

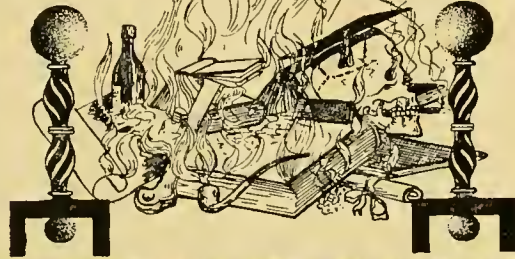
HAVERFORD

1910

THE ~ CLASS  
OF  
NINETEEN ~ TEN


MVCH THOUGHT  
WITHOVT  
LEARNING  
IS  
FOOLISH

MVCH LEARNING  
WITHOVT  
THOUGHT  
IS  
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T H E I R  
B O O K





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THE CLASS

Record  
of the  
Class of Nineteen-Ten  
of  
Haverford College  
Haverford, Pa.

September 26, 1906 - - June 10, 1910

## To the Faculty

SIRS, we have been a graceless lot. We have cut your lectures. We have neglected your courses. We have made fun of your peculiarities. And you—you have been uniformly patient. You have held out to us noble ideals, and practised them before our eyes. You have striven to teach us many things, and when we have unworthily requited you, you have been generous to our childishness.

And now, sirs—fortunately, ere it is quite too late—we begin to understand what you have done for us. In years to come we will realize it more fully. Words have never been our forte, and some day, it may be, we will try to show our gratitude in deeds. But in the meantime, we thank you for your kindnesses; and we ask your pardon for our transgressions.

## To Our Friends

**T**O you who are patient enough to read this book, much may seem trivial. But for us these pages record memories and faces that it will ever be pleasant to recall. Together we have spent four happy years—probably the merriest and most carefree years that we will ever live. And now, as we dwell under the shadow of our leavetaking, we have hastily gathered a few of the jests and incidents that we would not forget. This is our only excuse—that we may not forget. This is the Memory Book of

1910

## AVE ATQUE VALE

Mother of men, the seasons roll,  
And from thy bosom, year by year,  
Still dost thou wean the hungry soul  
That fain would tarry with thee here.

Mother of men! O mother fond!  
That nourished us and held us near,  
Mute with the dread of things beyond  
Thy bosom, mute with memories here.

Mother of men, but with the thought  
We thank thee now, and with the tear,  
Till from the truth thy lips have taught  
The fairest monuments we rear.

Yea, mighty works our hands shall bring  
In plighted faith to make more dear  
Thy name, though other sons may sing  
With purer note and truer ear.

# WHO'S WHO IN 1910

Then and Now

Darwin's Theory Proved!



PAGE

PAGE—a genial and harebrained Bohemian, our foremost connoisseur in the matter of rare editions and old vintages. The leader of a small but select philosophic cult that slips away to Pocono once a year there to celebrate its unhallowed rites. A friend of the famous Andrew McGill, and a dangerous man to sit in front of in the smoking car. President of the Phone Club. Favorite parable: The one about “the feller that loafes and fishes.”

EDWARD PAGE ALLINSON,

Haverford, Pa.

Born Philadelphia, Aug. 28, 1887. Entered Freshman Year from Haverford School. Class Soccer Team (2, 3, 4); Second Soccer Team, (3); First Soccer Team (4); Tennis Team (2, 3, 4); Captain (4); Intercollegiate Tournament (2, 3, 4); President of Tennis Association (4); Associate Editor of *Class Record* (4); Class Day Committee (4); Art and Library Committee of the Haverford Union (4). Class Numerals (Soccer).







LARRY

LARRY—an obvious Hibernian, although he avers that Indiana is responsible. Co-founder (with Leiny) of the Pretzel and Spud Club, which has been a centre of social activity in Barclay this year. Shows an unlimited capacity for absorbing Economics, probably inherited from an avuncular relative. Suspected as a man with a history, but careful search through the police files of Indianapolis shows nothing worth mentioning.

LAWRENCE HANEY BARRETT,

Indianapolis, Ind.

Born Spring Valley, Ohio, Aug. 15, 1887. Entered Junior Year from Earlham College. Honor System Committee (3); Football Team (3, 4); Football H (3); Class Treasurer (4).





WILLIAM THOMAS BOYCE,

Tyner, N. C.

Born Tyner, N. C., Oct. 25, 1884. Entered Senior Year from Guilford College. Senior Foundation Scholarship (4); Preston Committee of the Y. M. C. A. (4).

REVEREND

BIG BILL BOYCE, our theological atavism. The current suspicion is that he was discovered by Dr. Hilprecht in the library at Nineveh, looking for an expurgated edition of "Ibid." Others aver that he was blasted from the Rock of Ages. An unnatural desire to enter the Café des Enfants was promptly checked by the sight of the sign "Oyster Bar." At the Senior Banquet, however, his exploits with a crème de menthe punch (under the impression that it was congealed ean de cologne) made him the cynosure of neighboring eyes. Once discovered with false whiskers and blue goggles in the third row at the Troc. Amusements: Throwing the hammer and putting the XXXIX articles.





JULIAN SCOTT BRYAN,

Hamilton, N. Y.

Born Kokomo, Ind., Sept. 25, 1890. Entered Senior Year from Franklin College. Football Squad (4).

JULES

Here, gentle reader, is the Sphinx, imported from the Philippines at a cost of \$40,000, and installed in these halls of learning for a final year. Compared to this individual, Bush is as loquacious as a Sufi pipkin. Whether his aphasia is motor or sensory has not as yet been determined, but at table he signifies his modest needs by the sign manual. He is most conspicuous by his absence. His Christmas vacation ended some time in February and his migration to The Colgate Soap Factory for the Spring vacation took place about April 1st. At the present writing he is not in evidence but is expected by Commencement Eve at the latest. Motto: "Ten Nights in Singapore."





EARL

EARL is most frequently seen in conjunction with an old brown hat which has become a venerable landmark. Early in his career he was a favorite performer at the Friday Night Sessions. Has often been seen in Ardmore after dark in very dubious company. Particularly memorable is his work in connection with the Junior Play. Well known as an advocate of the coeducationalization of Fifth Day Meeting.

## EARL SHINN CADBURY,

Haverford, Pa.

Born Philadelphia, Dec. 16, 1888. Entered Freshman Year from William Penn Charter School. Class Secretary (1); Prize Cricket Ball for Best Freshman Bowler (1); Chairman Freshman Rules Committee (1); Class Banquet Committee (1, 2); Hazing Committee (2); Class Vice-President (2); Class President (3); Chairman Junior Play Committee (3); Assistant Business Manager of *Class Record* (4); Class Cricket Team (1, 2, 3, 4); Class Soccer Team (1, 2, 3, 4); First Soccer Team (2, 3, 4); Captain (4); Second Cricket XI (4); Advisory Board (3, 4); Soccer H (4).





BUSH

BUSH, otherwise known as COUSIN DON DON—our silent enigma from the Bivalve City. A liberal patron of *Life*, the theatre and the card-table. On account of his hairstand and an unlimited supply of Makaroff cigarets, he has been taken for a Russian count in exile. This is probably a mistake. Early in life he developed a capacity for dignified ease, which explains much, including a postponed exam. in English IV. Senior Year extended his jurisdiction to Bryn Mawr and the Barclay Hall piano, and he is suspected as a victim of the gentlest passion. His tenor voice and caustic humor need no comment. Motto: "A good wine needs no Bush." French Cricket H (1, 2, 3, 4).

DONALD BUSH CARY,

Baltimore, Md.

Born Baltimore, Aug. 21, 1889. Entered Freshman Year from Boys' Latin School. Class Cricket Team (1, 2, 3,); Class Track Team (1, 2, 3, 4); Track Team (1, 2, 3, 4); Mandolin Club (1, 2, 3, 4); Class Soccer Team (1, 2, 3, 4); Class Treasurer (3); Class Numerals (Track); Second Soccer Team (3, 4); Winner of Track H (4).





CHARLES FYGIS CLARK,

Philadelphia, Pa.

Born Philadelphia, Dec. 23, 1888. Entered Freshman Year from Episcopal Academy. Mandolin Club (1); Glee Club (2); Vice-President of Y. M. C. A. (3); Secretary-Treasurer of Civics Club (3); Executive Committee (4); President (4); College Nominating Committee (4); Y. M. C. A. Cabinet (4); Advisory Board (3, 4); Secretary of Advisory Board (3); Corporation Scholarship (3); Class President (4).

CHASTITY

CHASTITY, even at this early age, shows symptoms of the raised eyebrow which has so often been observed after ten o'clock P. M. One of the leaders of the Lloyd Hall Aristocracy, he frequently slips away quietly during the evening and is later to be seen adorning Chestnut Street with high hat and cane. Before his infectious giggle even the dairymaids of Pocono have capitulated. Has introduced from Germany a line of iridescent socks which (with his hairstand) have been the wonder of his friends. Avocations: Running for the class Presidency, weddings, and blue spectacles.





HOLLIE

WHOLLY ERNEST—the Blessed Damozel—Madame Patti in disguise. As a tripper of the light fantastic toe he has Isadora Duncan backed off the boards. The only member of the class with the courage of his convictions. Notice the lines of care in the picture, due either to the above-mentioned courage or perhaps merely to a year's residence in Ardmore.

HOLLIE ERNEST CROW,

Wichita, Kans.

Born Bourbon, Mo., Mar. 20, 1884. Entered Senior Year from Friends' University. Senior Foundation Scholarship (4); Glee Club (4); Operetta (4).







EDWARD WANDELL DAVID,

Germantown, Pa.

Born Germantown, Nov. 1, 1889. Entered Freshman Year from Germantown Friends' School. Corporation Scholarship (1, 2, 3, 4); Class Gymnasium Team (1, 2, 3, 4); College Gymnasium Team (3, 4); Manager (4); Class Cricket Team (1, 2, 3, 4); Third XI (1, 2), Second XI (3); First XI (4); Class of '85 Prize Bat (3); Class Soccer Team (2, 3, 4); Second Soccer Team (3); First Soccer Team (4); Chairman of Soccer Department of the Athletic Association (4); Y. M. C. A. Cabinet (4); Advisory Board (4); Athletic Association Nominating Committee (4); Class Secretary (3); Class Treasurer (3, 4); Class of '96 Mathematics Prize (2); Winner of Chess Tournament (3); Business Manager of *Class Record* (4); Class Numerals (Cricket and Soccer); Cricket Grounds Committee (4)

OUR EDDY

This is the Thinking Machine two years after having been wound up. Throughout its college career it neither smoked nor sware until elected Business Manager of the *Class Record*. It still eschews the weed. It is unable to sleep except in a Mission folding bed, which has occasionally been closed upon it in the night. Diversions: bridge, chess, mathematics and managerships. On account of its ability to juggle figures has frequently been entrusted with the class funds. Our Eddy also exhibits a nasal erubescence that has been traced to premature indulgence in Y. M. C. A. activities.







HENRY

A moonshiner from North Carolina, where he operates a corn-whiskey still by the absentee system. The Henry Davis *snifter* has been introduced at the Pink Pussy with gratifying results. His phenomenal speed on the cinder path has been traced to years of training in eluding a posse of sheriffs. Apparently human, but has been denied objective reality on account of his complete elimination from the curriculum of all unnecessary phonetics. Meals (4). Required Lectures (4). Fifth Day Meeting (4).

HENRY DAVIS,

Guilford College, N. C.

Born Guilford College, N. C., Oct. 12, 1886. Entered Senior Year from Guilford College. Class Relay Team (4); Track Team (4); Winner of Track H (4).





EARLE NELSON EDWARDS,

Philadelphia, Pa.

Born Blanchester, Ohio, June 3, 1888. Entered Freshman Year from Westtown Boarding School. Class Football Team (2); Class Cricket Team (1, 2, 3, 4); Class Soccer Team (1, 2, 3, 4); Class Track Team (1, 2); Class Gym Team (1, 2, 3, 4); College Gymnasium Team (2, 3, 4); Captain (4); Third Cricket XI (1, 2); Second XI (3, 4); Vice-Chairman of Cricket Department of A. A. (3); Chairman (4); Vice-Chairman of Gym Department (3); Chairman (4); Assistant Manager (3); *Haverfordian* Board (2, 3, 4); Class President (3); Class Secretary (3); Junior Play Committee (3); Football Squad (1, 2, 3, 4); Scrub Cup (3); Gym H (4); Associate Editor of *Class Record* (4); Y. M. C. A. Cabinet (4); Member of Triangle Society.

SKINNY GRINNER

SKINNY GRINNER, sometimes yclept NELLY or the SEA-GREEN PUSSY, shows even in extreme youth her amiable peculiarities. Not the least of these are a wildly vacant expression, a Titianesque head and a weakness for Memory Courses. As a designer of scenery and stage carpenter she is unsurpassed. She and her husband Kendy are firm believers in the delights of Dairy Life, having occupied the same churn for three years. Favorite Diversion: Tea meetings and a few convolutions on the parallel bars. Is suspected of having contracted a clandestine marriage.





RALPH

We have but few data, but RALPH is suspected of a dubious past known to us as a football player, hypnotist and hurler of the classic disc, but rumor hath it his earlier years have been otherwise spent in the purlieu of Oskaloosa. Since coming to Haverford he plays cards, smokes cigarets with abandon, and has even drained a bumper of Hires' Root Beer. Has been seen furtively returning from Ardmore, but it is hoped that our suspicions in this direction are unfounded. Future occupation: Professor of Psychology at Bryn Mawr.

RALPH ROSCOE ELSE,

Oskaloosa, Iowa

Born Oskaloosa, Iowa, Sept. 13, 1885. Entered Senior Year from Penn College. Senior Foundation Scholarship (4); Football Team (4); Glee Club (4); Operetta (4); Track Team (4); College Record in Discus Throw (4); Winner of Alumni Oratorical Contest (4); Track H (4).





MITCH

This is our Hercules at 9 months 6 days, displaying a chubby toothless unsophistication which the tall and rugged cynic of to-day has long since discarded. The sweetest songbird in our cage, not even exceeded by JEFF's nightingale. MITCH can do less work in more time than any other man in college. He can tie knots in iron pokers and even Alf is afraid of him. Week-ends physicking at Swarthmore, hair-cuts at Binder's, expensive neckties, all-night cards and a genial materialism—these are his amiable weaknesses. His philosophy, he says, we will understand when we mature. He recognizes no categorical imperative except that of Bryn Mawr on a moonlit night.

CHARLES MITCHELL FROELICHER,

Baltimore, Md.

Born Media, Pa., June 29, 1889. Entered Freshman Year from Baltimore City College. Class Baseball Team (1); Class Track Team (1, 2, 3, 4); Class Relay Team (1, 2); Track Team (3, 4); Assistant Manager of Track Team (3); Manager (4); Class Football Team (2); Football Squad (2, 3); Football Team (4); Winner of Football H (4); Class Soccer Team (4); Everett Speaking Contest (2); Class Debating Team (1, 2); Class Treasurer (2); Corporation Scholarship (2); Junior Play Committee (3); Glee Club (1, 2, 3, 4); Mandolin Club (3); Operetta (4); Track H (4).





KID

HAROLD—alias the KID, alias TRILBY, alias BIG BABE, a loose-jointed gangling succession of ganglia—a genial New Jersey excrement Physiologically considered, a mere mass of funny bones and humorous veins. The phrase "Homeric laughter" was coined to describe the peculiar snort with which he has sometimes cheered us in Fifth Day Meetings. Known as the Beardless Wonder; his excessive activity in cricket, soccer and tennis having robbed him of all facial vegetation.

## HAROLD ALAN FURNESS,

Haddonfield, N. J.

Born Pittsfield, Me., May 11, 1887. Entered Freshman Year from Haddonfield High School. Class Soccer Team (1, 2, 3, 4); Captain (2, 3, 4); College Soccer Team (1, 2, 3, 4); Assistant Manager (3); Manager (4); All-American Intercollegiate Soccer Team (3); Tennis Team (1, 2, 3, 4); Intercollegiate Tournament (2, 3, 4); Captain (3); College Championship in Singles (2, 3, 4); Class Cricket Team (1, 2, 3, 4); Captain (2, 4); First XI (1, 2, 3, 4); Captain (4); Prize Bat for Best Freshman Batsman (1); Prize Cup for Best All-round Freshman Cricketer (1); Cope Prize Bat for Best First XI Average (3); Haines Prize Fielding Belt (3); Cricket Grounds Committee (3, 4); Soccer Grounds Committee (3, 4); Vice-President Intercollegiate Cricket Association. Class Vice-President (4); Class Secretary (4); Winner of Soccer H and Cricket H; Member of Triangle Society.





EVAN PENNOCK GHEEN,

West Chester, Pa.

Born West Chester, Pa., March 4, 1890. Entered Freshman Year from West Chester Friends' School. Freshman Baseball Team (1); Class Soccer Team (2, 3, 4); First Soccer Team (4); Soccer H (4).

SKEET

An early picture of SKEET, our unclassified by-product of West Chester. His week-end absences from college have been the salvation of the pool parlors of his home town, and the subject of much regretful comment by his sorrowing friends. His diversions include innumerable games of 500, a semi-annual visit to the Casino, and surreptitious jaunts to a pawnbroker in Philadelphia. A Pinkerton sleuth once unearthed a caché of hairpins and a can of Talcum Powder in his bureau drawer, which has led to suspicions of ulterior motives in his week-end trips. Generally naively unphilosophical, but when the eternal verities are broached he shows no hesitation to brandish a neo-Rufusian argument.







CARROLL AUSTIN HAINES,

Philadelphia, Pa.

Born Philadelphia, Oct. 16, 1887. Entered Freshman Year from Friends' Select School. Class Soccer Team (1); Class Treasurer (2); Class Cricket Team (1, 2, 3, 4); Mandolin Club (2, 3); Y. M. C. A. Cabinet (3); Manager of the Musical Association (4); Third Cricket Team (1, 2); Second Cricket Team (3, 4); Manager of Cricket Team (4); Class Day Committee (4); Cricket Numerals; Member of Triangle Society.

PUFFER

Our own little HENRY PUFFER. Manager of Seiler's operatic troupe that was stranded in Baltimore recently, and impromptu chorus laddie. As easy-going as a Baker electric and about as fast. He, too, knows how to play the beau and frolic with the fair co-ed. A more accomplished Thespian never trod the boards. His masterly portrayal of the much maligned Registrar has led to the suspicion that their resemblance, physical and otherwise, has a foundation in relationship. Motto: "Damn the expense!"





JEFF

Even at two years JEFF shows that introspective Weltschmerz that makes him our only representative of the lyric cry. His career shows the influence of several great spirits, among others Marcus Aurelius, Maeterlinck and Egg Nogg. His amusements include the business managership of the *Haverfordian*, water-waggoning and the cultivation of the philosophic argument with Rufus Jones. Quite early in his college course he was divorced from 1909 and entered 1910, but his early affiliations may still be discerned in his use of the epithet "trusty." His well-known corduroy suit and anecdotes of the West have given him the title of "The Belovéd Vagabond."

HARRISON STREETER HIRES,

Haverford, Pa.

Born Philadelphia, May 31, 1887. Entered Sophomore Year from 1909. Associate Editor of the *Haverfordian* (3, 4); Assistant Manager (3); Business Manager (4); Assistant Manager of *Class Record* (4).







JOHN DONALD KENDERDINE,

Mount Airy, Pa.

Born Germantown, Feb. 6, 1889. Entered Freshman Year from Germantown Friends' School. Official Newspaper Correspondent of Sports (2, 3, 4); Business Manager *Haverfordian* (3); Joint Founder and Publisher of *College Weekly* (3, 4); President of College Association (4); Member of *B P Z* Society.

KENDY

Our one and only KENDY KIP. Poured by the Eternal Saki from the Germantown Friends' School Bowl, to found the *Sickly* and perpetrate innumerable editorials. Spends considerable time in trying to convince us that all his financial schemes have gone agley, but like his namesake John D. he is an economic factor to be reckoned with. The mainstay and prop of the Economics Department and the mythical Civics Club. His modesty prevented many of his attainments from being printed above. To these should be added: Member of the Anti-Vice League of Eastern Pennsylvania. Member of the Coatesville W. C. T. U. Holder of the Sylvanus Stall Foundation Scholarship. Author of *Rosey the Slum Girl*.





KERBY

KERBY—the Tennyson of 1910. Ella Wheeler Wilcox's hair turned gray in a single night after the publication of George's immortal elegy, or roundelay—or whatever it was. For three years a flying buttress of the *Haverfordian* Board. A cricketer of renown and the cynosure of all feminine eyes from Narberth to Paoli. As yet unmarried, of some reputation as an amateur yachtsman, and in general of unimpeachable character. Like Uncle Allen, KERBY has successfully resisted temptation in all forms. Favorite Song: *Fifty Dollars or I'll Scream*. Future occupation: Manager of the Zion-Hades Football Team. Thesis: Ethical Aspects of the Cocoa Bean.

GEORGE ALLEN KERBAUGH,

Bryn Mawr, Pa.

Born Bryn Mawr, Pa., July 15, 1888. Entered Freshman Year from Haverford School. Class Baseball Team (1); Mandolin Club (1, 2, 3, 4); *Haverfordian* Board (2, 3, 4); Executive Committee of the Civics Club (3); Class Cricket Team (1, 2, 3, 4); Third Cricket XI (1, 2, 3, 4); Class Gymnasium Team (4); Y. M. C. A. Cabinet (3); Class Secretary (2); Assistant Manager of Football Team (3); Manager (4); Class Numerals (Cricket); Member of Triangle Society.





CHARLES SCOTT LEININGER,

Mohnton, Pa.

Born Mohnton, Pa., Feb. 24, 1888. Entered Junior Year from Albright College. Mandolin Club (3, 4); Glee Club (3, 4); Leader (4). Operetta (4).

LEINY

The first authentic portrait of the OLD DUTCH CLEANSER. Note the canny expression, which augurs well for the future of the stocking industry. He came upon us without warning in Junior Year, since when he has learned to smoke half a pipe at a time, play cards and go to Keith's. But two things have been known to stir his emotionless stolidity—(1) a plate of Wienerwurst (2) Die Wacht am Rhein. Has never been accused of crime, although he wears a green bathrobe embroidered with Reading pretzels. National Song: "Ich waes nit wo sin die Grundbern." Member of the J I T X Society, Moontown Chapter.





HENRY

HENRY, our only living Dromedary, is better known at the Pennsylvania Motor Works than at Haverford, where he preserves an uncompromising silence. Like the Dromedary, HENRY can go eight days without a drink. Since Freshman Year, however, he has developed remarkably, and has been known to pass the door of the Rathskeller without even a shudder. Well acquainted with the stage entrances of Philadelphia and a great favorite with the pony ballet. Author of "Sonnets in Engineering IV" and "Ode to a Ball Bearing." Future occupation: With the *Midnight Sons*.

HENRY CARVILL LEWIS,

Germantown, Pa.

Born Germantown, Pa., Jan. 9, 1889. Entered Freshman Year from Germantown Academy. Freshman Baseball Team (1); Class Soccer Team (1, 2, 3, 4); Second Soccer Team (2, 3); Soccer Team (4); Soccer Numerals.





CHRIS

CHRISTOPHOCLES—The only specimen born in the Haverford Gardens. A versatile and volatile genius. Mainstay of Lauber's restaurant and pillar of the church. Official Glad Hand for the Y. M. C. A., the Haverford Sewing Circle and kindred institutions. Our one and only Transcendental Unity of Apperception. The nenuphar of Preston and President of the Bum Dum Society. Has the gift of absolute pitch in his judgment of claret. Envoy extraordinary to New College, Oxford, from the oyster beds of Chesapeake Bay. Future occupation: Curate of the J. Jarden Guenther Memorial Church. Favorite Song: *What Would Stevenson Do?*

## CHRISTOPHER DARLINGTON MORLEY,

Baltimore, Md.

Born Haverford, Pa., May 5, 1890. Entered Freshman Year from the Jefferson School, Baltimore. Corporation Scholarship (1, 2, 3, 4); Class Soccer Team (1, 3); Glee Club (1, 2, 4); Operetta (4); Class of '96 Prizes in Latin and Mathematics (2); Honor System Committee (3); Junior Play Committee (3); *Haverfordian* Board (3, 4); President of the Y. M. C. A. (4); Editor-in-Chief of *Class Record* (4); Board of Governors of the Haverford Union (4); Class Day Committee (4); Cecil Rhodes Scholar from Maryland (4); Class Cricket Team (4); Presenter (4).





REG

The biographer despairs to convey an adequate impression of this remarkable Social Problem. REG's deep set eyes and ascetic features have long been the admiration of his disciples. His ability as a public speaker, his droll humor, his fluent speech, his drawl, are all unique. His irrepressible vein of levity would carry him to the guillotine with a jest. He is always ready for whatever may turn up, be it a midwinter swim in Darby Creek, an expedition to Beechwood, or a slumming trip to Kugler's. Has been taken for a Theological student (when unaccompanied by Alf). Future occupation: Graduate work at Kirkbride's.

REGINALD HOLLINGSWORTH MORRIS,

Villa Nova, Pa.

Born Pottstown, Pa., June 14, 1887. Entered Freshman Year from Episcopal Academy. Class Football Team (1, 2); Chairman Hazing Committee (2); Track Team (1, 2, 3, 4); Track H (1); Class Gymnasium Team (1, 2, 3, 4); Member of *B P S* Society.





WALT

WALT the learned Lepsius, who at the age of four read Marcus Aurelius by pine knots in the barn. Dr. Babbitt's "right hand man." A modern Cincinnatus called from the plow in Media to lead our Tenth Legion, Morris Roberts et al. on the cinder path. A shining example of "consistent training." Possessor of the cheeriest bellow within the four seas and chief priest at the shrine of My Lady Nicotine. After several adventures with other vehicles he has resolutely mounted the sprinkler, where he sitteth at the right hand of JEFF.

WALTER PALMER,

Media, Pa.

Born Media, Pa., March 30, 1888. Entered Freshman Year from Friends' Select School. Cane man (2); Hazing Committee (2); Class Soccer Team (1, 2, 3, 4); Class Track Team (1, 2, 3, 4); Captain (2, 3, 4); Class Relay Team (1, 2, 4); College Relay Team (1, 2, 3, 4); Captain (3, 4); Class Cricket Team (2, 3, 4); Third XI (3); First XI (4); Tennis Team (2, 3, 4); Track Team (1, 2, 3, 4); Captain (4); Class President (2); Y. M. C. A. Treasurer (3); Cabinet (3, 4); President of Athletic Association (4); Chairman of Football Department (4); Advisory Board (3, 4); College Record in 220 and 440 yard dashes; and 220 yd. hurdles; Second Place in Intercollegiate 440 yard dash (3); Walton Prize Cup (1, 2); Soccer Grounds Committee (4); Winner of Track II.







J. P.

Formerly J. P., now known as a Teaching Fellow, this is the most scientific follower of the East Aurora Sage. A man of many sorrows, but averse to the exhibition of proletarian enthusiasm or any profound emotion. A precisian in attire, he affects the fawn-colored shoe and the glimmering spectacle. The unbending dignity and exquisite and tender melancholy which characterize his equine evolutions in the gym. have elicited universal admiration. The same mournful reserve and sage advice insure the future success of the Athletic Council. Member of the *J. A. B. Society*. Frequently observed in respectful argument with the D. D. D.

## JOHN PHILLIPS PHILLIPS,

St. Davids, Pa.

Born Wilkes-Barre, Pa., Sept. 11, 1887. Entered Freshman Year from Radnor High School. Class Secretary (1); Class Vice-President (2, 4); Secretary Y. M. C. A. (2); Secretary-Treasurer of Loganian Society (2); Secretary of Scientific Society (3); President (4); Advisory Board (3, 4); Chairman (4); Honor System Committee (1, 2, 3, 4); Junior Play Committee (3); College Nominating Committee (2, 3, 4); Chairman (4); Class Gymnasium Team (1, 2, 3, 4); College Gymnasium Team (1, 4); Captain (P. G.); Executive Board I. C. A. A. G. A. (4); Class Soccer Team (1, 2, 3, 4); Soccer Numerals (3); "H. C. G." (4); Associate Editor of *Class Record* (4); Second Soccer Team (2); Teaching Fellowship (4); Class Day Committee (4); Class Relay Team (4). Member of Triangle Society.







RAB

RAB— one of the ten lost tribes—a Talmudic deposit which even four years of day-studentry has failed to efface. Has never been known to eat or sleep and is consequently presumed to be "wild." A wraith, noiselessly hurrying from room to room in pursuit of Bib. Lit. notes. Audible only in Forensics, where he weekly harangues us on the greed of the rich and our own duty to the poor. Suspected of Socialistic hobbies. Favorite Book: Rab and His Friends.

SAMUEL ABRAHAM RABINOWITZ,

Philadelphia, Pa.

Born Youngstown, Ohio, April 16, 1888. Entered Freshman Year from Central High School. Class Debating Team (1, 2); Corporation Scholarship (3); Everett Speaking Contest (2); Alumni Oratorical Contest (3).





CHARLES SCOTT RISTINE,

Bryn Mawr, Pa.

Born Bryn Mawr, Pa., Feb. 11, 1887. Entered Junior Year from 1909. Second Cricket XI (3, 4); Class Cricket Team (3, 4). Member of Triangle Society.

ROD

BUCK or ROD or LITTLE BABE—Queen Consort to the King of Haddonfield. A diminutive microcosm from the wastes of Bryn Mawr. A rotund mathematical fasciculus. Wielder of the swishing cricket bat and whirring bounding ball and a vision of delight in the Dairymaids' chorus. A cheerful little blue-print, not yet too late for Herpicide. The pet of the Engineering department, trained by years in the shop for a life of bevel gears and eccentric rods. Favorite song: "Look a-thar, boys, Look a-thar."





ALF

BAT ROBERTS—the Hardest Nut ever dropped from the Westtown Tree—was born (like Aphrodite) from the sea-foam, but experienced a decided renaissance on coming to Haverford in 1906. When hit over the head by a riot-stick (during the trolley-strike) the only result was to bruise his feet. He and Reg form an invincible and inimitable pair well-known on Race and Vine Streets. His jaw, his glare, and his gradual absorption of French are historic. Favorite Diversion: to hit Reg with a potato during meals. Future occupations: Slumming in New York with "Roscoe" Bates and stone-breaking at Moyamensing. French Department Scholarship (1, 2, 3, 4).

## ALFRED STOKES ROBERTS,

Moorestown, N. J.

Born Atlantic City, N. J., July 7, 1887. Entered Freshman Year from Westtown Boarding School. Class Soccer Team (1); Class Cricket Team (1); Class Football Team (2); Class Gymnasium Team (2, 3); Class Track Team (1, 2, 3, 4); College Track Team (1, 2, 3, 4); College Relay Team (1, 2, 3, 4) Chairman of Track Department (4); Winner of Track H.





COMLY BIRD SHOEMAKER 2D,

Philadelphia, Pa.

Born Pottstown, Pa., March 4, 1888. Entered Freshman Year from Friends' Select School. Class Football Team (1, 2); Class Baseball Team (1); College Bowling Team (1, 2); Class Cricket Team (2, 4); Mandolin Club (2); Class Relay Team (2, 4); Class Soccer Team (4).

MUTT

Pottstown had hardly recovered from the shock of Reg's birth when the Mutt was swaddled. Carefully nurtured at Friends' Select, he shows the results of his excellent training by his well-regulated habits. These include periodic visits to Frankford and an occasional rough-house with Chas. Has been recommended as an ideal husband and father—of sober and temperate habits. Never accused of writing poetry or lying awake at night. President of the Clam Club. Future occupation: Mayor of Pottstown.





TUBBY

WILLARD, the basilisk of Wayne, formed his first ideal in Jenkintown, Pa. He afterwards transcended this by moving to Swarthmore, whence he came to us trailing clouds of coeducational glory. This has since cost him much money in phone-calls. A serious outlook upon philosophic problems, a lavender shirt with green pleats, and a Teutonically resolute tread are characteristic. A thorough renovation in intellectual circles is expected at Harvard next year. Subject to moments of enthusiasm, during which he divagates through the entire poetical zodiac. Motto: Many are Called On, but Few are Chosen.

WILLARD PYLE TOMLINSON,

Swarthmore, Pa.

Born Jenkintown, Pa., Feb. 8, 1890. Entered Sophomore Year from Swarthmore Preparatory School. Class Debating Team (2); Everett Speaking Contest (2); Alumni Oratorical Contest (3, 4); Class Football Team (2); Football Team (3, 4); Captain (4); Football H (3); Y. M. C. A. Cabinet (3, 4); Corporation Scholarship (3, 4); Class Relay Team (2, 4); Honor System Committee (3); Glee Club (2, 3); Mandolin Club (2, 3, 4); Operetta (4); John B. Garrett Reading Prize (3); Cope Fellowship (4); Art and Library Committee of the Haverford Union (4).





HORACE

No signs in the lower picture of the polished dome so resplendent above. From a distance our Horace has often been mistaken for the Capitol. As he is a man of some antiquity the general opinion is that his lack of hirsute adornment is the result of erosion. He plays California Jack as though born on the Golden Gate and dipped by his maternal relative in San Francisco Bay. Author of the monumental work: "How to Conserve our Forests" and the "Ode to a Vacuum Cap." Suspected of haunting the Dirigo Café on Saturday evenings.

HORACE RAYMOND TOWNSEND,

Martinsville, Ohio.

Born Martinsville, Ohio, Sept. 15, 1883. Entered Senior Year from Wilmington College. Senior Foundation Scholarship (4); Football Squad (4); Operetta (4); Teaching Fellowship (4).





Guy

A volatile and carefree Epicurean. A frequenter of the shower-bath and owner of a dynamic vocabulary of picturesque explosiveness. Can do more work in less time than any other man in college, but rarely does it. Favorite Professor: Dr. Bolles. President of the Red-Headed League. Member of the A Club. Lively chap. Lots of fun. Cricket Pavilion. Batting Practice. Repartee. Dressing gown. Bed—and a Fatima Cigaret. Future occupation: With the Bon Ton Burlesquers.

GUY SAMUEL KING WHEELER,

Germantown, Pa.

Born Doylestown, Pa., March 28, 1891. Entered Freshman Year from Central High School. Class Baseball Team (1); Class Football Team (2); Mandolin Club (2, 4); Absent second half of Sophomore Year, and Junior Year. Football Team (4); Football 11 (4); Associate Editor of *Class Record* (4). Class Cricket Team (4).







JIMMIE

JAMES—Our one and only CB à la Spirite. In this chubby child one would hardly recognize our slender coryphée of to-day, the graceful portrayer of the Bryn Mawr Salome and English Evelyn. James is one of our productions to whom we point with pride. Dignified, cultured, faultlessly attired, we recommend him to any Matrimonial Bureau. His weaknesses consist in Linousine cars, Lobster à la Newburg and etc. His penchant for writing verse he seems to have outgrown. Well known on the Great White Way and at Kugler's. Future occupation: Leader of the Ballet at the Hippodrome.

## JAMES WHITALL,

Germantown, Pa.

Born Germantown, April 8, 1888. Entered Freshman Year from William Penn Charter School. Chairman of Banquet Committee (1, 4); Secretary of Athletic Association (2); Editorial Board of the *Haverfordian* (2, 3, 4); Editor-in-chief (4); Mandolin Club (2, 3, 4); Leader (4); Junior Play Committee (3); Art and Library Committee of the Haverford Union (4); Class Secretary (4); Associate Editor of the *Class Record* (4); Vice-Chairman of Track Department (3); Class Day Committee (4); Operetta (4); Member of *B P Σ* Society.







WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON WILLIAMS,

Esmond, N. D.

Born Friendship, Kansas, Oct. 3, 1888. Entered college in the class of 1909, Freshman Year, from Union High School, Westfield, Indiana. Left college at end of Sophomore Year. Entered class of 1910 at the beginning of Junior Year. Class Track Team (1, 2, 4); College Track Team (2, 3, 4); College Cross-Country Team (4); President of the Chess Club (4); Corporation Scholarship (4); Winner of Track H; Cecil Rhodes Scholar from North Dakota (4).

RUBE

RUBE—another legacy from 1909. In summer he cozens winter expenses out of the Pennsylvania Dutch by the Underwood Travel System. During Sophomore Year nearly cremated by rival candidates for the Rhodes Scholarship in Dakota, but escaped with a pathetic hairstand, from which he has recently abdicated. His crimson blush when addressed suddenly makes us suspicious of his past. Talks Norwegian in his sleep and has a wife and family in Stavanger. Frequently appears at collection in pajamas and gown—a habit contracted in Myerstown, Pa. Favorite occupation: dozing in the library. Habitat: the fourth floor of Barclay, where he is surrounded by a coterie of admirers.



## BALLAD OF CLASSMATES GONE

### I

We ask not after last year's snow  
Nor after ladies long since dead  
Nor where the meat gets its rainbow  
With which on Mondays we are fed.  
Another question in our head  
There comes, that "gars us greet" full sore—  
Where are our former cronies sped?  
Where are the classmates known of yore?

### III

Pat, who knew to draw the bow  
And frolic with the fair co-ed;  
Jud, reveller in Boccaccio,  
And in Sylvanus Stall well-read;  
Sellew, to "Kappa Sigma" wed,  
Beer, Wang, Putz, Joe, and many more—  
Where are these genial spirits fled?  
Where are the classmates known of yore?

### II

Good old Syd, who long ago  
The Literary meetings led,  
Whose voice emotional would grow  
When "East is East" was sung or said;  
Calley, who, when his dog was dead  
And when the shot had pierced his floor  
Took to astronomy instead—  
Where are the classmates known of yore?

### ENVOY.

Comrades! A backward glance bestow  
On those that were with us before,  
And ask (now we ourselves must go)  
Where are the classmates known of yore?

## Non-Graduate Members

NATHANIEL DAVIS AYER,	Boston, Mass.
Entered Freshman Year from De Meritte School. Left during Freshman Year.	
PHILIP JOHN BAKER,	London, England.
Entered Freshman Year from Bootham School. Left at end of Freshman Year.	
HENRY EARLHAM COLLINGS BRYANT,	Lansdowne, Pa.
Entered Freshman Year from Friends' Select School. Left at end of Junior Year.	
DONALD MACMACKIN CALLEY,	Philadelphia, Pa.
Entered Freshman Year from Friends' Select School. Left at end of Sophomore Year.	
THOMAS NOAH CLARK,	Bryn Mawr, Pa.
Entered Freshman Year from Haverford School. Left at end of Sophomore Year.	
SYDNEY HORNOR COATES,	Berwyn, Pa.
Entered Freshman Year from Haverford School. Left during Junior Year.	
JOSEPH CHUBB DEVELIN,	Philadelphia, Pa.
Entered Freshman Year from Friends' Select School. Left at end of Junior Year.	
RODNEY MERCUR ESHLEMAN,	Lancaster, Pa.
Entered Freshman Year from Yeates School. Left at end of Sophomore Year.	
MEIGS OLIVER FROST,	New Britain, Conn.
Entered Freshman Year from Phillips Andover Academy. Left at end of Freshman Year.	
CHARLES ARTHUR FRUTCHEY,	Philadelphia, Pa.
Entered Sophomore Year from Friends' Select School. Left at end of Sophomore Year.	
WILLIAM CHASE GREENE,	Baltimore, Md.
Entered Freshman Year from Jefferson School. Left at end of Freshman Year.	
ARTHUR WEBSTER HUTTON,	Berwyn, Pa.
Entered Freshman Year from Friends' Select School. Left at end of Junior Year.	
WILLIAM JUDKINS,	Cincinnati, Ohio.
Entered Freshman Year from Woodward High School. Left at end of Sophomore Year.	

## NON-GRADUATE MEMBERS—Continued

- JACOB MORRIS LANGSDORF, Philadelphia, Pa.  
Entered Freshman Year from DeLancey School. Left at end of Freshman Year.
- FERN LAW, Ardmore, Pa.  
Entered Freshman Year from Lower Merion High School. Left at end of Freshman Year.
- STUART THOMPSON MARTIN, Germantown, Pa.  
Entered Freshman Year from William Penn Charter School. Left during Sophomore Year.
- SAMUEL MASON, JR., Germantown, Pa.  
Entered Freshman Year from Westtown Boarding School. Left at end of Junior Year.
- CLAYTON WADLEIGH MAYERS, Dresden, Maine.  
Entered Freshman Year from Bridge Academy. Left at end of Freshman Year.
- ALFRED INGERSOLL PHILLIPS, JR., Philadelphia, Pa.  
Entered Freshman Year from William Penn Charter School. Left at end of Freshman Year.
- ASHBEL SELLEW ROBERTS, North Chili, N. Y.  
Entered Sophomore Year from Cornell University. Left at end of Sophomore Year.
- GROVER SHOLEM, Paris, Ill.  
Entered Freshman Year from Paris High School. Left at end of Freshman Year.
- WALTER DEXTER SHULTZ, Sedalia, Mo.  
Entered Freshman Year from Abingdon High School. Left at end of Freshman Year.
- EUGENE RISTINE SPAULDING, Mt. Airy, Pa.  
Entered Freshman Year from Germantown Academy. Left during Junior Year.
- PERRY BEAVER STRASSBURGER, Norristown, Pa.  
Entered Second half of Freshman Year from Phillips Exeter Academy. Left at end of Freshman Year.
- JOHN FRENCH WILSON, Flushing, Ohio.  
Entered Freshman Year from Westtown Boarding School. Left at end of Sophomore Year.
- EUGENE ROY ZIEBER, Philadelphia, Pa.  
Entered Freshman Year from Haverford School. Left at end of Sophomore Year.

## Our Ex-Members

We wrote to all those ex-members who had been in the class for two years, requesting their pictures. Only five responded, and their likenesses we present herewith. We are sorry there aren't more of them—but we're glad to have these.



BEER



JUD



ART



PETE



RODNEY

# The Follies of 1910



IN

Four Fits



*“ Forsan et haec olim meminisse juvabit ”*





THE CLASS IN FRESHMAN YEAR



# FRESHMAN YEAR

If we could have recorded the pulse beat of Haverford College some time toward the end of September 1906, the sphygmograph would have registered a very noticeable tremor at the end of each beat. What was the cause? A new Freshman class had entered, the largest in numbers the college had ever seen. From the very first this class had shown an unheard of audacity in disregarding time-honored customs and observances hallowed by antiquity. A new epoch had begun—a veritable break with the past. And could the energy and imagination of this class but be kept within the bounds of law and order during its nonage, until the soberness of Sophomore dignity should lend forethought to action, it was evident that great things would be the result. And time has justified the thrill which trembled in the heart of the ancient institution.

Can it be but four years ago that some fifty fellows came together for the first time to form the class of 1910? Only twenty-two of those men are now left. But more have come to take the place of the departed ones, and the original nucleus has ever been strong enough to lead the newcomers in the proper paths. During these four years great changes have taken place. We have seen the long contemplated water-tight bulkheads put into Barclay Hall. We have seen the Hanging Gardens of Babylon relegated into outer darkness. We have seen the Seventy-Fifth Anniversary of Haverford. We have seen a change of dynasty in the dean's office. We have seen the inauguration of that now famous institution, The Dairy. We have seen the opening of the Haverford Union. We have—but we anticipate.

In the individuals there have been great changes too. Space forbids our tracing Kendy's development from a meek Germantown student to a bold and rabid journalist, or the process by which our George became a self-made poet. Then there was a certain roly-poly fellow called "Sus" who has since become "Mistah" Morley, President of the Y. M. C. A. and a Governor of the Haverford Union. It is hard to believe it all.

We will not soon forget the details of our stormy entrance. As the Bab Ballads put it, they are

“Photographically lined on the tablets of our mind.”

Before the campaign opened officially we sat around in desultory groups in our little studies surrounded by four bare walls and a bunch of useless text-books sold us by upperclassmen. Nellie went around from room to room, and the sight of some one looking even more worried than ourselves had a cheering influence. He tried to tell us something about sitting still in collection, but he jibbered so that we couldn't make it out. The poor boy has never gotten over that habit.

We have always felt sorry for the class that was compelled to act as preceptor of our Freshman exuberance. We feel that they meant well, but their task was indeed a hard one. However, we will not deny that they went about it with a will. We pee-raded after meeting, and later barked at the moon for their amusement. We were the first class on whom the soap-slide was not inflicted. Many of the Faculty were in favor of the continuation of this revered custom on account of the sanitary advantages attached to it and the fact that it was in itself a most salutary renovation of the ground floor in Barclay. But it was forbidden, and so the ingenuity of 1909 devised the train-wreck. Who will ever forget the harrowing scene enacted under the pale, pitying rays of the moon when owing to an open switch the two limited trains crashed together? The engine of one train parted with several teeth, which it afterwards cost the Sophomores some twenty-five dollars to restore. It is said the campus was strewn with wreckage for many yards, and certainly the shrieks of the dying and groans of the injured were heard as far as Roberts Hall, judging from the remarks in collection the next day.

We had made our entry into College well known on the first night by distributing wholesale over the campus thousands of paper slips with 1910 printed on them, and we had to suffer the consequences. On Friday evenings Earl and other offenders had private “seances” which they bore stoically. On one of these occasions Earl wore some numerals not his by rights.

Soon, however, we started to make our own amusements. Alas! They were not appreciated by all, and that long, but now defunct Hall in Barclay was more than ever before referred to as “Freshman Hell.” Still, it was rather a misnomer. To be sure, some things may have been a little shady, but if every adventure succeeded, where would the adventurer be? Here it was that Esh started the incubator which would undoubtedly have made his fortune if it hadn't come near ruining all his clothes. Here Sydney Horner, in quick accordance with Ike's suggestion, founded the literary society over which he was unanimously chosen to preside. The society grew and flourished, and none of its members will ever forget

the tones, vibrating with emotion, in which he declaimed "O East is East, and West is West;" nor that meeting held in the gymnasium during which he addressed the members from his perch on the flying rings many feet up in the air. It was under the inspiration of this society that Meigs Oliver Frost (our first President) edited his famous "Court Notes," and Beer wrote the stirring ballad of the Zion-Hades football game, while Langsdorf and Calley became famous as the authors of many vivid tales and parlor stories. Another great achievement was the erection of the memorial tablets in South Barclay in commemoration of the action of a certain notorious upper-classman. They were inscribed in twenty-one different languages, and were only erected after a long discussion instead of a monument of rectangular building stones, which Stew Martin and others favored. Reg's oratory, however, finally won the day.

Naturally there had to be some class horsing. The customary way to end the evening was to visit the Morley-Greene lumber yard at Merion, and then, after the lights were out, to dump Henry, or J. P., or English Phil, who did not quite know what to make of it all. Tom Clark used to work off his exuberant spirits on Donald Mac, the Bard of Upland. Even the professors didn't escape. Hanky was pestered by alarm clocks in his desk, under the platform, and up the chimney, and once his public speaking class was disturbed by the entry of several eggs through the open windows. At another time Guy, in consideration of \$10.00 collected by subscription, fainted dead away during a recitation. The class quickly broke up and carried him to his room, where Dr. Hancock came on him ten minutes later dancing a jig. The nightly rough-house in Barclay finally became so bad that by common agreement it was limited to Wednesdays. Then pandemonium would indeed break loose, and fires would burn merrily up and down the halls, and self-constituted fire companies would manipulate the extinguishers. The President, however, charged each of the participants \$2.00 for "moral effect." There was one night also when the Sophomores attended their banquet, and on returning failed to find their beds ready when they needed them most, in spite of Loewenstein's faithful efforts. Other amusements were found outside the dormitories. Some went to meeting for the first time and brought back precious ideas concerning people who made their exits with their backs to the door in front of them. And who will ever forget seeing Alf Roberts, Alf the Swift, Alf the Terrible, one snowy night, clad in the fewest of clothes, climb to the swaying top of a tall locust tree for the sum of ninety-nine cents contributed by admiring spectators. Then in Merion, Ichabod Willie used to sit up night after night, cross-legged in his pajamas, playing to his clamoring classmates.

Perhaps we had better pass over the time when Earl hastily crossed the campus in a costume of antediluvian simplicity; also our experiences when J. P. (even then interested in medicine) dosed a harmless

kitten with pills. But we must not forget to mention the time Kendy served as a model for Babbitt's lecture on anatomy. It was about this time too that Ike came into the political limelight, and we all made a grand torch-light procession to "Powell Hall, Bryn Mawr," in a futile effort to send him to the legislature,

In the holidays Jack and Jud spent some profitable time near Coatesville, selling the complete works of one Sylvanus Stall. At College, in the meanwhile, Merion Cottage caught fire in the basement. Rube was discovered on the third floor vainly trying to roll an empty ice cooler to the scene of action. However, as soon as the flames had consumed all his clothes, he came to the rescue and helped put it out. Spring came, and brought those bitterly contested games of wogglebug cricket, the gentle sport of French cricket, and last but not least, Pete Spaulding's famous baseball team. Ma Mayers and Syd pitched, Jack caught, Camel Froelicher played first base, and Skeet helped swallow up the flies in the outfield. The uniforms were most imposing, though they were forced to part with some of the insignia. Tradition now has it that once they almost won a game. At last vacation, and those Sophomore hats!





THE UNION





THE CLASS IN SOPHOMORE YEAR

# SOPHOMORE YEAR

The second year—our year—had begun. We had proudly welcomed Alf, sleek and smiling, after his outing at Beach Haven with the football squad; we had smiled at the President's annual warning; we had bought the Sophomoric cigaret at Harbaugh's; and now under our strawberry-colored hats we sauntered nonchalantly about the campus, casting disdainful glances upon the trembling "rhinies." With characteristic aptitude we had readily resumed the course of our easy-going existence.

Our first Sophomore class-meeting was held in the old Collection Room in Barclay at the witching hour of ten P. M. The September thunder-storm which raged without seemed quite in accord with our stern Byronic mood as Beer doled out to us those memorable orders such as "Pete: Relieve Syd, 7.30, N. Barclay. Guard 7.30-12." Our hazing campaign was conducted with a systematic efficiency to which Napoleon's plans at Marathon were as nothing.

What a difference twelve months had made! Only a year before we had gathered under the *Larix communis* with foreboding in our hearts. Now it was "Hat off, Fresh!" "Make it snappy, there!" And how much more pleasant to watch *others* bark at the moon, disintegrate the Gallagerian locust or declaim mouthing an un-nogged egg.

Our hazing policy was to make the actual period of "horsing" short but vigorous; after this to treat the Freshmen as friends and Haverfordians; and to regard them as gentleman throughout. This last, be it added, was an innovation. Nineteen Hundred and Ten was the first class to establish the new relation between Sophomores and Freshmen and to take a decided stand in the abolition of hazing. To ignore a bumptious Freshman is probably as effective a snub as rubbing molasses in his hair, and certainly much more dignified.

However, we carried out the minor traditions, such as punching a hole in the ceiling over Bsh's Incubator and percolating H<sub>2</sub>O onto the rhinic beneath. The Freshman Entertainment was a distinct

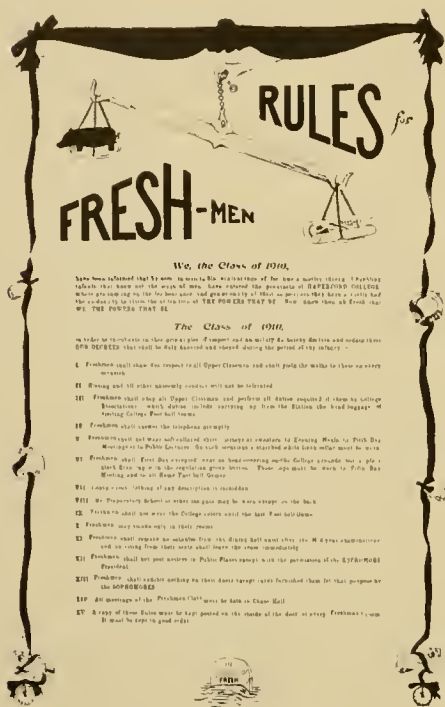
access, although Calley's heelprints in the ceiling were unmarred by any rivals. The Friday night session were enlivened by melodious rendering of the old English ditty "And he rode, and he rode, without any fear."

The cane rush and the bridge rush, both of which we won, should not be forgotten. These, however, can hardly be called "hazing," as both sides had to struggle equally strenuously. The bridge rush was the last of its kind, the Faculty forbidding its continuance. Perhaps they were unduly influenced by the vivid account of the struggle which appeared in a Philadelphia paper. We reproduce it on the next page as the only existing parallel to the journalism of the *Quickly*.

But of the class individually. Unfortunately the exodus, which has taken so many of our members from us, had already begun. Nat, Meigs, Fern Law, Putz, Perry Beaver, Charlie Frutchey, Kid Sholem and Jackie were gone. We had replaced the old Tub with a new one. Ma's clarinet no longer awoke the echoes of Barclay, and his permanent union suit and cheerful Maine drawl were only a memory. Willie had taken his beloved 'cello to Harvard where he is now busily engaged in writing poetry worthy of his early affiliations. Phil had gone back to "jolly old England" from whence we hear of records broken at Cambridge in the same way in which he smashed ours here.

On the other hand we were joined by the amiable but evanescent Lufkin who twittered a while and then unobtrusively left. Jeff (ye Muses pause to listen!) came among us. Later we were honored by a brief visit from another A. S. R.—"Roberts recent"—otherwise known as Sellew.

The attempts of the improvised rival fraternities to initiate him, his services as a steward in the dining-hall, his speech to the college assembled on Founders steps, and his subsequent flutter from the *Acer saccharinum* to the Barclay Hall tower—these have become the frequent subject of song and story.





The "Sophs." by clever manoeuvring, obtained possession of the narrow bridge, and, like the "thin red line" of Wellington's Highlanders at the battle of Waterloo, they awaited the onslaught of the despised Freshmen. They all entirely disrobed, being attired only in their trousers. They stood there like a stone wall, forty strong, prepared to make a gallant resistance to the invading host.

The "Sophs." stood in a mass in the centre of the bridge, reminding the crowd who saw them of the brave Horatius and his friends in the old days of Rome. Filled with the "do-or-die" spirit, they believed they were strong enough to repel the invading Freshmen. At 11.50, when the rush was officially declared on, the latter rushed forward in a body, but were hurled back by the "Sophs." The "Freshies" then lifted J. K. Patrick upon their shoulders and attempted to pass him over the heads of the "Sophs." A terrific struggle then took place. Shirts were torn from backs, trousers were ripped open, faces were scratched, ears were nearly torn off, eyes were gouged and blood flowed in streams from the heads of many of the participants of the rush. But, worst of all, it appeared at times during the battle as if Patrick would be hurled over the side of the bridge and have his bones broken on the road far below. Fortunately, he escaped that fate, but he never reached the other side of the Sophomore line. His head got through, but that was all. The "Sophs." succeeded in preventing his entire body from reaching the other end of the bridge.

#### SOPHS WIN THE FIGHT.

The Freshmen put up a heroic fight, which had the time allotted for the contest been lengthened a moment they might have won, but at the end of the four minutes the time-keepers declared the struggle was off the Sophs still being in possession of the bridge.

John Wilson, the president of the Sophomore Class, put up a bold defence. He sustained many bruises and lacerations, and when the rush was at its worst it seemed as though the courageous Wilson would be dismembered. At the close of the fight the bridge resembled both a junk shop and a slaughter house. It was littered with parts of shirts and trousers, and here and there were little pools of the precious blood of the warriors. Bunches of hair, too, were found upon the wooden floor of the bridge. It was a great fight. Both sides struggled desperately to win, but the laurel of victory must be officially awarded to the "Sophs." Next time the "Freshies" may be the victors.

Unfortunately the ill health so noticeable during the preceding year was not yet outgrown. Stomach trouble was chronic. Stew was subject to nervous break-downs. Guy had developed insomnia, and took to automobiling. J. P. had to go South. Even the staid Charlie began to show signs of absent-mindedness and was discovered one evening to have carefully placed his shoes on the bureau and his military brushes under the bed and to have hung his towel in the closet leaving his overcoat on the towel rack. But despite these maladies the class began to blossom out. Some "gathered rosebuds" in the vicinity of Eighth and Walnut, some turned to religion for solace, as Jud, who taught "First Day School" and J. P., who was Secretary of the Y. M. C. A. Some turned to the opera and it is confidently believed that Caruso's great success that season was primarily due to the ability of those who "suped." Others of a more scientific turn of mind conducted original experiments of which we offer one example. *Problem:* What is the result of the action of dropping a heavy weight, e. g., a 16-lb. shot, on the same spot on the floor, at least four times? For data apply to Mitch or to Calley; for further information, to Page, who roomed below. Indeed, those were great days in Barclay—that was before they ruined it with the partitions days of Hedonism, nights of revelry and of delight for all members of the mighty clan of the B. S., as when Stew procured *somewhere* several chickens, which Charlie cleaned, only to discover that perhaps he didn't want any after all; days of pedestrianism when Cleanliness left its neighborly relation to Godliness and was rated under Required Athletics. In short it was our *Bummeljahr*, and it was not until late—for a few, sadly late—that we began to realize that perhaps Oscar wasn't sending out those familiar cards for his own amusement, and that even Beer couldn't do all our work.

But there were other developments. It was then that Pete

began to get that apparently endless line of little letters, all in the same handwriting, which, during Junior year, drew him away from us altogether. "Blood-trouble" said J. A. B.,—but most of us diagnosed it as heart trouble!

About this time, too, the Mutt began to regulate with precision those absences from college which must now be taken into consideration by all authorities—it being impossible to hold even Required Lectures on Tuesday or Friday nights. Calley, after discovering Willard's aptitude as a hypnotic subject, turned his affections towards nature, and became a Biologist. Not content with the duck which he endeavored to pacify with a crab-net, he introduced to us that long suffering canine, Calley Jr. "Calley With and Calley Without" became inseparable companions, even sharing bed and room together. The ignoble question "Why is Calley wild?" and its cryptic answer are known to all of us. Poor Calley Jr.! His motto was "Ope the door and ye shall find me, Draw the sheets and there am I!" But in vain was he fed upon the richest and most succulent tidbits afforded by Miss Smith's curriculum. Like little Nell in the poem, he died game, but his untimely end and stealthy burial in an "not unfrequented garden-side" were the cause of some discomfiture for those who took Math.

"You may wash, you may sprinkle, that room as you will,  
But the scent of the Calley will cling to it still."

And à propos of Math—who will forget Archimedes Coates and Euclid Mashon? Or even Pete and the costive J. P!

In April Syd passed off a condition.

The "store" run by Eddie and Mitch, flourished this year, and pointed out once for all whom we should have as Business Manager of the *Record*. And this constant reminder of the fleshpots of Egypt culminated in the appointment of an "Eats Committee" to pave the way for our Sophomore Banquet. Naturally Jimmy Whital was elected Chairman.

The banquet was most enjoyable. Syd made a speech in which he babbled happily about his antique desk and "There was nothing between them but a handshake." Two members were seen barn-dancing on Chestnut Street by the moon's pale ray, and a third made the important discovery that "Many a peer of England brews Livelier liquor than the Muse." The Mutt was unable to attend because the committee unthinkingly arranged the dinner for a Friday night.

That the affairs of such a class should be given publicity was no more than natural, so "Public Opinion" appeared, as the successor to the Hall of Fame, under the editorship of Johnfrenchwilsonflush-

ingohio, Page and J. P. Some things on it we may tell about, others we may not. Among the first notes were elucidations of the "bow-wow" theory of Philology and of Dr. Osler's famous dictum "Less meat!" The latter was quickly removed as the evidence was eating the plaster, to be followed by Society Notes and a Personal Column, and lastly by that great labor-saving device, the Apology Blank.

Form 19 x 10 ..... 190

We, the undersigned, desire to apologize humbly to

Mr. F\_\_\_\_\_ R\_\_\_\_\_ T\_\_\_\_\_, '09

for \_\_\_\_\_

which occurred

(Signed)

THE CLASS OF 1910

per \_\_\_\_\_ Pres.

Never more will we hear that plaintive wail "Help, help, Jimmy Crowell, they're throwing water on me!" nor the old question "Who's that walking across the Campus?" with its well-remembered answering chorus. We will not hear again that trembling voice: "Gentle men, this is Doctor Bolles," for the good old Doctor now lives happily in Founders, no longer under the uproarious heels of Jud and his friends.

Never again (we hope) will we know an odor such as that of Page's unhappy wall paper, which only mellowed and ripened with age. We may forget all these things, just as Skinny subscribed to Asa Boyd's memory course and *forgot to go*; just as some of us forgot to whom we had lent those alarm clocks which went off in Freshman English; just as Dr. Baker forgot our names and "took a run around the class" instead. We may forget these details, but the good old days of the third floor in Barclay will long live in memory.

But Spring came only too soon, and even Sellew could find no "felloes" who would play a "corking game of 500" with him. Cards were discontinued and "French cricket" or "wogglebug sports" held the field. The "after-dinner coffee" of Earl and J. P. was changed to after-dinner smokes in the garden—that is, until Ike heard about it. The garden also became the scene of the revelries of the "Back-to-Nature" Club. And so we might go on.—We might tell how David Bispham sang for us in February; how Uncle Allen "went in and out" in meeting; how we got new Class pipes—all but Tubby, who "didn't think it quite right," but who is now selling them himself—how Stew and Guy found autoing much more delightful than college; how Esh and Tom left, upon which Calley breathed more easily; how Calley won the *Haverfordian* Prize Contest and found a line of creditors outside his door; or how Dolly found the duties of the Deanery too arduous and a change of dynasty brought in a new D. D. D., and how Jeff held his unforgettable twenty-first birthday party.

But Summer was almost upon us. We had elected Walt treasurer of the Y. M. C. A. Exams. were over, and we waited only for the reports ("out the latter part of next week") to learn whether or not we had, by the grace of the Faculty, become Juniors.





ROBERTS HALL





THE CLASS IN JUNIOR YEAR

# JUNIOR YEAR

Junior Year was probably the most delightful year of our college course. We felt ourselves full of the importance of being upperclassmen, yet had little worry or responsibility. In Junior Year, too, we first came under the joys of the elective system and obtained the chance to recline at ease on the bosom of the curriculum. The more courageous ones took to Latin III or the rotund doctor's Forensics, others took refuge under the sheltering wings of Dr. Bolles. On the other hand, a compulsory diet of James and Seager was fed to the whole class throughout the year by those careful nurses Rufus and Dolly. It is still a miracle to some how they survived and passed the examinations, and the complete success of the courses is generally attributed to the scholarly discussions which Morris and Mason conducted with Rufus, and Morris and Kenderdine with Don Carlos. We blush to state that Kendy often continued his discussions after the close of the hour. In the perennial Bib. Lit. we were allied with the Seniors, and generally sat in awe while the "ultra-saccharine sugar plum" and others of that ilk debated with Rufus as to the Messianic Hope.

The personnel of our class was again sadly changed. Beer left us to study law at Harvard, Roy to work with the Curtis Publishing Co., Rodney to enter the Oil Trust and Jud to take a position in Cincinnati. Syd was with us as a day student and was frequently seen trying to sell an antique desk of his. Exhausted by the attempts, he left us at mid-years. He still may be seen in unlikely portions of Philadelphia, stalking the fleeing "job." Pete, too, battled valiantly with Seager, but in the Spring his 163 cigars a day began to tell and he had to leave for his health. Where Calley went is still a question in our minds.

The additions were Barrett, Leininger, Rod Ristine, and "Rube" Williams, the two latter having formerly been members of 1909. Jacob Jarden, of doubtful classification, very kindly gave us a feed in his room one night early in the year and in very solemn manner vowed his allegiance to 1910.

Among those outsiders who were good enough to come to Haverford for our intellectual advancement we especially appreciated the attenuated Dr. Schelling, who conducted English IX in the absence of Dr. Gummere, and Dr. Phelps, of Yale University, who delivered two lectures during the year. Some of our number, who still adhered to the childish peanut, came under the ban of Dr. Schelling's displeasure; but two in particular seemed to meet with his notice. Alf, our iron-clad specimen, who slumbered quite harmlessly on the front row, was one. Chris was the other. "Believe me, gentlemen, my friend Mr. Morley will bear me out in this."—Other memories of Dr. Schelling include the flesh-tinted Venus, and the canvas-back duck to which we were so often likened.

Morally, our class as a whole suffered neither a retrogression nor an advance. To be sure, certain members had serious fallings from grace and we experienced a severe shock when Alf blew into college one day in November with a black eye. Imagine our relief when we learned from his own lips that he had acquired it while chopping wood in Moorestown. Several of us managed to obtain some free advertising. For details go to the newspaper files for 1908-09. As an offset to these episodes, Jarden was holding revival meetings in Lloyd, and others were toeing the mark with persistence. Chris in particular showed such incredible virtue that he was finally canonized as President of the Y. M. C. A.

The call of the Big City came very often to some of us, less often to others, and at least once to the rest. Numerous little gatherings at such places as Kugler's and the dear old "L'Aig," which, by the way, holds a very warm spot in most of our hearts, will bear witness to this. Though we rarely rivalled Roy's famous night spent in Broad Street Station, some might often have been seen leaving the 12.41 and wandering pensively homeward through the pale moonlight. Similar little gatherings often took place within the sacred confines of the campus, and from an aesthetic standpoint they suffered not at all from the fact of their having occurred nine miles distant from the "Great White Way" of Philadelphia.

The conclave which followed our Junior play came under this classification. The multi-colored character of the menu was surprisingly attractive and surpassed all standards hitherto established. Beer Wilson was back and the only thing needed to round out the occasion was the presence of Rube, whose reputation as a raconteur had been made in one night—the night of the class feed at Earl's. The next morning we spent in recuperating on the sunny banks of Darby Creek. Then again, none of us will ever forget a certain person's pilgrimages to Zeisse's and the neighboring opera-house. On his return even the most liberal applications of Benvenuto Cellini failed to calm his eloquence. And a small and select group will long retain memories of cheerful evenings around a blazing fire in Ardmore.

Even more vicious pastimes were indulged in at college. Jimmie, for instance, arrived on the scene



accompanied by a pianola which afforded constant amusement throughout the year to its owner and to those who frequented Lloyd No. 5. It was not enjoyed as much by outsiders, though its presence was as constantly felt, and once, when Red Mill selections arose on the air at 4 A. M., the chorus from the sleepy occupants of Lloyd would have been very unfit for the ears of "friends of the college." Jeff, not satisfied with the financial intricacies of the *Haverfordian*, amused himself with a tobacco store in North Barclay, and, by a remarkable coincidence, closed its door at the very time the authorities put the lid on *all* such undertakings. Bush diverted himself with innovations in the sartorial art, and Rod continued to take Math exams.

Our Junior year was an important one to the college as well as to the class. The seventy-fifth anniversary of its founding was celebrated, and the spirit of loyalty and good fellowship shown by the alumni served to bind us more closely to Haverford and her traditions. We discovered, too, how indispensable Ike is, when he was compelled to go to California for his health, which had been poor for some time. Dean Palmer was left with the onerous task of giving 1909's morals the finishing touch, and with the delightful responsibility of guiding 1910 in the straight path. Those pleasant mornings in collection will long linger in our memories, —mornings when Reg's voice used to rise in an antiphonal chant, and when Jeff was so overcome by his emotions that he had to sit on the floor.

But above all, the college that year became the proud possessor of a weekly periodical known as the *College Weekly*, alias "*Queekly*," alias "*Sickly*," alias "*Weakly*." It was the child of Kendy's economic brain, and, as the editorials frequently announce, it filled a long felt want in the college, and we have come to experience a thrill every Monday when it is brought to us, especially if we see our names in print. Its chief features have always been Kendy's flatulent and Machiavellian editorials, which atone in reverberation for what they lack in verecundity.

Spring came, and the Lloyd Athletic Club produced new heroes. Kid Clark and Young Jake hammered each other with untheological zeal, and Joe ran the mile muttering Botticelli. Reg and Alf, becoming introspective, took up Social Problems and accompanied the Social Problem Class on their famous trip to New York. Chas engineered it, armed with the mystic word "Walla-Walla." He is said to have had much trouble in keeping the party, which also included Chris and Page, from "making itself too conspicuous" as he puts it. All returned looking enervated. But the details were never generally known until the Senior Banquet when the story of Alf and the bathtub was told at length.

In Spring vacation Chas and Jeff and Page went off for their annual fishing(?) trip to Pocono, but the tales told of their experiences are simply unbelievable.

Of the Junior Play, which occupied so much of our time during the spring, we are not to speak here. After the eventful 14th of May the time was short and sweet till Commencement. Studies, sorely neglected during the preparation of the play, were resumed, and here and there under the trees students might have been seen muttering the rudiments of the Productivity Theory or the Chapter on Habit. With Wogglebug cricket and iced tea as diversions, the time sped swiftly enough and soon came Class Day and Commencement. The melancholy bell ceremony we took part in, our white flannels particularly doleful in the pouring rain. Chas made his masterly speech and attempted to reinstate the clapper. That night Earl and others returned late from a camping party and were joined by a roistering bunch from town led by Pat. After raising the echoes for some hours, they pulled some Barclayites from their downy couches, and the whole lot started a few hours before sunrise for "Earl's Pond." There they had a delightful swim and continued on their way to St. Davids, where J. P. entertained right royally at breakfast, and returned to College at 8 o'clock. We then pityingly watched 1909 receive their diplomas, and departed for the summer with a new dignity. Seniors at last!





THE SKATING POND



BARCLAY HALL



# SENIOR YEAR

The long-expected end of September had come. From Mohntown, from St. Davids, from Baltimore—from all quarters of the compass 1910 was arriving, and Oscar's transformed auto was kept busy hustling trunks up from the station. Page had already had his room brightly papered in red, and the mahogany book-cases installed. Senior Year had begun.

As we unpacked the tattered gowns bought from 1909, prospects seemed very bright. With Chas. as Class President, with Kendy to mould public opinion by editorials in the *Weekly*, with Chris guiding the chariot of salvation, with Tubby as football captain, and with a new stenographer in the President's office—everything pointed to a brilliant year. The Union was apparently ready for occupation, but in this we were deceived.

Pat and Joe and Art and Sam had left us, and their places could not be filled. No more of Pat's droll tales, or of Joe's five minutes with the Italian School "Did I show you this one? A—er remarkably fine example of Benvenuto Cellini's work—remarkably fine." No more end runs or hits for four by Art. No longer would Wang's fiddle discourse sweet music for the aesthetico-aesthetes of Merion.

Jarden, too, the Eighth Great Him of the Church, (after so often swearing allegiance to 1910) had left, and Lloyd Hall was desolate. Throughout the year, however, his frock-coat graced the pulpit at Preston or was observed on the parochial tour on Railroad Avenue. About the time of the April make-ups he reappeared at College and was seen approaching Roberts Hall conveyed by a phalanx of tutors. Freshman Math (begun in 1904) still stands between him and the coveted "dip."

We were glad to welcome one of the old guard once more—Guy—who rejoined us after a prolonged leave of absence. We also found our ranks augmented by Townsend, the seniorest Senior of the Class; Holy Earnest Crow, who had already had the courage of his convictions and had pitched his matrimonial tent in Athensville; Boyce, our adenoial theologian, who missed the coeducational talcum of his native

college; Davis, the silent wonder of the cinder track; and Julian Bryan, whose savory tales of Singapore have delighted us. There was also Someone Else, but of him more anon.

Johnny Green wandered in by and by from the wilds of New Jersey, but though partaking of our bread and salt still considers himself as of 1909. Misguided in this, but otherwise sane, his genial laugh has been a constant encouragement to Rufus in Philosophy IV.

On some members of 1910 the mantle of Senioric dignity fell easily enough; but in many others we discerned no change. Reg still gurgled in collection; Harold giggled in meeting; Alf continued to hurl the innocuous cherry in the dining-hall. But in Skinny there was a noticeable change. Instead of the exuberant and catholic flow of adjective which had made Junior Play rehearsals a joy, our architect now breathed the most dulcet tones, and the fervent adjuration of Billy Wick, the patriarch of Westtown, became his only expletive. Alas, poor Yorick! He had conferred with the Powers that Be.

For a long time Jeff had lived under the sword of Damocles. At any moment we expected to see his frail young life cut off by the descending snick of a Latin condition wielded by the relentless William Wilson. Egged out of his lethargy by several cheering noggs, Jeff girded his loins for the fourth time. After a brief poring over the small green trot he advanced upon Roberts surrounded by a band of enthusiastic friends, and smote the exam. hip and thigh. The necessary 50 obtained, he once more joined our ranks,—and buying a Hundred Trip Ticket to the Hotel Scott, prepared to enter into life.

The Junior Class, as per catalogue at least, now held within its milky boundaries several of our more ease-loving spirits, who still longed to bathe in the dragon's blood of 1910. Bush, Page, Trilby and Alf had all technically forsaken us. As a matter of fact, however, their allegiance to Alan, Lucius and Co. was but slight.

For some time the world moved on in the even tenor of its way, disturbed only by such ripples as the impeachment of our behavior in meeting and the ostentatious clambering upon the water-wagon of one of our most gifted poets. Guy indulged in pre-season batting practice to fit himself for the English Tour. Willard continued to seek safety in numbers and spent much money at the telephone. In many quarters his cheery question "Going to be in to-night?" has been heard tinkling over the wires. Chris found the way to Lauber's and was not infrequently to be seen philosophizing there. Skeet played pool, J. P. juggled with his initials and began to set his cap at the Teaching Fellowship. The dramatic instinct surged up and several of our members gave a Passion Play in the Cricket Pavilion. The Mutt specialized in Physics and illustrated the Periodic Law by his visits to Frankford. Kid Furness, our Haddonfield Humoreske, gave a moth-ball party. Jimmie discovered that the Merion Cricket Club menu presented

more gastronomic permutations and combinations than Miss Smith's traditional fasciculus. Finding that at the Club Monday lunch mice were not rated as required courses, he rented a special alcove and the Matron's swarthy minions saw him no more. Kerbie, always a faithful bantling in Bollesie's brood, incurred the wrath of his protector and was ejected from the room. It is rumored that this was just the stimulus necessary to effect the change of George's thesis subject from *Martin Luther* to *The Aesthetic Possibilities of the Cocoa Bean*. Reg and Alf took a course in the Yiddish minuet at the Kursaal. The hiding-place of Puffer's "last cigar" was discovered. And thus the days went by.

The Midyears came on presently and those of us who were not debarred from exams by too frequent absences ground cheerlessly. The Senior fleet weathered the storm in good shape. Alf's French was perhaps somewhat unsteady, but on the whole we point with pride to our scholarly attainments.

The Trolley Strike found many of us interested. Earl rode in and out on the Pee and Wee in the hopes of getting hit by a brick bat and suing the company for damages. Alf and Reg, the inimitable pair, organized a band of Mohocks and were to be found in many of the riots. Guy, forced to go on foot in his nocturnal prowlings, was undoubtedly the greatest sufferer by the strike.

In the early part of March we descended upon Kugler's for our final undergraduate banquet. The *chef* outdid himself in the matter of food and our orators in their toasts. Rodney was in high spirits and interpolated his remarks into all the speeches. The epithet "Mr. Henry Puffer" as applied to the toast-master dates from that night. Willard's succession of villainous puns, Jeff's adventures in the Turkish Bath, Chris's account of the Two Hard Nuts on a Social Problem Trip to New York—these will go down in history. The Wogglebug quartet sang cheerfully if not tunefully. Charley was summoned to the telephone twice or thrice during the dinner, and Page crowned the evening by the smoking-car episode. The only disappointing feature of the event was the disappearance from the dining-room of the picture which we had formerly so delighted in. Lack of space and a meed of discretion forbid a completer panorama of that memorable night.

It was not long after this that some genial spirits assembled in Page's salon to celebrate St. Patrick's Day. A committee of one was sent in town to purchase the accessories, and returned groaning beneath the weight of his suit-case. An Irish Wake was the form of celebration decided upon. The corpse, surrounded by candles, lay in perfect decorum until disturbed by Page. Jeff's bleating cry broke the stillness of the night many times, and a chorus of Bacchantes rendered a cheerful accompaniment. Gradually the revelling became fast and furious. The leader of the Dairy-Maids, attracted by the congenial sounds, appeared, and speedily took refuge in a sheltered corner. The shouts of the mourning Hibernians even



penetrated as far as the ears of the Ultra-Saccharine Sugar Plum. Page's mahogany bookcases to this day bear tokens of that immortal occasion. Of all *Noctes Ambrosianae* this was the greatest.

In the intervals between banquets, wakes, Y. M. C. A. receptions and other orgies, we were entertained by piano selections rendered by Bush, often to the accompaniment of his silvery falsetto. In an unguarded moment some one (possibly up at Bryn Mawr) had taught him the rudiments of the piano-forte. By constant practice his repertoire now includes twelve airs—just eleven more than Chris's, whose interpretation of *Pony Boy* is a celestial joy known only to the true believer.

From this time on until the Spring vacation operetta practice filled our spare time. Those who did not take part occupied the seats in Roberts to watch the gambolings of the chorus. From these, however, Eddy must be excepted, who spent all his spare time in trailing the lurking ad. Frequent class meetings were also held to discuss the advertising problem.

The surest sign of the approach of spring was the organization of swimming parties in Darby Creek. It was on one of these that the unfortunate Charles Fygis came near being marooned on the bonny braes of Cocpertown without his nether trousseau, and returned with his coat wrapped discreetly about his manly limbs.

And so we might go on. We might tell how Rendel Harris lectured on Twins, to the obvious discomfort of Billy Jackson. We might tell how Kendy paid visits to the Girls' House of Refuge to get thesis material. We might tell of the origin of the phrase "goosing in the abstract." How Chris and Rube won Rhodes Scholarships to Oxford—Haverford being the only college in the country to supply two Rhodes scholars; how Jeff became rejuvenated at the touch of Spring and found himself not as old as he had thought; and how valiantly we have labored on the theses.

But signs are not lacking that the end is near. In the dining-hall comes the merry sound of ice being cracked in napkins to make impromptu iced tea. Outside the faculty children of all ages and sexes give the lawn the appearance of a crèche, and in the cricket nets Harold is practising for those centuries he is going to make over in England. Halley's comet, which appears only before events of supreme importance, has been sent to herald 1910's graduation. The warm weather has resuscitated the Barclay Hall cockroach, and out on Walton Field, Alf (like his namesake the sacred river) is running the half-mile in record time.

As a class, we have been light-hearted, and will probably be so until the end of time. That is the way we are made. We have never paraded our love for Haverford in sentimental phrase, but it is none the less real and deep. Four merry years have knit us to her and to one another with bonds unbreakable; and in years to come it is our hope that our Alma Mater will find us not the least grateful of her many children.



THE MEMORIAL GARDEN

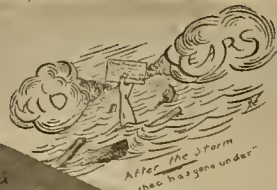
College

HAVERFORD COLLEGE

Please call at the Dean's Office, Room 100, Hall, at your earliest convenience.

Very truly yours,

F. Palmer



After the storm  
or they had gone under

1910

Haverford College

After Reconstruction the next great question will be the  
overthrow of the Lower Traffic.  
The Traffic has many defenders, but no defense.

Exam. 200

below 30%, hence your grade  
failure. You will prepare to take admission  
examination for passing off this deficiency.

Examination Grade E  
Dissertation Grade E

James A. Washburn

271 SOUTH WASHINGTON STREET  
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Haverford, Pa. Apr. 13 1910

Over Due

THE LIBRARIAN

...ation of a personality  
Essays upon heredity  
...istent problems.

36  
30  
30  
24  
7.9

Haverford College

Haverford, Pa.

Apr. 13 1910

Mr. [Name]

Dear Sir:

Kindly call at the Registrar's Office,  
Hall, at your earliest convenience, and oblige.

Yours very truly,

O. M. Cha

Registrar.

FRANKLIN D. ROBERTS

FRANKLIN D. ROBERTS

VILLA NOVA, PA.

Haverford College,

Haverford, Pa.

Apr. 13 1910

... as having taken during the winter past about  
9 Mary's Collection almost where  
Collection almost were situated. These, unless  
very promptly should not be suffered you will lose one half of  
Collection shows for the 1st of the number of the present  
reduplicate your set, in addition for some resolution cannot you and within a week  
of some part in the quarterly grade of the course in which the case out was taken

Yours very truly,

O. M. Cha

Haverford College

Haverford, Pa.

Apr. 13 1910

President's Office, Roberts

Very truly,

M. Chase

Regula

PAGE FROM A COLLEGE SCRAP BOOK



GREAT CAESAR!

## DRAMATIS PERSONAE

G. J. Caesar . . . . . W. P. Tomlinson  
 Hankony, a teacher of rhetoric . . . . . C. D. Morley  
 Jabatius, M.D., a Leech, President of the Auto  
 Trust . . . . . J. P. Phillips  
 Horscaries, Registrar of the Auto Trust  
 . . . . . C. A. Haines  
 Michello, a soothsayer . . . . . C. M. Froelicher  
 Collinius, Superintendent of Buildings and  
 Grounds . . . . . E. N. Edwards  
 Messenger . . . . . D. B. Cary  
 Senators . . . . . { S. A. Rabinowitz  
                                   C. S. Leiningor  
                                   C. F. Clark  
 Gladiator . . . . . R. H. Morris  
 Calpurnia, wife to Caesar . . . . . H. E. C. Bryant  
 Cleopatra, Queen of Egypt . . . . . H. S. Hires  
 Salome, Première Danseuse to the Consul  
 . . . . . J. Whitall  
 A Dairy Maid . . . . . J. D. Kenderdine  
 Presenter . . . . . J. C. Develin  
 DAIRY MAIDS: J. D. Kenderdine, E. W. David,  
 G. A. Kerbaugh, J. C. Develin, C. B. Shoe-  
 maker, 2nd, E. P. Gheen, C. S. Ristine.  
 SENATORS and CITIZENS: W. L. G. Williams, A. S.  
 Roberts, S. Mason, Jr., H. C. Lewis, A. W.  
 Hutton, E. S. Cadbury.  
 SOLDIERS: W. Palmer, H. A. Furness, E. P.  
 Allinson, L. H. Barrett.

## MUSICAL NUMBERS

### ACT I.

1. The Song of the Dairy Maids
2. The Aeroplane . . . . . Horscaries and Messenger

### ACT II.

3. The Nile Song . . . . . Michello
4. Entrance March
5. Dance . . . . . Salome
6. Finale

### ACT III.

7. The Senators' Chorus
8. My Tiber Lily . . . . . Michello and Senator
9. Class Song

## SCENE: ROME

### ACT I.

The Forum by moonlight. Later by daylight.

### ACT II.

The Circus Maximus.

### ACT III.

The Senate Chamber.

Between Acts I. and II. one month elapses.  
 Between Acts II. and III. one night elapses.



## Junior Play

We had thought a good deal about our Play during Sophomore year, but until the spring nothing was done. About this time, in the silence of the midnight, when Mitch and Eddy were figuring up the gains of the store, when Calley was snatching a little broken slumber, and when Syd was writing up a Physics experiment for perhaps the fifth time—about this time the midnight silence began to be punctuated by the pound and rattle of Beer's famous *Haverfordian* typewriter. The rumor went the rounds "He's working on the play!"

But it was the production of 1909's play, in May, 1908, that stirred us to real activity. We realized that a standard had been set for us which it would be hard to surpass, and were stimulated accordingly. A Play Committee was appointed. Beer was chairman. Cadbury, Edwards, Frolicher, Morley, Phillips and Whitall were the other members, and many earnest meetings were held in Beer's little den in Barclay third. That was in the merry days ere the trisection of Barclay, and as the luckless committee debated within, outside in the long hall the genial members of 1910 would be enjoying themselves in various ways. Jud might be joining Calley and Fert in holy wedlock. In Syd's room the Literary Society was doubtless meeting amid roars of applause. And down in the end room (since remodelled) Willard was laying the eggs of those ideals since so plentifully hatched.

But while these things were transpiring outside, the Play Committee was kept busy proffering suggestions (such as "Don't forget Billy Jackson's straw hat," or "Great! But Ike won't pass that!") These were garnered and sifted at committee meetings; and at night Beer's typewriter would again rattle and wheeze. Finally a first draft was completed. Typewritten copies of this were given to all the committeemen, and they departed for the summer with Beer's blessing.

In the fall the committee reassembled, now under Earl's chairmanship. During the vacation Chris had revised the play somewhat and Mitch and Jimmy had written a little music. Committee meetings, now held over in Lloyd, in Jimmy's pianola salon, began to grow serious. Burning questions were hotly discussed—the advisability of retaining some of the "knocks," the assignment of parts, the necessity of getting someone to coach the cast, and so on. As to the last, Mr. Samuel Arthur King was interviewed



THE DAIRY MAID CHORUS



at Bryn Mawr, and being much struck by the light cast on Shakespeare by our play, agreed to give us the benefit of eight visits. His braided frock-coat became a familiar sight on the stage of Roberts, and through his interpretation we first began to realize how much there was "in" our play. About this time the little verse became current "Hark the herald angels sing, Here comes Samuel Arthur King!"

Work began in real earnest after the Midyears, and from this time date most of our memories connected with the Play. The garret of the dairy, approached by climbing a rickety ladder in true Nick Carter style, became Skinny's headquarters for scenery-painting. Here, surrounded by various works on Roman Architecture, half-smoked pipes and assistants in all stages of lumbago, My Lord Edwards executed the scenery for the Forum, the Circus Maximus and the Senate Chamber. The canvas was spread on the floor, and Skinny, perched on the top of a twelve-foot ladder to consider the perspective, was an impressive sight that would have joyed the heart of Asa Boyd.

But while the red-headed Grinner painted scenery and manufactured a cunning imitation of Collins' pet, the gasoline lawn-mower, the rest were not idle. The lawn-mower, the benches for the Senate Chamber, the masterly fountain—these were made over at Earl's house and transported to Roberts Hall in the dead of night. Two diminutive autos were bought in Philadelphia for the thrilling auto-race scene. A piano was installed in Roberts, and Mitch coaxed airs from it while others were hammering planks to supplement the inadequate stage. Chris and Jeff were rehearsing their love-scene, words were being written for the songs, Eddy was busy with the invitations, and a score of other things were going on simultaneously. Mr. Dumont was kind enough to drill the choruses for us.

At length came the dress rehearsal, and we all donned our costumes for the first time. Tired as we were, a thrill went through us when the orchestra played the music—*our* music—and we realized that the play was going to be a success.

To the eventful night of the Fourteenth of May we cannot do justice. The evening was fine and warm, Roberts Hall packed to overflowing, and the play went off without a hitch from Prologue to Class Song. Without a hitch, but not without incident. How Joe performed his much rehearsed gesture with clearness, force and ease; how the electric-lighted Keats shone brightly in the moonlit Forum; how the fountain leaked; how Oscar showed his apprehension by staying away; how between the acts Earl forgot those members of the audience who were seated behind the curtain; how Kendy and his chorus ogled and simpered as Dairy Maids; how Bush and Puffer made a hit with the Aeroplane; how Charley's tights were built for a sturdier leg than his; how the auto-race went off amid deafening applause; how Caesar revive!



THE CIRCUS MAXIMUS

in his coffin; and how, as we sang the Class Song, we knew that the Play had bound us all closer together than ever before—these things have passed into indelible memories.

As we scrubbed off the paint and hastened to the appointed rendezvous it hardly seemed possible that it was all over. And when, after a glorious evening, we gathered one by one in the gym for a special feed together, we felt that it was indeed good to be in Nineteen Ten. But even then the events of the night were not over. The third floor north in Barclay could tell some tales, and a certain door-transom in the Dairy. But they have never divulged what they saw, and we will not be less discreet.



“HOW GENEROUS HE WAS!”



THE SENATE CHAMBER

## CLASS SONG

Comrades come we now together  
Gladly meet again,  
Friends of the sunshiny weather  
Friends of storm and rain;  
Glad in bright years left behind us,  
Brave for years before  
Memory closer still shall bind us  
Now and evermore—

### CHORUS.

So a cheer for our class, let hearts to her be true,  
You'll hear the fame of her proud name  
As long as skies are blue,  
And when in years to come we meet, a loyal host of men,  
We'll sing to Alma Mater and to glorious Nineteen Ten.

Thunder forth the song, O brothers  
Till the rafters ring  
Haverford, the best of mothers,  
Hail to thee we sing;  
Where the future e'er may find us,  
Seas 'tween us may roar  
Memory closer still shall bind us  
Now and evermore.

## Ethical Problems

In response to our offer of assistance for those bewildered in the mazes of social obligation and uncertainty, we have received a number of letters. Some of these we reprint here. We regret that space forbids the reproduction of letters received from President Sharpless, Miss Smith, Jack Guiney and Syd Coates.

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To the Editor of the *Class Record*:

Dear Sir—

I am a young man from Baltimore. I have been told that my hairstand is not without its attractions, and I also play the piano with the manly and melodious forefinger. With these advantages, I naturally wish to develop my social aptitudes. Please answer these questions.

(1) How often may I visit Bryn Mawr College? Is four times a week considered excessive?

(2) Mention some entertaining anecdotes to tell when the conversation flags.

DONALD.

(1) Various precedents have been established. Consult C. M. Froelicher's *Sunday Afternoons with the Flock*.

(2) Jeff, our raciest *raconteur*, recommends the story of Page in the smoking-car. Langsdorf's *Compendium of Parlor Stories from the Ladies' Home Journal* is a useful vest-pocket companion.

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To the Editor of the *Class Record*:

Dear Madam—

I am an earnest young man from Swarthmore. I never go calling without a volume of poetry in my pocket. By this method I have become considerably attached in various directions—notably Bryn Mawr, Wayne, Media, Chester, Manayunk and Preston. What is your advice?

WILLARD.



You do not give us sufficient data. Have you made explicit promises to any of the vestals? If so, all is lost. The following books may be useful: G. S. K. Wheeler, *The Invidious Liaison* and *Practice in the Nets*. Also *A Family of Three on Five Dollars a Week*, by Mrs. H. S. Hires.

To the Editor of the *Class Record*:

Dear Sir—

I am the possessor of a splendid crop of facial alfalfa, inherited from Probably Arboreal. To my consternation it seems to afford naught but amusement to the ungodly. What is your advice?

(2) Can you tell me the most effective agent for cleansing a rubber collar without removing it?

OSCAR.

(1) If you wish to remove the difficulty, try overcuts. If merely to disinfect and preserve, camphor-balls.

(2) Mrs. Rorer recommends the following recipe: Make a mixture of one part Rubifoam and two parts Jackson's Twin Soothing Syrup. Apply with damp cloth. In an aggravated case try J. A. Babbitt's Soft Soap.

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(*Special Marconigram to the Class Record.*)

To the Editor of the *Class Record*:

Dear Sir—

I send this message from my hiding-place in the Everglades behind Coopertown. Several days ago, while walking in this vicinity, I was set upon by banditti and despoiled of my nether garments, including my Porosknits. My pet raven has brought me food, but is unable to carry a pair of trousers in its beak. Can you send some aid?

CHASTITY.

Your request has been referred to the Department of Public Safety, who are sending you a B. V. D. P. D. Q. Meanwhile keep cool and eat no rich food.



To the Editor of the *Class Record*:

Dear Sir—

Is there any balm in Gilead for a young man who is hot, wild and proud? Some days ago while going in this state to a social function I made a conversational blunder of some magnitude. What can I do to re-establish myself in the good graces of the lady?

(2) Is it ethical for me, knowing the true state of affairs, to insist that Root Beer is concocted of pure roots?  
JEFFERSON.

(1) Write a note of apology to your lady-friend, giving full details of the occurrence and explaining why you did it.

(2) This is a matter for the individual conscience. Read carefully Rev. W. T. Boyce's quarto volume entitled *Resumé of Christian Faith*.

To the Editor of the *Class Record*:

Dear Sir—

I am the manager of the musical troupe that got stranded near Peoria. Nightly now the ghost of \$150 clammers up my bedstead and does the Cubanola glide on my pillow. Efforts to extract \$4 per each from the innocent victims have disastrously failed. I have pawned my Bib Lit notes and even my last cigar. What remedy can you suggest?  
PUFFER.

Suicide.

To the Editor of the *Class Record*:

Sir—

I am a young married woman, and have just been appointed to the chair of Biology in a large Western coeducational university. I have also recently received an offer from the Cherry Blossom Burlesquers to act as understudy for Chooceeta, the lady with the Elgin movement. Should not a great artiste be untrammelled by domestic cares? Would I not be justified in deserting my family and declining the professorship in order to tread the boards?

HOLLIE ERNESTINE.

By all means choose the dramatic career. Husbands and households are not for those of artistic temperament.

To the Editor of the *Class Record*:

Dear Sirs —

Our health being feeble we are precluded from active pursuits. We have been invited by the Faculty to remain at Haverford another year as Teaching Fellows. The position carries with it a year's membership in the Leisure Club, and the duties (which include Faculty Teas, philandering with the Dean, and week-ends at the shore) are to our liking. Do you think, however, that another year's fellowing would necessarily produce complete bromidic demoralization? This has been the case in the past, but has been ascribed to the character of the patients themselves rather than the cure itself. What is your unbiased opinion?

ALFRED.

WALTER.

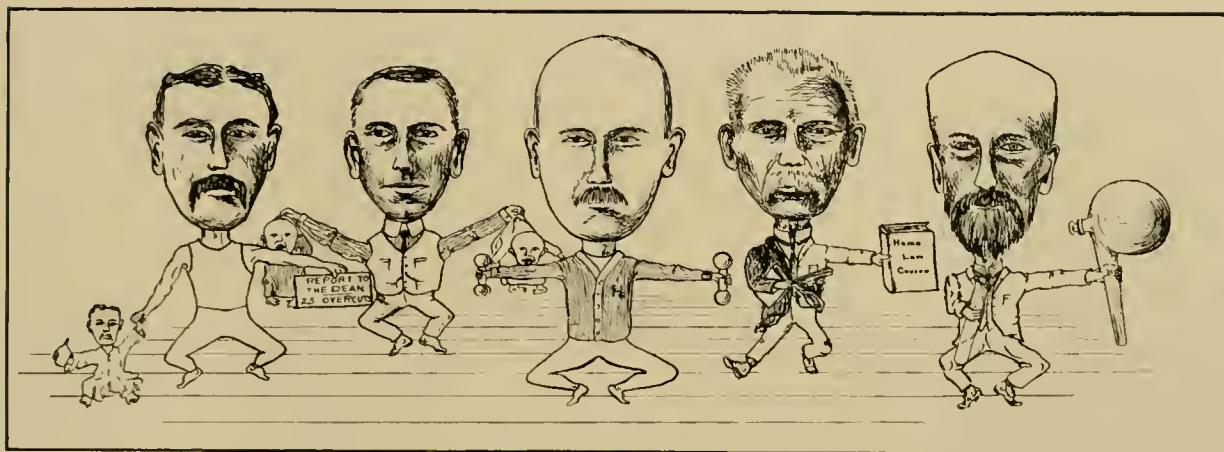
Jog on, jog on, the footpath way, and merrily hent the stile-a! By all means remain, for the sake of Rufus's Seminar. How nice to be sheltered from the buffets of the world and to chew the cud of contemplation in idyllic ease! You are much to be envied.



CERCLE FRANCAIS



THE FACULTY



## THE FACULTY

ISAAC SHARPLESS, Sc.D., LL.D., L.H.D., President

ALLEN CLAPP THOMAS, A.M.

LYMAN BEECHER HALL, Ph.D.

FRANCIS BARTON GUMMERE, Ph.D., LL.D., Litt.D.

HENRY SHERRING PRATT, Ph.D.

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

OSCAR MARSHALL CHASE, S.M.

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WILLIAM HENRY COLLINS, A.M.

JAMES WHITE CROWELL, S.B.



"HAVERFORDIAN" BOARD, 1909-10



## Biographia Literaria

Nineteen Hundred and Ten has always been a faithful devotee of the Muse, and it seems not amiss to recall here some of our purple patches.

In Freshman Year Wilson, Frost and Whitall attained the dignity of print, and other performances almost as noteworthy remained in MS. Meigs's "Court Notes," which circulated so merrily in Bib. Lit. Class, have been mentioned elsewhere. Kerbaugh was meditating the "Winter Idyll" which appeared the next year. Willie Greene was rhyming in secret verse which has since blazed forth in full glory in the Harvard publications. Jeff, then preparing for the ministry, began to wrestle with the *Weltschmerz* and took the famous Western trip which brought out all his latent poetry. Freshman year was thus essentially a period of preparation for the great things to come.

It was Sophomore Year which the Pierian Sisters delighted especially to honor. Meigs was gone, but others appeared on the stage. Kerby's only contribution was modestly laid on the altar. Beer's output continued to be of that quality which easily makes him our Poet Laureate, and he was elected Editor-in-Chief of the *Haverfordian*—an unusual honor for a Sophomore. Under Dr. Baker's inspiration Jimmy translated Horace and wrote other verse of considerable merit. Kendy was then travelling as Business Manager of the *Haverfordian*, but his ability as a journalist was already beginning to bud. Jeff began tentatively to voice the lyric cry, and "Hot and Wild and Proud" has since passed into the common speech of men. The year ended auspiciously with Calley's really unusual story "A Phantasy."

In Junior Year the long-expected book of "Haverford Verse" was published, containing three poems of Beer's and one of Jimmy's. At this time too, Beer's poem on the Seventy-Fifth Anniversary appeared—certainly our most noteworthy production in verse. It is rumored that Jeff's "Marcus Aurelius" adorned the proof-sheets of "Haverford Verse," but owing to the inability of the editors to appreciate projected emotion, it was not included in the volume. Be that as it may, Jeff came into his own this year, and put forth blossoms in Oriental profusion. A new aspirant appeared in Chris, whose "Episodes in the Life of an Irish Waitress" were so realistic as to savor of first-hand knowledge. And who

will forget his throbbing sonnet "To Her," and the sensation it caused in the "cor cordium" of the neighboring convent? Jimmy Whitall became Editor-in-Chief of the *Haverfordian*, thus being the second member of 1910 to hold that position. Page became numbered among the immortals by two modest ditties printed in the spring.

Nor must we forget that most lusty child of Kendy's brow, the *Sickly*. A direct descendant of the Polyglot tablets to Squid, and "Public Opinion," in its very cradle it strangled the serpents *Rhetoric* and *Orthography*. Every Monday night its editorials have volleyed and thundered, and through this medium Kendy's lambent wit and Germantonian intellect at last found expression.

Senior Year was principally noted for the fertility of Jeff's Muse. Hardly an issue of the *Haverfordian* passed without a wail of the Hiresian lyric, and sometimes (*renovare dolorem!*) they appeared in litters of two or three. Jimmy and Chris were content to rest on their laurels, with the possible exception of the Balzacian tale of Pewee Junction that created a sensation in English V. Tubby realized another ideal by having a story printed in the *Haverfordian*. Kendy created a pleasant titillation for the browsers of English V by his Rabelaisian theme on *Smell*, and his trichotomization of the college into Aristocracy, Activity and Brains; but barring these our achievements during Senior Year were not especially noteworthy. An after-thought recalls Guy's editorial on the Militant Agnostic.

To sum up. We have had from our class two Editors-in-Chief of the *Haverfordian* (not to mention the two Business Managers); a founder of the *Weekly*; four of our poems have been printed in "Haverford Verse;" and we have had in 1910 several men who have done literary work of really unusual quality. We nail our purple patch to the mast with a great deal of satisfaction.

We have thought it worth while to reprint here a few of the poems of which 1910 is most proud.

#### A NOTE ON THE MARGIN OF THE BOOK OF LIFE.

Oh sweet are love and life,  
And dear to me!  
And in this fleeting strife  
There's ecstasy!

HARRISON S. HIRES.



## HAVERFORD'S SEVENTY-FIFTH ANNIVERSARY

Young is our mother still, and very fair  
To all her sons who love and serve her yet  
Now that the kindly hand of time hath set  
The forehead with a crown of silver hair.

We call her mother, lacking better name,  
For she is nameless even as Death or Time:  
She drives the human heart to fashion rhyme  
For her and puts its written rhyme to shame.

Hers is the glory of eternal youth  
Blended with age eternal. As the spring,  
Flower and bloom perpetual does she bring  
Out of the sun and soil and wind of Truth.

To-day her spring time bloom returns again,  
But ripened into rich maturity  
Of fruit and harvest, as rejoicingly  
She gathers her autumnal wealth of men.

The splendor of the past is on her brow;  
The promise of the future in her eyes;  
And that high worth of hers that can despise  
Future and past, to meet the living now.

Hers is the mystery of motherhood,  
Unreasoning love that asketh no return,  
And fires calm, yet passionate, that burn  
Warm through the cold rains of ingratitude.

Hers is the power of the restless main  
That draws its mighty waters from afar;  
Many and deep her hidden fountains are,  
Whence having drawn, she sendeth back again.

She layeth her foundations on the deep;  
Not as the grass or flower she withereth;  
For she shall live when the soft hand of death  
Has wrapt her children's children into sleep.

So let us call her mother, even we,  
Her younger children, who but dimly feel  
That depth of tenderness she will reveal  
Increasing in the many years to be.

We may not tongue the word as well as you  
Who see her through the golden mist of years;  
Your laughter may be deeper than our tears,  
For you are tried—and we have yet to do.

But as the young child, weary of its play,  
Calls "Mother" from a cause it can not know,  
So suffer us to call her. Years will show  
The meaning of the word we speak to-day.

Let us not sing of that we know so well  
That memory wakens at a light word's fall—  
The mandolins a-tinkle down the hall—  
Clatter of feet—and Founders' Solemn bell.

Black gowns a-flutter on a field of green—  
The dull red embers of a dying fire—  
A full moon streaming over roof and spire—  
We wait for time to teach us all *they* mean.

But this we know—our mother is very fair  
To all her sons who love and serve her yet.  
Now that the kindly hand of time hath set  
Her forehead with a crown of silver hair.

JOHN FRENCH WILSON.

## WINTER IDYLL

Dreaming in the golden light,  
Wandering 'neath the summer skies,  
O'er fields and woods and waters bright,  
To seek for all our life denies.  
I wander long through sun and shade,  
And where the waving pastures bloom;  
And near the mower's swinging blade,  
I breathe the clover's sweet perfume.  
The sun-kissed banks with silence still,  
The soothing murmur of the stream;  
The river past the neighboring hill,  
Flows like a languid lover's dream.  
The cruel wind, the sleet and snows,  
Can never from my vision take,  
The love which nature's smile bestows,  
The peace which she alone can make.

GEORGE ALLEN KERBAUGH.

## TERRA INCOGNITA

When Daphne plays, I know not why,  
But woven in the harmony  
I hear a deeper, softer tone,  
Apart from other chords, alone;  
A strain that starts to lilt and play  
Like laughing brook in sunlit May,  
But always ends with wistful sigh  
When Daphne plays.

And yet 'tis all in vain I try  
To penetrate the mystery  
Of that fair unknown world which lies  
Behind the sapphire of her eyes;  
That land whose borders I descry  
When Daphne plays.

MEIGS OLIVER FROST.

## A LYRIC OF THE SCRUB

We don our sticky clothing with bravely hidden loathing,  
We do our best to bear a dauntless mien,  
And at the door you'll find us with the varsity behind us,  
For *we* know that four fifteen means four fifteen.  
But the first team doesn't worry, and it smiles at all our flurry,  
(Though we *do* sometimes contrive to scare a *sub*.)  
For its the old, old story, that our only taste of glory  
Is when we hear "The Hoorays for the Scrub!"

It warms us like a tonic when we hear the coach's chronic,  
"Now, scrub, I want to see you *hold* that line."  
Ah, how our fierce eyes glisten as we grit our teeth and listen;  
"One - three - eleven - seven - twenty-nine."  
And, oh! the blessed feeling, as we scramble, dizzy, reeling  
To our places, wondering where the next will come,  
At the blasé intonation of our quarter's declaration:  
"Well, scrub, I rather guess that's holding some."  
But the first team doesn't worry when they say "You've got to hurry.  
Now steady up and give those men a rub,"  
For they know the old, old story, that our only taste of glory  
Is when we hear "The Hoorays for the Scrub!"

But the Varsity keep pounding with assurance quite astounding,  
And they mock us with a supercilious grin,  
And they haven't any fear, for *they* know whom the bleachers cheer for  
When the game is really ready to begin.  
But it surely is amazing what a little bit of praising  
Can keep us happy while we grind and grub;  
For crippled, halt, rheumatic, together wax ecstatic  
When the leader gives "The Hoorays for the Scrub!"

JOHN FRENCH WILSON.

## A TOAST

Success to the smart set that studies and crams  
Beforehand in diligence thrifty,  
But a health to the knight of the make-up exams,  
Who howls with delight at a fifty.

They have given the college their labor—and we,  
Who were never intended for scholars,  
Have as cheerfully given the second flunk fee  
Of five of our much-needed dollars.

We furnish the sinews—they furnish the brain,  
So let the professors all damn us;  
Their motto is "Labor with infinite pain,"  
And ours "Dum vivimus vivamus!"

JOHN FRENCH WILSON.

## TO MARCUS AURELIUS

Sweet master, I was hot and wild and proud,  
And chance it was that brought thy words to me,  
And joy it is that I have learned of thee,  
For with thy peace and purity endowed  
Now go I forth to shout thy name aloud  
That men may know what meaning there may be  
In hate and love, in joy and misery.  
Sweet master, they are hot and wild and proud.

HARRISON S. HIRES.



FOUNDERS HALL



THE OPERETTA



# MUSICAL CLUBS

Nineteen Hundred and Ten has never been a particularly musical class, but our representation on the Clubs has always been large. In Freshman Year we had ten men on the Mandolin Club (one half the Club in point of numbers), while seven men were on the Glee Club. We had a larger number of men on the Clubs than any other class. Musical memories of that year include Willie Greene's really unusual ability on the 'cello, Ma Mayer's clarinet, and the wailful incubation of the "Amaryllis Waltz." Another ex-member now does musical specialties on the Keith Circuit.

In Sophomore Year our musical contingent had decreased to nine. The most important event of that year was the concert and dance in Baltimore, which many of us remember still.

In Junior Year we had ten men on the Musical Clubs, and the Play brought forth all our latent musical talent. The printed score of the musical numbers of "*Great Caesar!*" remains as undying testimony of our musical ability as a class. Pete Spaulding was Assistant Manager of the Musical Clubs that year.

In Senior Year, with Leiny training the choir to sing Pennsylvania Dutch anthems, Jimmy as impresario of the tinkling mandolins and Mr. Henry Puffer writing the cheques, Nineteen-Ten controlled the musical activities of the college. We gave a midwinter concert and dance at the Merion Cricket Club, and after that turned our attention to the Operetta.

But the Operetta we cannot dismiss so briefly, as it was really a memorable affair. Of course it was not a class production. After the performance of "*Great Caesar!*" it was universally agreed that the highest possible development of Junior Plays had taken place and no further improvement could be hoped

for. Accordingly, a Musical Comedy was proposed by C. Linn Seiler, '02, to be produced by the Musical Association. The idea was enthusiastically adopted, and work was begun after Mideyears. The plot was concocted by Ralph Mellor, '99, and Mr. Seiler; the music was by Mr. Seiler and dialogue by V. F. Schoepferle, 1911.

Six performances were given: in Roberts Hall (on Junior Night), at the Germantown Cricket Club, West Chester, the Merion Cricket Club, Wilmington, and Baltimore. For most of the troupe it was the first experience of being "on the road." Two days before the first performance Jimmy Crowell, '09, who was to have played the rôle of Evelyn, fell ill and was unable to take part. The part was assigned to Jimmy Whitall, who did magnificently—especially considering his brief time for preparation.

Nineteen-Ten's share in the Operetta was considerable. Jimmy, Mitch, and Leiny were in the cast. Crow, Haines and Kenderdine were on the American cricket team, Else, Tomlinson, Townsend and Morley on the English team. Skinny painted the scenery, Kendy published the score,—and Mr. Henry Puffer was manager.

Our memories of the Operetta are various. Of Skinny's trials in transporting scenery much might be said. How Mitch flirted with the audience and wagg'd a suggestive forefinger at the front row; how radiantly Evelyn smiled (and why); how our married man faced the footlights as sprightly as a Bon Ton Burlesquer; how Chris danced six successive dances with somebody in Wilmington; how the porter fared in the sleeper; how our performance in Baltimore was enlivened by a drenching thunderstorm; and how Mr. Henry Hammerstein Haines afterwards issued a call for \$4 apiece to cover the deficit—these are but a few of the incidents that recur. The Operetta was a distinct success. To require the company to pay for the shortage incurred by the lack of proper advertising insures their intelligent interest in the financial side of the undertaking! We hope that the students will have more opportunities to do this in the future.

# "THE BIG MATCH"

## CAST.

Lord Heathcote, an English Peer.	W. C. Sandt, P. G.	
Evelyn, his daughter.	J. Whitall, '10	
Lord Bedford	} Friends of Lord Heath- cote	J. K. Patrick, '11
Earl Catherwaite		D. C. Murray, '12
Mr. Munro, M. P.		H. M. Thomas, '12
Mr. Caperton, M. P.		C. S. Leininger, '10
Mr. Bannister, M. P.		K. A. Rhoad, '12
Markham Hall, Capt. English Cricket Team		
.....	C. M. Froelicher, '10	
Alex. Reed, Capt. Haverford Cricket Team		
.....	D. P. Falconer, '12	
President of Haverford College.	D. C. Murray, '12	
Professor Bland, of Haverford College.		
.....	J. K. Patrick, '11	
Professor Grave, of Haverford College.		
.....	K. A. Rhoad, '12	

### HAVERFORD CRICKET TEAM

H. E. Crow, '10	J. D. Kenderdine, '10
C. A. Haines, '10	L. R. Shero, '11
A. L. Baily, '12	J. M. Carpenter, '12
F. M. Froelicher, '13	W. M. McConnell, '13
O. M. Porter, '13	J. N. Watson, '13

### ENGLISH CRICKET TEAM

R. R. Else, '10	H. R. Townsend, '10
W. P. Tomlinson, '10	C. D. Morley, '10
J. S. Bradway, '11	D. B. Boyer, '11
H. Froelicher, '12	S. K. Beebe, '12
R. Tunis, '11	N. F. Hall, '13

Act I.—England. On the outskirts of a cricket field in an afternoon of early summer.

Act II.—Haverford. The evening of Class Day of the following year on the College Campus, Founder's Hall.

**THE PLOT:** The Haverford College cricket team is playing in England and at one of the games meets Evelyn, who, with her father, Lord Heathcote, and some friends, has come to watch the game. Alex., the Haverford Captain, and she fall in love at first sight, and when the Americans win the match she presents him with her scarf. But she tells him his suit is hopeless, for her father insists that she choose an Englishman and he has picked out Hall, the English Captain, as her future husband.

The following year the English team pays a return visit to Haverford, arriving there Class Day night as the Seniors are singing on Founder's Hall steps. Evelyn, with her father, is also with the party, and all are welcomed by the President of the College and the hosts of the evening. Alex. pleads with Evelyn to elope and defy the command of her father, but she refuses. Two of the professors, learning of the love affair, now reveal a secret lately discovered, that Alex. is English born, though brought up in the United States. The only objection to the marriage being removed, Lord Heathcote gladly gives his consent.



LLOYD HALL AND THE DINING ROOM



## The Other Classes







JUNIOR CLASS



## JUNIOR CLASS

LEVI ARNOLD POST ..... *President*  
VICTOR FRANZ SCHOEPPERLE ..... *Vice-President*  
WILLIAM DAVIS HARTSHORNE ..... *Secretary*  
CHARLES WADSWORTH, 3rd ..... *Treasurer*

James Ashbrook  
Daniel Lindley Birdsall  
Daniel Burghard Boyer  
John Seager Bradway  
Jefferson Hamer Clark, Jr.  
James Alexander Clarke, Jr.  
Frank Roland Conklin  
Philip Bernard Deane  
John Steele Downing  
Henry Ferris, Jr.  
William Henry Gardiner  
David Scull Hinshaw  
Edwin R. Levin

George Washington Mixter, Jr.  
Jesse Kersey Patrick  
Joseph Haines Price  
David Duer Reynolds  
Lucius Rogers Shero  
Ebenezer Hall Spencer  
Henry Bernard Stuccator  
Howard Gardiner Taylor, Jr.  
Frederick Oscar Tostenson  
Richard Tunis  
Caleb Winslow  
Alan Sedgwick Young  
Wilmer Job Young



SOPHOMORE CLASS

## SOPHOMORE CLASS

LLOYD MELLOR SMITH.....*President*  
KENNETH ANDREW RHOAD.....*Vice-President*  
PAUL CLISBY BREWER, JR.....*Secretary*  
CARROLL DUNHAM CHAMPLIN.....*Treasurer*

Albert Lang Baily, Jr.  
Joshua Longstreth Baily, Jr.  
Mark Balderston  
Stacey Kyle Beebe  
Albertus Lucas Biedenbach  
Arthur Lindley Bowerman  
Edward Garrett Brinton  
John Arthur Brownlee  
James McFadden Carpenter  
Joshua Alban Cope  
Clyde Gowen Durgin  
John Benington Elfreth, Jr.  
Douglas Platt Falconer  
Leslie Warren Ferris  
Hans Froelicher, Jr.  
Ralph Leslie Garner  
Horace Howson  
Yan Cho Kwan  
Lance Brenton Lathem  
Walter Wood Longstreth

Herbert Mendenhall Lowry  
Edmund Richardson Maule  
Robert Evarts Miller  
Charles Thompson Moon  
Sydney Sharp Morris  
David Colden Murray  
Eli Nichols  
John Hollowell Parker  
Ervin Corson Poley  
John Daub Renninger  
Leonard Chase Ritts  
William Hooten Roberts, Jr.  
Gorham Parsons Sargent  
Thomas Emlen Shipley  
Francis Gerow Smiley  
Walter Hopkins Steere  
Samuel Booth Sturgis  
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## FRESHMAN CLASS

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William Webb  
Georges Minch Weber  
Donald Wilder  
Adelbert Jay Wood  
Charles Otis Young

# ATHLETICS



1910's ATHLETIC CAPTAINS





CLASS TEAMS, SENIOR YEAR



FOOTBALL TEAM, 1909

# FOOTBALL

Although Nineteen-Ten has won her athletic fame chiefly on the cinder track, yet she has contributed her quota of football players as well. In Freshman Year Frost and Ayer got into the first game, and held positions at tackle and end on what has generally been conceded to be the best team that ever represented Haverford. Then too who has forgotten Art Hutton's long end runs in the Lehigh game and indeed in all the games where he was sent in to take the place of some half-back twice his size? Meigs got his 11, thus being the first man in Nineteen-Ten to wear the letter; and Beer got the cup for conscientious work on the scrub. The class team, too, should be mentioned, which braced on the two-yard line and held the Sophs to a 0-0 score.

In Sophomore Year Frost and Ayer had left and we were not regularly represented on the Varsity. Wilson, Hutton, Tomlinson, Martin and Judkins, however, got into several games each, and Willard especially gave promise of the ability he was to show later. Jud worked faithfully as scrub quarter and under his effective leadership the scrub inspired Beer's lyric reprinted on another page. Mitch made his football debut as centre on the Class team which defeated 1911 6 to 0. It was Art's long run that did the trick.

In Junior Year, Tomlinson and Barrett, a newcomer, held positions on George Bard's eleven. Willard was always ready with the necessary line plunge when called upon, and his excellent running back of punts pulled the Scarlet and Black out of many a hole.

In Senior Year, with the addition of Else, Froelicher and Wheeler Nineteen-Ten had five men on the Varsity. Leininger, Townsend, Kenderdine and Bryan were in one or two games, while Skinny still showed the same plucky work on the scrub which had awarded him the scrub cup the year before.

Our last season was not successful as far as scores go. The back-field was exceptionally light. Captain Tomlinson and Else being retired from the game in mid-season on account of injuries, Wheeler was undoubtedly the star of the team. Weighing but a scant hundred and twenty-six pounds, his daring red head was seen in the midst of every play. His work was typical of the grit shown throughout the season by a featherweight team fighting against far heavier opponents.



SOCCER TEAM, 1909-10



# SOCCER

The record of our class soccer team is not altogether successful, but it is quite creditable.

In Freshman Year we were badly beaten by the Sophomores.

Sophomore Year we were beaten by 1911 in the second game, the first being a tie.

Junior Year, having beaten the Seniors (sweet revenge after the game in Freshman year!) we twice played the Sophomores (1911) to a standstill. The third game they won.

In Senior Year we defeated the Juniors and hoped to win the interclass championship by defeating 1912. We tied them once, but in the deciding game their goalkeeper proved our hoodoo, and we lost 0-1.

The lack of glory for our class team has certainly been atoned for by our part on the varsity. In Freshman Year Haverford won the intercollegiate championship, largely owing to Phil Baker's brilliant work in the forward line. He made all our goals scored in the championship series and well deserved the soccer H awarded him. *The American Cricketer* mentioned him as the best collegiate forward of the year. Furness played a consistent game at inside right.

During Sophomore Year we were well represented on the first by Furness, Cadbury and Judkins. In Junior Year Jud had gone, but David, Palmer and Edwards played several times on the varsity. Furness won a socce. H this year and Cadbury was elected captain. Harold held a place on the intercollegiate eleven.

Senior Year found six of Nineteen Ten regularly on the varsity—Captain Cadbury, Furness, David, Gheen, Allinson and Lewis. In the intercollegiate series we lost to Columbia, Penn and Yale, but decisively defeated Harvard and Cornell. Cadbury and Gheen were awarded the soccer H.



GYM TEAM, 1909-10



# GYMNASIUM

The part taken by Nineteen-Ten in the gymnastic activity of the college has always been extremely creditable. We began in Freshman Year by contributing two members to the college team, Mason and Phillips. These men constituted the more experienced material in the class, but the inter-class meet, inaugurated that year, which included a number of novice events, brought out any amount of juvenile genius. "Our Eddie" dragged himself away from a chess board long enough to capture a first in the novice horse, though closely pressed by Judkins. Phillips had a rather easy time on the horse in the regular events and Mason "Simian Sam," as he was afterward dubbed by reason of this feat—ran away with the rope climb. Reg exhibited his prowess on the novice rings.

Sophomore Year saw Mason adding points to the college score in all the meets. J. P. was vegetating in Florida then or he, too, would have been on the team.

With the advent of Junior Year a new light rose above the horizon. Frequenters of the gym have since become familiar with Skinny's lean and sinuous form writhing on the parallels, and the curiously subtle air which the absence of his glasses always lends him. "Eddie" David also graduated from the novice horse and made the regular. Sam Mason, too, was still with us.

Senior Year saw Edwards captain of the team and our Class well represented by Phillips and David. Edwards did exceptional work on the parallels and the splendid work of the other members of the team contributed a great deal toward making this Haverford's most successful season for some years.

And even now our influence has not entirely disappeared from the Haverford gymnasium. "J. P." Phillips has obligingly consented to remain another year as a Teaching Fellow and in addition to his other arduous duties has been chosen gym. captain for the next year. We have no doubt that his team will duplicate the record of this year's aggregation.



TRACK TEAM, 1910

# TRACK

In no other sport has Nineteen-Ten shown more marked superiority than in Track. We found our place three weeks after entering College by signally defeating the Sophomores, 44 to 27, in the Fall Meet, winning all the events except the Shot and the High Hurdles. We repeated our success by winning the Spring inter-class meet, the score standing 67 for '10, 14 for '07, 12 for '08 and 24 for '09, of which last 24 points 8 were scored by Williams whose points now count for Nineteen-Ten. In this meet we carried away eight of the thirteen first places,—Palmer, Langsdorf, Baker, Shultz and Cary winning their events. Of the fifteen men who ran for Haverford that spring, seven, Baker, Cary, Langsdorf, Morris, Palmer, Roberts and Shultz were Freshmen, and four Freshmen, Baker, Langsdorf, Palmer and Roberts, composed the Relay Team which easily won first place in the Penn Relay Carnival, the time being 3.33 without our men being pushed. That year Haverford defeated Lehigh, Wesleyan and New York University and, in the Intercollegiates, Baker came in fifth in the mile, in 4.23, unofficial time. During the season Palmer equalled the college records in the 100 and the 220 and set a new mark in the Quarter, while Baker, lapping his competitors in the Lehigh meet, lowered the mile record by eight seconds. Palmer, with 62 points to his credit, won the Walton Cup, awarded to the highest scorer during the season.

We began our Sophomore Year by again winning the Sophomore-Freshman Fall meet by the score of 45-26—being defeated only in the Broad Jump and in the High Hurdles, which we forfeited—and also won again, in easy fashion, the Spring Inter-class meet, the scores standing '10, 57; '09, 26; '08 and '11, 17 points each. We again took 8 firsts, Palmer, Froelicher, Roberts and Morris winning their events. Although we had lost Baker, Langsdorf and Shultz, we again had seven men on the College team: Palmer

Morris, Roberts, Judkins, Cary, Wilson and Froelicher; and Palmer and Roberts again ran on the Relay Team, with Wilson as first substitute. This year Haverford tied with Lehigh and defeated New York University, and in the latter meet Palmer lowered his own record in the 220 by two-fifths of a second. With a total of 66 points, Palmer for the second time won the Walton Cup.

In the Junior Year, by replacing Judkins and Wilson with Develin and Williams we kept the number of our Varsity men at seven, and again Palmer and Roberts ran on the Relay Team. As in the preceding two years we won the Spring Inter-class meet, Palmer, Roberts, Cary and Froelicher winning their events, our score being 58 against 41 for '09, 17 for '11 and 10 for '12. In this meet we took first and second places in the Discus, a new event. Haverford again repeated the performance of the year before by tying Lehigh and defeating New York University but was defeated by Lafayette, a new rival. In the Intercollegiates at Harvard, Palmer, starting on the second line—a yard's handicap—was beaten out in the Quarter by about a foot.

In the Senior Year we increased the number of our Varsity men to eight—Captain Palmer, Cary, Davis, Else, Froelicher, Morris, Roberts, and Williams. In a hotly contested trial Palmer and Roberts kept their places on the Relay Team, with Davis as first substitute. We lost the Interclass Relays, in spite of Palmer's splendid finish, but we won the Spring Interclass meet in a "walk-over," the scores standing 64 for us, 40, 19 and 3 for '13, '12 and '11 respectively. In the fourteen events we took nine firsts,—Cary, Else, Froelicher, Morris, Palmer and Roberts winning their events—and Else set a new mark in the Discus throw, which performance he gives promise of repeating before the season is over. In this meet McConnell, '13, broke, by one-fifth of a second the 100-yard record held jointly by Palmer, Brown, '01, and Hall '02. The interest in Track is great and there is good material, especially in the under-classes, so that we look forward not only to success in the meets which Manager Froelicher has arranged with Lehigh, New York and Johns Hopkins, but to a place in the Intercollegiates as well.

## TRACK RECORDS



CLASS TRACK TEAM, SENIOR YEAR

EVENT.	RECORD.	HOLDER.	DATE.
100-yd. dash . . . . .	10 $\frac{1}{5}$ sec.	W. M. McConnell, '13,	1910
220-yd. dash . . . . .	22 $\frac{3}{8}$ sec.	W. Palmer, '10	1908
440-yd. dash . . . . .	52 $\frac{3}{8}$ sec.	W. Palmer, '10	1907
Half-mile run . . . . .	2 min 3 $\frac{1}{8}$ sec.	E. C. Tatnall, '07	1905
Mile run . . . . .	4 min. 35 sec.	P. J. Baker, '10	1907
Two-mile run . . . . .	10 min. 22 sec.	W. K. Miller, '06	1906
120-yd. hurdle . . . . .	15 $\frac{1}{4}$ sec.	T. K. Brown, Jr., '06,	1905
220-yd. hurdle . . . . .	26 sec.	W. Palmer, '10	1910
Running broad jump . . . . .	21 ft. 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ in.	T. K. Brown, Jr., '06,	1905
Running high jump . . . . .	6 ft. 1 in.	E. B. Conklin, '09	1899
Pole vault . . . . .	10 ft. 6 $\frac{1}{2}$ in.	G. S. Bard, '09	1907
Putting 16 lb. shot . . . . .	37 ft. 8 in.	W. W. Hall, '02	1899
Throwing 16 lb. hammer, . . . . .	123 ft. 6 in.	H. W. Jones, '05	1905
Discus throw . . . . .	99 ft. 9 $\frac{1}{2}$ in.	R. R. Else, '10	1910





CRICKET TEAM, 1910



# CRICKET

While Nineteen-Ten has only once won the inter-class championship in Cricket, yet we have done creditably and given our share of men to the various teams. In Freshman Year we managed to almost double the Sophomore score but were beaten by the Seniors. Furness and Hutton represented us on the first eleven, Cadbury and Mason on the second, and Judkins, Kerbaugh, Haines, and David on the third. Art got the Cope and Hinchman prize bats for the best averages of the season, Harold received the bat and cup for the best Freshman batsman and best all-around Freshman. Sam won the Improvement Bat and the Shakespeare Bat, for the best average in the inter-class games, while Earl was the best Freshman bowler. In Sophomore Year Mason joined Furness and Hutton on the first XI, while Judkins and Cadbury held positions on the 2nd, and Kerbaugh, Haines, Edwards, and David played on the 3rd XI. Art won his colors this year, and again took the Cope Bat, while Jud won the Improvement Bat. In Junior Year we again were able to defeat 1909, but lost to 1912. This year the team took a trip to Canada, Nineteen-Ten being represented by Furness, Hutton, and David. Edwards, Cadbury, Haines, Ristine, and David all made the second, while Kerbaugh and Palmer represented us on the third. Harold won his colors, the Cope Bat for the best average on the first, and also the Prize Fielding Belt, while David won the 1885 Bat for the best average on the second. For the present year, the indications are promising. The class team defeated the Juniors easily, the score being 129 to 60. The Sopomores also were decisively beaten, 143 to 79. For the first XI Manager Haines has arranged a good schedule of games, including various teams of the Cricket Club League, and also Pennsylvania and Cornell. Nineteen-Ten's representation on the various teams is Furness, Cadbury, Haines, Kerbaugh, David,

Palmer, Edwards and Ristine. "Wogglebugs" of such well-known standing as Cary, Allinson, Morley, Wheeler and Shoemaker are candidates for the class team, and some of these have even been seen on the second and third elevens.

With the incentive of the English trip all Haverfordians are working hard to turn out a team that will be a credit to Haverford Cricket. The men will sail from New York by the *Baltic* the day after Commencement. The first game abroad will be played at Malvern on June 27-28, and for the next month the team will tour England, meeting the following elevens: Cheltenham, Clifton, Marlborough, Marylebone C. C., Haileybury, Harrow, Eton, and Tonbridge. The last match will be played about August 1st, and most of the team will return after that by the American Line to Philadelphia, arriving about the middle of August.

Prospects for the tour seem hopeful. Captain Furness is encouraging everyone to come out. Several cricket meetings have been held to arouse enthusiasm; the alumni have shown great interest, and there is every indication of a good season both at home and abroad.



CLASS CRICKET TEAM, FRESHMAN YEAR

## NINETEEN-TEN CLASS OFFICERS

### FRESHMAN YEAR

FIRST HALF: *Pres.* M. O. FROST.  
*V. P.* J. F. WILSON.  
*Sec.* E. S. CADBURY.  
*Treas.* R. M. ESHLEMAN.

SECOND HALF: *Pres.* W. JUDKINS.  
*V. P.* N. D. AYER.  
*Sec.* J. P. PHILLIPS.  
*Treas.* W. D. SHULTZ.

### JUNIOR YEAR

FIRST HALF: *Pres.* E. S. CADBURY.  
*V. P.* E. R. SPAULDING.  
*Sec.* E. N. EDWARDS.  
*Treas.* E. W. DAVID.

SECOND HALF: *Pres.* E. N. EDWARDS.  
*V. P.* A. W. HUTTON.  
*Sec.* E. W. DAVID.  
*Treas.* D. B. CARY.

### SOPHOMORE YEAR

FIRST HALF: *Pres.* J. F. WILSON.  
*V. P.* E. S. CADBURY.  
*Sec.* J. D. KENDERDINE.  
*Treas.* C. M. FROELICHER.

SECOND HALF: *Pres.* W. PALMER.  
*V. P.* J. P. PHILLIPS.  
*Sec.* G. A. KERBAUGH.  
*Treas.* C. A. HAINES.

### SENIOR YEAR

FIRST HALF: *Pres.* C. F. CLARK.  
*V. P.* H. A. FURNESS.  
*Sec.* J. WHITALL.  
*Treas.* L. H. BARRETT.

SECOND HALF: *Pres.* C. F. CLARK.  
*V. P.* J. P. PHILLIPS.  
*Sec.* H. A. FURNESS.  
*Treas.* E. W. DAVID.

CLASS DAY PRESENTER: C. D. MORLEY.

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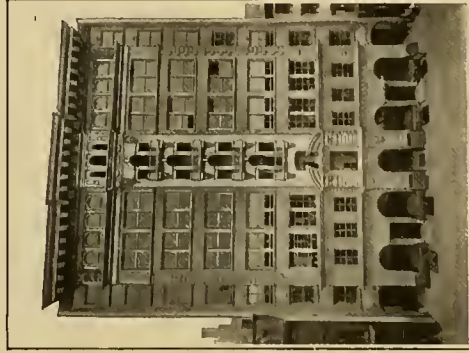
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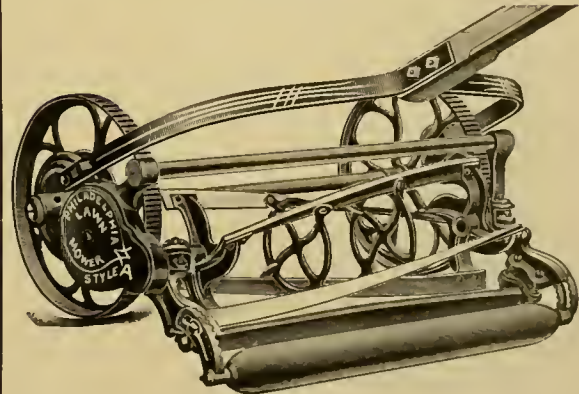
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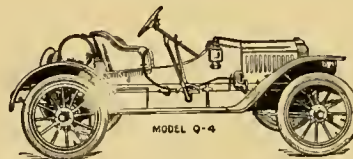
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