

Haberford

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1916



*Allan Gilman.*

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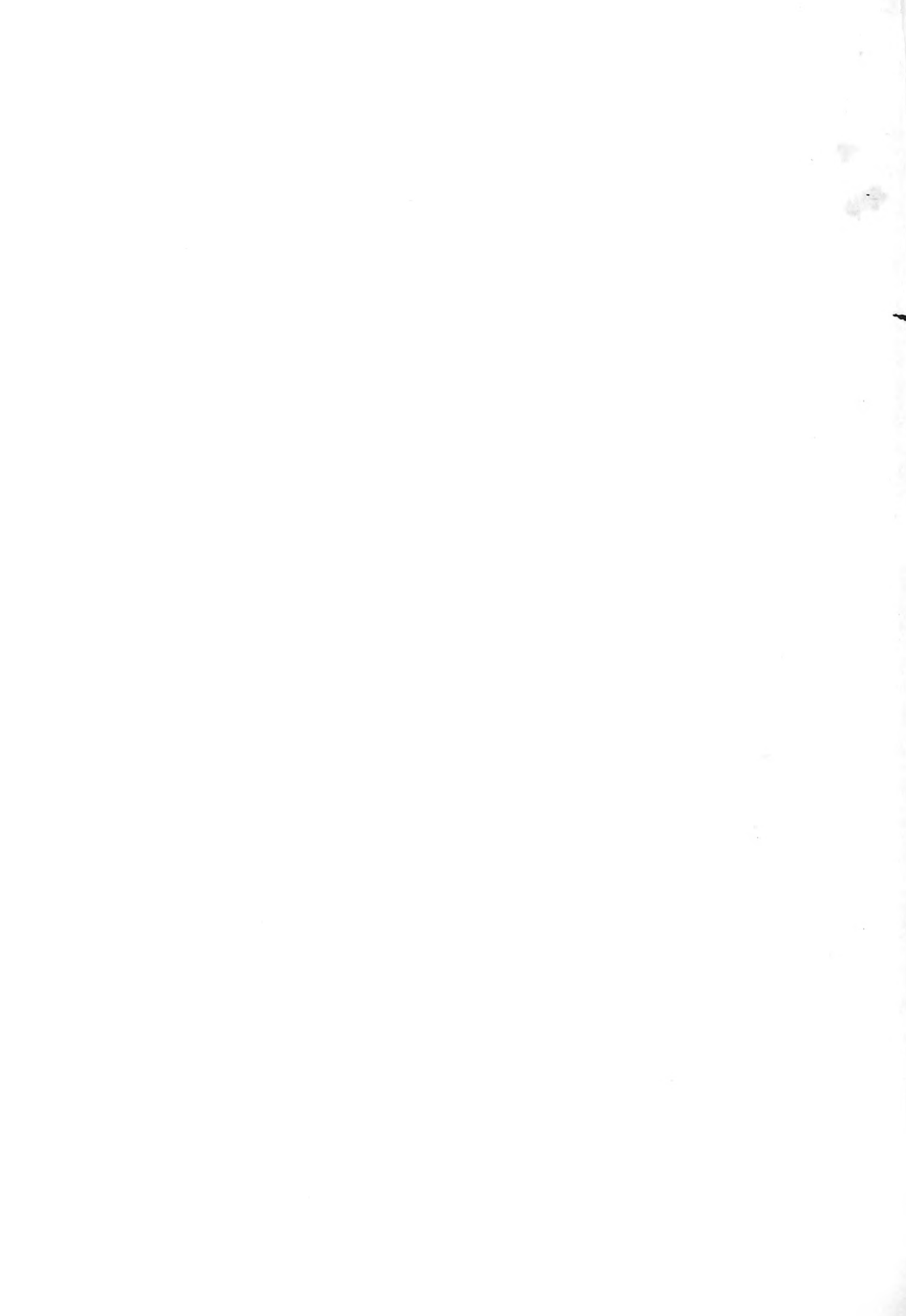


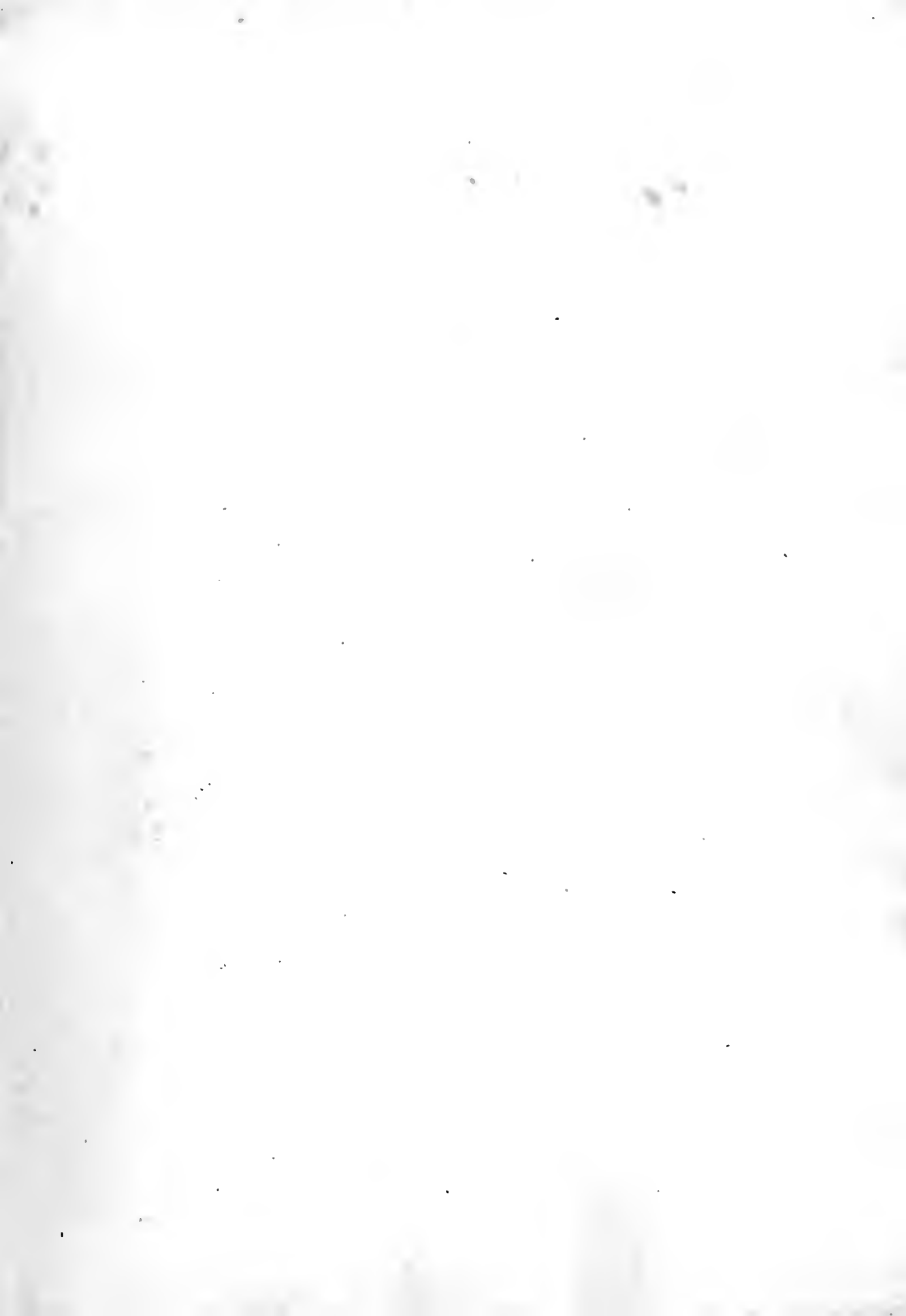


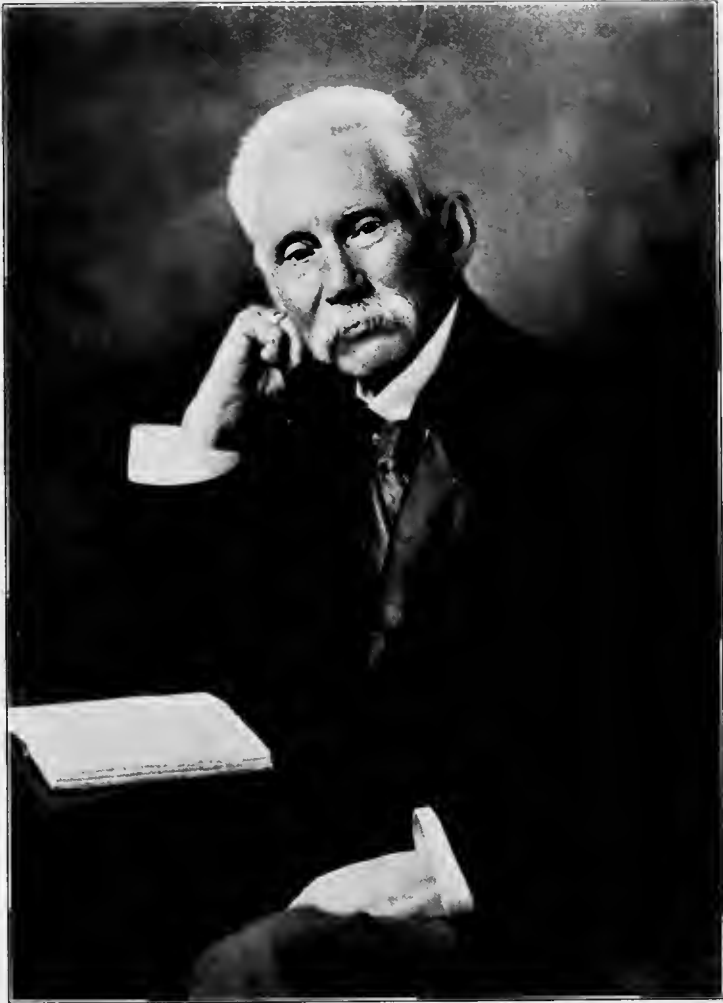
A Record of the  
Class of Nineteen Sixteen



Haverford College







# Dedication

To

Albert Sidney Bolles

In appreciation of his contagious optimism, and to voice a sincere regret for his recent retirement after so many years of devoted service to Haverford, the Class of Nineteen Sixteen dedicates this book.



THE CLASS

## Foreword

In writing this record of our deeds and our misdeeds, of our successes and our failures, we hope to perpetuate their memories for ourselves and for any others whom they may interest. Such a record, however, can but imperfectly express the friendships, the devotion to Haverford, and the wider vision of the future which have come to us in these four happy years. As our individual paths diverge, may these unseen bonds still unite us in that larger brotherhood of the Body Haverfordian.

# HAVERFORD COLLEGE

## HARK TO CHIME

Music by Mrs W.A. Macan Jr  
Arranged by F W Thiers '16

Words by D C WENDELL '16  
W M ALLEN '16

*Allegretto con moto*

The musical score is arranged in three systems, each with a grand staff (treble and bass clefs). The first system begins with the tempo marking 'Allegretto con moto'. The second system includes a 'CHORUS' marking above the staff and a 'rit' (ritardando) marking below. The third system includes an 'a tempo' marking below the staff and another 'rit' marking below. The music is written in a key signature of one flat (B-flat) and a common time signature (C).

## Class Song

1

We've seen the whitest moonbeams flood  
O'er Lloyd and Barclay gray,  
We've seen the dogwood blossoms bloom  
Pink-white in middle May,  
We've heard the din and felt the swing  
When Waukie Wau they roar,  
We've listened to the songs in spring  
From halls as oft of yore:



# NINETEEN SIXTEEN RECORD

## CHORUS

O hark to chime a telling time  
Of progress, friendships too;  
Then comrades we and e'er shall be,  
Well-tried and firm and true!

2

And glad we were to do our part  
In football and in track,  
To take the lead wherever rules  
The Scarlet and the Black;  
For we are one of many and  
The many of us one,  
And our deep love for Haverford  
Has only just begun:

3

So fellows, comrades, rally 'round  
And give a "Long and Fast,"  
And here's to when we'll meet again  
In mem'ry of the past;  
We'll drink her down and still uphold  
"Its progress that we mean,"  
And dream again those days of old,  
Of dear Nineteen Sixteen:

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# H A V E R F O R D   C O L L E G E

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WILMAR MASON ALLEN

*Ridley Park, Pa.*

Born, Chattanooga, Tenn., October 20, 1894. Entered Freshman Year from William Penn Charter School. Corporation Scholarship, (1, 2, 3, 4); Winner Everett Medal, (1); Honorable mention, (2); Winner Alumni Oratorical Prize, (3); Class of '98 Chem. Prize, (3); *Phi Beta Kappa*, (3); Toastmaster Class Banquet, (3); Manager of Junior Day, (3); Tennis team, (1, 2, 3, 4); Capt., (2, 3, 4); Insignia, (1, 2, 3); Class Track Team, (1); Class Gym team, (2, 3, 4); Asst. Football Manager, (3); Cap and Bells Club, (1, 2, 3, 4); Cast of "The Importance of Being Earnest," (1); "Engaged," (2); Asst. Sec. (2); Exec. Comm., (2, 3, 4); Chairman of Play Comm., (3, 4); Vice-Pres., (4); Glee Club, (2, 3, 4); Double Quartet, (4); Student Council, (3, 4); Pres. Students' Assn. and Student Council, (4); Founders' Club, (2); Board of Governors, (3, 4); Vice-Pres. and Sec., (4); Associate Editor of Class Record, (4); Class Sec. (1); Pres. (2, 4); Y. M. C. A. Cabinet, (4); Class Cheer Leader, (2, 3, 4); Pres. of P. C. Club, (4).

*Senior Thesis—"The Problem of Death."*

RALPH VANDERVORT BANGHAM

*Wilmington, Ohio.*

Born, Wilmington, Ohio, February 26, 1895. Entered Senior Year from Wilmington College. Senior Foundation Scholarship, (4).

*Senior Thesis—"Mendelism."*



## NINETEEN SIXTEEN RECORD



WILLIAM MCKINLEY BRAY  
*King-of-Prussia, Pa.*

Born, Youngstown, Ohio, October 1, 1893. Entered Freshman Year from St. Luke's School. Track Team, (1, 2, 3, 4); Relay team, (1, 2, 3, 4); Capt. (3, 4); Class Track team, (1, 2, 3, 4); Capt., (3); Track "11," (2, 3, 4); Numerals, (1); Wogglebug team, (2, 3).

*Senior Thesis—"The World's Milk Supply."*

FREDERICK CYRUS BUFFUM, JR.  
*Westerly, R. I.*

Born, Westerly, R. I., December 6, 1890. Entered Freshman Year from Westtown School. Football team (3, 4); Class Football team, (1, 2); Football "H," (3, 4); Numerals, (1); Class Soccer team, (1, 2, 3, 4); Track Manager, (4); Glee Club, (4); Class Vice-Pres., (3); Cap and Bells Club, (4).

*Senior Thesis—"Prison Reform."*



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# HAVERFORD COLLEGE

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JAMES CAREY. 3d  
*Baltimore, Md.*

Born, Baltimore, Md., October 2, 1895. Entered Freshman Year from Gilman Country School. Football team, (1, 2, 3, 4); Captain, (3); Football "H," (1, 2, 3, 4); Cricket team, (1, 2, 3, 4); Cricket "H," (2); English Tour, (2); Improvement bat, (1); Tennis team, (1, 2, 3, 4); Singles Champion, (1, 3); Soccer team, (1, 3); Athletic Cabinet, (3, 4); Pres., (4); Pres. Athletic Assn. (4); Junior Day Com. (3); Manager Interscholastic Meet, (4); Class Football team, (1, 2); Capt., (1, 2); Class Track team, (1, 2, 3, 4); Class Cricket team, (1, 2, 3, 4); Class Soccer team, (1, 2, 3, 4); Class Baseball team, (1, 2); Founders' Club, (4); Member of Beta Rho Sigma.

*Senior Thesis—"Green's Prolegomena to Ethics."*

FRANK WING CARY  
*Baltimore, Md.*

Born, Baltimore, Md., October 20, 1893. Entered Freshman Year from Westtown School. Soccer team, (1, 2, 3, 4); Capt., (4); Soccer numerals, (1); "H," (2, 3, 4); Class Soccer team, (1, 2, 3, 4); Capt. (1, 2, 3, 4); Wogglebug team, (2, 3, 4); Class Basketball team, (1, 2); Class Baseball team, (1, 2); Baseball team, (3, 4); Athletic Cabinet, (3, 4); Sec. (4); Junior Day Com., (3); Corporation Scholarship, (4); Founders' Club, (3); Board of Governors, (4); Haverford News Board, (2, 3); Asst. Manager Class Record, (4); Class Sec. (3, 4); Class Treasurer, (3).

*Senior Thesis—"A Study of the Price of Steel."*



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## NINETEEN SIXTEEN RECORD

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JOSEPH ARTHUR COOPER  
*Coatesville, Pa.*

Born Coatesville, Pa., January 31, 1892. Entered Freshman Year from Westtown School. Class Treasurer, (2, 4); Associate Editor Class Record, (4).

*Senior Thesis—"The Problem of Fire Waste in the United States."*

BOLTON LANGDON CORSON  
*Plymouth Meeting, Pa.*

Born Plymouth Meeting, Pa., October 27, 1894. Entered Freshman Year from Norristown High School. Track team, (1, 2); Numerals, (1); Class Track team, (1, 2, 3, 4); Capt., (1, 2); Football Squad, (4); Cap and Bells, (2, 3, 4); Cast of "Engaged," (2); "Eliza Comes to Stay," (3); Chairman Class Day Com., (4).

*Senior Thesis—"Automobile Springs."*



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# HAVERFORD COLLEGE

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GEORGE ARTHUR DUNLAP  
*Philadelphia, Pa.*

Born, Philadelphia, Pa., April 30, 1893. Entered Freshman Year from Central High School. Wogglebug team, (2, 3); Class Cricket team, (1, 2); Third Cricket team, (2); Associate Editor Haverford News (2, 3, 4); Associate Editor Haverfordian, (3, 4); Associate Editor Class Record, (4); Corporation Scholarship, (2); Pres. Phila. High School Club, (3, 4).

*Senior Thesis*—"Stephen Phillips and the Poetic Drama."

JAMES SPRAGUE ELLISON, JR.  
*Philadelphia, Pa.*

Born, Philadelphia, Pa., March 11, 1894. Entered Junior Year from the Class of 1915. Cheer Leader, (4); Class Day Com., (4); Wogglebug team, (3, 4); Cricket team, (2, 3, 4); Capt., (4); Cricket "H," (3); Canadian Tour, (1); Athletic Cabinet, (4); Cap and Bells, (3, 4); Cast of "Eliza Comes to Stay," (3); Cast of "All-of-a-Sudden Peggy," (4); Glee Club (4); Founders' Club, (4); Class Vice-Pres., (3); Chairman Spring Opening Com., (4).

*Senior Thesis*—"An Outline History of the Principal Theories of Organic Evolution from Anaximander to Charles Darwin."



# NINETEEN SIXTEEN RECORD



WALTER REICHNER FARIES  
*Bala, Pa.*

Born, Philadelphia, Pa., May 5, 1896. Entered Freshman Year from William Penn Charter School. Class Gym team, (1, 2, 3, 4); Class Swimming team, (1, 2, 3, 4); Wogglebug team, (2, 3, 4); Gym team, (2, 3, 4); Gym Insignia, (2, 3, 4); Swimming team, (3, 4); Manager and Capt., (3, 4); Mandolin Club, (3, 4.)

*Senior Thesis—"Modern Christianity."*

ALBERT GRAHAM GARRIGUES  
*Haverford, Pa.*

Born, Haverford, Pa., September 1, 1894. Entered Freshman Year from Haverford School. Football team, (3, 4); Gym team, (2, 3, 4); Chess team, (1, 2); Second Cricket team, (2, 3); Class Football team, (1, 2); Class Gym team, (1, 2, 3, 4); Class Soccer team, (1, 2, 3); Class Cricket team, (1, 2, 3); Gym Insignia, (2, 3, 4); Football Numerals (2, 3, 4); Class of '85 Prize Fielding Belt, (2); Asst. Manager Haverfordian, (2); Manager, (3); Asst. Manager Class Record, (4); Y. M. C. A. Sec. (2); Treas., (3); Chairman Preston Com., (4); Second Bib. Lit. Reading Prize, (2); Member of Triangle Society.

*Senior Thesis—"The Origin and Development of the Story of the Fall of Satan."*



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# HAVERFORD COLLEGE

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WILLIAM TOWNSEND HANNUM  
*Rosedale, Pa.*

Born, Rosedale, Pa., May 8, 1896. Entered Freshman Year from West Chester State Normal School. Football Squad, (1); Football team, (2, 3); Numerals, (2); "H," (3); Asst. Tennis Manager, (3); Class Soccer team, (2, 3); Class Gym team, (2, 3); Class Baseball team, (1, 2); Class Football team, (1, 2); Baseball Club team, (3); Manager, (3); Capt., (4); Asst. Manager Class Record, (4); Class Sec., (2); Treas. (3); Pres., (4); Corporation Scholarship, (3, 4); Teaching Fellowship, (4).

*Senior Thesis—"History of Forestry in Pennsylvania."*

PERRY ASHBRIDGE HUNTER  
*Norristown, Pa.*

Born, Norristown, Pa., August 1, 1894. Entered Freshman Year from Episcopal Academy. Track team, (1, 2, 3, 4); Class Track team, (1, 2, 3, 4); Wogglebug team, (2, 3); Track Numerals, (1); "H," (2, 3); Asst. Track Manager, (3); Class Soccer team, (4); Cap and Bells, (3, 4); Mandolin Club, (3, 4); Asst. Stage Mgr., (3); Manager, (4); Class Sec. (3); Asst. Cheer Leader, (3).

*Senior Thesis—"Investment Banking."*





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## NINETEEN SIXTEEN RECORD

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HENRY ALDEN JOHNSON  
*Haverford, Pa.*

Born, Staten Island, N. Y., February 17, 1894. Entered Freshman Year from Haverford School. Football team, (4); Cricket team, (3, 4); Class Football team, (1, 2); Numerals, (1, 2); Football "H," (4); Football Squad, (3); Glee Club, (3, 4); Cap and Bells Club, (4).

*Senior Thesis—"Workmen's Compensation Law."*

RAYMOND CLARE KENDIG  
*Glen Rose, Pa.*

Born, Glen Rose, Pa., July 26, 1895. Entered Freshman Year from Coatesville High School. Class of '85 Fielding Belt, (3); Class Cricket team, (1, 2, 3, 4); Class Soccer team, (4); Third Cricket team, (1, 2); Second team, (3); Third Soccer team, (2, 3, 4).

*Senior Thesis—"The Rare Earths in the Industries."*



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# HAVERFORD COLLEGE

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WILLIAM THOMPSON KIRK, 3d  
*Beverly, N. J.*

Born, Beverly, N. J., May 5, 1895. Entered Freshman Year from Farnum Preparatory School. Football Squad, (2); Team, (3, 4); Class Football team, (1, 2); Class Gym team, (2); Class Baseball team, (1); Cricket team, (3, 4); English Tour, (2); Class Cricket team, (1, 2, 3, 4); Asst. Cricket Manager, (3); Manager, (4); Improvement Bat, (2); Football Numerals, (2, 3, 4); Cricket Numerals, (3); Athletic Cabinet, (4); Glee Club, (1, 2, 3, 4); Student Council, (1, 2); Undergraduate Adv. Com., (3); Chairman, (4); Asst. Manager Haverford News, (2); Manager, (3, 4); Asst. Manager Class Record, (4); Junior Day Com., (3); Class Vice-Pres., (4); Cap and Bells Club, (4); Member of Beta Rho Sigma.

*Senior Thesis—"Investment Banking."*

CLINTON PRESCOTT KNIGHT, JR.  
*Providence, R. I.*

Born, Riverpoint, R. I., October 24, 1891. Entered Freshman Year from Choate School. Manager Gym team, (4); Manager Baseball Club, (4); Cap and Bells Club, (1, 2, 3, 4); Asst. Manager Class Record, (4); Class Sec. (4); Chairman Civics Club Com. on Italian Work, (4); Junior Day Com., (3).

*Senior Thesis—"Cotton Manufacturing in New England Since 1863, with Special Reference to the Process."*



# NINETEEN SIXTEEN RECORD



HENRY EARLE KNOWLTON

*Haverford, Pa.*

Born, Deer Isle, Me., July 17, 1894. Entered Freshman Year from Haverford School. Class Football team, (1, 2); Class Track team, (1, 2); Football Numerals, (1, 2); Track Numerals, (1, 2); Football team, (1, 2, 3, 4); Football "H," (3, 4); Track team, (2, 3, 4); "H," (3); Cap and Bells Club, (2, 3, 4); Asst. Manager, (2, 3); Manager Musical Clubs, (4); Founders' Club, (4); Teaching Fellowship, (4).

*Senior Thesis*—"The Local Distribution and Characteristics of 'Bufo Americanus' and 'Bufo Fowleri'."

JOHN KUHNS

*Greensburg, Pa.*

Born, Greensburg, Pa., January 12, 1894. Entered Freshman Year from Greensburg High School. Junior Day Committee, (3).

*Senior Thesis*—"Giordano Bruno, the Nolan."



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# HAVERFORD COLLEGE

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MENNIS LAWSON  
*Burke's Garden, Va.*

Born, Burke's Garden, Va. August 27, 1895.  
Entered Junior Year from Hampden Sidney College. Wogglebug team (3).

*Senior Thesis—"The Rectification of Alternating Current."*

PHILIP LUDWELL LEIDY  
*Philadelphia, Pa.*

Born, Philadelphia, Pa., January 29, 1897.  
Entered Freshman Year from Biensis, Glion, Switzerland. Cap and Bells Club, (1, 2, 3, 4); Cast of "The Importance of Being Earnest," (1); Asst. Cheer Leader, (3); Junior Day Com., (3).

*Senior Thesis—"Edmond Rostand."*



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## NINETEEN SIXTEEN RECORD

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JOHN GRAY LOVE, JR.  
*Bellefonte, Pa.*

Born, Bellefonte, Pa., December 24, 1893. Entered Freshman Year from Bellefonte Academy Asst. Football Manager, (3); Manager, (4); Cap and Bells Club, (2, 3, 4); Cast of "Engaged," (2); Asst. Manager (2, 3); Manager (4); Founders' Club, (4); Asst. Manager Haverford News, (1, 2, 3); Class Sec., (1); Pres., (1); Toastmaster Class Banquet, (4).

*Senior Thesis—"The Crisis and Panic of 1907."*

EDWARD FELL LUKENS, JR.  
*Germantown, Pa.*

Born, Germantown, Pa., January 29, 1895. Entered Freshman Year from Germantown Friends School. Football Squad, (2, 3); Football team, (4); Class Football team, (1, 2); Numerals, (2, 4); Cup for Most Faithful Man on Scrub, (4); Second Soccer team, (2, 3); Numerals, (2); Class Soccer team, (1, 2, 3, 4); Asst. Gym Manager, (3); Class Basketball team, (1); Cast of "All-of-a-Sudden Peggy," (4); Student Council, (3, 4); Undergraduate Adv. Com., (3, 4); Associate Editor Class Record, (4); Class Vice-Pres., (2); Pres., (3); Baseball team, (3, 4); Class Baseball team, (1, 2); Cap and Bells Club, (4).

*Senior Thesis—"Immigration."*



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# HAVERFORD COLLEGE

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WILLIAM LORIMER MARTWICK  
*Brooklyn, N. Y.*

Born, Chicago, Ill., November 7, 1894. Entered Freshman Year from Brooklyn Manual Training High School. Class Football team, (2); Class Baseball team, (2); Football team, (2, 3); Numerals, (2, 3); Class Basketball team, (1); Class Track team, (1, 2, 3, 4); Track team, (2, 3, 4); Capt., (4); Track "H," (2, 3, 4); Asst. Tennis Manager, (3); Manager, (4); Athletic Cabinet, (4); Class Soccer team, (1, 2); Class Swimming team, (2); Undergraduate Adv. Com., (4); Class Treas., (4); Vice-Pres. Y. M. C. A. (3); Cabinet, (3, 4); Member of Triangle Society.

*Senior Thesis—"An Analysis of a 10-Ton Overhead Electric Traveling Crane."*

JOHN GORDON MAXWELL  
*Merchantville, N. J.*

Born, Merchantville, N. J., May 28, 1895. Entered Freshman Year from Moorestown Friends Academy. Second Soccer team, (1, 2, 4); Asst. Soccer Manager, (3); Manager, (4); Class Soccer team, (1, 2); Class Cricket team, (1, 2, 3); Class Track team, (1, 2); Class Swimming team, (2); Class Baseball team, (1); Soccer Numerals, (1, 2); Cast of "All-of-a-Sudden Peggy," (4); Class Basketball team, (1); Cap and Bells Club, (4).

*Senior Thesis—"Colloids and Their Technical Importance."*



# NINETEEN SIXTEEN RECORD



ULRIC JOHNSON MENGERT  
Washington, D. C.

Born, Washington, D. C., July 19, 1895. Entered Freshman Year from Eastern High School. Corporation Scholarship. (1, 2, 3, 4); Everett Medal Contest, (1, 2); Winner, (2); Honorable Mention Alumni Oratorical Contest, (3); Class of '02 Latin Prize, (1); Math Prize, (1); Class of '96 Prizes in Latin and Math., (2); Wogglebug team, (2, 3, 4); Class Soccer team, (3, 4); Class Pres., (3); Chess team, (1, 2); Sec.-Treas. of Chess Club, (3); Pres., (4) Joint Winner Chess Cup (3); Junior Day Com. (3); *Phi Beta Kappa*, (3); Editor-in-Chief Class Record, (4); Founders Club, (4); Clementine Cope Fellowship, (4).

*Senior Thesis—"National Prejudice and the International Ideal."*

EDWARD RANDOLPH MOON  
Fallsington, Pa.

Born, Fallsington, Pa., February 7, 1892. Entered Freshman Year from Westtown School. Football team, (1, 2, 3, 4); Captain (4); Track team (1, 2, 3, 4); Soccer team, (2, 3); Class Football team, (1, 2); Class Soccer team, (1, 2, 3, 4); Class Cricket team, (1, 2, 3, 4); Class Track team, (1, 2, 3, 4); Class Basketball team, (1, 2); Class Baseball team, (1, 2); Football "H.", (2, 3, 4); Numerals, (1); Soccer Numerals, (2, 3); Student Council, (1, 4); Manager Haverfordian, (4); Manager of Class Record, (4); Freshman Chairman, (1); Class Pres., (1); Chairman Spring Opening Com., (3).

*Senior Thesis—"State Banks and Trust Companies since 1863."*



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# HAVERFORD COLLEGE

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SHERMAN PARKER MORGAN  
*Wheeling, W. Va.*

Born, Zanesville, Ohio, September 1, 1894.  
Entered Freshman Year from Westtown School.  
Corporation Scholarship, (1); Winner of Freshman  
Cake-Walk, (1); Treas. College Ass'n. (2).

*Senior Thesis—"Some Phases of South American  
Trade."*



CHARLES HERMAN OBERHOLTZER, JR.  
*Mont Clare, Pa.*

Born Mont Clare, Pa., April 2, 1894. Entered  
Freshman Year from Phoenixville High School.  
Class Track team, (1, 2); Second Tennis team, (3, 4).

*Senior Thesis—"The Juvenile Court."*



# NINETEEN SIXTEEN RECORD



FRANCIS PARVIN SHARPLESS  
*West Chester, Pa*

Born, West Chester, Pa., May 16, 1894. Entered Freshman Year from Westtown School. Gym team, (2, 3, 4); Capt., (4); Second Cricket team (2, 3); Fielding Belt, (1); Bowling Average, (3); Asst. Manager Cricket, (3); Class Gym team, (1, 2, 3, 4); Capt., (4); Class Soccer team, (1, 2, 3, 4); Class Cricket team, (1, 2, 3, 4); Wogglebug team, (2, 3, 4); Capt., (3); Athletic Cabinet, (4); Class Treas., (1); Y. M. C. A. Cabinet, (4); Pres. Civic Club, (4); Vice-Pres., (3).

*Senior Thesis — "A Study of the Price of Wheat."*

JAMES EMLEN SHIPLEY  
*Germanloun, Pa.*

Born, Germantown, Pa., April 4, 1894. Entered Freshman Year from Germantown Friends School. Football team, (1, 2, 3, 4); Football "H," (2, 3, 4); Numerals, (1); Class Football team, (1, 2); Soccer team, (2, 3, 4); Soccer "H," (2, 4); Numerals, (3); Class Soccer team, (1, 2, 3, 4); Class Gym team, (1, 2, 3, 4); Capt., (1, 2); Chess team, (1); Track team, (2); Numerals, (2); Class Track team, (1, 2, 3, 4); Cricket team, (3, 4); Class Cricket team, (1, 2, 3, 4); Class Baseball team, (1, 2); Capt., (1); Class Basketball team, (1, 2); Haines Prize Fielding Belt, (3); Cap and Bells, (3, 4); Glee Club, (1, 2, 3, 4); Leader, (4); Double Quartet, (2, 3, 4); Mandolin Club, (1, 2, 3, 4); Asst. Manager Class Record, (4); Founders Club, (4); Junior Day Com., (3); Member of Triangle Society.

*Senior Thesis — "Advisability of the Income Tax."*



# HAVERFORD COLLEGE



ISAAC THOMAS STEERE  
*Chepachet, R. I.*

Born, Harrisville, R. I., July 15, 1895. Entered Freshman Year from Moses Brown School. Class Cricket team, (1, 2); Class Basketball team, (1, 2); Class Baseball team, (1, 2); Capt., (2); Baseball Club team, (3, 4); Capt., (3); Class Soccer team, (1, 2, 3, 4); Second Soccer team, (2); Soccer team, (3, 4); Numerals, (2, 3); Soccer "H," (4); Wogglebug team, (2, 3, 4); Capt., (2, 4).

*Senior Thesis*—"Industrial Conditions in the United States after the War of 1 12."

