HAVERFORD

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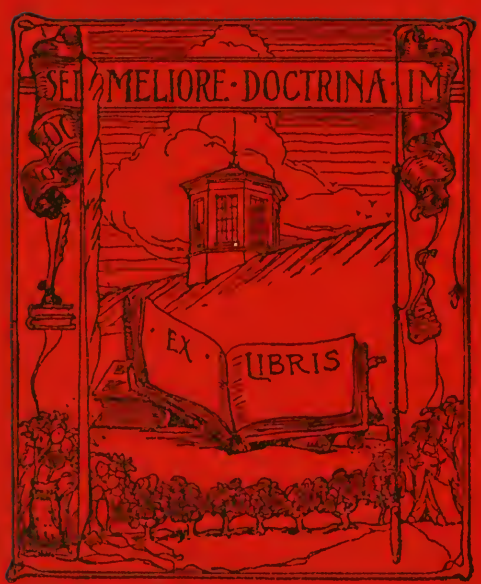
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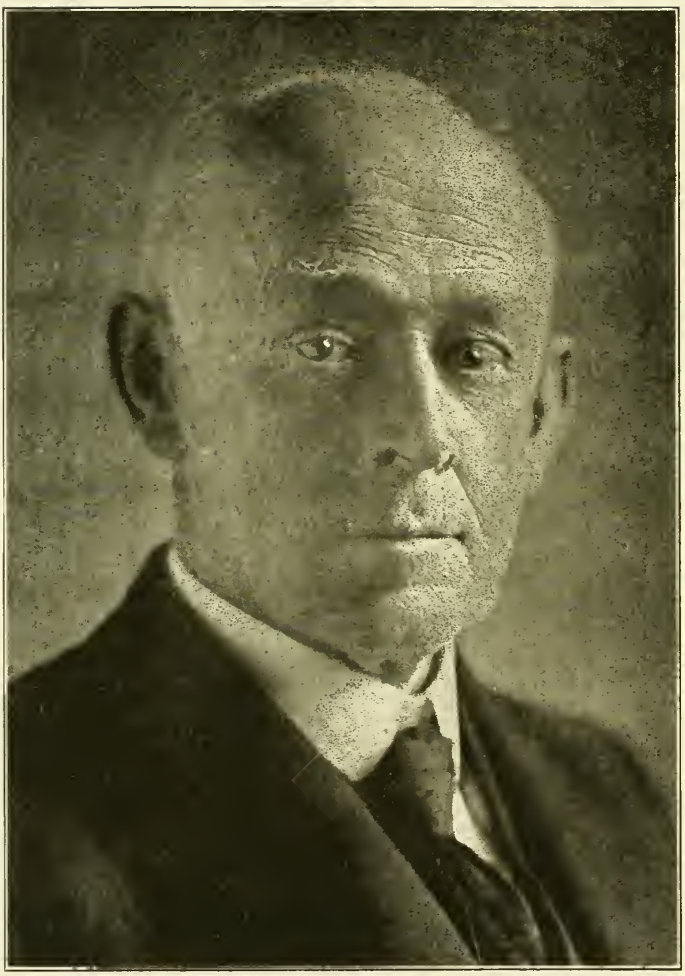

A RECORD

of the

Class of Nineteen-Seventeen

"And thou, O Time, though strong thou art,
Yet never, never shalt thou part
The ties that ever bind the hearts
Of every son of Haverford."

HAVERFORD COLLEGE

1913–1917

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To

Isaac Sharpless

Scholar, Administrator, and Friend

who gave to Haverford that highest of all gifts—
himself, and whose ideals have steadily become
Haverford's ideals, we dedicate this vol-
ume, fully conscious that it can be
but an inadequate expression
of our respect and esteem

Isaac Sharpless

President of Haverford College, 1887-1917

NO single event has ever caused more general regret among Haverfordians than the announcement by President Sharpless of his intention to retire at the end of the present college year. To separate his name from that of Haverford seemed impossible—the two had in forty years become almost synonymous; and the college, its campus and buildings, its educational methods, its aims and ideals—all seem like a direct expression of this one man's personality. To quote from a member of the faculty: "His greatest work has been the creation of a self-governing student body into which he has put the breath of his own physical life; and the gathering together of a group of powerful men on his faculty, so imbued with a sense of their responsibility for the students that there has grown up an intimacy between these two bodies of men unique among the colleges of the country. Not a student passes through Haverford College without learning to love and look up to President Sharpless as he would to a father."

Isaac Sharpless was born in Birmingham Township, Chester County, December 16, 1848, and received his early education at Westtown School, where he was graduated in 1867. One day, soon after this, he was engaged in plowing on his father's farm when a delegation from the Westtown School Committee appeared and told him that they had decided to offer him a position as teacher. This was the beginning of President Sharpless's career as an educator.

He left his position at Westtown to study at the Lawrence Scientific School of Harvard University, where he received the degree of B.S. in 1873. Two years later he came to Haverford as instructor in mathematics, and in 1879 was made professor of astronomy. Through his efforts the equipment in that department was greatly increased, so that Haverford had at the time one of the best-equipped college observatories in the country. He was made dean of the college in 1884, in which position his tactful disciplinary methods and gradual introduction of self-government did much toward promoting advantageous relations between students and faculty. In his executive capacity as dean his superior business ability gave the college an increased financial prosperity.

In April, 1887, he was unanimously selected president of Haverford, which he has since succeeded in placing in the "little list of the best small colleges." In 1889 he was honored with the degree of LL.D. from Swarthmore College. When a second degree of LL.D. was conferred upon him by Harvard University in 1915, President Abbott Lawrence Lowell described him thus: "Isaac Sharpless, President of Haverford College, who has put aside the lure of expansion and made the college eminent for sound learning, scholarship and character."

He has ever kept in intimate touch with the details of student and faculty matters, and has guided the progress of the college with a strong but usually invisible hand, acting not as a driver, but as a leader. The quiet smoothness with which the Haverford machinery runs has led some facetious students to misquote Browning so far as to say: "Ike's in his office—all's right with the world."

President Sharpless is the author of a number of books, both historical and scientific, of which the following may be mentioned: *The Spirit of Early Quakerism* (1890); *The Relation of State to Education in England and America* (1893); *Quaker Experiment in Government* (1898); *Two Centuries of Pennsylvania History* (1900); *Quakerism and Politics* (1905); *Some Facts about Quaker Government in Birmingham, Manchester and Liverpool* (in *Haverford College Studies); The Quaker Boy on the Farm and at School* (1908); *The American College* (1915); also *The Quakers in the American Colonies* (in collaboration with R. M. Jones and A. M. Gummere); *Astronomy* and *Natural Philosophy* (with Dr. G. M. Philips, 1882).

In academic matters President Sharpless has always been a champion of liberal education as opposed to narrow specialization. His recent book, "The American College," shows a sympathetic study of higher education in this country. He is an active member of the Pennsylvania Association of College Presidents, of which he was at one time chairman. In local politics he has taken a keen interest from the standpoint of clean citizenship, and is a former president of the Main Line Citizens' Association. Particularly in recent months he has been active in the peace movement, and is one of the vice-presidents of the League to Enforce Peace.

In matters athletic he has stood firmly for clean sport and strict amateurism—for gentlemanliness and playing for the love of the game. As Haverford athletics have grown to their present proportions they have been built upon this ideal, and the keenness of our "athletic conscience" is based on these principles. President Sharpless is extremely fond of out-door life and usually spends his summers in the Poconos, often going on fishing trips to Canada or Carolina. His love of recreation and his keen sense of humor have kept him ever young.

His personality is summed up in a few words by Dr. F. B. Gummere when he says: "He has done what seemed right to him, irrespective of the popular drift. He has thought the best of everybody and a thousand students have felt the spur of this confidence; but he has invariably given them a round, unvarnished tale of their deficiencies and faults. . . . In brief, his absolute honesty and his invincible optimism, working without lapse or exaggeration upon the student body, have been the main factors in bringing the college to its present state of grace."

THE CLASS

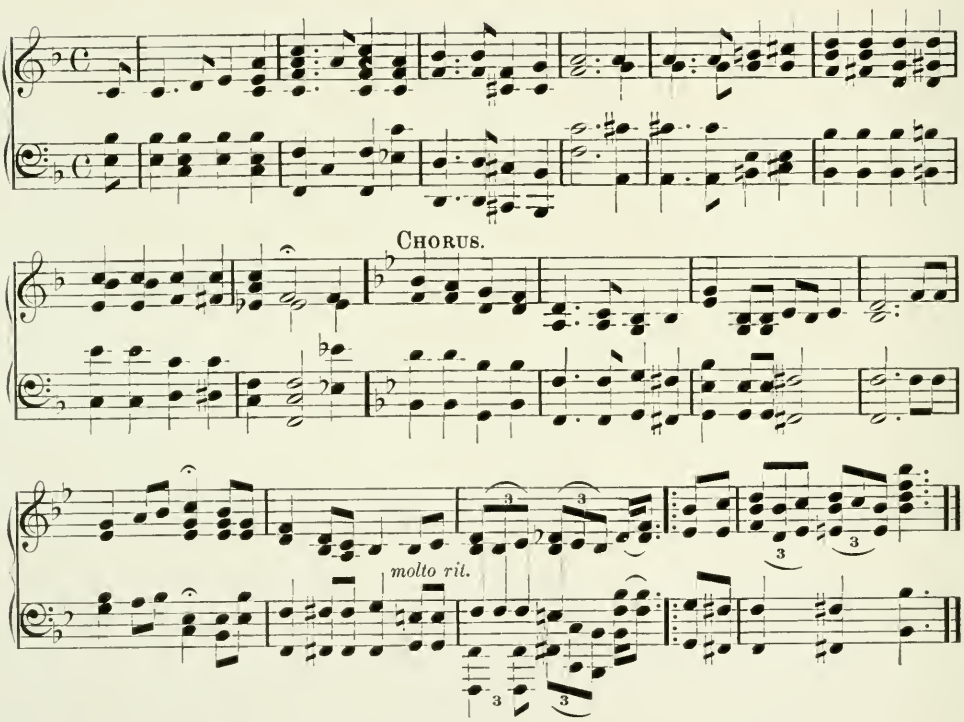
Foreword

Though the deeds that are here set down be little
read nor long remembered, if this book shall
serve in later life to renew a single vision
or recall a single memory of these
four college years, we shall not
have worked in vain

The Class Song

Words by Colby D. VanDam
Robert Gibson

Music by Colby D. VanDam
Ernest L. Brown



Nineteen-Seventeen

I.

Our college days have slipped away,
Our parting hour is nigh;
Our hearts reach forward to the fray
And backward with a sigh.

Chorus

We hear the call! As one we come,
To fight, strive on and win!
And the name, like a flame,
That will guide us to fame
Is the name of our class, Seventeen!

II.

A heritage of memories
That time cannot erase
Will follow us like melodies
Forever haunting space.

III.

The garden-campus we have trod
So free from worldly care
We leave to others and to God—
To share the beauty there!

IV.

Though fades the flower in the field,
Or blooms, the blush restored,
Triumphant let us ever shield
The name of Haverford.

IWAO FREDERICK AYUSAWA

Tokio, Japan

Born, Tokio, Japan, October 15, 1894

Entered Junior Year from Whitman College. Glee Club (3).

Senior Thesis:—"*The Study of the Language Spoken in Japan.*"

WILLIAM LLOYD BAILY, Jr.

Ardmore, Pa.

Born, Philadelphia, Pa., May 12, 1895

Entered Freshman Year from Haverford School. Stage Manager, Cap and Bells (4); Football Squad (2, 3, 4); Cup for Most-Faithful-Man-on-the-Scrub (4); Asst. Stage Manager, Cap and Bells (3); Mandolin Club (1, 2, 3, 4); Wogglebug team (2, 3, 4); Class Cricket team (2); Asst. Business Manager, *Class Record* (4); Member of Cap and Bells Club (3, 4).

Senior Thesis:—"*Prison Reform.*"

ALBERT WINSLOW BARKER

Moylan, Pa.

Born, Chicago, Ill., June 1, 1874

Entered Senior Year from Class of 1916. Instructor in School of Industrial Art at the Pennsylvania Museum (1903-1913); Assistant Professor at Swarthmore College (1914-1916); Speaker at Classical Club and Scientific Society meetings (4).

Senior Thesis:—"The Subjective Factor in Greek Architectural Design."

HORACE BEALE BRODHEAD

Parkesburg, Pa.

Born, Washington, D. C., November 2, 1895

Entered Freshman Year from Yeates School. Subscription Manager of *Haverfordian* (3, 4); Football squad (1, 2, 3); Mandolin Club (3, 4); Class Soccer team (1, 2, 3); Wogglebug team (2, 3, 4).

Senior Thesis:—"American Diplomacy."

CHARLES FARWELL BROWN

Brookline, Mass.

Born, Medford, Mass., July 23, 1895

Entered Freshman Year from Mose Brown School. Manager of Cap and Bells Play (4). Business Manager of *Class Record* (4); Baseball squad (2); Asst. Football Manager (3); Asst. Baseball Manager (3); Asst. Manager, Cap and Bells (2, 3); Asst. Treasurer (3); Mandolin Club (1); Class Soccer team (2, 3); Class Track team (1, 2); Class Baseball team (1, 2); Wogglebug team (2, 3, 4); Member of Cap and Bells Club (2, 3, 4). Founders' Club.

Senior Thesis:—"*The New York Stock Exchange.*"

ERNEST LANCASTER BROWN

Moorestown, N. J.

Born, Tioga, Pa., December 14, 1893

Entered Freshman Year from Westtown School. Leader of Mandolin Club (3, 4); Cheer Leader (4). Track team (1, 2, 3), "H" (1, 2, 3); Sub-asst. Football Manager (2); Secretary of Athletic Assn. (2); Nominating Comm. of Athletic Assn. (4); Mandolin Club (1, 2, 3, 4); President of Music Study Club (2, 3); Class President (1); Class Soccer team (1, 2, 3, 4); Class Gym team (1, 2, 3, 4); Class Track team (1, 2, 3, 4), Captain (3); Wogglebug team (4); Winner of Freshman Cake-Walk (1); Member of Cap and Bells Club (2, 3, 4).

Senior Thesis:—"*The New Penology.*"

JOHN HOWARD BUZBY

Atlantic City, N. J.

Born, Moorestown, N. J., October 12, 1893

Entered Freshman Year from Westtown School. Manager of Musical Clubs (4). Soccer team (1, 2, 3). Numerals (1, 2), "H" (3); Secretary of Students' Assn. (2); Asst. Manager Musical Clubs (3); Class President (4); Class Soccer team (1, 2, 3, 4). Captain (1); Class Cricket team (1, 2); Member of Cap and Bells Club (2, 3, 4).

Senior Thesis:—"Lighting Effects of the Stage."

WILLIAM HENRY CHAMBERLIN

Philadelphia, Pa.

Born, Brooklyn, N. Y., February 17, 1897

Entered Freshman Year from William Penn Charter School. *Haverfordian* Board (2, 3, 4); Secretary-Treasurer of Classical Club (2, 3); Associate Editor of *Class Record* (4); Honorable Mention for Class of 1902 Latin Prize (1); First John B. Garrett Reading Prize (3); Corporation Scholarship (1, 4).

Senior Thesis:—"The Influence of the House of Hohenstaufen upon the History of Europe."

GEORGE DONALD CHANDLER

Hockessin, Del.

Born, Hockessin, Del., March 25, 1896

Entered Freshman Year from Cedarcroft School. Football squad (1, 2), team (3, 4); Football Numerals (2), "H" (3, 4); Baseball team (2, 3, 4); Asst. Manager Baseball Club (2); Class Treasurer (3); Class Soccer team (3, 4); Class Track team (3); Class Baseball team (1, 2), Manager (2); Class Cricket team (2); Class Basketball team (1).

Senior Thesis:—"The Cost of Electric Power in the Haverford College Plant."

DeWITT CROWELL CLEMENT

Overbrook, Pa.

Born, Philadelphia, Pa., December 22, 1894

Entered Freshman Year from Haverford School. Manager of Cricket team (4); Football squad (1, 2); Track team (1, 2, 3), Numerals (1), "H" (2, 3); Broke College two mile record (2, 3); Soccer squad (3, 4); Asst. Manager of Cricket team (3); Executive Comm., Cap and Bells (3, 4); Cast of "Eliza Comes to Stay" (2), "All-of-a-Sudden Peggy" (3); Vice-President of Class (1); Class Football team (1); Class Soccer team (1, 2, 3, 4); Class Track team (1, 2, 3, 4); Class Cricket team (2); Class Swimming team (1, 3); of Cap and Bells Club (2, 3, 4); Beta Rho Sigma.

Senior Thesis:—"State Banks and Trust Companies."

WILLARD MARTIN RICE CROSMAN

Haverford, Pa.

Born, Haverford, Pa., October 13, 1894

Entered Freshman Year from Haverford School. Captain of Cricket team (4). Football squad (1); Soccer squad (2), team (3, 4), Numerals (2), "H" (3, 4); Track team (1, 3), "H" (3); Cricket team (1, 3, 4), "H" (3); English Tour (1); Swimming team (2, 3, 4), Captain (4); Athletic Cabinet (4); Glee Club (1, 3, 4); Freshman Prize cup (1); Freshman Prize Bat (1); Shakespeare Prize Bat (1); Class Soccer team (1, 2, 3, 4); Class Gym team (1); Class Track team (1, 2, 3, 4); Class Baseball team (2); Class Cricket team (1, 2); Captain (2); Captain of Class Swimming team (1, 2, 3, 4); Cap and Bells Club (3, 4); Beta Rho Sigma.

Senior Thesis:—"The Protective Tariff."

WILLIAM MARSHALL DARLINGTON

West Chester, Pa.

Born, West Chester, Pa., December 5, 1894

Entered Freshman Year from Haverford School. Football squad (1, 2); Gym squad (2), team (3); Vice-President of Scientific Society (4); Class Football team (1); Class Gym team (1, 2, 3); Class Track team (1, 2); Italian Teaching (1); Winner of Novice Gymnastic Cup (2).

Senior Thesis:—"A History of the Development of Internal Combustive Engines."

JESSE GARRETT FORSYTHE

Media, Pa.

Born, Media, Pa., September 12, 1896

Entered Freshman Year from Westtown School. Third Cricket team (2); Wogglebug team (2, 3, 4); Italian Teaching (3, 4); Winner of First Biblical Literature Reading Prize (3).

Senior Thesis:—"Foreign Exchange and South American Trade."

WILLIAM JOHN GARDINER

Moorestown, N. J.

Born, Medford, N. Y., January 28, 1896

Entered Freshman Year from Moorestown Friends Academy. Captain of Soccer team (4). Soccer team (1, 2, 3, 4), Numerals (1), "H" (2, 3, 4); Football squad (1, 2), Numerals (2); Baseball team (4); Second Cricket team (1, 2, 3, 4); Swimming team (3, 4); Athletic Cabinet (4); Vice-President of Class (3); Class Football team (1); Class Soccer team (1, 2, 3, 4), Captain (2, 3, 4); Class Baseball team (1, 2); Class Cricket team (1, 2); Captain of Class Basketball team (1).

Senior Thesis:—"An Analysis of the Annual Report of the Pennsylvania Railroad System."

ROBERT GIBSON

Everett, Pa.

Born, Pueblo, Col., April 1, 1896

Entered Freshman Year from Everett High School. Editor-in-Chief of *Haverfordian* (3, 4); Baseball team (2), squad (3, 4); Sub-asst. Football Manager (2); Secretary of Students' Assn. and Student Council (3); *Haverfordian* Board (2, 3, 4); Secretary of Baseball Club (2); Secretary of Y. M. C. A. (2), Vice-President (3); Class Treasurer (1); Class President (3); Associate Editor of Class Record (4); Class Football team (1); Class Baseball team (1, 2), Captain (1, 2); Class Cricket team (2); Founders Club; Triangle Society.

Senior Thesis:—"What is Browning's Optimism?"

JOSEPH WARREN GREENE, Jr.

Wickford, R. I.

Born, Wickford, R. I., May 31, 1897

Entered Freshman Year from Moses Brown School. Manager of Soccer Team (4). Soccer squad (2, 3, 4), team (3); Soccer Stripe and Numerals (3); Asst. Soccer Manager (3); President of Pennsylvania Intercollegiate Soccer Assn. (4); Student Council (4); General Secretary and Manager of Drilling, Emergency Unit (4); Class Secretary (2, 4); Class Soccer team (1, 2, 3, 4); Corporation Scholarship (1, 2, 3, 4); Phi Beta Kappa (3); Founders Club.

Senior Thesis:—"Some Aspects of the Cotton Business."

ROBERT BOWNE HAINES, 3d

Germantown, Pa.

Born, Coatesville, Pa., May 26, 1893

Entered Freshman Year from The Choate School Y. M. C. A. Cabinet (4); Treasurer of Class (2); Second in Freshman Cake-Walk (1).

Senior Thesis:—"Early Development of Rolling Mills in Pennsylvania."

ALBERT WINTER HALL

Berwyn, Ill.

Born, Zurich, Switzerland, January 8, 1895

Entered Sophomore Year from Progymnasium, Stuttgart, Germany. Y. M. C. A. Cabinet (4); Italian teaching (3, 4); Class Track team (2); Class Gym team (2, 3); Wogglebug team (3, 4); Second French prize (2); Corporation Scholarship (4).

Senior Thesis:—"Experimental Determination of the Ionic Charge."

WESTON HOWLAND

New Bedford, Mass.

Born, New Bedford, Mass., July 3, 1895

Entered Freshman Year from Moses Brown School. Business Manager of *Haverford News* (4); President of Athletic Association (4). Football team (1, 2, 3, 4). Numerals (1). "H" (2, 3, 4); Second Cricket team (2, 3, 4); Asst. Manager of Cricket team (3); Subscription Manager of *News* (2, 3); Treasurer of Students' Assn. (2); Student Council (4); Nominating Comm. of A. A. (3, 4); President of Athletic Cabinet (4); Vice-President of Cap and Bells Club (4); Chairman of Play Production Comm. (4); Manager of Interscholastic Meet (4); cast of "Engaged" (1), "Eliza Comes to Stay" (2), "You Never Can Tell" (4); Leader of Company C, Emergency Unit (4); Class President (3, 4), Temporary Chairman (1); Assistant Manager of *Class Record* (4); Class Football team (1); Class Track team (1, 2, 3, 4); Class Baseball team (1, 2); Class Cricket team (1, 2); Class Basketball team (1); Oratorical Contest (1, 3); Cap and Bells Club (1, 2, 3, 4); Founders' Club (4).

Senior Thesis:—"*Cotton.*"

HERBERT LAWRENCE JONES

Waterville, Maine.

Born, Fairfield, Maine, March 8, 1895

Entered Freshman Year from Waterville High School. Second Soccer team (2, 3, 4); cast of "All-of-a-Sudden Peggy" (3), "You Never Can Tell" (4); Mandolin Club (2, 3, 4); Glee Club (1, 2, 3, 4); President of Chess Club (4); Class Soccer team (2, 3, 4); Class Baseball team (1); Wogglebug team (2, 3, 4); Cap and Bells Club (1, 2, 3, 4).

Senior Thesis:—"*Problems Connected with the Resumption of Specie Payment.*"

HARVEY KLOCK

Herndon, Pa.

Born, Herndon, Pa., January 23, 1889

Entered Freshman Year from Bloomsburg Normal School. Class President (2); Student Council (2, 3); Y. M. C. A. Cabinet (3, 4); Chairman Class Honor Committee (1); Junior Day Executive Committee (3); Assistant in Biological Laboratory (4).

Senior Thesis:—"*The Confederation of Christian Churches.*"

MARIS ALEXANDER LAVERTY

Bala, Pa.

Born, Philadelphia, Pa., February 5, 1894

Entered Freshman Year from the Philadelphia Central High School. Student Council (4); Assistant Secretary of Cap and Bells Club (3, 4), Executive Comm. (2, 3, 4), Manager of Tryouts (3); Cast of "Engaged" (1), "Eliza Comes to Stay" (2); Manager of Junior Day (3); Manager of Class Day and Commencement (4); Chairman of Honor Comm. (3); Assistant Manager of *Class Record* (4); Cap and Bells Club (1, 2, 3, 4).

Senior Thesis:—"*The Largest Concrete Slab Viaduct: its Development and Construction.*"

WILLIAM CLARK LITTLE

Washington, D. C.

Born, Albany, Ore., December 2, 1895

Entered Freshman Year from Bellevue High School. Football squad (2, 3, 4); Captain of Third team (3); Gym squad (3), team (4). "HGT" (4); Track squad (4); Assistant Track Manager (3); Student Council (3); Asst. Stage Manager, Cap and Bells (3); Treasurer of Civics Club (3); President of Social Science Club (4); Class Vice-President (2), Secretary (4); Associate Editor of *Class Record* (4); Chairman, Class Endownment Comm. (4); Class Gym team (1, 2, 3), Captain (3); Class Track team (1, 2, 3, 4); Wogglebug team (2, 3, 4), Captain (2, 3, 4); Class Basketball team (1); Cap and Bells Club (3, 4).

Senior Thesis:—"The Effect of Free Trade on the Conservation of Natural Resources."

JUWAN USANG LY

Canton, China

Born, Canton, China, 1888

Entered Senior Year from University of Pennsylvania. A.B., Kwong Chow, China (1904); B.C.S., New York University (1912); A.M., Columbia University (1913).

Senior Thesis:—"The Philosophy of Confucius."

HUGH EXTON McKINSTRY

West Chester, Pa.

Born, West Chester, Pa., May 5, 1896

Entered Freshman Year from West Chester High School. Captain of Gym team (4); Editor-in-Chief of *Haverford News* (4); President of Student Council and Students' Association (4); Football squad (2, 3, 4), Numerals (4); Gym team (2, 3, 4), "HGT" (2, 3, 4); Athletic Cabinet (4); *News* Board (2, 3, 4); Vice-President of Scientific Society (3); Y. M. C. A. Cabinet (4); Vice-President-Secretary of Founders Club (4); Student Leader of Hiking, Emergency Unit (4); Secretary of Class (3); Associate Editor of *Class Record* (4); Class Gym team (1, 2, 3); Wogglebug team (2, 3); Corporation Scholarship (2); Founders Club.

Senior Thesis:—"Geology of the Vicinity of West Chester, Pa."

FRANKLIN OSBUN MARSHALL

Oskaloosa, Iowa

Born, White City, Kan., May 27, 1891

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

Senior Thesis:—"The Price of Beef."

ROBERT DAVIS METCALFE

Worcester, Mass.

Born, Union Village, R. I., December 10, 1893

Entered Freshman Year from Moses Brown School. President of Scientific Society (4); Football squad (3); Italian Teaching (1); Chairman of Senior Banquet Committee (4); Wogglebug team (2, 3, 4); Executive Committee of Social Science Club (4); President of Engineer's Union.

Senior Thesis:—"Shop Management."

ROBERT BOYD MILLER

Pittsburgh, Pa.

Born, Pittsburgh, Pa., November 15, 1894

Entered Freshman Year from Central High School of Pittsburgh. President of Y. M. C. A. (4); Manager of Tennis team (4). Second Tennis team (2); Tennis team (3); Tennis Doubles Championship (4); Asst. Tennis Manager (3); Mandolin Club (2, 3, 4); Y. M. C. A. Treasurer (3); Secretary of Chess Club (4); Wogglebug team (2, 3, 4); Chairman of Class Honor Comm. (2); Cap and Bells Club (4); Founders Club.

Senior Thesis:—"Alsace-Lorraine."

KENNETH SYLVESTER MITCHELL

New London, Ind.

Born, Howard County, Ind., June 16, 1892

Entered Senior Year from Earlham College. Senior Foundation Scholarship (4); Glee Club (4); Wogglebug team (4).

Senior Thesis:—"Geographic Influences in the Civil War."

FRED HELSABECK MORRIS

Kernersville, N. C.

Born, Kernersville, N. C., May 23, 1895

Entered Senior Year from Guilford College. Senior Foundation Scholarship (4); Baseball team (4).

Senior Thesis:—"The Establishment of Permanent Peace at the End of the Present War."

DONALD HINSHAW PAINTER

Dayton, Ohio

Born, New Burlington, Ohio, September 24, 1894

Entered Freshman Year from Steele High School, Dayton, Ohio. *Haverfordian* Board (3); Class Secretary (2); Class Treasurer (4); Chairman of Class History Committee (2); Corporation Scholarship (*2*, 3).

Senior Thesis:—"Omar Khayyam and his Rubaiyat."

EDMUND TABER PRICE

New Bedford, Mass.

Born, New Bedford, Mass., February 28, 1895

Entered Freshman Year from Moses Brown School. Captain of Track team (4); Manager of Football team (4). Track team (1, 2, 3, 4), "H" (1, 2, 3); Sub-asst. Football Manager (2), Asst. Manager (3); Nominating Comm. (4); Secretary of Athletic Cabinet (4); Glee Club (1, 2, 3, 4); Leader of Company D, Emergency Unit (4); Class Treasurer (1); Associate Editor of *Class Record* (4); Class Track team (1, 2, 3, 4); Captain (1, 2, 4); Class Cricket team (2); Oratorical Contest (1, 2, 3); Cap and Bells Club (3, 4); Founders Club; Triangle Society.

Senior Thesis:—"Relation of Finance to Internationalism."

LAWRENCE MARSHALL RAMSEY

Sterling, Kansas.

Born, Ness City, Kan., June 3, 1894

Entered Freshman Year from Chestnut Hill Academy. Captain of Football team (4). Football team (1, 2, 3, 4), "H" (1, 2, 3, 4); Track team (1, 2, 3), Numerals (1, 2), "H" (3); Baseball squad (3, 4); Nominating Committee of A. A. (3); Athletic Cabinet (4); Aide to Director-General, Emergency Unit (4); Class Vice-President (2, 4); Captain, Class Football team (1); Class Soccer team (1, 2, 3, 4); Class Track team (1, 2, 3, 4); Class Baseball team (1, 2); Class Basketball team (1); Triangle Society.

Senior Thesis:—"The Social Aspect of Disease."

CARL MICHAEL SANGREE

Haddonfield, N. J.

Born, Steelton, Pa., January 27, 1894

Entered Freshman Year from William Penn Charter School. Captain of Baseball team (4). Football squad (1, 2), team (3, 4), Numerals (1, 2), "H" (3, 4); Gym squad (2); Baseball team (2, 3, 4); Nominating Comm. (2, 4); Athletic Cabinet (2, 3, 4); Student Council (1); Mandolin Club (1, 2, 3, 4); Y. M. C. A. Cabinet (4); Undergraduate Extension Comm. (3, 4); Leader of Company B, Emergency Unit (4); Class President (1), Vice-President (1); Class Football team (1); Class Gym team (1, 2); Class Track team (3); Class Baseball team (1, 2); Class Cricket team (1, 2); Oratorical Contest (1); Cap and Bells Club (3, 4); Beta Rho Sigma.

Senior Thesis:—"Winter Birds on the Haverford Campus"

WENDELL DERINGER SCHOCH

St. David's, Pa.

Born, Philadelphia, Pa., May 25, 1893

Entered Junior Year from Class of 1916. Mandolin Club (3); Leader of Main Line Orchestra.

Senior Thesis:—"New England through the Wind-Shield."

HUBERT VINZENS SCHOEPPERLE

Hamburg, N. Y.

Born, Oil City, Pa., March 25, 1896

Entered Freshman Year from Hamburg High School. Class Fob Committee (1); Wogglebug team (2, 3, 4).

Senior Thesis:—"The Money Market."

EDWARD ROLAND SNADER, Jr.

Philadelphia, Pa.

Born, Philadelphia, Pa., November 1, 1895

Entered Freshman Year from Friends Select School. Soccer squad (2, 3, 4); Assistant Soccer Manager (3); Y. M. C. A. Cabinet (4); Manager of Y. M. C. A. Handbook (3), Editor (4); Class Secretary (3); Assistant Manager of *Class Record* (4); Class Soccer team (1, 2, 3, 4).

Senior Thesis:—"Medicine and Surgery in the Time of Elizabeth."

JOHN WILLIAM SPAETH, Jr.

Philadelphia, Pa.

Born, Philadelphia, Pa., July 2, 1895

Entered Freshman Year from Philadelphia Central High School. Manager of Track team (4); Editor-in-Chief of *Class Record* (4). Football squad (2, 3, 4); Sub-asst. Football Manager (2); Asst. Track Manager (3); Student Council (2); Vice-President of Classical Club (2, 3), President (4); Y. M. C. A. Cabinet (4); Secretary of Organization Comm., Emergency Unit (4); Class Secretary (1) Treasurer (2), President (2); Class Football team (1); Class Soccer team (4); Mathematical Dept. Prize for Freshmen (1); Class of 1902 Prize in Latin (1); Class of 1896 Prize in Latin (2); Second Reading Prize in Bib. Lit. (3); Corporation Scholarship (1, 2, 3, 4); Clementine Cope Fellowship (4); Phi Beta Kappa (3); Founders Club.

Senior Thesis:—"Alexandrinism in the Poetry of Catullus."

ARTHUR EMERSON SPELLISSY

Germantown, Pa.

Born, Newton, Mass., February 27, 1896

Entered Freshman Year from Germantown Friends School. Manager of Gym team (4); Manager of Baseball team (4); Business Manager of *Haverfordian* (4). Baseball squad (3, 4); Assistant Gym Manager (3); Assistant Baseball Manager (3); Assistant Business Manager of *Haverfordian* (2, 3); Mandolin Club (3, 4); Class Treasurer (3); Class Soccer team (1); Class Baseball team (1); Class of 1896 Prize in Mathematics (2); Corporation Scholarship (1, 3); Cap and Bells Club (4); Founders Club.

Senior Thesis:—"The English Banking System."

JUSTUS CLAYTON STRAWBRIDGE, II

Germantown, Pa.

Born, Germantown, Pa., April 17, 1895

Entered Freshman Year from Germantown Friends School. Football squad (1); Class Cricket team (2); Wogglebug team (2, 3).

Senior Thesis:—"The Russian Jew in America."

COLBY DORR VAN DAM

New York, N. Y.

Born, London, England, August 7, 1894

Entered Freshman Year from Winchester School. Gym squad (3, 4); Second Tennis team (2, 3); *Haverfordian* Board (3, 4); Cast of "Engaged" (1), "Eliza Comes to Stay" (2); Mandolin Club (4); Glee Club (4); Y. M. C. A. Cabinet (4); Class Secretary (1); Associate Editor of *Class Record* (4); Wogglebug team (2, 3, 4); Class Gym team (2, 3); Class Baseball team (1); Cap and Bells Club (1, 2, 3, 4).

Senior Thesis:—"Treatise on Personality."

LORING VAN DAM

New York, N. Y.

Born, London, England, May 8, 1896

Entered Freshman Year from Winchester School. Leader of Glee Club (4). Football squad (1), team (2, 3, 4), Numerals (1), "H" (2, 3, 4); Gym team (2); Track team (2, 3); Athletic Cabinet (3, 4); Cast of "Engaged" (1), "Eliza Comes to Stay" (2), "All-of-a-Sudden Peggy" (3), "You Never Can Tell" (4); Mandolin Club (1, 2, 3, 4); Glee Club (3, 4); Undergraduate Extension Comm. (2, 3), Chairman (4); Board of Governors, Haverford Union (3, 4); Leader of Company A, Emergency Unit (4); Class Vice-President (3); Assistant Manager of *Class Record* (4); Class Football team (1); Class Soccer team (1, 2, 3, 4); Class Gym team (1, 2, 3); Class Track team (2, 3, 4); Class Baseball team (1, 2); Class Cricket team (1, 2); Cap and Bells Club (1, 2, 3, 4); Founders Club; Beta Rho Sigma.

Senior Thesis:—"The Rittman and Greenstreet Processes of Cracking Hydrocarbons."

EDWARD MITCHELL WESTON

Philadelphia, Pa.

Born, Philadelphia, Pa., May 10, 1895

Entered Freshman Year from Philadelphia Central High School. Second Soccer team (2, 3, 4), Captain (3, 4), Numerals (2, 3, 4); Gym squad (3), team (4), "HGT" (4); Baseball squad (2); Assistant Gym Manager (3); *News* Board (3, 4); Class Treasurer (4); Chairman of Class Honor Comm. (4); Class Soccer team (2, 3, 4); Class Gym team (1, 2, 3); Class Track team (1); Class Baseball team (1, 2); Wogglebug team (2, 3); Assistant Manager of *Class Record* (4); Class of 1898 Prize in Chemistry (3); Teaching Fellowship (4).

Senior Thesis:—"Cellulose and its Commercial Applications."

THOMAS BARCLAY WHITSON

Moylan, Pa.

Born, Philadelphia, Pa., July 14, 1894

Entered Freshman Year from Westtown School. Photographer of *Class Record* (4); Class Soccer team (3, 4); Class Gym team (1, 2); Class Track team (2, 3); Oratorical Contest (2).

Senior Thesis:—"Design and Construction of a One K. W. Single Phase Transformer."

JAMES GORDON WILSON

Narberth, Pa.

Born, Paris, France, November 7, 1895

Entered Freshman Year from Haverford School. Track squad (1); Asst. Tennis Manager (3); Second Tennis team (2, 3); Class Gym team (1, 2); Class Track team (1, 2, 3); Class Swimming team (1, 3).

Senior Thesis:—"The Fallacy of Free-Will."

HAROLD QUIMBY YORK

Unadilla, N. Y.

Born, Unadilla, N. Y., September 19, 1893

Entered Senior Year from Class of 1916. Assistant Track Manager (3), Manager-elect (3); Mandolin Club (3, 4); Glee Club (4); Cap and Bells Club (4).

Senior Thesis:—"Fire Control."

JOHN WHITMAN ZEREGA

Plainfield, N. J.

Born, Bloomfield, N. J., March 23, 1894

Entered Junior Year from Swarthmore College. Football squad (4); Track team (3), Numerals (3); Baseball squad (3), team (4); Tennis team (3); Undergraduate Extension Comm. (4); Class Vice-President (4); Class Track team (3, 4); Class Swimming team (3); Wogglebug team (4).

Senior Thesis:—"*Alexandre Dumas Fils and the Comédies du Moeurs.*"

Ex-Members

JOHN WARREN BURKET

Wayne, Pa.

Entered Sophomore Year from University of Pennsylvania. Class Wogglebug team (3). "Sparrow" left us during Junior year to enter the coal business at Wayne.

HENRY WHITMORE HILL

Minneapolis, Minn.

Entered Freshman Year from the Central High School of Minneapolis. Football squad (1, 2). Numerals (2); Second Cricket team (2); Class Baseball team (1); Class Cricket team (1). "Heinie's" business proclivities called him from us at the end of Sophomore year to enter the hardware trade in Minneapolis.

EDWIN FIELD LAWRENCE, Jr.

Sterling, Ill.

Entered Freshman Year from the Asheville School. Mandolin Club (1, 2, 3); Chess team (1, 2, 3); Class Wogglebug team (2, 3); Cap and Bells Club (3). Leland Stanford, Jr. University removed "Ashy" from our midst at the end of Junior Year.

GILBERT HENRY MOORE

Narberth, Pa.

Entered Freshman Year from the William Penn Charter School. Glee Club (1, 2); Mandolin Club (2, 3); Class Soccer team (3); Class Cricket team (1, 2); Cap and Bells Club (3) "Gib" departed from among us during Junior Year to take up the study of agriculture in the John B. Stetson University of Florida.

FRANCIS KING MURRAY

San Francisco, Cal.

Entered Freshman Year from Palo Alto High School. Football squad (1). Numerals (1); Track squad (1), Numerals (1); Tennis team (1); Tennis Singles Champion (1); Cast of "Engaged" (1); Class Football team (1); Cap and Bells Club (1). "Gus" was the first of our number to be seduced by the charm of Leland Stanford, Jr., whither he went at the end of Freshman year.

ARTHUR HOWELL NAPIER

Chestnut Hill, Pa.

Entered Freshman Year from Chestnut Hill Academy. Secretary of Scientific Society (2), President (3); Executive Committee of Civics Club (2), Vice-President (3); Secretary of Biological Seminar (2, 3). "Nape's" retirement in our Junior year was a disappointment to all of us.

NEWLIN FELL PAXSON

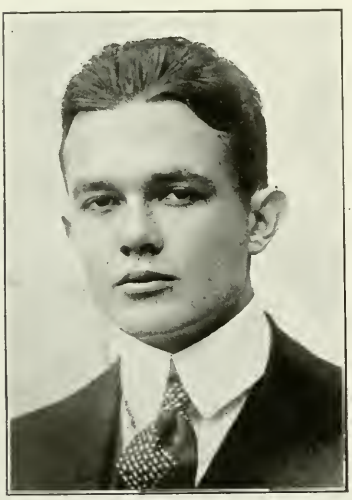
Bala, Pa.

Entered Freshman Year from the Central High School of Philadelphia. Football squad (1, 2); Swimming team (2); Chess team (2); Mandolin Club (1, 2); Class Football team (1); Class Gym team (2); Class Swimming team (1); First Bib. Lit. Reading Prize (1). At the end of Sophomore year "Pax" let his murderous inclinations get the better of him and he retired to Hahnemann to follow the peaceful pursuit of cutting up "stiffs."

HUMPHREY LINTHORNE PENNEY

London, England

Entered Freshman Year from Bootham School, York, England. Soccer team (1), Numerals (1); Second Cricket team (1); Class Soccer team (1); Captain of Class Cricket team (1). "Lord Penney" dropped from our ranks at the end of Freshman year to study chemistry at Manchester University, and he is at present working with the British Red Cross Society in France.



HENRY SEYMOUR WELLER

Milwaukee, Wis.

Entered Freshman Year from the Asheville School. Soccer squad (1, 2), team (3), Numerals (1, 2), "H" (3); Tennis team (1, 2, 3), Captain-elect (3); Student Council (3); Class Soccer team (1, 2, 3). At the end of Junior year "Sy" departed with Ed to join "Bay" Murray at Leland Stanford, Jr. University.

ARTHUR CREW INMAN "Arty"

Atlanta, Ga.

Entered Freshman Year from Haverford School. Mandolin Club (1); Pick and Bow Club (1). "Arty" was a combination of varying moods; he forsook these regions during Junior year to lead the quiet life in Maine.

EDWARD ROUNTREE LESTER "Ike"

Mesilla Park, N. M.

Entered Freshman Year from the New Mexico College of Agriculture. Class Cricket team (1). "Ike" was famed as captain of the North Barclay wrecking crew in the days of its prime; but the deadly cold of the Philadelphia winters drove him back home at the end of our Freshman year, never to return.

AUGUSTUS HENRY REEVE, Jr. "Gus"

Glenside, Pa.

Entered Freshman Year from the Choate School. Football team (1, 2), "H" (1, 2); Class Football team (1); Class Soccer team (1); Class Cricket team (1). We lost a varsity football man when "Gus" left us in Sophomore year and entered business with his father.

GEORGE C. SANDERSON "George"

Woodbury, N. J.

Entered Freshman Year from Haverford High School. We saw very little of George during his one year's sojourn here; we understand that he is engaged at present in the wholesale florist business at Woodbury.

LOUIS ST. JOHN BACON	*Philadelphia, Pa.*	Freshman Year.
HORACE B. FORMAN, 3d	*Haverford, Pa.*	Freshman Year.
LOYAL GREEN HOWEY	*Lincoln, Neb.*	Sophomore Year.
JACK WELER KAMENS	*Philadelphia, Pa.*	Freshman Year.
GEORGE HENRY KENNEY	*Newburyport, Mass.*	Sophomore Year.
JOAO SILVA MENDES	*Philadelphia, Pa.*	Freshman Year.

THE CLASS IN FRESHMAN YEAR

FRESHMAN YEAR

FRESHMAN Year, like Gaul, is divided into three parts: First, "getting it" from the Sophomores; second, getting it back on the Sophomores; and third, getting to be Sophomores. Though assembled from the proverbial four corners of the earth, we began with a rush on our first day out by winning the cane from the Sophs by the score of 15 to 9. Never was a cane rush won so overwhelmingly by Freshmen and we naturally accrued a certain sense of importance which was destined to be unceremoniously washed off at the entertainment kindly given at our expense for the benefit of the college.

Who, alas, does not remember that cold September evening when we were coralled by our bloodthirsty rivals and, attired in pajamas and modesty, were compelled to do a Sing-Sing march through the heart of Ardmore? When good ole' Bill Armstrong's fermented tea-house was reached a number of Rhinies, including Buzzie, had skinned the "Peerade." (Buzzie lost his bedroom slippers, but Armstrong's place was never searched.) Then came the "entertainment" before the college body assembled in the old Collection Room. Our elongated Gus Murray and abbreviated Bubbles as Mutt and Jeff were the chief luminaries, and Ern Brown introduced himself with noises like chickens, dogs, Fords, and other farmyard inmates. Crawling through those two windows, propelled by the fire hose, made brothers of us all. It might be mentioned in passing that Bill Baily was unable to be with us the first evening, as there happened to be a dance at the Merion Cricket Club.

Oh! those first few days were a reign of terror to our little hearts still palpitating with warm memories of the parental hearth. ("It's your deal, Eddie!") Poor old Bill Gardiner shook the walls of Barclay, trembling lest he should be dumped; and ever and anon came ringing down the hall: "Phone, you—— Rhinie!" Flushed with victory in the Cane Rush, we dropped the annual fall track meet to 1916, score $66\frac{1}{2}$ to $37\frac{1}{2}$; Ed Price, the Pope, Ernie, Dill and Woody did the best work for us. Our common misery

BEFORE THE CANE RUSH

was increased by being forced to wear those hideous green fezzes with the red tassles. Shall we ever forget our first sight of one on Jesse,

"With curly locks that stood in shocks
Yet virgin to the shears?"

Soon having come to know ourselves better, we entrusted to Tad Sangree the responsibility of the Chief Executive for our first half-year, after Wes had ably performed the duties of temporary chairman. Ern Brown, as a negro comedian, theoretically "took the cake" at the Freshman Cake Walk, although he was hard pressed by the Murray-Haines "Mutt and Jeff" combination. In the two Browns, the ungodly Paxson, Loring, Ashy Lawrence, Tad and Bob Miller we saw the justly famous Rhinie orchestra rise to the dignity of the Pick and Bow Club, which made incomparable harmony at the Football Smokers and Gym Meets. Dill Ramsey and Gus Reeve were our ,'H" representatives on the 'Varsity football team, with Wes, Loring, Tad, Heinie Hill and Gus Murray making strong bids for positions. At the end of the season, to maintain our "rep" for Freshman gentlemanliness, we lost the annual football classic to the Sophs, 26–0, despite the valiant efforts of Captain Dill and Tad. (In all justice, however, we should say that the Sophomore team was practically the 'Varsity of that year and thoroughly deserved to win.) To add insult to injury, this same Sophomore bunch made away with the interclass soccer game, 2–0. Bill Gardiner, Lord Penney, Howard Buzby, Woody Crosman and Cy Weller were welcomed as soccerites and incorporated into the "real" squad. Not long after this a class basket-ball team composed of Wrinkle, Don Chandler, Dill, Wes and Clark Little invaded the precincts of Cedarcroft School and lost a "close and exciting game." Whether the fact that Cedarcroft is Don's Alma Mater had anything to do with the result we cannot say.

In his address that officially opened the college year President Sharpless had made the remark: "Every so often, a college needs an infusion of fresh blood. Whether this Freshman class will bring that to Haverford, time only can tell." And we, of course, were unable to tell, but we felt at least that we had made a start. We had become suffi-

ciently at home around college to consider ourselves an indispensable part of that institution. "Whill" Darlington and his pipe, forever inseparable companions, were kept busy rescuing the "Four Cycle" Napier from vindictive admirers in South. Clayt Strawbridge and Ott Spellissy bleated for each other in the same region. Ash Lawrence, Gus Reeve *et al.* were ensconced in the spacious realms of Lloyd, but North, the hot-house of all trouble, boasted of our perennial genius, William Hennery Chamberlin. William Hennery was seduced to Lloyd during those early days and put through the third degree. Leonard Lippman was the perpetrator of the one and only question that has stumped Bill during his college career. Leonard's query as to "which was the *butt* end of a goat" met no answer

PART OF FRESHMAN SQUAD

from Bill, who said that, owing to lack of worldly experience, he did not know. Shep, the two Dons, Lord Penney and the "toothless" Paxson were segregated in Merion.

Several amusing incidents happened concurrently with the more official events related in this brief chronicle. Charlie Brown breezed into Latin I, chewing vigorously on a piece of gum. When called upon to translate a sentence beginning with *quod* Charlie stuttered and mouthed until Dr. Dick, looking quizzically at him, said: "Mr. Brown, if you would remove the quid and supply the *quod* the sentence might go better." Thrills and then some were supplied by two memorable reels entitled "The Howland-Murray Fight" and "Jesse Jipped." The great fight was the result of a winter afternoon's *ennui*. Howland and Murray, having disarranged their clothes—the mighty Wes tearing his shirt and daubing red ink on his face to get the most realistic effect—struggled down the North Barclay hallway amid a slowly gathering crowd. In the Howland-Brown

quarters Gus fell prone, while Wes gloated over him in inexpressible satisfaction. Feeling waxed hot: "Shut up, you bully," cried the diminutive Gibson, slowly removing his coat. Nape and Whill arrived from South and began to bathe Murray's physiognomy. Colonel Beal was for getting a doctor, while Whill considerately put out his pipe. After a period of suspense, the younger Dam, who thought that the fun had gone far enough, began to drag Murray from the couch. This inhuman action so moved the irate Whill that he rushed madly at Loring, shouting: "Stop that, you fool! You haven't got the sense God gave green apples!" Explanations were quickly made and peace restored, for "at all events, Mr. President, I think we must have harmony."

THE PICK AND BOW CLUB

"Jesse Jipped" tells how Jesse was accused one evening of not having paid for sodas in Ardmore. Bob Miller, alias Chief-of-Police Donaghy of Lower Merion, called Jesse to the North phone and severely reprimanded him for his criminal intent. The sympathetic, and perhaps not altogether ignorant, crowd around Jesse heard him explain that he always paid his bills and that there must be some mistake; and as our hero was dolefully pleading that the police be held off until he might have time to surrender himself peacefully, a shower of water through the interstices of the North Barclay stairway suddenly cooled his overheated soul. Needless to say, Jess shambled to his room, smiling sheepishly.

AFTER LUNCH

Mid-years had no terrors for us. John Spaeth immediately got an adamantine foundation in the "A" column with a host of satellites hovering thereabouts. We plunked Ern Brown in as pilot for the second lap and merrily set sails for spring.

The Interclass gym meet, in which we brought up the rear with ten hard-earned points, was soon followed by the class banquet at the Hotel Dennis in Atlantic City. The scintillating Ell Dam called for the toasts, to which Dick Gummere and several members of our class responded. The promising Ciceros, Howland, Price and Sangree, tuned up for the annual Oratorical Contest, but despite their flowing eloquence the Everett Medal was handed to a Sophomore; it was good lung exercise, anyway!

At the Spring Opening Woody, the Pope and others cavorted in the pool, while the beefy Sophs pulled one over on us, so to speak, in the tug-of-war. The Cap and Bells production, "Engaged," found Gus Murray, the Dams, Wes Howland, and Aleck Laverty in its cast. Pretty good, eh! Loring as "the scheming and mercenary yet beautiful Minnie Symperson" made a big hit, with Bay Murray as the handsome, quixotic Lothario. When Penney and the Colonel shot goals against the Junior soccer team, that bunch was put out of the running for the college championship, which was some consolation at least.

With spring fever hard upon us the duties of rolling the cricket crease and tennis courts still left time for participation in baseball, track and tennis. It reads like a real story how, in the big game with the Sophs, with the score tied 6-6 in the tenth and two out, Charlie Brown did the unexpected and singled to center, scoring Larry Jones with the run that put gloom in the hearts of our opponents. "Ain't it a gran' and glorious feelin'?" But, alas! our arch-enemies got back at us in our weak point, cricket, and despite Woody's symbolic 17, beat us badly. Our class yell,

"One—Seven—Swish—Swack,
Soccer, Baseball, Canes and Track,"

never did include cricket! Ed Price, Woody, Ern, DeWitt, Dill and Gus Murray were welcome additions to the 'Varsity track team. The interclass meet, though not an actuality, was awarded to us on the points made by our classmates during the 'Varsity season, which we in all modesty considered a fair record for a Freshman class to make. The two Gusses, Murray and Reeve, fought their way to the Singles Finals in tennis, and Murray won out after four hard sets.

It was with a great deal of anticipation for the future that we attended the reception given us by the Sophs late in May in the Cricket Pavilion, where the mythical Hymn of Hate was stricken from our court records and the mahogany spoon was tendered us as a token of peace *semper et ubique*. We realized that the Sophs were not such bad scouts after all; and the feeling that we were about to occupy their places gave us a sense of true Sophomoric importance which was heightened only by the possession of the new class hats that we sported on Class Day.

So, hark ye! hear ye! Thus endeth the true history of the Freshman Year of the Class of 1917!

THE CLASS IN SOPHOMORE YEAR

WITH a few exceptions we drifted back to Haverford in the fall of 1914 ready to plunge into the conventional melee of Cane Rush, Freshman Entertainment and early football practice. Among those whom we had lost were Penney, the British mainstay of the Ardmore movies; Ike Lester, prince of North Barclay roughhousers, and Gus Murray, whose genial temper and all-around ability had made him so well liked during Freshman year. To replace them we had acquired Howey, whose sojourn with us was short but picturesque; Sparrow Burket, an associate member of the Merion Y. M. C. A., and Doc Hall, of Trocadero fame. We started the year quite auspiciously with winning the Cane Rush by a margin, 19–9, that was even more decisive than that of the previous year. (This double victory, by the way, conferred on us the precious distinction of being licensed to sport class canes, a privilege which comparatively few of us seemed to appreciate.) This triumph was immediately followed, of course, by the Rhinie Reception. This we staged in the Old Collection Room, where, under the leadership of President Klock and Chairman Lawrence, we put our charges through a searching examination and rewarded their patience with a shower of flour and water in conclusion. We so improved the condition of the old Hall of the Inquisition, it seems, that soon after the powers that be deemed it wise to change it into sleeping quarters. We met our natural foe in the dual track meet and again vanquished them; as usual, Ed Price, DeWitt and Ernie were our stars.

Under Mike Bennett's tutelage Haverford's football stock took a decided upward turn during the fall. For the first time in several years we scored more points than were scored against us. The climax of the season was reached in the renewal of football relations with our old rival, Swarthmore. Not even the score of the game, 3–3, indicates the closeness and fury of the struggle. No one of us will ever forget the delirious enthusiasm that greeted Jim Carey's successful drop-kick in the fourth period. Swarthmore's spectacular come-back was a bitter pill to swallow; but at least it proved that our rivals were foemen worthy of our steel. Dill, Wes and Loring were our regulars on the team, while Tad played in a number of games, and Don, newly elected Wogglebug captain, was

unfortunate enough to get into the Trinity game. We supplied our fair quota to the second team and were a veritable bulwark to the newly organized "Scum." On account of the Swarthmore battle it was deemed best to call off the annual Soph-Fresh football game; when this decision was reached the Rhinies held a class meeting in Chase and sang the Doxology. After overwhelming the Juniors, 17–0, Cap Little's sterling Wogglebug aggregation lost the championship struggle to 1915 when late in the last quarter George Hallet caught a long forward and fell across our line.

THE OLD COLLCTION ROOM

For various reasons the close of the Intercollegiate soccer race found our college "also rans;" Bill Gardiner was one of the two "H" men, while Buz also held down a 'Varsity job. After the Penn game the class was tendered a splendid banquet at Kugler's. The donor, or donors, of the feast were too modest to let their names be known, but many of us have long had our suspicions on the subject. Christmas holidays came in due time, the mid-years all too soon. In the course of the latter period Shep, inspired by the classic atmosphere of Haverford, commenced to remove a part of the avalanche of conditions which had, so to speak, submerged him since the inception of his college career. Even Clark, DeWitt, Larry and Aleck could be found at home occasionally. About this time John Spaeth was chosen to relieve Harvey as president for the following half-year. The dull and muddy month of January was relieved by some very exciting class soccer games. Although 1915 won the championship by tying us in the final game of the season, 1–1, our team made an unexpectedly strong showing.

"CLAYT"

After mid-years study and gym became the order of the day; twice a week we rode the horse and climbed the rope in Jimmie's "Laboratory," and every other Monday heard lectures on the pectoralis major and related ailments. The more frivolous minded were amused by social expeditions and the activities of the Merion Y. M. C. A., an organization which sprang into being, phœnix-like, in the course of this year; it seemed "to fill a spiritual vacuum in the lives of its members," to quote

one of them. Schoepperle's poetic mysticism immediately won him the office of president, a proud position which he has held ever since. While Mac and Loring were our only representatives on the 'Varsity gym team, we had a number of second-string athletes, such as the Field Captain, Colby, Lanky Bill and Ed Weston, who enabled us to romp away with the novice meet which was the feature of the Spring Opening. We got sweet revenge for last year's defeat by out-pulling the husky Juniors in the tug-of-war.

Our Class Tea in the Union and our Class Theater Party at "Seven Keys to Baldpate" were outstanding events in March. Debating and cricket were never strong points with us, and we may pass over our experiences along those lines by confessing that we succumbed to the Freshmen in both activities; Ed Price and Tee Bee in the former, Woody in the latter of these contests were our martyrs. But our athletic *pièce de résistance* of the spring was unquestionably the intra-class baseball contests on Merion Field. One mild and balmy afternoon a motley band of athletes from Barclay, headed by Manager Spaeth, invaded the sacred territory of the Merion Y. M. C. A., where they were encountered by the stalwart cohorts of Field Captain Little and Player-Manager Schoepperle. After a mighty struggle the two teams, by some miracle, succeeded in finishing five innings before the shades of evening fell; and the final figures showed that the Barclay Barkers were victorious by the imposing score of 20–18. It must be stated, in the interests of truth, that Field Captain Little's "Muggsy McGraw" style of addressing the umpires did not altogether atone for his shortcomings on the pitcher's slab which accounted for about fifteen of the victors' runs. T. B. valiantly tried to steal third from first, but unfortunately was run down in the neighborhood of the pitcher's box. Several other games were played later, but none of them attained to the picturesque qualities of this opening contest.

Good fellowship and harmony within the class were promoted by a "feed" in the

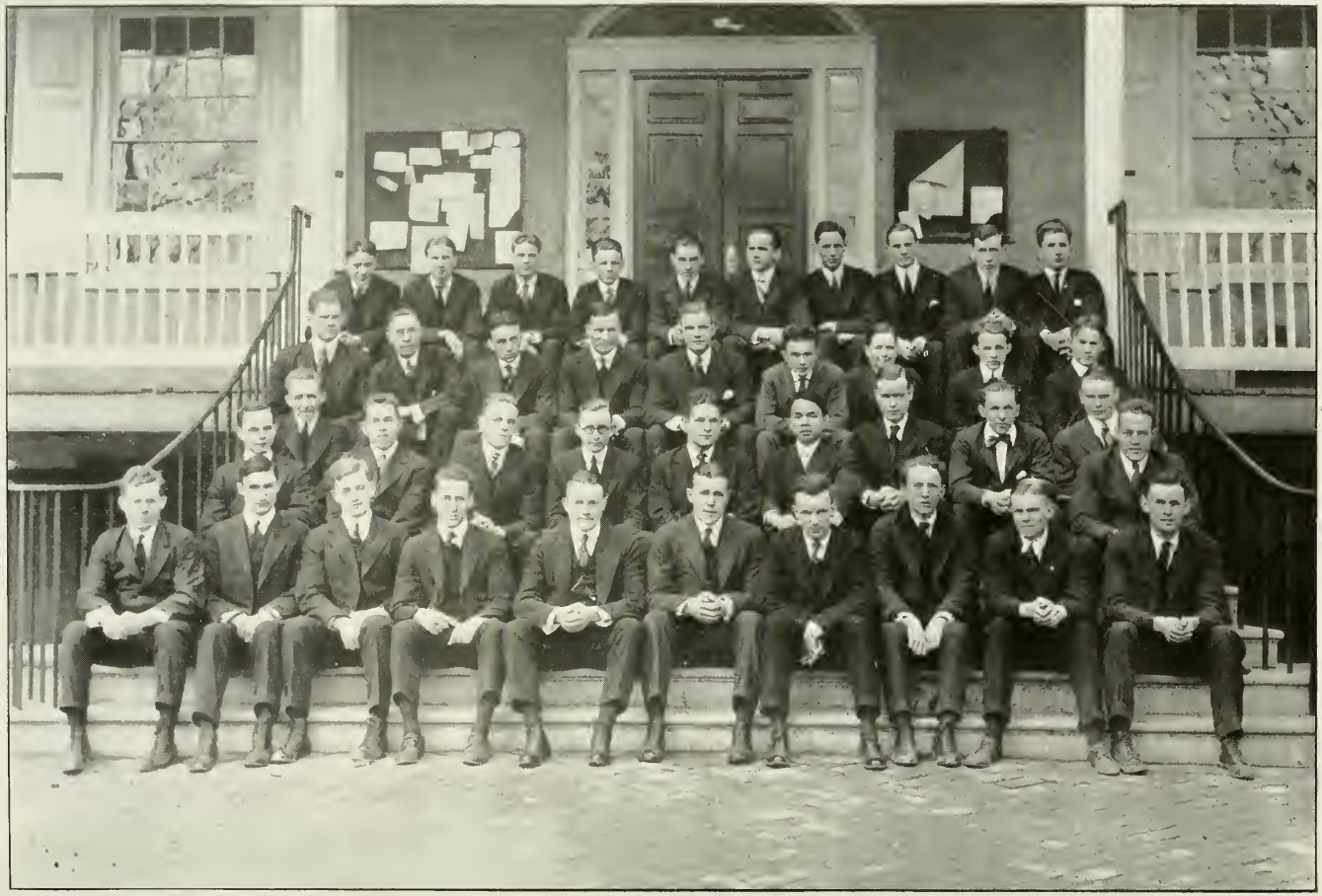
DON CHANDLER Penn Fresh Game
BOB GIBSON
WINNING the ONE-MILE
THE MERION "JITNEY"
MERION "RING-WORMS"
V S.
BARCLAY "BARKERS"

Union and a trip to the Bryn Mawr movies. The interclass track meet in April was a thrilling affair which was not decided until the last event, the pole vault, in which Woody vanquished the champion Hunter and returned us winners with a one-half point lead over 1916. Needless to say, Captain Ed, DeWitt and Ern not only "also ran" but also starred. While the baseball game with the Freshmen did not have the same excitement which attended the Soph-Fresh game of last year, its result was highly satisfactory to us. George Buzby's delivery, which baffled Penn so effectively the following year, had no terrors for our sluggers, and we won by the score of 12–4. Bob Gibson, Tad and Don showed up well for us. This same trio played fine ball on the newly organized college baseball team, Bob especially giving some splendid exhibitions of pitching that drew comment even from

THE CLASS FEED

the big leagues. In our last official act of the year Bob was chosen to steer our ship of state during the next semester.

In looking back upon Sophomore Year it seems to have been, in some measure, a transition period between our meek and lowly estate as Freshmen (although we were never much depressed even in that condition) and our subsequent dignity as upper-classmen. We worked hard, played hard, and, all things considered, enjoyed ourselves pretty well. The finals passed off without any of the distressing features which attended last year's struggle with Trig. In fact, about the only member of the class who had doubts about completing his college course was one of the victims of the edict on the swimming question. We scattered to our various abodes, well satisfied with our first two years at Haverford and determined to make the last two even better.



THE CLASS IN JUNIOR YEAR

THE stable position of a junior partner in any establishment, be it Swarthmore College or a Japanese tea garden, is an unusually pleasant one, so Zig and Freddy tell us. But, as they have demonstrated, that careless but dignified year, free from the humility of the under-classman and unoppressed by the weighty problems of the senior, was preferable at Haverford to that at any other institution. Even though these two strangers came from equally distant parts of the earth, socially speaking, their genial smiles would have been proof against even the most exclusive caste, to say nothing of our broad-minded brotherhood. They soon were swallowed up in that mighty battle line which routed the Sophomores ere they had even assembled the tottering Freshmen for the intended "peerade." Their line was blasted at the rear of Lloyd; the shattered remnants limped to Ardmore only to be annihilated on their return by a combined battalion of Juniors and traitorous seniors. The toothless Paxson had left us to learn the bone-sawing trade at Hahnemann; this was our only loss, but we felt that it was considerable.

Early in the fall Zig Zerega had an operation for appendicitis performed, but apparently it did not hamper his versatile genius nor dampen his amazing *naiveté*. "Pope" Clement was ordered to collect Y. M. C. A. dues from the class. Collections require a jovial disposition; the Pope's enticing smile with the cause of God behind it drew the dollar from all but the most pagan. Dill Ramsey, Tad, Wes, Loring and Don, after a strenuous week's tramping in the Poconos, did their full share on the gridiron in spite of a semi-tragic season. Five out of eight under out hats would not have been so bad if—but this is a history and

not an elegy. Swarthmore beat us, 7–2 (this is told privately, for future reference). Psychology holds that defeat is only harmful when it does not stimulate to future attainment. No tears were wasted on that day and not one clang of Swarthmore's bell was tolled in vain. Bill Baily and John Spaeth worked side by side on the Scrubs, while Clark, Mac, Bob Metcalfe and the Colonel toiled faithfully on the Scum. At the conclusion of the season Dill became Captain Ramsey for 1917, and had Ern Brown as his satellite to whoop things up and Ed Price to count the cash.

Bill Gardiner and Woody Crossman swept through the season with a cyclonic and irresistible rush. Woody's intuitive toe on the forward line with Bill as bulwark in the rear would have carried a lesson to the warring nations in offense and defense. When the Intercollegiate cup had been captured, Bill was made king of the soccer minions for the

following year, and lanky Joe received the managership. Cap Weston's Junior Varsity (erstwhile the Second Team) kept the real Varsity in trim for its big games.

Wes Howland all this time was building the *Haverford News* into a business classic. With his bullet-like approach he wheedled adds from all manner of unsuspecting trades people, only sighing at lost opportunities when he passed a cigar store or a saloon. Field-Captain Little combined a fertile imagination with brave generalship in our Wogglebug contests. We beat the Sophs but were trimmed by the half-breeds, Winslow and Stone, of 1916; both were hard games. The secret code of signals employed might well have made the saints turn in their graves.

Bob Gibson played president during our first half-year. It didn't weigh him down noticeably; with doughty Mac as secretary and Don Chandler as treasurer to check him up, he forged through the term with a smoothness that would have put Woodrow to shame. After mid-years had been met and vanquished, Wes assumed the role of Chief Caller-to-Order. Some of the things that he ran in his own inimitable style were: the Class Banquet,

Junior Day, class meetings, Jones, North Barclay and Charlie, the last of which we, who know, realize was not the least accomplishment.

Mac, whose shoulders had grown to ox-like proportions, showed old Penn what parallel bars were meant for, and was later rewarded with the 1917 captaincy for his pains. Clark, Colby and Ed Weston joined the "Also Ran" Society. Woodie's spider legs squirmed through the swimming schedule undefeated. Bob, the literary critic, poet, statesman, pitcher and lady's man, became editor of the *Haverfordian*, whose pages Bill Chamberlin continued to adorn with his massive classicism. Mac infused new ideas into the *News* and varnished the commonplace with humor or mystery till even the most sophisticated would grudgingly read his sheet. Colby, Don Painter and Ed Weston were also classed with the *litterati*.

When we had our banquet, on a chill, snowy night in March, at the Merion Golf Club, each of us was moved by a vital sense of loyalty to our own. Before dinner several

of our members found a wealth of good fellowship in the little room to the right. DeWitt and Wes, self-sacrificing hosts, buzzed about in a motherly effort to make us all at home. Aleck Laverty, between the nuts and olives, expounded the intricacies of the coming Junior Day. The evening passed smoothly (Jones was not present) and detailed plans were laid for the coming celebration.

The Interclass novice gym meet was a primitive affair; with the help of Clark, Colby, Weston and Wilson we tied for last place. The Interclass Soccer did not show us up to the best advantage either; we beat the Freshmen and so saved our name in the face of defeat at the hands of the other two classes. The versatile Ernie dragged his well-trained, non-musical cohorts to Narberth, Wayne, Frankford and elsewhere. Loring, Ed Price, Woody, Larry and little Freddie were our choristers, while the Mandolin Club boasted among others of Ern, Bill Baily, Beale, Bob Miller and Tad. Then, too, we had a class tea; because class teas are annual affairs of the spring. Wes and Ed Price held forth in the

annual Oratorical Contest, but were surpassed by Ulrich Mengert, '16. About this time Bob Miller was ordained president of the college Y. M. C. A. for its coming season.

But of course the big feature of the season was Junior Day, which was a brilliant success in spite of a drizzling rain. The dining room was artistically decorated, and an ample supper was served to the tune of a versatile band which would even play ragtime on request. The Cap and Bells was an eye-opener. Larry Jones as the naive and impulsive Peggy was a model for the ladies and a delight to the men. Loring played the lover opposite her with natural ease; and when they sank into each other's arms at the fall of the curtain, the sigh of released suspense from the audience would have been music in the ears of professionals. Baltimore, Wilmington and Haverford all agreed on it.

With the advent of spring Bob Gibson, Don Chandler and Tad Sangree had donned their spikes and helped nourish the embryo baseball spirit that grew with a bound on our

snatching a 2–0, one-hit victory from Penn. On such food the spirit continued to fatten and clamored for official recognition, which was granted at the end of the season. On the cinder path DeWitt's slender legs performed miracles; they carried him to a fifty-yard victory over Swarthmore in the two-mile and jogged his name on to the list of Haverford record holders. Ed Price is a dashing fellow in several ways; he dashed his way to the track captaincy, of course, but in the parlor it is said that he has achieved even greater conquests. Ern, Dill and Woody also helped the team, while Zig worked faithfully day by day, despite the fact that his points could not be counted for us.

Wilson (from Narberth) strutted nimbly about the college courts and was recognized in tennis circles both here and at the club. But Narberth's greatest contribution to 1917 was his ingenious list of remarks which have been universally adopted in spite of their patent insanity. Ernie Brown ran a close second with his "little ruies," his "How is thee?" and a host of others. Henry, our author, kept up his ceaseless but entertaining persecution of Shep, and little did we then guess that some day his innocent but literary epithets

would beguile the editors of the *Philadelphia Press* into giving Shep space in its columns. Cy Weller and Bob Miller both played first-team tennis and were rewarded with the captaincy and managership respectively.

Elections soon followed. Buz upheld the honor of Atlantic City by being elected class president to start our Senior year. Wes Howland became president of the A. A. and Mac won the Students' Association presidency. John Spaeth was made editor of the *Record* and the argumentative Charlie Brown business manager. The baseball team elected Tad to lead them next year and the cricket cohorts forced a similar job on Woody; Ott and DeWitt were the respective managers.

The careless, lazy life of late spring gripped us all. We wandered from the baseball field to the tennis courts, to the cricket crease, and across the Barclay golf course where

innumerable children sprawled under the gaze of listless nurses. Studies for a time seemed forgotten and far away. We were Juniors, and Juniors are gentlemen-upperclassmen with a place in the sun. We lived and studied on the campus by day; we wandered singly or in groups in the warm evenings. The more human of us relaxed until finals arose before our eyes like a ghost from the earth and set us to work with the fever of the possessed. We grappled successfully with exams, however, and senior year found us without an asterisk beside our names in the catalogue. Joe Greene and John Spaeth were decorated with the coveted Phi Beta Kappa key and, with others, were elected into the Founders Club on Commencement Day.

We said farewell to 1916 with the vivid realization that the time was short till we should fill the seats where they had sat and receive our final word as undergraduates.

THE CAPTAINS

THERE comes a time very late in the summer when the evenings grow just a bit cool for white flannels, and a bracing wind sweeping across the Boardwalk drives away the perpetual tired feeling and makes a good stiff scrimmage on Walton Field loom up as the only thing worth living for. Those final days of last September were days of trunk packing and of planning where you'd hang your old pictures in your new room, for soon the pavement in front of Barclay was to be piled high with boxes and valises from Herndon, Everett, Pittsburgh, Wickford Junction and way stations.

Proudly we surveyed the second-hand gowns that hung in our closets and the sight of the black folds (and seat freshly patched by mother) awoke us with a start to the fact that we were lords of the domain. From thenceforth we began to grow round-shouldered with responsibility. The mantels of former prophets had descended upon us!

Our ranks had in places been depleted. Gib. Moore had sought a gentler climate in Florida, Si Weller, wearying of the monotony of taking make-ups in Math. I, registered at Leland Stanford, where they don't have Math. I, and his inseparable room-mate, Lawrence, "folded his tents like the Arabs" and accompanied him, "nor cast one longing, lingering look behind."

But reinforcements arrived. The three M's, Morris, Mitchell and Marshall, joined our cohorts as "halfbreeds," "Mr. Barker" resigned his position on the Swartmore faculty to become one with us, and Harold York after a year's absence, succumbing again to the spell of Haverford, returned from Unidilla.

When we settled down and looked about us we found two new sections of Lloyd Hall finished and infested with the season's crop of Rhinies (a good bunch, as we afterward learned) and we looked on in silent amusement as the Sophs welcomed them heartily,—this year with infirm and decrepit tomatoes. We found in Center Barclay a new faculty member, Livingston, who proved a pleasant companion. Dr. Pratt was in Belgium, on leave of

absence, supervising the food supply of a district, and the direction of the multi-odored "bug lab." fell upon one "Charlie" Abbott, a biologist from Brown. Dr. Snyder celebrated his final weeks of bachelorhood by visiting everybody in Center and learning to play the ukulele (combining the two operations for simplicity's sake!).

But Walton Filed soon became the center of interest and the scarlet spotlight hovered around "Rams" and Doc Bennett. The Varsity, the scrub, the "scum" and the "slime" struggled desperately on the turf each afternoon and dragged themselves late into the dining hall for toast and steak. The student council wrestled with the problem of dishes

THE WOGGLEBUG TEAM

hors de combat from the over-enthusiastic rendition of "Waukie-wau," Ernie Brown announced "football meetings in the Old Y. M. C. A. Room at 6.30," and on Saturday afternoons kidded the stands into "yelling their darned heads off." So for two months. Then the great day on Walton Field, the forest of parked cars, the crowded stands, "the tumult and the shouting," Dill's touchdown, the forty-five yard goal, the bonfire and glorious dreams! Ramsey was crowned with the historic silk hat as the captain of a team victorious over Swarthmore, the letter men were twice dined, and the year entered in indelible red ink on Haverford annals. And, as an anticlimax, on the same field, Field-captain Little and his wogglebug team won the interclass championship by out-woggling the Juniors 13-0 the following Monday.

Just on the crest of football excitement came the announcement by President Sharpless

that he intended to retire at the end of the year, and 1917 learned with regret that it was to be the last class to complete its college course under his guidance. After the holidays, President Comfort's election was announced and at the alumni banquet, which proved to be a dinner in honor of the past and future executives, our class had the largest representation —oddly enough, seventeen men.

Football season over, tension relaxed and the college began pursuing varied interests. Shep, Little, Jones and Colby discovered that "Professor Comfort's house" was occupied by a newly arrived and most hospitable family, but for fear of wearing out his welcome, Hubert regretfully declined to stay for supper more than six days a week. Freshmen in Center Barclay began increasing their respective lung capacities by yelling "Gibson on the phone" at five-minute intervals. Painter and Schoepperle found each other ideal roommates, for Shep was always out and Don was always in, hence they never bothered each other! "Bubbles" and Whill Darlington, believing in the affinity of opposites, had settled down in Lloyd, and if they traveled together were invariably mistaken for father and son. Center Barclay became a mobilization camp for Seniors. During the fall, "Doc" Snader was the host of about half the class on a motor trip and supper at "the cutest little road house in Delaware;" "Doc." Hall, with characteristic alertness, managed to be left behind. But to make up for it, Albert went on a spree "in town" on which occasion he was greatly disturbed lest his companions should become inebriated from indulgence in *oyster cocktails!* However, he carried off the *grand coup* when he lost all inhibitions and began disrobing before the world while buying a new pair of trousers at Browning King's.

THE "VATICAN CLUB"

As winter came, attention was focussed on soccer. The college rejoiced in a muddy victory over Penn, but mourned sadly the loss by inches of a tie for the championship which was buried in the snow at Harvard.

As usual, most of the class returned from the holidays with fresh afflictions of the heart, and opportunity was soon afforded for entertaining the cause of such affliction when the Musical Clubs gave sterling performances both at the Merion Cricket Club and at the Bellevue-Stratford. Under Enie Brown and Loring VanDam our superiority over Swarth-

more's clubs in the dual concert was this time not a mere illusion of our perverted imagination. Also of social significance was the class tea, where we found to our surprise that we had acquired a certain sensational agility in balancing cocoa cups and manufacturing conversation.

Harvey from his watch-tower scented before dawn one morning a fire on the second floor, which we promptly extinguished and then hung out of the windows to cheer the Ardmore engines as they sped up the lane.

President Sharpless crossed the ocean between submarines and the Haverford world breathed more easily when he was again safe at home. He arrived just in time to put the authoritative kibosh on an attempt at "expensive" student discussion in meeting with "I think, Dunn, thee'd better sit down!"—whereat the disappointment of the numerous financial backers was indeed keen.

THE MEETING HOUSE

At midyears, Wes Howland's unsurpassed executive ability merited his election to the class presidency for the final undergraduate half year. As head of the Athletic cabinet, he injected organized efficiency into the Interscholastics and had the meet half over before the time when it used to start.

Enticed by ice cream and coffee, we were corralled one evening in Bob Gibson's auditorium on the fourth floor of Barclay, and with doors guarded to prevent escape, Charlie Brown sentenced us to weeks of hard labor in getting ads for the *Record*.

The class banquet was held at Kugler's with Loring VanDam as toastmaster, and hardly anyone escaped the selective conscription of after-dinner speakers. Colby's epic, Jack Zerega's house party narratives, Ern's brand new set of impersonations, and Dill's announcement of his "engagement" kept the spirit from degenerating into reminiscent sentimentality.

After Christmas the gym team had stopped playing and begun to work. The triangular exhibition was a horrible example of what gymnastic work oughtn't to be, but great was the change thereafter and the scores came out well on the credit side.

Soon signs of spring began to appear. The campus blossomed out in white flannels and Clayt Strawbridge had his winter pair washed. Iced tea was served at dinner each evening; the "Purity League" found opportunities for activity; golf, dingle-ball and baby-

in-the-hat resumed their vernal popularity; and the more strenuous duties of track, baseball and cricket were well under way. The baseball team went south and enjoyed the trip very much (*please* don't ask embarrassing questions about the scores!).

Then war was declared—the seriousness of the national situation soon struck home. Athletics appeared as child's play for which we had not time and the whole thought of the college was concentrated on preparing for the emergency and fitting each man to "do his bit" if the time should come. The result was The Haverford Emergency Unit, with plans unanimously adopted for putting khaki-clad students into physical trim and equipping them with ability to repair a bullet wound or an automobile, to pitch a tent or command a squad,

or even to wield a shovel. The routine of duties was broken only by a dance at the Merion Cricket Club given by 1918 in lieu of the play and Junior Day.

And as we look forward, we see a new regime for the College—Chemistry I without Dr. Hall, Ec. V without Dr. Bolles, collection without President Sharpless; new faces among the faculty, new buildings on the campus, a new graduate school being established. And with it all a national crisis threatening to produce untold results throughout the land. The future development of Haverford will indeed be interesting to follow; yet our feeling toward it will ever be something more than interest alone, for the familiar name is surrounded by what we learned in Phil I to call a "fringe." It is steeped in a host of memories and associations that have made Haverford a thousand times more than a mere word in our vocabulary—

"—Haverford, the dearest name we know
That through these four bright college years
Has been the name to make us come and go
The name that's magic to our ears."

The Faculty

ISAAC SHARPLESS . . . . . President

(B.S., Harvard, 1873; Sc.D., U. of P., 1883; LL.D., Swarthmore, 1889; L.H.D., Hobart, 1903; LL.D., Harvard, 1915.)

ALLEN CLAPP THOMAS . . . . . Consulting Librarian

(A.B., Haverford, 1865; A.M., Haverford, 1882. *Emeritus Professor of History.*)

LYMAN BEECHER HALL . . . . . Chemistry

(A.B., Amherst, 1873; A.M. and Ph.D., Göttingen, 1875.)

FRANCIS BARTON GUMMERE . . . . . English

(A.B., Haverford, 1872; A.M., Haverford, 1875; A.B., Harvard, 1875; Ph.D., Freiburg, 1881; LL.D., Haverford, 1908; Litt.D., Harvard, 1909.)

HENRY SHERRING PRATT . . . . . Biology

(A.B., Michigan, 1882; A.M., and Ph.D. Leipzig, 1892.)

JAMES ADDISON BABBITT . . . . . Hygiene and Physical Education

(A.B., Yale, 1893; A.M., Haverford, 1896; M.D., U. of P., 1898.)

RUFUS MATTHEW JONES . . . . . Philosophy

(A.B., Haverford, 1885; A.M., Haverford, 1886; A.M., Harvard, 1901; Litt.D., Penn College, 1898.)

OSCAR MARSHALL CHASE . . . . . Drawing

(S.B., Haverford, 1894; S.M., Haverford, 1895. *Registrar of the College.*)

ALBERT SIDNEY BOLLES . . . . . Emeritus Lecturer

(Ph.D., Middlebury College, 1883; LL.D., Lafayette, 1890. *Emeritus Lecturer on Commercial Law and Banking.*)

DON CARLOS BARRETT . . . . . Economics

(Ph.B., Earlham, 1889; A.M., Harvard, 1896; Ph.D., Harvard, 1901.)

LEGH WILBER REID . . . . . Mathematics

(Sc.B., V. M. I., 1887; A.B., Johns Hopkins, 1889; Sc.M., Princeton, 1894; Ph.D., Göttingen, 1899.)

WILLIAM WILSON BAKER . . . . . Greek

(A.B., Harvard, 1898; A.M., Harvard, 1899; Ph.D., Harvard, 1901.)

FREDERIC PALMER, JR . . . . . Physics
(A.B., Harvard, 1900; A.M., Harvard, 1904; Ph.D., Harvard, 1913. *Dean of the College.*)

LEON HAWLEY RITTENHOUSE . . . . . Mechanics and Electricity
(M.E., Stevens Institute of Technology, 1901.)

RICHARD MOTT GUMMERE . . . . . Latin
(A.B., Haverford, 1902; A.M., Harvard, 1904; Ph.D., Harvard, 1907 *Assistant to the President.*)

RAYNOR WICKERSHAM KELSEY . . . . . History
(Ph.B., Earlham, 1900; M.L., California, 1908. Ph.D., California, 1909.)

ALBERT HARRIS WILSON . . . . . Mathematics
(A.B., Vanderbilt University, 1892; A.M., Vanderbilt, 1893; Ph.D., Chicago, 1911.)

THOMAS KITE BROWN, JR . . . . . German
(A.B., Haverford, 1906; A.M., Haverford, 1907.)

HENRY JOEL CADBURY . . . . . Biblical Literature
(A.B., Haverford, 1903; A.M., Harvard, 1904; Ph.D., Harvard, 1914.)

WILLIAM OTIS SAWTELLE . . . . . Physics
(S.B., M. I. T., 1899; A.M., Harvard, 1907.)

FRANK DEKKER WATSON . . . . . Social Work
(B.S., U. of P., 1905; Ph.D., U. of P., 1911.)

EDWARD DOUGLAS SNYDER . . . . . English
(A.B., Yale, 1910; A.M., Harvard, 1911; Ph.D., Harvard, 1913.)

CHARLES HAROLD LIVINGSTON . . . . . French
(A.B., Harvard, 1910; A.M., Harvard, 1912.)

JOSEPH SERONDE . . . . . French
(A.B., Yale, 1905; A.M., Yale, 1910; Ph.D., Yale, 1915.)

CHARLES HARLAN ABBOTT . . . . . Biology
(A.B., Brown, 1913; A.M., Brown, 1914.)

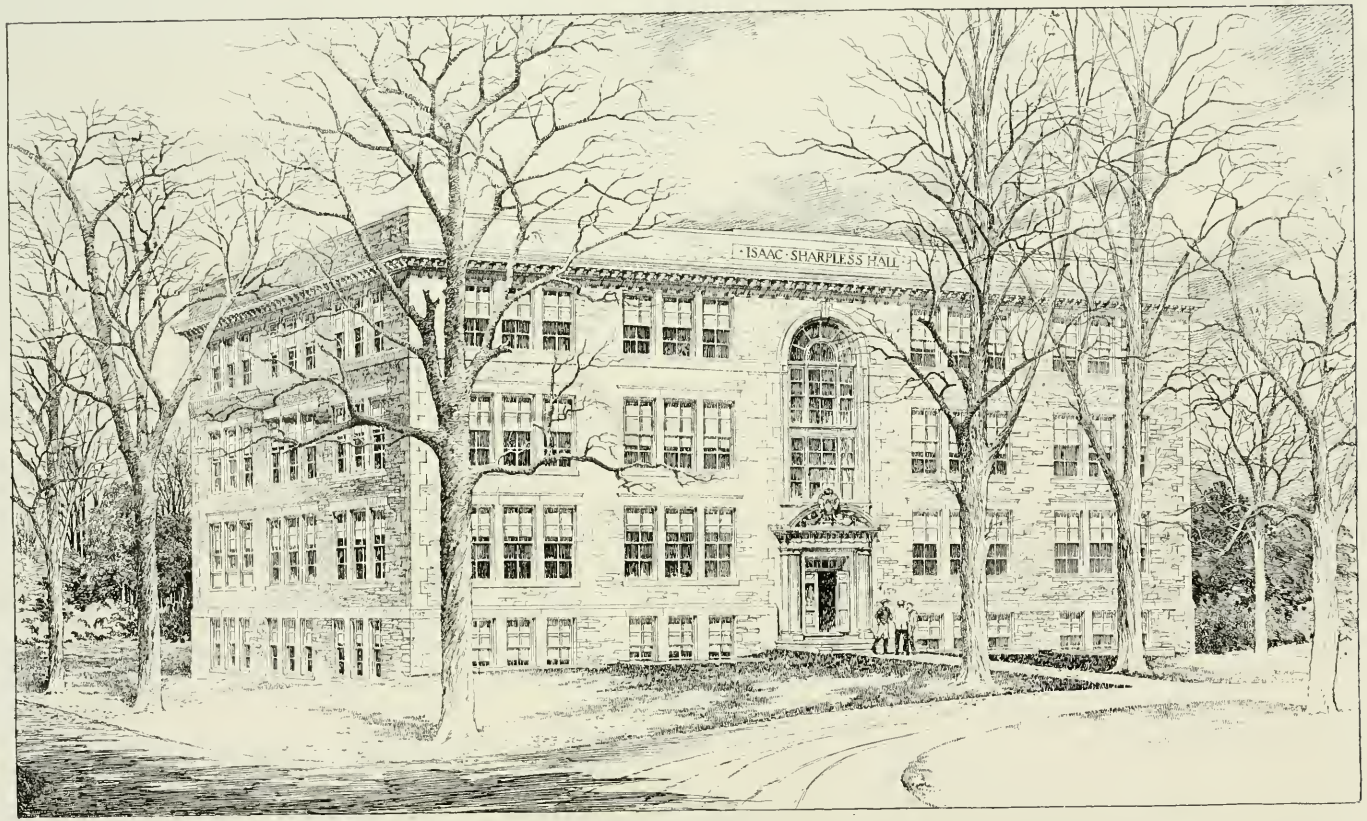
The New President

DR. WILLIAM WISTAR COMFORT, who, beginning with the ensuing year, succeeds Dr. Isaac Sharpless as President of Haverford College, was born in Germantown, Pa., May 27, 1874, a son of Howard and Susan Foulke Wistar Comfort. His father was a Haverfordian of the Class of 1870, and served for many years as a member of the Board of Managers. The son followed his father's example in the choice of a college, and entered Haverford in 1890 from the William Penn Charter School, graduating with the Class of 1894. While an undergraduate he was president of his class in Junior year, of the College Association, of the Y. M. C. A., and of the Athenæum, a literary society then prominent among Haverford activities. He was a member of the Banjo Club, and in athletics, according to good Haverford custom, gave his attention to cricket, playing two years on the First XI. His scholastic record brought him honors in modern languages, and later membership in Phi Beta Kappa, of which Society he afterwards served as secretary.

The next three years after his graduation from Haverford Dr. Comfort spent at Harvard, returning to Haverford for the year 1897–98 as instructor in modern languages. He then spent three years in foreign travel and study. In 1901 he resumed his work at Haverford, and in 1909 was called thence to Cornell University to become head of the Department of Romance Languages.

He received the degree of Doctor of Philosophy from Harvard in 1902. In the same year he married Miss Mary Lawton Fahs of Lake Forest, Illinois, and has one son and three daughters. During the past year he served as president of the Haverford College Alumni Association, and last January was master of ceremonies at the annual dinner, where he was enthusiastically greeted by the large gathering of Haverfordians present.

Dr. Comfort has contributed essays and reviews to the *Quarterly Review* and *Dublin Review* in England, to the *Atlantic Monthly, Nation, Dial, South Atlantic Quarterly, Haverford Studies, Modern Language Notes, Modern Philology*, and the publications of the Modern Language Association of America. He edited Calderon's "La Vida es sueño" (1904). He has written a "French Prose Composition" (1907), and a translation of Chrétien de Troyes' "Arthurian Romances" for Everyman's Library (1914).



ISAAC SHARPLESS HALL

(New Science Building)

Baily & Bassett, Architects

THE "HAVERFORD NEWS" BOARD

THE "HAVERFORDIAN" BOARD

Litterati

THE class of 1917 has always been well represented on both the college publications. Bob Gibson made the *Haverfordian* at the beginning of Sophomore year; and, after a period of probation as Alumni Editor, was elected Editor-in-Chief at the end of the same year. He held this position with marked success until the retirement of the 1917 members from the Board at the middle of Senior year. Most of his writing has taken the form of verse, sketches and short stories. In his "Lines in an Italian Garden" he reached, perhaps, the summit of his poetic achievement, while a short and piquant story of Haverford life also drew forth much favorable interest. William Henry Chamberlin was elected to the Board about the middle of Sophomore year and has been a leading light of the publication ever since. His writings have drawn down more comment, favorable and otherwise, both from within and from without the college, than any other *Haverfordian* contributions that we have knowledge of. His pointed essays on philosophy, history and art have been judged of the highest calibre by competent critics. During Junior year the ranks of the litterateurs were swelled by the addition of Colby VanDam and Donald Painter. Colby wrote a number of striking and original stories, "Rainbow" and "Man or Manners?" being among the best. Don assumed the thankless office of Alumni Editor for a year and also contributed several pieces of verse. In the business department the combined efforts of Ott Spellissy, as Business Manager, and Colonel Beale Brodhead, as Subscription Manager, helped to save the magazine from passing into the hands of the receiver.

Hugh McKinstry was elected to the *Haverford News* Board during Sophomore year, and made a very efficient Editor-in-Chief during his last year of service. He carried on the progressive policy that had been instituted by Van Hollen and made the paper a thoroughly readable and wideawake chronicle of college activities. Ed Weston was the other representative of 1917 on the Editorial Board of the journal, serving during our Junior and Senior years. The business interests of the *News* were more than adequately protected by Wes Howland, even if he did have a rather obscure and unfortunate adventure with the unsympathetic manager of the Adelphia Hotel.

The new *Haverfordian* Board, with J. G. C. S. LeClerq as Editor-in-Chief, and the new *News* Board, under the direction of K. W. Webb, have our heartiest wishes for a prosperous year.

THE MUSICAL CLUBS

The Cap and Bells Club

THE innate histrionic and harmonic ability existent in Nineteen-Seventeen has been largely responsible, we feel safe in saying, for several successful seasons of the Cap and Bells musical and dramatic clubs. Haverford has been more than ordinarily successful along these lines of late and no small credit is due to the untiring efforts of Nineteen-Seventeen men.

With Howard Buzby a member of our class, the Glee and Mandolin Clubs took their first flight to Atlantic City in Freshman year, there to be treated like lords by the genial host of the Dennis. The two Browns, Baily, "Woody" Crosman, Jones, Price, Inman, Gilbert Moore, and Paxson were members of the clubs that first year; and on the cast of the play "Engaged," by Sir William Gilbert, were F. K. Murray, Laverty, Howland and the celebrated VanDam brothers. It was a pretty fair percentage for Freshmen.

The same conditions held true for the succeeding year, when the two VanDams, Clement and Howland took leading roles in "Eliza Comes to Stay." The Clubs took trips to Beechwood School, West Chester and Baltimore, and were given a big ovation at Wilmington, with the customary social events following. Henry Hill, Miller, Sangree and L. VanDam were our additions to the Musical Clubs. The second trip to Atlantic City confirmed the pleasing impressions of Mr. Buzby's kindness of the previous year.

Junior Day, the great social event of our college career, brought along Loring VanDam, "Larry" Jones and DeWitt Clement as actors in "All-of-a-Sudden Peggy." The audience was immensely tickled upon seeing Loring make love to "Larry," while DeWitt posed as a true type of sporting blood. We maintained our reputation on the Musical Clubs, when "Erny" Brown took over the direction of the Mandolin Club and Brodhead and Spellissy were added to its ranks.

In our Senior year the Mandolin Club, for the second time led by E. L. Brown, and the Glee Club, under Loring VanDam's direction, saw one of the most prosperous seasons of their careers. Highly commendable concerts were held at the Merion Cricket Club, the Bellevue-Stratford and once more at Atlantic City. From our class, Marshall, Mitchell and Harold York joined the clubs, as did also Colby VanDam. On the dramatic side the Play Committee selected G. Bernard Shaw's "You Never Can Tell" for the annual production, and the first scheduled performance was hardly two weeks off when the Emergency Unit called a halt to all activities. On the cast as chosen were Loring VanDam (as Valentine), H. L. Jones (as Dolly), W. Howland (as Bohun), S. Curtis, P. L. Corson, T. P. Dunn, K. S. Oliver, F. H. Strawbridge, Jr., H. H. Morris and C. Roberts.

Without being unduly conceited we feel that we can justly be proud of the record that our class has made in the work of the Cap and Bells Club throughout four years. But with the material now in college we see no reason why next year should not be a highly successful one in this same field.

THE TEAM

Football

LAWRENCE M. RAMSEY
Captain

EDMUND T. PRICE
Manager

THE football season of 1916 was one of the most successful in the annals of Haverford college. The team went through the year without a defeat; and, what was still more gratifying to every true Haverfordian, accomplished the ambition of eighteen years by defeating Swarthmore in a game that was a classic of clean, hard playing. The achievement was all the more remarkable because six regular players had been lost by the graduation of the preceding class, and Coach "Mike" Bennett was confronted with the problem of developing an almost entirely green line into varsity material. As might have been expected under the circumstances, the team was slow in getting started; and three supposedly easy preliminary games (Stevens, N. Y. U., and Delaware) resulted in indecisive ties. Then the team struck its stride, defeating the strong Maryland A. C. on their own field in a hard-fought contest. After this it was all plain sailing. F. and M. was decisively beaten, for the first time in several years 21–0; Dickinson fell before Marney Crosman's newly educated toe (13–7); and Johns Hopkins succumbed to a more or less makeshift line-up on the eve of the big contest with Swarthmore (14–7). The result of this famous battle is too well known to require further elaboration here. A few words may now be said about the five men in the class of 1917 who were regulars on "the team."

Captain Ramsey has been a tower of strength ever since he entered college at the beginning of Freshman Year. Since that time he has played in every varsity game, with the exception of a few contests in Junior year, when he was incapacitated by an injury. He has always played the position of fullback for which he is so well fitted naturally. On the offense he is a perfect battering ram, while his defensive work is of stonewall calibre. It was his terrific line plunging that contributed largely to the victory over Swarthmore. "Rams" is 5 feet, 10½ inches high, weighs about 171 pounds and has played all four years on the Varsity.

Wes Howland was used as a substitute end during his Freshman year. In the following season he found his real position at center, where he starred for the next three years. Playing a roving defensive game, his tackling was hard and deadly, while his passing was accurate and his offensive work also was very effective. His height is 6 feet, 1 inch, his weight, 175 pounds and he has had three years of strictly Varsity work.

Like Wes, Loring VanDam developed from a substitute during Freshman year into a regular on the three succeeding teams. He played the right halfback position and had many of the qualifications of an ideal backfield man, being a brilliant open field runner and a hard line-plunger. Height, 5 feet, 11 inches, weight, 163 pounds; three years on the varsity.

Tad Sangree was out of the game during Freshman year on account of a bad heart. He was a reliable backfield substitute during Sophomore year. In the following season he made a regular position on the team at end. It was during the last year, however, that he

found his natural sphere of action at quarterback. His work in running back kicks and receiving forward passes was spectacular. Height, 5 feet, 9 inches, weight, 140 pounds; two years on the varsity.

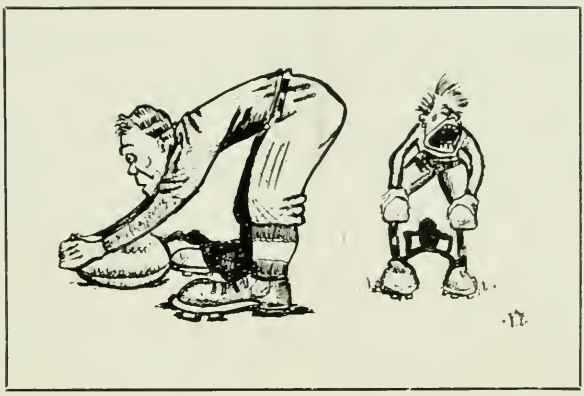
Don Chandler was a graduate of the famous "scum." From this organization he was promoted to the rank of a varsity substitute in Sophomore year. During his last two years (except for a period of enforced idleness during the season of Junior year) he played

SENIORS ON THE SQUAD

a steady game as a regular end. Height, 5 feet, 10 inches, weight, 160 pounds; two years on the varsity.

Captain-elect Marney Crosman was a big individual factor in the success of the team. Although he played the position of left halfback, he called the signals; and his generalship was irreproachable, especially in the Swarthmore game. He is a splendid all-around player, being equally good at throwing the forward pass, running the ends, puntng and drop-kicking. Under his leadership next year's team has every prospect of a successful season.

The other members of the 1916 team were Gilmore and Moore, tackles; Morgan and Hayman, guards, and Curtis and Sharp, ends. The Seniors on the scrub included: McKinstry, end and tackle; Spaeth, center; Baily, guard; Little, who adorned several positions; and Zerega, backfield.



Football Scrimmages as They Ain't

Time: 4.30 P. M., any afternoon during football season.
Scene: Walton Field, Haverford.

The candidates saunter leisurely onto the field from the direction of the gym. "Doc" Bennett sits unperturbed on the bench until all of them have arrived; then he rises, hands deep in trouser pockets, and speaks in a shy, soothing voice:

"Now, fellows, we've got all afternoon, so you needn't work yourselves to death. Whatever you do, don't hit a man too hard; we don't want anybody hurt. All right, Tad, run your team. You fellows certainly played a fine game on Saturday. . . . That's good, Baily, I'm glad to see you go easy on Hayman. Now, Howland, I don't like to criticize, but perhaps you'll pardon my mentioning it if I suggest that you try tackling a trifle lower—no offense intended, of course. . . . Tough luck, Chandler; of course you can't expect to get all the forward passes. You tried hard for it, though. . . . Now you're all out of breath. Go over and sit on the bench for ten minutes."

"Are you all perfectly rested? If you're sure you are, we'll start scrimmaging again. You don't mind scrimmaging a little longer, do you? Let me know when you're tired. . . . That's right, Rams, always slow up when you hit the line. I don't want the scrub to get hurt. I'm glad to see you save your ankle that way, Dam; you oughtn't to run too hard anyway. . . . That's fine, McKinstry, always let two or three of their men through for the backfield to take out. You've been working too hard anyway; suppose you go over and take a rest on the Scrub. Good boy, Marney! Always pass them where there's nobody around to get them. . . . Well, it's five o'clock now, and you'll probably want a little time to smoke before supper and to get ready for the dance. Hope I didn't work you too hard; we won't have any practice tomorrow. Good night, boys, and don't forget to vote for Wilson."

(Exeunt)

THE SWARTHMORE GAME

Upper—One of Our Line Plunges Blocked.
Lower—Loring Hitting the Line

Marney Getting Off On An End Run
Rams Gathering Steam for a Plunge

The Swarthmore Game

THE big game, played on the 25th of November, 1916, formed a fitting climax to the most successful football season that Haverford has ever had. Even after our victories over F. & M. and Dickinson, Swarthmore's powerful team, with an undefeated season and triumphs over Penn, Lafayette and Columbia to its credit, loomed up as a strong obstacle in the way of achieving our dream of eighteen years. But the long weeks of splendid coaching and faithful practice bore fruit; and we scored a victory that was even more clear-cut and decisive than the figures 10–7 would show. Fifteen first downs against Swarthmore's six amply demonstrated our superiority at the rushing game; while our gains from forward passing also exceeded theirs, in spite of the three long passes which, towards the close of the game, saved them from the ignominy of a shut-out. Perhaps the most pleasing feature of the game, next to the result itself, was the fact that it was the work of the whole team, and not the efforts of two or three individual stars, that put the score on the right side of the ledger. There could be no better proof of our well-nigh perfect team-work than the fact that, although most of the plays were run from complicated shift formations, we were charged with only a single fumble, and that was instantly recovered by the man who made it.

Compliments of N. A.

The first half was somewhat suggestive of the heart-breaking game of last year. We outplayed our opponents decisively in all departments, but were unable to get close enough to their line to convert our superiority into points. Special features of the half were several magnificent punts by "Marney" Crosman and a splendid tackle of Cornog by "Tad" Sangree when the speedy Swarthmore back had apparently a clear field. Another encouraging circumstance was the complete failure of the mighty Bush to come up to advance expectations. At half time it was apparent that Swarthmore was unable to penetrate our defense by means of straight football; but there was still the harassing possibility that a more open game would be more successful for them or that the contest would end in the highly unsatisfactory form of a scoreless tie.

It was in the third quarter that we launched our grand offensive. Starting from our own twenty-yard line, we marched straight up the field toward the north goal, without a single break or lucky accident, gaining consistently on hard plunges, end runs from kick formation, delayed passes and short forwards, until Ramsey himself dived through left tackle, Captain Endicott's own, for a touchdown. Swarthmore made substitution after substitution in a vain effort to check the invincible rush. Their defense was completely bewildered by our varied and skilfully massed attack. Time after time their heavy linesmen, outweighing ours by tens of pounds, would break through under the fond delusion that they were stopping the play, only to find that one of our backs, having received the ball on a well-concealed delayed pass, had shot around end or through a hole in the line. But our attack was not entirely composed of trick plays. There was plenty of punch in it, as might be guessed from the comatose expressions of the Swarthmore guards and tackles after they had encountered some of "Dill's" 42 centimeter plunges!

"WES" PULLING DOWN CORNOG

After this mighty advance it was evident that Swarthmore's only hope lay in a desperate rally in the last quarter. But even this faint chance was soon destroyed when "Marney" Crosman, standing on the forty-five-yard mark and partly handicapped by a strong wind, kicked a perfect field goal that sped over the South bar with room to spare. This was probably the most brilliant individual feat of the day; and the Haverford stands went wild as we realized that nothing could now deprive us of a long-deferred victory.

CORNOG STOPPED AGAIN

However, no Haverford-Swarthmore game would be complete without some sort of eleventh-hour come-back on the part of the Garnet. Fired by the 10-0 score against them, Swarthmore opened up a succession of long forward passes that found us, for the momenr, unprepared. Three passes, for a total of seventy yards, brought the ball close to our line, and from there Cornog managed to score on a wide end run. With only a minute remaining to play, Swarthmore made a dying effort; a short kick was tried, but Morgan recovered, and we safely held on to the precious oval until the toot of the official's whistle announced the end of the fray.

"RAMS" AND THE HAT

Nineteen-seventeen as a class can justly be proud of its representatives in this memorable struggle. Captain "Dill's" fierce line plunging added the necessary punch to our mighty eighty-yard advance. "Wes" at center played one of the best defensive games of his career; he was literally in every play. "Tad" ran back Endicott's punts and received short forwards in his usual smart style; Loring's all-round work, both offensive and defensive, deserved the highest praise; and "Don" at end was all that could be desired. But far be it from us to seek more credit than is justly due us; the victory was too big a thing for any one class even to claim the predominant share in it. It was primarily a triumph and a vindication of the principle of athletics that Haverford has always stood for and maintained. As our own Captain Ramsey truly said after the game, we did not beat Swarthmore as individuals; we beat them as a team and as a college.

The game proved beyond the shadow of a doubt that, with proper coaching and real spirit, a strictly amateur team representing a small college can go out and contend on equal terms with any other institution of reasonable size.

Soccer

WILLIAM J. GARDINER
Captain

JOSEPH W. GREENE, Jr.
Manager

DESPITE the loss of the Intercollegiate championsip, our 1916 Soccer season can scarcely be considered a failure. For, although the undefeated football team naturally claimed many supporters, there was sufficient interest in soccer to maintain four teams throughout the season. And the records of the three teams that had regular schedules were highly creditable, the teams finishing well near the top of their respective leagues.

The Varsity, with but four veterans, was moulded by George Young into a unit which, although inexperienced, was able to withstand successfully high-scoring opponents and frequently to uncover brilliant offensive work. During a tempest we inauspiciously opened our intercollegiate season with a 4–0 defeat at the feet of Princeton. Then followed on muddy fields 3–1 victories over Cornell and Yale, the latter materializing from a 1–1 tie. On a rainy Saturday we met Penn, and though they were officially picked to win the game by an overwhelming score and thereby the Championship, we defeated them by 2 goals to 1 and thus placed them in a tie with Princeton for the cup. But our final game, played against Harvard in the wake of a New England blizzard, resulted in a scoreless tie, which prevented us from joining Penn and Princeton in a tie for the Championship.

The Varsity play was less marked by individual stars than by consistent work on the part of the whole team. However, particularly worthy of mention, not only from the length of their service, but as well from the class of their playing, are Captain "Bill" Gardiner and "Woody" Crosman. During his four years at fullback on the Varsity, Bill has accumulated an amount of experience and reliability that have made him an important factor in soccer annals at Haverford since his first connection with the team; while Woody, who played two years on the First, was during that time one of the cleverest dribblers and surest shots on the forward line. We fear that the loss of these men will be a serious one for next year's team.

The Second Team (or "Junior Varsity," if you please) had an excellent record in each of its leagues (the Pennsylvania Intercollegiate League and the Second Division of the Cricket Club League), losing the championship by only a single game. Captain Weston's unremitting attention and hard playing were largely responsible for the success of the team. "Larry" Jones has also played three years on the Second and has given a dash of paprika to the forward line.

In the Interclass series, which occurred in March, with the usual viscosity of mud, our Class team, composed of stars of varied brilliance, was severely handicapped by losing the first game to the Juniors, the subsequent winners of the cup. A 1–1 tie with the Freshman was a further set-back. But in the final game we showed our real form when we walloped the Sophomores, with their "Varsity" line and goal-keeper, 4–1, and so landed into our customary tie for second place in the final standing.

Gymnasium

HUGH E. McKINSTRY
Captain

ARTHUR E. SPELLISSY
Manager

WHEN the last cup of chocolate had gone the way of the accessories on the evening of the Penn meet the Gym team took account of stock and found that its escapes had been narrow but its season on the whole pre-eminently successful. But even then the season was not complete, for the following week "Marney" Crosman went to the Intercollegiates at Yale and surprised the college gymnastic world by winning the rings, scoring first in the all-around championship and by his own efforts placing Haverford second among the teams competing. Of the four dual meets this year our team won three, including the neck-and-neck race with the University of Pennsylvania, and lost only to Brown, which was by no means the best of the teams met.

The season opened with Rutgers, who proved easy picking for the Haverford gymnasts, the score falling 30–24. The next week brought the surprise at Providence where Brown surpassed us, 29–25. The cosmopolitan team from New York University, with the remarkable Cremer as its all-around star, was defeated by the close margin of $27\frac{1}{2}$–$26\frac{1}{2}$; and Old Penn was trapped in the final event by a margin of two points, thanks partly to the courtesy of Votaw and Faries, Haverford graduates and Penn regulars, who chose not to work against their Alma Mater.

"Turnvater" Krause deserves high commendation for building a winning team largely out of the mass of inexperienced material at his disposal. The class of 1917 was represented by four men. Captain McKinstry confined his efforts to the parallels and in each meet took a place ranging from first to third; by finishing fourth on the bars at the Intercollegiates he came within an ace of winning the coveted "H." Mac's series in the Penn meet was one of the most magnificent exhibitions that we have ever seen on our floor. Clarke Little developed into a solid chunk of muscle and showed smooth form in all the standard tricks on the rings. Ed Weston, after a rough struggle with the horse, finally subdued the animal and won his spurs; while Colby VanDam became a parallel bar worker and master of some of the most difficult flips and turns, but, scccumbing to an over-strained muscle at an inopportune moment, could compete only in the Penn meet.

Without Marney Crosman, however, the team would not have been a team, and it is only natural that in his hands is left Haverford's gymnastic fate for the coming year. As President of the Intercollegiate Association he will have supervision of the Annual Championships, which next year will take place in the Haverford gym. We are confident that he and the "Turnvater" can shape up a team from Arnold, Tatum, Thorpe, McConnell, Pierce, Knowlton and the rest of the squad. We bequeath to him our own Ed Weston and our best wishes.

Baseball

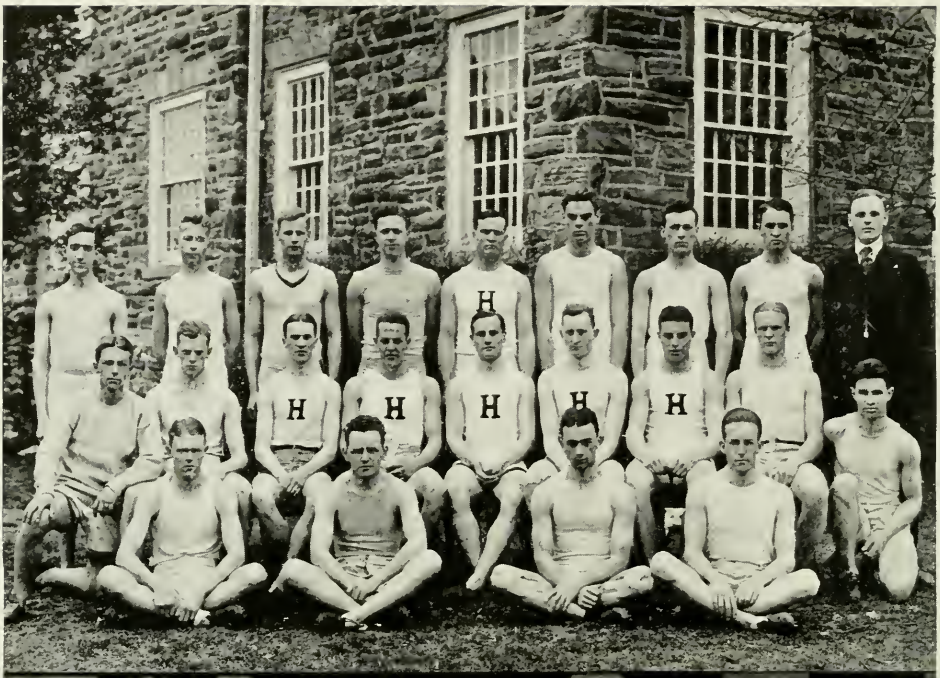
CARL M. SANGREE, *Captain* ARTHUR E. SPELLISSY, *Manager*

FOR the first time in the history of the College the spring of 1917 heralded the recognition of baseball. In company with other athletic contests its season was short lived; only one game was played after the spring training trip. While the scores of all the games played indicate reversals, a too hasty judgment of the team would be unfair. Going directly from the Gymnasium floor on to the fast diamonds of the Southern colleges our club played a quality of ball which augured well for the immediate future. Morris, our Guilford recruit, exhibited a good mixture of stuff and headwork on the mound. Chandler at third was a veteran and a reliable man. Captain Sangree, the former Penn Charter star, shifted from his natural post at first, put up a steady game behind the bat. Zerega, whose natural qualifications were handicapped by inexperience, was an alternate around short and second. The main points to be remedied, as is the case with all new teams, were nervousness in handling the ball in the pinches and light hitting. Coach Bennett had his job cut out very definitely, but those who have worked under him felt the utmost confidence in his ability to shape a satisfactory team. It is to be hoped that upon the renewal of athletics the College and Alumni will continue their loyal support to the national game.

Tennis

ROBERT B. MILLER, *Manager*

THE prospects for a good tennis team for 1917 were fairly bright, despite the fact that captain-elect Weller failed to return to college last fall. Bob Miller, Jack Zerega and Walt Shipley, '19, remained from last year to form a nucleus for the new team. Manager Miller had scheduled meets with Lafayette, Johns Hopkins, Delaware, Lehigh, Franklin and Marshall, Swarthmore and Ursinus, and practice was already getting under way when the Emergency Unit plans called a peremptory halt upon all varsity athletics, tennis included. For this same reason the Annual Spring Singles Championship tournament had to be called off; but the Annual Fall Doubles Championship, held in October of last year, was won by the combination of Bob Miller and John S. Haynes, '19.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Track

EDMUND T. PRICE, *Captain* JOHN W. SPAETH, Jr., *Manager*

NINETEEN-SEVENTEEN holds its success in track as one of the greatest achievements of its four college years. We had our very first experience on the cinder path against the Sophomore (1916) in the Soph-Fresh Meet, when Captain Price led his cohorts against the common enemy; but they trimmed us, only to let the defeat rankle in our breasts until we could reverse the case the following spring. On the basis of the varsity season's work, Ed Price and Erny Brown were awarded the Track "H" our first year. In Sophomore year Clement added his "H" to the list of 1917 holders, part of which honor he gained in beating Zerega (then of Swarthmore) and tacking up a new two mile record for the College. In Junior year DeWitt again lowered his mark and Jack Zerega this time ran as a team mate and not as an opponent. The "H" list this year included Price, Erny Brown, DeWitt Clement, Woody Crosman and Dill Ramsey, while Zerega and Loring were awarded their numerals.

For Senior year Ed Price was elected Captain as a result of his three years past record. Manager Spaeth arranged a schedule, which included Muhlenburg, Lehigh and Swarthmore, with the Middle States and the I. C. A. A. A. meets to finish off the season. War intervened. The Emergency Unit was started and a propitious track season was closed before it even had begun.

Cricket

WILLARD M. R. CROSMAN, *Captain* DeWITT C. CLEMENT, *Manager*

IN the spring of 1917 out cricket season suffered the same fate as did baseball, track and tennis. The rigid routine of the Emergency Unit called for the cancellation of all scheduled games two weeks before the first match was to be played. Three matches had been arranged with the University of Pennsylvania, to decide the Intercollegiate championship, and others with the Frankford C. C., West Philadelphia C. C., and the Founders Club. Haverford had also been entered in the Philadelphia Cup League. At the time of writing it is thought that an independent team, under the name of the Haverford Rovers, may be organized to carry on a modified schedule on Saturday afternoons.

As a class our only name high in the annals of Cricket is "Woody" Crosman, captain of the disbanded varsity and a winner of the cricket "H." He started in Freshman year by making the English tour and has been in the foreground ever since. Woody is an accurate fielder and, as his scores prove, a very substantial batsman.

The Emergency Unit

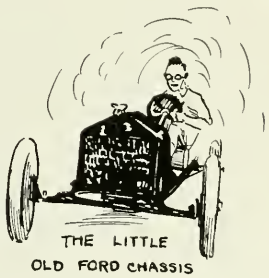
AS the relations of our country with Germany became more and more strained towards the end of March, 1917, we were told in Collection and through the *News* that certain of the faculty were working on plans to provide an opportunity for Haverford men to undertake some sort of training in view of any emergency that might arise. It seems that Harvey Klock, also, was a party to the project. During our spring vacation events occurred in rapid succession that placed the ultimate status of our official connections with Germany beyond doubt. When we returned to college on the first Monday in April, Congress was already in session to consider the momentous question of declaring the existence of a state of war with Germany. The emergency training plans thenceforward progressed steadily. In Tuesday morning Collection it was announced that there would be a meeting of a committee of fifteen members, including five undergraduates, that very afternoon to mature plans for the contemplated training. After lunch a meeting of the Students' Association elected McKinstry, Sangree, Spaeth, Sharp and Osler to represent them on this organization committee, which met at 5 o'clock. Dr. R. M. Jones was immediately elected chairman. It was realized that there were varied sentiments upon the war situation throughout College, and therefore it was deemed the best thing to find some comprehensive form of emergency training that would meet the many desires; for it was the consensus of opinion that the student body should be kept intact at lest until commencement. To this end Dr. Babbitt proposed a weekly program of work which was highly commended, and the next few days were spent in definitely shaping this plan. On Friday, the 6th, the plan was almost unanimously approved by the student body, and the announcement of the declaration of war gave increased impetus to the preparations for carrying it out. A part of the Organization Committee, with some outside aid (the Student Committee had been supplemented by the appointment of five additional members) worked hard over Saturday and Sunday. On Monday evening enlistment took place and measurements for uniforms were taken, while the Organization Committee gave way to the newly appointed Central Board of the Haverford Emergency Unit; on Tuesday the company leaders divided the enrolled men into four companies and selected twenty squad leaders (corporals); on Wednesday the khaki uniforms were doled out in the gym and the actual training began with a four mile hike.

After that the emergency work moved along with scarcely a hitch, due to very efficient administration. The program was divided into five main sections, occupying every day of the week except Saturday and Sunday. One day of every week was devoted by each company to elementary Red Cross drill and hospital work. For this purpose a number of stretchers were provided and at the time of writing efforts were being made to procure an ambulance auto. Another day of the week was spent on mechanical work, including both the operation and repair of automobiles. This department bought and borrowed a number of second-hand machines of various models, and on these a great deal of useful practice was obtained. The Autocar Company of Ardmore co-operated considerably with the Unit in this line of the work. A third day each week was given over to the "Field Construction"

THERE WERE SOME STARTLING FITS AT FIRST.

THE WOUNDED HAD SOME DIFFICULTY IN STAYING WITH THE CROWD

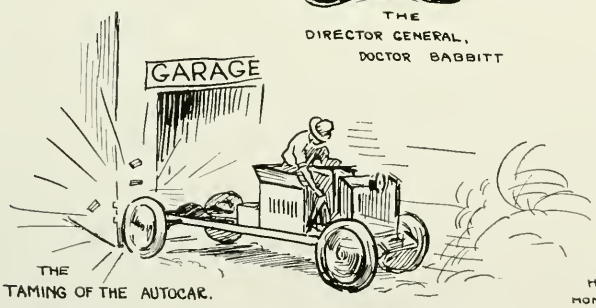
THE DIRECTOR GENERAL, DOCTOR BABBITT



THE LITTLE OLD FORD CHASSIS

M-m-m-m!

HOW BLITHELY WE WOULD TRIP HOME AFTER A PLEASANT AFTERNOON AT THE "FIELD CONSTRUCTION" WORK!



THE TAMING OF THE AUTOCAR.

GRANVILLE E. TOOGOOD

department, the work here consisting of nothing less than hard manual labor directed to a useful end,—that of levelling off a baseball diamond to the west of '88 Field. The fourth specific field of training was camp-work, including some woodcraft, camp sanitation, scouting and cooking. On Wednesday of each week the entire unit of four companies would take an extended hike through various parts of the neighboring country, the distance covered on each trip hovering near ten miles. And, in addition to the special program, at least the first thirty minutes of each day were devoted to drilling in companies and squads and to regular setting-up exercises.

As Dr. J. A. Babbitt had been mainly responsible for this extensive plan, he was appointed by the Organization Committee Director-General of the Unit. To aid him in the administration of the heavy duties which the various phases of this work involved he had certain members of the Faculty, of the Alumni, and of the student body as assistants. Dr. Jones served as chairman of the Finance Committee, of which President Sharpless also was a member; Mr. J. L. Scull as chairman of the Committee on Equipment; Mr. O. M. Chase as Treasurer of the Unit, Dr. R. M. Gummere, as chairman of the Correspondence Committee; Dr. F. Plamer, Jr., was put in charge of the mechanical department, assisted by Dr. L. H. Rittenhouse and P. W. Weaver; Drs. A. L. Dewees and E. D. Snyder in charge of the camping department, assisted by Dr. W. W. Baker and D. G. Baird; Dr. T. F. Branson, assisted by Drs. F. C. Sharpless and P. Nicholson, in charge of the Hospital work; Dr. L. W. Reid, assisted by W. O. Sawtelle, in charge of the Field Construction department; Mr. T. K. Brown, Jr., in charge of hiking, assisted by C. H. Livingston; Dr. M. S. Bennett in charge of drilling; and Dr. A. H. Wilson in charge of equipment for the Mechanical department. Most of these officials were members of the Central Board, the main executive body of the Unit, of which Dr. Jones was elected chairman. The undergraduate representatives on this board were: L. VanDam, C. M. Sangree, W. Howland and E. T. Price, the four company leaders; L. M. Ramsey, aide to the Director-General; J. W. Greene, Jr., Student Manager of Drilling and Secretary of the Central Board, and H. E. McKinstry, Student Manager of Hiking. Besides these many persons serving in executive capacities there should be mentioned E. L. Brown, R. D. Metcalfe, T. B. Whitson and R. M. Baldersston, all of whom aided Dr. Palmer in the Auto-mechanical department; and S. Curtis and E. A. G. Porter, '18, who assisted Mr. Scull with the equipment.

The total enrollment in the active training of the Emergency Unit included 169 undergraduates, about twelve members of the faculty and several Alumni. The staffs of the four companies were:

Company A.—Leader, Loring VanDam; corporals: D. C. Clement, A. W. Hall, S. Curtis, A. M. Goltman, L. K. Keay.

Company B.—Leader, C. M. Sangree; corporals: G. D. Chandler, W. C. Little, H. E. McKinstry, C. D. VanDam, J. W. Sharp, 3rd.

Company C.—Leader, Weston Howland; corporals: W. M. R. Crosman, R. B. Greer, J. W. Thacher, F. H. Limeburner, F. V. Morley.

Company D.—Leader, E. T. Price; corporals: M. A. Laverty, J. M. Crosman, E. A. G. Porter, S. H. Chapman, Jr., N. Hathaway, Jr.

The Chess Club

H. LAWRENCE JONES
President

ROBERT B. MILLER
Secretary-Treasurer

AN awakening of interest in the Chess Club has been produced of late by the renewal of the practice of playing at least one intercollegiate match each year. This custom practically had been dropped since the eight-board match with the University of Pennsylvania in 1913 which resulted in a 6–2 victory for Penn. Since that game most of the chess played at Haverford had been confined to intramural tournaments. But this year a five-board challenge match was played with Princeton on our own grounds and the result was a very close win for our apponents, 3–2. The team and the score were as follows:

	Won	Lost
H. L. Jones, '17 (capt.)	1	0
J. W. Zerega, '17	1	0
R. B. Miller, '17	0	1
F. Deacon, '18	0	1
K. W. Webb, '18	0	1

1917 Class Officers

Freshman Year

First Half-year		*Second Half-year*
C. M. Sangree	*President*	E. L. Brown
D. C. Clement	*Vice-President*	C. M. Sangree
C. D. VanDam	*Secretary*	J. W. Spaeth, Jr.
E. T. Price	*Treasurer*	Robert Gibson

Temporary Chairman: Weston Howland

Student Council: C. M. Sangree

Sophomore Year

Harvey Klock	*President*	J. W. Spaeth, Jr.
L. M. Ramsey	*Vice-President*	W. C. Little
J. W. Greene, Jr.	*Secretary*	D. H. Painter
J. W. Spaeth, Jr.	*Treasurer*	R. B. Haines, 3d

Student Council: Harvey Klock, J. W. Spaeth, Jr.

Junior Year

Robert Gibson	*President*	Weston Howland
Loring VanDam	*Vice-President*	W. J. Gardiner
H. E. McKinstry	*Secretary*	E. R. Snader
G. D. Chandler	*Treasurer*	A. E. Spellissy

Student Council: Robert Gibson (*Secretary*), Harvey Klock, W. C. Little, H. S. Weller

Senior Year

J. H. Buzby	*President*	Weston Howland
J. W. Zerega	*Vice-President*	L. M. Ramsey
W. C. Little	*Secretary*	J. W. Greene, Jr.
D. H. Painter	*Treasurer*	E. M. Weston

Student Council: J. W. Greene, Jr., Weston Howland, M. A. Laverty, H. E. McKinstry (*President*)

1918

Junior Class

John William Alexander	Philadelphia, Pa.
Harrison Heikes Arnold	Dillsburg, Pa.
Robert Barrie, Jr.	Haverford, Pa.
George Haines Buzby	Atlantic City, N. J.
Arthur Horton Cleveland, Jr.	Chadd's Ford, Pa.
Henry Frederick Coleman, Jr.	Logan, Pa..
Bennett Smedley Cooper	Moorestown, N. J.
John Marshall Crosman	Haverford, Pa.
Stephen Curtis	Wilmington, Del.
Frank Deacon	Germantown, Pa.
Alfred Henry Dewees	Philadelphia, Pa.
Dwight Robert Fitts	Kansas City, Mo.
Abraham Lincoln Gillespie, Jr.	Germantown, Pa.
Neil Gilmour	Balston Spa, N. Y.
Alfred Meyer Goltman	Memphis, Tenn.
Robert Bratton Greer	Johnstown, Pa.
Henry McClellan Hallett, 2d	Lansdowne, Pa.
William Hover Harding	Chicago, Ill.
Joseph Marchant Hayman, Jr.	Germantown, Pa.
John Alan Hisey, Jr.	Philadelphia, Pa.
Matthew Manlove Hynson	Milford, Del.
Jack George Clemenceau Schuman LeClerq	Carlsbad, Austria
Evan Jones Lester, Jr.	Jenkintown, Pa.
Charles-Francis Long	Wilkes-Barre, Pa.
Louis Camille Olry Lusson	Ardmore, Pa.
Robert Whitcomb Moore	Narberth, Pa.
Willard Brown Moore	DuBois, Pa.
Walter Scott Nevin	Narberth, Pa.
Herbert Joseph Painter	Dayton, Ohio
Edward Arthur Gribbon Porter	Moylan, Pa.
Joseph Webster Sharp, 3d	Berwyn, Pa.
Henry Paul Schenck	Philadelphia, Pa.
Morris Shotwell Shipley, Jr.	Haverford, Pa.
David Ralston Stief	Philadelphia, Pa.
Oliver Parry Tatum	Llanerch, Pa.
John Wilkins Thacher	Philadelphia, Pa.
Percy Stokes Thornton	Wayne, Pa.
Edward Sheppard Thorpe, Jr.	Haverford, Pa.
Albert Hibbs Tomlinson	Swarthmore, Pa.
Alfred James Townsend	Boston, Mass.
Kenneth Waldie Webb	Germantown, Pa.
William Jenks Wright	Chestnut Hill, Pa.

1919

Sophomore Class

Richard Mead Balderston	Colora, Md.
John Denman Barlow	Hazel Grove, England
Richard Thompson Battey	Providence, R. I.
William John Brockelbank	Ravenshoe, Ontario
Samuel Hudson Chapman, Jr.	Philadelphia, Pa.
Philip Langdon Corson	Plymouth Meeting, Pa.
Grafton Buckingham Day	Collingswood, N. J.
Thomas Philips Dunn	Erie, Pa.
Franklin McCreary Earnest	Mifflinburg, Pa.
Edgar Baldwin Graves	Philadelphia, Pa.
Roy Thurlby Griffith	Narberth, Pa.
Hartley Stokes Haines	Millville, N. J.
Gordon Birdsall Hartshorn	Walden, N. Y.
Charles Hartshorne	Fhœnixville, Pa.
Nathaniel Hathaway, Jr.	Germantown, Pa.
John Shields Haynes	Cynwyd, Pa.
William Alexander Hoffman	Chadd's Ford, Pa.
George Harold Hubler	Auburn, Pa.
James Stewart Huston	Coatesville, Pa.
Louis Kent Keay	Clifton Heights, Pa.
Malcolm Dean Kerbaugh	Bryn Mawr, Pa.
Furman Hunte Limeburner	Swarthmore, Pa.
Thomas McConnell, 3d	Philadelphia, Pa.
Russell Nelson Miller	Philadelphia, Pa.
Mordecai Reeves Morgan	Logan, Pa.
Frank Vigor Morley	Baltimore, Md.
Alan Douglas Oliver	Bas-el-Metn, Syria
Kenneth Stuart Oliver	Bas-el-Metn, Syria
Chester Arthur Oliver	Pensauken, N. J.
Charles Edward Pancoast, 2d	Chestnut Hill, Pa.
Jesse Evan Philips	Kennett Square, Pa.
Robert Barber Price	Charleston, W. Va.
Arnold Chase Scattergood	Philadelphia, Pa.
Jacob Schrope	Haverford, Pa.
Walter Penn Shipley, Jr.	Germantown, Pa.
Frederic Heap Strawbridge, Jr.	Germantown, Pa.
Hamilton Dana Taylor	Montgomery, Ala.
Cleaver Shoemaker Thomas	Chester, Pa.
Elmer Hancock Thorpe	Haverford, Pa.

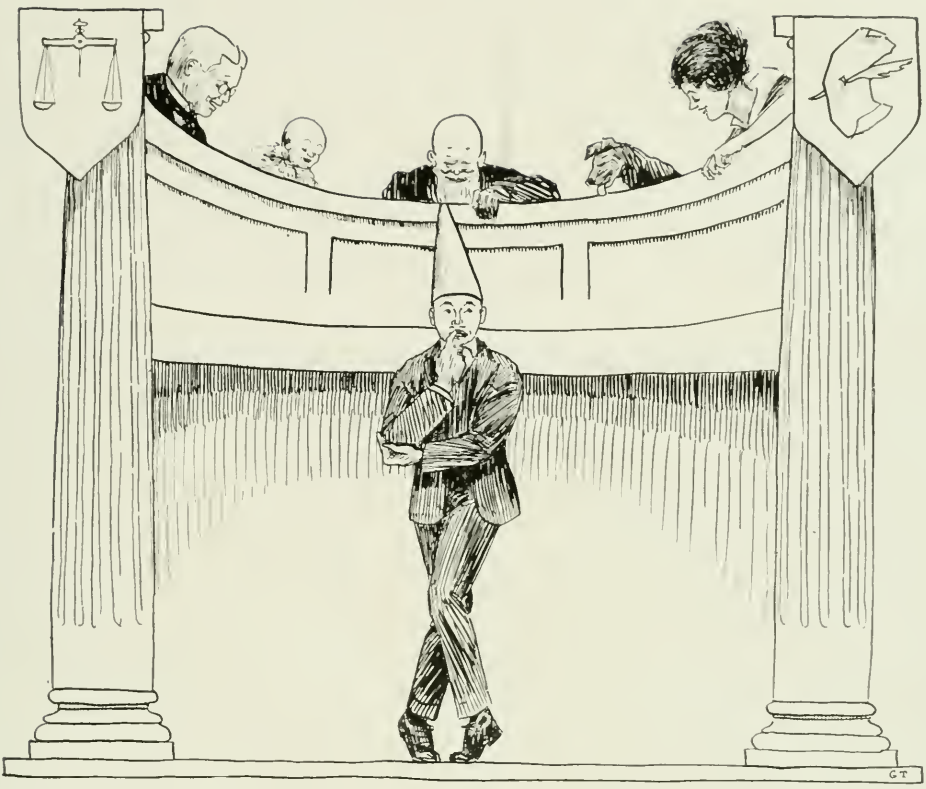
1920

Freshman Class

Harold Walton Brecht
Truxtum Read Brodhead
Stephen Clarence Bunting
Robert William Burritt
Frank Leslie Campbell
Jerrold Scudder Cochran
Benjamin Collins, Jr.
Paul Carr Crowther
John Branson Edmonds
Lucius Williams Elder, Jr.
Henry Thomas Elkinton
Edmund Morris Fergusons, Jr.
John Russell Fitts
Donald Alexander Flanders
Edwin Oscar Geckler
Ichizo Goto
Harold Maurice Grigg
Frank Thompson Gucker, Jr.
Pierson Penrose Harris
Harry Calvin Hartman
Elwood Bates Haworth, Jr.
Harold Willard Hicks
Horace Prentice Hill
Gilbert Thomas Hoag
Philip Eugene Howard, Jr.
Milton Adolph Kamsler
Thomas Henry Kearney
Joseph Bernard King, Jr.
Alfred Douglas Knowlton
Clarence James Leuba
Edward Harold Lobaugh
Isaac Cate Lycett
John Metcalfe Maury, Jr.
Elmer Clarence Miller, Jr.
Norman Forbes Milne
Thomas Edward Morris
Henry Hayles Morriss
James Torbert Mullin
Charles Edward Phelps
James Lawrence Pierce
Robert Russell Porter
Ferris Leggett Price
John Davies Reese
Christopher Roberts
Abraham Penrose Robinson
Joseph Elsworth Rogers
Carroll Joseph Rollins
Francis Stokes Silver
Edward Lincoln Smith, Jr.
Joseph Hopkinson Smith
Robert Buoy Smith
Horace Fish Spencer
Thomas Hodgson Stubbs
Henry Rumsey Tatnall
Clinton Clement Hancock Thorpe
Granville Ernest Toogood
Schuyler Curtis Van Sickle
William W. Wilcox, Jr.
John Steele Williams
Richard Reeve Wood

Granville Worrell

THE RECORD EOARD



Vis A Vis

The cartoons in the following sections have been drawn by Grantille E Toogood, '20, staff artist of THE SCARLET

IWAO FREDERICK AYUSAWA

"Are-you-sour?" "Freddie"

"Isn't it like this, Dr. Jones?——"

From Nippon, the fair isle of purple air and samasan, came Freddie. He was immediately christened "Are-you-sour?" To know Freddie is to wonder how anybody ever picked a quarrel with the Japs. His name has given occasion for more than one merry little jest. For instance, when Rufe looked his Psychology class over benignly and then said, "The question now arises, Ay-u-sa-wa," the class was kept guessing over its acetic nature until Freddie suddenly popped up to answer the question. The lad has a keen sense of humor; for one day, when asked by T. K. to discuss a topic, Freddie queried, "Do you want hot air on it?"

Freddie is an avid consumer of such meaty material as Phil. 4 offers. He fairly revels in efficient causes, innate ideas, pre-established harmonies and hosts of similar delicacies. Otherwise we do not see an awful lot of him, for he is usually emulating the little busy bee. During office hours, however, he may be found occupying the position of Lord High Chef to his Majesty Doctor Baker. On Junior day, too, he was collared and placed on the Decorating Committee, thereby adding an Oriental touch to the landscape.

When in anger he perhapsly narrate harshly, thoughly we never have saw the same. He alltime ackt like diligent skolar, tho undoubtlessly he shall make a return voyage to Japan and bekum honorable Judge, Royal Coal-heaver or some elsewise disgraceful officer.

"Hoping you are the same"—Ay-u-sa-wa?

WILLIAM LLOYD BAILY, Jr. "Bill"

"Gee, you're a good-looking fellow!"

Large and well rounded he is, but not corpulent; he has an ample neck to support his sleek moustache and debonair face; he is Bill Baily. That is sufficient in and around Philadelphia. Outsiders, however, may like to know that he is right honorable in all his ways, is a good Christian, and pays his debts regularly. Among other famous deeds he went to Eaglesmere and hired a canoe; he played faithfully on the scrub for three years and he has done his little acts of kindness for his classmates ever since we have known him, holding a tea session now and then or prostrating his car beneath a staggering load of musicians *en route* for Frankford.

Bill's sense of humor is amazing. You should see him sail up to a strange girl on the dance floor, with a six foot slide that lands him a foot nearer her than any of her other admirers (she always has others before Bill tackles her); then he is so deliciously and properly at home that the ordinary youths hold up their hands and make for the nearest fire escape. It is most amusing for all but the defeated contestants.

Bill is a bowler of no mean skill and has won several prizes in the art. Of late he has stopped the promiscuous dancing of his early career, when his bureau was hidden behind invitations, and turned his attention to the Colonel. He is *the* "Brodhead Improvement League." This Society, with the help of certain undergraduates, has proved one of the most efficient in college. It has zealously taken up all branches of betterment in its specific field, and is now about to dissolve as having completed its task.

Bill will make an excellent business man or husband—possibly both, if his wife doesn't make herself his complete business.

ALBERT WINSLOW BARKER

"Mr. Barker"

"Well"

After several transitory sojourns here in previous years, Mr. Barker finally decided to settle down and become a regular Haverfordian. His devotion to the ideals of the college even goes to the point of attending Dr. Baker's evening classes and loaning (a very unapt word in this connection) tobacco to the perennially impecunious Shep. He also assumes with unfailing good nature the thankless rôle of mediator. Sitting at the same table with the Colonel and Divinity Dick, he frequently feels called upon to exercise a moderating

influence upon the fiery debates about pacifism, theology and kindred subjects which often fill the air in that vicinity with rather sulphurous fumes. It is a pity that so few have trodden the thorny path which leads up to Greek 4; for Mr. Barker's conscientious labors in this subject are really beyond praise. In fact, his fondness for the Greek tongue actually impels him to teach the same to the young Barkers in Moylan. Although the classic muse is only too prone to betray her patient follower and leave him stranded in a bog of archaic verb forms and Doric genitives, yet he never fails to extricate himself from the difficulties with an appropriate quotation from Vitruvius or a happy reference to architecture.

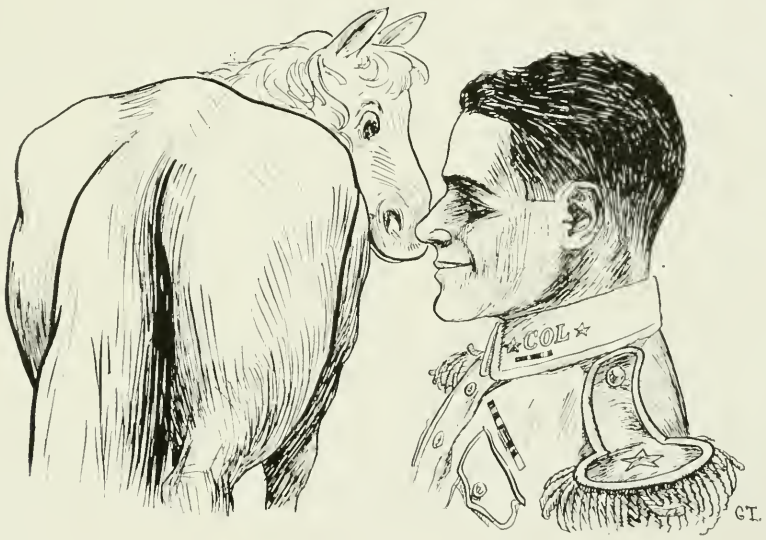
Architecture, by the way, is Mr. Barker's long suit. Both the Classical Club and the Scientific Society have profited by his experience and researches along this line. In fact, he is so interested in promulgating a certain theory of classic art that he is going to take up the duties of a teaching fellow at Haverford next year in order to have more time to refute his critics. In this occupation we wish the senior ranking member of our class the best possible success.

HORACE BEALE BRODHEAD

"Beale" "The Colonel"

"I don't know."
"Brodhead withdraw!"

The Colonel came to college with a burning ambition and a Mephistophelian smile. He still possesses the smile. In Freshman year he obeyed the admonitions of the handbook and tried out for everything on the program of activities. Although the end did not justify the means, the Colonel in no wise lost *all* his ardor for work; for he has been seen occasionally among those who absorb punishment on the Scrub to shape the Varsity for licking Swarthmore; and we will always remember with gratitude a goal that he shot against the Junior soccer team in our Freshman year, before the ambition had been entirely quenched.



There is a certain *coup d'etat* of the Colonel's Freshman career that we should not pass by. One spring morning, when Spitzy Spiers, late of Haverford, was holding his Bryn Mawr French course, à la femme, in the Small Math. Room, the Colonel, with the vindictive Joe Greene in hot pursuit, dived into those sacred quarters through the window, unbeknownst! The effect is not entirely known, but—girls—(deleted by censor), and the exit was even more sudden than the entrance.

The Colonel became affiliated with Ole' Bill Baily in Sophomore year and ever since has been quite active in pulling off the society stuff. His collection of stories for use in debutante circles is truly marvelous; and he delights in telling with all frankness how he skinned the horse's knees and soiled his suit during his first canter along Montgomery pike.

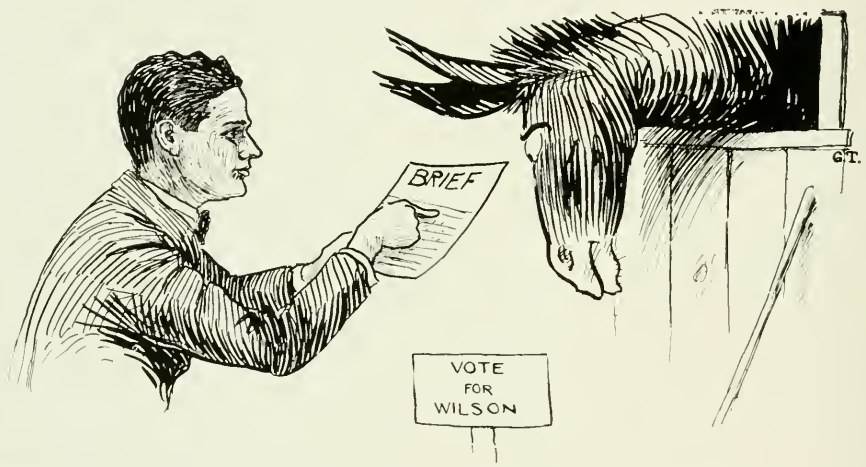
CHARLES FARWELL BROWN

"Charlie" "Chas"

"Is *that* so!"

His broad round forehead over his calm direct eyes makes you feel that you are encountering a single-mindedness unalterable as Gibraltar. Charlie won't be bluffed; on the slightest suspicion he plants his two feet and "stands pat" with more assurance than ever did any mule on four.

His chief diversion is bear-baiting. We're not saying who the bear is, but several well-directed magazines, a sofa pillow and a book or two, to the tune of a suppressed snickering, will make him howl and grunt loud enough to frighten one of his more hairy but less



ferocious prototypes into the farthest corner of his den. When this bear finally rises to his haunches, and thence to his hind legs, Charlie scuds frantically around the room and curls up on the bed, a grinning insignificant cub under the shadow of his master's mighty front. Then he cries meekly, "Look out for my glasses," and the bear sheaths his claws, turns the cub over and conscientiously spanks him.

Charlie to all appearances seems a chronic misogynist. He believes that the ladies have their place in the social scale and if you can arouse him sufficiently, he will tell you where it is. His curly hair fascinates them. His frigid immunity to their every charm tantalizes them; their arrows fall away blunted from his armor of indifference; but we who know him well can see faint glimmerings of something that some day may kindle a home fire to reflect on other light curly heads like his own. She will have to have a strong come-back to pick holes in glowing argument and bring his convincing chin back to its collar; but he tells us that they raise an intellectual brood of debs in Boston. We anticipate a brilliant and turbulent future for him.

ERNEST LANCASTER BROWN

"Ernie"

"How is thee?"
"Little rouie."
"Well, all right now!"

We are told that when Diogenes took his lantern at noon-time and wandered over the world looking for an honest man, his search was fruitless. However, that was before Ernie's time. We believe Brown is honest—but let's talk about something pleasant.

It is as a musician and a purveyor of weird noises that Ern has most strongly endeared himself to our hearts. What a relief from the guttural rumblings of T. K. or the monotonous verbosity of Jimmy Babbitt were Brownie's innocent warblings of Freshman year or his wild tales of "dear old Westtown." In imitation of a setting hen, or the "Pee and Wee," or an infuriated pussy-cat he drove dull care away from our young minds and kept us from many a weary hour of sordid study.

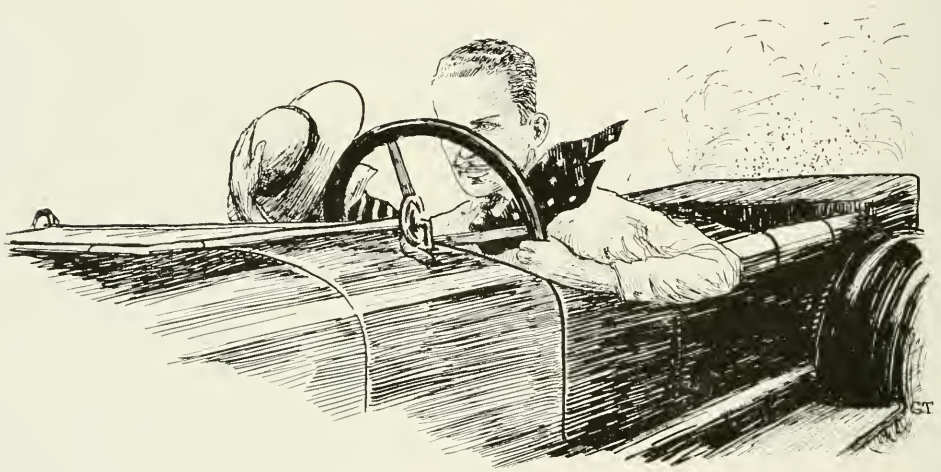
Athletics, both class and varsity, have occupied much of our hero's attention. It is with pride that we think of Ern as a star on the Merion Tapeworms or the Senior Wogglebug team. For four years he has been a stalwart supporter of the track team, topping the hurdles in inimitable style. His story of Jack Keogh's attempted fight with the cop at the Middle States meet, which he will tell upon the slightest provocation, is one of the proudest achievements of any member of our track team. The Mandolin Club has long been indebted for its success to Ernie's versatile talent. He performs on the 'cello, mandolin, violin, guitar or mouth organ with equal excellence. As leader during the last two years he has brought his cohorts up to a standard of excellence which has demanded wide-spread recognition. In co-partnership with that other disciple of Orpheus, Beer Schock, Ern has formed a dance orchestra of great renown. It is said, however, that his presence in the orchestra has caused serious disturbance at more than one dance, owing to the great tendency of the ladies to stand in awed admiration gazing upon him and ignoring their partners.

We predict for Ern a brilliant future. It is our confident expectation that he will at least revolutionize the paper-box industry and possibly even change the map of Moorestown.

JOHN HOWARD BUZBY

"Buz" "Wart"

Howard is a most difficult object for a write-up. He has never exposed any vulnerable point to the pen of the satirist. His chief college activities are consulting Chandler's physics problems, playing soccer and peacefully slumbering through meeting. What he does outside the classic precincts of Haverford lies beyond the scope of the present effusion. There is every reason to believe that he is not averse to dramatic entertainments of a certain nature. But his patronage of these resorts of public gayety is not characterized by that unusual and spectacular element which has endowed another member of our class with



a somewhat undesired immortality. Buz keeps the railroad lines operating between Philadelphia and Atlantic City in pretty good financial condition, despite the depressing effects of the eight-hour day, the full-crew law and the increased cost of living generally. He is a staunch union man himself, being strongly opposed to the strike-breaking methods of some of the members of the more advanced courses in physics and engineering.

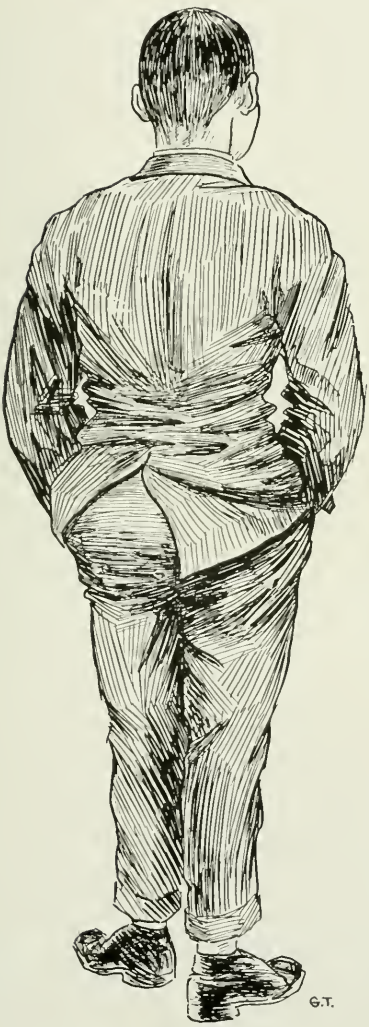
Howard is a product of Westtown; but you would hardly suspect it if you saw him at a dance or café. It is also whispered (but tell it not in Gath!) that he is initiated into the great national game to a point where he can distinguish the relative values of a flush and three queens with perfect ease. He is a charter member of the Darlington Club. Buz is possessed of a most credulous and guileless soul. If anyone is inclined to doubt this statement he has only to look at the fact that on the eve of every midyear and quarterly he "tutors" with Shep in economics, with a naive faith that he is really learning something about the subject.

WILLIAM HENRY CHAMBERLIN

"Henry" "Bill"

"Come on, Shep, take a brace!"
"Why SHOULD I go to meeting?"

When William Henry was first let loose on the Haverford campus he was as innocent as a new-laid egg. It is said that when Dick Gummere accosted him with, "Ah, Chamberlin, yes, seventeen?" he replied, "Well, no, not yet, but I will be next February." A year in North Barclay, however, served to give Henry an enlightening view of the seamy side of life. After that he withdrew to Merion and the persecution of Shep.



It was as a scholastic genius that we first recognized Bill. Was he not one of our first Corp. men? And did he not grab another one Senior year just to show the faculty that he had only been fooling them? The lightning rapidity and ease with which he did his Latin and Greek assignments proved to us his ability. The placid calm with which he flunked physics showed his philosophical bent. And his articles in the *Haverfordian* have ever delighted those of us who could understand them.

Henry is an unobtrusive duck and spends much of his time listening to the Philadelphia Orchestra or perusing Russian literature. Baseball is Henry's chief amusement in season; not that he indulges personally in that rough sport, but he rarely misses a big league game if he can help it. As the seasons vary, however, so do his ideas of a great American game. He espouses the cause of personal liberty with effective eloquence, objects strenuously to compulsory church and backs up his objections by missing many a Sunday dinner. His denunciations of Billy Sunday have been a source of conciliation to those of us who agree with him, but an object of horror to the hysterically righteous.

It is rumored that lately our youthful genius has fallen victim to the ensnaring charms of woman, but let us only whisper it and think of him in the more appropriate environment of an anarchist's library.

GEORGE DONALD CHANDLER "Don"

Don is the original sphinx. This not only implies quietness but wisdom and the knowledge of some great secret. That the secret is Harvey K. may be understood except that Harvey is also referred to as the keeper of Don. Together they tend a little temple away up in the rafters of Barclay. It is a truly wonderful shrine. It brims over with the hospitality of its inmates, and many of us who have climbed the tortuous stairs to their abode will ever remember sharing in that sacred drink, to wit, Harvey's famous after-dinner coffee.

Few of us knew Don in the early days of our confederation. But we all realized that under a cast-iron reserve there was a fellow whom it would better us to know. It took

football and Harvey to bring it to the surface. Physics I, III, VI and VII, not to mention all the Engineering courses on the schedule, have also had their share in developing our Master Mechanic.

Don has two besetting sins: one, reading *McClure's*, and the other, playing good ole' 500. He and Klock combine in both of these and the result can't be beaten. Harvey's weak suit is Don's strong one; and the same thing holds true in Athletics where Don plays football and baseball and Harvey is studying to be a doctor to mend him up. He has always been an important factor in the spread of baseball enthusiasm at college, and it was due largely to his steadiness and nerve in the Penn game of Junior year that we were able to shut out that team so handily. No mention should be made of Don, however, without including the fact that he starred at end on the glorious team that trounced Swarthmore 10–7, and we feel confident that he will succeed in other things as well.

DeWITT CROWELL CLEMENT

"Pope" "Clem"

"Der Tag"
"Good ole' Steam!"

The "Pope" is a gorgeously heterogeneous creation of muscle, brain and emotion. He is keenly sensitive with his quick soul just behind his eyes and anything you wish from the sordid to the sublime just beneath his skin. He drops from the clouds of self-content to the dull earth of self-condemnation, only to soar again on the wings of some momentary pleasure. He can be as measured and weighty as Socrates in serious considerations, or he can shout and dance with the abandon of a three-year-old. He can scoff and caricature with the bitterness of a vixen, or he can sympathize and cheer with the lovable optimism of a beneficent angel. His fine sensibilities seek with wide-eyed candor for the solid fact behind an uncertain statement; his mind pries into dark corners for uncomfortable truths that others leave untouched. He may turn up in the morning care-free as the laughing wind or gloomy with a conscience-ridden soul. Clem was born under a comet and not under any fixed star. Variation is the text of his philosophy and his law of living. "*Femina semper mutabile est*," and so is De Witt.

Pope twice has broken the College two-mile record, once on that memorable day when he beat our own Jack Zerega at Swarthmore. Soccer and "Scum" football also have claimed his patronage. He has some music tucked away in him somewhere, and often struggles to express it with a tooth-brush, a comb and his own inimitable voice. He is falsely called bashful and plays up to his reputation; but none of us have ever seen him flee from any presentable female. The unsteady creatures like variety, and Clem can appear as a confiding brother, an ardent lover, a blasé man about town, an inexperienced school-boy or a confirmed misogynist, all with equal skill and fidelity to life. He is truly an amazing chameleon, this "Pope" of ours.

WILLARD MARTIN RICE CROSMAN "Woodie"

"Hello, Specimen!"

Woodie is "one of those Crosman boys." They're all more or less famous. You're apt to find them at any social function of importance on the Main Line, and the hosts always have that welcome "come again" air toward them. But this is a tale of Woodie, who is unique in many respects. His genial unassertive manner is pleasing to men and diabolically fatal to women. Of course he can't help his curly hair, his broad, good-natured smile and his shining, even teeth. His conservative manner and speech with his Arrow Collar figure and face are enough to throw any normal girl off her equilibrium unto blushing confusion.

As he is a Crosman, naturally he is an athlete and captain of several teams. But if you meet him by chance you'll never discover that he knows a cricket bat from a golf club or a soccer ball from a toy balloon. He swims and boxes on the side better than any one else who makes a specialty of them. Moreover, he is a great friend of Charlie Brown's, and often joins him in deviling Howland into a rage and provoking a long-distance chase to Ardmore, New York or Baltimore; for distance means nothing with Pop Howland behind them!

Woodie strums the "uke" to his sweet tenor voice and throws helpless maidens into romantic raptures. But lately his voice has left the high spots and taken to bellowing commands at the awkward squad which he leads in all the glory of his military shoulders.

In short, Woodie is "some boy." He's the kind you read about in books or see in the movies with the unconscious heroine in his arms, leaping from the castle parapet into the moat and swimming to safety through a rain of arrows.

WILLIAM MARSHALL DARLINGTON

"Whill" "Bill"

"Betty be ——!"

Whill arrived from West Chester one day in the Cadillac and a cloud of smoke and took up his quarters in South Barclay along with the Dams, Erny Brown, Clayt, Ott and the unparalleled Nape. From the time of his arrival he divided his hours between suspending his full unbelievable length from the horizontal bar in the gym and working away his sweet young life in that arduous sweat-shop, the engineering lab. Should any time be left from these taxing duties, Bill would be found in his room totally exhausted from his efforts, his morris chair tilted back to the last notch, drawing consolation in deep clouds from "the pipe."

Whill's placid disposition refused to synchronize with the rapid-fire questions that were shot across "the trenches" in Chem. I, and he qualified with distinction as a member of the H_2O Club. He didn't even try Math I! But his true love is "Whitall Hall" (for the information of interested parties we state that this is the official title of the Engineering Building), for there the machines hum and the journal-bearings sing with a slow-rolling rhythm that harmonizes perfectly with the mental state of William Marshall. Of course he is a member of the Engineers' Union and a leading figure in the Darlington Club.

All this we *know*. But there are some things that we don't. For instance, why should Bill periodically disappear from the campus in a riding habit, or still more periodically climb into glad rags to leave for who-knows-where and to return, the night-watchman only knows when? It is hinted by those who have inside dope—but back, Drusus, back! We are not running a society column. If you ask him embarrassing questions, Whill simply refuses to be embarrassed and answers you with his good-natured "Yeh?" drawled in a tone that only Erny Brown and Jess can imitate.

Whill's unquenchable good-nature will always bring him friends, and his cares, we trust, will ever rest upon him as lightly as do conditions and flunk notices.

JESSE GARRETT FORYSTHE "Jess"

"Yah?"

Without Jess, Nineteen Seventeen would not have been Nineteen Seventeen. His gaunt, towering figure has loomed in our doorways and his big feet have shuffled across our carpets under his bent knees these four years, without our gaining a very clear knowledge of what was going on above his collar. His unobtrusive presence is always felt in class groups. He is a silent, interested partner in all class activities. He disappears faithfully over every week-end, and returns precisely on Monday morning. He tells us he has been home, and were it not for the mild gaze of his sensitive eyes and the Bible on his desk, we should be tempted to doubt him; for there is a sense of humor tucked away somewhere under his clothes. We remember a small squatty parson's hat that seemed like a pie plate on the head of a giant! Then came a derby. Jesse under a derby, think of it! He has considerable trouble with his hats, believing that large trunks must have a certain amount of foliage to give an artistic balance. He has sufficient interest in humanity to teach English to Italians. Wogglebug Football for three years has given him an opportunity to turn his weight to good use.

Jess is a good student and faithful worker, belonging to the elite class who typewrite their notes. His recitations are slow and somewhat painful of extraction, the words being delivered at regular intervals like the tickings of a grandfather's clock. But when the professor is willing to wait he usually hears something, unless Jesse has been out the night before! He once tried a debate, but his delivery gave the judges too much time to imagine what was coming next.

Jesse is a genial, unoffending person, always ready to laugh and never by any extremity provoked to a word of protest or resentment. In fact, he has ample room between his wide shoulders for a pair of wings. They would have to be large, but Jess might make a graceful angel! Who knows?

WILLIAM JOHN GARDINER

"Bill" "Wrinkle"

"Pst, Pst!"

Bill is a silent, substantial old veteran. He has weight wherever he goes. Yet he is nimble on his feet. His inevitable toe has been a bulwark of defense for the soccer team these four years, and has brought him the captaincy with which to finish off his career.

Bill smiles a lot and says little, but those who get beneath his stoic exterior find rare humor in the sturdy Wrinkle. He loves his meals best and the ladies next; after a big dinner he loves the ladies best. He goes to Moorestown for one and to Swarthmore for the other. The Swarthmore attraction is strong in spite of the fact that it once sat in a Red and Black stand and yelled for the Garnet and White.

Wrink would have made a good swimmer if he hadn't splashed all the water out of the pool with his first dive and scraped his knees on the dry cement; this was enough to discourage anybody! Bill is taking off weight here lately by exercising on the typewriter, during which labor he perspires freely. He lives with that small but concentrated little Laverty who knows the height and depth of every wrinkle and from whom he is inseparable. Recently Lav has been worried because Bill contracted lame feet; but upon assurance that he, too, would have lame feet if he had to carry Bill on a nine-mile hike, Lav became easier. This admirably suited pair pursue their placid course in the genteel peace of Lloyd and the complete sufficiency of each other's company. Bill lived with Pope Clement during Freshman year. One would as soon think of a locust marrying a darning needle; the thick and the thin of it, so to speak.

Well, Bill, we advise you to come to terms promptly with that Swarthmore lady; you won't have Lav much longer!

ROBERT GIBSON

"Bob" "Steam"

"Let's go down to old Red's."
"You sayder puse!"

There are two commonly accepted methods of appearing important: the very-much-in-a-hurry-haven't-time-to-talk-to-you way and the more popular system of walking about slowly and ponderously, head bent and shoulders bowed under a terrific weight of responsibility. But from neither of these aspects would it seem that Bob had the least care in the world. Yet for two years he has successfully edited the *Haverfordian* when there was material to edit and written the copy when there was not. During that time he has satisfied our taste for the heavy literary and the entertaining risqué alike by publishing Henry's and Colby's stuff respectively.

But the wonderful thing about Bob is that he can think a lot without having to "get it off his chest." He entertains quite a serious regard for personal liberty and sincerely believes that you should do as you want to do and then take the consequences. Yet few would ever guess it.

Bob's prowess as a baseball pitcher has been somewhat blighted at Haverford, but his successful seasons with Cape May and Narberth bear testimony to his ability. Yet his undying pep cannot be submerged altogether and shows forth in the form of extemporaneous acrobatics and vociferous song, accomanied by the harmonious banging of tattoos. Bob is a sincere gentleman on serious occasions, but let loose in the unhallowed realms of Center Barclay, he cannot be subdued — unless two men are holding him down. These proclivities, together with wonderful tales of Everett, have earned him the title: "Good Ole Steam."

JOSEPH WARREN GREENE, Jr. "Joe"

"Hey, Ed, where going?"

"Meestair President!" shouted a resounding basso, in our first class-meeting; thus were we first introduced to Joe, the elongated infant prodigy from Moses Brown ("her name shall never go down!"). Joe's hobbies are Robert's Rules of Order, Soccer, Argument and Work. His glaring weaknesses are a smiling face framed above his desk and a captivating blush that has made him famous if not notorious. The reaction occurs at the slightest stimulus. Embarrass Joe, then the Blush will—

"The multitudinous seas incarnadine,
Making the *Greene* one red."

Joe has always been a close runner-up to Jawn since entering. (Note: See a squarish golden key pendant from his manly breast.) Joe's convictions, sepecially in politics, having been once formed, no power in heaven or elsewhere can change them. He is a staunch Republican and always expects to be one, even if Willliam Jennings Bryan should run on the ticket!

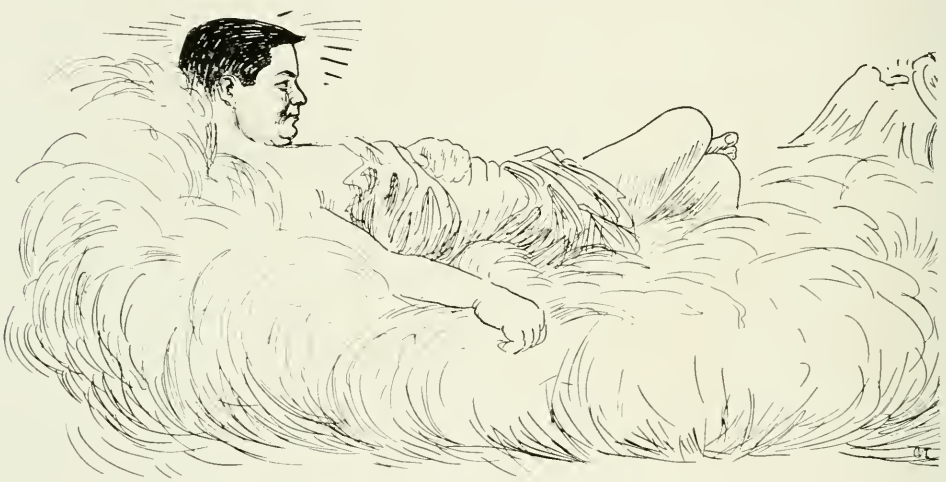
All of Joe's energies during the first half of Senior year were directed to a vigorously managed soccer department; and the results of his tireless work and sagacious judgment are evident to all who know the soccer situation. It is not generally known, however, that Joe very neatly extracted a fifty dollar check from a New York steamship company because their ship, on which he had engaged passage for the soccer trip to Harvard, failed to run on account of a stormy sea. At first the company's agent was slightly reluctant to come across, but Joe's persistent dogging left him no alternative. We heartily endorse the toast of the oracle of Biology I — "to the best athletic manager that has ever been seen at Haverford!").

ROBERT BOWNE HAINES, 3d "Bubbles"

Bubbles burst upon us with his genial optimism, blown from staid old Germantown, and carrying with him a trunk-load of good Quaker ideals. He immediately became famous as the diminutive of the Mutt and Jeff combination formed between himself and Gus Murray; and with the aid of that elongated youth he came within an ace of out-shining Ern Brown at the Freshman Cake-Walk, which, say we, is going *some!*

The success of the Freshman Bible Class was due in a large degree to Bubbles' loyal efforts. We fear, however, that his cohorts graduated too soon from that worthy study; for since our pristine year the classes have lost somewhat of their flavor.

Each June Bubbles has been a delegate to Eaglesmere. Who broke the canoe paddle when "Slap-ankle" was as yet a new game? Ask Bubbles; he knows! His youthful appear-



ance has led to several amusing mistakes. Once when being escorted from town by his latest partner, Long Will, the conductor looked at Bubbles, then said to Will: " 'Snice little boy you have there. Is he yours?" (We know a very forceful stock expression of "Will's" which presumably was used on this occasion.) Bub is also a motor-boat connoisseur, and as such he takes in all the shows, hunting new models for his summer in Maine.

He used to make some of those famous trips with Don Carlos' Ec. I class. It was at the New York Ship Building Company that the office boys bestowed upon him an epithet that has given the notorious "Bubbles" a run for popularity.

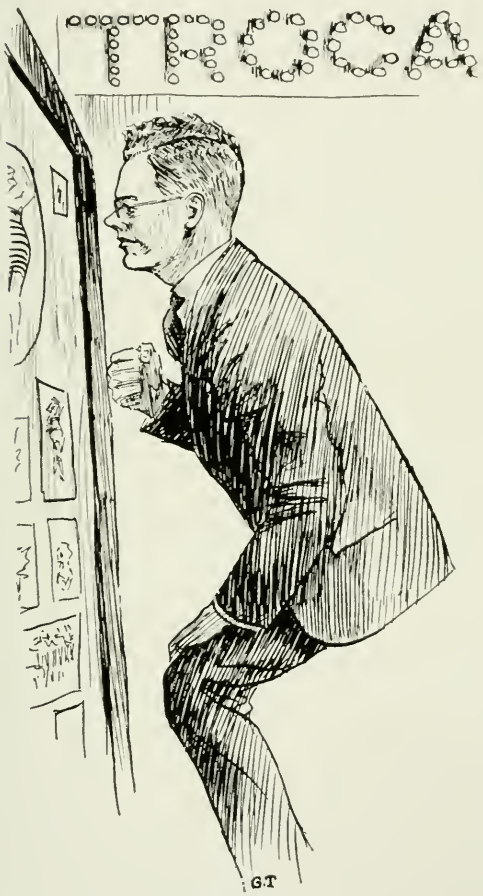
To us Bubbles has always been a willing worker along whatsoever lines he receives the call to service. His vibrating laughter is communicative in more ways than one. We have often regretted that his iron-clad regularity removes him from our midst every Saturday afternoon and returns him, blooming as ever, on Monday mornings. As for the future —well, we foresee for him nothing less than the blessed state depicted herewith.

ALBERT WINTER HALL

"Doc" "Albert"

"What was that? I didn't hear it"

When Germany mobilized and Europe began smelling too strongly of chlorine for the comfort of American nostrils, the Hall family forsook their baggage and sailed for New York. Soon Albert was at Haverford with a eugenic pedigree.



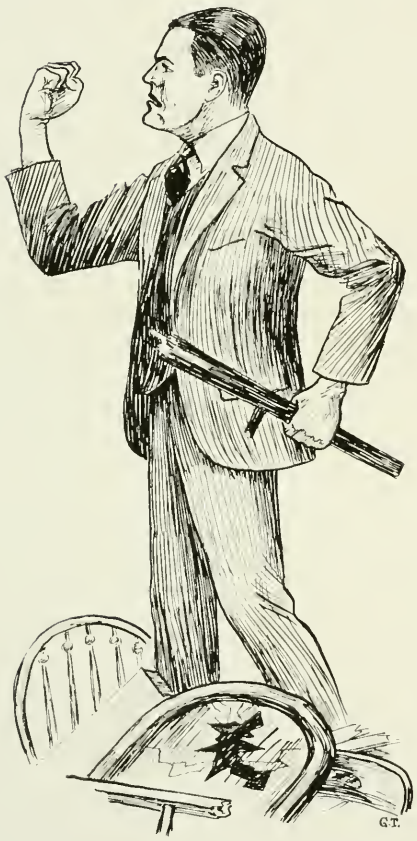
Dispensing with the formalities of Freshman year, he joined Gordon Wilson in upholding the pyro-cephalic standards of the college, which had threatened to lapse disgracefully at George Hallett's graduation. The faculty profited much in those early days by his helpful comments in class on each day's lesson, which practice quickly won him the degree of "Doc." If it be true that "he who laughs last laughs best," Albert vies only with Jack Zerega for supremacy in this respect; yet his heartiness makes up for his tardiness. Goldsmith was dead wrong when he made that "sweeping statement" (this phrase used with apologies to Dr. Kelsey) about the loud laugh betraying the vacant mind; witness Doc's French prizes, Corporation, and long array of A's. Yet even a great intellect has its peculiarities; else why should Albert count the days from one week to the next in anticipation of that heterogeneous viand known politely as "Monday lunch?" No, there is no accounting for tastes—particularly Doc's. True, heis an active member of the Miller-Hall-Weston coterie of operatic connoisesurs, and gossips about Caruso, Homer and Gadski as if they had been his next-door neighbors back in Bird Center, Ill. But to speak to Albert of the stage in general is to approach a delicate subject. Alas, were the too-partial muse but a whit more unstinting in her sweet gift of poetry, we would surely have taken advantage of the singular rhyme between "Hall" and "fall" and between "Doc," "shock" and the name of an unnamable but ah! too well-known theater to compose a truly great epic that would excel in its pathos "Paradise Lost."

WESTON HOWLAND

"Wes" "Pop"

"Well, what've *you* got on your mind?"
"Brown, you worthless, lazy, low-lived hound!"

When we first saw him he seemed a terrific bear with a hug that would crush a calf and a slap that would bowl any three of us across his room. But Freshman and Senior opinions are widely different. In "bear" terms his hug is worse than his bite; and as his slap helped us beat Swarthmore, its inspiring qualities cannot be gainsaid. Abundantly supplied at the start with native forces, of which the physical were perhaps most apparent and least important, he has steadily harnessed them to college loads until the old bear is now shuffling placidly through the fruitful woods of Senior year carrying most of Haverford on his back. When he hugs any job, be it slight as a sapling or mighty as an oak, the tree falls and the woods resound with the crash. (Witness the Interscholastic Meet!)



Of course he has his little set-backs. All bears do. His hair is so comfy that he sometimes oversleeps when we have something novel for breakfast; he shatters a bit of furniture at odd moments under Charlie's instructions, or expands his deep chest with sonorous epithets loud as they are harmless. Should his curly-haired counterpart write a history of him, Boswell would be put to shame. Wes has found an ample spur in Charlie's faint deviling smile to raise him to undreamed heights of oratory. Charlie believes in development through the "clash of opposites." He has brought his mighty room-mate into full flower with hot-house speed by his eternal grinning negation of every premise that Wes sets forth. Those of us who have seen the process and helped collect the débris, are not likely to forget it.

But on occasions the grizzly is turned into a lamb. With ladies present, whether fair or frightful, his roar becomes a bleat and his manner deferential. He is a most amazing combination of elemental forces and the nice restraint that goes with culture.

HERBERT LAWRENCE JONES "Larrie"

"Come on, Shep, for the honor of your country!"
"Cut out that—"

Larrie is the *enfant terribile* of the class. Endowed with a cherubic countenance and the voice of a seraph, he succeeds in getting away with about as much rough-house as anyone in college. The very first Saturday after his arrival in Haverford he attended a performance at the Ardmore movies and, prompted by his native gallantry, escorted two young ladies home from the show. It would be a difficult task to do justice to all of

Larrie's manifold pursuits. Among his major activites might be mentioned fussing, practising the dramatic art and making life miserable for Shep. Among his minors are soccer, chess and rattling loose pipes in the vacuous stretches of History 2. Among the activities which take up too little of his time to be listed as minors is studying; but his comfortable 85's each quarter make one stop to wonder whether college is meant for study after all. In all justice to Larrie, however, we must say that in Senior year the influence of Field-Captain Little and Third Floor Center were too strong for him, and he really did considerable work.

Larrie is an adept diplomat. This fact is well illustrated by a little influence which occurred in the dim and awe-inspiring past of Freshman Math. Dr. Reid had been giving a pellucid explanation of the laws of probability as applied to the casting of dice. Our hero, with an expression of the most angelic innocence, proceeded to inquire: "Dr. Reid, what *is* a die, anyway?" However, there is every reason to believe that this state of unsophisticated virtue was subsequently rudely dissipated by close association with the Merion Y. M. C. A. In fact, the climax of that institution's glory was attained during the year in which Shep and Larrie roomed together.

HARVEY ANSON WEAVER KLOCK

"Harvey" "King Dodo"

"Earl, bring us another pot of tea"

' Gentlemen, what we want is harmony," rang out a solemn plaintive tone from the corner of the room in Chase, where in the course of our first class meeting the discussion had drifted into a "viscious circle" of haggling. The result was a general guffaw—and harmony.

Harvey has ever had a concern for class welfare and as our president in sophomore year oiled up the rusty machinery and put class organization on a 100 per cent efficiency basis. It still retains the effects of this lubrication. In his own sweet motherly way he looked after the Freshmen during our Sophomore year, and since then his maternal care has included various protégés of all grades from professors to bull pups. His big room in the Klock tower has been a rendezvous for upper and lower classmen alike, and the spacious apartment has figured prominently in the annals of the class. For four years it was occupied by Harvey and an odor of cocoa. Hospitality, "500" and victrola music served to allure weary footsteps up the three long flights of stairs. And in that room on the fourth floor other things than cocoa were cooked up. Often Harvey "moves in a mysterious way," and his schemes, unlike the best-layed plans of mice and other men, gang ne'er aglee.

His room is the source of food for the hungry, advice for the undecided, raiment for the naked, and anything under Mars that you might want to borrow; 'tis said his possessions are all in duplicate—one for himself and one to lend—and usually he lends them both and deems it a pleasure!

In his ardor for the medical profession Harvey practised on the family of bull pups above mentioned and on Loring VanDam. The puppies died, but Loring didn't, so Harvey was not in the least discouraged. And some day when you walk past the shingle into his office and at his direction drink down two quarts of castor oil, he will say from force of habit, "Won't you have another cup?"

MARIS ALEXANDER LAVERTY

"Al" "Lav"

"Well, well, well, that's too bad!"

Here we have an original member of the North Barclay wrecking crew when that worthy organization was in its ingenious and succulent prime. We remember Al first as the room-mate of Bob Gibson and the close partner of Alkali Ike. For a while he held somewhat aloof from the general affairs of the College. But modesty will have its reward and hidden genius will out in time. So Al pulled down a place in the Cap and Bells play of our Freshman year, taking the part of an attractive little maid of Erin. When Junior Day rolled around, what was more natural than to entrust the managerial rôle to Al? The most original and entertaining feature about Al, however, is his famous run. When he throws in the clutch, gives her gas and runs, the general effect is between that produced by a playful Dodo and by a terrified duck. If the posture could be reproduced Charlie Chaplin's walk would fade into oblivion. Despite this handicap, Lav is suspected of cherishing a secret ambition to become a second Vernon Castle. For did he not carry off the box of candy at a lucky number dancing contest? We fear that All is somewhat of a lounge lizard if reports are true. He owns a Buick runabout, moreover, and is a regular "Saturday Nighter" at "the Club."

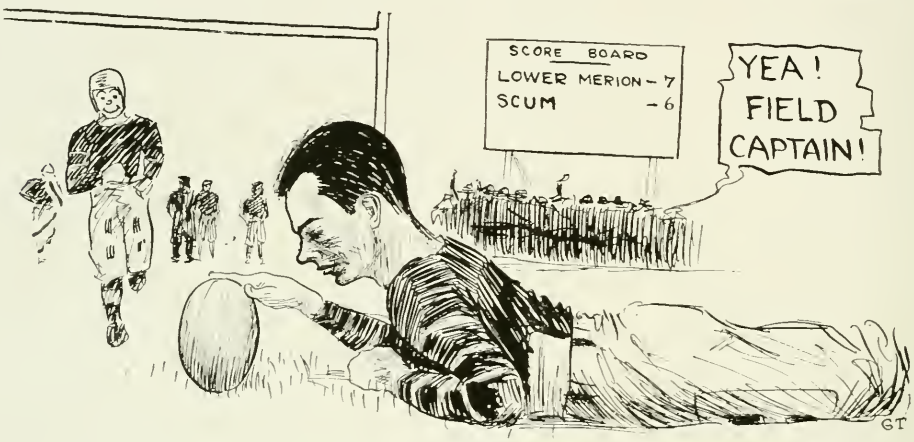
Al is a diplomat of the first water and could fill a place in The Hague Conference, the Amalgamated Pickle Workers or the W. C. T. U. equally well. He is also a consummate bluffer and can pull respectable marks with a minimum of exertion. He has dabbled in soccer and enough other college activities to round off a well-finished college career and to prepare him for the exacting duties of the engineers' profession.

WILLIAM CLARK LITTLE

"Clark" "Field Captain"

"I've got so much work to do that I guess I won't do any of it."
"Come on, fellows, drape yourselves around the landscape!"

Clark is a born leader of men. Anyone who doubts this statement has only to look at the record of the Merion Ringworms, that doughty semi-professional baseball team that was organized and directed by his presiding genius. As a first-baseman Clark may not have been exactly a Hal Chase; but Muggsy McGraw himself might well envy the picturesque vigor of his methods as a field captain. Baseball was not the only sport in which Clark was a shining light. He captained three wogglebug football teams; and it was in the



course of one of these battles that he gave vent to a brief but stirring expression of feeling which would make very interesting reading if it had not been heartlessly deleted by the censor. Moreover, he graced at least three "scum" football teams, sometimes as captain, sometimes as private; and in the famous Lower Merion game of our Soph year Clark showed his early predilection for Ardmore by means of the brilliant *coup d'etat* here pictured.

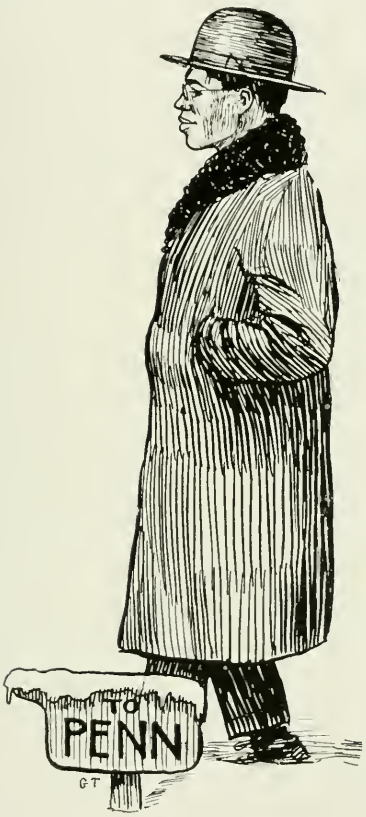
Athletic sports do not by any means make up the sum of Clark's activities. With Shep and Larrie he forms a triumvirate which has added materially to the financial resources of the Ardmore movies and the Bryn Mawr Fire Hall. He was a charter member of the Merion Y. M. C. A. at a time when that institution was at the zenith of its glory. And he proved his social instincts by guiding the newly organized Social Science Club through the first year of its existence. There may have been times in Clark's collegiate career when neither athletics, society, nor social betterment have summoned him. There may have been times when he has not felt the more universal impulses to smoke and kid Shep. At such periods—more frequent than is generally known, be it said—he resorts to the most concentrated study; for after all, says Clark, that is *one* of the reasons why we come to college.

JUWAN USANG LY

"Ly"

"Good morning."

Here we have a fellow who has been with us but one year and whom we feel we have known for four. We wish it could have been so and that we could have seen his genial smile in other classes besides Phil IV and V and History VI. But it seems that our friend from China is out for degrees and, already possessing several from Columbia, N. Y. U. and Penn, feels that he cannot leave for home without a degree from Haverford to renderhis education complete. Thus he appears periodically from his haunts at Penn to receive Rufus' fertile flow and to discuss the war with Soldier Kelsey.



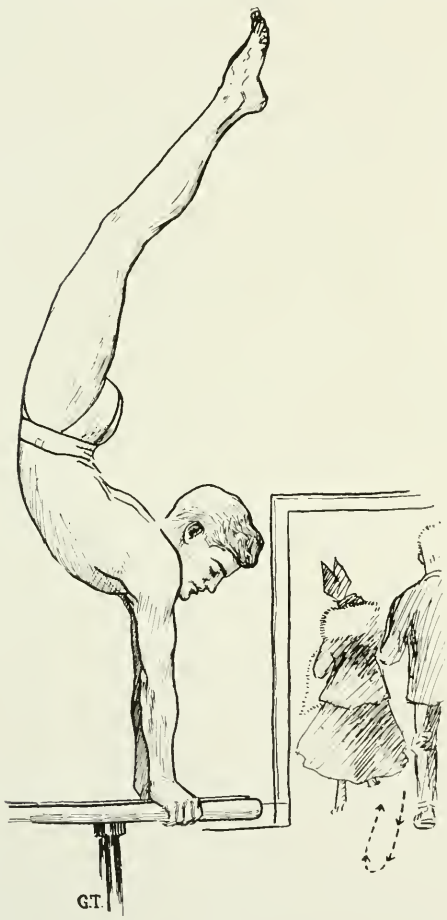
In this latter capacity we have learned of the social unrest of China, the strategic importance of Kiao-Chau, why China might be forced into the war and similar things that have opened our eyes to the world events happening during our Senior Year. That is one reason why we wish Ly had been with us throughout our course; but another is his geniality, which first expresses itself by a smile and then by his conversation, which is both frank and sincere.

When at Haverford, Ly hangs his coat among that famous bunch in third floor Founders. There the fiery Southerner Morris has taken him in hand to show him the evils of the Democratic Administration and just why the Republican Party, as it is, would be a success in China. For Ly is one of that great number of Chinese patriots who are preparing in our American Colleges to return to their own country in the capacity of President, Cabinet Minister or some other high official. The friendships he has formed here will assure him of our earnest sympathy and may be a link in uniting our nation twih the new republic of the East.

HUGH EXTON McKINSTRY "Mac"

"What the Hy!"

No pen can adequately describe Mac. He is one of those rare young geniuses that, on growing up, surprise us with their rare fecundity of reasoning power coupled with blond hair and the angelic expression of tender years. We point to Mac first and foremost as the president of the Student Council, next as gym captain or perhaps editor-in-chief of the *News*, or even as vice-president and secretary of the Founders Club. These are all big positions and Mac is just loaded with their heavy responsibilities. (And yet you would hardly know it to look at him!) It is said that Dick Gummere asks Mac's opinion on many questions, even to the selecting of a stenographer.



In the spring of Senior year Mac was appointed aide to T. K. in plotting hikes for the Wednesday afternoon round trip excursions of the Emergency Unit. This was partly due to his intimate knowledge of the surrounding territory gained in long geological rambles. (For proof, see his thesis.) We love to hear Mac argue with the "Jno." Spaeth on the uselessness of the classics, or to walk with him and hear him explain the formation of Haverford's crust, or even to sit down with him for a chat on anything at all, for, being of an analytical mind, he can get to the root of all evil and good.

The only trouble with Mac is that when he is alone he is apt to do queer things, as the accompanying portrait shows; but he is a wonderful companion when with others, although his room-mate claims that even then he is very apt to "act foolish." Of a Scotch-Irish nature, Mac naturally does not agree with you on many things, but this only serves to accentuate a character that we have found to be always working for Haverford. Those who know Mac well will unite in saying: "There goes one of Nineteen-Seventeen's best!"

FRANKLIN OSBUN MARSHALL

"Frank"

"Consarn and twist your picture!"

The more you see of Marshall, the more you appreciate the fact that he has a striking personality. He makes us think of what a famous poet once said:

"For him her old-world moulds aside she threw,
And choosing sweet clay from the breast of the unexhausted west,
With stuff untainted formed a hero new."

And so we welcomed Marshall. We couldn't quite understand him at first. In our settled ways a breath of the outside is always an opportunity to see beyond our limited thresholds. Inasmuch as we have tried, we have found this son of the West always surrounded by his cheerful happy-go-lucky atmosphere which makes him ever ready to greet you with a smile and that form of hearty handshake pictured herewith.

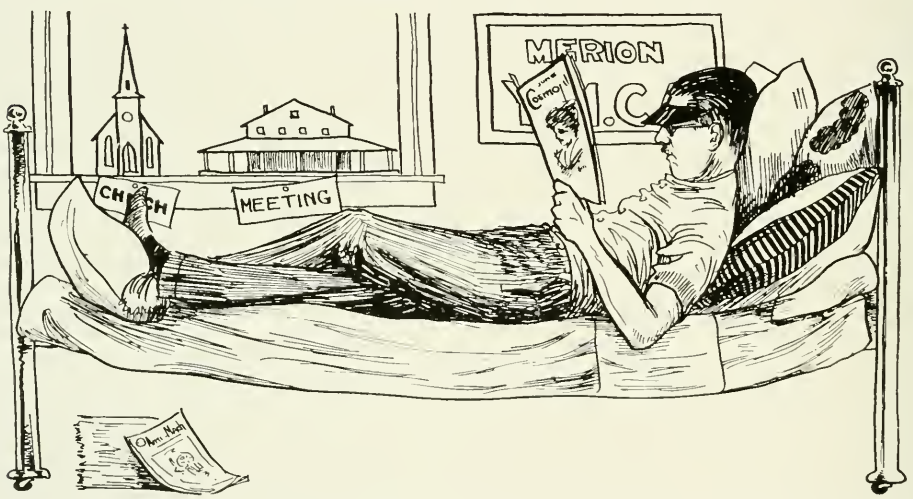
Penn College is noted for its singers and Marshall followed in the wake of other illustrious members of past glee clubs who likewise hailed from Oskaloosa. "Awake, My Love" and "Keep the Home Fires Burning" were warbled with more than usual gusto in his full tenor voice; for in spite of his rigid Quaker training, Friend Marshall has a soft place in his heart (or at least his head) for the fair sex, and we have it on record that he found many to admire on the Glee Club trip to Atlantic City. Harold York, we are told, instructed him in the ways and wiles of the Eastern Girl at that time, and one of our wishes is that F. O. M. will have as good a guardian until he makes the final plunge. Somehow we feel it will be soon. All those susceptible "half-breeds" fall early, and we hope that he meets with happiness.

ROBERT DAVIS METCALFE "Bob"

"Who'zis?"
"I have *attended* church."

It is quite fitting that there should be at least one conscientious objector in a Quaker college; and Bob was certainly fitted for the part. The object of his scruples was the compulsory church attendance which is part of the salutary discipline of Haverford College. Being spiritually averse to complying with the regulation and physically averse to missing his Sabbath dinner, Bob hit upon an expedient, which we will not mention here, that satisfied both his conscience and his objections.

Bob has filled other roles, however, besides that of conscientious objector. He has been a tower of strength on three Wogglebug teams; and no one can ever forget his untir-



ing labors as chairman of the "Posthole Committee" for Junior Day and as chairman of several class "feed" committees. He is president of the Engineers' Union, and is distinctly in favor of the eight-hour day. He is also very pronounced in his condemnation of "scab" labor. He is a firm believer in the natural rights of man and likes nothing better than to enter into prolonged arguments with Dr. Kelsey about the ethical implications of "bone-dry" prohibition.

The lighter side of Bob's character is far from undeveloped. He is fond of assuming an attitude of sybaritic repose and regaling himself with productions of our lighter magazine literature. He is also a discriminating patron of the brands of dramatic art which are presented at certain theaters in close proximity to the Arch Street Meeting House. His jokes, slowly and deliberately told, are often slightly enigmatic, but always draw a hearty laugh from Bob himself. He has always been a faithful member of the Merion Y. M. C. A., and expects to be a real engineer when his college days are ended.

ROBERT BOYD MILLER

"Bob"

"Shucks"
"For the love o' Pete!"
"What the dickens!"

To the masses, Bob is best known for his bi-weekly announcements of Y. M. C. A. meetings, yet there is a select few to whom his words suggest other things than Hymn 216, and to at least one in the class his most familiar saying is, "Lorry, how 'bout a game of chess?" For, aside from the religious game, Bob has a failing for games of all sorts from billiards in the Union to "500" in Harvey's room. Who would imagine it? Bob is addicted to *rum;* he plays it every night with Albert Hall for hours together. Yes, the lithe and supple Miller loves sports outdoors as well as in, and should an impressionistic artist seek a subject for a rival to "Nude Descending the Stairs" he would need go no farther than "Miller Serving a Tennis Ball;" for truly both cubistic and futuristic are the lines of Bob's anatomy as he stands on one leg and ties the other into three Gordian knots. But the marvelous feature is that the knots are all untied by the time the ball is returned—if it is returned at all!

He plays other things, too—notably a drum—and the sound of his sandpaper blocks and crash cymbal have for three years punctuated the harmony of the Mandolin Club. Either this pseudo-musical propensity or Albert Hall has led him to hunt out each week the opera section of the Sunday supplement and on Tuesday evenings frequently to take a Thirteenth Street car as far north as Poplar.

But his taste is versatile and he can comment on all the musical comedies since "The Pink Lady," which, for a Y. M. C. A. president, is no mean accomplishment.

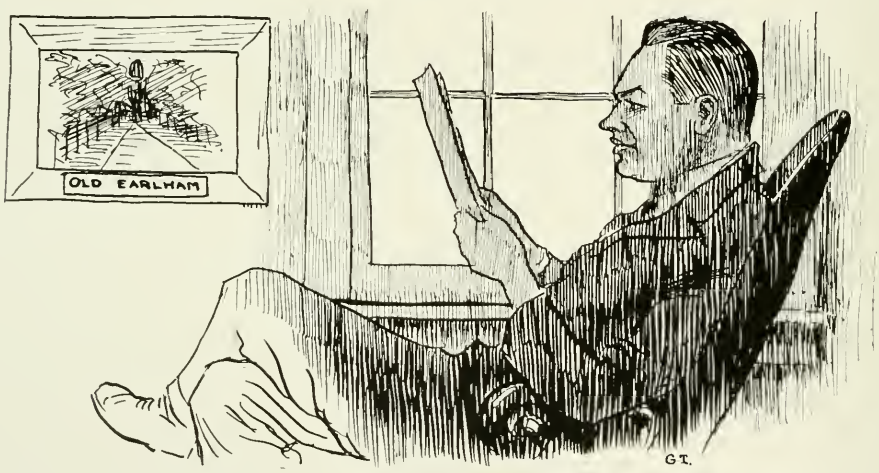
Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof—verily so thinketh Bob, and he borroweth no trouble. Yea, even more than sufficient is it, and he puts most of it off until tomorrow, where it usually evaporates tranquilly before being overtaken by the realities of today. May fate deal ever thus with the gentleman from Pittsburgh!

KENNETH SYLVESTER MITCHELL "Mitchell"

"I reckon they can put it off pretty handy, can't they?"

The annual vintage of Senior Foundation Scholars (so they are called in the catalog) included Mitchell as the representative from Earlham, and when he arrived in his 1905 model Ford hat, we gazed in unconcealed admiration; and in the spring the hat gave way to a new one—a pippin—mustard-colored body and green running gears! But there are things about Mitchell more interesting than his millinery, as we realized when first he talked to us. From his "line" we learned that he was a book agent with ability to sell "The Peoples' Home Library" to every rural *paterfamilias* in Wayne County, Indiana. Moreover, in spite of his loyalty to Haverford he had to admit that "Earlham has it on Haverford in just lots of ways!"

Mitchell is a great reader and his reading matter is of two classes: (1) *The Pathfinder*, (2) *The Earlham Press*. Careful digestion of these docu nents forms his chief vocation and



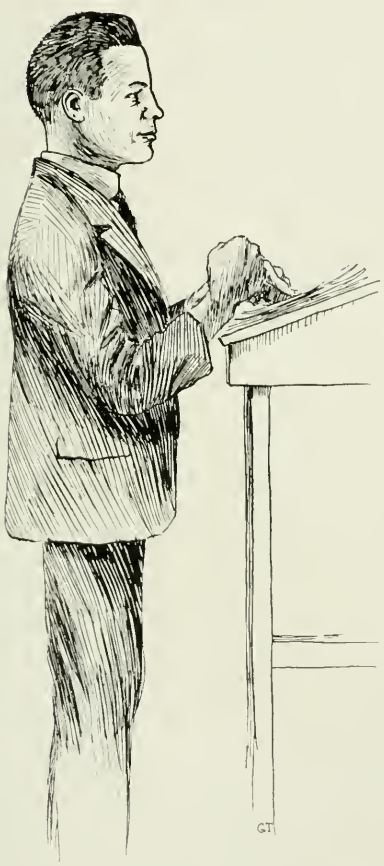
his avocation seems long to have been athletics, though from his quiet mien one would hardly suspect what a great career is behind him, but just talk to him! He pitched for his High School four years without losing a game, and if that shoulder had just come around, there is not the iota of a doubt that Haverford's brief baseball season would have been a raging, screaming, howling success. And football! Well, it is safe to say that were it not for him the score of our Wogglebug game would not have been what it was. During his stay here he has brought glory to his alma mater and the *Earlham Press* printed an extended account of his addressing a "conference of Friends in Philadelphia!" And if you plod your weary way to the top floor of Founders, he will welcome you with true western hospitality and offer you his best Morris chair.

FRED HELSABECK MORRIS

"Fred"

"I don't guess yo' all know——"

Fred brings with him from No'th Carolina a condensed extract of the Southern climate. His sunny disposition and easy-going calmness remind you of the climate of Dixie—until he begins to argue; and then this fire-eating orator presents hot-blooded qualities typically tropical—a veritable authorized edition of John C. Calhoun.



But Fred differs from John C. in one striking respect—he is a Republican; and this is odd because, you know, Republicans from the South are as rare as Wednesday evening steak! Once when President Wilson visited Morris' home town he inquired where Fred was and learned to his disappointment that he was too busy "pitching ball" in the cow pasture to listen to Democratic words of wisdom. The loss was Woodrow's, we are convinced.

Nor does Fred confine his pitching to days when the President is in the neighborhood. He was once a bulwark on the Guilford team and this year guided the Haverford nine on its maiden journey to the Southland, working in several of the games and forming a valuable fraction of "Doc" Bennett's pitching staff. At Haverford he and Henley and White form what you might but probably wouldn't call a Guilford triumvirate, and they mysteteriously disappear from the campus at irregular intervals and just as mysteriously return. Rife rumor has it that Fred learned the way to Bryn Mawr early in the year, but that was months ago and things happen fast. Anyway, it's quite a long walk to Mother Carey's protectorate!

On his arrival from Guilford Fred perched in third floor Founders, of course,—that eternal home of "Half-breeds." And here we might find him concocting theses for Ec or briefs for History 6; or through the open window we might hear his hearty laugh as we passed on our way to Chase.

DONALD HINSHAW PAINTER "Don"

"Gee! I've been loafing this last quarter."
"Do you want to pass awhile, Herbert?"

Don was miraculously preserved from the Dayton flood to serve as a reproach and a warning to the unregenerate youth who do not believe that college is primarily intended for study. Ever since his arrival here he has been a marvel of industry and application. And he still further depresses his less conscientious friends by always insisting that his standards of work and achievement are pitifully low. He did stray from the straight and narrow path on one occasion in the spring of Junior year; but that lapse was chiefly due to the diabolical machinations of that subtle perverter of youth, Doc Hall. Don is naturally very quiet and reserved; but he can be aroused on the subject of the respective merits of baseball and cricket. Hisregard for the venerable English game is quite pathetic.

During his first three years Don led the life of a hermit on the ground floor of Merion. Here he put in his regular eight hours of study with the conscientious devotion of a medieval saint reciting his breviary. During the last year, however, he was tempted to try the perilous experiment of sharing his fortunes with Shep; and the college witnessed the singular spectacle of a close union between a man of the world and an ascetic. As far as can be learned, however, neither succeeded in corrupting the other. Shep continued to spend his regular seven nights a week at a house not very far from the football field; while Don steadfastly persisted in his peripatetic search of learning.

EDMUND TABER PRICE "Ed"

"Hello, you simple devil!"
"Well, now, THAT'S an idea."

From Massachusetts' verdant hills, the home of Mother Beecham's pills, and Lydia Pinkham's brew, came Ed to join our merry ranks and cut his little college pranks—even as I or you. And Ed employed his college days in many useful, Christian ways, among which not the least was heralding the golden rule unto his class at Sunday-school, togged out *"a la modiste."* 'Tis said 'mongst girls Ed is a craze; with them his soft and gentle ways quite permeate the heart. He's quite a sprinter, by the way; and in his suit *décolleté*, his form is trim and smart. Yea, oft upon the cinder track, he wore the Scarlet and the Black to victory in the mile. Just ask Joe Green if he can run; and then the long and lanky one can scarce restrain a smile. Ed rarely goes upon a "toot," like any other dumb galoot, nor utters "darn" or "shaw;" though oft on 7th day he haunts the Oriental restaurants to guzzle beef and slaw.

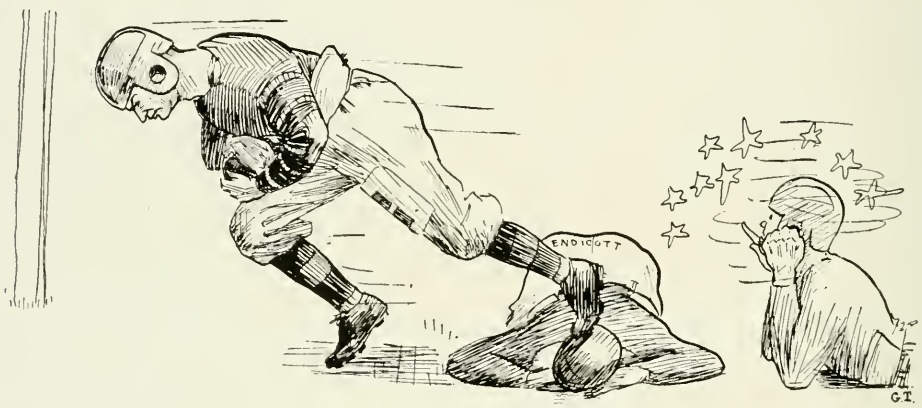
As singer on the Gleeful club, "Ho, rub-a-dub a-rub-a-dub" his airy measures run. In weather bright or weather gray, he's always happy quite and gay; so cheerfu' wi' his fun.

Through three of these four college years, Ed's confidante in joy and tears—was elongated Joe. Just like a child unto a mother, one incomplete without the other—thus Ed is to his Bo. As manager (and nothing more), Ed led the team that licked Swarthmore, all glory to his name! But now the lad must needs aspire to place his name a little higher upon the roll of Fame. And so this youthful Edison, has been and gone and went and done and made a carbureter, which he declares will ease his days and make his name a hymn of praise unto his Alma Mater.

LAWRENCE MARSHALL RAMSEY

"Dill" "Buck"

Buck's fame has always preceded him and it stays after he goes. We first heard of Ramsey back in Prep School when his picture appeared in the papers as the Captain of the Chestnut Hill Football Team who was to go to Haverford in the fall of 1913. And today, years afterward, we feel that the record he has made as football captain at Haverford will never be effaced—10 to 7 are significant figures when used as the score against Swarthmore and her team that beat Penn. Almost equal is the record of an undefeated football season, which was accomplished by only four or five teams in the East in 1916. Furthermore, to win an "H" throughout four years is a unique accomplishment in our class, and

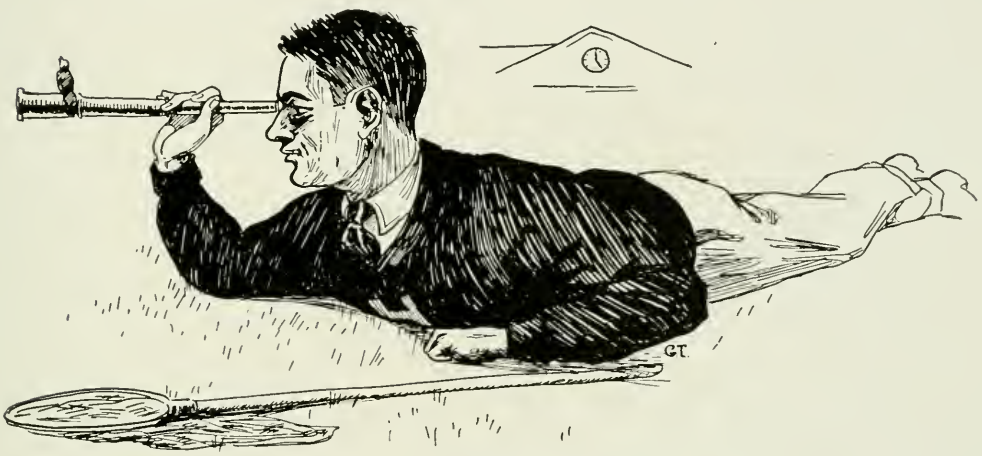


to achieve this and to captain a team while earning a way through college go greatly to Dill's credit.

When not engaged in football, baseball or track, Buck is busy keeping the ebullient Tad in order or keeping posted on Jimmy's numerous engagements; for Rams has long been right-hand man to the Doctor, and when the war broke out and our training began he was naturally promoted to be chief-of-staff for the director-general. All sorts of stories are told of the favors that Buck receives from Jimmy in the loan of his car for Bryn Mawr parties, but whether true or not, certain it is that he finds time to give a marvelous lot of attention to Mother Carey's chickens. Buck is the kind of fellow who believes in doing a thing hard and doing it well. In this particular line we know he will be successful, and we feel that the engagement of work in Philadelphia which he announced at the Class Banquet will take another form before long. And there is every reason why it should. So congratulations, Mr. Ramsey!

CARL MICHAEL SANGREE "Tad"

"I don't see that; what d'ye mean?" are the favorite words of this genuine son of Missouri who would even require proof of an axiom. Tad is the third of a series of black-haired brothers who have considerably added to Haverford's athletic prowess in the past and we understand that there are more to come. One of the greatest honors he will ever receive was to play quarterback on the team that beat Swarthmore; but, then to consider him in another light, take him in the spring and Tad will tell you the note and description of every bird that migrates to these parts.



He and Buck Ramsey have kept a little roof-tree on third-floor Founders for three of these four years. Every side of the walls is decorated with trophies of some sort of athletic contest stretching back into Penn Charter or Chestnut Hill days. Buck, we believe, will keep on and perhaps coach athletics, but Tad is to forsake his old love and take up the ministry. All of the Phil. Courses and Rufus will testify to Tad's anxiety to learn and ask questions. As a result, he can spout Kant in a blood-curdling way that shows he has "no inhibitions whatsoever." Rufus actually has to put new "pep" into himself when Tad asks peremptorily, "What d'ye mean, Extrinsic Goodness?" It is the same with Greek and Biology, not to mention the old Bib Lit, where Tad just reveled.

Together with football honors, Tad achieved the distinction of being one of the four Company Leaders in the Emergency Unit in the spring of Senior year. He tended his little flock of forty men in a truly paternal way and we hope that he may achieve even greater success as pastor in the flock of his profession.

WENDELL DERINGER SCHOCH

"Beer"

"How are all we Friends?"
"Oh, not so well!"

Beer eased into our class from 1916 sometime during Junior year. But, rather than thrust himself upon us, he kept the matter secret until Senior year, when we grabbed him to our midst like a new-found treasure.

"Let the joys of the heart burst out in song"—quotation from Joe Driscoll; but Beer jams us plumb full of joy by his syncopated beating of the box in Merion—or any other place. He is king of extemporaneous musicians; every class should have one, but alas! we hold the only prize package. Who pounded out the ragtime on the ribs of his old cradle? Ask Beer, he knows. The Main Line "Noteless" Orchestra, of which he is guiding spirit, has achieved unbounded fame under Beer's fond tutelage.

But no man's sophistication is complete without some familiarity with the stage; and Schoch is pre-eminently sophisticated. Witness the portraits of actors and chorines that adorn his dressing table and the walls of his room (Brown's Westtown pennant has been relegated to the background). Japanese daggers, skins of famous goats, busts of Socrates and Billikens and other tokens of a cosmopolitan taste constitute its hangings. All these proclaim a man of the world, but the casual visitor dropping in at Beer's rooms of an evening would find there a picture of serene domestic tranquility and would be most cordially welcomed and urged not to leave so soon.

Romance, however, will creep into the best regulated families. We hear vague rumors of a delightful business college which Beer attends and of a more delightful Mexican damsel who appears to be not the least of said school's charms. But these things do not seem to interfere with Schoch's more serious activities as auto fancier and holder of the college record for inventing nicknames. Beer is not lavish of his company, but such of us as have become better acquainted with him are mighty glad to have known him.

HUBERT VINZENS SCHOEPPERLE

"Shep" "Snooky"

"Got any tobacco, Little?" "Service on the milk!"

Shep is, perhaps, the most universal genius since Goethe. During his college career he has touched almost everything; and he has touched nothing that he has not adorned. Starting out under a load of conditions and flunk notices that would have appalled a less resolute spirit, he gradually developed a profundity of scholarship that made Dr. Barrett and Dr. Gummere tremble for their chairs. (At the time of going to press we feel perfectly safe in predicting that Shep will be awarded *both* of the Scholarship Improvement Prizes.)

He was also an unquestioned master at the game of checkers, although defeated opponents were apt to say that his success was largely due to the fumes of asphyxiating gas which he blew from his venerable pipes.

Merely to cast a glance into Shep's room is enough to reveal the turbulent artistic temperament of the owner. It is always a model of most admired disorder. Articles of clothing, tobacco cans, copies of the *Erie County Independent* and buns in various stages of decadence form the main features of a picturesque ensemble. As a student of economics, Shep is much interested in the rise and fall of prices, especially in the case of oil and Arcadia Mixture. There are two facts about Shep's scholastic career that must always excite the wonder of all who knew him. One of these is that he passed Rhinie Algebra; the other that he did not receive the Phi Beta Kappa key. Never were the words of the great poet more applicable:

"We shall not look upon his like again."

EDWARD ROLAND SNADER, Jr.

"Doc" "Roland"

Roland has ever been a gentleman who has condescended to mingle with the *bourgeoisie.* Believing that the proletariat should be uplifted by personal contact, he has associated with the denizens of Merion and Barclay to elevate their degraded spirits into a true atmosphere of aristocracy by reciting from memory the exact number of butlers in Mrs. MacWhack's mansion or reminiscing vividly upon the incidents of a life-long acquaintance with the last year's deb whose photograph appeared on the society page of the morning paper. And among our dim, earliest memories of that beclouded year of Biology 1 we recall Roland's lecture on Radium, and repeatedly since then his paper has entertained us.

Perhaps the Boston Symphony Orchestra is the emanator of the elevating influence, for, know you not that to hear its dulcet strains Roland cuts required lectures as nonchalantly as one cuts Sunday morning breakfast? For Roland was born in a full dress suit. As an infant he could tie a white tie before he was old enough to blow a trumpet (even his own); thus, at least, you would infer, so naively does he assure us that he feels perfectly at home in glad rags. Yet Doc is not a "rounder." Nay! perish the thought! Suggest an extravagant frivolity like buying a seat in the top row of the Metropolitan balcony, and Roland is "dead broke."

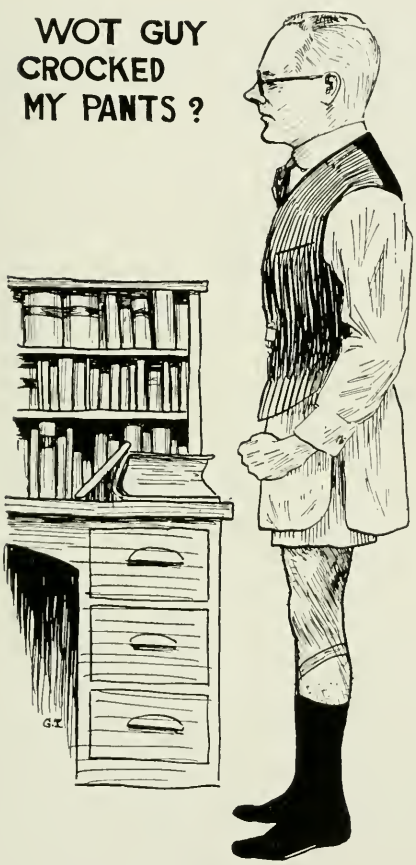
But—*que voulez-vous!* For three years he was a day student and shuttled back and forth from Overbrook like an oscillating discharge, never forgetting to wear his fur-collared overcoat when the weather gave him opportunity. However, since settling down in South Barclay and working constantly and consistently on the Freshman Bible, the Simkin Fund, Class Soccer and Biology 35, he has become a generous, good-hearted, valuable element in the personnel of the class. Bon voyage, Dr. Snader!

JOHN WILLIAM SPAETH, Jr.

"Monger" "Jun" not "Jawn"

"Youse Guys"
"Who Alexander?"

Aside from the fact that the accompanying picture portrays "Monger" in a peculiarly tender situation, he is not always thus. Rather, he shines best when to the sympathetic ears of his Classical Club cronies he pours forth lore gleaned from many a dusty tome. Or again, as editor-in-chief of this volume, he holds absolute sway o'er the poor hack-writers with whom he has accumulated the enclosed material for your entertainment. And there we have a phase of character nobly assertive in our prize scholar. With all his learning, "Jun" loves to entertain his fellowmen. This quality stands far out in the front rank of his characteristics and brings him nearer the mortals of lower clay whom, in mental acumen and perspicuity, he seems to outstrip.



For has he not pulled down every prize that he set his heart on winning and garnered in as many more that were merely convenient to reach? We think of the Latin Prizes, the Math. Prize, the Bib. Lit. Prize, Founders Club, Track Manager, Corporation Scholar, Phi Beta Kappa in Junior year, Class President even, with the coveted Cope Fellowship to cap the list.

In thus ranking at the head of the Class for all four years, Monger has set an example of what can be done by intense application. For three years he diligently applied himself, and not until Senior year did he blossom forth under the fructifying care of McKinstry *et al.* and show the World and Center Barclay the intrinsic beauties of West Philadelphia humor. Episodes of many kinds have helped to smooth the rough spots of our indoor life: the one pictured herewith, his fondness to be propped by pillows in ease and luxury and, perhaps best of all, conversational bits that regale us with their simple forcefulness and convince us of the barbarities of Central High School jargon.

ARTHUR EMERSON SPELLISSY "Ott"

"He's king-o'-the-kids!"

Freshman year Ott roomed with Clayt. Since then Clayt has roomed with Ott. Anyone not believing this statement may reject it. We merely print it for what it is worth: about two lines. But were it not for Ott's sobering and edifying influence no one can tell what ravages might have been committed by our other scion of Germantown. Ott first came to us as a Corporation scholar and lingered in that condition for a year. He again proved himself worthy of that honor at the end of Sophomore year. He early developed a passion for music and some time ago picked his way into the Mandolin Club. We used to see him chasing golf balls around the campus, but of late he has been too busy for such pastimes. The week for Ott regularly consists of five days at Haverford and two in Germantown. What he does those two days is a mystery to us of the deepest sort.

Business seems to be Ott's long suit and in preparing himself for this he has struggled through the avalanche of Dr. Barrett's courses and managed 'most everything around college that needed managing. It is said that he can quietly listen to all the reasons in the world why a man should not advertise in the *Haverfordian* and then calmly slip a contract blank under his nose and walk out with his signature. But life is not all a bed of roses, as Clayt would say, and Ott is ever busy supplying Brodhead and Huston with new keys to the office in place of those they have lost. The gym and baseball teams have also learned to follow him around. They say that Mac missed breakfast one morning while on a trip because Ott was not there to order it. But the strongest testimony to Ott's ability is his absence from Charlie Brown's managerial board. For that we congratulate him.

JUSTUS CLAYTON STRAWBRIDGE, II "Clayt"

"It must be something he's eaten!"
"Life is not all a bed of roses!"
"Do what thee thinks is right, Howland."

Preparedness is a great virtue. In that respect at least Clayt is excessively virtuous. He was never known to be without a witty retort, his lessons or the makings. He has even prepared for the inevitable; it takes at least five minutes to discern that the wall-paper in his bedroom is not composed of prison bars. A chance visitor sleeping in his bed and wakening to his surroundings in the morning is said to have ruined three nail files trying to get out, before he realized his mistake. Clayt is getting used to it.

Our future department store ruler has, however, withdrawn into the sacred precincts of his own study since Sophomore year and has been busily wooing the coveted Phi Beta

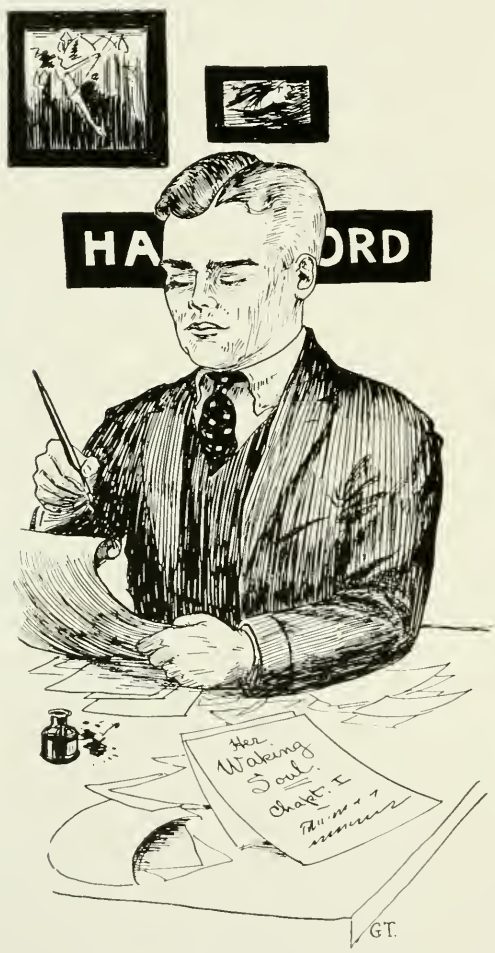
Kappa. This strenuous indoor sport has taken most of his time (the illustration may give an idea of how some of it is spent), but it has not marred his record of never having spent a Sunday at College. His principal criterion in picking courses is whether they come on Saturday or no; he prides himself on having avoided Saturday classes ever since Freshman year.

No description of Clayt would be complete without some reference to his equestrian proclivities. The walls of his room are adorned with pictures of horses and hounds, The Royal Mail, Derby Day, etc. Who can ever forget the majesty with which he drives off in his "coach and four?" It is as a humorous satyrist, however, that Clayt will most distinctly be remembered among us. What would a class meeting be without the interruption of his scintillating wit? He rightly deserves among us the title: "King of Jesters."

COLBY DORR VAN DAM

"Colby"

This introduces Colby—story writer (sob sister), gymnast, pianist, danceur, lady killer, etcetera. Who has not saturated the pages of the *Haverfordian* with tears of sympathy for Colby's beleauguered heroines? His style is subtle and delightfully confusing: witness such touching phrases as "She took a firm grip on herself"; "The soup fell back into the dish"; "Fear vanished like snow in the furnace"; "She stretched her arms out towards the depths below, and their silence answered her back." Yea, Colby even embellished the pages of the *Parisienne*, before that attractive magazine was banned from the mails! But the way of an author is rough, says he, and most of the Dam's glowing thoughts are confined to local consumption.



"Every dog has his day," runs the proverb; and on warm summer evenings when the lights are low, Colby's tender, dreamy tones have won the hearts of who-knows-how-many maidens. Or in the ball-room it may have been your privilege to see his handsome form swaying to the wail of the wild wombats.

Colby is some lil' gymnast, by the way, when it comes to performing pirouettes on the parallels. He played on the Wogglebug pedal-sphere team, and also on the second tennis team, knowing intimately by name Bill Armstrong, Maurice McLoughlin and other tennis stars. His rendition of feminine characters in the Cap and Bells plays has been superb; while his versatile harmonic qualities have won him places in the ranks of both Musical Clubs.

Well, the young meteor flashes out into space with us; so now, Gouverneur Morris and Robert W., look to your laurels!

LORING VAN DAM

"Loring" "Dam"

"It means nothing in my life!"
"Lord he thought he'd make a man,
These bones won't rise again!"

has often resounded through the barren corridors of Barclay with a vim and gusto which characterize all the actions of the Dam. Pursuing Slim B. through all the intricacies of every Chem. course in company with Eddie Weston, has been Dam's special forte. The aforementioned "pep" made him a star member of our famous football crew; and coupled with remarkable histrionic ability leads us to suspect that we may yet sit in open-mouthed wonder in one of our local theaters while Dam lulls us to sleep with touching lines from "Hamlet" or "Dora Daw's Defeat." With Woody and a few others he makes up the quota of our Lotharios in the pursuit of the eternal feminine—or, as some malicious spirit has it, in the "eternal pursuit of the feminine."

The Dam is light on his feet—perhaps this is the reason he has gone in for tumbling at various times. Yes, and he certainly can trip the light fantastic with the ease and grace and sinuousness of a Pavlowa! Moreover, his valiant efforts to raise the singing in collection to something more than a whisper won recognition from his fellow Orpheuses by his being chosen leader of the Glee Club.

On Sunday mornings Loring is fond of cooking light breakfasts with Bill Hannum and Clark Little "over to Kelley's." "Had'um *dam* fine little breakfast!" says he. He even pushes the inveterate Shep and the indomitable Larry hard for honors in that hospitable household. He is some rustler too; for didn't he spend spring vacation at College without having to buy a meal? And just ask him about running Perc Thornton's Ford around Bryn Mawr until the innocent owner was called before the county police for speeding!

Dam is giving the P B K key an awful chase, despite his numerous duties. Perhaps he'll have it by the time this is read. Here's hoping, anyway!

EDWARD MITCHELL WESTON "Ed"

"You guys can bull around all you want to, but what I wanna know is how—" etc., etc.
"That's where you're WRONG."

Edward is blessed with a dual personality. Sometimes you see him gamboling across the greensward like a galloping gazelle, ready to hang a sign on your back or fill your bed with sawdust; or, hands deep in pockets, eyes fixed on a point three thousand miles beyond the lenses of his spectacles. The only reply to your greeting, "Yo, Eddie!" is a curt, bored nod, and the answer to your word of encouragement is a skeptical, "Hm, very likely." Ed stubbornly refuses to be cheered up when the world is built blue side out, and for days together he floats around in a cloud of gloom.

He is a man of rigid opinions, whether he is condemning cricket, Bib. Lit. I, Soc. Work, the Point System, or women. "Absolutely, I don't care what you say," he announces, and his opinion once expressed, no power in heaven or earth or Merion is able to change it. His unanswerable answer to the strongest argument is, "That's all right," and even if you did convince him, he would never, never admit it. For the less ground he has for an opinion the more stubbornly he clings to it. But stubbornness is only another word for persistence. That's why Ed has made a success of selling "Neverswear" Aluminum to housewives; that's why no amount of discouragement can make him give up soccer ambitions, riding the horse in the gym or being humorous in *News* editorials. The same persistence has carried him with flying (aniline) colors through the odorous if not odious Chem 4 and won him the honor of representing our class as a teaching fellow next year.

Has he no joy in life? Yes, gentle reader, though he never would admit it. His favorite sports are attending the opera, making puns, and reforming Albert Hall. And as Doc's chief delight is in reforming Weston, their cohabitation in South Barclay has been a dream of blissful contention. By the way, have you paid Ed your class dues yet?

THOMAS BARCLAY WHITSON

"T. B." "Tid Bits"

"Oh, howd do!"

Westtown cast T. B. on our shores, wishing us luck. Not that Westtown ever had anything against us, but merely she was afraid that the little lamb would stray from the protecting fold of Westtown's "400." Not so!

At first we couldn't quite make out our prodigy in his ceaseless effort to play the Midas act. We saw him skipping here and there snapping the ubiquitous Graflex and collecting the bad debts of Barclay Store, but Sophomore year brought a change which was a complete reversal of the former policy and we were yet hoping that we could induce him to follow the ranks of Haverford's army of the unemployed. T.B. became interested, how-

ever, in the problem of Pacifism and now in Senior year we find it so much a creed with him as to render argument useless except to realize that he is broad-minded on all the questions of Conscription, Plattsburgh and the like until aroused. Then his whole nature speaks and he lets out a blast that sounds like the war trumpet itself. You ought to hear him in one of these periods down at Merion. Ordinarily he prefers to go quietly about his business picking up wrecked Fords for the Emergency Unit and teaching the youth of Haverford how to fix them.

For one of T.B.'s ambitions is to be a first-class mechanic. In pursuit of this gleam he gladdens the heart of "Peleg" Weaver daily and even Dr. Rittenhouse thinks twice before making his cautious statements when T.B. is around.

Ernie Brown knows more about T.B. than any man living, for Ernie was up at Eaglesmere when Tid Bits was acting as head waiter in the hotel there. Ernie has all kinds of stories to tell; but it is not as any of these mechanicians or as a pacifist that we like to think of T.B., for we see something bigger in his future as the head of a charming family surrounded by other Tid Bits in his native heath of Rose Valley.

JAMES GORDON WILSON

"Finely" "Tweakly"

"Your satire is biting."
"Words fail me."
"Brown, to whom are you speaking of?"

Oh, hy'er! In bursts "Finely" to Harvey's room at 9.30, having just arrived from Narberth. It's a shame to connect the two together. But Narberth wasn't able to help it and Wilson can't.

In spite of his handicap, everything is in sweet order. His locks of tender yellow are combed always in the middle. Jakey Reed actually takes style suggestions from his clothes and every morning, winter and summer, he has the omnipresent carnation. Just why, we can't say. It's Wilson, that's all. He confessses he would take cold without it.

And yet, despite his jumping on the back of your neck and crying "Tweak, Tweak," we bear no hard feeling. Often, by his quick wit and ready repartee, he has transformed the dining table from the depressing influence of goulash, not to mention his making Chem. I, II, and III classes actually live. Dr. Hall could not match this budding Chesterton, and has all but surrendered the keys of the Beaker Barn. Possibly this is the reason that Brown should find Wilson a "Pig," but it does not explain why Wilson persistently finds Brown a "Cow" or an "Oaf" or a hundred other epithets which are also applied to all.

Wilson is in business with his father, that is, on Saturday mornings when he goes to town "where one pays bills" for that gentleman. He is reported to receive fabulous sums for the service, but alas! it all goes to the greedy theater trust. There is not a new show in town but that we have our little "Confidential Guide" eagerly devouring new words and phrases with which to anathematize Brown or Strawbridge.

HAROLD QUIMBY YORK

"Harold"

If there is anything for which we should feel grateful to 1916 it is for York. We first remember Harold as a past-member of that band of tormentors whose company was so unceremoniously thrust upon us at the very commencement of our college career. None of us, however, can associate him with anything like Sophomoric cruelty; we used to find him in those early days, after we had climbed to the tower to visit "King Dodo" Klock, unobtrusively studying or patiently pursuing the difficult art of flute-playing. Certainly nothing is truer than the old dictum about an ill wind; for when Harold left college at the end of Sophomore year, just after having been elected manager of the track team, it was merely to bring him back to Haverford, after a year's lapse, as a *bona fide* member of 1917. It may be that Harold used his head; we don't know.

Harold's chief activities in Senior year were tooting and tutoring—trying to drown Tad Sangree in the fife squad of the Mandolin Club and daily coaching the editor-in-chief in his French A. We are compelled to believe, however, that there are some rather important activities outside the college which attract Harold to town on frequent occasions. We have heard of many cases of mental absorption, but none so striking as that which came near to seriously incapacitating our Unadilla friend. With a fair companion on one arm, what else was there in existence for him? All the rest was total oblivion. We have always been just a bit skeptical, however, about the accidental nature of this incident. Why should it so happen that the companion was studying the practice of nursing? We ask you in all fairness, gentle reader, why should it?

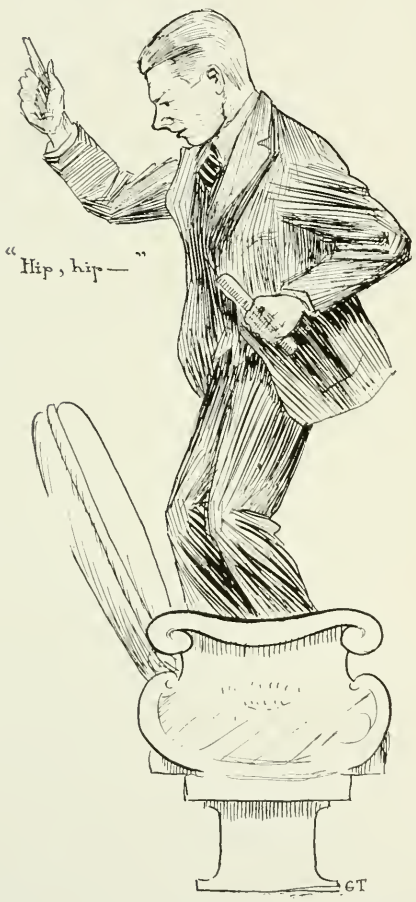
We expect some day to find Harold mayor of good old Unadilla, or at least introducing into that flourishing town the latest principles of fire control.

JOHN WHITMAN ZEREGA

"Jack" "Zig"

"I can hardly wait."
"There's nothing I'd rather do."

"Baby needs a pair of shoes! Well, read 'em and weep! Come Little Joe!" No, gentle reader, these are not the exclamations of an African crap game; it is merely Jack calling Wogglebug signals. But he calls them with a delightful naturalness and ease which bespeak much practice. Zig is a great worshipper of the fickle goddess Chance. Why he left the odious region of Swarthmore to join our happy number at the beginning of Junior year no one knows; even Jack isn't quite sure. But why worry? It is enough to have this chronic gloom dispeller in our midst.



"Gallia est emnis divisa in partis tres." So is Zig: work, woman and song. When it comes to women, Jack is a complete function between two variables. The burden of his song has been: "Old King Cole was a merry old oul" and "The jockey's bones were long and loose." With such ponderous ditties he has long maintained his place among us as a "prince of a good fellow." Jack works mostly at athletics. Football, baseball, track, hockey, cricket, tennis and baby-in-the-hat all have claimed large parts of his versatile attention. And who of those present will forget how ably Jack filled Ernie Brown's shoes on the last train out on the memorable evening of the Swarthmore game? He goes into all these activities with an enthusiasm highly worthy of the lofty ideal of upholding Haverford's athletic prestige.

As an all-round man Jack is second to none in college. He is a past master at all athletics, both physical and Spanish. This latter proclivity has been the cause of delightful memories to many of us who took Chem. 2. Dr. Hall is said to be the only man on the faculty who, after looking into Jack's baby blue eyes and sweet innocent countenance, has the nerve to call on him. Pep is the keynote of all Zig does, teleological and otherwise. Will he be a success? In the words of the poet, Gibson, "You sayder puse!"

Extracts from the "Scientific Review"

I.

A Chemical Farce Entitled: "How Ethyl Io-dide"

Scene:—Chem. II Laboratory.

Time:—Almost any forenoon, either half-year.

(*Singing is heard as the curtain rises. Prof. Henley is slowly evaporating in the far corner, L. VanDam and Weston arguing across two rows of desks. Door-bell rings. Main door opens and Wilson enters. Dr. Hall opens the office door, Henley runs quickly out into the vestibule, water and gas stop flowing, and a series of groans is heard as King William rushes upstairs to defend the lab.*)

Dr. Hall.—"Who rang that bell? Henley, who rang that bell?"

Wilson.—"I did, Dr. Hall."

Dr. H.—"Oh, I see. Well, I don't want you ever to do it again."

Wilson.—"Yes, sir."

King William.—"These young felluhs don't seem to have no regard for no one nohow."

Wilson.—"Sorry to have bothered you."

King W.—"Well, all right now! But you wants to be careful; I might die of heart failure some time." (*Exit mumbling.*)

Wilson (*removes coat and galoshes, adjusts bow tie and combs hair. Puts silk handkerchief in coat pocket*).—"Good morning, Henley."

Henley.—"Mornin'."

Wilson.—"Please explain why you don't have my desk open for me when you see me coming?"

Henley.—"Yo' all hush up and get to work."

Wilson (*opens desk, looks anxiously through drawers and counts bottles. Sighing relief*).—"Yes, they're all here."

(*Balance of class filters into lab slowly. Then main door opens and Ern. Brown enters precipitately, ten minutes late.*)

Brown (*to Henley*).—"Morning, count."

Henley.—"Mornin'."

Wilson (*noticing Brown's presence*).—"Hy-ya, cow; later than usual!"

Brown.—"Hy-ya, pig, I'm glad to see you here this afternoon."

Wilson.—"Yes, I should think you would be. Now my whole day is spoiled!"

Brown.—"Oh, well, you never do any work anyway."

Wilson.—"Shut up, spawn of Moloch." (*Sits in front of his desk, opens drawer and reads the "Post" concealed therein.*)

VanDam (to Henley).—"Say, Fred, I want many substances all at once."

Henley.—"Go look on the side shelf."

VanDam (later).—"They aren't there, Fred."

Henley (from habit, wearily).—"Then try Brown's desk."

Brown.—"What's all this?"

Wilson.—"Shut up, growling incubus. Speak only when spoken to."

Brown.—"Wilson ——"

Wilson.—"Say 'sir' when you speak to me." (*With tone of disgust.*) "Listen to his vapid murmurings!"

(*A rattling noise is heard from the stock room, where Little and Zerega are conducting "research work."*)

Zerega's voice.—"Come on, baby, out the back door! I'm begging you on my knees!"

(*Enter Dr. Hall. All noises cease, except Brown singing in a high falsetto.*)

Brown.—"Throw me a r-r-red, r-r-red r-r-r-rose."

Dr. H. (peering around edge of desk).—"I didn't know we had a child in here. Pardon me, but may I interrupt the lecture for a moment? (*Muffled guffaws. Brown mortified. Exit Dr. Hall.*)

Brown.—"Say, Fred, are you getting those tubes?"

Henley.—"Yes, that's just what I'm a-fixin' to do."

(*Meanwhile, Weston walks over to Zerega's desk in an effort to comfort that individual, who in some manner has just been burnt.*)

Zerega.—"Say, Ed, how do you clean a porcelain dish?"

Weston.—"Take Aqua Regia, three c.c."

Zerega (innocently fills a large dish with 95 cubic centimeters of Aqua Regia and lights burner beneath it. Cheerfully.) "Come on, Clark, let's roll the bones." (*Little and Zerega exeunt to stock room. Mixture soon boils violently, filling lab with dense, suffocating odors. The sulphides and the retorts stop retorting.*)

Wilson.—"In the poisoned entrails throw,
Cool it with the baboon's blood!"
(*to Brown*) "James, you may carry that object outside!"

Brown.—"Holy cats, what a stink!"

Henley.—"What yo' all got ovah theah, Ernie?"

(*Door opens and shuts at the end of corridor. Enter Dr. Hall. Sniffs.*)

Dr. H.—"I smell Aqua Regia." (*Without hesitating.*) "Where's Zerega?" (*Walks to Zerega's desk and removes dish to ventilating hood.*) "Weston, why do you let Zerega do that? I want you and Brown to feel responsible for him when he's in here." (*To Brown.*) "What have you got there?"

Brown.—"By the way I dope it out you get nothing."

Dr. H.—"But I don't want you to dope it. What have you got there?"

Brown.—"I don't know."

Dr. H.—"Why don't you know?"

Brown.—"I don't know why I don't know."

Dr. H.—"Well, why don't you know why you don't know? Henley, what has he got here?"

Henley.—"I don't know. He's had it for quite a while now."

Dr. H. (*walking over to Wilson's desk. Wilson quickly shuts drawer and commences inking in note book*).—"Wilson, what were you working on this morning—that is, when you were working?" (*Brown snickers and is reproved by a veiled smile.*)

Wilson.—"On the acids."

Dr. H.—"What is the test for Tartaric Acid?"

Wilson (*nonplussed*).—"There it is, in the tube."

Dr. H.—"But what is it?"

Wilson.—"There it is—there—that."

Dr. Hall.—"But *what* is it? Can't you tell me?"

Wilson.—"I forget how you do it. You put in some stuff and pour it off."

Dr. H.—"Do you mean decant?"

Wilson (*grasping at the straw*).—"Ye-es."

Dr. H.—"Then speak in chemical terms. Let's see, you got that test last week some time, didn't you? What have you been doing since then?"

Wilson.—"Writing it up."

Dr. H.—"Oh, yes, your book would look like Maxfield Parrish's if it only had a few pictures." (*Looks through the drawers of Wilson's desk; confirms his suspicions; looks around but says nothing; walks to door; turns.*) "Take ten more pages for tomorrow."

Wilson (*audibly*).—"Some lesson!"

Dr. H.—"Isn't that enough? You always have the privilege of going farther than the end if you care to." (*Exit. Class crawls out of suspense and liquids start boiling again. Brown retires to hall and on finding his galoshes full of water, pours it out unconcernedly into Wilson's and polishes his own with Wilson's silk handkerchief.*)

Brown (*singing*).—"Throw me a r-r-red, r-r-red r-r-r-rose."

Wilson (*looking up*).—"Why, curse you, your wit's beyond words." (*Rushes out and does ten laps after Brown around through the supply room, scattering aprons, corks, and bottles en route. Brown stumbles over the waste bucket.*)

Wilson.—"Clumsy cow." (*Roosts on Brown's neck and shakes his head violently.*) "Brown, which shutter do you wish to be carried out on?" (*Stretches struggling Brown on floor and carefully and thoroughly undoes buttons, tie, etc.*)

Brown (*gasping*).—"Wilson, withdraw and go back to your own stall."

Wilson.—"Your satire is biting!" (*Loudly.*) "Doctor, Doctor! come see what Brown's doing." (*Finally stands on Brown's chest and chants the "Star Spangled Banner."*) "Merely illustrates the mastery of mind over matter!"

Henley (*embarrassed*).—"Say, yo' all cut out this fuss and get up off the floor, or I'll go and cawl up Dr. Hawl."

Wilson.—"Oh, I'm through now." (*To Henley.*) "James, you may draw my bath."

Dr. H. (*entering suddenly*).—"There seems to be more rhetoric than chemistry in here. But don't let me interrupt you!"

Painter (slinking back in corner).—"He-he-he-he."

Wilson (low, to Brown).—"Brown, this thermometer is brighter than you are; it's been graduated."

Brown (also low).—"That's all right, it's cleaner than you are: it's just been washed." (*In the distance is heard the clang of Founders' bell.*) "Come, on, pig, let's eat." (*Grabs Wilson's coat.*)

Wilson.—"All right, cow, but don't touch me with your unwashen hands." (*Brown and Wilson exeunt struggling. Rest of class puts apparatus away. Silence gradually embraces lab.*)

McKinstry.—"Goin' a' chase us out already, Fred?"

Henley.—"Yo' all put up yo' stuff now and lock up." (*Curtain.*)

II.

"Physics V: Light and Otherwise"

Scene:—Varies from the old Physics Lab in Founders to the first floor lecture room, finally to the campus in front of the library.

Time:—Junior year, May 30th, 3-4 P. M.

(*Scene I. No overture. Curtain rises. Enter Hall and Haines, the former upbraiding the latter for mislaying scanty data from a recent experiment.*)

Haines (plaintively).—"Aw, I put it on your desk, really I did, Doc. Oh, well, we can make some up; the result's in the book." (*Enter Wood, '16, and Zerega.*)

Zerega (to Hall).—"Say, Doc, I'm relying on you today. Gee, I haven't cracked a book on the stuff." (*Confidently.*) "Guess he won't ask us much, but if he does I'll fool him."

(*Five minute bell rings. As Prof. Sawtelle has not yet appeared, the class from force of habit files around to the door of his private office and knocks loudly. No response. Zerega opens the door and calls. Prof. Sawtelle emerges, rubbing his eyes.*)

Prof. S.—"Excuse me for falling asleep, gentlemen. Thank you for waking me up. It certainly is warm up here. Shall we adjourn to the lecture room?"

(*Class seats itself within speaking distance of one another, with Hall as a nucleus.*)

Prof. S. (clearing away most of the breakable apparatus and leaning heavily on the table).—"Now, gentlemen, in taking up this subject of diffraction, we must get back to fundamental principles. For example, looking through this telescope you can see four Barium lines at definite distances."

Zerega (looking).—"I only see three."

(*Prof. Sawtelle looks through telescope as Zerega slips card in front of source of light. General snickers. Prof. Sawtelle in desperation turns wheels indiscriminately. Consults watch. Looks at thermometer. Zerega removes card and spectrum shows again.*)

Prof. S.—"Oh, there you are. I didn't have it in focus. Let's see now, there are one, two, three and four—no, three—no, four—oh, well, three or four, it doesn't make any dif-

ference anyway; just like Tweedledum and Tweedledee—the principle's the same. But let's go downstairs now." (*Exeunt.*)

(*Scene 2. Physics laboratory. Class files slowly in. Prof. Sawtelle sits down, leans back and commences lecture.*)

Prof. S.—"Now, to start, we must once more get back to the swaddling clothes stage and remember that F = MA and that the force is $\frac{1}{2}$ mv^2 on any revolving body."

Hall (*mildly*).—"You mean mv^2 over r^m, don't you, sir?"

Prof. S.—"Oh, of course, certainly, mv^2 over r^m. I seem to be very sleepy today for some reason or other."

Zerega (*aside*).—"At-a-boy, Doc." (*Prof. Sawtelle connects up condenser and several other instruments, turns on current and is rewarded by a blinding flash.*)

Prof. S.—"Now what do you suppose is the matter with that?" (*Zerega whispers to Haines, who starts laughing, and soon his whole body is vibrating sympathetically.*)

Prof. S.—"Question, Mr. Haines?"

Haines.—"No, sir."

Prof. S.—"Now do be careful, Mr. Haines, the slightest disturbance may cause an explosion and ruin the experiment."

Hall (*ever-ready*).—"You've got your wires crossed, haven't you?"

Prof. S.—"Why, so I have." (*Uncrosses wires.*) "You all see that this relates to the fundamental charge. It is just as though you had a crowd of men and women in City Hall Square and someone put up a 'Free Beer' sign on one side and a bargain sale was announced on the other. The women, like electrons, being negative, all rush to the positive side."

Zerega (*audibly*).—"How about the men?" (*More snickers.*)

Prof. S.—"Now, gentlemen, I warn you, this is fundamental. To continue, a charge is positive—negative—positive or negative—buttered on, if you please—and we measure it with a volt meter, an ammeter or Watt-not." (*After many adjustments the apparatus is ready.*) "Haines, you read the angle. Hall, copy Haines' reading. Zerega, take the time with this stop-watch." (*Prof. Sawtelle arranges instruments and passes spark, finally shutting it off.*) "Now let's compare the data."

Zerega.—"This watch won't work. I guess it's busted, Prof. Sawtelle."

Haines.—"Sorry, sir, but I couldn't get this focused in time."

Prof. S.—"Now, gentlemen, that's unfortunate. Let's try it again. Oh, never mind, we'll drop this now. I guess it's too hot today. You observe the principle anyway." (*Continues lecture.*) "Now we'll measure the angle of minimum deviation by this spectroscope. Zerega, when I turn on the light, you move the telescope until you can see it focused on the yellow beam."

Haines.—"How does this thing work, anyhow?"

Prof. S.—"Well, you turn on the Sodium light here, and the light goes through this prism and gives us a perpendicular image of a slit. Now I'll light up."

(*Hall, being of a truly scientific turn of mind, meanwhile has quietly removed the prism in order to clean it. Prof. Sawtelle turns on the light and Zerega, unaware of the absence of prism, sees an image.*)

Zerega.—"Oh, I see it—there it is."

Prof. S. (*looks through and adjusts the instrument for a better focus*).—"Now, there you are. You see that the image, though a little ghost-like, is present." (*Hall returns with the prism. Prof. Sawtelle and Zerega confounded.*) "Now, how could we have gotten an image without the prism?"

Haines (*looking toward door*).—"He—he, it's pointed right at that crack in the door." (*General embarrassment. Prof. Sawtelle sighs deeply and seats himself for another half hour's work. The heat intensifies. Collars wilt. Haines and Prof. Sawtelle frequently wave the white flag.*)

Haines (*desperately mopping perspiration from brow*).—"Professor Sawtelle, don't you think we had better go outside?"

Prof. S.—"Yes, gentlemen, take your chairs and we'll go outside." (*Exeunt.*)

(*Scene 3. