and the end of the Sanger regime.

Aided by the *News*, which had by the last quarter passed over into the hands of Marshall and his cohorts, the question of hazing came to a head in the spring and the Hazing Committee was abolished. It was replaced by a new piece of machinery called the Customs Committee, an interclass body which was supposed to treat the Freshmen fairly, and take care of all the College.

Several innovations in the scholastic line were introduced. A student class in Latin 12b was organized, led by that eminent classicist, Don Baker. Dr. Gray cut a quarterly exam, a practice which some feel certain is not carried out to the extent which its popularity demands.

The paternal attitude of the administration toward the undergraduates was well exemplified when, through their efforts, in co-operation with others in the neighborhood, the threatened calamity of the founding of a cough drop factory in Haverford was thwarted. Care for the students and a full realization of the inherent evils of ease were the determining factors in this movement.

An important step forward this year was the founding of the intra mural athletic league. Inter-dormitory competition was the object of this organization, with a cup, presented by the Haverford Pharmacy, as the trophy going to the winner of the championship. Practically every sport on the athletic calendar was represented in the competition, and in spite of its foundry characteristics North Barclay walked away with the cup. Merion claimed a moral victory in having beaten North several times, only to lose to other aggregations, but moral victories had gone out of favor by this time and the clam was disallowed.

With the full realization that it would be the last thing of its kind, we gave the Rhinies a Love Feast at which many moving remarks were made, and interclass affection was rife. Nothing could shatter our own exalted opinion of ourselves, and now having commanded some respect from the College at large we breathed a sigh of relief as '24 graduated and we were Juniors.



*A Campus Red Oak*



*Junior Year*

## Junior Year

The feeling of importance of a Junior is different from that of a Sophomore, but unlike it lasts only a short time. In amused tolerance we watched the Sophomores carry on with the Freshmen on the first night of College. We were above these things which we had left behind us in the dim past of Sophomore year.

All summer, through our various occupations, we had looked forward to Bib. Lit. about which we had heard so much. To be brief and to the point we were not disappointed. Having studied the twelfth chapter of that old classic O. B. T., we felt able to withstand the assaults of any examination. Although many may not agree with the announcement made in class that "Vanity of Vanities, All is Vanity," we nevertheless passed on the Bib. Lit. tradition to the succeeding class with no diminution of enthusiasm.

Lloyd this year won the questionable distinction of being known as the tenement district of Haverford. In spite of the overwhelming evidence of contagious diseases, mainly measles, in this section of the campus, the occupants objected to this name, and the rush of Seniors to it the next year shows the success of insidious pro-Lloyd propaganda.

A fire in Sharpless Hall, on which occasion Harper was the outstanding hero, added to the general excitement of the year, as did a minor conflagration in Barclay. "Fire" was a general call about the campus on a certain night when Sally was at large, but the whole thing turned out to be but a hoax on the part of fun-loving Juniors escorting a feminized Freshman.

Miller was elected to lead the footballers for the next year, and Evans was to call the toss for the soccerites. During the winter, the Freshmen gave us their annual dance. It was with saddened thoughts that we looked forward to the end of Bib. Lit., and even the unusual occurrence of an eclipse, which gave many an opportunity to visit New England sites of learning, did not wholly reconcile us.

The board track, which had been talked of for so long, came into existence during this winter, and although the President made slighting remarks about its appearance, it proved useful.

Great was the agitation in college one morning when the mail brought the warning that the time had come to do some choosing, the alternatives being the "U. S. or—," and the implication of the next statement, "No man can serve two masters" being that the choice was between patriotism and religion. It was noised abroad that the *News* was



*Pop's Haverford Bowl*



*Lloyd and Merion*



Barclay

responsible for this dilemma. The next day a newspaper with an article announcing the activities of the Bolsheviks in China came for each and every undergraduate. A few got a back copy of the *News* and found the offending journalistic trouble, but to the majority of the student body, the threats against the *News* the warning to the college that they were harboring vipers in their breast, and indeed the whole affair, was looked upon as one of the most amusing jokes of the year.



Prom

This affair is important as an indication of the extremes to which the *News* has sunk under the management of '26. Marshall and his cohorts were succeeding in making each issue attract more attention than the last until at last appeared the famous burlesque. In spite of the obvious color and form, it was the recipient of virulent criticism from literal-minded alumni, who assumed intimate knowledge of the *Police Gazette* on the part of the *News* Board. But the college as a whole looked upon it as an achievement. It partly mitigated the wildness of the *News*, to which they paid no attention anyway.

The loss of Alec Rex, a member of '26, that we could not easily spare, was a saddening blow to the Class; he will be long and affectionately remembered by his classmates.

Of course, every Class claims its Junior Prom as the best ever, but it is only in the case of our Junior Prom that all classes joined in admitting it as the acme of social affairs. The music was the best that has ever been heard on the campus, the decorations were unusual for Haverford, and the management under the hand of Maguire was efficient in every way. 1926 doesn't fear that its Prom will be surpassed.

The spring saw a virile revival of the Social Science Club at the instigation of the '26 radical bloc. But this revival was doomed to be only a temporary respite in the desuetude of the club. The Scientific Society waxed lively and induced Capt. McMillan to visit Haverford, among other speakers. On the whole club life at Haverford took a decided turn for the better. Our debaters, Marshall and Mead, settled an old feud by defeating the formidable Lord-Barton combination, thereby winning the interclass debate for the third year.



*Founders*

The arch-upholders of tradition, the Juniors, donned the requisite flannels, with other accessories, and challenged the Faculty to a match of cricket. After a stirring contest, 1926 emerged victorious. We were athletes.

The end of our Junior year was famous for the hot weather, just as our Sophomore spring was for rain. To the inquiring soul entering our dorms, the sight was one of utter disregard for conventional dress, while pajamas were "de rigeur" for the everyday wear. Sleeping on the lawn was one manifestation of a back-to-Nature movement, and the examination rooms during finals looked more like a Rubens painting than a Quaker college. However, came the end of the year and the major positions in the college organizations were guided by men of ability drawn largely from the Class of '26, in spite of the dismal prophecy of the Freshman year. Garrett, Lowry and Marshall occupied the captaincies, with Garrett leading the basketball men, Lowry the track enthusiasts, and Marshall the tennis team. Baker, after the English trip of the cricket team, was chosen to lead them during the 1926 season.

Nine Juniors qualified for the Founders Club, an unusual number, while Greene represented us in the Phi Beta Kappa. Marshall was chosen to be the President of the Students' Association, and Noek to lead the spirited collection singing as the Glee Club director. After the solemn exercises commemorating the departure of '25, we took on the cares but not the air of Seniors.



*Fred and Ben*



*Sedate Seniors*

## Senior Year

The Senior is the serious man of the campus. He feels he must shoulder the responsibilities of the world. In spite of this fact, universally known and traditionally accepted, 1926 continued its iconoclastic way by being utterly childish. Refusing as a whole to take itself seriously, it was a source of constant reproof from those that considered that we should set an example of sobriety. Particularly were the Lloyd and Merion gangs guilty in this break with tradition.

We faced our last required course strong in the knowledge of most of the philosophical jokes heard in psychology. The "big blooming buzzing confusion" was an old story to us, we knew that love was the force that held together the engine and its driver, with the maiden in the rear car. We had all been urged to marry young and two of our number had already followed the advice. In other words, we were immune and prepared to spend the three hours a week in oblivious dozing.

Cupid had done his work over the summer for, besides the two married couples, six others were engaged and three members were dark horses, who though not openly engaged were strongly suspected.

The fall term of our last year passed off quietly enough. The wild life of Center Barclay, a Senior stronghold, was kept quiet, the *News* careened along on a last wild tack before passing into the hands of the Juniors; the *Record* Board under the leadership of Roedelheim was gathering its libellous material. Perhaps the weight of an ethical thesis was too much for our youthful natures. At any rate, the first half year was surprisingly uneventful.



The Gym

We celebrated our last required lecture in due style by appearing in various incognitos ranging from the Old Lady from Dubuque to Kingsbury, thinly disguised under the guise of a seller of second-hand clothes.



*Spring Fever*

Mid-years were a sign for scholastic trouble. As a last parting shot, the Seniors on the *News* told the Faculty that they were too easy on the students. This ridiculous statement brought forth an immediate reaction from those taken to task in the form of greatly increased work. Seeing that this was not what they wanted, the amateur agitators started talking about reforming the College curriculum again. This had been a favorite cry in the *News* for years whenever the source of inspiration had run dry, and this time they succeeded in getting a very determined and serious committee appointed to back up what had been talked about. The results are still ephemeral, and some of the class found that for their pains they were working hard for the first time in their lives.

A Senior's happy life is occasionally marred by thought of the next year, and this weighed on the mind of '26 occasionally, but not too seriously.

The final elections at mid-years brought Mead into the President's chair permanently, with Marshall picked to replace him in an emergency. Shank will be perpetually condemned to writing class minutes, and in future years the lines on Wood's brow will be



*Meeting*

deepened by the care of collecting the Class dues, no mean task if one stops to think of some of the members of '26.

Two more members of the Class entered the sacred Founders Club, and the predictions are for a usual number of Phi Beta candidates. At the time of going to press there seem to be some forty-nine members of '26 who will receive the valuable (\$15) sheepskins, this number being the remnants of the sixty-two who entered as green worms in 1922, combined with various additions from other classes and institutions.

Although relieved of collection for our last quarter, with its annoying vocal exercises, we sang blithely on the Founders' steps of warm evenings, driving the rest of the college to the stone wall that we so well inhabited during our earlier years.

The spring of Senior year started in a most auspicious way as far as athletics are concerned. The baseball team, whose connection with '26 is largely theoretical, scored four successive wins in intercollegiate games, only dropping a game to the strong Penn A. C. team. The track team after walking on Temple in a practice meet, met Delaware the first part of one week and swamped them 105-21, with nine Seniors scoring 48 of the points. Later in the same week the team met and defeated Rutgers by a score of 66½-59½ with six Seniors scoring 32 points.

The tennis team ran up nine consecutive victories out of the same number of matches, and bids fair to continue the success that the teams have had in the past.

The Cap and Bells' production of the play, "Captain Applejack," was a great success with five Seniors contributing to what has been acclaimed as the best performance ever put on at Haverford. The lowly and unappreciated stage manager should be congratulated as having been mentioned for his good work by the dramatic critics who reviewed the play.



*Roberts*



*The Captains and Managers*

## Football

Of the football team last fall, Coach Harman remarked, "They are a good little team, they play football because they love the game and I would stack them up against any team of their weight in the country. Members of the class of 1926 holding Varsity football positions were inspired very little by the usual rah! rah! sort of college spirit. They did little "fighting and dying for the dear old Alma Mater." And yet they did do what is even more difficult in these days of overemphasis on football—they played and fought each contest as it came along for the sheer pleasure that the sport afforded. There was less of a frenzied attempt to "Beat Swarthmore," there were no long absences from the general college routine, and with it all, Haverford found herself possessed of the best football team since the war (backseat Alumni criticism and dissatisfaction notwithstanding).

Given the regular Varsity line-up in normal playing condition, the 1925 football team displayed a better brand of football than had been seen for ten years on Walton Field. The doubters may apply to Johns Hopkins, Susquehanna, Delaware, Hamilton and Franklin and Marshall for confirmation. Probably the F. and M. game surpassed any football effort on the part of Haverford since the days of Buck Chambers and his twelve lucky pennies.

The class of 1926 stands strongly opposed to alibis; none are offered therefore. Haverford lost the Columbia, Pennsylvania, and Swarthmore games of the fall season by decidedly one-sided scores. The remarkable feature about such defeats was that they failed to undermine the morale of the team. The following Saturday always witnessed a strong comeback.

Captain Squirt (the abbreviation for Merle Middour Miller)—described in the press dispatches as "the former Perkiomen luminary" and dubbed "the fighting captain"—was the only member of the graduating class to occupy a Varsity berth for four successive seasons. In spite of the fact that all captains are "dubbed fighting" and all Haverford elevens spoken of as "the plucky little Mam Liners," the team that he captained was to a large extent the reflection of his happy-go-lucky-try-and-get-through-



Miller's Eleven



*The Football Team*

me method of doing things. Pastmaster of the spiral pass, the coach singled him out as first string center in his Freshman year and he held this position without missing a single game until the Columbia game last fall left him with a badly twisted knee which troubled him during his Senior year. But in spite of the injured left leg, his stellar game against F. and M. gained him general intercollegiate recognition. His general work was characterized by strong offensive play and steady defensive ability.

Without question Lambert has been the hardest running back on the Haverford football teams for the last few years. Not brilliant at ground gaming, he proved himself exceptionally good at interference. Often another back would get the credit for advancing the ball, while it was actually Lambert's well-timed interference that had cleared a path wide enough to drive the Tower Ford through. Upon one occasion, however, he came in for his share of glory by scooping up Wilcox's fumble and dashing for a touchdown against Swarthmore. He was properly called the iron man after he proved himself able to last throughout the entire Pennsylvania game.

Sumwalt as a Varsity tackle of three years' standing proved to be one of the most consistently good players in any of the Haverford football teams. Probably his best game was the team's worst defeat—at the hands of Swarthmore. Coming to Haverford with practically no experience, he improved so rapidly that by his Senior year he found himself the only Haverford representative on the All-Pennsylvania eleven. Combining exceptional defensive and offensive strength, he made his side of the line one of the strongest parts of the team.

Everyone in the class, and particularly Busselle, will remember how he broke into the scoring column in the Scarlet and Black victory over Delaware. Undoubtedly by the time he returns to urge on future football squads to like endeavors, he will have run at least ninety yards for this one touchdown but as a matter of fact the score was made by running thirty yards after his recovery of a blocked kick. Busselle substituted at guard during his Freshman year, played rather mediocre football during his second year, but showed marked improvement during his Junior and Senior years.

Football and Phi Beta Kappa were combined in the person of Charles H. Greene. It is generally conceded that his facial contortions terrified the opposition and so accounted for his unusual success as a regular tackle, during Junior and Senior years. Fast down the field under punts, his great moment came at Lancaster (of all places) against F. and M. when he broke through the first line of defense to block a kick, recover it, and carry the wet slippery ball over the line for Haverford's lone touchdown. F. and M. won the game by successfully kicking the extra point after their single score.

Sassaman's play, as an end of considerable experience, was characterized by alertness in recovering opposing fumbles. His work during Senior year far excelled all his former efforts. Previously he had been an in-and-out sort of a player but during the past season he displayed an amount of fire and dash that accounted for several Haverford victories, notably the Hamilton game in which he tallied a touchdown and a safety. Sassaman's toe did the team's drop kicking and he was also valuable on the receiving end of forward passes.

As a halfback Lowry was probably the fastest man on the squad. Although never a regular, he played a good portion of the Varsity games on the 1925 schedule and won his football "H" as a result. Not particularly heavy, he proved himself a good defensive back and a sure tackler.

Al Buck deserves credit for his hard work as a substitute end throughout four seasons and was somewhat rewarded when he intercepted a forward pass that probably saved a touchdown in the closing minutes of the 18-0 victory over Delaware. He was awarded his numerals.

It is hardly necessary to add that the managership of this important department was in the capable hands of Ed Kingsbury whose efficient care has set a standard for all future custodians of the blankets.



The Basketball Team

## Basketball

With Phil Garrett as almost the sole exception, the Class of 1926 has been content to act as an interested spectator to Varsity basketball. In fact, during four years Phil is the only member of the class to have won a letter, while Shank, Haviland and Leeds have acquired numerals.

Haverford basketball was not an inspiring sight in 1923. Both during that season and the following one, a spirited but unorganized group of men cavorting around the floor under the brilliant leadership of "Dooley" Arnold was the best the College could boast in the line of winter athletics. The Swarthmore game in each of these years was the outstanding feature. The Haverford team lost its one-point lead and the game with Shane's final-second field goal in 1923, while in 1924 a desperate Haverford rally fell short by one point as the game ended.

The advent of Coach Halas and some new material in the Class of 1928 gave Haverford basketball a new lease of life, as well as a new style of play. Coach Halas started slowly, and his first season was far from a dazzling success as far as victories go, but by the end of the season the game was being played in a much more systematic fashion than ever before, and a good squad of men with a knowledge of the new plays were expected back for the next season.

The 1925-26 season with Coach Halas again at the driving position was by far the most successful of any of the four years. In spite of injuries, which made the squad

a very vacillating body, the team maintained a respectable appearance throughout the season, only lowering itself to the level of former years on the sad occasion of the week-end trip to New York. The high points of the season were two victories over Delaware, a not-inglorious defeat at the hands of Princeton after forcing them to an extra period, and the memorable Swarthmore game, the first recorded basketball victory over the Garnet.

Captain Garrett started the season inauspiciously by sitting on the sidelines for the first month of the season, thanks to the U. of P. football game. When he finally appeared in uniform, his progress could only be graphed by a steadily rising curve. When the season had advanced well into February, the accustomed method of solving crucial points in close games was to pass the ball to Phil near the middle of the floor. He would then slowly fold himself down until his topmost point was level with the floor and suddenly release himself and the ball in a way that invariably produced a basket. This cool dependability, plus a persistent stubbornness that became peculiarly aggravated when opposing players were attempting to score, combined to make Garrett a real leader on the basketball floor. And who can forget the calm assurance with which he sunk five foul shots in succession at the beginning of the Swarthmore game?



33-30

Bucky Harris, the boy-manager, impersonated by Fred Roedelheim, was an asset such as every traveling team should have. Fred not only knew the ins and outs of all the New York subways and Hoboken tubes, but he had a winning smile that could persuade any waitress to bring forth her juiciest steaks and freshest eggs for his charges. His trust in College poached eggs and last week's toast was little short of awe-inspiring, and much of the team's wiry toughness and durability is credited to Bucky's culinary ministrations.



Coach Halas

Shank was a luminary in Sophomore year, but since then gave up basketball as a serious pursuit and became the terror of the intra-mural tournament under the Harper-Gilmour management. Two years of faithful practice made Haviland into a tower of strength on the winning J. V. team. His ability to bully small boys on teams from neighboring high schools carried him on most of the Varsity trips, where he served as a useful auxiliary. Leeds ended up his basketball career with a burst of glory when he culminated the J. V. rally that beat the Philadelphia Y. M. C. A. with a difficult angle shot in the closing minutes of play. Maguire and Miller deserve mention as members of '26 who have played from time to time in Varsity games.



*The Track Team*

## Track

Without a doubt for several years back Haverford College track teams have brought more than their due share of honor and glory to Scarlet and Black athletic annals. Although 1926 did not furnish quite so many individual stars to assist in establishing the two-year undefeated record of Coach Haddeleton's cinder squad, as did the preceding Class of 1925, still it has been the sterling work of Lowry in the hurdles, Tatnall at the high jump Lamberti in the field events, and to a lesser extent the efforts of Pitter, Kingsbury, Roedelheim and Lewis that made this string of victories possible. Without them, it can be safely said that Haverford track teams during this period would have been just "good" rather than of exceptional merit.



Ben

Track has been the only sport in which a regular organized Freshman team competes with outside schools. The Freshman track squad of the present graduating Class displayed considerably more than ordinary ability. It turned in victories over some of the best preparatory schools in the vicinity, including Lansdowne, Westtown, George School, Lower Merion, Episcopal Academy and Haverford School. Incidentally while considering purely Class achievements on the cinder path, it is worth noting that '26 ran a good second to '25 in the spring of Sophomore and Junior years in interclass competition, while at the meet this past spring, the Seniors at last captured first honors.

Captain Lowry is probably the most valuable track star that the Seniors possess, although in matter of versatility there is not much to choose between him and Lamberti. Lowry's best events are the hurdles, both high and low, although he can also run either the hundred or two-twenty, or fill out the quarter-mile relay team. During four successive track seasons it has been a regular part of the dual meet programs to see Lowry reeling off first places in the hurdle events. As early as Freshman year he divided honors with Russ Allen, then captain and high hurdle specialist, and won his Varsity letter at the close of that season. Since then he has steadily improved, coming perilously close to the College record of 15 4-5 seconds in the high hurdles. Especially fast between hurdles, only a bit of tough luck prevented his capturing the Middle Atlantic's title last year when he tripped on the eighth barrier and lost the two precious yards' lead he held over his nearest competitor.

Lamberti excels at the field events in much the same all-around way as Captain Lowry does on the cinder path. The points won by these two men have been 1926's main contributions toward defeating Swarthmore in Freshman and Sophomore years by a comfortable margin, in breaking the seven-year undefeated record of Dickinson in Sophomore year, and the unspotted record of Rutgers, which had stood for

four seasons. The broad jump and javelin are Lamberti's best events. He held the College broad jump record for twenty minutes when he leaped 21 feet 10 1-2 inches in the meet with the Garnet in 1925. Aside from the javelin and broad jump, Lamberti enters the shot put. He won his letter in this event Freshman year.

It has always been something of a mystery how Tatnall, who is built more like a weight man than a high jumper, is able to get his some six feet two inches over a bar placed well over five feet six inches above the ground, but such are the facts of the case, and he won an "H" for doing it. Sassaman exhibited great promise as a miler in his early years at College, taking a first in the Swarthmore meet of 1923 in the excellent time of 4:38. He was the captain of the Rhinic team of that year and has won his letter every year since then.

Pitter possesses a vast amount of natural track ability. He made cricket his regular spring sport and then with hardly any practice appeared on the track to walk away with places in the javelin, high and broad jump competitions.

Turning to the men from 1926, who have not yet won the Varsity "H," a rather large group are to be observed. Roedelheim, as a hurdler, has shown steady improvement through four years of college track participation, even going so far as to occasionally threaten Lowry's supremacy. Haines shines as a miler and along with Kingsbury at the same distance came near winning his letter during the 1925 season. Lewis stands as an excellent understudy for Tatnall in the high jump, having won several invaluable second and third place points in close meets.

Nock and Richie proved themselves fairly capable dash men during Freshman and Sophomore years, when they made track their spring sport. Both were awarded numerals. Campbell has garnered several points for Haverford in that most gruelling of races, the two-mile run.

Ted Wood is the man who worries with "Pop" over the schedule and condition of the track, and who assigns to his assistant managers the pleasant job of getting Rhinies to wield the roller around the quarter-mile.

At the time of going to press, the track team has scored two victories out of two meets; one over Delaware by the score of 105-21, winning all but one first place, and a second win over Rutgers by 66 1-2 -59 1-2.

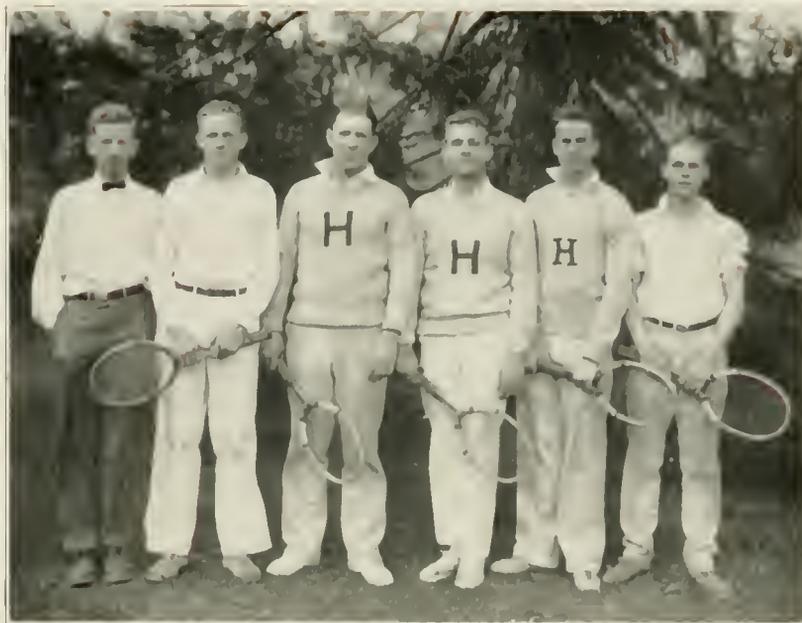


Vic

## Tennis

Together with track and soccer, tennis has stood as one of the most successful of Haverford sports, judged from the standpoint of victories won. While "Pop" Hadleton was talking his track men into undefeated seasons, the tennis team without the aid of a coach was pushing the track record closely, just missing an undefeated season in 1924 by one match and by two in 1925. So popular did tennis become as a spring activity that in 1923 it was raised to the level of a major sport and Varsity letters and numerals awarded to the participants in the regular schedule.

The first tennis squad generally consists only of four men, and one of the factors that has tended to keep the work of this team uniformly excellent has been that each class has been able to contribute one man to its make-up each year. Captain Marshall has been 1926's representative on the net squad for four years. Coming to Haverford possessed of a fast rather than heady game, he gained valuable collegiate match-play experience by occupying the fourth singles post during the most of Freshman year, as well as the second doubles position. He received numerals that year.



The Tennis Team

The following year he put to excellent usage the experience of the previous season, moving up to number three in team ranking and traveling through the season without dropping a singles contest. Junior year he came within an ace of duplicating this same record, but fell before the prowess of Dudley of Swarthmore in the final match of the season, 7-5, 12-10. As a Junior he alternated between number three and number two in the team list. Sophomore year he reached the semi-final round in the Middle Atlantics, and Junior year the round before the semi-finals. In general, his game consists of a fast and accurate service, which he follows into the net with good effect, combined with a fair forehand drive and a consistent free swinging backhand. As a rule he depends on his volleying ability to finish off his points, always seeking the forecourt position when an opening presents itself. This net attack has made him a valuable member of the doubles team.

Haviland and Baldwin have been the '26 members of the second team, a group organized to play nearby preparatory schools and college second teams. Haviland, in particular, has shown a good type of all-around game that has been just under Varsity calibre. Baldwin's game shows a good service and forehand stroke, but his backhand has proved his vulnerable point. The second team scored a victory over Swarthmore's reserves at the end of the 1925 season.

Marshall captained the team in his Senior year, playing singles and doubles. The team undertook a long schedule arranged by Manager Jackson, including matches with Pennsylvania, Rutgers, Lafayette, Delaware and Stevens as the features. Haviland captained the second team which had several matches scheduled.

At the time of going to press, the Varsity has won nine straight matches by decidedly one-sided scores. These include victories over Delaware, Rutgers and Lafayette.



Howard



The Baseball Team

## Baseball

So small has been the actual participation of 1926 in the activities of the baseball team that a history of that sport could well be written without even mentioning their somewhat scattered efforts. Aside from Manager Miller's endeavors to secure this year's squad a generally well balanced schedule of games, Morss' ability as a third baseman, in which capacity he served on the Varsity, stands as about the only achievement '26 can claim as raising the general status of baseball at Haverford. There seems to be no doubt that baseball, as a sport, has made considerable progress within the last three or four years, but the credit for this progress rightly goes largely to Coach Halas, to last year's Senior class, and to various baseball stars like Captain Saunders, Logan, Vanneman, Flint, Kingham, Abbott and others, who are undergraduates.

Of course, there are various minor aspirants from 1926 for positions in the hall of fame. Probably Maguire's name should head the list by virtue of his letting Princeton down with no hits in the game with that institution in the spring of 1924. Previous to his entrance into the pitcher's box in the last third of the seventh inning, the Princeton batters had been banging the deliveries of the Haverford twirlers to all parts of the field. Finally, in desperation, the coach sent Maguire to the hill. He promptly grooved the first pitched ball, which was hit as a long fly to center field for the final put out, the game being called on account of darkness. After this effort Maguire gave up pitching to rest upon his laurels for the rest of his collegiate career.

Another member of 1926 contributed to the permanent records of the great American game in this same contest. This man is Alec Wagner, who sent such a wonderfully fast, straight ball right across the heart of home plate that the Princeton batter was able to drive it for the longest home run ever known on the Orange and Black diamond. The bases were full at the time, and after such an accomplishment Wagner was withdrawn from the lineup and sent to the showers as his due reward.

During the first three years Gilmour displayed considerable talent as a general utility infielder. He alternated at second during the greater part of the 1925 season and probably would have been a regular this year if he had remained in College.

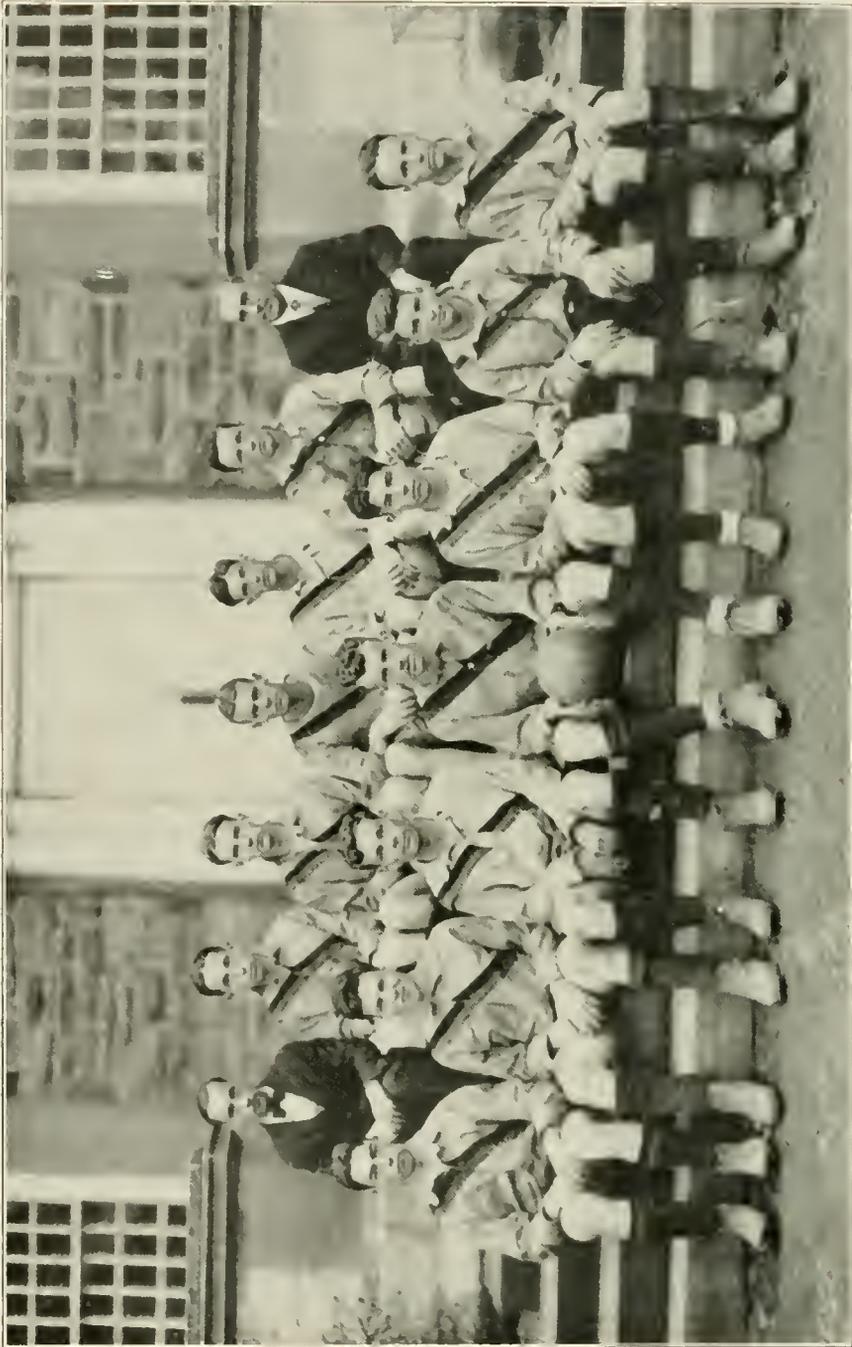
While not a member of the graduating Class (a fortunate fact for the baseball team during the next three years), the work of Kingham as the star pitcher during the season just past deserves special mention in any account of Haverford baseball.

Morss substituted at various infield posts during his first year at Haverford and in Senior year found himself regularly occupying the third base position. Possessing a fast, accurate peg to the bag, he proved himself a valuable cog in the team's defensive play. He also showed ability in gauging the fast grounders lashed at the third sacker, and proved himself reliable in handling the short Texas Leaguers falling just out of the infield. Although not exceptionally strong at bat, he could be depended upon for a hit now and then when needed.

The first four college ball games this spring were won by Haverford, only one game being dropped to the strong Penn. A. C. team.



"Play Ball!"



The Soccer Team

## Soccer

Individually, the Class of 1926 furnished Haverford with some of the best soccer material that has ever appeared on '88 field. Under Coach McPete's careful tutelage they formed the nucleus of a team feared throughout the intercollegiate league for its strong defense and swift, short passing attack.

Some of the soccer achievements for which the graduating class can take to itself a portion of the credit were the winning of the Pennsylvania State League title by the Junior Varsity, the magnificent battles staged against the U. of P. in 1923, '24 and '25; the defeat of such teams as Yale, Navy, Cornell, Army, Harvard and others. A 2-2 tie with Princeton, the present holders of the intercollegiate title, featured the past fall season.

Turning to strictly interclass contests, the incoming Rhimes in the fall of 1922 surprised themselves and the rest of the College as well by walking off with the interclass championship. Little difficulty was experienced in repeating this feat the following year, but in Junior year it was a sad story. The lowly Sophomores refused to be frightened by Captain Haviland's team of Varsity shirts and all-American honors. The stellar work of Richie, Evans, Marshall, Baker, Haviland and Borton, which had carried the soccer team to undisputed possession of second place in the Intercollegiate League, availed very little, and the Sophomores proceeded to plaster the proud Junior Class with ignominy and mud, defeating them 1-0 and annexing the Class title.

And now turning to the men of 1926 who made up the soccer teams, Henry Evans as captain of the Varsity in his Senior year naturally merits first consideration. Unlike many of his teammates, he did not embark upon his soccer career with long hours spent in the "bull pen" of Merion Field. A man with great potential abilities, he was shifted from position to position until he finally landed in the fullback post, where his six feet three inches of height, long legs, powerful boot, and steam roller tendencies all combined to make on-rushing forwards steer clear of his territory. A brilliant game against Penn in 1924 brought him all-American honors, the captaincy of the soccer team, and, some add, a formidable moustache.

Bob Richie was always an outstanding soccer star. Only the one year rule kept him off the team in his Freshman year. Given the ball with a broken field, not a back in college ranks could consistently stop him. Speed, clever dribbling and passing, to which were added a well-timed cross and an accurate shot for the goal, all went to



*A Scrimmage at the Goal*

make him the most brilliant and spectacular outside right that Haverford has ever had.

For dribbling and shooting no man on the soccer teams could match Don Baker. Starting with the third team, Baker quickly displayed Varsity ability and held an inside position for three years. Never a fast man, he played a roving game, hovering just back of the first line of attack. A loose ball bounding out from the goal was his meat. He would pounce upon it, take a couple of deceptive dribbles and sock!—the Lord be kind to the wrists of any goal tender who tried to stop one of Baker's deadly right or left hooks. His favorite circus trick was to skim goals off the posts from eighteen to twenty yards out.

Haviland—the mud horse. Nothing pleased Harris quite so much as a wet, slimy field and a slippery, greasy ball; the worse the playing conditions, the better he played. Although coming to Haverford with fullback experience, he was shifted to the key position at center half in his Junior year. He possessed a sureness of tackling that made him invaluable at breaking up opposing combinations, and he was especially apt at emerging from close scrimmages with the ball and then executing a short, accurate pass to one of the wings. He gained a goodly share of all-American mention.

Ted Wood was always a halfback. After playing the entire season at center half in his Sophomore year, a compound fracture of his left leg sustained in the last game of the 1923 season kept him out of Varsity lineups for a year. But Senior year found him back on the team in the role of right half. Wood's steadiness and power of anticipating plays was almost uncanny. Most halfbacks miss kicks sometimes. Wood did not, and because the ball always obeyed his bidding, no one could oust him from a halfback berth.



Hen

speaking of halfbacks, it is impossible to forget Bob Haines. He captained the winning J. V. team in 1924 and rose to exceptional heights on the Varsity of last fall. No man on the entire team was so consistently brilliant. He was equally good on a dry or wet day and a wonder of speed and endurance in holding out the attack on the left side of the field. All in all, he was probably the most valuable man on the 1925 team.

The diminutive Borton was master of the difficult left-footed cross, so necessary a part of a left outside's equipment. Not especially speedy, he was, however, a clever dribbler and quite able to utilize every ounce of his none too heavy frame in making things decidedly uncomfortable for any fullback who chose to thrust himself in his path. Borton and Richie were a pair of wing men that were generally conceded to be the best in intercollegiate circles.

The Merion Field "bull pen" was distinguished during the fall of Rhinie year in giving Howard Marshall the start that made him into the best goalkeeper that Haverford has boasted in many years. Howard seemed perfectly content to scrape his knees and elbows in the thankless and unsung task of diving after balls in the third team goal, and it was not until the interclass series of that year that his light was given the opportunity of coming forth from under its bushel. His owl-like ability to push the ball away from danger in the dusk of a December afternoon had much to do with bringing the Class its first championship. Harry Wilbur's graduation gave Howard his chance to step into a Varsity berth without the intermediate step of the Junior Varsity.

Mention should be made of Shank and Maguire, one a halfback and the other a goal-tender who captained the J. V.'s in Senior year. Neither played regularly on the Varsity, but both were of Varsity calibre and received soccer "H"'s for their sustained efforts.



The Cricket Team

## Cricket

The Class of '26 has contributed as much support to cricket as it has to other fields of athletics—perhaps more. Haines, Baker and Pitter were taken on the trip to Canada during the summer after their Freshman year, and altogether, off and on, there have been eight members who have indulged in the ancient and honorable game. Maguire, forsook the crease and turned to baseball in his Freshman year, and Richie has not swung a bat since he got caught and bowled by one of the opposite sex. Barry has played from time to time and this spring helped considerably to make up for the loss of Haines.

It is not merely in the matter of numbers that the Class has been prominent in this form of activity. Haines, Baker and Garrett all held the belt awarded for fielding prior to their Senior year, Pitter was twice winner of the ball presented for the best bowling average, and Garrett filled the position of lead-off man for a couple of seasons. Nor was the Improvement Bat given to Captain Baker in vain last year, as demonstrated by his "78 not out" made during the English trip.

The tour of the English Public Schools last summer is one of the brightest spots in Haverford cricket since the last one. The team was royally treated and had a wonderful time, particularly some of the members. Our cheering was alluded to in the London newspapers as "war cries, truly a fearsome sound," and probably frightened the English boys more than the brand of cricket displayed by our XI. They did stand in awe, however, of Pitter, whose fame as the "demon bowler" had spread before him; of Haines' red head crowning his six feet two, and of Baker's aggressive batting attitude.

The team won all its games but one in this country in 1924 and 1925. This year Pitter and Carman, the playing manager who made his debut last season, formed the foundation of the bowling staff, while Captain Baker emerged from behind the wicket to help Garrett take care of the scoring end. The "war cry" of the 1926 XI was "Don't drink out of the bottle!"



*The Council*

## *The Students' Council*

The powers-that-be in this year's graduating class conceived the idea of making the Students' Council something more than a glorified criminal court whose members busied themselves about the campus showing off their authority and police badges. Not that a certain amount of petty court work in the shape of fines and an occasional suspension or expulsion has not been necessary to keep the wheels of student government moving smoothly, but the Students' Council felt that to go no further would certainly be failing to fulfill its best potentialities as an active executive head of undergraduate life.

And so, more in spite of their sheriff stars than because of them, the Students' Council has managed to further many constructive measures toward the general advancement of college conditions. Starting this fall under the leadership of Marshall as president, and Sumwalt, Miller, Mead, Wood, Evans and Borton as Senior members, the Council subjected the Haverford honor system to a careful revision in order to make this honor system applicable for make-up examinations. This new plan makes the successful working of the honor system a matter of concern to the whole student body, rather than to each class. Another minor reform was the securing of Faculty permission to smoke on the skating pond, a matter of great moment judging by the agitation for it in certain sections of the undergraduate body.

The Council sent representatives to various intercollegiate conferences, chief of which was undoubtedly the Princeton World Court Conference. This conference resulted in the formation of a National Student Federation of the United States, in which future Students' Councils and succeeding Haverford Students' Associations will be asked to take part.

Probably the most important and ambitious piece of work that the Council undertook during the year was the effort made through a special sub-committee (composed of Marshall, chairman; Borton, secretary; Jackson, Kingsbury, Hollander, Baker and Wood) to provide a channel through which undergraduate ideas on curriculum changes might percolate directly to the Faculty and Administration quarters. In connection with this broad plan for curriculum revision, the Council invited Dr. Snyder to speak on the general requirements for entrance into Haverford, in order to clear the air to some extent of various opinions about Haverford entrance requirements that were, perhaps, rather lacking in fact basis. The general movement, it is to be hoped, will make for closer student-Faculty co-operation so essential in a small college.

But with all these various plans, probably the supreme feat which the Students' Council accomplished was to fine its President two dollars for throwing food in the dining room as the very first item of business in the year 1925-26. Contrary to current opinion, it may even cost money to belong to the Council.

## Y. M. C. A.

Under the two years' leadership of Hugh Borton, the general standard of Y. M. C. A. activity has improved greatly. Although it may seem an impossibility for any class that could put on a Rhinie cakewalk of such a nature as to almost cause half of its members to be expelled from College to add anything of a permanent nature to the well-being of the Y. M. C. A., nevertheless the facts seem to indicate that this achievement has been accomplished.

By sublimating some of the enthusiasm of the cakewalk episode into more useful channels, Borton and his Y. M. C. A. cabinet succeeded admirably well in introducing some new and valuable features into the "Y" programs. They displayed considerable courage in branching out into realms of applied Christianity when they sponsored open discussions on problems of a national, international and political nature, as well as those of purely undergraduate interest. In other words, mid-week "Y" meetings often tended to stimulate individual thinking and thus progressed from the usual routine of cut and dried sermons that were formerly the order on Wednesday evenings.

A broadened and more extended social service work was carried on in Preston under the direction of Merle Miller, while Henry Evans added several innovations to the yearly edition of the "Rhinie Bible." Haverford was represented at the June Intercollegiate Y. M. C. A. Conferences at Silver Bay by larger delegations than at any time previously.

Edward Wood and his assistants successfully carried across the charity drive through a somewhat trying period when the war impetus for community action had pretty largely died away. Their collection troubles were many and varied.

After so much of progress the Y. M. C. A. cabinet found it necessary to periodically go into "retreat." This retreating left the student body at the mercy of "the temptations which beset all college men," but they have somehow managed to survive.



*The News Board*

## The Haverford News

Presidential and World Court polls, an Alumni and undergraduate referendum on the athletic situation, editorial controversies over honors courses, hazing and general administrative policies at large, not to mention battles with Swarthmore's Dean, a new feature in the shape of an extended and newsy sports page, articles which brought the accusation that the editors were "the Puppets of Moscow," and last, but by no mean least, the never-to-be-forgotten-but-unlikely-to-be-repeated Burlesque Issue—these are a few of the activities by which the *Haverford News*, under the control of the journalists of 1926, kept the Faculty, students and Alumni wondering what would be next.

Lifted, near the close of Sophomore year, to the editorship of the *News*, which position had been left prematurely vacant by the departure of Walt Sassaman from College, Marshall set out to further and add to the improvements and innovations which his predecessor had so well begun. He gathered around him for this purpose Jackson and Busselle as his co-partners in crime, Jackson in the capacity of managing editor and Busselle as head of the sporting desk.

*You have now seven (7) days!!*

*3/15/1925*

Looking toward the business end, it is to be noted that Kingsbury, the class manager of managers, took over that department of the *News*, and together with his assistants, Campbell, Curtis, Borton and Mead, instituted such a complete reorganization of former unsystematic methods of ad chasing that the *News* showed better financial balances than at any time since its start in 1909. Kingsbury, pressed for time because of managing the "co-op" and football, resigned after holding the position throughout his Junior year, and Campbell carried on with equal success.

Sunday was never a day of rest for the editorial board. The cohorts generally gathered around two or three (none got up for breakfast) and the rest of the college knew by the noise issuing from the office in the Union that the week's *News* was being prepared for the presses. Part and parcel of the scene was Busselle roaring at his sporting assistants, Maguire and Haviland, or sending out a hurry up call for Roedelheim's football story. At 5.30 the journalists' union, feeling a change of atmosphere to be necessary, adjourned to one of the neighboring houses where supper was served to the board.

By 9.00, however, the "serious thinking" elements, namely the editorial writers, editor Marshall and managing editor, Jackson had re-assembled to tell what was wrong with the College in the week's editorial page, while sporting editor Busselle was generally on hand for a last glance at the none-too-perfect athletic write-ups. By 1.00, with the College sound asleep, the last batch of copy traveled into the *Inquirer*, where proof was read and 4.00 A. M. suppers devoured. Part of the game was to try to get the money from Campbell afterwards.



The Musical Clubs

## The Musical Clubs

"A nicely varied program, well executed and slightly above the average in quality," was the comment made upon the Musical Clubs of this year by an outsider. Karl W. Nocka came to coach the Glee Club our Freshman year and his work has brought about a steady rise in the calibre of its singing. This year, under the leadership of Nock, it could appear in concert with the Princeton Glee Club, which placed second in the intercollegiate competition, and feel that the comparison was not odious. The Instrumental Club, under the direction of Richard Weaver, has been led for two years now by Merle Miller and has attained heights never before reached by a Haverford club. "Selections from Paggiacci" and Chabrier's "Spanish Rhapsody" were its best and most appreciated pieces, while the Glee Club did its best work on Brahms' "Lullaby" and a humorous piece called "Falling Dew." The latter number obtained added attraction from the facial appendage of the leader.



*The Haverfordians*

Freshman year, Joly, Nock and Campbell Club and Merle Miller was given the task of accompanying both. He learned at Atlantic City made the Glee Club; Jolly made the Instrumental that it was a bad business to strike the chord on which the Glee Club should end after they were through singing. The next year saw R. C. Miller, Halstead and Baldwin in the Glee Club, and Monroe among the mandolins in the Instrumental Club. Merle still officiated at the piano. But at the end of the season true genius and faithful service was recognized and he was elected to lead the latter club in his Junior year.

Junior year brought Gross, now a member of our Class, Tatnall and Busselle to the fold of the singers; Buck with his saxophone, and Jackson, Rex, Roedelheim, Nock and Leeds with their mandolins came under the direction of Merle. MacGowan was chosen to accompany the clubs the next two years.

In Senior year Borton and Lambert decided they had hidden their talent long enough and joined the clubs, Borton as a singer and Vic as a mandolin player. Nock assumed the leadership of the Glee Club and Merle continued with the Instrumental Club. Carter came from Kansas to graduate with us and brought along his fiddle. One important change was made. Joly deserted the Glee Club and his saxophones in favor of "Sue." Sue is neither man, woman, nor beast, but a weird and curious perversion of the genus "tuba." It must be said, however, that it really was a distinct addition to the Instrumental Club.

This year started off with an informal concert in the Bryn Mawr Grammar School to which a few people came. Then the Strap and Buckle Club organized during exams and set out for Atlantic City. Here, in addition to the regular routine, it was entertained by the attractions of night life and the desperate and deadly feud between two Haverfordians for the favor of a fair lady. After recuperating from this trip, concerts were given at Germantown and Philadelphia Normal School in preparation for the home concert, at which Dr. Carpenter helped out by singing several solos. The best concert of the year was the affair in the Academy of Music in conjunction with the Princeton clubs. One more concert was scheduled, however, that being the one with Dartmouth in Philadelphia, which came as a fitting climax to a very successful season.

A word of special attention is due to the "Haverfordians" whose playing has been an integral part of every concert and who have played at several of the dances which followed, and to Charles Thompson, '27, whose piano solos were a feature of the programs.



*"Captain Applejack"*

## *Dramatics*

The Class of 1926 did not wait long after it had entered College to show its histrionic capabilities. The cakewalk and Rhinie tryouts brought forth the hidden lights of the Class. Soon after Christmas vacation that year, Dr. Lockwood started off formal dramatics with his famous and well-attended Classical Club play. It was the second annual production, and the opus was Plautus' "Miles Gloriosus," in which Hibberd played the part of the young thing, with Greene, Brown and Baker appearing in the rôles of servants. The following year the same author's "Rudens" was given. In this, Baldwin had the part of the kidnapped girl, Roedelheim was the priestess of Venus, Nock was a fisherman, Baker a friend of the hero, and Busselle a bruiser. A change of authors was made in Junior year, and Terence's "Adolphoe" was produced with Hibberd as the son who was not brought up properly, and Baldwin as the uncle who gave the other son the right training. For this spring's production, Plautus' "Aulularia" was chosen. Baldwin played the role of the wealthy bachelor who did not marry the girl after all, and Hibberd appeared as a cook.

It was in the Cap and Bells' productions that the class showed what it could do to an even greater extent. Freshman year four members made the play, "A Successful Calamity." Baldwin was the much-wooed daughter of the millionaire whose machinations started the whole play. Richie was one of the suitors for her hand. Mead,

aided by a moustache and flowing tie, played the part of a painter, and Roedelheim appeared in a female rôle.

In Sophomore year, Arnold Bennett's "The Great Adventure" was chosen. Baldwin took the part of the wife of the great painter who allowed herself to be thought dead and then had trouble keeping hidden. Richie was the doctor and Kingsbury shone twice in a dual rôle.

"The Boomerang" and its complications were set forth the following year. Mead made a lovely old lady as the mother of the hero; Joly, with the moustache grown for the part, portrayed the young-man-about-town. His blase manner was excellent, but he should have known better than to wear the clothes from the Co-op Store that he did. Richie functioned as the slow and dignified butler.

The spring of 1926 saw the production of "Captain Applejack," a more arduous undertaking than any of previous years. To Joly was assigned the rôle of the smooth and charming female crook, who poses as a Bolshevik refugee. Another female crook was played by Hibberd. Mead again played a middle-aged lady. Baldwin had the rôle of the old family butler, and R. C. Miller was a real estate salesman.



*The Classical Club Play*



The Haverfordian Board

## The Haverfordian

It seems rather unfortunate that the *Haverfordian*, which represents the college's contribution to American *belles lettres*, has been deprived—through their indifference or scorn—of some major talents who have confined their endeavors to the *News*. [Thank you, Hibby.] Notwithstanding this handicap, the monthly magazine has thrived during the past year under the régime of Barry as editor-in-chief and Gerald Gross as business manager.

With the May, 1925, issue, Hibberd and Barry were elected to the Editorial Board, the latter being chosen a month later to succeed as editor-in-chief. To Barry, indeed, belongs much of the credit for the magazine's successful and regular appearance, for, besides his varied and multitudinous contributions, his acquaintance with commercial journalism—obtained through authentic experience—has stood him in good stead in the technical end of publication. Barry has, moreover, displayed the most versatility, having striven in the fields of poetry, essay, book reviewing, and short story. The activities of Gross have not been confined solely to the magazine proper, but have been successfully extended to include a leading part in the publication, under the auspices of the *Haverfordian*, of Christopher Morley's undergraduate performances in a volume entitled *Hostages to Fortune*. Other contributions to the magazine have been received at various times from Baker, Campbell, R. Miller and Roedelheim.

It is a deplorable fact that the *Haverfordian*—barring an occasional special inducement—is seldom read by members of the undergraduate body except the contributors (who in turn peruse scarcely any but their own work). However, the magazine has had a measure of revenge in its recognition by outside circles, several selections having been reprinted by the *New Student* and the *Intercollegiate World*.

## Minor Organizations

### RADIO CLUB:

The only proper way to evaluate the work of the Haverford College Radio Club would be to write a biographical sketch of Williams S. Halstead's activities while at College. Starting with a small group of men including Gross, R. C. Miller, and J. B. Smith, who were interested in radio reception, Halstead recruited Alumni interest in the broadcasting end of radio and had enough money donated to finance the building by the members of the club of a small 50-watt set. From this small beginning, gradual improvements were made, weekly programs were instituted and WABQ, the College call letters, became known over a wide range of territory as coming from the "first college broadcasting station in the East."

Experiments were carried out with short wave-lengths in code and a trans-Atlantic Oxford-Haverford chess match by radio was successfully attempted. Recently Halstead interested the Ardmore Theatre in the activities of WABQ, and through the generosity of Mr. LaPorte, manager, succeeded in enlarging the set to a 750-1000-watt capacity, thus giving it a power exceeded, in Pennsylvania, only by KDKA, in Pittsburgh.

### SCIENTIFIC SOCIETY:

Under the leadership of Edward Wood the Scientific Society has taken some rapid strides forward. Captain MacMillan was brought to Haverford to speak under the auspices of this organization, as were many other prominent men, experts in their special fields of applied science.

### DEBATING:

Due largely to the efforts of Marshall and Mead, the class of 1926 has never been defeated in inter-class debate. Marshall won the Everett Society Medal for the best individual speaker in Freshman-Sophomore Debate for two successive years. In Junior year the old feud between the Marshall-Mead and Lord-Barton combinations was settled once and for all in favor of Marshall and Mead when they emerged victorious from the annual Junior-Senior Debate for the Alumni Prize in oratory.

In inter-collegiate competition this same pair have set up the record of never having been defeated in any debate where they combined their respective abilities. Borton and Kingsbury, both members of the graduating class, also took an active part in inter-collegiate debating; Borton acted as alternate for the Junior-Senior class affair.

### SOCIAL SCIENCE:

In the field of the Social Sciences, Jackson and the rest of the radical element kept the pot boiling with speakers during the latter part of Junior year, but lack of general college interest caused their club to die a rather untimely death during the next year.

### PRESS:

The Press Club, organized for the purpose of spreading Haverford publicity through various newspaper channels, has had a rather checkered career. Tatnall, Roedelheim and Hartman have been '26's most active members.

### CHESS:

The Chess Club, an organization that conducts a college tournament and puts a team in the field for inter-collegiate matches, has had Greene and Leeds, of '26, among its members.

### HONORARY:

Considering the honorary societies, Beta Rho Sigma names four men of the Senior Class among its members, Miller, Lowry, Marshall, Borton—while the Triangle Society has taken in three from the Graduating Class, namely Sassaman, Sumwalt, Garrett. Founders Club, to which election is automatic on filling the given requirements of extra-curricular activity and scholarship, finds eleven of 1926 on its roll call. They are Baker, Borton, Jackson, Kingsbury, Marshall, Mead, Nock, Richie, Roedelheim (Vice-President), Tatnall and Wood.

## The Inquisition

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

Lowry, our curly-haired Apollo, walked away with the honors. Ben did his best to make it unanimous by voting for himself, but fond memories of a "football face" netted Miller three votes, and two men overlooked Nock's moustache. Incidentally, a glance at the Class picture should convince even the casual observer that Lowry's distinction is an enviable one.

2. *Who is the most important man in the Class?*

After Question 1, the obvious answer is Lowry, but Marshall was elected. Mead was runner-up, although Miller and Roedelheim polled a few votes of reflected glory from their room-mate. Sumwalt, as Lord of the dining room, and Sassaman, as the man who can sit through Collection hymns, were suggested.

3. *Who thinks he is?*

Jackson, according to the Class, is the man who is aware of his talents, and Wayne's vote corroborated the fact. Several of those who thought Marshall the most important man decided that he very probably agreed with them. Others noted that our honorable president realized the dignity of his position.

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

The vote was well divided between the inevitable Bib. Lit. and the inedible Sunday supper. Bug 1 did remarkably well after four years, and practically all the required courses came in for their share of encouragement. Some devotee of the links mentioned the golf course, and Lowry forgot his captaincy and condemned the quarter-mile track.

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

The votes read: Kingsbury, by hook or crook; Kingsbury, gold bricks; Kingsbury, sharp practice; Kingsbury, graft; Kingsbury, gypping the public, and so on, ad infinitum. Ed has the unique distinction of having polled the most nearly unanimous vote of the day, only three men in the Class, apparently, not having been co-operated with by Ed, at some time or other.

6. *What is the best thing the Class has done?*

With absolutely no respect for the editor, the far-famed Rhinie Cake-walk was chosen as 1926's prime accomplishment. The dumping party Freshman year which chose Mox Reich as its victim, and the dumping party Sophomore year which overturned the whole class of 1925, were also praised. A few of the more serious-minded named the election of Mead as president.

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

For personal achievement Ale is awarded the palm. His reply is embodied in one word,—"Kingsbury." Ted Wood, one of our more persistent, claims to have collected five dollars from Busselle once upon a time. Maguire is proudest of his Freshman cricketing, (Bill took French 2 that year). Jackson thinks he bulled through a math. exam, and both he and Roedelheim still bow to each other when "Slinging the Ink" is sung. Baker got Haviland out of bed one morning. Hannum, boasts of belonging to 1926;—all hail the patriot!

8. *Designate the Class snake, sheik or date-gatherer.*

Glorious Garrett is the gay one who gets away grandest with the girls. Carman, the cute, and Hibberd, the handsome, are also considered effective

Arabs. Three nights in succession once, Junior year, rated the wily Wood four votes. Sassaman is said to have run after a skirt. MacGowan also ran

9. *Who thinks he is the above?*

Hilarious Hibby, of course. Ike is reputed to have waved a handkerchief at a librarian in a rash moment, and Mrs. Swinburne smiles when he enters the dining room amid thundering applause. Sassaman really deserves the title, however, for his modest "secret of success" is his "ability to get along with the women."

10. *Who is the most earnest man in the Class?*

Greene's prematriculate Phi Beta Kappa key seems to have fooled the Class into thinking those chem. lab. explosions are quite serious. Shank's first name was fertile ground for the punsters. But seven votes for Lamberti shows an appreciation of well-hidden qualities.

11. *What is your favorite hunting-ground?*

Ardmore and Bryn Mawr score, presumably through place utility. The latter, sanctioned and recommended by the president of the Y. M. C. A., is probably the safer of the two. Shank and Johnson, after previous experience at Lower Merion, prefer the grand-stand; Mead voted similarly, but claimed to be after violets (uncapitalized). Tioga got two votes and the rest were well scattered, from South America to Vassar and points north,— a tactful class to say the least. One spend-thrift uses the telephone book; West Philadelphia and Westtown counted; even the sunken garden was mentioned, although one Romeo, perhaps with bitter Purity League recollections, voted "anywhere but" there.

12. *Who can get away with the most?—and, 13, how?*

Marshall's ability to "get up on his feet and drool," or what you will, easily carried off the laurels. Note that Howard is considered the most important man in the Class. A couple who had watched Ale in the dining room thought he deserved recognition, especially since he uses such a comparatively small fork there. Mead, according to several, can get away with a lot, but no one seemed to know just how.

14. *Who is the most innocent?*

The Class here showed a keen sense of humor by electing Roedelheim, the only well-meaning vote he received being his own. Baldwin, who has roomed with both Richie and Vansant, was more seriously considered. Campbell, our own La Bruyère, philosophized that the whole Class was much more innocent than it ever supposed.

15. *Who is the most sophisticated?*

That Beany was right and the Class is exceedingly innocent was evidenced by the fact that nineteen different candidates were mentioned for this honor. Vansant, Maguire, and Evans won, by virtue of a wife, a fur coat and a moustache.

16. *Where did the Dean get his gait?*

The concensus of opinion seems to make it purely a matter of Dr. Palmer's own physique. Several of the Dean's wide acquaintance, however, were credited with the original stride, some of the more prominent being Stokes, Sagebeer, Piggly-Wiggly, Oscar, Doggy Johnson and Sir J. J. Thompson. The perpetual

Ford received honorable mention, and one man went back even farther in the past and commented "Thanks for the buggy ride."

17. *Who is the best dressed in the Class?*

Carman proved that the West is no longer a frontier wilderness by qualifying as Beau Brummel, and he is thus awarded the right to wear the Scarlet and Black knee-breeches. Nat Luxemburg was not forgotten, but Ed's co-operative knickers obviated the necessity of a second prize. Joly's derby netted him three votes. Haviland's fire-fighting hat is the only excuse for two ballots.

18. *Who is the best undressed?*

Haviland and Busselle ran a close race, but Harris finally won out, due to an inheritance from brother Satch. Baldwin, as leading lady of the Class, was rewarded for his various histrionic displays, with a single vote. It was surprising how many men voted for their room-mates, since no man, supposedly, is a hero to his valet.

19. *Who will go farthest after College, and in what direction?*

"Westward ho!" was a well-recognized slogan, and Haines won at a walk, even to Wichita. Hibbie is expected to start in the same direction, shouting, "California, here I come back." Various men are slated to have their "up's" and "down's." Marshall will at least go out of his way for free meals. Greene as a chemist, and Sassaman as a manager, were suggested by the serious-minded. The *Record* prophecies that we will all go far.

20. *Where does Dr. Jones get his philosophical jokes, and why?*

F(x) received most of the credit, although "Punch," "College Humor," "The Ladies' Home Journal," Boccaccio, and "The Youth's Companion," were named as possible sources. One man thought they came naturally from that "big, blooming, buzzing confusion," and another suggested that they grew while watching the "underpinnin's run clear up to the eaves." As to "why," a punster seems to have solved the difficulty with the reply "Kant help it."

21. *Who has the biggest future?*

Merle Miller's reputation as a truck driver (this is not a reference to the ice-wagon summer), enabled him to carry off this heavy forecast without much difficulty. A few tactless observers noted that Mead has quite a lot in front of him. Kingsbury, judging from his past, is expected to do bigger and better things and people.

22. *Who has the biggest past?*

Garrett, Vansant, and Barry finished neck and neck. Barry was brazen enough to vote for himself, and Bob should know. Silent Bill Huber was suspected, and even Borton, paragon of Westtown and Y righteousness, received a stray vote.

23. *What's wrong with the College? (Be brief.)*

The space restriction rather limited the replies and a few refused to be partial with their grievances. Jackson claimed it as his specialty and wrote out a long and inclusive list, starting "administration, commissary, faculty, students, etc., etc." "Jackson and his cohorts," read a sympathetic vote. The lack of raw meat, the bouncing of Violet, and the non-bouncing of others more prominent, were all deplored. One of our more studious mourned that classes were held, and a subtle reference was made to the mile-stone beside Chase Hall.

24. *Who has the most hidden talents?*

Hibberd received this signal honor without his own vote, strange to say Vansant and Johnston, however, displayed the necessary self-confidence to put down their own names. Apparently, though, we haven't all "got what's coming to us, by the end of our Senior year."

25. *Who has done most for the Class?*

Merle Miller won out by a comfortable majority, in spite of his affection for other educational institutions and their inmates. The humorists pointed to Oscar, Robinson the tailor, and the men who marked our College Board Entrance Exams.

26. *Who has done the Class most?*

Kingsbury, of course, (see question 5) Mead was a close second, and they haven't roomed together since Freshman year. The charity drive leaders, the treasurers, the agents, the *Record* board, the Dean, and even Vic Lambert, all received honorable mention.

27. *Do you think anything but cricket should be abolished at College? Answer, Yes or No.*

It was the unanimous opinion of the class that cricket should be abolished, for the answer only varied between yes, no, yes and no, yes or no, yes and no with reservations on both sides. The judges were a bit disappointed that no witty cricketeer responded with, "anything but."

28. *Who is the most original man in the Class?*

Jackson and Johnston, our two Reds, tied for the prize. Jackson's sponsoring of the famous burlesque "News" and Johnston's every-ready stock of useless information are probably responsible. The frequent novelties in studied carelessness of dress, which both affect, may be partly to blame, and would also account for Roedelheim's third place. Several enigmatic replies such as "Sassaman (see Rhoads)" were received.

29. *Most aboriginal?*

This laurel wreath rests lightly on the head of Garrett the Graphic. Phil almost lost the distinction to him of the contortionable face and body, Strangler Lewis, friend of Darwin. Nock, the technical, remembered the derivation of "aboriginal" and remarked that Baker was born on the campus, which makes the rest of the Class invading colonists.

30. *What is the secret of your success?*

Even the American Magazine itself would have been astounded at the various and devious paths by which 1926 has reached the pinnacle. Maguire looks with tears of gratitude in his eyes to the "constant care the faculty has taken" of his moral welfare. The beautiful Lowry blames it all on the curling iron. Wood and Pitter, two of our snakiest, apparently told by their best friends, lay it entirely to listerine. Barrie boasts "I was born in a log cabin, 'neath the shadow of three churches, whilst the bells tolled noon." The Pelman course is reputed to have made a man of Baldwin. Earlham brought out the best that was in Haviland. Richie admits that marriage has made him what he is. Hartman, too, praises the influence of his "wife," who, we suppose, is his best friend and his severest critic. The bashful Baker chooses to "keep her a secret," and the judges appoint Sassaman, who "can get along with the women," to "chercher la femme."

*He who reads these remarks like a Bible  
Is a holy unfortunate man;  
He who sues the Class Record for libel  
May collect from the Class if he can.  
Be it said for whoever can fall so  
For the applesauce some Records pass—  
“He’s a devil with women and also  
The most popular man in the Class.”*

## My Daily Time Table— Good for What Ales You



Wine

- 7.37:3 A. M. Wake up and start the day right by springing out of bed and taking the exercises recommended under the "Body Beautiful" (see Physical Culture, Vol. 23, page 756)
- 7.38 to 7.39:4. Dress; extra  $1/5$  second is allowed to ward off disaster in the case of broken shoe lace. Most people waste twenty-one and three-tenths seconds in a life-time saying damn when a shoe lace breaks. Beware of such a waste of energy.
- 7.40 to 7.42. Perform all the necessary toilette operations previous to being the first man to enter the dining hall. In case of frozen tooth-paste on cold mornings, make up the wasted second by eating five less grains of puffed rice at breakfast.
- 7.45. Appear at Founders Hall. Take steps two at a time or one-eighth second lateness will result.
- 7.45 to 8.00. At least go through the motions of eating a college breakfast.
- 8.00:01. Bend over and pick up a copy of Public Ledger, and at
- 8.00:1 Glance at the front page before turning to the sports at
- 8.01:11 When fifteen precious minutes may be spent in learning all about the Pittsburgh Pirates.
- 8.25. Burst with pride as the Dean speaks of advantages of the machine-like life.
- 8.30 to 12.30. The faculty regulations and College system save all brain fatigue by providing what shall be done in every minute of this period.
- 12.31:5. Sling open door to room and clean up mess of one cigarette butt left on the floor by a disorderly wife. Spend the rest of the time until lunch swinging a golf club from an angle of 175 degrees through an arc of 356 degrees, shifting weight from right foot to left at degree  $209\frac{3}{4}$ .
- 1 o'clock sharp. Prepare to eat the necessary  $358\frac{1}{4}$  units of calorific energy preparatory to standing two hours and twenty-two and one-half minutes in the chem. laboratory.
- 4.00:00 to 4.00:000,000,9 $\frac{3}{4}$ . Extra time spent in chemistry, which raises average from 99.867 to 99.868. Spend the rest of the afternoon hearing Haddleton sing out, "Ale, I'll make a sprinter of you yet."
- 5.45. Return to room just in time to enjoy Sassaman and Calkin's daily fight. Supper as usual.
- 8.00. Attend the meeting on "Fatherly Advice," after which send letter home, well indexed with full footnotes quoting from the talks of W. E. Mead, Ph., as a source material.
- 9.59. Do twenty push-ups and ten chin. Say over and over again, "Some day I'll be as big and strong as Busselle thinks he is."
- 10.03 $\frac{1}{4}$ . Yell "Good-night, fellows. I'm dead for sleep," and turn in.
- 10.03 $\frac{1}{2}$ . Concentrate on waking up at exactly the proper hour the next morning, and in case no seconds have been lost during the day, sleep will follow immediately.

## The Baker or Black Donald Express



Don

care in shooting up toward Opening.

*Cricket*—train in shed temporarily, then on out to Crease, Wicket and Bowling, and take trunk line to England—hand baggage at own risk.

Last stop—*Tower*—on Center Barclay division—transfer to one-track line or take tubes. Express now becomes more local and is still bound for *Childishness*, its final destination.

All coaches on the front, sleepers or behind, no smoker, Classical Club-car in the center. The Baker or Black Donald Express for Merion, Latin, 12b, North Snowballing, Snowballing, Cricket, Tower and Childishness now leaving on cricket eleven. All abroad!

Announcing the Baker express, now leaving on cricket eleven. Baker express, Baker express!

First stop—*Merion*—change for '88 Field; train for September, October, November, leading to Cornell, Yale, Harvard and West Point, by way of the famous Deadly Toe Curve, and straight on to all American places on the line.

Second stop—*Latin 12b*—short cut to Good Marks, best route to Review, and only way to get across to Petey without going on the round-about Study line; also gives chance to pass Easily, the famous college resort, and avoids more tiresome Make-up road.

Next stop—*North Snowballing*—heading toward Trousers with full steam and not likely to slow down until reaching Trousers' Junction, unless local branch intervenes.

*Snowballing*—stops only on urgent signal to conductor or to take on men for Reinforcement.

*Snowballing Center*—the popular winter resort; switch off from regular Freshmen line and aim for Windows; recent crashes make for

## Schuyler Puts One Over—A Tragi-Comedy

(The library door swings open with a violent crash and Schuyler Forbes Baldwin staggers to the central desk.)

"Hell-loo hic Mish Hootch Sh-you know I jes had shome of the bes What ya mean, I gotta put on my coat? I guesh I'm one of the Hibernians here hic I don't give a darn—Go ahead and tell Petey—

"Now you jes listen to old Skiliar for ein minuten— ha! ha! The morals of the pres-sent generashion is somepin awwfel! But look at me hic Throughout my whole collej career I have been sweet and clean an' pure as the drifted snow. Neve tof' a naughty story hic—in my whole life. Always jes sat back and listened carefully! Ya see, I have a terrible mem'ry.

"Wha's more, the other day one of th' nassy rough fellows over in Center passes shome silghting remarks about—well you know who I mean hic—. An' you know what I did I sesh to him I ses' 'Lishen here, you may be biggern'n I am, but you can't talk that way'—. That finished him.



Schuy

"Sh—sh—sh- Have you in your posheshion the key—hic- to the glash cashe? Don't look at me so funnie! Skiliar ish a sweet, clean, pure boy and I wan' shome Losetti for my Englishh work.

"Please be ree-sonshionable, Mish Hootch- I don't want to sign my name, address and telephone number when I take out these books. You can always find me in the Tower—jes follow your nose.

"Anoser thing—The fellowsh have a nickname for me, impliesh I'm jesh an old devil;— they think I mind— ha! ho! ha!— what a good joke. Asha matter a fact, I' so proud of that, I jes kid them into thinkin' I mind so as they'll keep it up.

"Hey'lo there Harissss, ol' man. O, tha's all right go ahead and make all the noise you like. What's that—hic—a new one about the man—jes whisper it and I'll pretend not to listen. Do you think I'll be able to forget them all when I get to be a minister? Whash at? You'll report me to the Counshil for being intoxicashed? Ha! ha! ha! Guessh I'm shome litle actor,—you thought I wash drunk all the time, in spite of my wonderful reputation!"

## Barry's Burnings Badly Blighted

And with a soft swishing of her satin skirts, lovely little Golden Bells ran rompingly and delightfully down to the plashing pool where wonderingly her happy little lover sat. The tall trees arranged about the shining surface gleamed gayly, and deep down the flashing fishes flew with fine finish. The Happy Prince peeped blushingly at the beautiful belle beside him, and honorably held his handkerchief before being blinded by the thrilling thoughtfulness of her gracious glance. The pool plashed playfully. Lulled by the lapping of the wondrous waters the princely pair rested reclining. Softly silence stole over all the air and above in the high heavens the lilt of the lark was heard in the hush.

The Prince, palpitating, started suddenly and let his left hand slide slyly through the tresses of the girlish Golden Bells. He was drearily dreaming of Death and yet he yearned for luscious Life with a lustful longing—he craved close companionship with the lovely lady sitting at his side. Slowly he swept his hand over the sward and in the inner essence



Bob

of his being he beheld his soul scintillating like the starry skies. To tread temptingly the long lane of lambent love with gay Golden Bells or to exhale his soul excruciatingly and die devotedly in her pitying presence? Love was like this, he thought. Her beautiful bosom enticed him entrancingly and he crushed her closely to his torso. She drooped demurely and smiled soothingly as he held her hopefully. Her long lashes lifted and the blazing blueness of her omnipotent optics stung his sensitive soul. Love like unto this he had never known.

Suddenly she struggled free. Racingly she ran. The prince pursued. Low by the lake she flew first. High on the hill she stopped. He caught her in his clutches while she clawed. She squirmed, sighed and was still. Succulently he murmured madly into the open orifice of her ear, "I love you." And triumphantly she struggled loose, her lithe body languishing, her torn tresses trailing, and answered his anticipatory aspect of anxiety with the tempting and tantalizing trisyllable: "Applesauce."

# The Confession of Fearless Hugh

By CHRISTIAN SERVICE



'Twas a wintry night on the Malumite,  
And a wintry blizzard blew,  
When the Man of the North came striding  
forth,  
For they called him Fearless Hugh.

He was warmly clad and the boots he had  
Were strapped to his legs to stay;  
Four sweaters fit and on each was knit  
A big Y. M. C. A.

Then he gave a shout and round about  
His faithfuls thronged his feet,  
And they looked at him and their eyes were  
dim  
As he cried, "Let's go retreat."

Soon they reached the place and he set his face  
As he swung the big door wide;  
But they saw him grin as he said "Get in,  
I want to be left outside."

*Borty*

Then his stern brow frowned and he eyed the ground  
As only a thinker can;  
And he stamped the snow as to and fro  
He strode like a business man.

Now, before so long he burst into song  
And his cheeks began to glow,  
"Down the mountain side where the streamlets glide—  
Oh leeyalee-a-leeyo!"

Then he shouted clear so the world could hear,  
"That guy, Omar Khayyam,  
With his book of verse, and his wine, much worse,  
Was a fool of the species, damn.

"I've a better head, and I'll take instead  
For a paradise that scores—  
Some good red blood and a Wilbur Bud  
And God's great out-of-doors."

## Saxaphonic Slop From Able Al



Al

Center Barclay of an evening. Buck appears to be thinking deeply, makes an ineffectual effort to pick up several books for the purpose of at least pretended study, catches sight of his saxophone and resurrecting it from the waste basket shoots out several discordant notes:—

Bla—Bla—Ah—Bla—Bla—ah—Bla-a-a-a-h.

“Not so bad, not so bad. Guess I’ll try and write that ad for the News.” Starts to write, “Do you want to be a real popular man? If so, come around and take saxophone lessons from Al Buck, the best-liked fellow in Haverford.”—Bla—Bla—Ah—Bla—Bla—a—a— Voice from across the hall: “Good Lord, Buck! Can’t you leave off blowing your own horn for even a minute. I’d like to chuck you and that piece of tin both out of the window!”

After this discordant start, the infant musical prodigy decides to commence again. This time he begins with, “There is a great saxophone artist, who, although only a mere strippling, can teach you how to enchant all your listeners with sweet, melodious air vibrations.”

Bla—Bla—Bla-a-a-a-a. Again the voice from across the hall, this time accompanied by the thud of a shoe against the door—“Hey, Buck, don’t you know that the molecules never lie, and that the air molecules vibrating on my ear right this minute tell me that you are inflicting horrible cruelty upon their sensibilities.”

After such a remark his second beginning hardly seems to adhere very closely to the facts in the case, so he is compelled to revise the proposed ad once more. “While still in the hey-day of his undergraduate career, Mr. Alfred Buck successfully played marvelous solo parts for the Instrumental Club and College Jazz Orchestra. He can teach you to do the same.” Bla—bla—ah—bla—. The voices increase in number and volume. “It’s a darn fine thing there are a lot of saxes in the Instrumental Club, Al, so as to drown out the ungodly noises you produce.” “Say, you are the original bull Moose calling to its mate.” “Listen here, you may have met a ‘hullava good girl’ last night, but if you don’t shut up you’ll never meet her again.” “Ye gods, why don’t they play football and baseball all year round; anything to keep that guy Buck out of doors.”

“Darn those fellows and the noise they make,” remarks the would-be artist. “How do they ever expect a man to get any work done?”

## The Big Boy Browbeats His Bondsmen

"What awful drool! Listen here, Horton, you can't put bad grammar on this here sporting page of mine. Shut up, Haviland. I tell you I'm boss and big man here. No, I can't write good English but an editor doesn't have to.

"Gimme a slant at that football mess, Roedelheim. Ah! THE GREAT ALFRED BUSSELLE SCINTILLATES IN VICTORY OVER BLAH AND BULL. Keen headline—"Our Alfie dashes wildly through broken field for a touchdown from the one inch line while thousands of throats thunder applause and carry the modest, retiring fellow off the field"—splendid, that's the kind of leads we ought to have. Aside from the fact that it does not give me enough credit, it sums all the details of the game in one short, crisp sentence. Cut that stuff out about the other five touchdowns—they aren't important.

"Where is that phone? Hello. Is that you, Dr. Blabbitt? Well, this is Busselle, head sporting editor-in-chief of the Haverford College News. You attended that meeting of the I. P. A. A. A. A. A. A. "Great clean-up movement under way for the grand, glorious, manly game of American football"—let me get that down. It sure takes great, fiery, virile specimens of fine young manhood like me to play such a game,—eh Doc?

"Listen here, Maguire, I don't care if you have ten dates, you have got to finish that cricket article. Me and my buddy, Garrett, are agreed that its one of the greater games, drawing out all the courage and endurance a man possesses.

"Here, you, Rhinie. What do you mean, you won't go in town with that copy? I tell you Freshmen were meek as Moses when I was the Sophomore Hazing Committee and used to wield the paddle. Talk about your slave drivers—yours truly was the Reinhardt of '26."



Bus

## Calkin Convinces the Association Concerning Committees

"MISS-T-ER PRESS-I-I-DENT."—(Loud and rasping.)

"Mr. Calkin."—(Soft and subdued by contrast.)

"I DEMAND THE FLOOR."—(Moans of anticipation and cries of "Try and get it.")

"Mr. Calkin has the floor."—(The assembly roars its disapproval and the President ducks a rain of cigarette butts.)

"NOW LISTEN HERE!"—(An attitude of despair settles gloomily over his would-be listeners as they resign themselves to the inevitable.) "Reporting on behalf of the Committee on *Why There Should Be More Committees*, of which I am, of course, chairman, I wish to say that there should be, so that I can serve on them." (Here the speaker's breast heaves with emotion and one briny tear trickles down his cheek as he contemplates these future fields for wasting time and energy.)

"AND FURTHERMORE."—(Voice rises to a high falsetto as he attempts to drive home this important point while the tortured slump two degrees lower on their spinal columns and light a fresh batch of cigarettes.) "This committee has decided that Haverford's troubles are all due to *childishness*—(someone suggests giving the speaker a bottle)—and if only there were more Committees and Committee meetings to make more men think they were big men—(a smoky halo of self-righteousness settles around his head)—then full work would be afforded for the Student Extinction Committee, of which I am also the head." (A loud snore proves that the work of this committee has not been altogether in vain. A long silence gives a few innocent Rhinies the false impression that the speech may be over, but the calloused Seniors, at whom Calkin has been lecturing for four long years, know better. They are not disappointed.)—

"I THINK THAT A COMMITTEE SHOULD BE APPOINTED and therefore I MAKE A MOTION that the constitution be set aside so that I can act as chairman of this Committee."

"Mr. Calkin, the chair would like to know what this committee is to be for?"

"Who cares? I second Calkin's motion."

"All those in favor, say 'aye'."—(A volley of "ayes," "nays," "move-we-adjourns," and the last of cigarettes, follow. Calkin sits down and the assembly, at last convinced that he is finished for a minute, at least, greets the welcome silence with thunderous applause.)



Johnnie

## Beany's Bumming Bunk



Beany

"Well, what a low-down ornery horse's-neck he turned out to be—the whole blame back seat empty and now wait—he's slowing down after all—hot darn, let's go get him.

"Gee-whizz, it certainly is good of you to stop for us this way, we appreciate it a lot. You're right, riding surely does beat walking any day. Where are we from? Why, we go to Haverford. You say you know a boy there? Oh, no, that's the school—we go to the College. Freshmen you suppose? No, indeed, we're Seniors, aren't we, Fred? You'd never know it to look at us? Well, now, I'll have you know we're pretty important men down there. I'm business manager of our paper; yes, it's a very difficult job—requires a man of great foresight and originality; I handle it quite easily, of course. Private desk of my own in my own little coop—I believe in being business-like, it pays in the end. Yes, of course—must have exercise to keep going in a big position. I play around at soccer and track to keep fit. They had to go and put me on the track team and make me sit at the training table;—awful nuisance,

but I'm the only two-mile runner in College, and, of course, College spirit keeps me faithfully at it. Quite a gymnast and swimmer, too—the "rubber Duck," they all call me.

"How far are we going? Farther than you are, I guess. Yes, indeed, we've bummed to every away football game since we've been in College—a total of 4337 miles. This is our eleventh lift today—third Marmon. We're very particular—never ride in Fords, trucks or buggy wagons. Yes, you've taken us about 3-4 mile. You're turning off here? No, not at all. Well, we certainly are obliged to you: every little bit helps—very kind of you—thanks a lot.

"What a half-baked flat tire he turned out to be! Imagine me using my very best line for a ride like that—we'll certainly have to be more careful. Come on, let's look as though we meant to walk somewhere, here comes a car."

## The Social Whirlwind



*Bus*

at Haverford College. I manage the cricket eleven. Besides, you see, I have my airplane to keep in condition."

"Yesss? Mr. Ca-a-aman!!"

"Yes, you see, I live off the campus, keeps one away from the common mob of athletes, you know, and I find it absolutely essential to have some speedy conveyance to and from classes. My dad gave me one of his old machines and I flew it to College when I came back from my home in Evanston, Chic-a-go, this Christmas. It's one of the closed-in kind. The vibration is something terrific whenever she rises an inch or two above the ground. I also detest the roaring, smoking, sucking, knocking sounds that issue from the four hundred buzzard power motor, but then one must put up with a few unpleasant features, mustn't one?"

"Yes, Mr. Ca-a-aman."

"Hello," Benny! Miss Moron, of course, you know Miss Lowry. May I have the next dance after the seventh from now which is my first free one? We can talk some more about Haverford."

"Yes, Mr. Ca-a-aman."

They glide away while Mister Ca-a-aman muses, "This is some party. That was surely a delightfully intelligent girl. Had such a charming personality. Guess I'll go over and sample the punch. Don't have the next few dances engaged; who'll I cut?"

"Miss Moron—may I present Mr. Ca-a-aman?"

"How do you do, Miss Moron. May I have the pleasure of the next da-ance?"

"Yes, Mister Ca-a-aman."

"Well, I am told that you are one of the season's buds. There are so many Morons among the debutantes of this season that I have a terribly difficult time keeping them all straight. Wonderful music, isn't it? Tasteful decorations."

"Yes, Mr. Ca-a-aman."

"You know I come from Haverford College. Out along the Main Line, you know. Nickname's 'Bus.' Of course, you've heard of the Four Horsemen. No? Why I thought everyone had heard of them. You see, I am sort of the leader. We step around a good deal of course, but I find the social whirl very fatiguing, don't you?"

"Yes, Mr. Ca-a-aman."

"I find it very hard to fill my social dates and keep up on all my other many responsibilities as well. You see, I'm a pretty big man out

## Carter's Case

"Gentlemen of the jury, if I may take the liberty of addressing you in this flattering way, the case before us is a trying one," punned S. R. Carter in his initial address to the Bar Association, pounding the desk in the manner learned from the Harvard Dean of Law. "Let me tell you the story of my life. I left Kansas (groans from the audience) early and since that time I have been trying to get something for almost nothing. Encouraged by the apparent success of other young prodigies who left Kansas at an early age, I thought to get all I wanted at Haverford in one year. I will not dwell on that point, but merely bring up a few of the main points. Like many young Kansas exiles I looked forward to a musical career. Every day and night I have a concert in Barclay Hall to no audience. So great was my ardor that I composed innumerable notes in my retreat in Barclay, so many notes in fact that I had an ample quota to send back to the folks in Kansas. Of course, I had to take into consideration the innumerable notes I received from home, too. By the immense Q that hangs on my lower chest, I knew I was a musician.



Stew

"But then the law reached out its tentacles and I hurried to Harvard. Here you see me. Talesmen, I ask you to leave this unfortunate for whom I am pleading *in statu quo*; do not force upon him, an unwilling *habeas corpus*, the trial of returning to Kansas. By my bright red sweater with the gray neck, a neck that was gray from birth, that never had a chance to be anything better or higher, by this pride of my life and bane of others' existence, I swear that no normal man can stand Kansas for more than a short time. *Ex Cathedra*, and *intestato*, I ask you not to blight this budding musical genius in any lonely community in Kansas. Let him, as I did, work off his fiddle complex among the noisy neighbors of a musical association where the damage will be minimized and the noise inappreciable. Do not even make the mistake that was made with me of letting him offend a revengeless audience over the radio.

"If he must be sent back to Kansas, or has erotic reasons for returning as even I have, let him study law, for since almost everything is forbidden in Kansas, it will be profitable, and will keep him out of mischief.

"I shall only add, for the sake of my own reputation that, in spite of my missing appendix, I do not sponsor any size of liver pill; in spite of my constant letter writing, I do not sponsor any color of writing ink; in spite of my many air castles, I do not own a tin palace. Let my deeds speak for me."

## Lore for the Loreless

Haverford,  
Junior-Senior Year.

Dear Cynthia:

I'm in such a muddle that I don't know what to do. There are two things that are worrying me. In the first place, I don't know where I am and now that I'm here, I don't know what I'm going to do about it. I was just a simple, innocent boy when I came to college, but a lad with vision and ambition. And then I got in with the wrong gang. I thought I could defy the laws of nature, I thought I could get through college in three years, and now I don't know where I am. I was a Freshman because I wore a green hat, then came a year of darkness, and I woke up last fall to find I was a Senior. Dear, dear Cynthia, where can I find those lost times? Is the past the past, and is there no changing of it? Can I never get those innocent Sophomore and Junior years that I had and threw away in a moment of heedlessness? You must see how I feel.



Curt

And then the gang I got in with, you know the kind I mean. It all happened one day when I was home. I was out with a girl and telling her about college, and you know the way a boy and girl act when they're out together, and I said, "I've been waiting for years," and maybe I was still under the influence of that Richie-Vansant gang, but anyway I came out of my daze to find I was pledged to her for life. Dear Help-of-the-Friendless, what am I to do? They say that the youthful years are the best in life, and I have mislaid two of them. As I said, I was a Freshman and then in such a little moment I was a Senior, and I don't know how it happened. And now I have to get married. You must tell me what to do now.

The people here won't do a thing; they say, "A law's a law, and you can't break it without suffering." Is that true, is the world so harsh?

With kindest regards to you and your family, I remain,

Very extremely, truly yours,

Franklin O. Curtis.

P. S. I don't think she'll mind if you called me Frank because

I am  
Frank.

## Watch the Birdie



Hen

(There follow a few meaty extracts taken from the general comment on this photographic attempt of Henry Evans, by Henry Evans and for Henry Evans, which he recently submitted to Piggie Wiggle's Prize Contest for Children.)

"The choice of subject is one very characteristic of this artist in that it exhibits a rather ill-concealed exaggeration of the central figure's own imaginative importance. We would venture

to suggest that better lighting effects could have been produced on the facial profile. At present it appears in the print as if the upper lips were streaked with dirt. Upon careful examination of the negative we conclude that this might have been an incipient moustache, but we are not sure.

"The neck is either poorly posed or was perhaps deliberately kept out of sight to hide any tell-tale marks that might indicate that the model was something of a rough-neck. We believe that the lower extremities might have been more appropriately clothed in soccer pants in order to display a bit of manly leg by way of contrast. This may have been impossible.

"In selecting a title for the picture we think that Mr. Evans might look favorably upon the idea that the figures on the cloth have a somewhat symbolic import. Aside from representing a love for juvenile pleasures on the part of the photographer, the bird on the extreme left may be considered to symbolize the possession of eagle-eyed sharpness in searching out the faults of others, and the cat, to the right of the bird (we take it to be a cat, and your guess is probably as good as ours) the possession of an uncanny power to make catty remarks about such faults.

"Still, in spite of the obvious faults of the picture as an artistic production, its general treatment is good. The iron setting of the jaw, indicative of intense scientific seriousness probably manifesting itself in a love for physics, is well brought out. The span of the fingers on the left hand, though rather effectively hidden by the shadows, would seem to give the impression that the central figure might hurl the discus something after the fashion of the ancient Greeks."

## I Confess



Phil

How many boys go through College without finding out what I can tell them from my own experience! Think of the number of lads who leave the refining influence of school only to find themselves unprepared when faced by the bare realities of life. I was that way, and in the hope that I can warn the innocent, I am going to tell of my experiences with the evils of cricket.

I entered Haverford as a Rhinie, fresh from Westtown. The fact that my freshness is now partly wilted is due, not to the Hazing Committee, but to my withering experience. As the spring cabbage is nipped in the bud by the frost, so was my youthful innocence. I didn't know any better when I first went out for cricket. No one had a good talk with me or explained what it would mean all my life to be branded as one who had been known for such things; it was before the days of the Y's heart-to-heart sessions. An innocent lad, I went out and played around on the crease. I was taken on trips, and my first was a fruitful season. It all seemed so harmless. I enjoyed it so much, and was getting quite proficient. The second year, as soon as the weather got warm, I did the same thing; again the attractions seemed so harmless and I got the cricket habit. It was about this time that I heard of the reputation of the shed, but the habit was so strong that I was carried beyond myself. The next year I slipped further and further down the grassy slope, and last summer on the English trip I got to the bottom.

Now I feel it my duty to tell the young of my experiences and warn them of the consequences. Look at me,—I am a living example of what treading the glassy path of dalliance in the spring will do for you, and I warn you tenderly to watch your step ere you slip too far. In my case, early education and a strong constitution have saved me from physical wreckage, but look before you leap, Freshmen, don't be innocently duped as I was. They are tightening up on requirements so that your poor, guileless, future Haverfordians won't be so taken in, and perhaps this proposed general information test will be of some good. Take it from me (and my experience has taught me much in spite of its bitterness and cruelty). Remember, in spite of what the professionals may tell you, it's the cricketeers who pay in the end—even to the extent of supporting the future misguided ones through the precedent we have set up. And if you do go out for cricket, watch out for the slips.

## Chemistry '26

**OBJECT:** To give a popular account of a chemist so that the rabble can understand Charles H. Greene.

**APPARATUS:** Four years at Haverford, a chemistry lab. to be used as an explosion room, the requisite materials and Greene.

**PROCEDURE:** Mix 10 cc. of Paracelsus, 6 gms. of Arrhenius, a superabundance of mathematics, 1 liter of idiotic acid, neutralize with football, add damfoolishness until its presence is decidedly noticeable, place in the Chem. building and leave strictly alone. Pay no attention to the explosions and at the end of four years dry the product. Take this mixture with a grain of salt and not too seriously; it takes itself seriously enough. Extract the product with Phi Beta Kappa, treat kindly with Corp scholarships, and isolate in a place where danger to other people is minimized. Under no conditions allow it to circulate freely with others.

**RESULT:** All chemistry students for four years are scared to death by violent evolutions of gas, explosions and threats of sudden death.

Weird and fantastic glass contortions take the place of all broken test tubes and bits of glass. For violent exercise Chess is the principal form of recreation. The product is very sophisticated when it comes to physical things (see note below).

Greene is one of the foremost demonstrators of the  $\text{CH}_g$ , or Mentyl group for which Haverford is so famous. There is a lot to Greene, and given a strong explosion, he will go far.



*Greene*

Note. Pure physics.

## God Help the Sailors

The little ship, wind-tossed and water-logged, struggled valiantly through an angry sea. Pitched hither and yon by the wild arm of a merciless Hurler, it buried its storm-swept decks in the massive waves of the raging Atlantic, only to emerge and shake itself free with a convulsive shudder on the other side. "God help the poor sailors on a night like this," thought Jerry, as he leaned back comfortably in one of the sumptuous easy chairs with which the radio operator's cabin, on the boatdeck of the ship, was furnished. "The Tower" was the name which had been affectionately bestowed upon his place of refuge; it was so secure, so isolated, up there by itself, cut off from the dangers of the rest of the ship, blinking its red light in serene contemplation. "God help the poor sailors on a night like this," thinking of the slaving wretches on the decks below. Then, "I wonder where I've heard that before?"

Jerry had been the lucky man whom the International Association of American, Dutch and Kindred Wireless Operators, Including the Scandinavian, had chosen as its most conscientious member, and had sent around the world to earn his living. It was a much freer, more rolling career, he reflected, than that of persuading gullibles who didn't know any better to pay to have their names printed beside the literary masterpieces he used to sponsor. Nothing to do; and God help the——

God must have helped one of the poor sailors to find his tortuous way up to the Tower, for there he stood. "Quick, send out an S. O. S., or we're lost," he spluttered through his tobacco-spattered whiskers. Jerry gasped and looked about him for the I.A.A.D.K.W.O.I.S. pamphlet on "What's What In An Emergency." He couldn't for the life of him remember what to do with that switch. Push her; she wouldn't budge. He yanked her with all his might and she stuck. He tugged violently in every direction. Maybe that was the trouble—he was being too Ruthless. He looked at the switch and reached out tenderly to Turner. The ship was saved!



Jerry

## The West Bound Male



Bob

Tonight

Dearest girl,

I love you with all my heart. Coach McPete gave us a terribly stiff workout today, and still I love you with all my heart. He made us scrimmage the J. V. for an hour and a half, then do two laps around the field, and though I had a big blister on my toe and swore at every step, nevertheless you know that I love you with all my heart. Then at supper when I got in ten minutes late and was trying to find a bite to eat,

Pop Haddleton came and sat down beside me and if you could realize how he talks you'd see soon enough how I love you with all my heart. He said he was counting on me for the two-mile race this year and wanted me to get out running on the board track about three times a week, and then he moved his chair onto my blister, and I told him I would if he'd sit on his own feet, but if you could have seen what I was thinking—anyway I do love you with all my heart.

Willie Mead came around after supper and wanted to know if I'd been busy chasing up those *Record* advertisers, and if he hadn't moved away so soon and the blister had been on my heel, I'd have kicked him just as I love you, with all my heart. And just by the way, before I forget it, I love you with all my heart.

I only got three letters from you yesterday, but you did find space to say that you'd love me to come West and see you next week-end if I still loved you with all my heart. Now, dearest, there's an important track meeting Saturday morning and a big soccer game Saturday afternoon and I've appointments with several prospective advertisers before supper and I've tickets for a show that night; what's more I haven't a cent to my name, and I'm dead tired, and the Lincoln highway is long and concrete, and that blister is going to bust any minute, so if I don't reach Wichita till five minutes late Saturday, please don't suppose that I don't love you with all my heart, because I do.

The boy who loves you with all his heart,

BOB.

## What Is Philosophy Four; Or the Hannum Perversion of the Scripture



Ed

And faithfully shall ye receive the law and intelligence which I shall give unto you, and faithfully set down all these things with care, and with respect for them in thy heart. Each word as I give it unto you shall ye reproduce upon the tablets before you, inscribing with rapidity that ye lose none of the vast knowledge which I shall put in thy mind and instill into thy spirit. Swiftmess shall be required of thy pen and quick perception of thy intellect, for the sayings of the Prophet fall rapidly from his mouth, yea, his wisdom descendeth like the floods and with overwhelming speed. To him who listeneth with but half an ear or whose hand is slow at its task, to him, saith the Prophet, wisdom shall not be manifested, for he toileth with faint heart.

Grasp firmly, then, thy implements, O sons of Zion, and apply thyself to this labour with zeal, that ye be not among the last to achieve Knowledge. For he who possesseth the words which I give unto him shall stand forever among the foremost in the realm, for that which the Master pronounceth in the hearing of his disciples is of great worth and of inestimable price, being of a measure beyond all that which can be bought or sold in the public places. And let not only the meditations be set down by all who hear, but let them be guarded even as a treasure whose worth cannot be replaced; let them be locked in a sacred leather case and kept perpetually in the hand; they are the most priceless of treasures, for a word once uttered can never be recalled and woe unto him who in the time of examinations hath lost the records of his learning. Great shall be the wrath and woe visited upon him as he shall come unto the judgment seat and unto the tribunal whose power is of great magnitude. Verily shall he quail unless he be earnest in his heart and industrious in his spirit and shall have cherished all that it has seemed wise for him to know. For in the words of him in whose bosom Knowledge dwelleth: "Truly Life without these things shall be as sour grapes and ashes."

The path to Knowledge is steep and requireth an honest heart and a firm foot; let thy feet be shod with iron that thou mayest go forth stoutly and meet the trials of the flesh.

"Verily the first to leave the classroom shall be the last to pass in the examination and the last shall be first. Selah." Thus saith the Preacher.

## Siddons As the Tragic News

Mrs. Siddons as .....The Tragic News  
 M. Oscar as .....Usual  
 Straight as .....Anne Arrow  
 Miss Just as .....Wee Thought  
 Sile as .....Marnie  
 College as .....Sembled  
 Deaf as .....A. Post  
 Dead as .....Adore Nehl

Scene: The Bug Lab.

Time: Late, a winter's night.

Dresses by Candlelight.

Effects by N. E. Means. Put on by Spreng.

The recent appearance of the renowned tragedienne as chief coryphee in the Bucket Brigade of Herr Fritz's obscured play, "Red Hot Physics," called forth salvoes of applause from the audience who attended the performance which, through some mistake of the management, no doubt, was called at two A. M., instead of the more conventional hour of two P. M. Although the plot of the play was fairly well constructed, the majority of the rest of the cast had to plow their way through certain passages which were anything but clear.

and they remained bewildered to the very end. Particularly good support was received from the property man who held the ax and managed the hose, although it must be said that there were seemingly unnecessary interpolations into the text. As for the performance of the great Siddons herself, we can only quote the following citations:

"Siddons' performance had its good points"—J. Ranken Pile in the *Morning*.

*Evening*.

"Siddons' performance had its bad points."—Moses in the *Bullrushes*.

"Siddons' performance had its good and bad points."—Nectar in the *Pittsburgh Smoke*.

"Siddons' performance had its bad and good points."—Jonathan Buzzard, in the *Eureka (Kan.) Integrity*.

"Siddons' performance had no points at all."—Pitt in the *California Prune*.

"That was no performance, that was my wife."—R. Marshall in *Sipid*.



Sid

## Award of Perpetual Corporation Scholarship

### HAVITFOR COLLEGE

Havitfor, Ever

Willie Comfort, President

March 4th, to war.

A corporation scholarship of not less than \$100 or thirty days in jail has been awarded to D. F. (Damn Fool) Hartman, C.S., not for just a year but always.

The amount of this scholarship will be discredited from its recipient out of all proportion to the first and second term bills, provided these bills be paid respectfully.

This scholarship is awarded subject to the following specific regulations:

1. The recipient shall have received at least 95 in all of his college courses.
2. The recipient shall live in Merion and drive back and forth in an excuse for a Ford.
3. The recipient shall by no means work on the *News* board for more than one year, for fear of detriment to marks.
4. The recipient shall be a loyal member of the Press Club and the Scientific Society.
5. This scholarship may be forfeited should the recipient ever be caught without a book in his hand and studying.

Please acknowledge before too long the receipt of this communication, unless this acknowledgment should chance to interfere with scholastic work, and also your acceptance of the scholarship upon the terms specified.

WILLIE COMFORT,  
*President.*



*Dal*

## The Song of the Dodge



Harris

Crank me,  
 Yank me,  
 Blankety-blank me,  
 Cheer me  
 Off in-  
 Stead.  
 Coax me,  
 Hoax me,  
 Gasoline chokes me,  
 Hear me  
 Coughing,—  
 Dead.  
 Hawl me,  
 Call me,  
 Try not to stall me;  
 Roll me,  
 Bowl me,  
 Always console me.  
 Steady,  
 Steady,  
 Wait till I'm ready,  
 Kindly be heady,  
 Giong already!

I'm the Dodge that Haviland and Boozy bought for fifty bucks,  
 Claimed they'd paid a hundred for a wreck like me, the simple clucks,  
 Wasted on me, over me, and under me their honest toil,  
 Smeared themselves with glory and with thick and greasy motor-oil.  
 I got tired being operated on and ran a-while;  
 Harris couldn't understand me, never has, he's such a child,—  
 Drove me out to practice in his sweat-perfumèd soccer shirt,  
 Just 'cause all-American, thought I'd be proud to touch his dirt;  
 Ran me to the city at the latest hours Sunday night,  
 Called it "News work,"—really scared to drive in there by broad day-light;  
 Basketball and tennis clothes have cluttered up my latter seat,  
 Also girls whom I think flat, but Harris thinks are oh! so sweet!  
 He talks silly nonsense to them, wants to hold them on his lap,  
 If he were in my place he'd know better, the unconscious sap.  
 There he goes and,—ouch!—he stripped my gears;  
 Well—I'll stop—and rest—  
 Perhaps for—  
 Years.

## Expressing Hibbie



Hibby

It is night—dark night—dark, gloomy night—in my bed I lie trembling—noises, creaks and muffled laughter—deep under my covers I huddle—a deafening crash—they have turned the bed over—turned it upon my poor, delicate body—I came from the West where men are men and they turn beds upon my poor, delicate body—I am abused.

I must feed my delicate body—it is dusk—I enter the dining room—late—five minutes late—a volley of cheers greets me as I wend my way with girlish grace between the tables—amazing, this uproar—so suddenly popular am I—why—why—can it be?—at last I am appreciated. Joy—joy but for a minute—I nod to Dr. Pratt—he ignores me—ignores me—I am hurt—mortally wounded—to be ignored, thus—why was I born?

Tea in society—girls—society girls—stupid, perhaps, unattractive, perhaps, but society girls—life is worth living—I must show them who I am—exhibit before them all my beauty of face and form, my brilliance and charm—loudly I make myself known—hilariously I laugh—

they look at me—all of them do—society girls—I am the life of the party—the center of attraction—I am a genius, doubtless—a social genius—acting naturally—expressing myself—my wonderful self.

Now I am tired—my beautiful body limp—it is delicious—thus to be tired—genius fatigued—what should I do now?—geniuses all have their weak points—little eccentricities—I, too, have mine—I must indulge it—bah! but it burns and tastes horrid—what of all that?—it is a mark of true genius—talent? no, much more than talent—I am a wonderful person—work is a thing that I loathe—work is opposed to my nature—all I need do is express myself—I am a genius—a genius.

## The Latest in Inferior Decoration From The House Beautiful

Those who have followed the trend of changing styles in interior decorating at Haverford recall the interest aroused by an innovation along this line made by "Silent Bill" during his first year at Haverford. One day, acting no doubt, upon orders from the gentleman himself, those hands whose work it is to inject a bit of novelty into our common-place method of arranging *misc-en-scènes* carefully transferred the furniture and hangings from Mr. Huber's familiar boudoir—a handsomely panelled apartment situated on the *rive gauche*—and arranged them with much taste and no little eye for the effect of the *tout ensemble* in the famous *salle blanche* of North Barclay.

The layman unacquainted with Haverford traditions (stifling as they seem to us) can have no conception of the tremendous novelty of Mr. Huber's achievement. The news of this remarkable transformation spread rapidly and crowds soon gathered. Some of the visitors who poured in to view the model establishment came from mere morbid curiosity, but that there were also among them earnest seekers for better and more sanitary living conditions is evidenced by the fact that from time to time there have been other attempts to reproduce the same effect which, need we say, was *tout à fait charmant*, in the other residential districts around the College. I daresay Mr. Huber himself could scarcely have foreseen the wide-spread effect of his original genius, and those of this who are proud of setting the pace in such matters may well envy his *coup*.

The question naturally arises in connection with this incident as to whether such an arrangement could be found permanently satisfactory. The answer seems to be in the negative, for in every case where the experiment has been tried, the old order has been resumed. Some have sought for the reason of its eventual unpopularity in inherent obstacles in the room and also in its essentially communal nature which renders it in some ways unsuitable for a sleeping apartment. Personally, these "reasons" seem highly fantastic and I ascribe the failure of this arrangement to remain permanently, to the fact that no one has yet taken sufficient care to see that all the furniture is of an appropriate "period."



Bill

## Talks With Famous Talkers

NO. 1—WAYNE G. JACKSON

(This interview was secured with no great effort by a *Record* reporter. No rights reserved. for Mr. Wayne Gridley Jackson incessantly broadcasts the same line of verbage.)

After a long tiresome journey through jungle and across a rushing creek, we at last arrived at Merion Hall, set in an environment of wonderful peace and beauty. We learned later upon talking with the great Mr. Jackson that all this peace and beauty was but a sham and a delusion, since underneath there lurked the rankest sorts of corruption. We climbed the well-worn stairs to his abode and found ourselves looking in upon the man who thinks himself the most important figure on the campus. He was perusing "La Vie Parisienne" (in order, as we later learned, to keep up with the folks back home) and smoking the inevitable Chesterfield.

"Where do you live, Mr. Jackson?" was our first question.

"Anywhere and everywhere," was the prompt response. "You see my cosmopolitan tendencies force me to spend a great part of my time globe-trotting, and, of course, I am quite *chez moi* in either Paris or New York. However, I am really a foreign student."

"But do you do any other sort of trotting," we wanted to know. "Oh yes," he answered, "I do a lot of trotting out to silly deb brawls in the evenings."

"This sort of trivial amusement hardly seems in keeping with your general seriousness of character and your marvelous mind as demonstrated by all sorts of intelligence tests," we rejoined. "I know you are right," he modestly declared, "but I started 'crashing' in my first years at college and I have never been able to separate myself from the pernicious practice. Besides, I meet a lot of silly debutantes who amuse me immensely. They give me such a feeling of superiority."

"Well, what do you do on the campus?" we inquired.

"Mismanage the tennis team, fight with Phil Garrett, write rather wild, rampant *News* editorials, kick at the College food, and ask silly questions in all Dr. Gray's courses. Of course I am a member of the Founders Club," (and here the speaker's breast swelled with honest pride). "I used to run the Social Science Club, but it died. I tried football and track but I found the former too rough and in the latter I could easily have starred but I rose above it. In my Class I am chief of the also-rans, but I'm proud of that because it shows how little I am appreciated."

"What is the trouble with Haverford?" we desired to know.

Without a moment's hesitation he responded, "It is narrow, complacent, and self-satisfied; the food is rotten; the buildings are poor; the grass is bad; the scholarships and courses are worthless; the Faculty is crazy; all the students except the chosen few are silly; there is too much over-emphasis and everybody takes everything too seriously—but in spite of it all," (his eyes filled with water, indicative of deep feeling), "I love my dear old Alma Mater with all my heart."



Al

## The Johnston's Tale from Chaucer



Reds

When that our Johne com to Haverforde  
 He wold ne mane for hys room ne borde;  
 But fra Ardmor eke cometh every day  
 To larn his bokes y rest a byt y play.  
 His aulde schole-mate was hys bude,  
 They kame twa fra Meryoun the Sude.  
 Hys hair was red, and freckles had to suite;  
 The gyltes looked hym-on and wyst "How  
 kute!"

Now Johne laboured with all hys foreen  
 To make guden markes in hys coursen;  
 But though he sweted like unto a foole,  
 He did ne ken the gentle art of bulle;  
 And so hys ernest toyl wroght ne awayle,  
 And parlous nigh he kame unto fayle.  
 But Johne to the teching trayd gat wyse,  
 So sone dyd he opene hys eyse:  
 He packed hys teeth-brooshe a la mode  
 And on the campuss fayre mayd abode.  
 Now Johne the lebrayre did frequente,  
 Ne was yt for the lebrayr-gyls he wente,  
 For larning was the mystress he did seke,  
 And kenne he books of Pershyan, Dootch, and

Greke.

So that he maysterd manye lange worde  
 Of wich the auld professyrs had ne hyrde.  
 "Lykwys your aynecestour, pateral clanne,"  
 He'd say insted of "So's your aulde manne";  
 And spouted wyrdz of a tytanic sort  
 Like discombobbulate and cankerdort.  
 He used them in hys lektoors and hys thiimes  
 And nimmermour wold wyrk ne writte riimes:  
 Hys markkes tuk a souden highe ryse  
 And thretned fayr arryval at the skyse.  
 He suun turn snaak, and bye me vere trothe  
 The damoseyles to him are ne lothe;  
 For Johne iss a merry wight y gaye,  
 And in the world will gange lange waye.

## Shamlet's Joliloquy



*Dean*

The food which makes the stomach round, or whether  
 Making strange noises issue from a tuba,  
 Or running round the track, it makes no difference,  
 One thing alone there is to do:—to blow,  
 To blow, perchance to lose—aye, there's the rub—  
 The precious tooth. Then would it not perchance  
 Be best to keep the moustache, set a hare-trap  
 Wherein to catch the errant tooth if lucky?  
 Appearances we also must consider—  
 The jaunty walk, the tricky little derby,  
 The new style Ford—they all are so essential.  
 For why should one be manager of soccer  
 If not to look like quite the gay old doggie  
 While wandering the streets of fair New Haven.  
 The moustache adds to that, there's no denying.  
 To shave it would cut off a bit of swagger  
 And lose the air of man-about-town. Never!

To shave or not to shave: that is the question:  
 Whether 'tis handier to cut the fuzz off  
 Each fifteen days or so when it 'gins tickle,  
 Or let the little moustache slowly gather  
 Until it makes a feeble bid to cover  
 The lip that launched a thousand cigarette  
 butts?

A little matter, true, but it requires  
 Considerable consideration. Is it  
 Then nobler on that lip to gather  
 The strings and marrow of outrageous horse-  
 meat,

When-e'er I eat in Founders: to softly sob  
 And slobber when my dearly-loved one, Sue,  
 I press to my lips so that she grunts forth  
 Sounds of a weird and gruffly grumbling nature  
 Which disrupt the orchestra with their awful  
 Bleating; to have my plodding progress hindered  
 By wind resistance as I circle slowly  
 The cinder pathway? But whether discussing

## The Manager Advertises Himself

**Bunk Tommy Rot  
Hot Air**

*Great Masses of It Extra Genuine!  
Smoking Hot!*

**TO BE HAD WITHOUT ASKING  
ALL THE TIME**

From

**Mr. E. H. Kingsbury, Himself, Decapitated  
The World's Most Brainless Wise Man**

DOES the magnetism of your words fail to convince anybody of anything? Can you thunder out, "The Co-op Store is Co-operative," and feel absolutely certain that no one is going to believe you.

MY BOY!! Have you FAITH—FAITH that the rest of the world, aside from yourself, is composed of a set of consummate fools, jackasses and mental morons. If not, then KINGSBURY is the man you must "touch." The heat of his hotness will completely transform you and make you one, too.

SUPPOSE you were called upon to address the Sober Science Club or to lead some great movement on the floor of the Dumbbells' Association, could you waste thirty minutes of other people's time talking utter folly? Of course YOU couldn't! But KINGSBURY—Well, in the words of his unfortunate roommate—"You shouldn't hear him."

HAS this great idea touched your heart strings? KINGSBURY'S great "From Mouth to Mouth Method" will make a changed man of you. If you want to make piles and piles of HARD COLD CASH, be a REGULAR GO-GETTER, and a LIVE WIRE, with PLENTY OF VIM, VITALITY and PEP, you will immediately tear out the coupon below and throw it into the nearest all-metal, hermetically sealed rubbish can, either now or yesterday.

.....  
Mr. E. H. Kingsbury,  
Thoity-thoid Street,  
New Yoik.

Your offer of nothing for something was astounding and most unusual. Please send me Q. E. D. your Damphlet on "How Me and Coolidge and the Rest of the Senate Became Great by Talking Nonsense.

Yours, insincerely,

.....  
**DON'T DELAY : THROW THIS AWAY : POOH! POOH! IT TODAY**



Nat

## The Haverfordization of Victor Lamberti

Four years ago I came to this here college in total abstinence of all its language and customs. All I could speak was Bronx, but my football ability kept me out of the meshes of the Hazing Committee. In fact, I was thrown from football to track to football for two years before I could get what it was all about.

Then, suddenly, as R. M. J. would say, "the light was lit," and I uncovered that I could speak English or its approximation with ease and seeming correctness. I was snatched into the social whirl and became a member of the Mooseical Clubs and entered the society of full grown Mooses as a result. At last I saw that although I may have been New Yoik's greatest shot-putter, in college I weren't no such thing (which was a terruble blow to my Yankee pride). My new accomplishments, playing football and throwing the javelin and doing the broad-jump, brought me so much acclaim that I could now sing the national anthem, "Dago Wild, Simply Wild Over Me," softly and without feeling.

People have often said to me, "Wop," they have said, (that's my nickname in jest, you know) "Wop, what was the greatest moment in your life?" Now that's a hard question to answer, because I have had so many great moments. Probably the dropping of a tray full of raw meat or a load of squashy pumpkin pies produced the greatest shout on the part of the gang, but I wouldn't never rank that among the great moments of my career.

Undoubtedly I shall remember to the end of my days when a flivver had the nerve to knock me down and run over my chest. I didn't mind that so much, but when the guy tried to get me to pay for a punctured tire and a bent rear axle, I thought that was carrying a good joke over the border, as far as good jokes go.

I would have all you young, tender readers realize that I am a self-made man and that like most self-made men I worship my maker. I am an iron man; I had professional football offers, but I refused to sell my soul for money as Grange did,—mainly because the offers never really came to nothing, and I found I could bluff college professors better than football bosses. Once I plucked up a football in a Swarthmore game and ran at least ninety yards for a touchdown (or maybe longer) and I thought I had won the game, but my team-mates failed to stand back of me and we lost by a point or two—I forget the exact score. This was another great moment. After doing it I felt great and fine and noble and satisfied, and at last knew that I must have become completely Haverfordianized.



Vic

## Aunt Winnie Broadcasts a Chess-Time Story



Win

Good evening, folks! This is station WML, the Founders Hall Radio Club. If the kiddies will gather around now, Aunt Winnie will tell them the evening bed-time story. This evening Aunt Winnie will tell you about the King and the Queen and the Bishop and how, while they were gambitting in the square, the Queen's pawn started up all the fun.

The men were all rather board that evening, and while some of them red and others were blacking their shoes, who should come up but a great big player and said, "Let's have a game!" "All right," said all the men and then as soon as they saw an opening, they moved out from square to square and were having such a good time that the King and Queen, who were watching them, said to each other, "Let's go out." And why do you think they wanted to go out? The King just wanted to play with his mate, but the Queen had heard that the red and black Bishops would be out there, and what happened to the Queen and the Bishops? My, you will be surprised to hear.

With all the pawns around, the King and Queen were moving to and from when out came the Bishops. "Now things are getting interesting," said the Queen to herself, and just then came Knight and took away one of the Bishops. "That rooks me," said the King, and went back to the Castle. "I did that on purpose," said the other red Bishop, "I brought the Knight out just so we could Castle the King," and now they were alone together. Suddenly a noise was heard. "Stop, Pawn," cried the Queen, and as a meager pawn came forward she said, "Go and check the King from coming out." "I will go and check mate" answered the pawn obediently, and donning his beautiful tin necklace, he strode forth, boasting, "I am very, very, very, very dignified!"

That ends the transmission from the station, and our next feature will be from the Rittenhouse Hotel where you are going to listen in to a party.

Good night, folks. This is station WML, the Founders Hall radio station, signing off.



Strangler

## The Lewis Proposition

TO PROVE: That the sum of incongruent parts equals one whole Strangler.

GIVEN: Long legs, perfect form, massive cranium, blackest of black beards, Lawrenceville School, Haverford College,  $F(x)$  and dog asymptote, Math Honors, a few odds, ends, and sharp angles.

### PROOF:

- (1) Since mind and matter join only in an incongruent whole.
- (2) and long legs = matter
- (3) but perfect form = mind
- (4) then if long legs and perfect form be joined, the sum is incongruent.
- (5) Place on this base one truncated cranium through which pass the plane M A, T H and the circle C H E S S and annex blackest of black beards.
- (6) Then equate Haverford College and Lawrenceville School and the result is still more incongruous.
- (7) Hence, if  $F(x)$  approaches dog asymptote as a limit, then it follows that when asymptote and math honors are applied to  $f$  (Lewis raised to the senseless power) that the resulting addition will be pointless.
- (8) And if long legs, perfect form, and truncated cranium are incongruous, if all be joined into a "living razor blade now," the sum is incongruent.
- (9) But since incongruity equals Strangler (by definition) and we have shown that the sum of all the parts corresponds to an incongruent whole,
- (10) THEREFORE it follows that the sum of incongruent parts equals one whole Strangler.

### REASONS:

- (1) See Discourse on Method, page 99.
- (2) Compendium of Anatomy, page 0.
- (3) Aristotle: Ipse Dixit
- (4) Things = same thing = each other.
- (5) Zeus can perhaps explain the construction; time will supply the beard.
- (6) Compare tuition rates of two institutions \$1200: \$600:: Haverford College : Lawrenceville.
- (7) At point L (laboratory) where we see the vivisection of asymptote, only an incongruent mass can result.
- (8) Sum of whole = sum of all the parts. Also for definition of "razor blade now," see R. M. Jones.
- (9) This can be shown to be the odds, ends and angles plotted against the unvarying variable, the walking velocity minus the high jump, which equals 5 ft. 6 in. or X track points.
- (10) Needs and has no reason.

## With the Fast Set

One of the most stunning affairs of the 1925 Spring season occurred when Mr. Benjamin Howard Lowry literally "spread himself" on his old country estate, "The Cinders," in honor of his distinguished visitor from Lafayette, Mr. Allen. Mr. Lowry is always very much tangled up in his specialized field of hurdle broking, and seldom does he tear himself away from his regular place at the tape to give such startling exhibitions of generosity. It is undoubtedly a safe assertion to add that Mr. Lowry's stock dropped several points in so doing.

Mr. Lowry was brought up with the greatest care from Childhood, N. J., and even at this time his faithful servant, affectionately called "Pop" because he plays with a gun, follows him about and warns him repeatedly to keep on the right track and not to fly too high. It may have been to avoid such warning in the future that Mr. Lowry came down to "The Cinders," much to "Pop's" disgust.

The entertainment was attended by all of the fastest set, but even so, the host set too speedy a pace for his guests until he "fell all over himself" in his effort to break all previous records and handed over the lead to Mr. Allen, with his winning way.

It will be remembered that last fall, Mr. Lowry was present at the Foote ball, and was somewhat mixed up in the nasty affair. An incriminating letter was produced, but his reputation was not vitally injured, though he was even accused of being half back of the whole business.

Mr. Lowry began his banking career as a runner for the firm of Sassaman and Co., but when this became less firm, branched out as head of his own concern and has had considerable success. His social career is another Page and one of which it would be difficult to McIntire mention here. Suffice it to remark that he is easily the most handsome man in his social class, and that even the occasions when he has taken the wrong step and gone down to "The Cinders" for a short rest have not marred his Apollo-like beauty nor streaked his forehead with any more serious lines than those of the inevitable "dirt."



Ben

## Local Lad Wins Line- for-Limerick Earrings

"Oh, how perfectly lovely," blurted out Howard Trego MacGowan between sobs of gratitude, as the Mehlanfee (Ky.) Mail's nosy reporter handed him the beautiful paper-machic earrings which served temporarily as first prize in the Best Middle Line for a Limerick Contest, conducted free-of-charge by the Mehlanfee Mail. Howard is one of those modest, unassuming men who take their honors with a grain of salt. The nickname "Goose," which his playmates have bestowed affectionately upon him, refers not to his intellect, nor to the grain of salt, but to the fact that Howard always flies high.

Howard's winning line, a masterpiece of originality, was the following:

"When he plays the piano"

Howard remarked that he had written quite a good limerick around his winning line, but had forgotten it. When asked how he ever happened to think of the line, how old he was, what he had been doing all that time, and what he was going to do with the prize, he replied:

"I have been living quite a while and doing lots. One of the things I have always done best is to write funny middle lines for limericks, but neither they nor I have ever been appreciated before. I'm glad you do. I thought of the lucky line while playing the wrong chord half a beat late at the end of a dead silence in the Musical Club concert at Atlantic City every year. I thought it would be both artistic and appropriate. But of course all the credit goes to my wife who bought me the postage stamp, and to whom I am going to give one of my prize earrings as a keepsake. Now that I think of it, here is the limerick I wrote for my line:

My middle name is Trego;  
I haven't so awfully much ego.  
When he plays the piano,  
You can tell by his manner  
Why the girls all after me go."



Mac

## Maguire's Telephone Line



Maggy

Any Sunday night at 7.30—

Op-er-ator! (click, click, click) Gim'me Ardmore 713 and make it snappy! How's about a little service? Oh, hello, How do you do?—And how are you this evening?—Just fine— I called up to find out if it's all right for this week for Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday and Saturday eves.

You say we have a bid to the Feinburgs?—Hardly our class, do you think? Besides all the school children will be there in full force. Let's go into the Ritz grill instead. Nicer atmosphere and besides we can then give the merry razz to that certain party.—Sure you know who I mean, that fellow that tried to cut in on you last night. How he ever got into this place is beyond me. Always has his mouth open. Nearly drove me crazy at the bridge party the other night.

Boy, I withered the both of them with a look. Sure I'll high-hat him. What do I care?—Well, if he starts any funny business I'll show him that they make a man of you at Camp Meade. You know when I was there two years

ago, we had a little second loote and I, well I—protect the wife and children—won't take any sass from anyone—not I.

What's the orchestra tomorrow night?—Lanin?—Keen.—Yes, I know him to speak to. Not like Webster here at college, though. He was telling me the other night how Lanin came up to him and asked, "Foss, old man, how'd you like that last piece?" And he replied, "Oh, pretty well, Howard, old boy, pretty well, but I've heard Paul and George and Garber make it sound just as smooth."

How's college? Oh, I suppose it's all right. But you heard about the elections didn't you?—That's exactly what I said!

Yeah—Yeah—Yeah—Uh-hu-uhhh—Of course—Certainly.—What's that, dinner and dance Monday, three weeks, at the Bellevue? Guess we have that date open or does the Goofensteiner Ball come then?

Well, see you at eight. (The receiver falls to the hook with a bang.) Seems as if I never can get any work done.

## Marshall's Magnificent Message to His Minions



Howard

Fellow Anarchists!

(Said J. H. Marshall looking at his trusty *News Board*.) The time has come for we intellectuals to start an argument. The College is all wrong, the Faculty is all wrong, the students are all wrong; only I and a few other intelligent people who agree with me are right. By the soap box that I stand on, and which is my constant support, we must do something about the humiliation of unwilling Chinese laborers who are forced by the capitalistic interests to use the Standard Oil tooth paste. This is a REEL, vital issue and I am going to write stirring, if not grammatical, editorials about it. Obviously it is all the work of the War Department, which calls itself a department and still doesn't know a thing about economics. I use sackcloth and ashes on my teeth and it's perfectly ridiculous for anyone to use anything else. We all know that, (looking at his dwindling audience who were held spell-bound by his eloquence) but no one else does and that's the trouble. I can't understand how there can be any question about this, and it must be due to the

long hours of work, the tariff, the Republican administration, misunderstanding of Russia and the general inferiority of everyone else's mentality. Yes, brothers, it is time that everyone agreed with I! The day of the working class has come and I am going to tell you about it, and I'm going to start right here in Haverford. The brains of the College are all worn out from cricket, the curriculum is worn out from age, the whole thing is too conservative, too different from what I think. I'm perfectly willing to admit that; and the point is that we have a liberal college instead of a radical college as we ought to have. I don't believe in Capital and I'm going to sell some of my P. R. T. shares this summer and buy another car and go West to prove it. And when I get back from loafing around the world, during which time I will convince everyone they are wrong, I'm going to start a soap box factory for the benefit of poor speakers, and have a REEL, VITAL talk with the men. Moreover, I will be President and if I can afford to leave the factory long enough, during one of the fourteen-hour shifts, I'll come over to Haverford and prove that everything is wrong except what I think is right. Anyone who disagrees with me only argues to hear himself talk. And now I have lots of work to do, so I'll stop. Who wants to play some bridge?

## Father Willard

(With the usual to L. C.)

"You are old, Father Willard," his fond Class  
said,

"And you graciously act as our papa;  
And yet you incessantly stand on your head—  
Do you think, in your place, it is proper?"

"In my youth," Father Willard replied to his  
Class,

"I feared it might injure the brain;  
But, now that I'm perfectly sure I'm an ass,  
Why, I do it again and again."

"You are old," said the Class, "as we mentioned  
before,

And have grown most uncommonly fat;  
Yet your roomy bay-window is nought to  
adore—  
Pray what is the reason of that?"

"In my youth," said the sage, "my proportions  
were less,

And I kept myself hearty and hale;  
But since coming to Haverford I must confess  
I've acquired a weakness for Ale."



Willie

"You are old," said the Class, "and unable to eat  
Much food that requires you to chew it;  
Yet you feast on the dining-room biscuits and meat—  
Pray, how do you manage to do it?"

"In my youth," said their Father, "I used to debate,  
And also announced and led cheers;  
And the strength which it gave to my jaw, I must state,  
Will probably last me for years."

"You are old," said the Class, "one would hardly suppose  
That your brain was as able as ever:  
Yet you managed this Record—how, God only knows—  
What made you so awfully clever?"

"I have answered you thrice," Father Willard replied,  
"Now I'll give you the best of suggestions:  
Go hunt up your ads with my talk as a guide,  
And don't ask embarrassing questions."

## The Squashing of Squirt

Booah, booah, booah, and up to the bar-room steps, on one of his famous horses, rode the Man With the Football Face. "Pardon my square head and my round shoulders," he beamed, as he broke right through the swinging door, not bothering to push it back, "but up in Waynesboro, we crash the gate quite regularly." He strode sturdily through the long, low room, striking sparks with his heels as he walked. "Atten-shun!" snapped his command and every cowboy in the saloon was on the sides of his feet. He turned and whipped from its holster a battered Prophylactic tooth-brush. "Phyl, old girl," he crooned, reaching for the Forhans in the pocket of his ammunition belt between the iodine and the mercurochrome, "there's dirty work atooth tonight back in Molar Gulch. I'll need you."

There was a glint of anger in his steel-blue eyes and his hair bristled ever so slightly as he counted the men who surrounded him. "Just because Dicky was stuck in the hoose-gow and won't be out till Tuesday, you think you don't have to show up," he sneered, missing the man who played second fiddle to him. "Sit down, you—," and he almost lost the tooth-brush from the side of his mouth as he tried to click his teeth in anger. "Are you all tanked up? Don't forget the bar," and he raised his hand for silence.

Just then, Nell, the bootlegger's daughter, a big bronzed daughter of the golden West, stepped as lightly as possible into the bar-room. The Pride of Perkiomen had sized her up in an instant. "I'm in love," he bellowed, and immediately sat down to write her a letter. She came over and sat cooly on his lap. "My own gweat big stwong boy," she cooed, "oo's tho athletic." A dizzy feeling came upon him, as though he had been run over by a ten-ton truck. "Say, get me up in time for collection, will you," he managed to say as he reached for his listerine bottle. "Thanks a lot," and a corner of his head took a chip out of a nearby table as he sank unconscious but happy to the floor, humming "I Love My Baby."



Squirt

## Fashions for Freshmen—by Fanny



R. C.

It has become a source of complaint amongst some of the elder dowagers that the refreshing presence of brightness in color and originality in design is sadly lacking in the costumes of the Freshmen of the present day. The soberer hues are admittedly more appropriate and becoming to upper classmen and everyone seems agreed that they should go no farther than red neckties. In the creations worn by the debutant Freshmen, however, the old guard seems to favor a return of the brilliant shades and bizarre outlines, lending as they do a touch of *bon ton* to the *beau monde*. All of these *je ne sais quoi* expressions of the *élan vital* tend toward the creation of a *milieu* which greatly adds to the *joie de vivre* among the *élite*; and every *spirituel* member of the *jeunesse dorée* feels a sense of *noblesse oblige* about such things. Thus, if the older generation manifests a desire to see a revival of the customs of dress in vogue several seasons ago, it is not unlikely that the debutantes of next fall may go back a few years for inspiration for their costumes.

And all this ado reminds Fanny of a very smart ensemble worn at a Haverford football game four seasons ago. So *séduisant* was the effect produced by this original costume that the memory of it has not yet faded. The charming young wearer was among those well-known to society who volunteered their services that day to assist in serving liquid refreshments to the members of the team. This particular debutante wore the most striking creation among the many chic costumes there, and was the cynosure of all eyes. The stunning bodice had been created of lovely white linen cut along the lines of the mode popular about 1912, and was gathered in at the waist with a darling sash of baby blue ribbon. The "skirt" was made up in the form of bloomers and was presumably worn at this event *pour le sport*, as it would hardly be suitable for all occasions. The *chapeau* selected to go with this ensemble was of dainty white lace with long ribbands which joined in an effective bow under the chin. Smart blue garters (which were worn then, as you may recall) lent an air *tout à fait distingué* to the whole, and it was universally agreed that it was quite the smartest get-up ever seen at Haverford.

## Morss's Manual of Poker



Squat

Since the names of Messrs. Elwell, Whitehead, and Work—not to mention the classic Hoyle—have become household words (like Caruso and Houdini), it occurs to me that I, too, for the sake of any family pride it may give my personal posterity, might set down about the brilliant poker method which I have developed and which has brought me such gratifying results. I must state in commencing that some of my fellow players have seen fit to criticize my cautious pursuit of the rather elusive straight flushes by vulgarly terming it "sneaking up on the cards." Could anything be more unfair?

The real secret of my success lies in the fact that I have adopted what appears to be a novel approach to the technique of the game, for I have adhered, paradoxically it might seem, to the practice of improving (for my own ends, it is true) my opponent's game rather than my own. There is really nothing so very startling in this method, and indeed I fancy that it may have been discovered before, but not been brought to the attention of the general public

owing to excessive modesty, or (more likely) early death. This general line of procedure is applicable to all the fine points which constitute the art of good poker playing, but it is to be employed with considerable finesse; otherwise one may find it difficult to obtain an *entrée* into the more select circles. I personally confine myself in general to subtly suggesting to my fellow players that they "break and catch higher," a bit of advice which would prove highly advantageous could my opponents be persuaded to accept it.

Finally, it seems to me that insufficient attention is given these days to the properties in the *salle de jeu*, of which the most important by far is the radio. Keeping the radio in proper subjection aids enormously toward creating a satisfactory evening, for I believe that each player has a radio talisman which brings him good luck. After many weeks of research and experimentation I have found my own to be Arty Baton's "Cheer Up Club," broadcasted every Wednesday evening. I am therefore to be found practicing my art on that evening of the week more frequently than any other. Let me hasten to add, however, that magic power lies in the exhilarating title alone, for I assure you that disastrous consequences occurred when one night I inadvertently allowed someone to tune in on "Everything is Hotsy-Totsy Now."

## Francis Jay Nock, Philosopher

Before taking up the philosophy of that most profound of modern thinkers, Francis Jay Nock, it will be well to examine the facts of his life.

Nock was born in Titusville, Pennsylvania, on May 13, 1905. The son of a well-known editor of the time, he early showed evidences of remarkable precocity. He entered Haverford College in the year 1922 with considerable splendor by receiving the second highest mark in a so-called "intelligence test" of the type popular in those days. These "intelligence tests," it may as well be stated, were universally admitted to prove something, although no two authorities ever agreed on what it was they proved. Besides radiating effulgence in the noumenal world, he endeavored also to present an image to the phenomenal world by attacking football. Some success in this field is evident since he was permitted to have his photograph taken with the team. The intellectual Roman candle which inaugurated his appearance at Haverford was not followed by any continuous blaze, for although vaguely



Nockers

looked upon as an *illuminatus* throughout his college career, he confined his metaphysical *ikases* to puerile pronouncements on the superiority of the later to the earlier Verdi. His profounder speculations he was concealing behind an indulgence in bridge and a moustache. [N. B.—Moustaches had passed a little out of date along with the prohibition of musical instruments on the campus.]

Nevertheless it was during this period of apparent stagnation that Nock was perfecting his stupendous system. The college courses in philosophy lead him to a thorough investigation of the theories of his great predecessors and to a rejection of them as unsound. He carefully examined the work of each philosopher and applied to it the needle of his own sharp intellect. If the bubble burst—and he always found it did—he cast it aside as useless and proceeded to the next. Just as Descartes three hundred years before had saught vainly for a previous system which was not based on some unwarranted assumption, so Nock vainly endeavored to find one that was not dogmatic.

Having found all preëstablished systems of philosophy to be dogmatic and therefore worthless, he set about, with the rare courage of a great intellect, to evolve his own theories. Night after night he lay awake, disturbed because of some apparently insurmountable obstacle to the progress of his thought, but every time he managed to conquer it, until at last in his Senior year he gave to the world the most profound bit of philosophical thinking it has ever received. "No subnoumenal consciousness," says Nock, "knows so very damn much."

## Pursue Pitter's Path to the Pinnacle of Physical Perfection

IF A BUM INSULTED A LADY YOU WERE WITH, OR YOUR WIFE, COULD YOU DEFEND YOUR HONOR?

Could you put him to flight as is expected of a gentleman? Can you punish an insult offered to you or your escort? These are the things that a virile man is expected to do; this is what you can do if you only know how. Although civilization is effete, a beautifully fashioned body is always a social asset. You, too, can attain the Adonis-like physique, which has made me the lion of Ardmore.

I started life as a weakly, puny lad; physical weakness and general debility threatened my very existence. One day my father took me to the zoo and standing before the cages of the monkey, the ring-tail boa, the duck-billed platypus and other animals I noticed that each seemed to have a system of regular movements which he repeated time and again. Agilely the tiger paced the space before the bars, rythmically the giant sloth swayed on his trapeze. These animals, I thought, must have learned the secret of keeping their bodies in

perfect shape in spite of the civilization in which they live. On going home I evolved a series of exercises which seemed to me to combine the best features of those of the animals of the zoo. I did these exercises regularly every day—simple contortions—as placing the left leg behind the right ear and saying, "Ah!" The effect was immediately noticeable. My muscles grew strong and knotty, my chest expanded untold inches. I stopped walking and talking like a product of the hothouse. I was virile in no time. Since that time, I carry with me the air of the wide open spaces, the breeze of the Far North, and am a social success, all without leaving my home in Merion.

These exercises I have organized into simple little doses; the merest child can do them and add inches to his girth and size. **YOU, TOO, CAN BE A PERFECT MAN.** One of my pupils posted a challenge to the world, defying any man in the world to prove himself more perfect. No one applied, and yet my pupil had been weak and puny, and had made himself beautiful bodily by my system.

**I CAN MAKE YOU MORE PERFECT THAN HERCULES, ATLAS, SAMSON AND OTHER STRONG MEN OF ANTIQUITY.**



Os

## It's All Greek Tragedy to Me



Bob

*Scene: The Areopagus at Athens. A chorus of matrons, each weighted with a gigantic Cap and Bells pin and each bound by a massive gold chain therefrom to an enormous "H" in the middle of the proscenium, stands waiting softly. The protagonist enters with wild eye, overshadowing hair, and drooping lip. He is dressed in the conventional soccer clothes and with paternal fondness snuggles a soccer ball close to his heart. The matrons, at his entrance, break into a shriek.*

*Cho: Brekeke-kesh, koash, koash, brekeke-kesh, koash, koash.*

*Richie: Where is he?*

*Cho: Behold the noble Richides who seeks hither and yon for the fugitive. Mark his anxious look and unconcealed agitation. He stops to peer about him. The princely brow is worn by years of travail and the harsh misfortunes inflicted by adverse gods. Woe unto him toward whom that mighty and unflinching wrath is now directed. Let him beware.*

*Richie: Have you seen him?*

*Cho: He inquires of all he meets. He seeks through all the territories. Searching ever he passes from one country to the next never ceasing, never resting. Great is his anguish and unalterable his thirst for revenge. Unremittingly shall he seek until he finds him.*

*Richie: Would that I knew where he is.*

*Cho: Let him against whom thy rage showeth itself beware. Rather let him hang himself or seek asylum by the self-administered sword than brave the tempest of thy wrath.*

*Richie: Where's my victim hiding?*

*Cho: Yon portals are of no avail to him who committed the foul misdeed. If he be within let him come forth ere he be smitten before the very altar of the gods. No asylum shall he find at their feet for he is besmirched in their sight and fly he must before the avenging ardor of the fierce Richides even as Orestes flew before the dreadful horror of the winged Furies. And lo, his crime must be spread abroad that all may know. What, O noble Richides, has the fugitive done to deserve thy harsh displeasure, and why showest thou him no mercy?*

*Richie: He is guilty of a foul pollution, for he has profaned with vile words my ancestral precincts and has thus soiled the white robe of his sacred office.*

## A Record Write-Up



Fred

(Foreword: Feeling that there should be a standard Soft-soap Record write-up in this volume, the Editor submitted himself all too willingly to tradition, and will go down to history as follows):

Pitter-patter, pitter-patter and down the hall comes Fred, the sheik of Lloyd. Whether it be in capably managing the basketball team, or in playing "sweet musick" with the Instrumental Club, or in bounding over the hurdles, Fred walks away with the prizes, and the hearts of all the fair members of the audience. Few of us can forget the signal success that this young Lothario scored at Atlantic City in 1926 when he outdid Busselle, the he-man, in the struggle for the favor of the object of their mutual admiration. How firm a foundation has the Founders Club when our hero acts as secretary. The vividness of the sports write-ups that appeared for years in the *News*, along with this splendid volume, testify to his literary ability. We feel it necessary to tell you that Fred was once elected secretary of the famous Class of '26, for otherwise the fact that he has con-

tributed to the Haverfordian might weigh against him.

(Midword: Having done our duty, we will continue):

Working hard at his usual task of procrastination, Fred says to himself, "I certainly am clever." Engrossed in this introspective contemplation, he has no words for others except, "I'm too busy—I've got too much work to do." Out of respect to his extreme youth, the professors allow his weak attempts at humor to pass; even the tolerant *News* didn't balk at the puny "Slinging the Ink," and that was a primary source for the theory that the college is degenerating.

"Isn't it funny that I was voted the most innocent man in the Class?" Fred asks himself. "I'm really a devil with the women," and he thinks with pride of his voluminous correspondence. Well, anyone can have a voluminous correspondence if he is content to correspond with many morons. And it need only be mentioned in passing that Class showed unusual perspicacity in their vote. Fred will be our second Kit Morley (ask him).

## The Managerial Mystery of Paul, Practicing Policeman

Policeman Paul stood silently in a dark corner, awaiting the footsteps of the Big Pestiferous Rogue. It was so silent in that corner you could hear his eyes blink, as he reflected silently on this interesting case which he had taken up, another case of the Eternal Triangle. "Women," he mused, "are always at the bottom of everything important." Just then a footstep was heard, and as our hero started to follow, he murmured to his trusty henchman, Byrd, "I'll see you in the Tower." Slowly the sleuth ran after the dim shadow, keeping on the track until it left the dusk and came to the Rhoads. "This must be the wrong man," he thought, "he can't know anything about the missing concerts"; for this was also involved in the mystery that he had undertaken to solve. "If I could only find the woman, I would be sure of success." He turned and walked musingly away, and as he walked, he fell into a brown study. At once he was alert, and taking out his glass, he surveyed the room. Voices were approaching in the distance, and as the distance drew up to the curb before the house, Patient Paul slipped into a corner. Picking himself up he listened. "Seen Dusty?" he heard and at once knew that one of the sides of the triangle stood before him. The answer was indistinct, but the next question rang out clear, "Where is the Abington Concert being kept?" "I don't know," was the answer, and our hero realized that he was on familiar territory. "I think it is being held up in Narberth." "Just the place for me," thought the sleuth as he slipped off in the dark. Landing on his feet, he hurried away towards that town, where he remained some time.

Returning a while later, he announced to his friends, "This is not a matter for me, but for my assistants. The concerts are lost, and there's nothing to be done. I have solved the mystery." "Marvelous, my dear Paul," murmured his admiring henchman, "how did you do it?" "It was very simple; the whole secret of my success is in my social grace," was his answer, as his voice choked with modesty. "*Cherchez la femme.*"



Sass

## Dictionary Dirt

**CHRISTIANERNESTSHANK** (-christian (silent) - ernest (pronounced ernie) - shank (with prefix mister, usually accented by all professors) n, v, or adj.

(1) *As a noun.* An earnest, hard studying, almost grinding day student for at least three years; a commuter between Haverford and Rosemont in either (a) delapidated Franklin or (b) via the P. and W.; lazy loafer of Center Barclay (for more exact definition see ROOM-MATE, page 31, second floor.)

(2) *As verb.* To play soccer, to act as class treasurer or as permanent secretary, to attempt basketball in Sophomore year and continue with over-indulgence in intra-murals of all types save soccer, to receive "H," and numerals.

(3) *As adjective.* Secretive, raucous, jovial, trivial, fond of childish things but giving a contrary appearance when engaging in such pastimes, in extreme cases idiotic and silly, overdosed with seriousness, asinine, anyone or thing not overly inspiring.

Root (From the Latin *Christian* meaning one well versed in the art of being religious, term now obsolescent, especially when applied to present word; really little more than a word forms that has been carried over into modern expression *christianernestshank*, sometimes omitted like other unnecessary prefixes and then word simply becomes *ernestshank* . . . *ernest*, derived from ordinary English adjective of the same meaning and compounded with *christian* and *shank* produces an almost unbearable combination; still since the word does exist, it is necessary to take it into account. . . . *Shank*, undoubtedly from the old Anglo-Saxon word of the same spelling and meaning legs or limb, represents in the present case large under-pinnings, sometimes used for soccer or other sports, coming at the end of the word in the present instance produces generally bad, ungainly effect.)

*Use.* Never use, pronounce or bother with, except when it thrusts itself upon you, then try and dodge it carefully.



Ernie

## A Les-son in Pen-man-ship



Chick

Now if you will all be ve-ry ve-ry good children and print your let-ters nice-ly like well-be-haved boys and girls, I shall tell you a story of how a boy went out in-to the world and be-came a great big man all be-cause he had been a good boy and had done what his teach-er told him to and cop-ied all— yes, ev-er-y sin-gle one— of the nice ex-er-cis-es in the copy book. This is the sto-ry:

There was once a boy whose name was Charles Sum-walt, which is a ve-ry nice name, on-ly the fel-lows did not like the name "Charles" so ve-ry much. They did not like "Char-lie" for a name ei-ther, so they just call-ed him "Chick." So this boy I am tell-ing you a-bout came to be known as "Chick Sum-walt." Don't you think that is a fine name? I do.

An-y-way Chick, as we shall call him, grew to be quite tall and blond, and had to go a-way to Hav-er-ford Col-lege. And what do you think he did at col-lege? (How are you com-ing on with your print-ing now, chil-dren? Mind your p's and q's!) He went out

for foot-ball, which is a ve-ry rough game but which they like to play at col-lege, and Chick be-came what the boys call-ed a "damn good player," which means that he did what the coach told him to do.

But if you ask me if that is all they do at col-lege, I shall say "No in-deed." Col-lege is a place to stu-dy, too. And this, boys and girls, is where the print-ing which he had done so faith-fully for his teach-er ev-er-y day came to his aid. For when at last he got to be a big tall Se-ni-or, and a ma-jes-tic head-wait-er be-sides, he con-fessed the se-cret of his suc-cess one Wed-nes-day ev-en-ing to a group of ea-ger Fresh-men: "I owe it all to the print-ing which I learn-ed in school be-cause when ex-am-in-a-tion time came a-round I found that all my well-print-ed lec-ture notes were read-a-ble, while those of men who were much smart-er than I, but who did not know how to print were not read-a-ble. So I pass-ed my ex-ams with ease and ev-en found time to play the vi-o-lin, too."

## Tatnall—His Discipline



Tat

*Query Number One:* Charles Rhoads Tatnall, has thee at all time exercised due care in thy abstinence from the use of alcoholic intoxicants?

*Answer:* All but once. . . . At said time, pears were served in the Haverford College dining-hall which had been allowed to stand beyond the proper limits of time. They tasted alcoholic and I confess to having felt strange after-effects, but I have always suspected the meat and not the pears.

*Query Number Two:* Is thee free from the use of tobacco?

*Answer:* Practically so . . . I took a puff of a cigarette four years ago at a love feast but the pernicious effects have pretty well passed off.

*Query Number Three:* Does thee have a leaning toward the fair sex? If so, how and why?

*Answer:* Yes, I must confess that I do. Particularly have I noticed it to be true with Sallies. It must be because of some inward weakness, perhaps for the name. As to how

to express this leaning toward the fair sex I have never been able to fully comprehend. I have been told that dancing is neither the time nor the place. Can anyone help me?

*Query Number Four:* Has thee always kept at peace with thy fellow-men?

*Answer:* No, I fear not. I played football while in college.

*Query Number Five:* Does thee always keep thy feet firmly planted upon the ground of reality?

*Answer:* Well, I admit having attempted the high jump while at Haverford, but fortunately my feet never left the ground of reality very far.

*Query Number Six:* Does thee always maintain an attitude of reverence for the straight and narrow path? Does thee so live as to be an example for all thy brethren here below?

*Answer:* Yes, I at least always reverence the straight and narrow path, paying particular attention to keeping it narrow. As for being an example, I lead my poor misguided room-mates into a scheme whereby all trespassers into our home of domestic purity should be fined all of twenty-five cents if they should defile by word or deed the sacred precincts of our domicile. Of course, it failed, but it was a splendid example for the others.

## Prof. Vansant Lectures On Poetry Appreciation

"Gentle-men," began Dr. Vansant, displaying a slightly moustached but beautiful profile as he looked thoughtfully out the window. "Gentlemen, I want you to understand that this is not a course for Freshmen. There are certain references and unquestionably suggestive passages which, although absolutely essential to a thorough comprehension of the course, might work harm when allowed to come in contact with the unmoulded mind of the first-year man. And it has been my policy throughout my five years as lecturer and seven years as professor of English to always call a spade a spade.

"I trust that every man in this room will some day travel abroad with that wonderful organization, the Students' Worst Class Association. It was only because I spent one of my college summers in Europe that I am what I am today. On the boat I drank in all the beautiful things of life and filled myself with sparkling memories. I became so happy that I laughed and laughed for the pure joy of it. Soon the ocean voyage was over, but my experiences had only begun. I found it difficult to make headway when I had filled my whole self with sweet things, so I used to lie down in the sun in a cozy ant-hill and roll about and dream. It is impossible to describe to an American who has never traveled this ecstasy which can rightly be enjoyed only in foreign realms, and which is so fundamentally and inevitably the secret of all great poetry.

"As a matter of fact, gentlemen, I pride myself upon the fact that I have a lot, a whole lot, behind me. That is the thing which lends weight to my bearing and gives me a comfortable sense of security in the chair which I occupy. And before I assign you your first reading in the book which I have taken from the glass ease and reserved for your use—one final word of advice: As my wife has so often told me, looking at my sparsely vegetated head and my mountainous contour, 'If you ever want to be happily married, marry while you're still young.'"



Joe

## Ballplayers Prefer Brunettes

I feel kind of an inspiration today, so I shall write down just how I feel about my new boy friend, Alex Wagner. He is really something of a kid, if you know what I mean. I mean he plays baseball so well. I watched him play at Haverford the other day, and it was really grand, I mean it really was. Of course, I don't know very much about baseball, as I tell him, but the way I feel about it is this, a girl doesn't have to know a lot about baseball, because no really nice girl scarcely ever goes to a game without a man taking her and anyway she can learn a lot of things by just keeping her ears open. What I mean is, a man doesn't want her to know too much about the game so he can't tell her anything and anyway they would argue a lot. Well, I saw Alex playing baseball and really he did look grand, I must say. He is kind of a tall boy with grayish eyes and a funny smile—I guess you would almost call it a silly grin. And he pitches, kind of wild-like, you might say.

Well, what struck me so funny about their playing baseball the other day was this: Alex tried hard to hit all the balls the other pitcher threw at him and finally he landed one and it really went quite aways into the outfield. There must be lots of insects out there because I heard someone yell, "Catch that fly," and really the fly was disturbing them so much out there that they missed the ball Alex batted and really had quite a time getting it. And Alex went clear around all the bases and came back to where he started from, which made it a home run. I just screamed and carried on something grand. I mean I was so proud of my boy friend that I thought I would die right there on the spot.

But the funniest thing happened after that because someone came up and told him that it didn't count because he had not touched first base when he went around. Which sounds very silly to me, because Alex plays first base sometimes and all I can say is I guess he knows a first base when he sees one.



Wag

## The Wily Wood Worms Wealth From the Wayward. For What?



Ted

Fellow-members of '26, I stand before you, a Westtown man, to ask you for more money. This year we must have more than ever before, and I want to get from each of you a fraction of what you spend at the drug store each year. The causes that I represent are worthy, and I will enumerate them. In the first place, we must have more funds for the bored track team. You know that I am the modest manager of that organization and every day "Pop" comes to me with the proverbial worried look on his face and says he needs more money for his undertakings. I know we all want to help "Pop" out (and Ted's kind heart shone forth on his manly countenance) and that this will appeal to you.

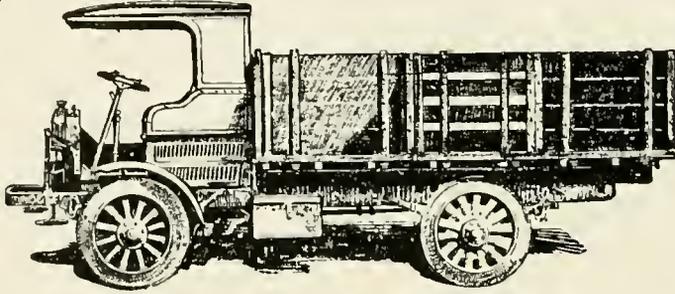
And then, we must help the Scientific Society, of which I am the president. It has been too scientific and not social enough in the past; the sciences discussed have been too abstract and technical. Whereas we have heard about aviation and that sort of flying, I want you to know more about other kinds of flying, night flying, and the types of things that do the flying. You cannot help but be touched by this appeal.

(Contributions poured in from the rowdy elements of the class.)

Then, we have a letter from China which says that our dear alumnus, Mr. Simplekin, needs more money, and if he cannot get it through me, he will come and ask for it himself. Here is an appeal that you cannot resist. (Ted is submerged in a pile of bills that pour in as contributions.)

Furthermore, we are, as you know, supporting six beds in the Lackaday Hospital; and would you see these beds let down? Cannot you figure the hardship on the occupants who would suddenly find themselves without the uplifting strength of Haverford? (Tears poured down the jowls of his audience.) As head of the charity drive, a position which I modestly claim, I ask you for money for these worthy objects. You cannot refuse to see the urgency of these appeals. And, what is more, I blushingly proclaim that I am the future money gatherer of the class, even unto the end of my days, and so you had better get the habit of falling for my appeals or the class will disintegrate. (Hear! Hear! comes from an enthusiastic audience who have once again fallen for this spirited oratory).

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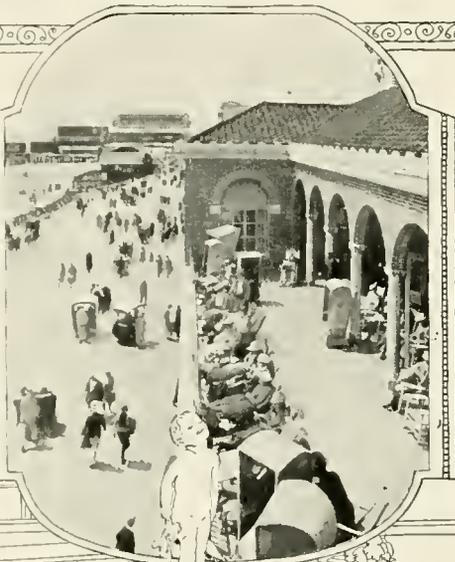


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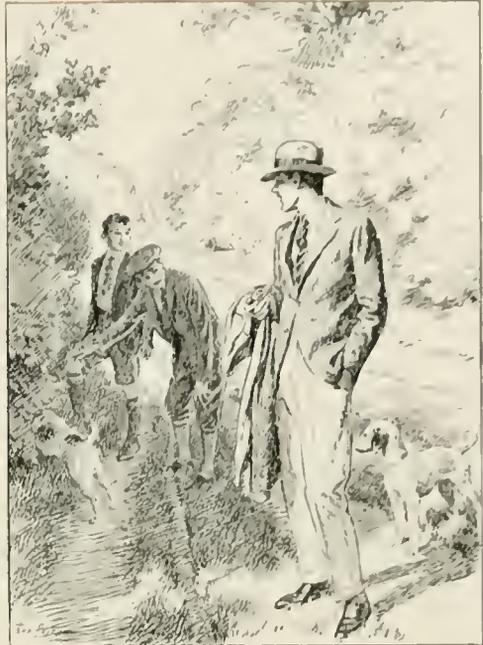
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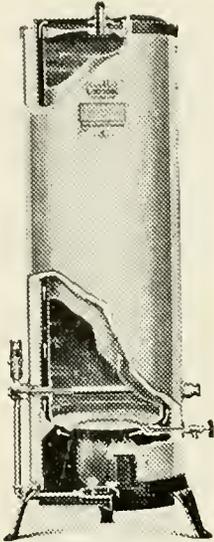
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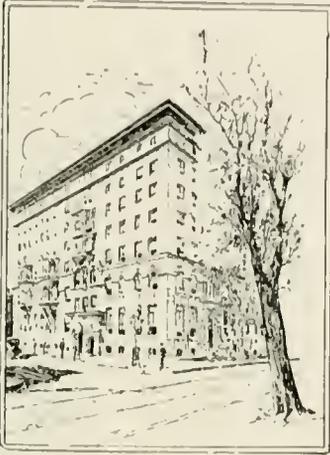
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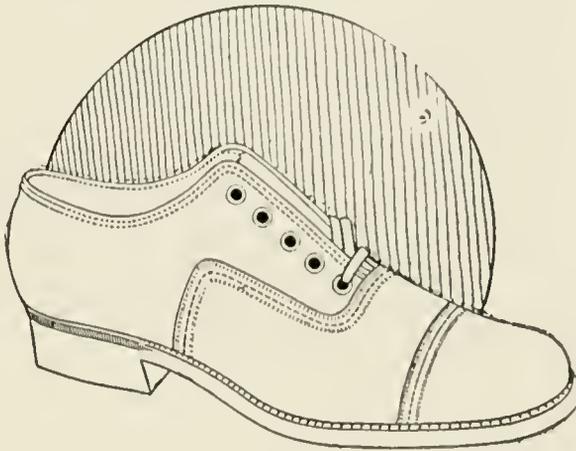
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