JOSEPH STOKES, JR.  
*Moorestown, N. J.*

Born, Moorestown, N. J., February 22, 1896. Entered Freshman Year from Moorestown Friends Academy. Class Football team, (1, 2); Class Soccer team, (1, 2, 3, 4); Numerals, (1); Soccer team, (2, 3, 4); Soccer "H," (2, 4); Class Gym team, (1, 2, 3, 4); Gym team, (1, 2, 3); Gym Insignia, (2, 3); Class Baseball team, (1); Class Track team, (1, 2); Class Cricket team, (1, 2, 3, 4); Cricket team, (1, 2, 3, 4); Cricket "H," (2); Canadian Tour, (1); English Tour, (2); Febiger Ball, (3); Ball for Best Freshman Bowler, (1); Cup for Best All-Around Freshman, (1); Cap and Bells Club, (3, 4); Glee Club, (2, 3, 4); Double Quartet (3, 4); Student Council, (2, 3, 4); Sec., (3); Founders' Club, (4); Class Treas., (1); Y. M. C. A. President, (4); Member of Triangle Society.

*Senior Thesis*—"The Ethical Grounds for Opposition to War"



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## NINETEEN SIXTEEN RECORD

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ALBERT HENDRIX STONE  
*Whittier, Cal.*

Born, Denton, Tex., November 21, 1890. Entered Senior Year from Whittier College. Wogglebug team, (4); Senior Foundation Scholarship, (4).

*Senior Thesis "The Development of Classicism in the Poetry of John Keats."*

FRANK HARRISON THIERS  
*Wichita, Kan.*

Born, Marietta, Okla., December 4, 1893. Entered Senior Year from Friends University. Senior Foundation Scholarship, (4); Wogglebug team, (4); Mandolin Club, (4).

*Senior Thesis—"Problems of Electric Street Lighting."*



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# H A V E R F O R D   C O L L E G E

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DOUGLAS CARY WENDELL  
*Wayne, Pa.*

Born, Wayne, Pa., July 16, 1894. Entered Freshman Year from Radnor High School. Cricket team, (1, 2, 3, 4); Canadian Tour, (1); English Tour (2); Cricket "H," (3); Class Cricket team, (1, 2, 3, 4); Capt., (2, 3); Class Soccer team, (3); Class Gym team, (2, 3); Wogglebug team, (2, 3, 4); Glee Club, (4); Class Treas., (1); Vice-Pres., (2); Vice-Pres. Students' Assn., (3); Sec.-Treas. Civic Club, (3); Haverford News Board, (2, 3, 4); Editor-in-Chief, (4); Haverfordian Board, (3, 4); Undergraduate Editor of Alumni Quarterly, (3, 4); Associate Editor Class Record, (4); Cap and Bells Club, (4).

*Senior Thesis—"The Development of Classicism in Keats."*

OLIVER PARRY WINSLOW  
*Baltimore, Md.*

Born, Baltimore, Md., February 9, 1895. Entered Senior Year from St. John's College. Wogglebug team, (4); Class Vice-President, (4).

*Senior Thesis—"Railway Motors."*



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# NINETEEN SIXTEEN RECORD

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JOSEPH DENSMORE WOOD  
*Tamworth, N. H.*

Born, Wichita, Kan., November 30, 1894. Entered Senior Year from Guilford College. Senior Foundation Scholarship, (4); Wogglebug team, (4).

*Senior Thesis — "Commercial Transformers."*

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# H A V E R F O R D   C O L L E G E

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## Ex-Members



EDGAR CHALFANT BYE

*"Chalfy"*

Edgar was our president in Sophomore year, and later, Editor of the *Haverfordian*. By incessant work he finished in three years, thus graduating with 1915.

FRANCIS CHARLES GOERKE

*"Fran," "Goerkie"*

The suave Brooklynite and famous actress in "The Importance of Being Earnest" withdrew to Columbia after a quiet and modest year at Haverford, a good part of which was spent in Philadelphia theaters. We greet our coming dentist.



ANDREW HARVEY

*"Hoosus"*

Another one of the bright boys who finished in three years. At College, Andy was a star chemist, and likewise a "bear" at fussing.

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## NINETEEN SIXTEEN RECORD

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LAWRENCE GARDNER HEATON

*"Pop"*

Big, lumbering, good natured Pop tried a little football to the further detriment of his oral ability. Leland Stanford and San Francisco finished the education begun at Phila. and Haverford Period!

WENDELL DERINGER SCHOCH

*"Beer"*

"Beer," it was, we suspect, who put the rag in rag-time. He is famous, too, for having originated more nick-names than any other man in College.



GEORGE BERTRON SHELDON

*"George"*

We greatly regret the unfortunate circumstances that took from us such a jolly friend; but we are glad to hear of his recovery. We hope it will be permanent.



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# HAVERFORD COLLEGE

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GEORGE VAN BUSKIRK

*"George," "Lefty"*

George left us to get ready for Penn Medical, and then changed his mind. We wish he had done so sooner, and remained with us. Over six feet of blond boisterousness is George.

RAYMOND LESTER WOODBRIDGE

*"Woody"*

"Fair and warmer tomorrow," then silence,— and more silence. Woody couldn't watch the stars for more than about ten hours a day here, which may account for the departure of our one and only Woody.



HAROLD QUIMBY YORK

*"Harold"*

He put Unadilla on the map. For three years Harold was one of us, but an unkind fate robbed us of his cheery companionship for the final year.



## NINETEEN SIXTEEN RECORD

ALBERT WINSLOW BARKER

*"Mr. Barker"*

It is quite fitting that a student at Haverford should be a Professor at Swarthmore; and, though his acquaintance with our class was brief, we are glad to count the Professor among us.

HENRY DRINKER DOWNING, JR.

*"Neppy"*

The chief incident in Neppy's one year among us was his ghost-like appearance after breaking his jaw in soccer, after which he took to business in the thriving town of Wilmington.

WALTER GREEN FARR

*"Walt"*

Walt was the peppy leader of the Sophomore raids and the Freshman Entertainment. This scourge of Rhinies and generally quick and efficient class-mate transferred to Tech after our second mile post.

DAVID MAITLAND HARVEY

*"Dave"*

Nineteen Sixteen's only "pud". Dave spent Sophomore year here, then the Standard Oil claimed him. His good nature, and his toleration of Andrew were always a source of wonder.

ALFRED WHITAKER LEES

*"Lees"*

Co-partner with Harold York of a suite on fourth floor, Center, in Freshman year. After impressing us with his ability to do hard work, and with his aversion for mince pie, he emigrated to Swarthmore.

JAMES SIDNEY MARINE

*"Sid"*

Our only welsh-rarebit fiend. For a year he upheld the honor of Brooklyn with Marty, and then extended his engineering studies to Boston Tech.

LAWRENCE EDMUND ROWNTREE

*"Rowntree"*

For a year, Rowntree showed us what a real jolly Englishman was like. His sojourn, however, was much too short. At present, we believe, he is right in the center of the European cataclysm.

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# HAVERFORD COLLEGE

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FOUNDERS HALL



LLOYD HALL

NINETEEN SIXTEEN RECORD



ROBERTS AND BARCLAY HALLS



THE LIRRARY

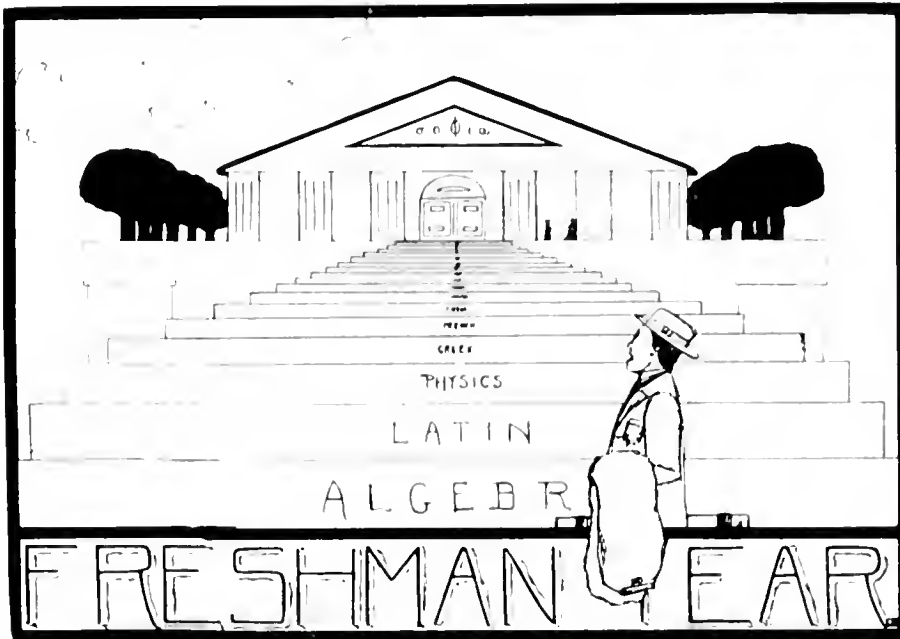


DRIVEWAY AND THE UNION





THE CLASS IN FRESHMAN YEAR



OUR great years ago, in a certain room in Chase, where, under the somnolent influence of German, the greater part of the Freshman Class of 1916 was later to take its siesta from three to four daily, Norris Hall '13, in the full dignity of his bald poll, told all of us we were to meet the doughty "Sophs" in the perennial for a six foot piece of hickory known as a cane. With courteous but regretful magnanimity, we allowed those "Sophs" to wield that cane with a majority vote of 16 to 11.

And after the Cane Rush,—Ye Gods! the entertainment that '15 awarded us! Sludge! Slap! Slash! Squish! Tomatoes!—round, red, green, ripe, rich, hard, soft, seedy, rotten tomatoes they handed us; and shambles is a gentle name to call the appearance of the O d Collection Battle Ground after our formal reception. Anyway, from that night on, with the Moon for our temporary skipper, 1916 was one indissoluble unit—against the "Sophs". As for the skipperizing of Ed Moon, not many of us will forget that second meeting in Chase when we gathered entirely unto ourselves, and verily, when Moon rose, and rose, and towered above the pygmied desk, we felt it was as imperative to hand over the control of our destinies to that tower of Pisa as was the call of gravity to Galileo's cannon ball.

Before passing to the pigskin, our Class properly licked 1915 in the annual

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# H A V E R F O R D C O L L E G E

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track meet. Bray with two firsts, Corson, Hunter, and Carey with firsts, and Walt Farr with three seconds represent only some of the points our Class track team took from the "Sophs." The score was 46 to 42.

One of the earliest and most unforgettable indoor sport contests our aggregation witnessed was the unique experience in Algebra of listening to Dr. Reid and Spike Dunlap mangle the Anglo-Saxon tongue in a stuttering bee. It was



nobody's fault, "b-b-but h-h-how c-could Spike p-plot a di-di-difficult function of eh-eh-x, in Algebra, when Dr. Reid of c-c-cose g-g-gentlemen c-c-couldn't give the r-r-right p-problem for Spike when he was p-p-puzzled whether Spike had caught it or was imitating him.

But to proceed. Of course we had a football season that year; however, don't remind us too much of something, which like salt, has lost itsavor. Even after that famous, or infamous trip to Lehigh, when we watched Pazzetti play tennis with our goal posts, we did have the consolation that material was being developed for next year. And of that material, 1916 was already supplying an almost indispensable part. We must

not pass over the "Cake Walk," held the night before the Lehigh game. Sherty Morgan got the cake, coming and going, so to speak, for front was back and back was front, and the Lord only knew which way Sherty was propelling himself.

The next and most joyous event of our history was the triumphant, complete, humiliating, disastrous defeat administered by the Class of 1916 to the Class of 1915 at football. When good old plunging Buff smashed over the "Soph's" line for a touchdown, how we shamelessly gloated and the enemy glowered in disgust, and how our hopes sank down to zero when Dodge broke loose for a fifty yard run, only to be dropped in his tracks by the infallible Jim Carey. And when the final whistle blew again, our enthusiasm soared even to the tips of the leaping flames crackling up from our great bonfire down on Merion field that night.

That bonfire! And no sophs in sight! That stolen chicken-coop roof! And then the Merion cops! Undoubtedly some rather timid maiden lady play-



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## NINETEEN SIXTEEN RECORD

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ing the role of guardian for one of the numerous residences down in Ardmore got hysterical when "Walters" Farr and Faries attempted to carry off the backyard chicken coop, *en bloc*, to feed our already lusty fire. Consequently the pride of Ardmore's law force came tearing up in answer to the "timid one's" riot call. We knew we hadn't done anything, but when those excited cops practiced target shooting at the moon, we lost all curiosity in the bonfire, and left for parts unknown, but easily guessed, very little under the absolute speed limit. Bill Allen acted as an excellent, but slightly too speedy pace-breaker for Maxwell, for Bill felt Max was one of the "uniformed minions." They say the time was five seconds from the skating house on the pond to South Barclay entrance. One other par-



CLASS FOOTBALL TEAM—FRESHMAN YEAR

ticularly noted speed event was pulled off, namely the imitation by Faries of a moon-beam in cricket pants, streaking from Merion to the Union; no time was taken, and they say Walt only once ran faster, and that was when—suffice it to say there was even less than cricket "trou" to hinder the rapidity of his "Trail-hitting."

But on with the tale. The dramatic sense of the Class was called upon to show itself immediately after the football season, and Knight, Lees, York, Love, Allen, Leidy, Van Buskirk, Bye, and Lukens responded enthusiastically. Choate's rendition of an old maid, and later at the second try-outs the part of an old man was praised by the *News* in glowing terms, as being perfectly realistic.

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## H A V E R F O R D   C O L L E G E

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Soccer was holding sway, too, and after tying the Sophs, our quick-footed eleven downed the Juniors—supposedly the best team in College. Chick Cary presaged coming events by slipping over two goals for '16, making the score 2-1 in favor of the Freshmen. This was going on simultaneously with that first great cataclysm, the Mid-Years, which ordeal was keeping the fountain pens, the mid-night oil, and the fountains of verbosity at maximum demand. It was then we learned of the peripatetic friendship, temporarily undesired by the rest of the class, between Lewis, the Non-Vocal, and our weather seer Woodbridge. But Woody was imperturbable, for he passed astronomy, and what did he care about the rest of the universe.



DINING ROOM

Once over the gloom of Mid-Years and the activities entailed by the Inter-scholastic meet, and having firmly established Mengert, Allen, and Bye in the "A" division, things droned along towards Intercollegiate Soccer, the Cap and Bells play, and Spring opening for Cricket and Track. Yet hark! Tintinnabulations, red flames, fire engines, and students pouring forth in the wee small hours to watch the spontaneous conflagration which swiftly gutted the Engineering Building, Whitall Hall. With the aid of Howson '15, a fireman with a bull-like voice, and the Byrn Mawr-Ardmore fire companies, the remnants of Whitall, according to

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## NINETEEN SIXTEEN RECORD

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the *News*, were saved. "The Engineers" of our class, although losing many precious drawings, rejoiced in the freedom from such classes as were incumbent in that course, and quoted cheerfully the old saying about an "ill wind."

About this time, our enthusiastic bunch of basketballers, composed of Moon, Lukens, Chick Cary, Tom Steere, Martwick, Shipley, and several others, made up one of the best Freshman quintettes which ever pursued this altruistic (at least at Haverford) sport against outlying schools, such as Cedarcroft and Westtown; in fact, they very efficiently cleaned up the crack Cedarcroft five. We paused here a moment to change presidents, Johnny Love succeeding Ed Moon.



THE GYMNASIUM

Now the Intercollegiate Soccer Contest was in full swing, and Chick, Joe, "Jims" Cary and Shipley, Ed Moon, Tom Steere, and Rowntree learned all the tricks of mud-horsing around Walton field. Quickly the Spring vacation passed by, and the interest of the College was centered on Junior Day and the Cap and Bells performance. That clever farce, "The Importance of Being Earnest," by Oscar Wilde, was the offering for this year, and 1916 was kind enough to supply the leading role, and two other characters, in the persons of Francis Goerke as

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## H A V E R F O R D C O L L E G E

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"Gwendoline Fairfax," Bill Allen as "Rev. Canon Chasuble," and Phil Leidy as "Cecily Cardew." According to the *News*, Goerke was "altogether the best 'girl' the Cap and Bells has had," while Phil Leidy "took his part excellently as a 'country girl'," and Bill Allen "created the part of the pompous 'Chasuble' to perfection, being exceedingly humorous in his dialogues with Miss Prism."

And now the click of ball on bat, both from crease and diamond, and the crunch of cinders heralded the advent of Spring-fever, of rolling the cricket crease, and of tennis and final exams. But what cared we? We had yet three more years of happy-go-lucky life, and we were now fully initiated into the Body-Haverfordian. Happy Hunter, Bill Bray, Martwick, and Corson came under the tutelage of Jack Keogh on the track, while Joe Stokes, Jim Carey, and Doug Wendell strengthened the cricket team. In fact, Joe and Doug continued with it up through Canada at the close of College.

How our Class as a whole lolled at ease during that wonderful spring plugging away under the maples on "Beowulf", for F. B.'s English II! And about this time the Sophs tendered us the Spoon, with a peace pipe, some worldly advice, and a buried hatchet, causing us to lose most of our animosity for 1915 as a class. Our class cricket team succumbed to the Sophs, but vowed the vengeance which they reaped next year.

Thus the spring rolled by, until we woke up to find ourselves through the Finals, practically, and in possession of our new hats—already lending ourselves a Sophomorish swagger. As usually happens with hats, our perpetrations did not all fit—notably Bo Corson's. Bo scented an idea in the shower bath as containing some hat-shrinking abilities. And it did, as his experiment well attested. The hat, like all such hats, absolutely refused to cater to such treatment. It withdrew unto itself with many copious and "dying" tears—red tears, on a black background. The kindest thing we did for our hats was to forget them entirely.

As I said we had finished Finals; and so we celebrated in an all-night South Barclay Water Orgy—or Water-Smoke Orgy—wherein water was the main issue, and smoke the dead issue. Walter Faries can give you information about the smoke business; and he will tell you that the slimy constituency of a six foot moribund king snake has certain propensities that are hardly conducive to the making of a good bed-fellow. However, to turn to the less subtle issue, the water element of that celebration. Since the night was warm, hilarity high, and water cheap, it necessarily followed that the South stairway became a babbling cascade, or a raving torrent, according as a suit case-full or a basin-full of the cooling liquid was sped downwards on its natural course. Unfortunately for John Love and Pop Heaton, their room was at the base of operations, and their door was non-water tight; consequently, on gazing at the flood the next morning, one beheld several shoes floating about as gaily as Noah's Arks on a glassy surfaced ocean; and repos-

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## NINETEEN SIXTEEN RECORD

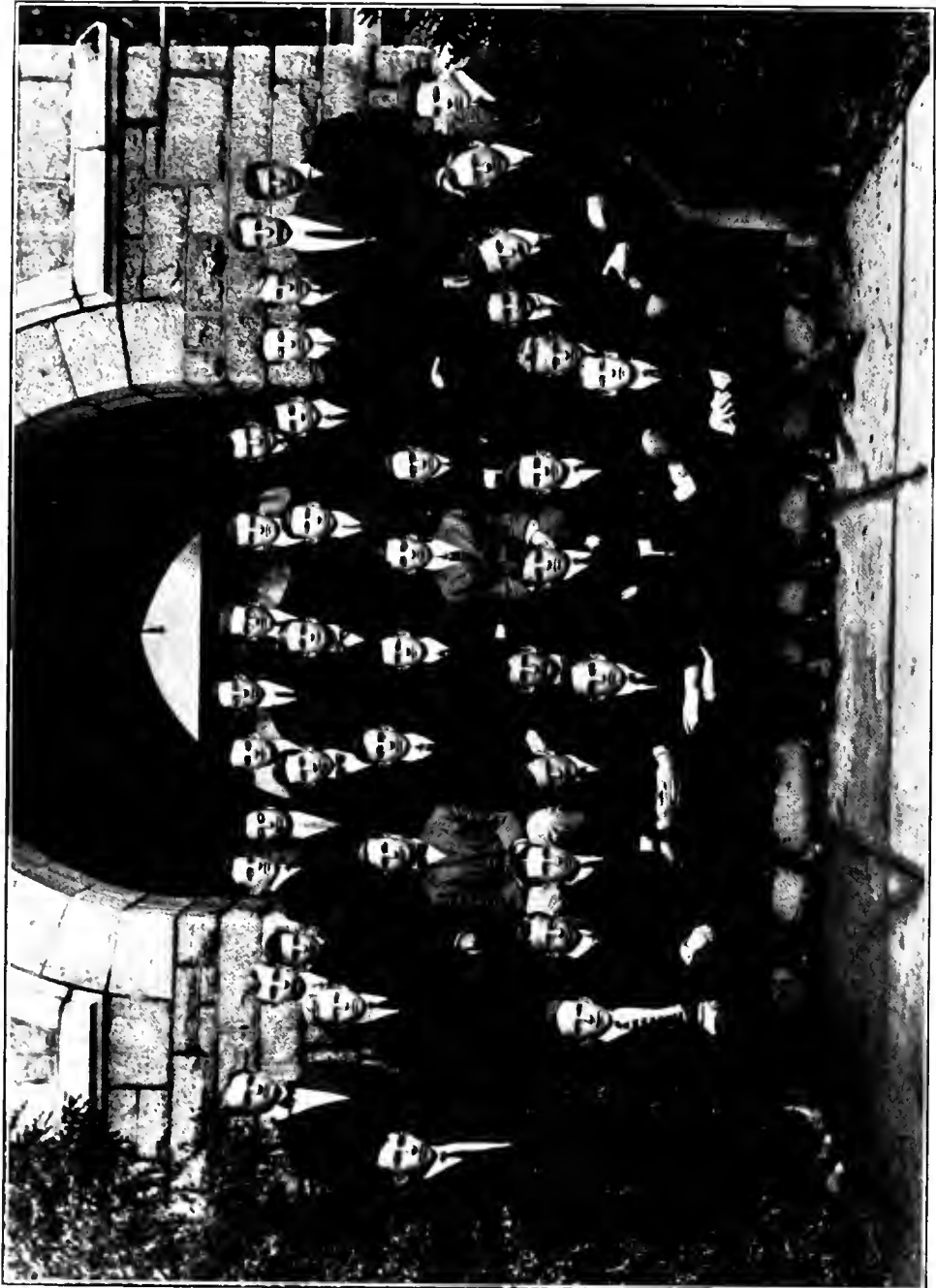
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ing on these arks were even, it is said, several migrating frogs, which had sought out new abodes.

But "so 'long, till next year" we cheerfully said after watching the seniors receive their "Dips" with a sort of hazy notion that sometime it would happen to us; and so we resign the pen of history to the chronicler of that wild, tempestuous renaissance, our "Sophomore Age "



CLASS BASEBALL TEAM



THE CLASS IN SOPHOMORE YEAR



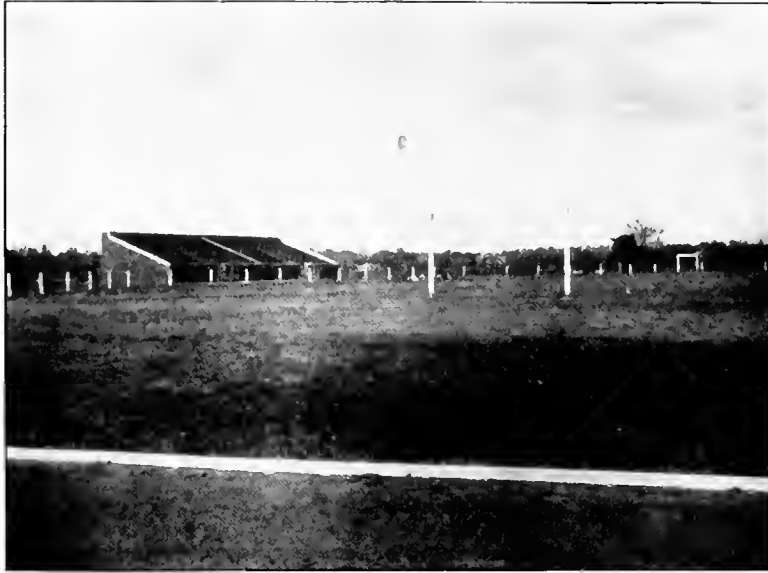
WE returned for the second lap of our four lap race quite careless and swaggering, with hands in pockets and a general air of omniscience and omnipotence plastered on our faces. We'd been through it before and knew what was coming. But still we were glad to get back.

There were quite a few changes to be noted. First and foremost there was a new class to be inspected and forced to feel its insignificance in its new world. The word "Rhinie" rolled glibly from our lips just as if we had been ordering Freshmen around all our lives. But as to the other changes. Six of our classmates did not return. George Sheldon was just recovering from a serious operation, and therefore was forced to remain behind at Swanton, Vt. "Sid" Marine went to Boston Tech; Francis Goerke to Columbia. Rowntree returned to the British Isles; Lees journeyed over to Swarthmore (unfortunate one) and "Nep" Downing went into business. The new grandstand attracted our eyes, as did also New Lloyd where "Choate" Knight immediately installed himself as king of the first floor. In Barclay too a great change was brought about by the demolition of the barriers between North, Centre, and South. The free passage thus afforded on the ground floor made it much easier to rout out the poor Rhinies. The first two nights, no Rhinie bed was left untouched. The leader of the thirty raiders was the pugnacious Walt Farr, whose whip-like tones had them all cowed. John

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WALTON FIELD AND GRANDSTAND

Love, the great rough-houser, was in the hospital, and did not make his appearance until a month or so after College had opened. The Rhinies never perhaps fully realized what they missed by his absence during these first few weeks.

In the cane rush 1916 again showed that it held little respect for the stout hickory wand. For once the Freshmen were well coached, (trust Polly Sangree for that). But the next day things were very different. The Freshman "pee-rade" was revived after several years' neglect and proved a howling success, principally on account of the Rhinies' docility and loyalty. The eloquent appeal of our president, Bill Allen, before the white line was formed had its effect; and when rude upperclassmen pushed them out, bidding them fly to the four corners of the earth, they fought furiously to get back. Perhaps they had not yet learned the intricacies of the Ardmore streets; or perhaps, which is more probable, they didn't realize what it was all about. But anyway, we managed to bring almost the whole crowd back to the Old Collection Room, singing mechanically in weary tones, "How Green I Am."

The skirmishes offered by the Seniors and Juniors were exciting and at times, amusing. Several were known to get angry. The Jack Gumme-re and the Moon clashed, and unfortunately, Jack had forgotten to remove his spectacles. Also Walt Faries took vengeance on Polly's head for the latter's aid to the Rhinies on



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## NINETEEN SIXTEEN RECORD

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the day before. Later on, the headgear of the newcomers was very capably attended to, and their Turkish turbans, dyed green with red trimmings, were pronounced the best ever.

The football team then claimed the energies of our "husks" and "near husks." Carey, Moon, and Shipley won regular positions on the varisty; and four or five other Sophs played on it also at various times. Jim Carey covered himself with glory as quarter-back by his skillful handling of the team, by his open-field running, and by several beautiful field goals, particularly the one in the memorable Lehigh game when we held the latter to a 16-3 score.



CLASS FOOTBALL TEAM—SOPHOMORE YEAR

The Wogglebug team—the first in our history—was organized with Tom Steere as captain. The eleven was light and fast, the only heavyweights on it being Maxwell and Van Buskirk. The bloodthirsty Corson was unfortunately down with tonsilitis on the day of the game with the Juniors, and this no doubt had much to do with our 6-0 defeat. After the Juniors had acquired their touchdown in the first half, we braced. A lightning pass from Steere to Sharpless netted forty yards, and Tom on the next play carried the ball to the one-yard line, only to find that Timekeeper Hoopes had very conveniently decided that the first half was over.

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## H A V E R F O R D C O L L E G E

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thus robbing us of a sure score. This game ended our Wogglebug aspirations for that year, but we determined to come back strong later.

Consolation was found in the class game with the Freshmen. With three "H" men, including the captain-elect, and seven other varsity and scrub men in our lineup, we presented a formidable front. The Rhinies were crushed by the record score of 26-0.

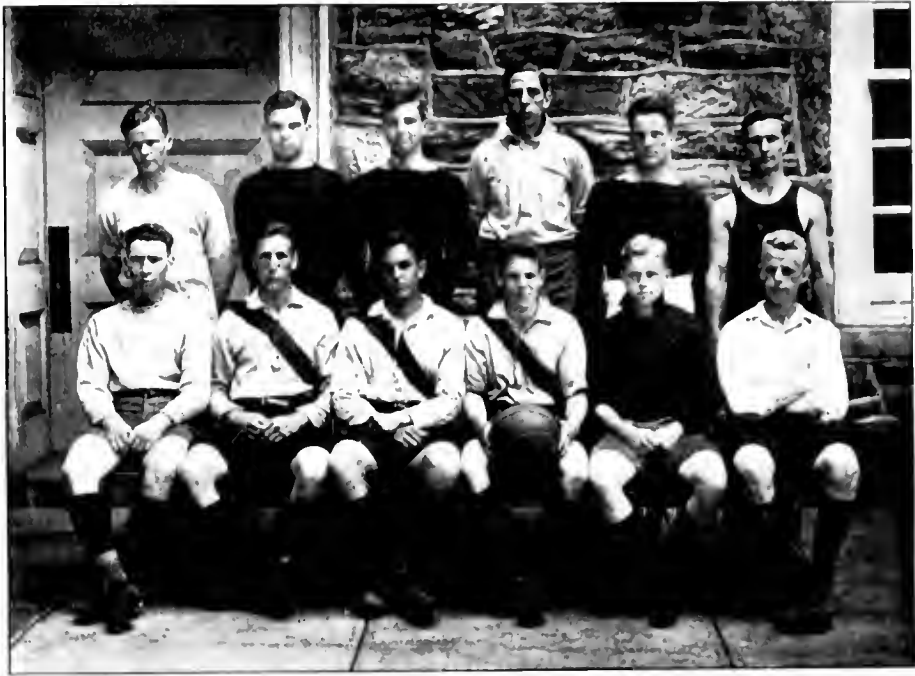
Our distribution through the dormitories had changed not a little from that of Freshman Year. Barclay continued to be the stronghold. Four hardy souls, however, ventured to Merion Annex, the land of the ballet dancer. North produced the most jovial group in that immortal trio, Johnny Love, Pop Heaton, and George Van Buskirk. They were always to be seen together; and often on the not too jovial occasions, Bill Allen and Doug Wendell made it into a quintet. The two suites of first floor Centre, occupied by the Harveys on one side and by Maxwell and Sharpless on the other, were frequented regularly by the Merionites in off hours, and by other restless individuals in search of Chem. problems, hot log fires on cold days, or just ordinary, every day rough house, which was always kept on tap. It was here that Clare came to escape from the star-gazing, weather prophet, baseball mad Woodbridge. It was here too that he was daily chastised by the Fannie and Max.

The Mid-Years were upon us before we realized it. Math and Physics claimed their share of victims, and many of us were feeling a little discouraged, but we were bolstered up considerably by a triumphant success in Physical Training 2, and by the joy of imaginative creation that we derived from that 500-word thesis on "Muscular Irritability." Not even Bib. Lit. thereafter could dishearten us.

Soon the annual winter social season burst upon us in all its brilliance. We therefore thought it wise to stop snowballing the windows in the Old Collection Room long enough to hold a class election. Edgar Bye was chosen President.

First came the Musical Clubs' concerts which 1916 supported in large numbers, both as spectators and participants. Then came the two socialized gym meets with Columbia and Penn. The first of these was somewhat spoiled, as T. K. said, by the lack of girls. However, we did our best for the Penn meet, and the Faculty too were out in force, particularly T. K. and Freeburg, and there was music by the Pick and Bow Club and refreshments. Thus began the custom of choco'ate gym meets—a custom which has survived even until the present day. But the dress suit agitation, alas, has never spread beyond its originator.

The Sophomore Tea which came on St. Patrick's Day was not nearly as bad as we expected. It was interesting to watch the other fellow bring forth what he believed to be the trump card in the way of femininity. Some of the parents and the Faculty were there too.



INTERCLASS CHAMPIONS SOPHOMORE YEAR



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## H A V E R F O R D C O L L E G E

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When the time came to pick the cast for Gilbert's "Engaged," the Cap and Bells found it necessary to select several Sophs. Bill Allen made an excellent "old gent", John Love a ferocious Major McGillicuddy, and Bolton Corson appeared in one of the performances as the Scotch peasant lad, Angus. The class banquet was held this year at Kugler's. Walt Farr was dispenser of toasts, and, after the real orators of the class had had their turn, he called for some extemporaneous stuff, and thereby made himself unpopular with the victims selected.

Next came the final exam in gym work, which for ingenuity outdid all Jimmy's previous efforts, and that is saying a lot. Who will ever forget that thrilling ride in the revolving chair and the curious wandering of our eyeballs at its conclusion? 'Twas the test for body co-ordination, we understand. And then, instead of the old-fashioned rope climb, we did a few tight-rope stunts with the aid of a long pole and after that, we (that is, a few of the braver ones) hung high in the air on the trapeze, resting insecurely on our toes. Truly it was a test, of which we never expect to see the like again, and that was the end for us of compulsory gym forever and ever. A boxing class was started in March and proved extremely popular. The instructor was that famous old lightweight, Jimmy Murphy, now parading in polite society under the name of Wm. K. Sixsmith. For a nominal sum he guaranteed to teach the manly art of self-defense in ten lessons. Some of us took him at his word, and learned to maul each other's faces, as we proved at the Spring Opening.

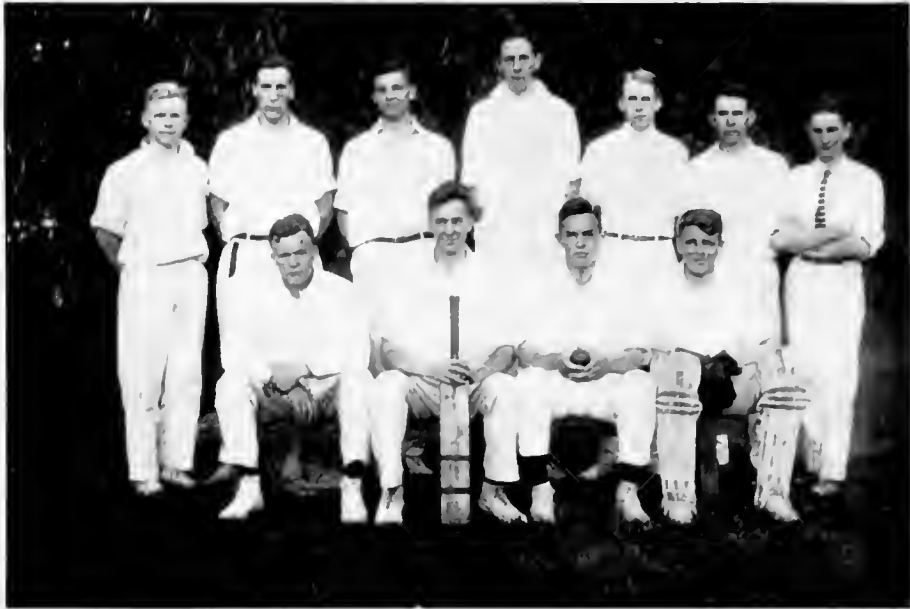
About this time it was that we started to win our class championships. The gym meet was our first. Then came soccer. This resulted in a duel for the title between 1914 and 1916, or rather two duels; for the first turned out a tie at one goal apiece, despite thirty minutes of extra play. But finally when the game was played off after spring vacation, we slaughtered our opponents 4-0. The cricket championship soon followed, when, after trimming the Freshmen easily, we got the Juniors' best batters out early, due to some clever bowling and snappy fielding, and so were enabled to win, 96-66. Four of our men were chosen to be members of the team to tour England the coming summer, namely, Stokes, Wendell, Carey, and Kirk.

The "Purity League" had its inception this spring, and exciting raids were made on the dark spots of the campus and Ardmore. And, in addition to all these sports, '16 was nursing baseball. A team captained by Tom Steere and composed principally of Sophs, with the aid of Ed Farr and Woosley, was playing regular games with the neighboring teams such as Haverford School, Lower Merion High, Cedarcroft, Westtown, and the Black Diamonds, a team organized from the ranks of the college waiters. Much success attended this initial effort to expand baseball into a college sport, and more was to come from it later.

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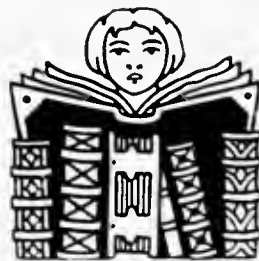
## NINETEEN SIXTEEN RECORD

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INTERCLASS CHAMPIONS SOPHOMORE YEAR

Commencement Day saw the organization of a new club composed of Alumni and undergraduates known as the Founders Society, an honorary society for leaders in scholarship and college activities. Dr. R. M. Gummere was elected President and Wilmar Allen, our first representative on the Society, was chosen a member of the Board of Governors. But soon the Seniors had received their diplomas, David Bispham had finished his song recital at the graduation exercises in Roberts Hall, and we found ourselves potential Juniors.





THE CLASS IN JUNIOR YEAR



**S**EPTEMBER rolled around once more; and as we counted noses, we found that the hand of fate had been heavy. Walt Farr, on deciding to pursue his engineering ambitions, had braved the perils of the New York, New Haven and Hartford to join Sid Marine at Tech. George Van Buskirk had entered Penn, while Pop Heaton was far away in fairyland, a matriculate at Leland Stanford. Pop claimed that he was on the trail of higher chemistry, but we, who knew his weaknesses, had other views. Bon Voyage, old man! Dave Harvey was also numbered with the missing. But to solace us to some extent for these departed, Jimmy Ellison came among us from the class of 1915. Ah, Jimmy, this time your judgment was excellent, for you won a queen by the sacrifice of a pawn. Mennis Lawson, a wanderer from the sunny land of cotton, also joined the ranks.

But other surprises awaited us. An unheard of thing had happened, and the very foundations of the College were quaking. Oscar, our distinguished registrar himself, had thrown discretion to the winds and behold! his side-boards were no more. We do not wonder that you gasp, gentle reader, for to us it was as though a bolt had hurtled down from the blue. And further, we can offer no likely reason for this terrible desecration, which even brought tears to Alfred's eyes, though vain attempts were made to connect it with the car and certain oft-repeated visits to the Infirmary. But wait! The greatest event of all has not been touched upon. As we returned, one by one, suspense was in the air and the same question on the lips of every one. No, no one had seen him. Nine of us, however, gambled on the President's flowery recommendation and wandered nonchalantly into Chase

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## H A V E R F O R D C O L L E G E

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No. 2. And then he burst upon us, as a wolf breaks in upon a helpless flock, and we of the "group" suffered our first introduction to our learned Professor of the Social Sciences, Dr. Frank Dekker Watson. In a year, he had proved lots of things in terms of one hundred per cent. Ask Ed Moon!

Our first concern was for the Freshmen; and when "Harvey" discovered our warlike groups scattered over the campus, he decided at once that the weather was too inclement for parading. Of



course Harvey always is right, and with the rest of his class has had a lot of experience in parades; but on this occasion he certainly spoiled us a good time. Football started with a rush. Doc Bennett took up the coaching burden and prospects were bright. A large squad reported at Pocono for the training trip and hard work began at once. Enthusiasm ran high as a result of the renewal of football relations with Swarthmore, and we talked, thought, sang, and ate football. In the first six games the team

broke even, losing a couple of close battles. And then the great event was staged on Walton Field; and after a thrilling struggle, with the play all in our favor, Swarthmore succeeded in holding our plucky team to a 3-3 tie. Captain Carey played a brilliant game and kicked a pretty field goal. Moon, Knowlton, Shipley, Hannum, and Buffum were also in the fray, and nobly upheld the football reputation of the class.

When football was over we turned our thoughts to other things. The soccer season was most disastrous but "Chick" Cary brought distinction upon the class and the soccer captaincy upon himself by making the All-American. A group took up the great national indoor game, and on one occasion devoted a whole evening to the pursuit of this famed pastime. Although reduced by constant loss to a state of negligee, Sherty succeeded in winning back his leg from Bill Allen in time to make Sunday breakfast. For further details see Cooper, Garrigues, Kendig, Sharpless, or Mengert. The Merion Y. M. C. A. flourished with Faries and Obie as charter members.

After Xmas, as usual, we devoted considerable time to the search for knowledge and soon were lost in the intricacies of Professor James. The embryo sociologists wrestled with Jevons, Hobhaus, Giddings, Nearing and numerous other celebrities. Jim Shipley assumed his worried look, and reduced his meal time by five minutes. Even Phil Leidy was seen around College again, while Clare appeared in the library twice on the same day. But at last the terrible ordeal was over and for several weeks there ensued the annual February siesta.



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## NINETEEN SIXTEEN RECORD

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CLASS "FEED"

Bye and Harvey, with our best wishes, moved on to the Class of 1915. Doug Wendell took hold of the *News* and launched himself upon a meteoric career. Ed Moon became manager of the *Haverfordian*, commencing his merciless war on the advertisers. Ulric handed over the reins of government to the Luke, while sleepless nights became the lot of Bill Allen, as manager of Junior Day. Bill Hannum entered the select "A" class and decided that he was "off that stuff." Fannie, Albert, Walt and Joe, tumbled, swung, and rode their way to the gym team, and the "little pink angel," our Fannie, succeeded Kemp Taylor as captain. Walt organized our first swimming team, which administered a good licking to Swarthmore. John Kuhns, with his customary hospitality, entertained the class and offered us a royal spread.

Also at this time another important event took place. Clayt, without records or pedigree, adopted the College, and soon won his way into our hearts. Of course he led rather a dog's life, and dined only now and then, when somebody remembered to bring him a bite from the dining room; but on the whole he had a pretty good time of it, and managed to survive till Commencement even in the face of the Dean's frequent protests against dogs in the dormitories. But then the dainties set before him were too much, and with misery in his eyes and elsewhere, he disappeared as mysteriously as he had come.

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# H A V E R F O R D   C O L L E G E

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The tea, given in the Union under the auspices of Mrs. Pratt, was most successful. About the first of March, the banquet was held informally at the St. Davids Golf Club, with Bill Allen as toastmaster. The final plans for the great



event of the year were discussed and decided upon, and from then on we settled heroically to work. As the 7th of May drew nigh, we practically retired from College, i. e. as far as studies were concerned. Our valiant manager was rushing here and there, now pleading with the Pennsy to post our over-sized placards, now threatening the Cap and Bells, but always working. Ulric dreamt of seating plans, and ably juggled the finances. Jim Shipley with joy in his face, checked off each welcome patroness. Choate, as chief Grub-Arranger, was in continual touch with either Sanger or Trower.

But the great day came at last. As the proverbial bees we labored, and things went smoothly till the afternoon.

Then the threatening appearance of certain darkish clouds in the blue immediately caused our peace of mind to vanish into thin air. Should we have the supper in the garden or under cover? John Kuhns, in charge, was decided on the porch, the class uncertain. It was so much nicer in the garden, but it surely looked like rain. Perhaps it would be better to have it on the——. The sun broke forth. Of course we would have it in the gar——. Another cloud, and so on. Eventually we gave in to Jawn and straightway all signs of storm were cleared away.

But finally our toil was over, and as we looked on our work we knew that it was good. According to the usual formula, the campus was a veritable fairyland, touched by the magic wand of Chick. Bill Kirk, as interior decorator, had worked wonders; and the dining room, with all its Quaker ideals, resembled a Parisian garden. The play, "Eliza Comes to Stay," as a result of Dr. Spiers' careful coaching, met with great success. Bo Corson, in the title role, was more versatile than Maude Adams; while Jimmy Ellison made quite a hit as Monty Jordan. After the refreshments and the retirement of our guests, when we had all gathered together again, we unanimously agreed, as every class does, that our festal night had been the best.

About this time, the famous raid against the Ardmore Movies was carefully planned and worked out by Steve Knowlton. Thanks to his foresight and thought-

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## NINETEEN SIXTEEN RECORD

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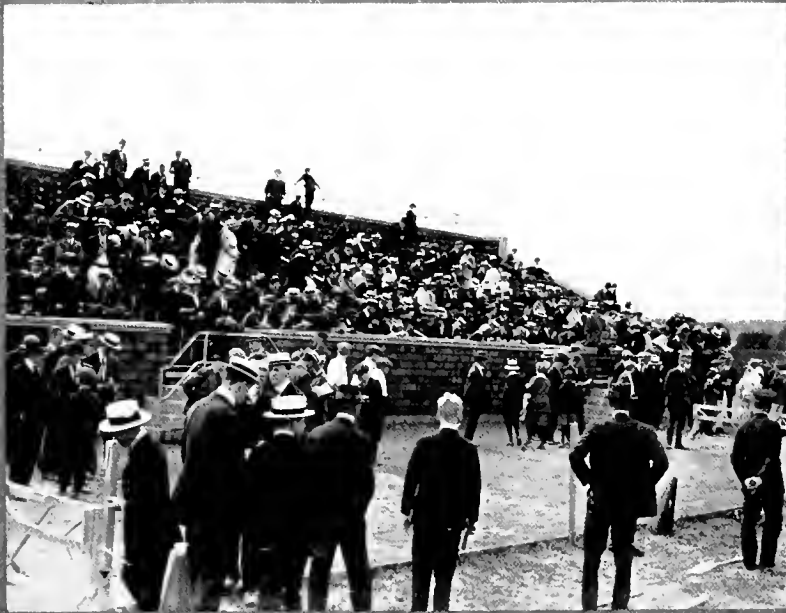
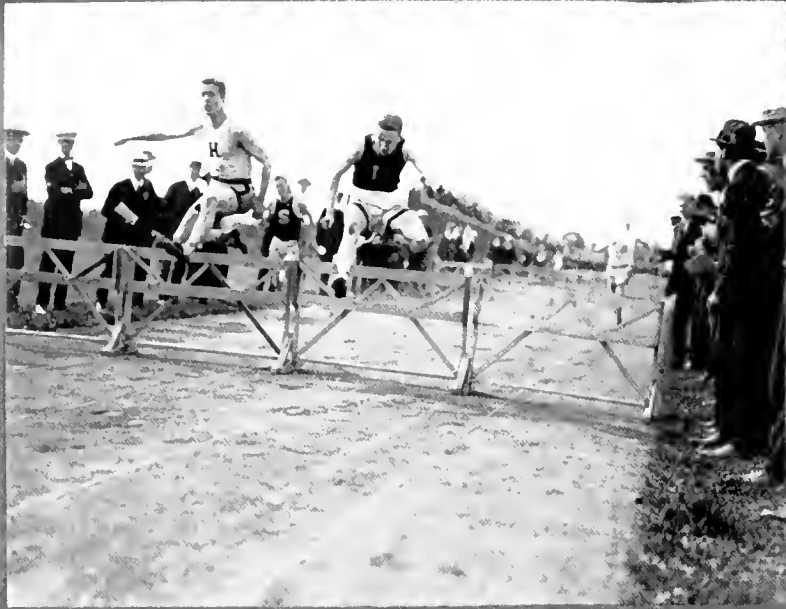


THE DINING ROOM ON JUNIOR DAY

fulness, all blood-shed was avoided, though even with these difficulties the manager of the Palace was taught a needed lesson. Steve hasn't worn his badge since.

Cricket, track, and baseball were flourishing. The cricket team, with the lightning bowling of Joe Stokes, and the batting of Marney Crosman, took Penn into camp by a wide margin. The Middle Atlantic States track meet was held at Haverford, and the College team placed fifth. Lorry Martwick was in good form, and broke the College record for the low hurdles. By his showing in this and other meets, he won the 1916 captaincy, to say nothing of capturing the Walton Cup for the highest number of points. Bill Bray in the sprints, and Hap Hunter, in the pole vault, were also important factors in our numerous track victories. The Baseball Club was organized with Tom Steere as Captain and Bill Hannum Manager. As a starter, the team showed up very well, winning five games and losing two. Chick knocked two doubles off Swigler. The tennis team, on the new courts, also had a good season under the leadership of Bill Allen.

And then things began to happen rapidly. Bill Allen put 1915 to rout and won the Alumni prize for oratory. The College decided to sing in morning collection. T. K. informed us that he would marry in June. Bill Bray, not to be out-done, immediately announced his engagement. Tom Steere entertained us roy-

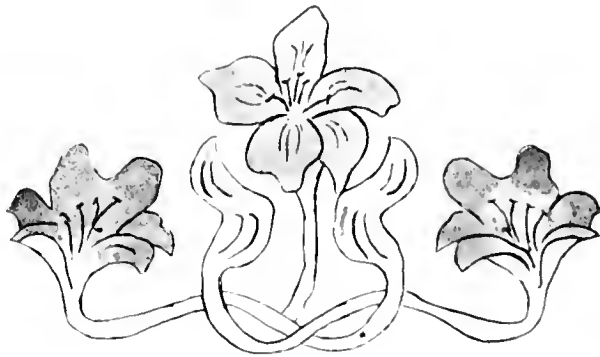


THE MIDDLE STATES INTERCOLLEGIATES

## NINETEEN SIXTEEN RECORD

ally at a soiree. Jim Carey was elected President of the Athletic Association, while Bill Allen was chosen to lead the destinies of the newly organized Students' Association. Ed Moon gave Coley a burglar scare. Joe Stokes, as Y. M. C. A. president stepped into the shoes left vacant by L. P. Ulric and Bill won the coveted Phi Beta Kappa, and Chick joined the Founder's Club.

We revelled in the balmy air each evening, singing on the steps or playing French cricket until the darkness called a halt. Iced tea replaced the milk and the trees were in full bloom. Ah, those happy days! But the end had to come, and as we watched 1915 step forth into the world we realized that only one more year remained.





F.W. CARY



J.S. ELLISON, JR.



J. CAREY 3RD.



E. R. MOON

# ATHLETIC

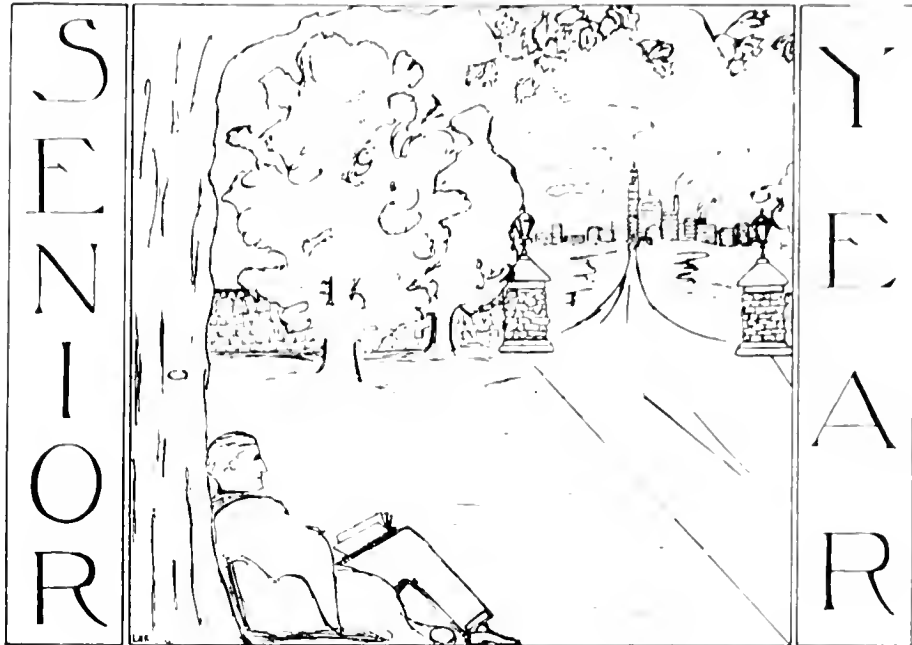
# CAPTAINS



E. P. SHARPLESS



W. L. MARTWICK



**S**EPTEMBER came again and the spirit of Haverford called to us in soft but imperative accents; and we answered to the same siren voice from all corners of the land. In the spring the "Pennsy" had promised to carry us back in new all-steel electric trains, but when we looked around Broad St. station for an electric "Paoli" express we were told to wait a month or so more and be content for the present with steam locomotion. And so a big "Pacific 96" (as Sherty would say) brought us out and deposited us safely among our old haunts.

With a dignity befitting our new position we walked about, noting the new Rhinies and trying to estimate their possibilities. Numerous other things came to our notice during this process; various improvements appeared and were appraised. New sections of pavement had been laid during the summer, replacing

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# H A V E R F O R D   C O L L E G E

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SENIORS ON THE SQUAD

worn spots, and also relieving the monotony of having to walk all the way from the station to Barclay on concrete of the same color. It remained for Center Barclay to show the greatest change, however. The home of all our cheer meetings and general student body gatherings was no more; the Old Collection room was a thing of the past. The dormitories had crowded over those sacred borders; and the old Greek and Roman texts that had adorned those walls for years had disappeared under the sweeping stroke of the kalsomine brush. No longer would those halls resound to the wild shouts of "Wipe that smile off!" or "— fresh, Rhinies." The singing flight of the tomato and its soft "squash" as it reached its mark were now things for 1916 to reminisce about at future times.

The Chase Hall improvements had been finished during the summer also. Two large rooms relieved the class congestion and we now had some "light on a subject" when the storm clouds rolled over Walton Field and darkened the sky. We had not expected to lose any of our members after the Junior year, but when Dr. Watson called the roll in Social Work 3a, Track Manager York was found to be among the missing. The call of Unadilla was too strong and Haverford had to lose thereby.





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## H A V E R F O R D C O L L E G E

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that was left of them, left of forty-five." The subsequent entertainment in the Union was too sad to recall now. When two of our men officiated at the Cane Rush, we were duly impressed with our own importance—also when we found ourselves the recipients of the President's nod in Collection.

Football was the center of attraction. Jim Ellison put all his surplus "pep" into cheer leading; and many and enthusiastic were our football meetings. Things went on smoothly until Kirk had the misfortune to break his leg in October and must perforce watch the remaining games from the Infirmary window. In November we suddenly discovered that the "Scarlet" fever which had broken out in Junior year had not yet been eliminated from our midst. In fact it was now more wide spread than ever—even the sacred precincts of our library were invaded and a bound copy appeared on the desk which was replaced every month by a new issue.

At this time too, the dauntless "Tweedy" was again heralded throughout the College, but this year we all were wise; we did not get excited but we went to hear him just the same; may he come again, often.

Then came the big trip to Lancaster—we went to beat the Dutch but didn't—however that doesn't belong in this write-up. The features of the trip were of course the ride, "what made Milwaukee famous" with pretzels, and—shall we tell it? Stokes was seen emerging from a place called the Rathskeller, and he looked rather embarrassed to the fellows across the street. Some say Rathskeller is the German word for Y. M. C. A.—who can tell?

Returning from Lancaster, the next big event was the Wogglebug championship, which we won very handily from the Juniors, 6-0. Stone and Winslow proved the greatest additions our valiant team had had since it was formed. Stone on the line opened up the proverbial holes big enough to drive a team through, and Winslow could get through with the ball in spots where there were no holes at all. Of course, being used to athletic victories and realizing the comparative unimportance of this game so far as glory is concerned, we refrained from all undue jubilation, in striking contrast to some classes that had preceded us.

The come-back that the varsity showed against Hopkins put new spirit into us, and we all went to Swarthmore the next week and took our girls along. After the game we took the girls home—even that train ride on the Media division is disagreeable. December was a month of events. First, "Ed" Rice returned from "somewhere in France" and graced our campus for a month in the olive-drab uniform of the Ambulance Corps, then trainer "Lou"—he of the pail and sponge—fell a victim to Dan Cupid's darts and his smile was more broad than ever. Then came the Intercollegiate Soccer Championship—a great return to form after the poor showing of Junior year; then Dr. Adams came and went; and who can forget the Cowper lectures to which all were exposed twice at least? The Merion Y. M. C. A. was endangered by fire. It was at about this time that "Reds"—pardon us,

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## NINETEEN SIXTEEN RECORD

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INTERCLASS CHAMPIONS—SENIOR YEAR

C. S. Warner, Pharmacist—opened his new store in opposition to our old friend, Mr. Harbaugh. The sandwiches and hot drinks that "Reds" served often constituted the breakfast of some of our lazy members, especially on Sunday mornings.

The Holidays passed all too quickly; and Jan. 6th found all returned once more—but saddened by the death of our former professor, Dr. Albert E. Hancock, whom we had all learned to love and revere during the short time that we had been acquainted with him during Freshman year.

On the 11th came the annual class tea, with the ladies of the faculty acting as hostesses. Dean Palmer and our own "Count" Thiers gave some violin selections accompanied by Miss Helen Clement on the piano; and as all of the ladies were charming, our last faculty tea was a decided success. At class elections, Allen was chosen to lead us during our last half year.

Then came those dreaded mid-years and innovations were introduced here. No longer should a man's exam paper, mixed in with extra blank exam books, be unintentionally lost on the wilds of a Chase Hall mantelpiece. Now each book



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## NINETEEN SIXTEEN RECORD

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was to be put in a padlocked ballot box as it was finished—a box from which there was no return. This year too all classes met in Chase for the exams.

During the mid-years Doc Bennett was persuaded to honor us with a visit; and during his stay Jim Carey slipped him a cup which the student body voted to present him. The pleased surprise on Doc's face when he saw it was of itself worth the gift to us. A sorrow came upon us too; and it was with the greatest regret that we learned of the death of Paul Hendricks, '15, who was admired and loved by all who knew him.

The Musical Clubs started their season early in February, and the annual concert at the Cricket Club showed that we had lots of musical ability in college. At this time too, we began to think seriously of thesis subjects and thesis objects. Phil. 5 was taken up instead of Soc. Work 3; the ethical replaced the social; Drake and his colleagues took our attention from Patten and Ward. In athletics, Captain-Manager Faries again took his aquatic artists to Swarthmore and again administered a crushing defeat upon our old rivals. The annual Interscholastic Gym Meet brought, as usual, hosts of school boys to the College. The Gym team under Capt. Sharpless and Mgr. Knight had developed wonderfully—the tied meet with Penn and the Navy defeat being the only ones we did not win.

In the "bug" lab, Bangham discovered that a guinea pig's eyes will drop out if you pick it up by its tail, and also learned lots of other useful knowledge. Johnson fell so sound asleep in History 6 that Dr. Kelsey had to pound on the desk to waken him. Carey finally found out that Ellis was taking the class pictures. Marceau may be just as good sometimes, but not in every case, Jim. Sherty and Johnnie Love stopped playing billiards for a week to work on theses, and many other startling things occurred—for the first time in four years we didn't have potatoes on Saturday, Mar. 4, *par exemple*.

The Musical Clubs proved their superiority over Swarthmore at the New Century Club rooms and enjoyed a trip to the Shore as guests of Mr. Buzby. The class banquet was held at Bookbinders' on Thursday evening, March 9th. A "shore dinner in the Maine woods" was the order of the evening and proved a most delightful change from the ordinary run of such affairs. Love was an excellent master of ceremonies; and the speeches of Stone, Corson, Ellison, Kuhns, and President Allen were received with applause. Jim Ellison's final joke (?) was the real hit of the evening, while the Sunday school banquet in the next room was one of the chief diversions. The night court at City Hall closed at 10:30 so that the usual dinner entertainment was denied us.

In Econ. 4 a few days later Sharpless was rudely awakened by Doctor Barrett. Just as a dream judge was giving Fannie a medal for beating Barker, our amiable economist asked "What is the relation of credit to the standard of deferred payments, Sharpless?" And our gym captain, "coming to" slowly answered, "Who?" The originality of this reply made the biggest hit of the year with the class.

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# H A V E R F O R D   C O L L E G E

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The finals for the Cap and Bells play for Junior Day, "All-of-a-Sudden Peggy," resulted in three of our members being selected for the cast—Jim Ellison as Major Archie, Eddie Lukens as the Honorable Millicent Keppel, and Maxwell as Parker, so that an excellent production was staged. In a hard series of interclass soccer games we showed once more that we know how and when to kick the ball by winning the championship of the college in a most decisive manner.

As we feverishly work on our theses or study (so called) under the trees east of Barclay, two new sections of Lloyd are being constructed through the generosity of our alumni. As we think of this token of love for our college, with the realization that we will soon be numbered among that great fraternal body of her graduates, and as we bring to mind the pleasures of these four short years that we have spent together under her benign influence, we recognize the true significance of it all,—filial and fraternal love. And as we are preparing to make our "debut" into the great world beyond the college walls, it is with a strong determination to work together for a greater and a nobler Haverford.



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# NINETEEN SIXTEEN RECORD

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# FACULTY



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

*President*

Born Chester Co., Pa., December 16, 1848. B. S., Harvard, 1873; Sc. D., U. of P., 1883; LL.D., Swarthmore, 1889; L.H.D., Hobart, 1903; LL. D., Harvard, 1915. Instructor in Mathematics, Haverford, 1875-1879; Prof. of Math. and Astronomy, 1879-1884; Dean, 1884-1887. President, 1887-. Member, Historical Society of Pennsylvania. Author of text books on Astronomy, Geometry, English Education; *A Quaker Experiment in Government*; *Two Centuries of Pennsylvania History*; *Quakerism and Politics*; *The American College*.

Our ideal of a College President. His dry humor many a time has made us merry in Morning Collection; but his common sense words more often have made us think, and think hard of what is to come in the life that lies before us.

# HAVERFORD COLLEGE



ALLEN CLAPP THOMAS, A. M.

*Consulting Librarian and Emeritus Professor of History*

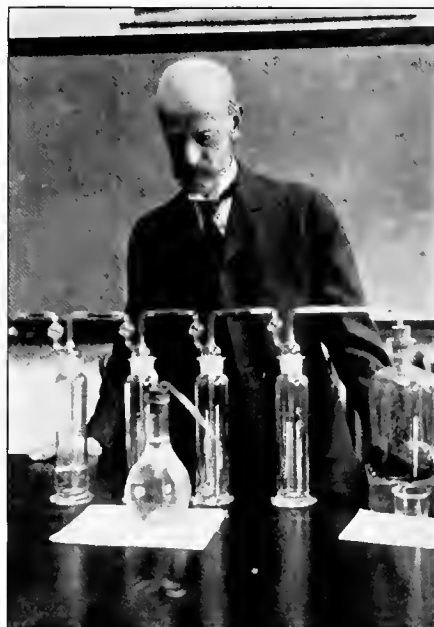
Born, Baltimore, Md., Dec. 26, 1846. A. B., Haverford College, 1865; A. M., 1882. Librarian of Haverford College, 1878-1914; Consulting Librarian, 1914—; Haverford Faculty, 1878—. Author: *History of the United States for Schools and Academies*; translated into Yiddish 1912; *Elementary History of the United States*; *History of Pennsylvania*, and others. Member: Phi Beta Kappa; Am. Antiquarian Soc.; Am. Hist. Ass'n.; Am. Soc. of Church Hist.; Franklin Inn Club; and others.

We do not know Professor Thomas very well, though we have watched him close Meeting for four years, and have seen him scurrying around the library almost every day. He can tell you just where to find anything that has ever been written about anything, and he is always glad to do it. We would have done well to have known him better.

LYMAN BEECHER HALL, Ph.D.  
*John Farnum Professor of Chemistry*

Born New Bedford, Mass., Jan. 16, 1852. A. B., Amherst, 1873; Ph. D., Gottingen, 1875; Fellow, Johns Hopkins, 1876-79; Ass't in Chem., 1879-80; Prof. of Chem., Haverford, 1880—. Special Ag't 10th Census; Member Am. Phil. Soc.; Am. Chem. Soc.

A most modest man is the presider over those wonderful Chem. I classes, which showed us all too well what a keen sense of humor he had. They say he is the only man on the faculty who could pass *all* the entrance exams. Be that as it may, his chemistry is certainly driven home: "Not what is in the book, but what did you do?"





## NINETEEN SIXTEEN RECORD



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

*Professor of English Literature*

Born, Burlington, N. J., March 6, 1855. A. B. Haverford, 1872; A. M., 1875; A. B., Harvard '75; Studied philology at Leipzig, Berlin, Strassburg, Freiburg; Ph. D., Freiburg, 1881; Litt. D., Harvard, 1909; Teacher, Friends' School, Providence, 1875-1879; Instructor, English, Harvard, 1881-2; Headmaster Swain Free School, New Bedford, Mass., 1882-1887. Haverford Faculty, since 1887. Member, Am. Phil. Soc.; National Institute of Arts and Letters; Phi Beta Kappa. Author, *Old English Ballads*, *The Beginnings of Poetry*, *The Popular Ballad*, *The Oldest English Epic*, *Democracy and Poetry*, and others. Contributor to magazines.

Most of us know him from English 9, 10, or 11, where Chaucer, Shakespeare, and Milton, through his vivid instruction, have become living personages. He has been a great inspiration to us in our search for that culture and broad learning of which he is himself so splendid an example.

HENRY SHERRING PRATT, Ph.D.

*David Scull Professor of Biology*

Born Toledo, Ohio, Aug. 18, 1859. A. B., U. of Mich., 1882; A. M. and Ph.D., Leipzig, 1892. Studied Law; admitted to the Bar, 1885; practiced law; studied Zoology, Botany, Geology at Leipzig, Freiburg, Geneva, 1888-92; Harvard, 1892-93; Haverford Faculty, 1893—; studied Innsbruck, 1902-03; Graz, 1910. Member: Am. Soc. of Zoologists; Am. Soc. of Naturalists; Am. Ass'n. for the Adv. of Sc.; Acad. of Nat. Sc. Phila.; Cambridge Ent. Soc.; Helminthological Soc. of Wash. Author: Text books of Vertebrate and Invertebrate Zoology; *A Manual of the Common Invertebrate Animals*; Scientific Papers.

Dr. Pratt lives in three places:—his home, the Biology Lab., and the path between them. You would credit him with bashfulness, until you got out of order in class once; then you would realize that his gentle voice had a peculiar conviction to it. The monarch of the Bug Lab. is always ready to leave a 500-page book he is writing, and have a chat on anything you please as long as you please.



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# H A V E R F O R D   C O L L E G E

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JAMES ADDISON BABBITT, A. M., M. D.  
*Professor of Hygiene and Physical Education*

Born, Waitsfield, Vt., October 22, 1869. A. B., Yale, 1893; M. A., Haverford, 1896; M.D. U. of P., 1898; Instructor, Physical Training 1893, at Haverford; Registrar, 1894-1904; Physical Director and Associate Professor of Physiology, 1904-1911; Prof. Hygiene and Physical Education, 1911—. Laryngologist to the Cut-Patient Children's Hospital; on the staff of German Hospital as Assistant Laryngologist and Otolologist, and Chief of the eye, ear, nose, and throat department of the Chautauqua Hospital. Member, A. M. P. O. medical fraternity, Union League, University Club, Phila. Clinical Association, and other societies; Fellow of the College of Physicians and Surgeons, and Fellow of the American Otolological, Rhinological and Laryngological Society.

The guardian of the Morris Infirmary and all who may be attracted there through colds, fevers, grippe, tonsilitis, and other ills. We admire the suave manner with which he conducts his lectures, Cabinet meetings, etc., never at a loss for a word, and always ready with a jest and excuse for tardiness. We admire too the willingness with which he responds to any call Haverford activities make upon him.

RUFUS MATTHEW JONES, A.M., Litt.D.  
*Professor of Philosophy*

Born South China, Me., Jan. 25, 1863. A. B., Haverford, 1885; A. M., 1886; Studied Univ. of Heidelberg, 1887; U. of P., 1893-95. A. M., Harvard, 1901; Litt. D., Penn College, 1898; Principal, Oak Grove Seminary, Me. 1889-93; Haverford Faculty, 1893—. Editor, *Friends' Review*, 1893; *The American Friend*, 1894-1912; *Present Day Papers*, 1914-16; Member Am. Phil. Soc.; Authors' Club, London, Phi Beta Kappa, and others. Author: *Social Law in the Spiritual World*; *Studies in Mystical Religion*, and others.

As a class, we have been introduced by Dr. Jones into the mysteries of "the states of consciousness as such," and have been taught the nature of the ethical good. His lectures, particularly those on hypnotism, hysteria, and dreams always enraptured us. At Thursday Meeting, too, his spiritual messages have always encouraged and uplifted us.



## NINETEEN SIXTEEN RECORD



OSCAR MARSHALL CHASE, S.M.  
*Registrar and Assistant Professor of Drawing*

Born Chadds Ford, Pa., Dec. 16, 1872. S. B., Haverford, 1894; S. M., 1895; With Baldwin Locomotive Works, 1895-96; Haverford Faculty, 1896. College Secretary, 1897-1908; Registrar, 1908 -.

"Calm mayst thou smile, while all around thee weep." In the face of a hundred demands at once, Mr. Chase, known everywhere except in the office, as Oscar, always smiles and grants the demands when he is ready. He has been known, though, to open the office and the cash box just to accommodate some fellow who was "broke" and had forgotten to cash that check at the right time. No description, however brief, would be complete without mentioning his omnipresent Alfred.

ALBERT SIDNEY BOLLES, Ph. D., LL. D.  
*Lecturer on Commercial Law and Banking*

Born Montville, Conn., Mar. 8, 1846. Ph.D., Middlebury College, 1883; LL.D., Lafayette, 1890. Conn. Bar, 1866-70; Judge of Probate Court, 1870-74; Editor, Norwich Bulletin, 1874-80; Bankers' Magazine, 1877-96; Lecturer, U. of P., 1881-85; Chief of Bureau of Industrial Statistics, Harrisburg, 1885-93; Lecturer, Drexel Inst., 1895-96; Haverford Faculty, 1897 - . Author: *Practical Banking, The History of Pennsylvania, The Modern Law of Banking*, and others. Articles in Magazines. Member: Am. Economic Ass'n.; University Club; Phi Beta Kappa.

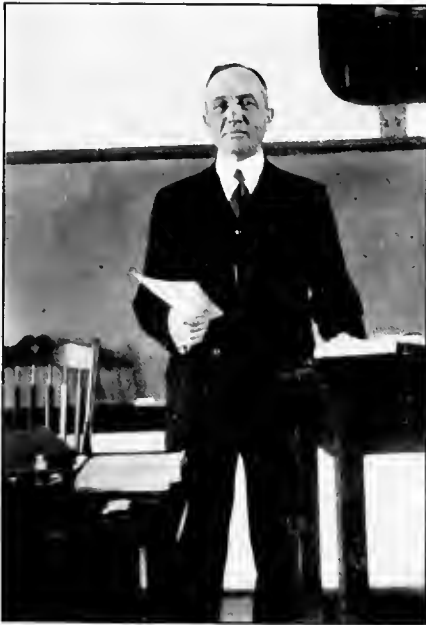
"Not such a *dreadfully* old fellow at that." Still youthful enough we think, to be the most entertaining man on the faculty with his stories of Kamchatka, Podunk Center, etc. His course in Commercial Law will be for many of us, we prophesy, one of our brightest college memories.



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# HAVERFORD COLLEGE

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DON CARLOS BARRETT, Ph.D.  
*Professor of Economics*

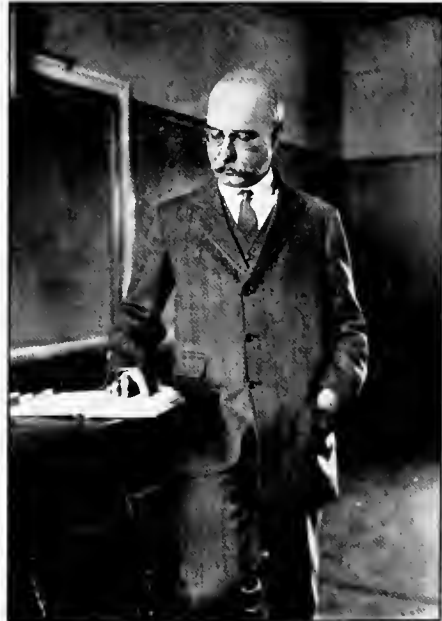
Born, Spring Valley, Ohio, April 22, 1868. Ph. B., Earlham College, 1889; Professor of History and Political Science, Earlham, 1892-93; M. A., Harvard, 1896; Ph. D., 1901; Haverford Faculty since 1897; Studied Univ. of Berlin, 1903-04; in England, 1914-15. Author: *The Supposed Necessity of the Legal Tender Issues; Collateral Readings for the Elementary Course in Economics*; magazine contributor. Member: Am. Econ. Association; Am. Association for Labor Legislation; Am. Academy of Political and Social Science; Phi Beta Kappa.

A polished gentleman *par excellence*. Courtesy and cordiality are integral parts of his nature. Dr. Barrett works assiduously in organizing classes for teaching English to Italians in Ardmore, Bryn Mawr, and vicinity; and in other ways, he has vigorously supported the Haverford College Civic Club.

LEGH WILBER REID, Ph.D.  
*Professor of Mathematics*

Born Alexandria, Va., Nov. 18, 1867. Sc.B., V. M. I., 1887; A. B., Johns Hopkins, 1889; Sc. M., Princeton, 1894; Ph.D., Gottingen, 1899. Chemist in National Museum, 1889-92; Census Office and Computer in the Coast and Geodetic Survey, 1892; Instructor at Princeton, 1893-97; at Princeton, 1900; Haverford Faculty 1900—. Author: *Theory of Numbers*; Member: Phi Beta Kappa; Am. Math. Soc.

Dr. Reid is a Virginia gentleman. In spite of having to teach that bane of Rhinies, Fine's Algebra, he is always liked for his jolly manner. "O' co'se, o' co'se" is a college slogan; and the fellows enjoy it so much that they sometimes have evening classes, especially just before exams. Dr. Reid has the welfare of the college at heart a great deal more than is generally known.



# NINETEEN SIXTEEN RECORD



WILLIAM WILSON BAKER, Ph.D.  
*Associate Professor of Greek*

Born, Boston, Mass., Dec. 19, 1876. A. B., Harvard, 1898; A. M., 1899; Ph. D., 1901. Instructor in Latin in Harvard and Radcliffe, 1901-1904; Haverford Faculty since 1904.

Always punctual. He likes, however, to put in his appearance at just that portion of the allotted five minutes' leeway when the possibility of a cut is dawning upon you. Despite the fact that he teaches Greek, he strongly insists on idiomatic English. Accuracy and thoroughness are his mottos.

FREDERIC PALMER, JR., Ph.D.  
*Dean and Associate Professor of Physics*

Born Brookline, Mass., Oct. 17, 1878. A. B., Harvard, 1900; A. M., 1904; Ph.D., 1913. Taught, Asheville Sch., 1900-01; Worcester Academy, 1901-03; Haverford Faculty, 1904 -. Lick Observatory party to Spain 1905. Author: Articles on Ionization in Gases produced by Ultra-Violet Light.

Gentlemen, our microscope.—both eye-piece and "objector." Little goes on or comes off that "Fritzie" doesn't know about and tell *you* about. The guardian of the Cut Book and the Asterisk is always busy. From his walk you can see he is going somewhere, and wants to get there as fast as a biped can; and in his courses you get about as much in a hour as you can learn in a week; i. e. if you can learn it at all. Efficient activity is the watchword.



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# HAVERFORD COLLEGE

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LEON HAWLEY RITTENHOUSE, M.E.  
*Associate Professor of Mechanics and Electricity*

Born Annapolis, Md., Sept. 29, 1879. M.E., Stevens Institute of Tech., 1901; Instructor of Experimental Engin., Stevens, 1902; Sales Engin. St. Ry. N. Y., 1902-04; with Am. Tech. Soc. and Armour Inst.; Haverford Faculty, 1905—. Associate Member: Am. Inst. of Elec. Engin.; Member: Soc. for Promotion of Engin. Educ.

"You can't slip anything on Prof. Rittenhouse!" We agree. He is the one member of the faculty who never fails his anxious classes, the merciless dealer of the 50% off for lateness, the man we set our watches by. His exactness and neatness make him an example to be followed. We shall always remember him quietly shifting around in front of the blackboard, noiselessly referring to his big closed watch at regular intervals.

RICHARD MOTT GUMMERE, Ph.D.  
*Associate Professor of Latin*

Born, Burlington, N. J., August 3, 1883. A. B., Haverford, 1902; in business, 1903; A.M., Harvard, 1904; Ph. D., Harvard, 1907; Haverford Faculty since 1907; Acting Dean 1912-13; Assistant to the President, 1915—. Member, Haverford College Alumni Athletic Committee; Editor, Alumni Quarterly. Author of papers in classical periodicals. Member, University Club, Franklin Inn Club, Phi Beta Kappa and Founders Club (President, 1914).

We first knew him as Dean, in our Freshman days when he occupied that position during Dr. Palmer's Sabbatical Year. The sincere regard which the Class gained for him then has persisted, only in increased measure. Whoever has not partaken of his and Mrs. Gummere's hospitality at their home on College Avenue has missed a great deal more than cocoa.



## NINETEEN SIXTEEN RECORD



ALEXANDER GUY HOLBORN SPIERS,  
Ph.D.

*Associate Professor of Romance Languages*

Born, London, England, 1881. B.A., Haverford, 1902; M.A., Harvard, 1904, and Ph.D., 1909; Studied abroad, 1902-03 with frequent summer trips later; in charge of French and German, Coulter School, Chicago, 1904-1905; Fellow and Instructor, Harvard, 1905-1909. Haverford Faculty 1909-1916. Head of Collegiate Department of French, Columbia University, 1916 —. Publications: *Dolce Stil Nuovo*, *Vita Nuova*, chaps. 24-28. *Eugenie Grandet*, revised edition.

Dr. Spiers has meant much more to us than Professor of Romance Languages, though in that capacity he has taught us the beauties of French Literature. We recall especially, however, his untiring and unselfish efforts, in behalf of the Cap and Bells Club. His call to Columbia has caused us keen regret, but we extend him hearty congratulations.

RAYNER WICKERSHAM KELSEY, Ph.D.W.

*Associate Professor of History*

Born, Western Springs, Illinois, 1879. Ph.B., Earlham College, 1900. Professor in Pacific College, Oregon, and Whittier College, Cal.; Teaching Fellow in History, Univ. of California, 1907; M.L., 1908; Ph.D., 1909; Haverford Faculty since 1909. Author, *The United States Consulate in California*; Contributor to historical publications. Member, Am. Hist. Association; History Teachers' Association of Middle States and Maryland; Hist. Association of Penna.; Penna. History Club; recently president of Friends Hist. Society.

Dr. Kelsey is fond of talking about his Southern California experiences, and the latest developments in Mexico. His advanced history courses have become synonymous with the *Nation* and hot round-table discussions. Dr. Kelsey keeps in close touch with undergraduate activities, and is an enthusiastic supporter of all the football games, and quite interested in the fortunes of the baseball team, being an old player himself.



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# HAVERFORD COLLEGE

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ALBERT HARRIS WILSON, Ph.D.  
*Associate Professor of Mathematics*

Born, February 4, 1872, at Saundersville, Tennessee. B. A., Vanderbilt University, 1892; M. A., 1893; Ph. D., University of Chicago, 1911. Member of the Faculty of Princeton University, 1895-1903; of University of Illinois, 1904-05; of Alabama Polytechnic Institute, 1905-1910; of Haverford College, 1910—. Studied in Germany, 1899; member of the American Mathematical Society.

"I think you must agree that this is a beautiful proposition, gentlemen." We are not sure about the beauty of all his propositions in analytics and calculus, but we do admire his sincerity and perseverance in trying to force them into our skulls. In another way too, he has influenced us, namely by the example of his Christian character as revealed in his Bible Study class.

THOMAS KITE BROWN, Jr., A.M.  
*Assistant Professor of German*

Born Westtown, Pa., March 19, 1885. A.B., Haverford, 1906; A. M., 1907. Haverford Faculty, 1907—; studied Heidelberg, 1907; Berlin, 1909. Phi Beta Kappa.

"T. K." is the advocate of, "Dare to do as you think ought to be done," from simplified spelling to grinding German 1 and 2. He has been very aptly called "strong minded," which you will recognize to be the truth when you have known him. His interest in what the fellows are doing is shown by his numerous suggestions for bettering things. In this line, his socialized Gym Meet has become a permanent thing.





# NINETEEN SIXTEEN RECORD



HENRY JOEL CADBURY, Ph.D.  
*Assistant Professor of Biblical Literature*

Born Philadelphia, Pa., December 1, 1883. A. B., Haverford, 1903; A. M., Harvard, 1904; Ph.D., Harvard, 1914; Haverford Faculty, 1910—. Instructor in the Bible, Earlham College, 1915-16 (first half year). Member, American Oriental Society, Society of Biblical Literature and Exegesis, Phi Beta Kappa, and others. Author of short articles and reviews in Quaker and other religious periodicals.

Dr. Cadbury plays a corking good game of tennis, as several of us know from experience, and he is also a loyal supporter of other college activities, both academic and athletic. His room in Centre Barclay is suffused with the scholarly atmosphere, but Dr. Cadbury is always ready for a quiet chat, particularly when he can help in clearing up doubtful problems of theology.

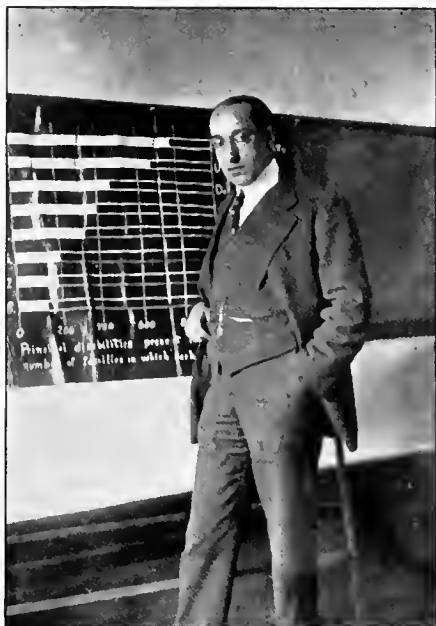
WILLIAM OTIS SAWTELLE, A.M.  
*Assistant Professor of Physics*

Born, Bangor, Maine, 1874. S.B., Mass. Institute of Technology, 1879; A.M., Harvard, 1907; Director of Math., Bangor, High School, 1899-1903; Asst. in Physics, M. I. T., 1903-1905; Ass't. in Physics, Harvard, 1912-1913; Haverford Faculty since 1913. Research work on Control of the Electric Spark Discharge by Ultra-Violet Light; Spectrum of the Light from the Oscillatory Spark, etc. Member, Am. Ass'n. for the Adv. of Science; Physical Society; Societe Francaise de Physique.

A conversation with "old Sawtelle" is about as enjoyable as you want, i. e. a conversation outside of the Physics room. His wit is keen and his appreciation of yours is just as much so; but Physics 1 is no joke. If you desire to know more than we seem to tell, you will find it "all in Spinney," or at least "the fundamental principles."



# H A V E R F O R D   C O L L E G E



FRANK DEKKER WATSON, Ph.D.  
*Associate Professor of Social Work*

Born, Philadelphia, Pa., June 28, 1883. B. S., U. of P., 1905; Ph.D., 1911; Instructor in Economics, Wharton School, U. of P., 1906-1911; Acting Inst. in Economics, Swarthmore College, 1908-1911; member of the staff, N. Y. School of Philanthropy, 1911-1914; Haverford Faculty since 1914. Joint author of text book on Economics; Ass't. Sec., Penn. Child Labor Committee, 1906-1907; Chairman, Spring Garden District Conference, Phila. S. O. C.

Haverford's Professor of Social Work in terms of 100%. Dr. Watson has opened up to our view a new and vital subject. Through his efforts, prominent specialists in social problems have been introduced to us, and we have spent pleasant social evenings with several of them at his home.

EDWARD DOUGLAS SNYDER, Ph.D.  
*Assistant Professor of English*

Born, Middleton, Conn., October 4, 1889. A. B., Yale, 1910; A.M., Harvard, 1911; Ph.D., Harvard, 1913; studied in Europe on Bayard Cutting Fellowship from Harvard 1913-1914; Instructor in English at Yale, 1914-1915. Haverford Faculty since 1915.

A newcomer, but during his first year at Haverford he has impressed us with his sociability, geniality, and sound literary criticisms. Many of us have been feasted with knowledge at the sessions of his "Discussion Club," and there Yale and Harvard have become revered words to our ears as we have heard them eulogized by this enthusiastic supporter of both of them.





THE "HAVERTORDIAN" BOARD




THE "NEWS" BOARD

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## NINETEEN SIXTEEN RECORD

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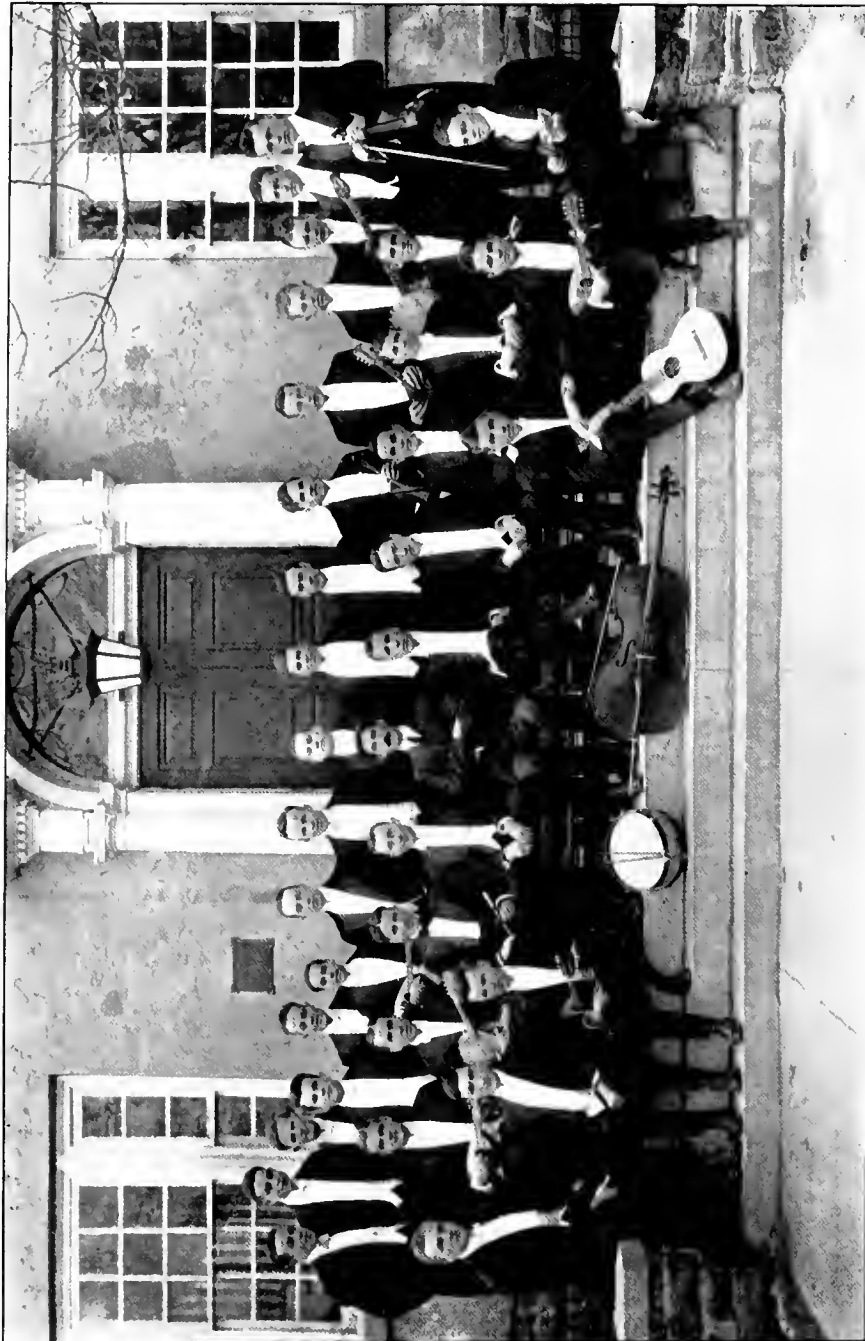
### Litterati

N the matter of high-brow literary production, the class of 1916 has had less interest than in some other college activities. However, even from Freshman year we have not been altogether unrepresented on the *Haverfordian*, for Edgar Bye, through the power of his clear, expressive verse, easily won a place on the Board in the February after entrance. Later, in his third year, he held the Editor-in-Chief's chair, the Uneasy Chair, as he dubbed it. Bye was, in many respects, our most talented litterateur, and his departure a full year ahead of time was a distinct loss. Bob Gibson, '17 was chosen to succeed Edgar, and he had for assistants, Spike Dunlap and Doug Wendell, the first a writer of book-reviews, essays, and short-stories, and the second, the class poet-laureate. Among the best productions of this trio from '16 are Bye's critical article, "An Unappreciated Pioneer in American Verse" and his poem, "Waves;" Dunlap's biographical-critical article entitled "Phillips and the Poetic Drama" and his story, "A Summer of Psychology;" and Wendell's two pieces of verse, "Aquae Sextae" and "To the Wild Gray Geese."

However, there are other literary lights in the class, though most of them have hidden their light under a bushel. Happy Hunter, in Junior year, got out several numbers of the "Scarlet," and Ed Lukens eloquently defended Billy Sunday against Chamberlin's vehement denouncement in the editorial columns of the *Haverfordian*. This year, a new poetical Orpheus has appeared in the person of Albert Stone from California. Stone has shown us how to write clever, humorous essays of an intimate nature, as well as help sustain the poetical department of our monthly.

The class of 1916 was always well represented on the managerial end of the *Haverfordian*. Albert Garrigues was an assistant in his Freshman year, and business manager in his Sophomore year. Ed Moon, then took the helm for a year, and received a training that was of great help to him as Manager of the Class Record.

And now to turn to the younger companion of the more sedate *Haverfordian*, namely, that enterprising and influential paper, the *Haverford News*. Chick Cary, Bill Kirk and John Love were faithful subordinates for a year, after which Kirk was rewarded with the business managership in February of his Sophomore year. This post he held very capably for two solid years, aided by Cary and Love, and later, when these two were forced to resign on account of the press of other duties, by West Howland, '17. On the editorial board Spike Dunlap and Doug Wendell were elected in time to come to the rescue of Van Hollen during the memorable 1914 campaign. After serving a year on the rejuvenated *News*, Doug took the editorship with Spike as right-hand man. The "sheet" has lived up to the ideals that Van Hollen added to it when its name was changed from *Weekly* to *News* and has developed considerably in taking care of the more detailed side of Haverford life.



THE MUSICAL CLUBS

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## NINETEEN SIXTEEN RECORD

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### The Cap and Bells Club



THE Cap and Bells Club has developed into the soundest organization in college; and a number of us have been working to help bring this about. Irvin C. Poley '12, as President, has kept everybody happy and working; Ralph Mellor '99 has straightened out the financial tangles and kept the wolf away; Dr. A. G. H. Spiers '02 has put the plays themselves across with his snappy and thorough coaching. Through the combined efforts of a number of members, Roberts Hall has a good stage; and the Club has increased its property considerably.

From beginning to end, the cast has claimed its victims. In the "Importance of Being Earnest," Goerke and Leidy graced the footlights as charming girls, while Rowntree played the hero, and Allen assisted as an old minister. The performances at Moorestown, West Chester, and Haverford all went well and repaid the fellows for their work. Knight, after his fine work in the Try Outs, was unable to come out for the play, but was elected a member of the Club.

The next year "Engaged" scored a big hit at West Chester, Wilmington, Baltimore, and here. Love was the "Majorest" of Majors; Corson began his career as a "gude Scotch laddie"; and Allen repeated as a somewhat gayer old man. Then it was too, that the work of the budding managers was recognized, and Love and Knowlton were chosen in this capacity.

On Junior Day, Corson blossomed out supremely and made Eliza famous. "Eliza Comes to Stay" was no misnomer. To see her first entrance was a treat; it was like "See Naples and die." Ellison was the only other Junior brave enough to risk a try at acting, with all the other things to be done on that memorable May 7th; and he wobbled tenuously across the boards for the first time. Besides the Junior Day production, the trips to Beechwood School, Wilmington, and Baltimore helped to enliven the grind. Love and Knowlton continued their work on the business end, and Hunter joined them as Assistant Stage Manager. Allen took a try at preliminary coaching as chairman of the Play Committee.

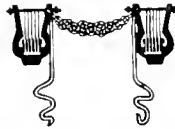
This year the cast was well balanced; and "All-of-a-Sudden Peggy" kept up the reputation of its predecessors. Lukens was a winning young blond of the unaffected English type; and Ellison, as her mother, showed that her daughter did not get her pleasing simplicity from the maternal side. Anyone wishing an experienced butler should apply for Maxwell and avoid the rush. Our business men had become real managers, with Love arranging for the various productions of the play, while Hunter looked after the stage end of it. Knowlton took the musical clubs around for a full and successful season.

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# H A V E R F O R D   C O L L E G E

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In the line of harmony, we started out with Kirk among the singers, Sheldon among the players, and Shipley and Marine among both. In Sophomore year Allen and Stokes joined the chorus, while Marine and Sheldon had left. The next year we furnished quite an addition; Johnson to the Glee; and Faries, Hunter, and York to the Mandolin Club. With this nucleus and Buffum and Ellison to help out, after a bad start, Shipley was elected leader and took the Glee Club through what was judged to be the best season ever. Thiers with his violin strengthened the Mandolin Club, while Wendell accompanied the voice artists. A great deal of the credit was due to the coaching of Mr. Engle, and Dr. Spiers as usual. Through the kindness of Mr. Buzby, the trips to Atlantic City to the Hotel Dennis, for the last three years, have proved the most enjoyable times of the season for the organizations.





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# NINETEEN SIXTEEN RECORD

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## Football

**O**F all the things that we do well, football is our forte. Hardly nau we entered, before Jim Carey was playing the regular quarter-back position. Moon, Knowlton, Shipley, Hannum, and Buffum got into most of the games. Still others of us struggled valiantly on Olly Porter's fourth against Gifford's third. However, of that first season, the less said the better. We won three games and lost five. Lehigh's score against us would have been far more appropriate for a cricket game. But after every storm there comes the dawn. Jim Carey was awarded an "H," and he immediately led our class team against the Sophs. Ah! Can we ever forget the glory of that great day, when "Buff," with all our pent-up energy and wrath, was shoved across for the winning points? We admit they gave us quite a run but this only made our victory seem more pleasant.

In Sophomore year we supplied the Varsity with three "H" men, Carey, Moon, and Shipley, with numerals awarded to Buffum, Garrigues, Hannum, Harvey, Kirk, Knowlton, Lukens, and Martwick. The team broke even on eight games played, holding the crack Lehigh eleven to a 16 to 3 score. Lorry Martwick, playing with a bad knee, was the particular star of this great battle. At the close of the season we tackled the Freshmen, and a slaughter resulted, 26 to 0. Even Polly Sangrec had to admit we were pretty good.

The following year we continued to hold up our football reputation. Jim Carey was captain, an unusual honor for a Junior, and led the team through a successful season. We tied Swarthmore, beat Washington, Stevens, and Johns Hopkins, and lost to F. and M., N. Y. U., and Trinity. The latter team was held to a 6-0 score, while F. and M., victors over Pennsylvania, just managed to win out in the last few minutes. Carey, Hannum, Buffum, Moon, Shipley, and Knowlton were awarded letters and blankets.





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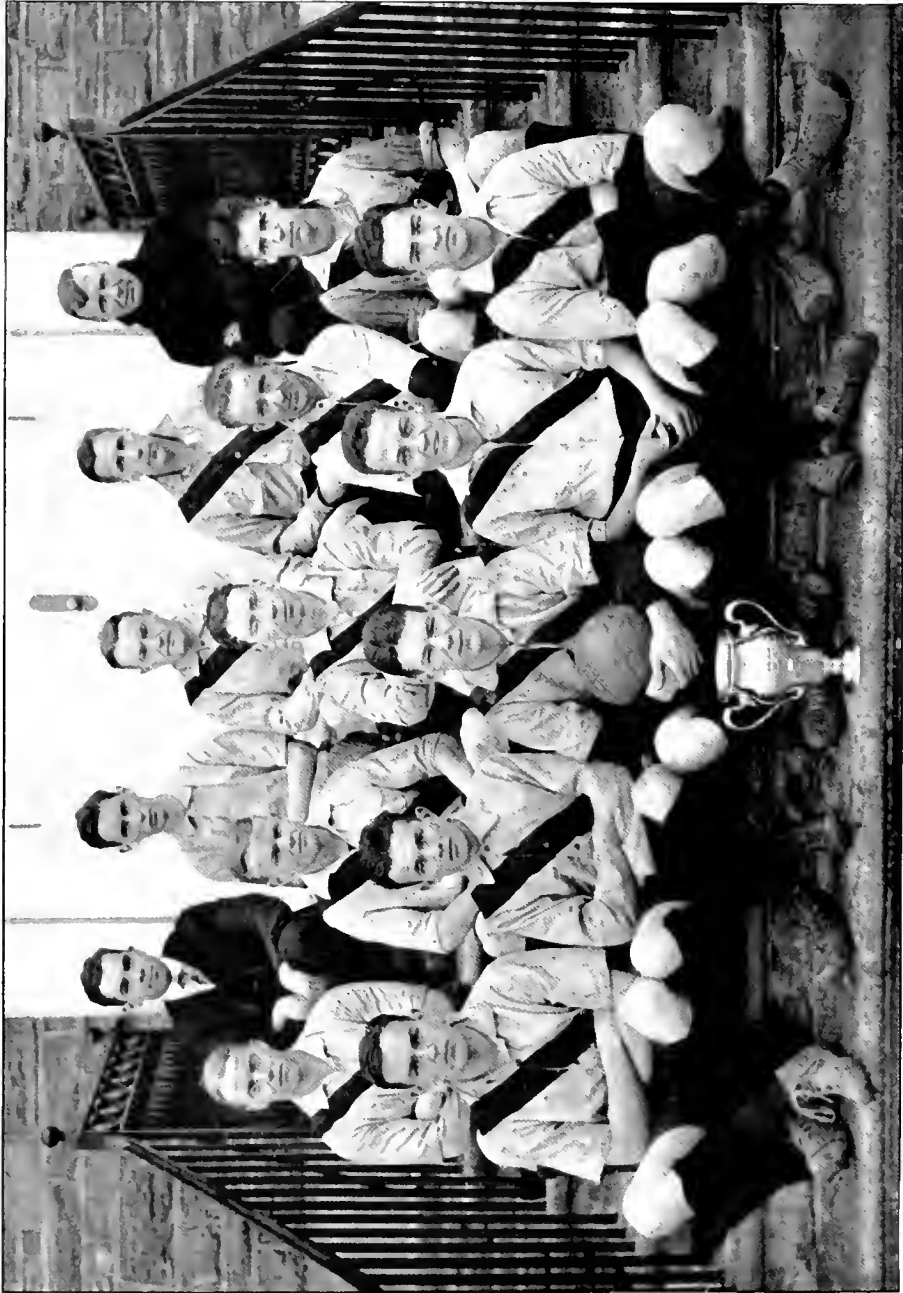
## NINETEEN SIXTEEN RECORD

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The season of 1915 was one of the most successful the College has ever had, even though we lost to Swarthmore. Under the captaincy of Ed Moon, we had the distinction of producing two captains—the team won five and dropped three games. N. Y. U., coming over with a wonderful record, was snowed under by a score of 21 to 6. In the Hopkins' game, with the score 10-0 against us at the end of the first period, we staged a great come-back, and nosed them out by four points, much to the disgust of Brickley. At Swarthmore we threatened time after time, but on each occasion the final punch was lacking. After we had scored a safety on a beautiful punt by Crosman and a mental relapse on the part of one of the Swarthmore backs, they made a powerful drive down the field, and before we could realize it, Bush had scored. This was their only effort, but it was enough to send us back defeated, though not disgraced.

The Scores for the season of 1915 were: H. 7, Md. Aggies 0; H. 37, Delaware 14; H. 6, Stevens 7; H. 21, N. Y. U. 6; H. 42, Dickinson 6; H. 0, F. and M. 13; H. 14, Hopkins 10; H. 2, Swarthmore 7.

Moon, Carey, Shipley, Buffum, Knowlton, and Johnson won their "H"; Garrigues, Kirk, Lukens, Martwick, Winslow, and Corson labored on the Scrub, while still others supported the third and fourth. The Wogglebug team, captained by Tom Steere, and considerably strengthened by Winslow and Stone, walked away with the championship. Do you wonder that we are proud of our football record?




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## NINETEEN SIXTEEN RECORD

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### Soccer

N Freshman year many of us witnessed a soccer game for the first time, but we had good latent material, nevertheless—Rowntree, Chick, and Jim Carey making the Varsity, which finished second in the intercollegiate race; while others of 1916 were fast learning the game on the second team. In the interclass series we took second place. As Sophs, Shipley, Stokes, and Moon fought their way to the squad; while Jim Carey quit the game, devoting all his energies to football. The team finished fourth in the Intercollegiates; and 1916 won the interclass championship in soccer as well as in all the other interclass contests of this year. In Junior year Steere made the first team and gave some fine exhibitions of pluck. The year was rather disastrous from a soccer point of view, however, the coaching department being more or less demoralized most of the season; the fact that we finished last in the Intercollegiate League, winning only the Yale game, shows in what poor condition the team was.

But '15-'16 was the great soccer year at Haverford. Chick was elected Captain and George Young was secured to coach the team. Manager Maxwell made up a very good schedule and entered the second team (Junior Varsity) in the new Penna. Collegiate League, which included besides ourselves, Penn 2nd, Lehigh, and Lafayette. By very good coaching and hard work the Varsity trained until they worked with the precision of the proverbially well-oiled machine; so hard did they work that a complete metamorphosis was effected—we changed from last place in the Intercollegiates to first place. The scores tell the story: Haverford 1, Cornell 1; Haverford 4, Princeton 1; Haverford 3, Columbia 0; Haverford 2, Harvard 1; Haverford 2, Yale 1; Haverford 1, Penn 1. The last game (with Penn) was the deciding contest and excitement ran high—if we lost that game we lost the championship, but by tying it we won—so we tied and Founders' bell only stopped ringing at supper time. Penn 2nd just managed to nose out the Junior Varsity in the Cricket Club League; but nothing can dim the other big success. The class of 1916 again gloriously won the interclass series, defeating the Freshmen 1-0, the Juniors 1-0, and the Sophs 4-2 in three of the muddiest games of the year.

In conclusion we can only wish Captain Gardiner as much success next year as we have had this winter.



# NINETEEN SIXTEEN RECORD

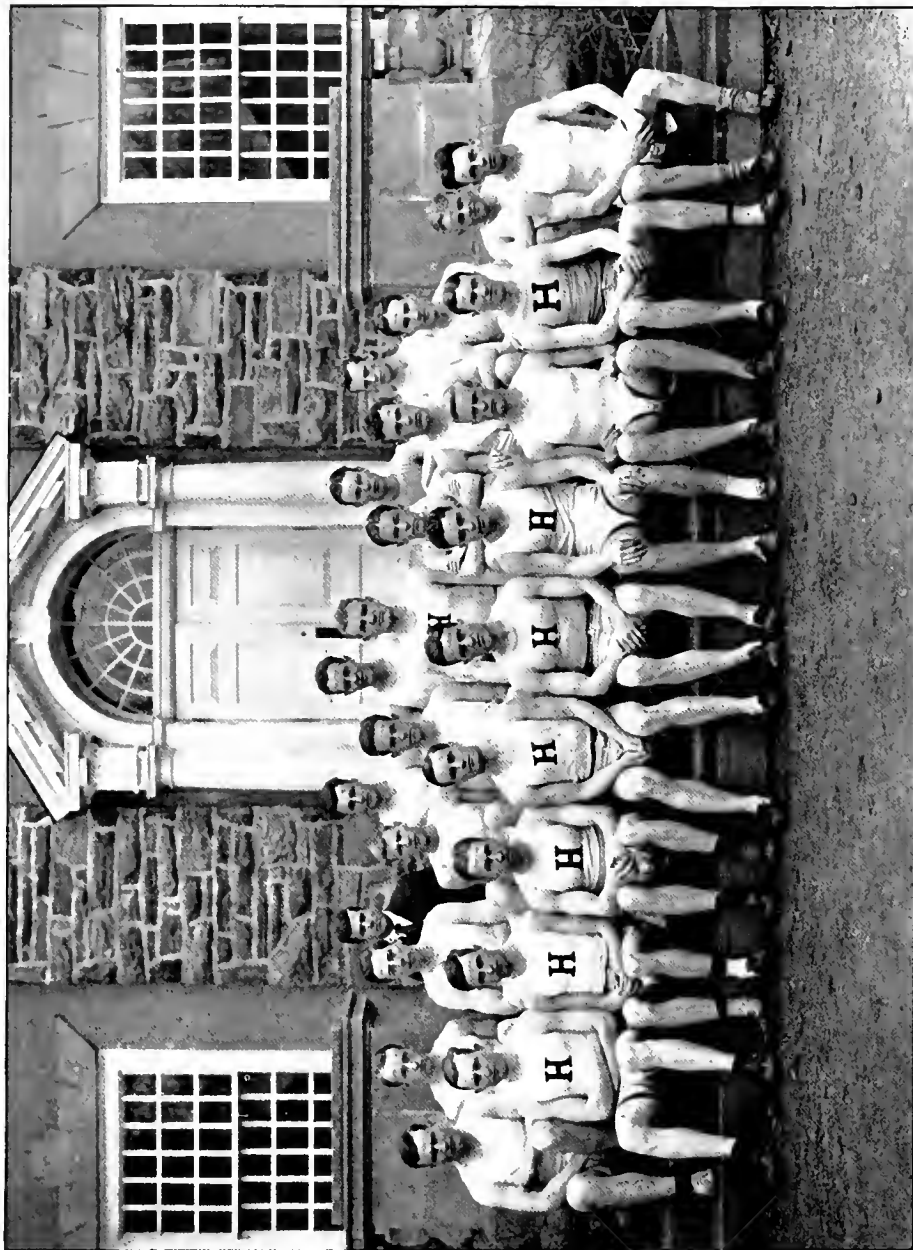
## Gymnasium



**S**TOKES was the only gymnast of Varsity caliber that we had in Freshman year, at which time the team made a fairly good showing—defeating Columbia and giving Penn a rub. In the novice division of the Interclass Meet we won by a margin of eleven points. Sharpless, Garrigues, and Faries made their debut on the team in Sophomore year, and through the versatility of Waples '14, Haverford placed fifth in the Intercollegiates. In class circles 1916 showed her worth and won the annual class meet, Stokes, Faries, and Sharpless showing up well in the regular division while Walt Farr was the best horseman and Wendell shone on the parallels in the novice section.

In Junior year the team broke even in four meets, winning from Columbia and N. Y. U. and losing to Penn and the Navy. We Juniors took second place in the Interclass Meet, 1917 winning. During Senior year the team showed remarkable strength, although Stokes was missed in the horse work. Mr. Wolf was secured as coach in place of Mr. Krauss and Capt. Sharpless and Manager Knight found him to be a very able instructor. The scores of the meets follow:—Haverford 34, Brown 20; Haverford 27, Penn 27; Haverford 34, Rutgers 20; Haverford 15, Navy 39. Faries captured first place at club-swinging in the Middle States A. A. U. Championships at the Philadelphia Turngemeinde against an imposing array of swingers, and Capt. Sharpless took second in the tumbling.

Again 1916 pulled long and hard and again we won the Interclass Meet in March. Our Varsity members and Stokes starred as was to be expected, our white-headed leader being especially good. In the Intercollegiates at Penn, Sharpless took third in tumbling. None of the other men were quite up to form, so that was the extent of our scoring. On the whole the year's work was very satisfactory and there is promise of a good season next year.





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# NINETEEN SIXTEEN RECORD

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## Track

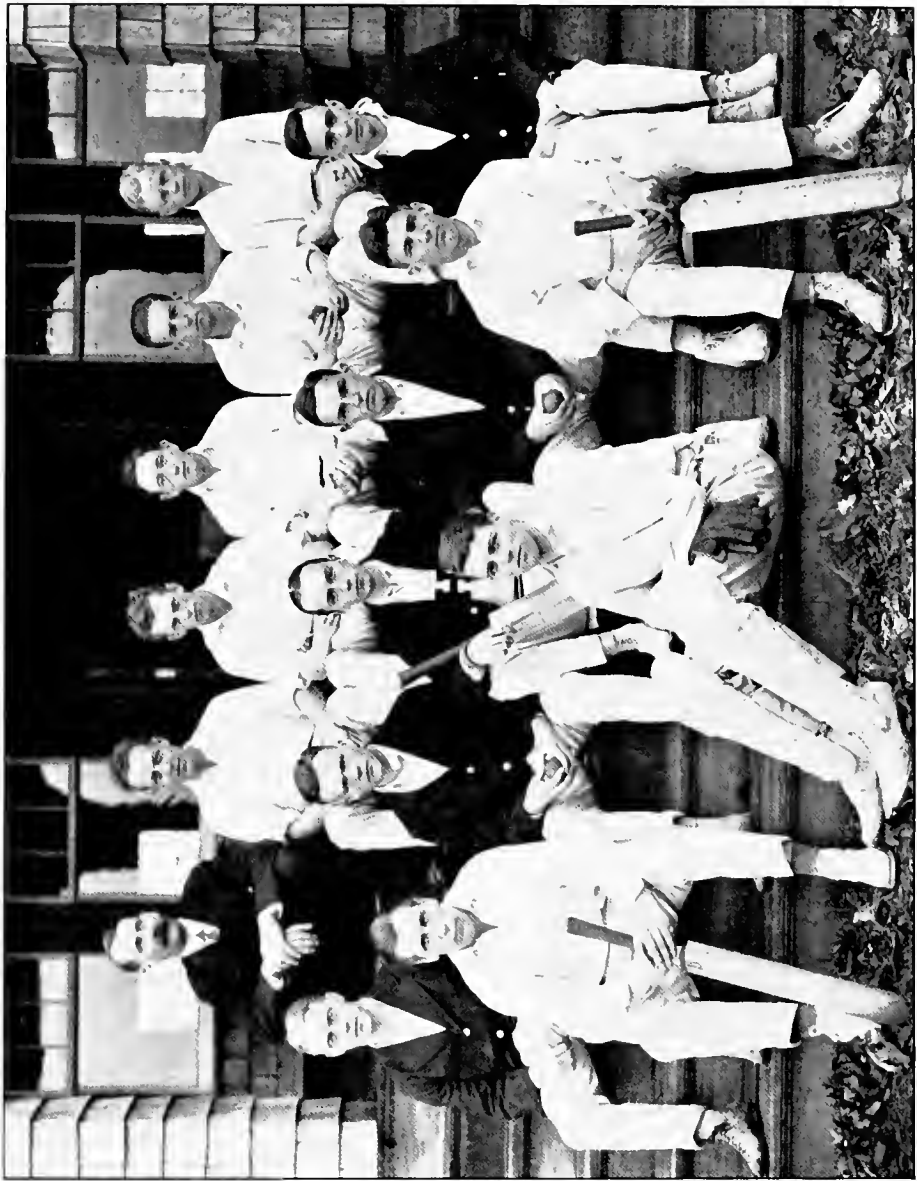
**T**HE last four years have been important ones in the history of Haverford's track and field athletics. They have seen the completion of a new track of which any college might justly feel proud, and the staging on that track last year of an intercollegiate meet—the Middle States—in which fourteen colleges participated. They have seen also the breaking of many of the old college records and, in general, the development of a more all-around team.

In Freshman year, on the old track, a dual meet with Swarthmore was held, the first one for a number of years. Haverford celebrated the return to competition with an old rival by a well-earned victory. In this meet Perry Hunter and Bill Bray scored second places in the pole-vault and quarter-mile respectively.

Next year Walton Field was completely renovated. A perfect cinder path was laid, including a 220-straightaway; and a pole was provided for the track which conformed to all the official requirements. N. Y. U. was beaten at New York, and Swarthmore was again defeated, this time by the close score of 54-50. Lehigh won the dual meet but Coach Keogh's squad of six men who made the trip to Lancaster for the Middle States got ample revenge. There they won fifth place with 17½ points, while Lehigh only secured 6½ points. In this meet Bill Bray won the 440 in 51¾ seconds, thus establishing a new Middle States record. Hunter tied for fourth place in the pole vault. The track "H" for this year was won by Bray, Martwick, and Hunter; and numerals by Knowlton, Shipley and Moon.

The chief event in track history last year was the Middle States Intercollegiates which were run off on Walton Field. Ideal conditions and keen competition resulted in the breaking of nine of the existing records. Of these, one was made by Martwick in the low hurdles, which he won in 25 ⅓ secs. Maxwell of Lafayette later equalled this time in the finals, beating out Marty by a foot. Hunter tied for second in the pole-vault at 10 ft. 6 in. The meet was won by Rutgers while Haverford finished in a tie for fifth place with 16 points.

In the dual meets the Scarlet and Black defeated N. Y. U. and Muhlenberg, but lost to Swarthmore on Whittier Field under adverse weather conditions and on a very muddy track. Members of 1916 to win their "H" last year were Martwick, Bray, Hunter, and Knowlton. Moon again earned his numerals. Martwick was the high scorer of the season, having garnered 51 points, and so was awarded the Walton Cup and was chosen captain for this year. Manager Buffum has announced the following meets:—Muhlenberg, N. Y. U., Middle States, Swarthmore, and the Intercollegiates.



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# NINETEEN SIXTEEN RECORD

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## Cricket

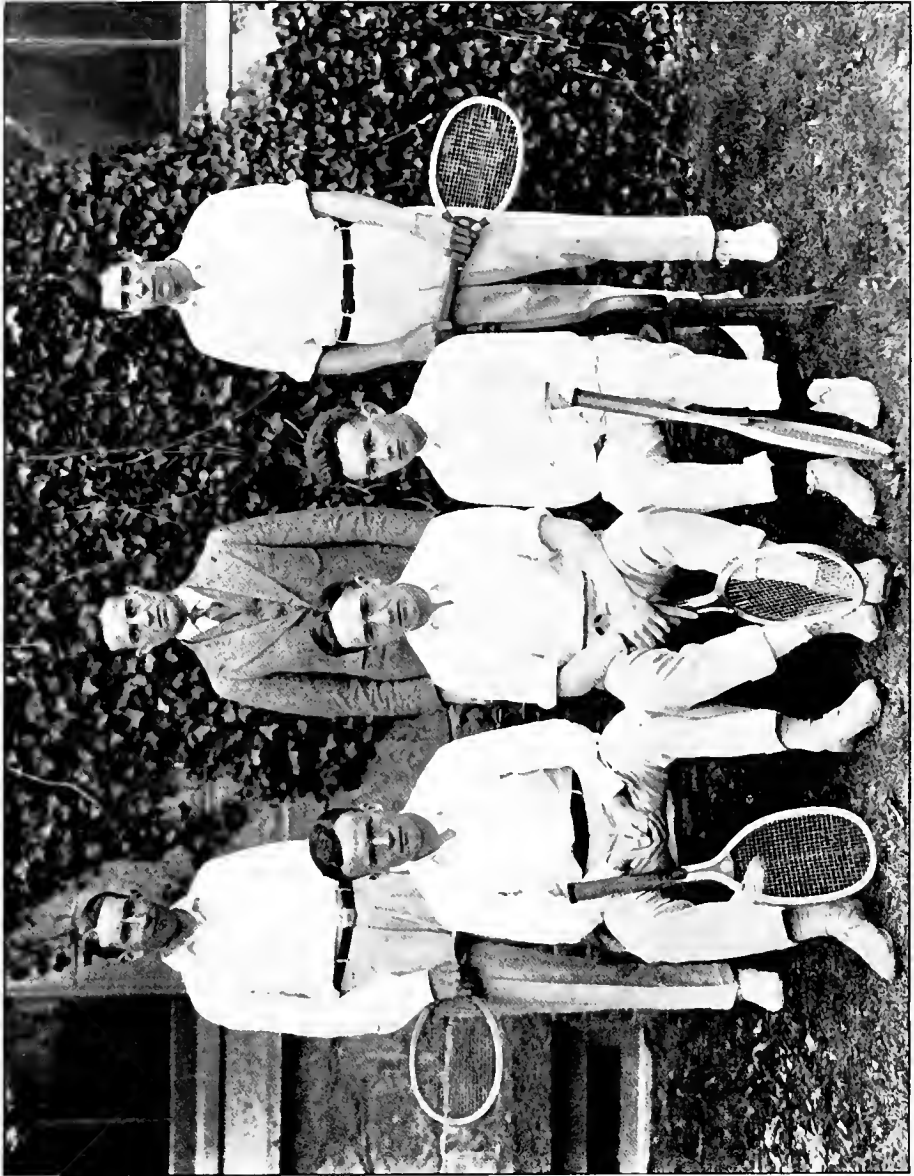


NINETEEN sixteen not only had good cricketers, but she added to the supply by developing them. Freshman year Jim Carey made the first team and seemed to take to the sport like a native Englishman, yet he had never played in a game before. Joe Stokes and Doug Wendell, both having more or less former cricket experience, were regular members of the Varsity. As the Swarthmore game is to football, so the Penn game is to cricket; and we would like to tell of straight victories over Penn. But somehow, the dope wouldn't work in either the Freshman or Sophomore years, for Penn won two out of three in both series. To go back a little, Joe and Doug accompanied the eleven on the Canadian Tour, as well as Jimmy Ellison, who had not yet become a member of '16. Jim Carey was chosen, but was unable to go. Although this trip was unproductive of any wonderful results, it was an excellent training for that far bigger tour, the English Trip.

At the end of Sophomore year, fourteen with Mr. Cope and Christy Morris departed on the Minnehaha. And among these fourteen, our class had a goodly share. Bill Kirk had attained enough proficiency to make a place on the team, and Jim Carey, Joe Stokes, and Doug Wendell held down their regular positions. In many of the games Joe's wonderful bowling and Jim's steady batting took a large share in holding a defeat down to low scores, or in winning a decisive victory.

Junior year saw two more cricketers developed from '16 who made the first team, namely, Alden Johnson and Jim Shipley. Jim Ellison had now joined us and also swelled the ranks. The thing which stands out in heart-warming relief for last year's season was the tremendous victory over Penn, by the score of 241 to 58. Joe simply mowed 'em down, and when it came to batting, Jim Carey and Doug held the other end up, while Marney Crosman scored a clean-cut century. After the College closed, the previously mentioned members of the Class, except Joe, who had to leave for Eaglesmere, remained with the team in Lloyd and took part in the Cricket Week Carnival held on Cope Field. Out of the series played with outside clubs, the Varsity won five, lost two, and drew one.

In the interclass games, 1916 has had its share of success. It seems we lost on odd years, for in '13 and '15 we were unable to get the championship. However in our Sophomore year, under the Captaincy of Wendell, our Class team easily added one more feather to their championship cap for that year. We hope, as we go to press, that the rule for winning on even years holds true this spring.



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# NINETEEN SIXTEEN RECORD

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## Tennis



FOR the last few years tennis at Haverford has progressed in popularity to such an extent that it has become probably the most widely-played game on the campus. Regular intercollegiate matches, too, are played in tennis during the spring, and there are the annual championships in singles and doubles.

In 1913, under the captaincy of J. Van Sickle, a victory was scored over Swarthmore; but the team lost to Lehigh and Michigan. J. Carey and Allen began their long association with the team this year, and Carey won the singles championship from a large field.

For the next season Wilmar Allen was elected captain of the team, an unusual honor for a Sophomore. Moreover, Bi'l filled the post so well that he was twice re-elected. During his first year as leader he participated in all the matches, both singles and doubles, and had an excellent record, losing only once—a singles match in the Penn meet. The team this year lost only to Penn. Johns Hopkins was beaten, and Lehigh and Swarthmore were tied. The 1916 representation on the team was Allen, Carey, and Johnson.

Last year the sport was given a great impetus by the building of two new courts on Walton Field and the improvement of two of the old ones. The new courts, which were constructed under the direction of Mr. E. E. Krauss, were built of macadam and equipped with up-to-date back-stops. The old courts by the Infirmary were re-surfaced, and new backstops erected. To finance these improvements a vigorous campaign was started under the general direction of D. B. Van Hollen and U. J. Mengert. It is expected that this work of improving Haverford's tennis facilities will be continued in the near future.

The season last year was featured by another victory over Swarthmore, and by an exciting tournament on the new courts, in which J. Carey again emerged triumphant after a hot battle with Allen. For this season, matches are scheduled with Columbia, Ursinus, Pennsylvania, Delaware, Johns Hopkins, Lehigh, Wesleyan, Swarthmore, and St. Johns.



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# NINETEEN SIXTEEN RECORD

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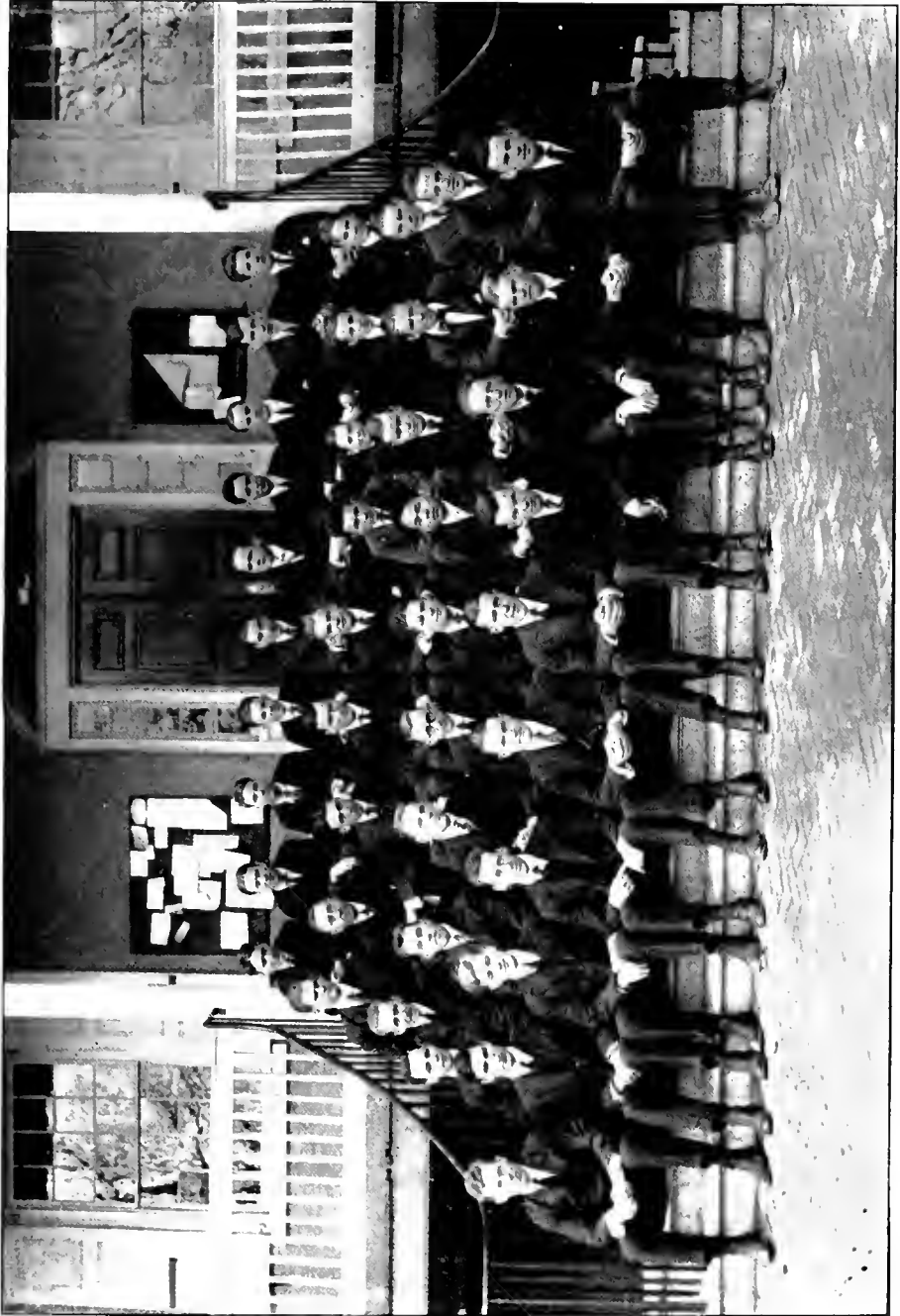
## Baseball



AFTER more or less sporadic attempts at class teams, baseball was finally organized in a tentative way in the spring of 1915 as the Haverford Baseball Club, which, in its first year had a membership of about ninety. Thus it was that we put out a real uniformed team under the Captaincy of Steere, and with Cary, Lukens, and Hannum, Manager, in the infield. Although not recognized as a varsity team, they made a good showing in their infancy, opening with a 6-5 victory over the veteran Fourth St. Club. The next three games came easy; College of Pharmacy being defeated 19-1, College of Osteopathy 3-0, and Temple 8-0. Penn Fresh, who consistently trimmed the Penn Varsity, got our nerve in the first two innings and won 5-1. Our only other defeat came at the hands of Delaware, 4-0, on the day after Junior Day, when sleep hung heavy on the team. The season ended well with an 11-1 victory over P. M. C. As an afterthought, we won the championship at the Eaglesmere Convention, defeating Dickinson, Johns Hopkins, Cornell, and Penn State, with a few members from the regular team and some good subs.

This year, Hannum as backstop again, captained the team, which had a good deal heavier schedule, as arranged by Manager Knight, including games with U. of P., F. & M., Delaware, Ursinus, Hamilton and P. M. C.

Although aided by alumni and friends, the Club was on a slender financial basis at first; and except for a little advice from Mike Bennett, had no real coaching. Douglas Adams '96 helped with the coaching this year; and with the newly appointed Alumni Baseball Committee, consisting of Rossmuessler '07, chairman, Kurtz '08, and E. R. Tatnall '07, working hard, things look much brighter; and the near future will probably see another major sport at Haverford. We wish good luck to those who will carry on the work, and hope that they will complete the task thus started.





# NINETEEN SIXTEEN RECORD

## Junior Class

AYUSAWA, IWAS FREDERICK	Tokio, Japan
BAILY, WILLIAM LLOYD, JR.	Ardmore, Pa.
BRODHEAD, HORACE BEALE	Parkesburg, Pa.
BROWN, CHARLES FARWELL	Brookline, Mass.
BROWN, ERNEST LANCASTER	Moorestown, N. J.
BURKETT, JOHN WARREN	Wayne, Pa.
BUZBY, JOHN HOWARD	Atlantic City, N. J.
CHAMBERLIN, WILLIAM HENRY	Philadelphia, Pa.
CHANDLER, GEORGE DONALD	Hockessin, Del.
CLEMENT, DEWITT CROWELL	Philadelphia, Pa.
CROSMAN, WILLARD MARTIN RICE	Haverford, Pa.
DARLINGTON, WILLIAM MARSHALL	West Chester, Pa.
FORSYTHE, JESSE GARRETT	Wallingford, Pa.
GARDINER, WILLIAM JOHN	Moorestown, N. J.
GIBSON, ROBERT	Everett, Pa.
GREENE, JOSEPH WARREN, III	Wickford, R. I.
HAINES, ROBERT BOWNE, 3d	Germantown, Pa.
HALL, ALBERT WINTER	Berwyn, Ill.
HOWLAND, WESTON	New Bedford, Mass.
INMAN, ARTHUR CREW	Atlanta, Ga.
JONES, HERBERT LAWRENCE	Waterville, Me.
KLOCK, HARVEY	Herdon, Pa.
LAVERTY, MARIS ALEXANDER	Bala, Pa.
LAWRENCE EDWIN FIELD, JR.	Sterling, Ill.
LITTLE, WILLIAM CLARK	Swarthmore, Pa.
MCKINSTRY, HUGH EXTON	West Chester, Pa.
METCALFE, ROBERT DAVIS	Worcester, Mass.
MILLER, ROBERT BOYD	Pittsburgh, Pa.
MOORE, GILBERT HENRY	Narberth, Pa.
PAINTER, DONALD HINSHAW	Dayton, Ohio
PRICE, EDMUND TABER	New Bedford, Mass.
RAMSEY, LAWRENCE MARSHALL	Sterling, Kan.
SANGREE, CARL MICHAEL	Philadelphia, Pa.
SCHOCH, WENDELL DERINGER	St. Davids, Pa.
SCHOEPFERLE, HUBERT VINZENS	Hamburg, N. Y.
SNADER, EDWARD ROLAND, JR.	Philadelphia, Pa.
SPAETH, JOHN WILLIAM, JR.	Philadelphia, Pa.
SPELLISSY, ARTHUR EMERSON	Germantown, Pa.
STRAWBRIDGE, JUSTUS CLAYTON 2d	Germantown, Pa.
VAN DAM, COLBY DORR	New York, N. Y.
VAN DAM, LORING	New York, N. Y.
WELLER, HENRY SEYMOUR	Milwaukee, Wis.
WESTON, EDWARD MITCHELL	Philadelphia, Pa.
WHITSON, THOMAS BARCLAY	Moylan, Pa.
WILSON, JAMES GORDON	Narberth, Pa.
ZEREGA, JOHN WHITMAN	Plainfield, N. J.



# NINETEEN SIXTEEN RECORD

## Sophomore Class

ALEXANDER, JOHN WILLIAM	Philadelphia, Pa.
ARNOLD, HARRISON HEIKS	Dillsburg, Pa.
BARRIE, ROBERT, JR.	Haverford, Pa.
BELL, HERBERT HALLOCK	Milton, N. Y.
BUZY, GEORGE HAINES	Atlantic City, N. J.
CLVELAND, ARTHUR HORTON, JR	Chadd's Ford, Pa.
COLEMAN, HENRY FREDERICK, JR	Logan, Pa.
COOPER, BENNETT SMEDLEY	Moorestown, N. J.
CROSMAN, JOHN MARSHALL	Haverford, Pa.
CURTIS, STEPHEN	Wilmington, Del.
DEACON, FRANK	Germantown, Pa.
DEWEES, ALFRED HENRY	Philadelphia, Pa.
FITTS, DWIGHT ROBERT	Kansas City, Mo.
GILMOUR, NEIL	Ballston Spa, N. Y.
GREER, ROBERT BRATTON	Johnstown, Pa.
HALLETT, HENRY McCLELLAN, 2d	Lansdowne, Pa.
HARDING, WILLIAM HOVER	Chicago, Ill.
HAYMAN, JOSEPH MARCHANT, JR.	Germantown, Pa.
HISEY, JOHN ALAN, JR.	Philadelphia, Pa.
HOFFMAN, WILLIAM ALEXANDER	Chadd's Ford, Pa.
HYNSON, MATTHEW MANLOVE	Millford, Del.
KENDALL, JOHN WILEY	Washington, D. C.
KOONS, HENRY WEBSTER	Philadelphia, Pa.
LECLERCQ, JACK GEORGE CLEMENCEAU SCHUMAN	Carlsbad, Austria
LESTER, EVAN JONES, JR	Jenkintown, Pa.
LONG, CHARLES-FRANCIS	Wilkes-Barre, Pa.
LUSSON, LOUIS CAMILLE OERY	Ardmore, Pa.
MOORE, ROBERT WHITCOMB	Narberth, Pa.
MOORE, WILLARD BROWN	Dubois, Pa.
NEVIN, WALTER SCOTT	Narberth, Pa.
PAINTER, HERBERT JOSEPH	Dayton, Ohio
PORCH, WILLARD RALPH	Johnstown, Pa.
PORTER, EDWARD ARTHUR GRIBBON	Moylan, Pa.
SCHENCK, HENRY PAUL	Philadelphia, Pa.
SHARP, JOSEPH WEBSTER, 3d	Berwyn, Pa.
SHIPLEY, MORRIS SHOTWELL, JR	Haverford, Pa.
STIEF, DAVID RALSTON	Philadelphia, Pa.
TABER, JOHN CLARKSON	Brooklyn, N. Y.
TATUM, OLIVER PARRY	Llanerch, Pa.
THACHER, JOHN WILKINS	Philadelphia, Pa.
THORNTON, PERCY STOKES	Wayne, Pa.
THORPE, EDWARD SHEPPARD, JR	Frankford, Pa.
TOMLINSON, ALBERT HIRBS	Swarthmore, Pa.
TOWNSEND, ALFRED JAMES	Boston, Mass.
WEBB, KENNETH WALDIE	Germantown, Pa.
WRIGHT, WILLIAM JENKS	Chestnut Hill, Pa.





# NINETEEN SIXTEEN RECORD

## Freshman Class

ALDEN, HOLLIS EMERY	Bridgewater, Mass.
BALDERSTON, RICHARD MEAD	Colora, Md.
BARLOW, JOHN DENMAN	Hazel Grove, England
BATTEY, RICHARD THOMPSON	Providence, R. I.
BROCKELBANK, WILLIAM JOHN	Newmarket, Ont.
CALLENDER, GORDON SAMUEL	Scranton, Pa.
CHAPMAN, SAMUEL HUDSON, JR.	Philadelphia, Pa.
CORSON, PHILIP LANGDON	Plymouth Meeting, Pa.
DAY, GRAFTON BUCKINGHAM	Collingswood, N. J.
DUNN, THOMAS PHILLIPS	Erie, Pa.
GRAVES, EDGAR BALDWIN	Philadelphia, Pa.
GRIFFITH, ROY THURLBY	Narberth, Pa.
HAINES, HARTLEY STOKES	Millville, N. J.
HALL, ARTHUR DILLWYN	Philadelphia, Pa.
HARTSHORN, GORDON BIRDSALL	Walden, N. Y.
HARTSHORNE, CHARLES	Phoenixville, Pa.
HASTINGS, WILLIAM FAIRBANK	Prescott, Mass.
HATHAWAY, NATHANIEL, JR.	Germantown, Pa.
HAYNES, JOHN SHIELDS	Cynwyd, Pa.
HUBLER, GEORGE HAROLD	Auburn, Pa.
HUSTON, JAMES STEWART	Coatesville, Pa.
KERBAUGH, MALCOLM DEAN	Bryn Mawr, Pa.
LIMBURNER, BURMAN HUNTE	Swarthmore, Pa.
MCCONNELL, THOMAS 3d	Philadelphia, Pa.
MILLER, RUSSELL NELSON	Philadelphia, Pa.
MORGAN, MORDECAI REEVES	Logan, Pa.
MORLEY, FRANK VIGOR	Baltimore, Md.
OLIVER, ALAN DOUGLAS	Ras-el-Metn, Syria
OLIVER, KENNETH STUART	Ras-el-Metn, Syria
OSLER, CHESTER ARTHUR	Pensauken, N. J.
PANCOAST, CHARLES EDWARD, 2d	Chestnut Hill, Pa.
PHILIPS, JESSE EVAN	Kennett Square, Pa.
PRICE, ROBERT BARNER	Charleston, W. Va.
SCATTERGOOD, ARNOLD CHASE	Philadelphia, Pa.
SCHROPE, JACOB	Haverford, Pa.
SHIPLEY, WALTER PENN. JR.	Germantown, Pa.
STAIR, PHILIP WHITNEY	Toronto, Canada
TAYLOR, HAMILTON DANA	Montgomery, Ala.
THOMAS, CLEAVER SHOEMAKER	Chester, Pa.
THORPE, ELMER HANCOCK	Frankford, Pa.
WALTON, JOSEPH JAMES	Barnesville, Ohio.



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NINETEEN SIXTEEN RECORD

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H A V E R F O R D   C O L L E G E

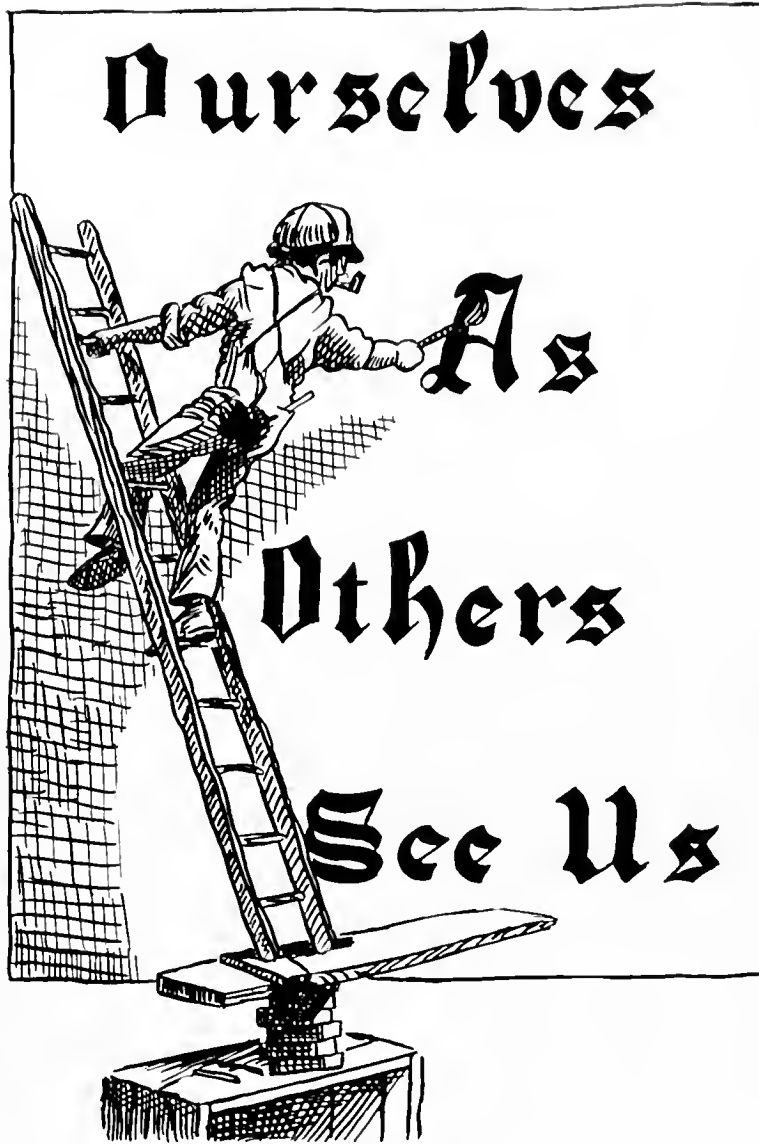
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June 1916

The soldier kneeling on the firing line  
Of battle knows the metal of the man  
His shoulder touches, as no other can.  
He reads his hidden heart by outward sign,  
And judges rightly if that spark divine  
Burn in his bosom as the charging foe  
Sweeps down upon them, and the rockets go  
Screaming o'erhead,—or be but ashes fine.  
As if we, too, had stood in line, we know  
The other,—where his strength and weakness lie;  
We are united by that undertow  
Which lives and moves and throbs,—'gainst which decay  
Availeth not, and which shall never die  
'Till man and time and space have passed away.

*A. H. S.*





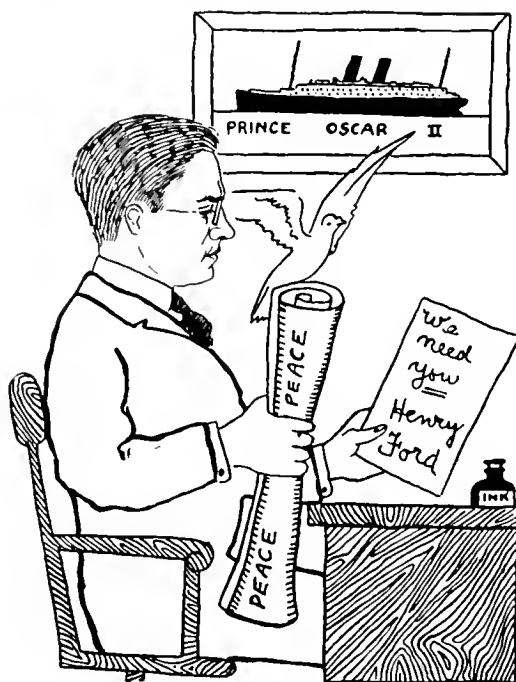
*Cartoons for this department drawn by Henry Paul Schenk.*

# HAVERFORD COLLEGE

WILMAR MASON ALLEN

"Bill"

"That-a-boy, Eddy, Bop on 'em—Bop on 'em right," this from Bill Allen, while the ever-present Sherty (at an interclass soccer game, of course) shrieks a Klaxon accompaniment to Bill's raucous bass with "Come on there, Senyerrs!" Outside of Jimmy Ellison, Bill certainly has the most characteristic voice in the



Senior class. With it he can run the gamut of emotions—why the judges in the oratorical contest simply feed out of his hand at the end of one of his orations. With that voice of his he could wheedle a loan for five out of Oscar, or scare the big stick out of T. R. Yes, Bill's big bass formed such a comfortable cradle for the rest of the seconds in the Glee Club the last several years that they could go to sleep in it. And that same voice has whipped expression into many a Cap and Bells candidate's toneless maunderings, as well as added its manifold inflections and the personality back of it, to most of the Ministerial, Dutch-Uncle, and Butlerial parts the Cap and Bells has needed the last three seasons.

The Oscar II would have claimed Bill as a passenger, but unfortunately Henry caught the fighting "undernote" in Bill's deep-pitched tones and the party was all off. The only place Bill's

voice never helped him out was in the game of tennis; however, this fact didn't deter him from quietly skippering the team from his Sophomore year on. The "Flounders" has claimed him, Phi Beta Kappa enrolled him, the Class picked him for its winning bet the last year, and scholarships have been merely incidentals to Bill, with all his cultivated Southern drawl. But that little bit of a drawl meaneth not a lackadaisical temperament; believe verily, reader, when that voice of his, with its fist of iron behind the velvet, comes from him in the capacity of President of the Student Council, it makes things and people obey its requests *sine mora*. As Admiral Goodrich remarked in his preparedness speech, nobody has had the nerve to "call" yet; they simply drop out of the game.

Bill is a man with a definite purpose, and such men, as Caesar would say, are dangerous—to trifle with. Let me give you a tip—if you want to win Bill's admiration, just do some one thing with so dod-gasted much efficiency that the Lord himself couldn't do it better, and Bill will be your servant for life.

## NINETEEN SIXTEEN RECORD

RALPH VANDERVORT BANGHAM

"Ralph"

If any of us don't know what and where Wilmington College is, it must be that in the rush of work we have forgotten; for we surely heard of it once at least, perhaps twice. For since Ralph hit the campus last fall with his gorilla stride, carpet bag in one hand, umbrella in the other, and announced himself as "Scholarship man from Wilmington," he has faithfully lived up to his motto that

"if you don't toot your own horn it won't get tooted."

Ralph came to us with the reputation of being "a very nice boy"; but the bloom of innocence, sad to say, soon began to wither. After his first month in Founders he began to neglect his "Now I lay me"; by another month he could say "pshaw" and "fiddlesticks" without blushing; and now he can say "d-d-durn" without batting an eye.

As a lady killer, Ralph is a regular Don Juan. The fair ones just seem to fall for him as naturally as a magnet draws wood. But who could resist him when he backs up against the wall, winds his right leg around his left three times and a half, props his chin on his left thumb, trails his index finger up along side of his ear, and tunes up his full faced whole souled smile! His favorite topics of conversation are "My courses at Wilmington," "My experiences as a temperance stump speaker," and "My knowledge of Biology." Since announcing himself as a temperance orator, he has become much sought after by Ladies' Aid Societies and W. C. T. U. meetings. He is making his influence felt in combatting the liquor interests; and at the Bryn Mawr Methodist Church he is a leader among the young people, and inci-



dentally, a social tom-cat.

As a student Ralph plugs along in the front ranks, devouring the crumbs of knowledge ravenously and licking his chops for more. He is interested in everything from an amoeba to the fourth dimension; and is never so happy as when matching the pennies of shop knowledge. He is revered in Founders for his great breadth and depth of experience, admired for his adaptability in becoming the butt of practical jokes, and liked for his cheerful and good-natured disposition.

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# H A V E R F O R D C O L L E G E

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WILLIAM McKINLEY BRAY

"Bill"

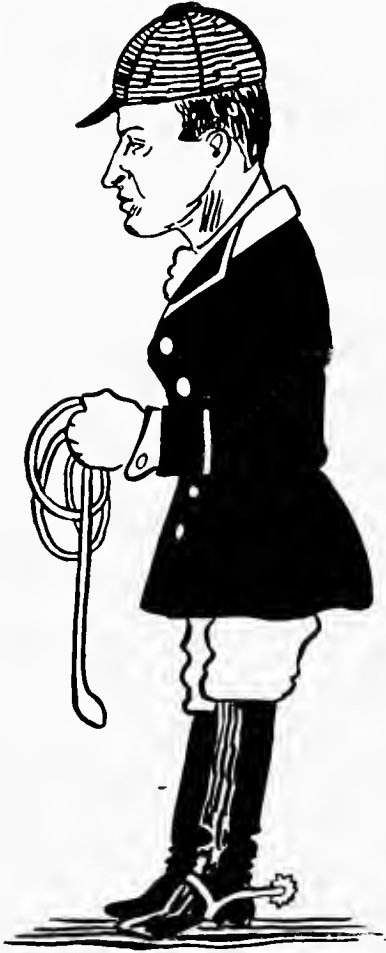
The proper way to start talking about Bill is to say something about his automobile; but the board has placed a ban on jokes about this particular car, so an excellent opening is ruined. Besides his machine, Bill has a few hobbies which bring to light his striking personality. For three years he posed as M. F. H. of

the Bellwood Hounds and appeared at classes every Saturday morning in the regalia of a huntsman. Many a poor lil' fox has passed up his brush to Bill; and his deeds are known throughout the countryside. But a diversion, which we will mention later, took away his attention and his M. F. H. during Junior year.

Bill's fondness for certain studies is another hobby which is most interesting. He has evidenced a great liking for Chemistry and is majoring with Dr. Hall. He is an honored member of the H<sub>2</sub>O Club. Bill has also spent considerable time on Math., Bib. Lit., and History, and expects honors in this last subject from Dr. Kelsey. That he deserves them is proved by his perfect imitations of "Now Class," and "When I was in Southern California." As a sprinter Bill is unexcelled. He holds the Middle States record for the quarter, and has been a mainstay of the track team for four years.

Besides all these accomplishments, Bill has a beautiful silvery voice and at any time will favor you with the latest songs. Sometimes the discords of the Saxon throw him off the time; but usually he rivals Mrs. Castle. Bill has often held his listeners spell-bound; but he was most successful in singing "You've got your mother's big blue eyes," for they say it is to come off sometime in the fall. The house is being built anyway. We can only add our supplications to those of the poet, who said,—

"Look down, you Gods,  
And on this coup!e drop a blessed crown."



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## NINETEEN SIXTEEN RECORD

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FREDERICK CYRUS BUFFUM, Jr.

"Buff", "Fred"

Buff is a robust product of "God's Country," which does not necessarily mean Paradise. For be it known unto you, O Gentle Reader, that to the mind of those that dwell beyond the great river which is called in the English tongue, Hudson, "God's Country" is New England. Be that as it may, Buff firmly



believes in the superiority of Rhode Island and the "New Haven," and he does not lose any opportunity to spend as much time as possible in that locality. One thing has always puzzled us. When he came back from vacation three days late, how did he succeed in persuading the Dean to strike out his cuts? Last winter Fred took to skating, and at any time between 6 A. M. and 11 P. M. you would be likely to find him on the ice. Aside from an hour or two a day spent in classes—an unfortunate faculty requirement—and a short time for meals, Fred lived on the ice.

On the gridiron Buffum was a star. In Freshman year he was picked for the backfield by the unsuspecting Keogh. Do you remember that great 15-yard dash through the line in the Delaware game? (It was fine, except that he dropped the ball.) But in Junior year Buffum found his right berth at guard, and was, as the sporting writers say, a stonewall on the defense and a battering ram on the offense. Ridpath of Swarthmore testifies to this.

There is a certain imperial attitude, a particularly authoritative tone of voice, which Buff assumes at times. Then we realize that Nietzsche's "superman" is in our midst, and tremble. At such a time it is the better part of valor to retire discreetly or to obey, that is unless one is larger than he, and most of us are not. Oft have we felt with Shakespeare—

"O, it is excellent

To have a giant's strength; but it is  
tyrannous

To use it like a giant."

*N'est-ce pas, Sharpless?* However, it

must needs be said in Buff's defense, that one of the best of hearts beats beneath his sometimes bluff exterior.

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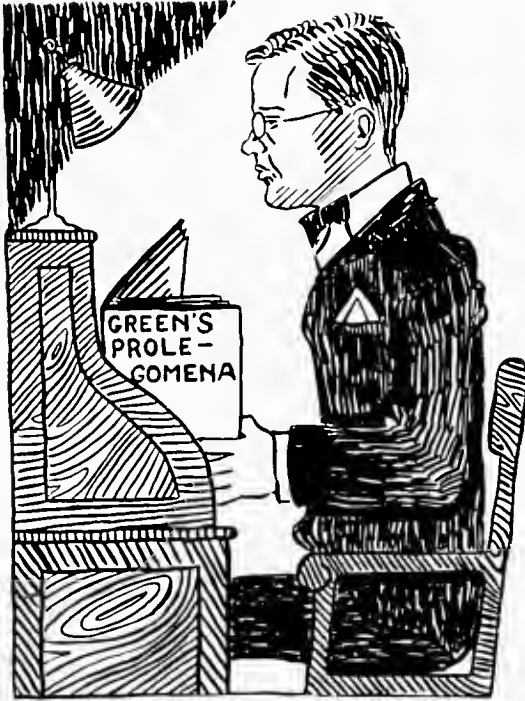
# HAVERFORD COLLEGE

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JAMES CAREY, 3d.

"Jim", "Mo"

It is too bad that old Zeno lived so long ago; or that he didn't live to be older; for Jim would have been a leader of that stolid band of brethren called Stoics. At least it is bad for Zeno. But Jim was much more needed by the twentieth



century,—ask Baltimo'. When he was asked to demonstrate how sound is produced, an array of neckties from 24 South Barclay completely satisfied 'his Physics sure is ———'. But these dainty necklaces were not mere accidents. In fact they were the solution to one of our class mysteries; namely, why did one see a figure garbed in a "Spady" suit, a "Mo" derby, and one of the above mentioned blazing ens'gns, setting off for a box party with the elite,—to say nothing of the negligé shirt? Well, by a process of logic: (1) Jim was never known to applaud; (2) Jim must show his appreciation; (3) therefore the tie, yellow or red according to the political party of his hostess. As one of our philosophers, he has been an increasingly hard worker, recently a keen critic of poetry à la English 13, and a modest classmate with an unsuspected depth of seriousness.

Our cricket team was too big for Haverford and the good old U. S. A.; so, as is universally known, it sallied or rather sailed forth to the old country to beat the Englishman at his own game. But cricket could not fill all of Jim's waking hours;—no, London itself must yield the secrets of its streets and transit systems to our map-perusing hero. Just why he used the chart of the surface cars when in the subway, and the chart of the subway when on the surface, is not quite so evident. However, it may have been an acquired English characteristic.

"The purpose of this meeting—I mean to say—in all probability—you can easily see—well—Mr. Ellison! Will you kindly address the chair!!" No, this is not a Binet test, it is Jim leading an athletic meeting. You might hear the same thing on a lesser scale 'most any day, when an argument was going on; and you could tell exactly how long the discussion had been in progress by the volume of Jim's voice. Jim will probably be a lawyer,—well, I would hate to be his opponent.

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## NINETEEN SIXTEEN RECORD

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FRANK WING CARY

"Chick"

*"And as he knew not what to say, he swore."*

Chick is impulsive, very impulsive, and a reader of *Life*. The first, we know, because we are witnesses to his impulses; the second, because he always follows *Life's* command to "obey". It is all a part of his charm. You go into his room



and he will greet you warmly, unless he happens to be concentrating—he is very often concentrating too, and does it quite successfully. If he is in "old stupor" he will not notice you. Ask him three or four questions if you wish, but do not expect answers. He has not even heard you. At such times you will do well to leave at once; your presence is distasteful. You may even be told where to go, if you seem undecided or meddlesome. So beware of Chick in "old stupor."

As a worshipper at the shrine of "my lady Nicotine," Chick has been well treated by that filmy goddess. There has been one exception, however. It happened "up the line" a mile or so. The girl called attention to the beauties of the moon, and waited; but the unpoetic Chick, murmuring something about a hammock, fled to the house. For once P. A. was a traitor to an old

friend.

We have noticed an encouraging thing of late, in fact ever since the Ec. V. exam at mid-years. Chick has been looking over the price lists in an Underwood catalogue. "Nuf sed."

Have you ever seen Chick early in the morning? His eyes have become two little slits, one on each side of his nose. And if you should ask him what this condition has to do with a rise of taxes, he would answer "Well, it's a big question." Chick is to be an engineer of some kind—we hope it will be "civil"—and he is going to Boston Tech next year.

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# HAVERFORD COLLEGE

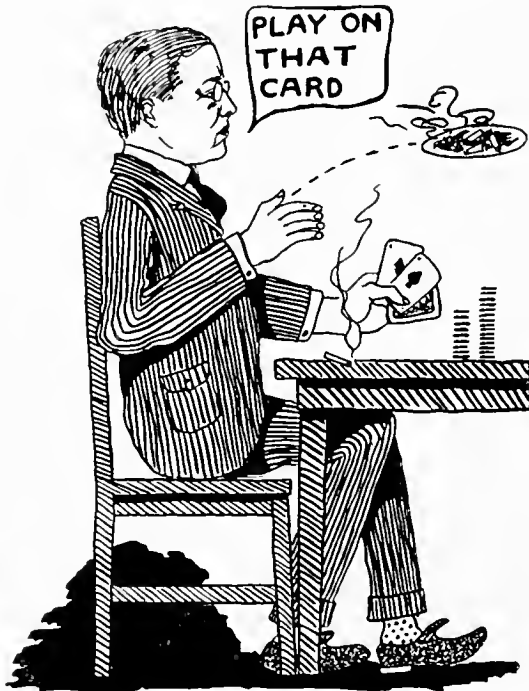
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JOSEPH ARTHUR COOPER

"Hook"

*"From the crown of his head to the sole of his foot, he is all mirth."*

Hook was never known to let anything worry him long. Always in spirits, and always equipped with a stock of scintillating repartee is this diminutive product of Coatesville and Westtown. Exams never bothered him; his philosophical attitude toward them is well illustrated by his famous remark made in Freshman



year. It was the morning of the big algebra exam, and everybody in South was cramming their heads off. That is, everybody but Hook. Ed Moon discovered the latter calmly sitting off by himself in a corner, smoking a pipe. "Hello, you little Hook." "Hello, you big Ed."—"Why aren't you studying, Hook?" "Oh," carelessly replied Hook, "I'll have enough trouble about those questions when we come to the exam, without bothering about them now."

In his early years at College, Hook was a great follower of the "little game," and during one of these early morning gatherings occurred the famous ash-tray incident. Yes, Hook was peeved for once, and Fred Buffum was the object of his ire. "Play on that card," he demanded in a shrill voice. Fred delayed an instant, much to his sorrow, for the adjacent ash-tray, full of ammunition came straight at his head. Such is the wrath of

little Hook when aroused. Beware!

In later years Hook became a real student. Surveying his first "B" report, after the Senior Midyears, the little shrimp remarked reflectively, puffing away on a borrowed Fatima, "That's what comes from picking your courses carefully." Indeed we understand that he has just finished a monumental publication autobiographical in character entitled "How to get a B. S. in Four Easy Steps."

Hook's presence is valued so much that "Doc" Watson once was forced to suspend an Ecc class, postponing an interesting discussion on the Rock Island R. R., because, upon glancing over the group he found the little devil absent. Hook's last year was spent mostly in the Ardmore Y. M. C. A. along with Mr. Crist and a couple of "stenogs." It's down there that he finds seclusion to talk, without fear of interruption, to his feminine friends.



# NINETEEN SIXTEEN RECORD

BOLTON LANGDON CORSON

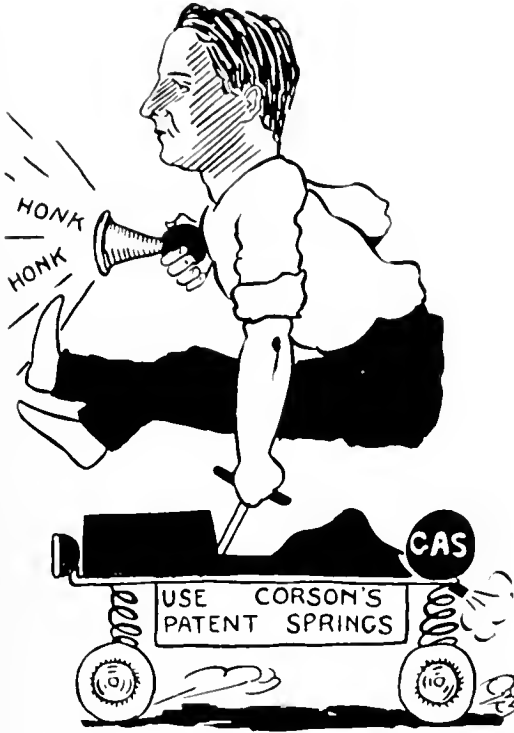
"Bo"

*"Sweet Analytics, tis thou hast ravished me."*

We say out of justice to Bo that we know he is a mathematician, for he passed Math. 3 and transposed the zero. But there was a time when we had our doubts; when, for example, after a certain exam in Analytics, if the aforesaid candidate was approached upon matters mathematical in any hint, suggestion, or question,

he would go off into the famous Corson War Song, a combination of Wolf's Howl and Rebel Yell. So much for the prologue.

As a certain detested Roman once said, all Bo is divided into three parts—acting, engineering, and getting-up-in-the-morning. The last named is one of Center Barclay's most subtle indoor sports, participated in by Lukens and Corson; Lukens being the Prime-Mover and Bolton the Secondarily-Moved. Now there have been two great striking events in Bo's college life:— the night he metamorphosed Eliza from a gawky, green eyed, parrot-in-the-cage-carrying country girl into a triumphant, accomplished, beautiful, heart-winning, "Cap and Bells" maiden; and the night Bolton L. Corson, Engineer, completed the last draught of the Corson Cantilever Automobile Spring Suspension, which is to make Ford-riding over holey ruts as easy as swinging in a hammock. Added to his facility in the line of mechanical inventions, was it not also Bo's stroke of inspiration that discovered



and promulgated the use of the words "smooth" and "careless"?

We can heartily recommend Bo as an authority on the history of "Saxons." But beware! Should you ask him (while Bill Bray is present) when the Saxons first landed in England, then he and Bill will respond in tones attuned to musical comedy monologue; "O, 'Twas Apple Blossom Time in Normandy," and "It's Going to be a Cold, Cold, Winter." Happy-go-lucky, good natured, sympathetic, that's Bolton too, with a tendency toward the latest dances, and "petting" (another Corson-coined word), and a mania for Horseless Age and Automobile Shows. In the future, we see Bo divided between three pursuits, manufacturing springs, running Lime Quarries near "Pilgrims" (on his knowledge of Physics 3), and playing golf. Certainly from all present indications, his wife will be a "golfing widow."

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# HAVERFORD COLLEGE

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GEORGE ARTHUR DUNLAP

"George", "Spike"

Stone can do most anything with a typewriter, but Spike Dunlap is the only mortal we know who can make that animal stutter. Yes sir! and he can also beat Dr. Reid at his own game; he proved that early in Freshman year, much to the conglomerate joy of the whole class. However, to harp on another subject, as essays

for instance, we find George right in his element. William Henry and Spike "essay" neck and neck; William's Russian Mystics fight it out with George's English Poets in the pages of the *Haverfordian* regularly every month. The last two years, every Thursday night you would find Spike up in the *News* Office presiding over the birth of the mid-week "copy" for the *News*. Moreover, until it was wished on Ken Webb, George used to write up Wednesday night Y. M. C. A. to such a degree that he could do it in his sleep;—it had become one of Rufus' "second instinct" affairs.

Although William Henry has it a little on Spike in the essay line, due to his knowledge of Russian, George can give him a good licking when it comes to tennis, even if Clare can't. Tennis, Wogglebug and Cricket comprise Spike's desires in the line of sport. In connection with the latter we must mention his wonderful stop, and throw in the class game in Sophomore year, as a result of which Eddie Crosman was run out and our victory made possible.

It used to be noisome, the way Maxwel kidded, or tried to kid

George about mistakes in the *News*, but Spike proved so imperturable and stuttered his retorts with such vigor that Max got nervous for fear he would catch it, and "teetotally" desisted. Well, we'll leave our member of that triple entente, the *News*, the *Haverfordian*, and the *Record*, patiently plugging away at his work—and you can be as sure it will be done on time as that tomorrow's sun will make the roosters crow in Ardmore.



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## NINETEEN SIXTEEN RECORD

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JAMES SPRAGUE ELLISON, JR.

"Jim", "Slim"

A man is known by the company he keeps, so Jim decided he would rather graduate with '16. Coming to us from '15, he was formally welcomed at the good old waffle dinner at St. Davids, Junior year; and both he and the class have been gladder every day that they got together. The Social Work course must have had a profound influence on Slim; for no one has done more consistent work in the



Tenney-ment district than he; so it was not in vain that Sherty sweated over the carbons to show us the great maladjustments of society

Since Jim has been with us but a couple of years, let us deal with just a couple of years. The cricket team has profited by his presence to the extent of his being captain; and perhaps his fondness for this game explains the idea of true sportsmanship, which as cheerleader he instilled into those not yet imbued with it. Also he has the happy faculty of being continuously active; though, as to how large a part of this activity is work, we hesitate to say. Sometimes a snatch of old time verbiage from his deep resonant throat rolls through the halls; but for the most part, Jim is the suave diplomatic gentleman, especially where ladies are concerned. This characteristic extends even

to the sacred precincts of Ardmore.

Jim has one great danger, and one great safeguard. The former is his liability to be arrested for no visible means of support; the latter is the fact that he need fear only skin disease and bone felon. But with special Physical Training exercises, under the coaching of Alden and Bill Kirk, he has been gaining rapidly and is thinking of putting a "pound-a-day" ad in the paper.

His room is a veritable garden of roses with odors from every land. Each source of said fragrance, as well as everything else, is properly and exactly placed where Jim can lay his hands on them in the dark. This probably is a necessity. However, not only his own things are so accurately arranged in his room, but many other peoples' too. Slim has three typewriters—Happy's, Ulric's, and Choate's; and he is the chief exponent of the old adage, "What's yours is mine."

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# H A V E R F O R D   C O L L E G E

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WALTER REICHNER FARIES

"Walt"

With a gentle bull-like voice that belied his childish countenance, Walt burst among us, and has maintained supremacy in the cheering section against all comers and all handicaps. Freshman year held several notable events for Walt. A Bib. Lit. flunk changed the intentions of our embryo minister; and also be it

marked that it was then that he first flunked Greek I. The third event of the above said several, was the great snake and water fight. Ask Doug about the latter if you can catch him awake sometime.

Walt swings clubs. He swung his way onto the gym team immediately and clubbed Polly into sweet oblivion on the great night of the one and only parade; the night when '15 did the worst they knew—which was much—and '17 did the best they knew; and '16 did them both.

But ah, how fortunate are the few of us who saw him at his best on "that memorable day and year" in "the moonlight trip of Faries here"—from the Court. For location, see Rep.



Half a leg, half a leg  
Half a leg onward  
Down 'neath the bridge he came  
Nine flat—the hundred;  
Flew past the "snipe" brigade  
Out on its weekly raid;  
Women and men dismayed—  
All the town wondered.  
One shoe-d, completely bare,  
Dodging the auto's glare  
Longing for Barclay Hall,  
Panting he wondered.  
His not to us deny  
His but to strip and try  
His but to long to fly  
When a couple he sundered.

"Shades of 'Chiefy'!" cried the bunch; and went home to pleasant dreams.

Walt did pioneer work "in terms of a hundred per cent" on the Merion Y.M. C. A. So absorbed in the task was he that he could hardly spare time for his meals. Of course wireless and swimming came in for their share of attention, especially the latter. Not a pool was safe from our Walt; and with his wide aquatic experience he organized our newest activity, the swimming team.

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## NINETEEN SIXTEEN RECORD

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ALBERT GRAHAM GARRIGUES

"Garry"

*"It's always good,  
When a man has two irons in the fire."*

Albert lives so close to the College that we hardly ever see him. Unlike John, who preceded him, Albert has never deigned to room in the dorms; and of late, he has made himself very scarce about the campus.



His college career is a record of many divergent aims and pursuits. Always he has been busy, but not until his last year was he too busy to notice anybody. As an underclassman we saw him chasing ads for the *Haverfordian*. He was constantly to be seen in Center Barclay disturbances when Fannie and Max presided over that precinct; and Oscar Chase, he of the watchful eye, several times discovered him, surreptitiously lunching and supping at the College's expense. He became a social lion, and many are the hearts he crushed at this time. Where, oh where, are the Hildas of yesteryear? In the spring his perseverance won for him honor as one of the most promising cricketers of the younger set, and he did not disdain even to flunk an exam or two.

But, suddenly, out of the clear sky, a great change descended upon Garry, the precise cause of which will be touched upon later. It is hard to tell whether it is a change for the better or worse. But he himself evidently thinks that it is for the better and perhaps those fortunate enough to be acquainted with *her*, will agree with him. Congratulations, Albert, old boy.

This, therefore, explains his object in pursuing the kale so madly during vacations, half-holidays, and all other spare moments. But does it explain why Albert has suddenly become engrossed in study and other high-brow pursuits? Perhaps. But the fact remains that Garry in Senior year has become an ardent philosopher, able to discourse wisely of Plato, Aristotle, Kant, and Spinoza. Rufus Jones has no terrors for him, and together, every day, they discuss weighty questions raised in Phil. 2, 3, 4, and 5. And it is rumored also that the Biblical world is waiting expectantly for the publication of Garry's thesis on "The Origin of the Fall of Satan."

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# HAVERFORD COLLEGE

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WILLIAM TOWNSEND HANNUM

'Bill'

Rumors are rife with reference to Bill. Of course nothing has been proved, and deep mystery surrounds his acts; yet the evidence looks rather convincing. Tickets to Oak Lane, 'phone calls to Oak Lane, visits to Oak Lane. Night upon night Bill's presence in Center is missed; and Lorry claims that for seven nights

straight his roommate missed the 12:15. (We cannot vouch for this, however, as Lorry is usually *ab libris* himself several nights a week.) Yet, somehow or other, Bill still manages to pull the A's, and by his brilliancy has garnered one of the teaching fellowships. How the Math professors' eyes lit up when this glad news was given forth! For you must know that Bill is one of the best mathematicians in college. He knows more about Functions of a Complex Variable than does Reid himself! And Bill is just as complex as the variable that he cherishes. Premier danseur, football star, class president, and baseball captain. Just glance at his handsome countenance. Do you wonder that we are proud of him? And you should see him pose beneath Jim's shining stovepipe. Ah, vision of bliss!

But how Bill can eat! Breakfast, lunch, and dinner make up his Trinity; and at every meal he goes on beyond all human possibilities. No wonder we get

Monday lunch. Bill has decided to study forestry and his success is foregone. We can see him now, wandering among the trees, listening to the music of the birds and streams. But to Bill they will mean nothing; and their songs will be lost upon him, for he, unhappy one, has ears for one thing only—

"The sweetest noise on earth, a woman's tongue."



## NINETEEN SIXTEEN RECORD

PERRY ASHBRIDGE HUNTER

"Happy", "Perry"

"Well, I don't know what *you* think, but *I* think", and here follows a commendation or condemnation of the subject under discussion, which leaves no room for neutrality. Yes, that's Perry, and we don't advise anyone to ask his opinion about anything if he doesn't want the bare bold truth as Perry sees it.



Sometimes, however, the "knock" or the compliment is given with an accompanying and brilliant smile that takes away the sting, or adds to the praise. "Frank" should certainly have been Happy's middle name. We have sought and sought for the hidden source of Perry's sometimes none too gentle cynicism, and we have come to the conclusion that its roots are embedded in the elusive pursuit of the Greek tongue. Hap's first two years in College, we know, were dogged as by wolf's bane through a fatal attraction towards that polished and sarcastic language.

But, turning to other fields, like one of Rufus's "Spiritual Insights," Perry literally leapt to the heights the very first spring our Class was in College. He was the one "light," *par*

*excellence*, in the pole-vaulting line at Haverford. And although the Crosman has pushed him hard he has pretty much occupied that position every since. Jack Keogh couldn't get along without him. In vivid contrast to his latter exalted method of approach, the dogged persistence with which Perry worried at a mandolin, until he won a sure place on the firm of "Brown, Shipley, & Co.", indicates that his acquaintance with Hellenic intricacies was not altogether in vain.

However, at the end of his Sophomore year, Hap left the Parthenon forever, and invaded the realm of Taussig—O Happy Change! For, under the tutelage of Bolles and Barrett, Perry has very nearly exhausted the possibilities in Ec. courses; and when questions of insurance and bonds come up, Hap is there with a financial wizardry as weird as the King of Wall Street's. Surely it must have been Perry's financial genius that floated the loans necessary for that dinner to Justine given by the "Beaux Arts" club of South Barclay. Of late years Happy has dabbled at Wogglebug, soccer, and golf. This spring, under the enthusiastic persuasion of Jimmy Ellison, he has been altruistically wielding the willow wand and taking joy in kidding bouts with George Bennett, which is merely one more proof that his cynicism is slowly but surely dying out.

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# HAVERFORD COLLEGE

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HENRY ALDEN JOHNSON

"Alden", "Johnnie"

All humanity is supported by legs and our little Alden is no exception; however there are legs and legs, and his particular pair need to be accounted for. They entered college late in the fall of 1912 twitching in a pair of No. 11 shoes, and have been swinging steadily along ever since.



Although not very efficient for avoiding the "Purity League," nevertheless, standing face to face with Swarthmore's giant line, when a fleet-footed retreat does not produce the best results, they have contributed more than their share. What if they did collapse in the swinging doors of the Adelpia after the game? For four long quarters they carried 158 pounds of bone and nerve into every play, and left an example that will stand as a mystery to heavy-weights for years to come. They are said to have worn the floor smooth under the extreme corner bench of the very back row in the bonehead section of Dr. Wilson's trigonometry class; but they persistently climbed the rough road to Classicism for three years while Alden and Hap Hunter struggled alone to the honor or dishonor of the class in Greek. They are not unaccustomed to being clothed in swel dress "trou" and to twirl their way into the hearts of blushing maidens at the Merion Cricket Club.

But legs do not make a man, and we cannot attribute to them Alden's warbling contributions to the Glee Club, nor his left-hand prowess at cricket and tennis. No mere addition of material limbs will serve as an explanation of his puzzling personality, his laconic mode of speech, or his remarkable ability to concentrate on the *Saturday Evening Post* or *La Parisienne* amid the din and confusion of his second home in South Barclay. But we appreciate Alden's efforts for the class, while laughing at his eccentricities, and predict that his legs will carry him far.



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## NINETEEN SIXTEEN RECORD

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RAYMOND CLARE KENDIG

"Clare"

On that great day, long ago in September, Timicula—now Glen Rose—sent forth from her fields our fellow-laborer, Clare. As soon as the new-corer became settled and the hall came to know him, attempts at reform were instituted and North struggled valiantly in his training. Through the combined efforts of



Knowlton, Carey, et al., Clare suffered his first shave before Christmas, and upon numerous occasions, when he decided to hibernate, was smoked from his room. As a result of this treatment, he soon lost his unsophisticated and hostile air, and became a member of the group. In history class one day, Clare stood up. All eyes were turned upon him. "There stands Napoleon, gentlemen," quoth Kelsey, and Clare's reputation was assured.

Now athletics have been Clare's strong point. While still a youthful freshman, he took undisputed possession of the pool crown. One by one he vanquished his opponents and finished in a great flourish by beating Caleb. And who has not heard of his ability at tennis? But alas! one striking figure stands between our star and happiness,—one thorn in the side of Mars. William Henry Chamberlin, essayist, knockist, and tennisist, is the figure and the thorn. Time after time they have met in the court of honor, but upon each occasion our Clare is eliminated by a narrow margin. But wait till next time. (We are not referring to the Phillies.) Clare is also proficient at many other sports and is ready to try any suggested. His reputation has been enhanced by his exploits at dingle-ball, cricket, P. A., chess, checkers, etc. He is a true sport; and rumor has

it that he acted as time-keeper through one whole night in a meeting held by Allen, Morgan, Mengert, Sharpless and Cooper. Sharpless quit at 3:30 A. M., Mengert at 4:00, and Cooper at 4:30, but Clare went on forever.

Clare is almost always in a good humor, his patience only giving out at Max's endless gibes. You will believe this statement when you are told that Clare roomed with Woody for two years. Their life might well be termed a modern interpretation of Dante; but the former's exuberance still survived. Aside from athletics, Chemistry appeals most strongly to Clare. He is to Dr. Hall, as Sherman P. is to Dr. Spiers, or as chocolate is to a nut sundae. We foresee for him a prosperous career when he returns to Glen Rose and applies his knowledge of the elements to milking.

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# H A V E R F O R D C O L L E G E

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WILLIAM THOMPSON KIRK, 3d

"Bill"

*"Cupid is a knavist lad  
Thus to make poor females mad."*

A face that would put Paris to shame, a smile that can melt even T. K., dimples that might well bring forth sighs of envy, all supported by a radiant batting (No. 36),—and we have the society man of our class. If you know Bill, you do not wonder that his path is strewn with broken hearts.



Fair peruser, can you look upon his handsome countenance without a flutter? Beware! for William's charms are great. We can only mention, in passing, the time that Bill, while en route for the shower, was taken for Dan Cupid himself.

One could not suspect that in such a vision of beauty a savage nature existed. But this is the case. Bill is very warlike and soon after his arrival he evidenced a terrible thirst for blood. Witness the pulverization of Corson's nose and his brutal treatment of Choate! However, Bill began to calm down and in time became a brilliant cricketer. On the trip to England he cared for Mr. Cope, entertained the ladies, and acquired a mania for English clothes. Very nobby, Bill, very!

Bill has shown his all-round ability in Senior year by managing the *News*, the Extension Committee, and the Cricket Team. Outside of this, he has supported the Glee Club, pulled Barrett through several Ec. courses, and broken his leg. Only the mourning of Doc Bennett can show how much Bill was missed at football. Our William—the girls call him Billy—spends his spare time tickling the guitar and pushing the accordion; but we hesitate to include these among his accomplishments. For indeed, his endeavors in this line sound far more like sounding brass or tinkling

cymbals than the melodious strains of Orpheus. However, one can't do all things well.

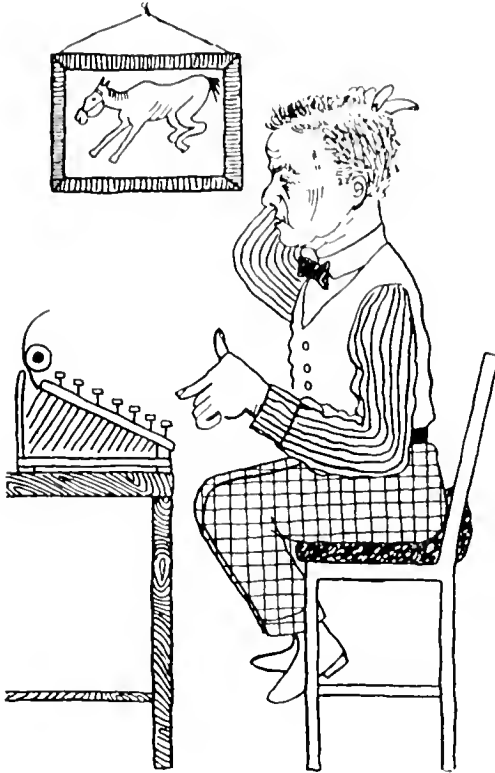
## NINETEEN SIXTEEN RECORD

CLINTON PRESCOTT KNIGHT, JR.

"Choate"

*"A horse! a horse! my kingdom for a horse!"*

To speak of Choate and not to speak of the mare in the same breath, is like speaking of Ed Moon and failing to mention Jim Shipley. Even now, we would wager, he is engrossed in the latest issue of "Crupper and Blinker." Have you ever heard him whinny? Sophomore year, Choate brought the mare with him from



God's country, but he claims that Virginia could not stand the air in these unhallowed regions. We firmly believe, however, that Virginia failed to recover from an unexpected meeting with one Grover Bergdoll, at which meeting Clint pulled a Barnum and Bailey. After picking himself up and brushing himself off, he walked the mare all the way home. (N. B. We tried to spell mare the way Choate pronounces it, but found this an impossibility. In his version, the *r* is entirely neglected, and something which is a cross between *y* and *h* is substituted)

Choate has one great weakness, his worship of the air-cooled motor, and the Franklin car. At the last show it has been calculated officially that he spent seven and one half hours in front of the Franklin booth, listening to the agent's oft-repeated fable, and drinking in gems of fact. But, after numerous discussions, he has grudgingly admitted that the Pierce is pretty good, and has placed the Saxon in the Ford ranks.

Although Clint has not indulged in athletics to any great extent, he is quite a kicker, and brags of the fact that an alumnus, upon seeing his lower extremities, asked if he

were the quarter-miler. Choate is not our quarter-miler, but he makes good use of his feet, and Kirk and Lukens bear numerous scars from his agility in this line. Picture Choate, biting, kicking, pinching, panting, and sweating, the Luke stretched across his chest, Bill struggling valiantly with two pile-driving hoofs, and you have a vivid interpretation of these periodic battles. We still remember the night it took six opponents to hold him down. Even though he is somewhat small—oh, could Bud Fisher see him with Ed Moon!—one might as well touch a match to Du Pont's as to tickle him; and in wrestling it is agreed that Dorizas has nothing on Choate.

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# HAVERFORD COLLEGE

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HENRY EARLE KNOWLTON

"Steve"

*' But still his tongue ran on, the less  
Of weight it bore, with greater ease;  
And with its everlasting clack  
Set all men's ears upon the rack.'*

Steve is undoubtedly a genius! Anything from poker to first-aid comes in his repertoire and in most cases he "done his duty noble." Besides being manager of the musical clubs, chief advisor to Jimmy Babbitt, member of the football team,



and holder of the biological scholarship, Steve is a policeman, a licensed guide of Maine, an Eagle Scout, member of the Red Cross, insurance agent, bugler, and leading verbosity agent of the class. Although we admit most of these accomplishments, numerous prayers of thanksgiving were offered when someone made away with the bugle. Now he has a flute.

Steve is very influential with Chief Donaghy of the Lower Merion police; and on the eve of the great raid upon the Ardmore Emporium of Pleasure, he intimated to his honor that his absence was desired in order that the work of destruction might be complete. Of course the Chief took the hint and the whole force was on hand to quell the riot—both of them.

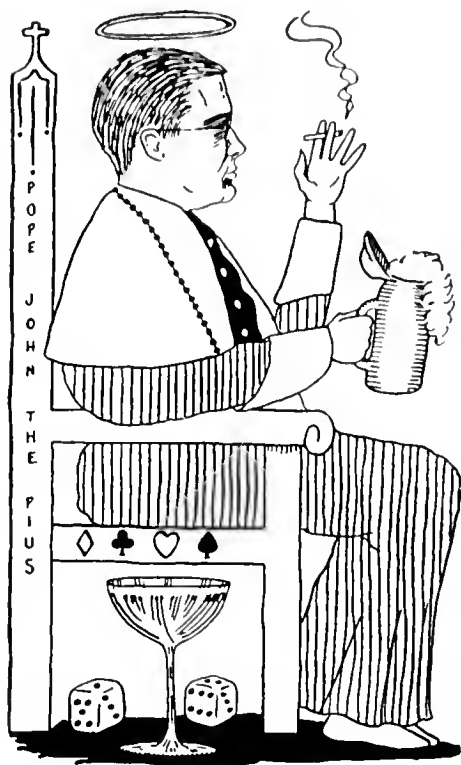
But our genius, contrary to the *mores* of the group, encountered a maladjustment in Social Work III. Dr. Watson failed to recognize that Steve was in the Red Cross and put across a cold "D." If our learned socializer of the unsocialized social surplus could have heard the blessings poured upon his head by the wrathful Steve, he would now be head investigator of the Sandwich Islands. Steve, however, soon smoked the pipe of peace, and has since determined to return another year to wipe the awful stain from off his name.

# NINETEEN SIXTEEN RECORD

JOHN KUHNS

"John", "The Pope"

Joseph's "coat of many colors" has nothing on the multiple sidedness of our friend John. Dilettante in room mates, Church Scholar, Little Theatre Enthusiast, Man of the World, Beau Brummel, Petronius Arbiter Elegantium, Philosopher, Epicurean, Court-ier, and Enigma; that is our representative from Greensburg.



Let's take him Fre hman year. By his own admission the Freshest Rhinie in the class, he first turned up with a hand on the Cane, and then proceeded to hold High Church (incense and a l) for the benefit of Pop Heaton and Johnny Love, down in his South Barclay Sanctum. And how he used to run Andrew the Younger. You may be sure that no tobacco smoke was allowed to desecrate that "holy of holies," no matter how badly the Harvey desired to "light up."

But on to L'oyd. With Lippman and Leidy, it was not possible for a co-existence of High Church in the same atmosphere; so naturally the atmosphere stayed light except on very rare occasions. Greck became *a la mode* with John then, and between visits to the Dean and Doctor Baker, his Sophomore life was by no means uneventful. During Junior year, John induced Doug Wendell to come over and try Lloyd. It was an even break. John's joy in running Doug equalled Doug's interest in seeing what John would do next. Making use of his easily acquired Junior dignity, 'The Pope' gathered about him a retinue of

Rhinies from New Lloyd, and held "Court Royal," or "Church Council" as the mood pleased. It would be poor taste indeed, however, to omit mentioning the bully "feed" that John, with characteristic generosity, gave to the Class in the spring of that eventful year. He had now become a Freiburg enthusiast, and in English 14, held forth dogmatically with Leidy and Choate, the other two representatives from Lloyd. It was through this course that he grew so intimate with the Little Theatre.

Senior year, John esconced himself firmly in North Barclay, free from Lloyd's feverish surroundings, and minus the impediment of a room-mate. He did not, nevertheless, change his old motto, "never let your studies interfere with your social engagements," and it is even rumored that "everywhere that Jimmy went, the John was sure to go," which is "going some" for an undergraduate. And now we see in John at last, the beginnings of the "philosophic mind," a fondness for Synge and a thirst for all the ecclesiastic knowledge that he can imbibe from Henry Joel and Rufus.

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# H A V E R F O R D   C O L L E G E

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MENNIS LAWSON

"Tom", "Mennis"

"Well, I guess that's no cuticle off my carcass" says Tom, and we know that one more problem of thesis writing has no worries for the fellow statesman of Dr. Reid and Dixie. If there had been such a question as to who is the best-natured person in the 1916 census, undoubtedly Mennis would have received 38 votes.

Yes suhrh! Drawl and smile and silent acquiescence are the three un-failing qualities about Tom. But he has, on occasion, a most soul-satisfying list of descriptive phrases and epithets that would make even a connoisseur listen in admiration.

Outside of Math III, several Physics courses, and Green's "Prolegomena," there have been no catastrophes in Tom's life. The Prolegomena Mennis passed through with a few slight qualms, but the other two—though they certainly are to be considered in the light of ease-banishing banes—our Tom, like a true son of the South, swallowed without batting an eye-lash. How did you get away with it, Mennis?

They say Tom comes from a country that has Bill Bray's hunting region beaten all hollow for good horses, and we certainly would like to see Pennsylvania and Virginia meet in a good old-time race. However, Tom's only sports around here are Wogglebug, playing tennis, seeing the latest shows at the Forrest, and smoking. Of the latter art he is a past master—take him on anything from Piedmonts to Pall Malls. We'll end up, to hark back,

with a typical passage of verbal bouquets between Martwick and Tom at Monday lunch (and by the way, it was Marty who gave Lawson his nick-name of Tom), when Marty, after the usual remarks have been made concerning the aforesaid weekly institution, says "Well, Tom, I guess Rittenhouse kind of bawled you out this morning." "Yes," says Tom, "but that doesn't take the kinks out of this hash."



## NINETEEN SIXTEEN RECORD

PHILIP LUDWELL LEIDY

"Phil"

Phil is one of our youngsters, almost too young in fact, having a great ardor for revolvers, red automobiles, and Phila. In addition to this juvenility, the fellows have always regretted that he roomed in Lloyd, Freshman year and neglected to make friends with his class. And this accident or propensity has remained with him all the way through.



He has shown that he can work when he wants to; may it be oftener—and the few fellows who do know him have found an eager generous friend. Anti-suffrage, Roosevelt, Ardmore Movies, Penlyn, the Phillies, tennis, and the "Golden Gates" are Phil's hobbies; the red rose is his favorite vegetable. Phil put the French in the French table,—except at breakfast—and was Spitzzy's mainstay. The external surface of his superior maxillary has at inadvertent times been seen covered with something; yes—that's what it was,—something. For further references see hotels Bellevue and Vendig.

They say that the campus is an awesome sight between midnight and dawn, with only the chatter of a disturbed squirrel, or the wind rustling the leaves of the pedigreed trees, to break the "friendly" silence. Phil probably knows more about it than any other man in the class. In fact, the third and fourth watches of the night and a few necessary

recitations, were about the only times his presence could be determined; unless, as we have said, you accompanied him to the movies.

In Chem. I he gave most consistent answers. They were, "I don't believe I know." But he could rattle the nasal tongue to the delight of Spitzzy himself; and French courses were his standby. In neatness there are few that can hope to equal him. From well sleeked hair to spatted boots, Phil is well dressed. This had an evident effect on the "Pope", his mate in the famous Sophomore *mesalliance*.

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# H A V E R F O R D C O L L E G E

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JOHN GRAY LOVE, JR.

"John", "Rep"

*"They laugh that win."*

This well-known adage never held more true than in the case of our barrister and politician, John "Grayhove", alias John B. Kelley. The happy grin of the man who put a crimp in the G. O. P. never had anything on John's; and in his laugh we always found a sure cure for the blues. Happiness and lack of worry

are John's chief assets; and we do not wonder that he has succeeded. Everyone recognizes his ability, and John is always on the list of speakers at the banquets. The success of his "no soap" story was overwhelming; but often, alas! "he draweth out the thread of his verbosity finer than the staple of his argument."



Johnny has always had a hard road to travel. In Freshman year he was burdened with the care of Pop Heaton and Hoosius Harvey. Despite this load, and other numerous trials such as Italian weddings and presidential duties, John managed to pull through three years. Then he became the room-mate of the Wendell. You will not wonder that John broke down and journeyed in a recuperative mood to Browns Mills. Some say the responsibilities of the football managership were to blame, but we know better. The ultimate result has been good, however, because Doug now makes three breakfasts a week.

John is quite the ladies man, and it is even rumored that he has been Court-ing. To be sure this has not been verified; but whenever we mention the matter, he looks rather guilty. Diplomacy is John's strong suit and already we see his legal mind budding. He has hoodwinked both profs and laymen. Note his A's in Ec. and History. Witness the ease with which he soothed the feelings of the football crowd at Pocono, when his late arrival caused such a furor. We hope that John will have as much success at the Bar as he has had in the past; and indeed, when we hear him discourse in Ec., minus any preparation, all doubts are dispelled.



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## NINETEEN SIXTEEN RECORD

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EDWARD FELL LUKENS, JR.

"Ed", "Luke"

Eddie, next to Cupid Bill, was the cutest little thing on the campus when he tripped into college Freshman year with white top brushed just so, his collar, shirt, face, hands, and shoes immaculate, a necktie of gaudy hues, and a rosy blush, which started at the roots of his beautiful hair and spread with a lovely suffusion over his delicate complexion. "Fussing" was no name for the reputation which he acquired at school, and at college, his fame has even extended to the furthest bounds of Ardmore. The blush gradually became less frequent as he learned to bear the brunt of witty stabs; and by the time Junior year arrived, he reached a degree of sophistication which made him impervious to all base calumny. Other



diversions, upon which he delighted to waste his precious time, were talking up the Phillies, "mussing up Choate, and scrapping with Corson. Hardly a day of Senior year passed by but what it would bring its tale that Choate's knee had been sprung again, or that Corson had received a terrible drubbing; and at the bottom of all the trouble was the noble leader of the mighty Ku Klux Klan of Center Barclay, with his whoop and yell.

When Ed turned these energies to football, something had to happen. By only a narrow margin did he miss getting a regular berth on the first team; and his persistent work won for him the cup awarded to the most faithful man on the scrub. Besides making good in football, soccer, and baseball, Luke has had a noble propensity toward "the studies", especially English; and no one will ever forget the tremendous daring and bravery that he exhibited when he fought to the death in behalf of that great Professor who handed him an "A" for just "sticking around." This was almost as extraordinary as his allegiance to the indomitable T. R. Many an early dawn on Monday morning caught Eddie still in Germantown thinking over arguments which he would spring on us for T. R. and the Phillies; and he would trudge out to College, radiant with ideas, as the sun rose over the hills.

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# HAVERFORD COLLEGE

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WILLIAM LORIMER MARTWICK

"Lorry", "Marty"

The midnight express to Philadelphia pulls out, but no Martwick is aboard. Five minutes later, Haverford's record-breaking hurdler puts in appearance, winded and flustered. A two hours and a half lonely wait confronts him. "Why is Wilmington so far from Haverford," he mourns, sleepily . . . Six hours later, Lorry bursts into 35 Center Barclay as the birds begin to twitter.



Hannum shows no excess of a roommate's affection at being thus rudely aroused, after a preliminary three hours of precious sleep. Both fall asleep, talking loudly, but awake promptly at 12.50 in time for their usual Sunday afternoon feed. This is a typical Sunday morning in the Martwick-Hannum family.

Lorry was very innocent and unsophisticated when he first arrived at Haverford along with Sid Marine, but his trip out to Kansas City Sophomore year, and his two years' association with that man of the world, William T. Hannum, have brought him along wonderfully. The influence of Dr. Snyder's Smoking Club has also been great. We have tried to outline some of the results of this training in the preceding paragraph, but much, necessarily, will have to be read between the lines.

Besides being the King of the Cinder Path and Football Warrior, Lorry has also his business interests. As Treasurer of the class, he put into practice all his pet efficiency plans, and managed to soak everybody for dues except himself. We admire also the way in which he contrived to string out the fall tennis tournament so as to last well into the next spring.

Marty is fond of argument and believes that vehemence and stentorian tones are the debater's most effective weapons. His topics range from preparedness, the comparative merits of Brooklyn and Philadelphia, and automobiles, to the holy rite of matrimony. In connection with the latter, it is interesting to note that Lorry has started many rumors concerning prospective marital alliances. The subject seems to be a fascinating one with him and one which seems to occupy a great deal of his thought. Can it be that he will follow fast in the footsteps of Bill Bray and the rest of '16's would-be Benedicts?

# NINETEEN SIXTEEN RECORD

JOHN GORDON MAXWELL

"Max"

*"He hath a playful disposition."*

Max hails from Merchantville, down Jersey, where he is known by all the villagers, especially those of the opposite sex. During the week he sojourns at Haverford, and is busy most of the time with his enormous correspondence. As you may know, Max was manager of the 1915 championship soccer team, vice-



president of the Intercollegiate Soccer Association, and secretary of the Pennsylvania State Soccer League. The duties attendant upon these three sinecures account for some of his letters; but not for all of them by any means. These other letters are filed away just as carefully as the business missives. But mistake no—they are not all from the same source, for Max seems to be friendly with all varieties, whether tall, short, stout, thin, dumpy, scrumpy, blonde, or brunette.

We hear a curious sort of cackle. Yes, that is Max, laughing. Only three are needed to start things—Max himself, Max's victim, usually Clare, and last but not least, an audience to listen and smile encouragingly when Max looks over for approval. Then Max begins and never lets up until the audience becomes weary of his feeble jests, or else the victim's retorts become too sharp for his comfort. Singularly Max never tackles Ed Moon any more in this kind of game. Maybe, in his fringe of consciousness, there lurks still a faint recollection of a certain hasty exit down-stairs several years ago.

But ask Max if he recalls his part in the Freshman Bonfire; how when the "cops" came, he started post haste for Barclay, hot upon Bill Allen's heels. (Bill thought Max was a policeman, hence *his* hurry.) Arrived at Center, Max immediately sought the protection of Fannie. "The cops shot at us!" he sputtered out white-faced and trembling, and feeling himself all over for wounds. But they were only kidding you, Max, just as you've been trying to kid somebody or other, ever since you first arrived here.

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# HAVERFORD COLLEGE

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ULRIC JOHNSON MENGERT

"Ulric", "Dutch"

They say Dr. Reid's hat, by some remarkable coincidence, exactly fits Ulric's head. We judge that Aristotle, if he had worn a hat, would have taken the same size also. Well, naturally to heads of that style, transcendental and discontinuous complex functions are as bread and butter

to mere humans living well out of the fourth dimension. And yet it isn't only in mathematics—although Ulric will follow that "thin red line" of Genii Mathematici next year up at Harvard,—it's in everything—games, leisure, cards, business, in everything that round steady head rolls along calm and imperturbable in its groove of thought, and reaches the only rational conclusions that can be reached, along the line travelled.

You might, so far, think we were talking of some one who was super-human; and but for one occasion, the writer would think so too. However on that occasion—it was an Ec. report—for once the efficient Dutch left something to do till the last minute; verily he was a "low" and battered looking Dutch, the next morning, after the debauch with Ec. books and railroad reports (in fact, the writer was in a similar state, and that is what makes the memory so vivid.) The gay bird, rumor, also has it that Ulric met a sleepless Waterloo once in a certain all-night little old game, much mentioned, however, in other personals—see Clare—but we refrain



from dwelling upon so trivial an incident.

Tennis and Soccer, emblematic of fall, winter and spring-summer sport divisions of the year, occupy Ulric's attention in their respective places. Dutch also has been an enthusiastic Wogglebugger and has systematically filled the position of center every year. As for the over-worked term "in-door-sports", "Scholarship-Catching" has been to Ulric one of the simplest and easiest imaginable games of that type. We have used the term "Dutch" to designate Ulric, but such a barbarism is due to the tribe of Merion, who clapped on Mengert this ancestral cognomen because of his distant connection with that old scrapper, Ulrich Von Hutten, the boy we learned about in German II when Ulric would calmly wade through "Gotz Von Berlichingen" and that bore of bores, Michael "Coal House" under the Teutonic looking eye of T.K. That same year, perhaps to relieve some of the weightiness of the aforesaid course, Ulric's intellect, among several others, wandered down Darby Creek—"somewhere in the Cider Mill District." An explanation has never been clearly given. Perhaps Ulric wasn't quite clear on it himself.

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## NINETEEN SIXTEEN RECORD

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EDWARD RANDOLPH MOON

"Ed"

Ed was a famous member of the class from the first—almost from the time before the first when the class was still embryonic. Arriving a day or so before college began, he took a little health sprint one rainy evening around Barclay, clad only in his *robe-de-nuit*. Ed's strong courageous spirit, unused to check of any kind, was chafed. He hasn't forgiven Kling yet. Then too, we all remember him racing soft tomatoes through the window of the Old Collection Room.



It was under Jack Keogh that Ed received his primary lessons in football and learned how to fall on the ball—"see! see!" His captaincy this year shows how apt a pupil he was. In these early days, too, Ed experienced his first great love affair. Jim Shipley's coyness completely won his heart. It was Platonic Love at first sight. Such kindred spirits are these two that the mention of one naturally suggests the other. Their programs are always identical. Look at Shipley's and you need not ask what Moon is taking. As David was to Jonathan, so is Shipley to Moon. Of late, however, Jim has had a rival. Listen! Have you ever hunted Ed of a Sunday afternoon or evening? He is never to be found in his room or anywhere around Barclay. Do you want a clue in one word? Rosemont,—and a word to the wise is sufficient,—at least it was for Prexy.

Maxwell says that Ed is not to be trifled with, and that he'd rather work in the most dangerous plant at Carney's Point than be within the range of Ed when he "gets his dander up." Max still holds the record for quick exit from South, and seems likely to hold it for some time to come. If the stairway were only straight instead of having that landing, we do not doubt that Max might have clipped another second from his record.

Ed once was considering the writing of a math. text-book, but he gave the idea up. One of the salient features was to be the abolition of all lambdas, mus rhos, and other pagan Greek letters as symbols and the substitution of Christian United States' letters in their places. Ed still thinks this principle is right but considers that the labor involved in such a work would be excessive, especially since he did not receive as much encouragement as was anticipated from Drs. Reid and Wilson.

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# HAVERFORD COLLEGE

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SHERMAN PARKER MORGAN

"Sherty"

Sherty is a good host—that is why his room has always been a place at which to stop and see the fellows, for there are usually some of them there. It also explains why his room was the scene of those almost daily "500" games during Freshman and Sophomore years, and later, the home of the Seventh-Day Evening Bridge Club, whose sessions sometimes continued until a very late, or rather early,

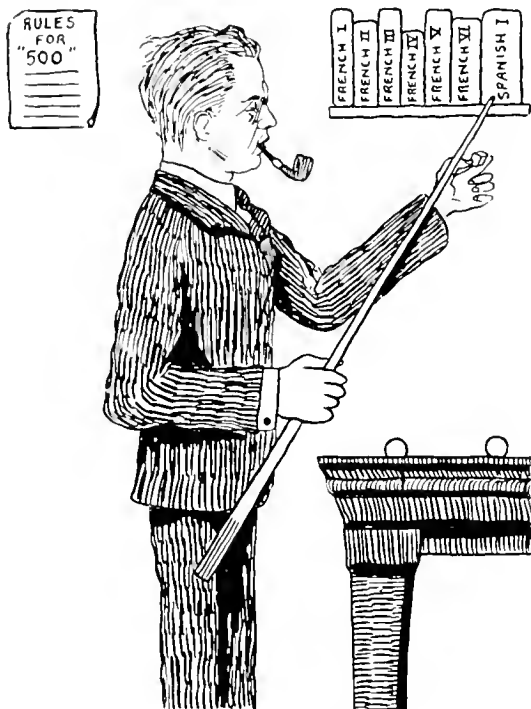
hour. We have a very clear picture in our mind's eye of Sherty and Bill Allen at 5 A. M. But enough of this.

We would also have you know that our hero is "some" stereopticonist (is that the word?) If our friend Mr. Lubin or Mr. Griffith, of "The Birth of a Nation" fame, had seen the alacrity with which Sherty hustled the slides at the call of "negst please," we feel sure that he would have declared that he had never seen the like in the way of operating.

It was upon the return trip of a certain auto journey to F. & M. that Sherty became the author of that emphatic phrase, "No, you won't!", popular for a time in Sophomore year. Sherman is also a smoker of no mean ability, and his accomplishments along this line are almost unlimited. The ups and downs of the whole smoking scale are known to him. He has smoked with varying emotions Philip Morrises, Melechrinos, Fats, Girards, Cincos, Wheeling Stogies, Blue Boar, P.

A., and Ed Moon's Ready-Rubbed Chestnut Leaves. Just at present, however, a pipe load of raw Maryland home-grown is the favorite. Next week it may be something else.

A true disciple of Spitzzy, Sherty has successively and successfully taken French I, II, III, IV, V, and VI, and Spanish I. A special made-to-order course in Commercial Spanish is the clue that tells us that he will enter the South American trade.



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## NINETEEN SIXTEEN RECORD

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CHARLES HERMAN OBERHOLTZER, JR.

"Obie"

*"A pretty woman's worth some pains to see."*

Obie's strong suits are girls, tennis, and our National Indoor Game. He is a lion among the ladies. He does not need to prove this; he admits it. Saturday night is the Club dance night; and if you have chanced to drop into his room on a Saturday evening to discuss housing conditions in South Philadelphia, or some

other such question, you have found Obie busily engaged in dusting off his evening clothes or giving that final touch to his white tie. Sociologist as he is, he has no time to talk of housing conditions then.

Tennis is his *forte* from spring to fall. He is a well-known figure on the Cricket Club courts; and who has not heard him speak of Joe Armstrong and Molla Bjurstedt? A silver cup proclaims him a holder of the mixed doubles championship of Mont Clare. "In terms of 100' 7" our hero is "some" tennis-ist. As a charter member of the Merion Y. M. C. A. Obie has been a regular attendant at the meetings in Faries' and Bob Metcalfe's rooms. An offering is usually taken at such times for the benefit of one or two members.

In Freshman year Obie developed a pugilistic strain and in a short bout with "The Pope" received a black eye but was generally conceded the decision as far as the bout was concerned. It is Obie's hospitality, however, that endears him to us all. Generous to a degree, he always makes you welcome to anything that is his. Especially in our gentler moods we admire his cheerfulness and



open-heartedness, and recognize that he possesses the spirit of the good Samaritan who knows all men as his neighbors.

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# HAVERFORD COLLEGE

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FRANCIS PARVIN SHARPLESS

"Fannie", "Fruntz", "Nig"

One of the clan; but glory be, he has learned how to smile, yes even how to laugh without being forced to. An' jokes, wha'man, I wished I had as many dollars as he knows jokes to tell—especially those of the black variety;—what I mean to say is,—the kind dealing with our darker brethren. Fannie has a bad habit. He loves to rough-house, break furniture, and strike matches. Not even



Ed Moon's healthy blow broke him of it, though it almost broke his ribs. He met his match, however, this year in his roommate. When there's any bustin' to be done now, it isn't the little tow head that does it. With him, the other "peroxide," Ed Lukens forms the Gold Dust Twins of the class.

He just kind o' tumbled on to the gym team; and tumbled into the captaincy this year. It was while performing in this capacity, standing in his blond stockiness, that a fair spectator was heard to remark, "Oh, what lovely legs!" We blush to reveal this; but truth will out. It was also in this undress uniform that he won the title of the Little Pink Angel.

Fannie is overflowing with exuberant pep; and he takes it out on the nearest thing handy,—small matter if it is a person. This caused him to persistently run the "Scum" and some times the Scrub; and chase cricket balls by the hour. He was one of those who played games for the games' sake. During the summer he tried to bulwark Ardmore, through the Y. M. C. A., to stand another college year, and from all reports, successfully. Everywhere he is strong and quick in his likes and dislikes; but is always open to the Missouri kind of evidence. Fannie is thinking of selling cement. Possibly this is in response to Watso's "Concrete Baby." At any rate, like a true satellite, he revolves around Krauss, who along with Ed Moon, constitutes Fannie's hero gallery



## NINETEEN SIXTEEN RECORD

JAMES EMLÉN SHIPLEY

"Jim"

*"What? H! I love! I sue! I seek a wife!"*

Jim claims that he is a misogynist and has even bet Bill Allen a hundred dollars to one that he will be the last man in the class to join the Benedicts' club. But this wager was made a year or two ago, and of late, for some mysterious reason, Jim has been studying hard at Ec. V, especially that section dealing with void and voidable contracts. One story in explanation of this sudden change of attitude



is offered by some members of the cricket team, who claim they saw Jim promenading the avenues of Bryn Mawr with "a female of the species" one evening during Cricket Week last spring. Apparently no satisfactory alibi has yet been offered. Other characteristics too numerous to mention cast further doubts as to the depth of Jim's misogynistic tendencies. Two of these, however, deserve a place here. The first is his home-loving disposition, which has allowed him to spend but one Sunday here in four years, and that, 'tis said was due to a woman. Second is his fondness for letter-writing. No sooner does he receive a dainty perfumed missive—and the "Silent Knight" seldom fails to darken the door of 16 South Barclay—than he sits down and answers it.

Jim's athletic, as well as musical ability is well known. Suffice it to say that the former plus a lot of pluck in the face of injuries has won him three football and two soccer H's; while the latter has earned him the honor of Glee Club leader, a place on the Mandolin Club, and membership in the Cap and Bells. Shipley is of a generous disposition too, glad to do anything for you, as is shown by his willingness to be escort to some other fellow's girl or sister, preferably the latter, at an athletic contest, despite his oft-repeated aversion to the fair sex.

One of his hobbies is taking "cinch courses." It is rumored that he has simply made out one schedule with three carbon copies—one for himself, one for Ed Moon, and the other two for Oscar. Jim possesses a peculiar sense of humor, and we have never been able to decide whether it was a blessing or a curse. He will "kid" you for a week about some seemingly unimportant act and derive a great deal of pleasure from it. About all one can say is "You are welcome, Jim."

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# H A V E R F O R D C O L L E G E

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ISAAC THOMAS STEERE

"Tom", "Buck"

Fresh from New England, rugged with the exposure to many terrific storms of ice and snow, Buck came amongst us, a quiet but determined standpatter from the smallest state in the Union. He never quite thawed out during Freshman year; but his pervasive imperturbable silence gave him an immediate advantage over the rankling Sophs of North Barclay, who were far too "low" to appreciate his serenity.

On toward Junior and Senior years, when the implanted germ of new ideals and freshened humor budded forth, Tom would break his silence at odd intervals and would sweep us off our feet with remarks of the deepest meaning and most subtle humor. And also, at functions outside of College, he has been known "to pull one off" with the greatest ease and composure

But though Tom's occasional outpourings of humor became more frequent, he never lost that never-say-die spirit which he exhibited in plugging away at Bib. Lit. in Freshman year. "Tom has the pluck" has been an oft-heard expression, which summons to our mind the picture of a muddy soccer field on which Tom, with face tense and breath almost gone, is wobbling up and down, fighting to the finish and inwardly cursing himself because he was not made a superman. Tom likes to "gorge", but even this pleasure was renounced in favor of soccer championship aspirations. Only his determination succeeded in maintaining his reputation as a Yankee with the head of the Wilson laundry. In fact we have heard a classmate remark that he hated to



pay his laundry bill to Tom when the latter called to collect it, because he could never decide whether Tom really wanted the money or not.

In future years, when baseball shall have become a recognized sport, Tom will enjoy the distinction of having captained our first real baseball team; but if conscientious effort is always rewarded, his honor will be no greater than he deserves.

## NINETEEN SIXTEEN RECORD

JOSEPH STOKES, JR.

"Joe"

Whenever the snow falls, so fresh and innocent, there, there, you say, is Joe Stokes. But there are two notable differences; snow can't do anything, Joe can, lots of 'em; and again, snow causes people to slip and fall. Joe doesn't. Therefore Joe is president of the Y. M. C. A.; therefore our concern lest ; but "Duck-Duck" says history does not repeat itself. This presidency has lost the Pennsylvania Railroad much moneys; for this year Joe has had to spend at least every

other Sunday at college; and the fair ones o Moorestown have pined in vain for the good old days when every week-end saw our Joe among them.

Even the Penn and Princeton managers were willing to give Joe his place on the All-American Soccer Team. Joe's senior partner, of the firm of Shipley and Stokes, the most permanent organization in college, could not break the soccer trust and get his well-earned place at goal. Joe is also known as the "Demon Bowler" in cricket; and can pull the hat trick without a quiver. Being an expert on the horse perhaps explains his fondness for Dick's Latin courses. But, alas, he should have stuck to the garlic-scented tongue; for gentle reader, we blush to say that Physics was too much for him. He could bluff the gentle spirit of Dr. Wilson in math; but "Soretell" would not countenance the motto that "you must never let your lessons interfere with your outside work." Just to think, Physics I, an elementary course—Joe Stokes a senior—let



us draw the curtain. But no; be it said first, that in the good old days before scholarship waned, he pulled an "A" in Greek, and Greek A, at that; before which we uncover our heads.

Joe's opening days in college were rather tumultuous. Such fresh, blooming youth did not thrive well in the terrible climate of South; but true to the human species, he soon acquired some characteristics, and adapted himself to the new environment. By Sophomore year he was so well educated that cricket once evoked a very naughty word from those virgin lips. Today he stands among us, husky, absent-minded, and gentle.

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# H A V E R F O R D   C O L L E G E

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ALBERT HENDRIX STONE

"Bert", "Al"

There is one thing about this article which is absolutely beyond remedy, and that is the fact that we cannot possibly make it long enough to give any idea of the length of the subject. For three years Ed Moon, making three of Chick Cary, held undisputed the record for height in our class. But last fall, hiking it from Whittier via Texas, Albert dropped in on us with a bit of drawl on his tongue, a



typewriter in one hand, and a lot of superfluous length all over. We mentioned a typewriter; well, in Bert's hands such a piece of mechanism becomes an instrument of the Fine Arts, a living, voracious creature, that eats lectures—some alive and some otherwise. Yes, he can carry on a conversation, smoke a pipe, and at the same time play a verbal tune on his Underwood that beats the speediest rag-time.

There are two aversions that belong to Stone, and so far as we can find, only one weakness. For the first two, Thiers' violin and Bowman's French A, fail to draw forth any enthusiasm from Al—we won't give any reasons—and then, as to his weakness—well, you should see him on the ice. He and Doc Henley last winter used to carom across the skating pond in the weirdest zig-zag that ever mortal saw; but after all Albert, that is only a natural penalty which one pays for living out in Whittier. Stone has gotten beyond the fooling age, and when he works he means business; but, like a true Westerner, he never lets his business interfere with his sense of humor, which is as healthy and big as he is.

Although we knew he was a bear at English, it was not until the Senior banquet that we realized what a tremendous supply of Western anecdotes the big fellow had up his sleeve. He beat out Dr. Kelsey's Meeting stories by a mile. And speaking of jokes recalls the old pun which must have been made expressly for Stone and his room-mate Wood: "There was a certain young lady going by their window; yep, and Wood and Stone both saw her; then Wood turned

to Stone, and Stone turned to Wood, and they both turned to rubber." Perhaps that explains why, in the Wogglebug game, all the opposing line rebounded to supply holes for Winslow, when Windy was coming through Stone's position.

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## NINETEEN SIXTEEN RECORD

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FRANK HARRISON THIERS

"Count"

In comparing the respective abilities of Orpheus and our noted virtuoso from Wichita, Kansas, the former may suffer a slight injustice due to the fact that Signor Thiers, coming at the modern period of the world's history, has a great advantage in that he has the oboe at his command. Granted that his superiority over Orpheus is due to the superiority of his instrument, nevertheless Thiers deserves



full credit for his marvelous skill. Orpheus with his crude harp was able only to cause stones and trees to move; but Thiers causes such sweet and tender notes to flow from his oboe that Stone, Wood, chairs, doors, transoms, windows, and sometimes books all move.

Unlike many musicians of note, Thiers does not confine his attentions to one instrument. He possesses a versatility that has made him jack of all instruments and master of many. He can play everything from a harmonica to a steam calliope. The violin is his hobby and he can play this instrument with his toes. Thiers also possesses a tenor voice that for sweetness can be compared only to the charming effect produced by drawing a file over a saw.

Like most great musicians Thiers has his personal eccentricities and shortcomings. Having been with us but a year, he has not yet had time to become accustomed to electric lights and still insists on the old fashioned candle. A 2:00 A.M. bath by candle light is also a favorite diversion. But his fatal weakness

is girls. College work is only a side line; music and women are his specialties. One takes all his spare hours during the day; the other, seven of his evenings each week. His character is a sort of enigma to us, but the fact is he doesn't spend enough time at the college for us to get acquainted with him. However, Thiers' musical ability has made him a valuable member of the Mandolin Club and indispensable to "Beer" Schoch's orchestra. Through the latter, 'tis said that he has become acquainted with a musical soul-mate up at St. Davids.

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# HAVERFORD COLLEGE

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DOUGLAS CARY WENDELL

"Doug"

*"Surely, surely, slumber is more sweet than toil."*

Now if great ability, dreamy trips into the Elysian fields'', and a total lack of system constitute genius, then 1916 is most fortunate in possessing a thoroughbred. For Doug answers all the requirements. He is indeed accomplished; voice like a bell, pianist of Paderewski's caliber, poet to rival Browning, and Czar of the *News*. But alas! Doug has two fatal weaknesses, day-dreaming and sleeping; and between them he has a very hard time. Late for meals, late for classes, late for trains, and late for everything else—this is the result of his evil habits. On one occasion, it is rumored, he missed all three meals:—breakfast—overslept; lunch—forgotten; dinner—missed by afternoon nap. Some admit him a genius; others are doubtful; while still others say—but we shall be merciful.

Ah, will we ever forget that memorable evening in Freshman year when Doug, preceded by a rushing cataract, endeavored to *steal* down stairs, waterladen suit-case in hand, to ambush Johnny Love? The latter, however, brought into



play his great mind, and refused to be seduced by Doug's frantic hailings. Doug long cherished his chagrin at this, and has endeavored to get even with John by rooming with him in Senior year.

Now Doug has still other striking qualities. As a gymnast he is of no mean ability, and at cricket he is a wizard. Doug has also tried football and was the organizer of the famous "Slime", the valiant and oft-victorious fourth team. He has shown a great fondness for Math, and has gone into research work with Drs. Reid and Wilson. In English he has completely won Dr. Snyder's heart, and at French—words fail us. But most characteristic of all is Doug's whistling; and forever his warbling interpretation of "Ho, Jolly Jenkin" and the "Marche Militaire" will linger with us. In fair weather or foul, in sunshine or sadness, the same cheery whistle has always announced the arrival of our optimist.

## NINETEEN SIXTEEN RECORD

OLIVER PARRY WINSLOW

"Windy"

In some respects, Windy is pretty much of a Sphinx. Now the Sphinx, as you may perhaps not know, is a beast of uncertain origin, which appears in Egyptian and Greek art. One of them is said by Noah Webster to have propounded a riddle and killed those who were unable to guess it.

But in this case, Windy is himself the riddle and we seem embarked on a swift road to destruction because we can't altogether solve him.

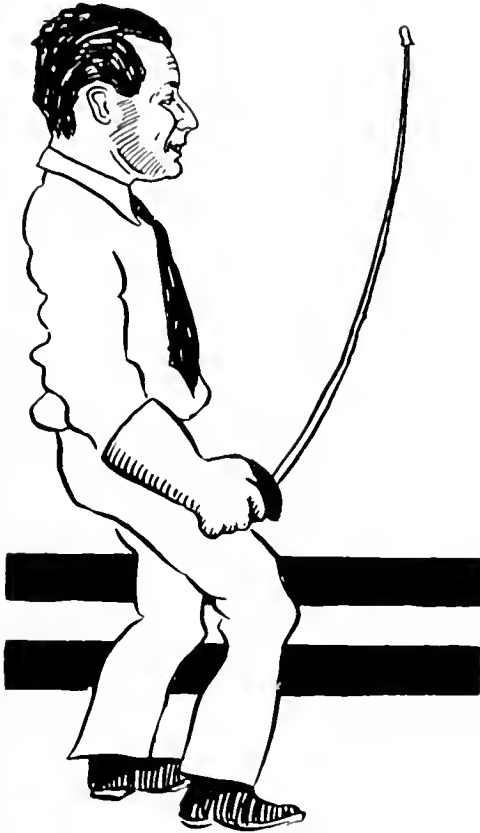
At the outset, let it be said baldly that Windy belongs to that famous family of Winslows, representatives of which have been entering Haverford's gates since the youthful days of Caleb. The present Windy upholds the St. John's tradition and is 1916's most rabid militarist. At St. John's, we understand that he was Color Sergeant and cotillion leader par excellence. At Haverford too, he has been strongly suspected of leaning toward the gentler sex. The Winslow weakness for fancy-dress balls is also thought to have captured him. There is an accurate report that Windy has a special fondness for musical comedies, and, as is becoming for a soldier, he believes in taking his place in the front rank.

Even a superficial glance at Windy's dreamy, languid eyes will convince you that he enjoys sleep. In fact he is the most brilliant performer of that peaceful group, Wagner, Wendell, Winslow, and Wood, who, on Thursday mornings, snore so brazenly while Rufus is expounding on the immortality of the soul.

Windy also enjoys eating; but once

in a while he stops long enough to offer some chemical advice to Fred Henley, or take issue with John Kuhns on anything at all.

Windy's favorite indoor sport is plotting out the Milky Way on the little white globe resting on his desk down first floor South. Out doors, he showed a decided proclivity for Wogglebugging, and well we remember those meteor-like flights of his on Walton Field last fall that led to 1916's triumph in that sport of all sports. He is also a very fast man on the cinder path. On the whole we think that the latest Windy is a very interesting specimen, and we are sorry that he was only with us for a single year.



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# H A V E R F O R D   C O L L E G E

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JOSEPH DENSMORE WOOD

“Woody”

Woody hails from Guilford College, North Carolina, and though not a native son of the South, his soft voice and slow easy drawl would pass him for such anywhere. He seems to have in his make-up a good leavening of *Die Wanderlust*, and has in the short period of twenty-one years lived in sixteen different states scattered along the line from Kansas to New Hampshire, which he calls home,

and from New Hampshire to North Carolina via New Jersey. In searching the family records we find that the little village of Wichita, Kansas, claims the honor of being his birth-place.

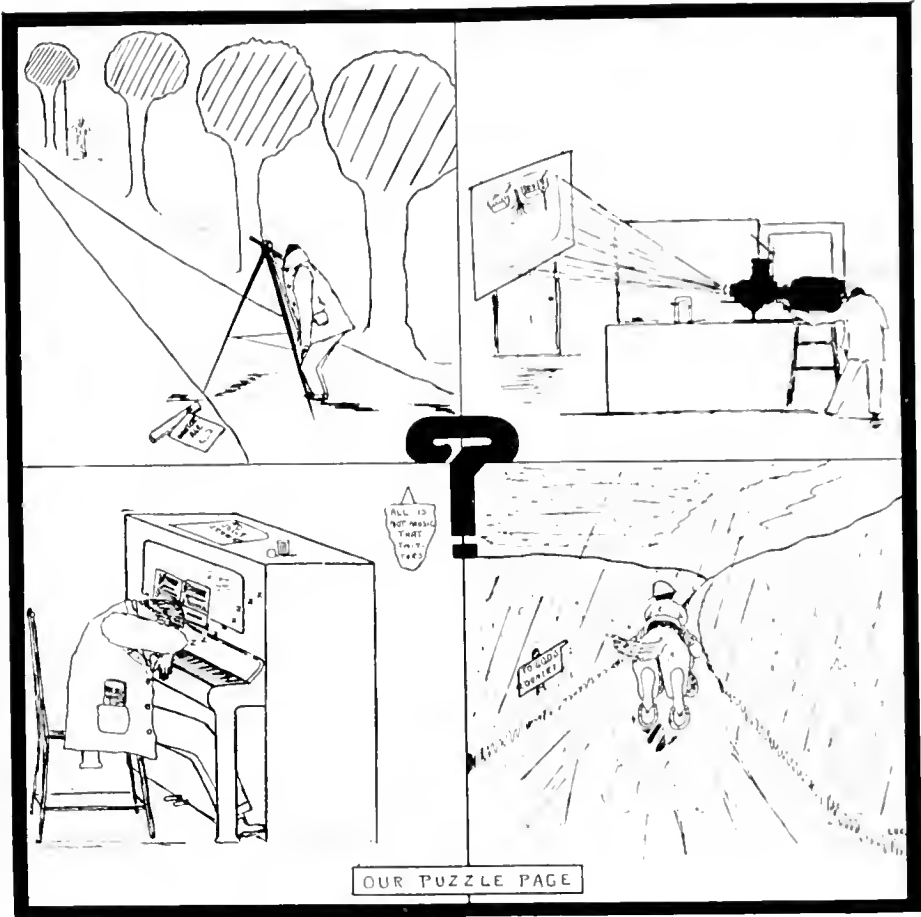
Woody doesn't volunteer much information concerning his past exploits. He doesn't need to; his quiet, unassuming manner tells all that is necessary, and we can take the rest for granted. Though rather small for football, J. D. held down right end in the Wogglebug game in a very satisfactory manner, making some good tackles and good openings. His favorite sports are of the indoor variety, being basketball and rough-housing. The first he takes for exercise, the second for recreation. His favorite pastime is converting Bangham into a Morris chair. Wood takes to study like a cat takes to water. He doesn't find college life so strenuous, however, but that he has time for the movies and Bryn Mawr.

Wood holds the record in the Senior class for being the only man who doesn't shave. Every two or three months his cheeks get a little fuzzy, but a piece of sandpaper is all that is necessary. Feeling that his youthful appearance is against his

prospects of landing a job for next year, Woody has recently initiated the novel stunt of using Herpicide on his cheeks. A mustache is the goal of his hirsute ambitions.







OUR PUZZLE PAGE

# HAVERFORD COLLEGE

## Nineteen Sixteen Class Officers

### FRESHMAN YEAR

<i>First Half</i>		<i>Second Half</i>	
E. R. MOON	<i>President</i>	J. G. LOVE, JR.	
JAMES CAREY, 3D	<i>Vice-President</i>	GEORGE VAN BUSKIRK	
J. G. LOVE, JR.	<i>Secretary</i>	W. M. ALLEN	
JOSEPH STOKES, JR.	<i>Treasurer</i>	D. C. WENDELL	

### SOPHOMORE YEAR

<i>First Half</i>		<i>Second Half</i>	
W. M. ALLEN	<i>President</i>	E. C. BYE	
E. F. LUKENS, JR.	<i>Vice-President</i>	D. C. WENDELL	
E. C. BYE	<i>Secretary</i>	W. T. HANNUM	
F. P. SHARPLESS	<i>Treasurer</i>	J. A. COOPER	

### JUNIOR YEAR

<i>First Half</i>		<i>Second Half</i>	
U. J. MENGERT	<i>President</i>	E. F. LUKENS, JR.	
F. C. BUFFUM, JR.	<i>Vice-President</i>	J. S. ELLISON, JR.	
F. W. CARY	<i>Secretary</i>	P. A. HUNTER	
W. T. HANNUM	<i>Treasurer</i>	F. W. CARY	

### SENIOR YEAR

<i>First Half</i>		<i>Second Half</i>	
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W. T. KIRK, 3D	<i>Vice-President</i>	O. P. WINSLOW	
C. P. KNIGHT, JR.	<i>Secretary</i>	F. W. CARY	
W. L. MARTWICK	<i>Treasurer</i>	J. A. COOPER	
<i>Spoon Man</i> .....			

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# NINETEEN SIXTEEN RECORD

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## The 1916 Census

The average age of the 39 members of our class at the time of graduation is found to be exactly 22 years. The oldest was born 25 years and 7 months ago; while our youngest member boasts of 19 years and 5 months of worldly experience. Two of our members have declared their matrimonial intentions, and several others have at various times been recipients of congratulations.

### 1. *What is the best thing the class has done?*

Our athletic ability seems to be our forte in the opinion of most of the fellows, with licking 1915 in football as an especial phase. "Four years without a split" received several votes. One man thought that we had "produced more than a few nice boys," while another claimed that our greatest achievement was in graduating Corson—we admit that this is *some* accomplishment.

### 2. *What was the best year in college?*

The vote proves that Prof. James was right. Recent pleasures are most vivid in one's memory. "In the final analysis" Senior year was the best with 20 votes. Junior year received 9, and Sophomore year 4, while Freshman year, when we first met 1915, was so unpopular that it did not get a single one.

### 3. *What is the best course that you have taken?*

Opinions differed widely on this question. Dr. Jones' Ethics received the most (6) votes, and English 10 got 5. But History 6, which is limited to ten Seniors, was strongly backed by four of them and so really deserves first place. Most of the other courses were given one or two votes each.

### 4. *Why did Oscar cut off his whiskers?*

Some rather obvious answers were given to this query. *Cherchez la femme* seemed in the minds of quite a few, and many declared it was to cut down wind resistance with the accompanying salvage of automobile gasoline. One man hinted that Oscar was afraid we'd think he didn't have the face to do it. But "for Oscarlatory reasons, a kiss on the cheek is worth two in the bush" takes the blue ribbon.

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# H A V E R F O R D C O L L E G E

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5. *What is the reason that you did not hold a corporation scholarship?*

There were about as many reasons as there were votes; one or two even told the truth about it. Of course some accused the faculty of partiality, and a couple tried to "bootlick" Prexy by blaming it on evil companions (that kind of stuff doesn't go with the class though). One man was thoughtful of his father's health, it wouldn't have stood the shock. It was probably Corson who said, "the word corporation is obnoxious to me."

6. *What is the probable source of Monday lunch?*

The "Bug" Lab is one, of course, and last week's lunches are another; that almost goes without saying. Someone hedged, and said "the kitchen". A young Anthony Comstock replied in shocked tones, "unprintable." But in "terms of 100%" Sanger only knows—although Childs or Horn & Hardart may have a clue.

7. *Who is the best acquainted in Ardmore?*

This and query II received the most nearly unanimous decision of the census. John Love, Grayhove, J. G. Love, Jr., John G. Johnson, and John B. Kelly were elected by a two-thirds vote. Cricket week netted Jim Shipley two votes.

8. *What is the most valuable College publication?*

News is indispensable in the 20th Century, so the *News* won. The *Scarlet*, *Clarion*, *Haverfordian*, and flunk notices had their followers too. Our modesty prevented us from counting the votes for the *Record*.

## WHAT MEMBER OF THE CLASS IS

9. *The biggest bluffer?*

Were it not that we know that he hasn't cracked a book, sometimes even we ourselves would be fooled into thinking that Love knows what he's talking about in class. Moon and Martwick were easily outpointed, Love scoring a knockout.

10. *Least appreciated?*

We have, unwittingly perhaps, kept Clare's light under a bushel. We have not recognized his worth. To continue the Biblical phrase, we now say in reparation, "Let there be light". Steve toots his own horn, but he isn't appreciated either. Nor is the lady-killer Shipley. Eleven others got one vote each (one really could not stuff the ballot, you know).

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## NINETEEN SIXTEEN RECORD

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11. *The greatest eater?*

Hannum is the prize gleaner. After noting question 6, we are tempted to say, scavenger. The four other entrants didn't finish the first lap. Score: Bill 21, Moon 7, Faries 3, Lorry 1, Choate 1.

12. *The handsomest?*

Cupid Bill Kirk won easily. He would have scored higher if Haverford were co-ed. Those who liked decided blondes voted for the Luke.

13. *The nearest to being a genius?*

A genius, you know, is oblivious to the passage of time. Wendel wins. The cantilever spring brought Corson in second.

14. *The most energetic?*

A neck-and-neck struggle between Allen and Chick. But Chick, like the hare in the fable, went into ol' stupor, and Bill won by a nose, 11-10. Knight is very energetic at times too.

15. *The laziest?*

The Spanish often say *manana* when asked to do something—Doug would make a dandy Spaniard—he has such dark hair, and he loves music. Corson was an easy second. Tom Lawson took third.

16. *The biggest fusser?*

Hannum,—Kirk, Ellison. Oh, thou Olympian Jove, grant us, we pray thee, a Paris (or better, a Venus) to decide for us which of these deserves the golden apple. Obie captured second place, and Stone, our Superman, received some mention.

17. *The most entertaining?*

Bo as Eliza and as a banquet speaker carries off the palm. Love's imitation of a lawyer at the bar is our second choice.

18. *The most innocent?*

The blue ribbon goes to guileless Joe. Honorable mention, Dunlap and Bangham. Leidy also got a vote. Some one is getting sarcastically personal, Phil.

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# H A V E R F O R D C O L L E G E

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19. *The most original?*

That wonderful patented spring again carried Corson through a winner. Cooper was his nearest competitor, but got lost in the Saxon's dust.

20. *The biggest bootlicker?*

In an all-around sense, the Pope gets the highest award. He has been guardian angel to each Freshman class in its infancy since 1914. Kirk, Martwick, Love and Stone were also ranking members of this class.

21. *The best dressed?*

Lloyd and good dressing go hand in hand. Phil has spent all four years in Lloyd and naturally is our fashion plate. Kuhns and Lukens also ran.

22. *The most disorderly?*

Result in doubt until the last. But Bo gave her more gas, lost two books, his gown, and Ed Moon's pipe in his own room, and pulled out a victor. Doug and Jim Carey were only a few seconds late (figuratively, you know) and Sherty was a very close third.

23. (a) *The wittiest?* (b) *Thinks he is?*

Corson received many votes for having transposed a zero but lost to Hook. According to accounts Love, Hunter, and Allen have a little wit too. Maxwell will josh Saint Peter for a month about his beard. This is what made him winner of section b.

24. *The hardest worker?*

Allen and Hannum work to beat the Dutch, but it can't be done. Mengert is it in a walk-away.

25. *Who will be most successful?*

Bill Allen is the man. And Cary, Love, and Mengert have a bare chance.

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## NINETEEN SIXTEEN RECORD

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### The Burning of Barclay

Once upon a time Dixie Dunn bet Steve Knowlton a pound of Edgeworth that his largest Boa Water Constrictor (among those which Dixie preserved up in the Center Water Tank) could devour one of Steve's Fire-Eating Guinea Pigs. The latter, we might remark, was the great Scout's most recent biological invention, and it fed on burning sulphur. We mention this fact, because although always an interesting phenomenon, no one thought it would be the cause of the most terrible conflagration ever staged on the Haverford Campus.

Steve brought his pig up early on the evening before the contest, saying to Dixie that next morning would be bad weather for snakes. When he went to bed that night about twelve o'clock, he forgot to give his pet a large enough ration of matches to feed upon. So around 2:15 A. M. the sulphurous creature, growing hungry, made his way down to the snug Center Mail Box with a bunch of specially prepared matches in his paws. Here he munched contentedly on his merrily blazing fodder, absorbing the warmth with animal delight.

The peaceful watchman had locked the doors carefully at two, and by three the silence enshrouding the three Barclays was rocked by rolling clouds of smoke. How that fire did run up the partitions, and the well-oiled wooden stairways! Center was already a Gehenna of lurid smoke, with ominous red flame-flickerings shooting through it as lightning through billowing clouds on a summer night. The all-consuming flames pierced the barriers between Center and the North and South precincts, spreading up the stairways and then branching out; and a little after three such a powerful nose-tweaking perfume was sent up from the incinerated fire-department hose, that all Center awoke to the fact that all was not right with the registers. And like the clods in Lowell's poem, they "groped blindly above them for light."

Steve Knowlton, realizing at once what was happening, grabbed one of his Indian war clubs and a Scout Manual in his right hand, gently heaved the Cap and Bell's typewriter out the window with his left, and cursing the chemical composition of rubber, dashed out on a wild pursuit after his precious guinea pig. The ever-alert Whipple nudged Dixie in the ribs, picked up his two favorite pipes, gathered in his Latin trots, placed an alarm by "Harvey's" door, and joined Drs. Snyder and Cadbury, who were already on their special grandstand above the Center doorway rejoicing that "at last, thank goodness, there was enough light after twelve o'clock to get those lectures ready for tomorrow."

Dixie, more fully awakened by an affectionate contact with one of his sacred snakes, quickly selected his largest specimen, turned it into a knotted rope, picked

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## H A V E R F O R D C O L L E G E

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the easiest way of descent out of his north-west window, slid nonchalantly down its scaley body, and joined the "Hebrews" and the "Romans," who, so to speak, were watching the conflagration like Nero of old.

But hark! Simultaneously the Corson warhoop and the *Marche Militaire* burst forth in the night air. At last! Certain proof that Love and Lukens had done their work, and surely all Center was awakened to the perils of the ominously crackling flames that lit up the marvelous Ardmore-Gothic architecture of the Barclays.

Yet Hannum and Martwick slept on.

Ed Moon, feeling that a crisis was at hand, fitted Chick under one arm (much to Chick's disgust) and laying hold of his Record files, strode down through flames, smell, smoke, brimstone and all, sent the locked Center door spinning outward with one kick, and carefully deposited his possessions out in the open. Not one minute later, the Center and South stairs collapsed in a shower of sparks and charred timbers. South, nearly smothered by smoke and the fumes from the fire-extinguisher which Caleb was wielding (dressed in a scorched and abbreviated night-shirt), had almost suffered a panic. But Bill Kirk, guitar in hand, aided by Perry Hunter and Jim Shipley with their mandolins, stilled the excitement. Gathering their cohorts and forming an orderly brigade, they marched out amid cheers. Jimmy Ellison was in the lead, carrying a cricket bat, his voice, and a dress tie. Jim Carey had forethought enough to put on his dress suit first, and rescued a silver cup along with Green's *Prolegomena*. Sherty Morgan and Bill Allen, showing great presence of mind, saved Bill's Physics Notes, his church attendance record, and Sherty's specially-cured leaf tobacco.

In North things went sorrowfully. West Howland and Charlie Brown managed to save their debating notes; but getting into an argument on the way out, they lost half their Chafing Dish Paraphernalia. Sam Wagner, much as he hated to do it, relinquished his Differential tome in the hottest part of the fire; it had proved too weighty for him. The hungry flames licked up Jack Le Clercq's Library of Sources for Dramatic Ideas, and a suffocation panic like that in South nearly recurred. Sam in the meantime rushed back and saved Don Baird's Calabash pipe, but forgot his best tortoise shell glasses. Needless to say, Don was in town, thus avoiding the precarious use of his automatic fire-ropes.

The fire escapes at the ends of both North and South were the scenes of terrible curses, cuts, bruises, and sprained ankles, because of the great height from the bottom of the escapes to the ground. Broken glass, old clothes, blood clotted snow, and gray ant heaps of struggling figures covered the ground. Pills, plasters, bandages, Richard, and Miss Super tore over from the Infirmary, and "Doc" Babbitt, just back from the Charity Ball, directed his improvised first aid crew in top hat, fur coat, and pumps. Ramsey, plunging over from Founders, immediately turned the medico's car into an emergency ambulance.

But we have neglected the Triangle Club's piano! You remember the warhoop and the *Marche Militaire*—well, that was merely a farewell rite to an old



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## NINETEEN SIXTEEN RECORD

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friend. Those four yeomen, Love, Lukens, Corson, and Wendell, gathering unto themselves 'Moon-Stone' strength, had waltzed the Grand Old Wreck of Center to the nearby window, and, after Wendell had played Stevenson's Requiem, gently consigned it to the upper air below room 37. When it lit *mirabile auditu* its very heart burst in an agony of melody. Like the Harp in Tara's Halls, it played "Ho Jolly Jenkyn", "O John Love", "We Went Down to Swarthmore Town" and "Men of Harlech" simultaneously.

But Martwick and Hannum slept peacefully on.

While this was going on, Klock had come to an agreement with Whipple's alarm; Harvey's coffee percolator was so hot that his "morning cup" awaited him. So, after he had called Don, and collected his two fine banners and three pots of strawberry jam, the two of them sat down to a fortifier before taking a grand leap to the dingle shrubs four stories below. This was their only chance, because long before, the stairs had become ashes. But the dingle bushes, being springy, broke their fall. Don Chandler said afterwards, though, that just before he jumped he wouldn't have given much for his football chances next season.

Now through the ministrations of a bitter north-east wind, North Barclay was a mass of ice, steam, smoke, and charring floors. Center, partly saved by the dripping water tank, looked like a lit-up Christmas tree, and South was a huge, horrible, red, roaring blast furnace, spouting sheets of flame.

Martwick and Hannum slumbered silently on.

But what of the four piano movers and Clement and Gibson, up on the third floor Center with no means of escape? The miraculous get away of the six in Center's furnace, we will tell in the words of Webb's report to the *Public Ledger*.

"Although we saw John Love stick his head out of the window (and he immediately pulled the window down at our request), we had no certain proof that the other five had not succumbed to an onslaught from Dixie's snakes, or paralysis from rubber smoke.

"When lo! hark! However! Suddenly a thing resembling a horned balloon with a string of sausages—live sausages—attached to it—emerged from Lukens' and Corson's room. The top sausage was headless, but the remaining five we recognized as the missing occupants, Clement, Corson, Gibson, Lukens, and Wendell. On the rear construction of each sausage, was attached a bow-shaped spring, later proved to be the Corson "Cantilever Shock Absorber", while dangling from each sausage were two leg-shaped limbs. This weird Dunderbeck machine drifted gradually down amid a cloud of ashes, smoke and dust. The assembled crowd gazed and gasped and swayed back in horror as it lit upon the ground, rebounding easily.

Upon removing the balloon from Grayhove's head, we found him rather dazed, but smiling gamely—and only babbling a little about alarm clocks and the Swarthmore game. The balloon itself was made from a pair of Ed Moon's pajamas filled with hot air.

"It seemed a desperate chance," said Bo Corson, "but Bob insisted that the

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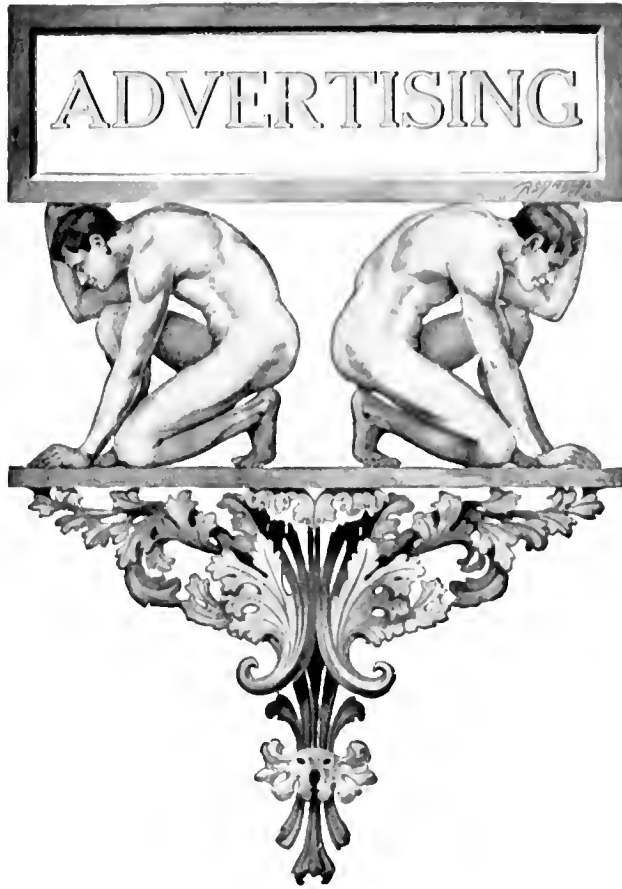
# H A V E R F O R D   C O L L E G E

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*Haverfordian* dummy had to be saved, so the 'smoother' six of us took the challenge."

Although there were no candidates for the morgue, the remains of a large ten-foot Water Boa, half charred and bulging strangely in the middle, were found remarkably near the Center mail box. They say Dixie is now smoking largely of Edgeworth, while, amid the half-burned wreckage of Center, Martwick and Hannum sleep sweetly, sweetly on.





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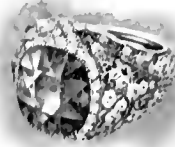
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O'er thy cold gray facts I skim.

And I would that my work was  
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And already handed in.

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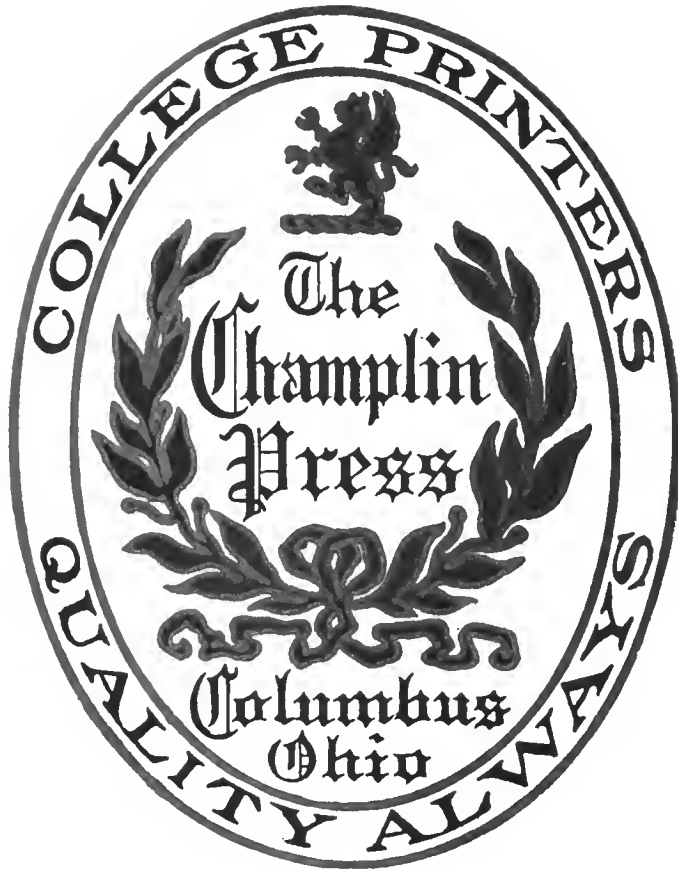
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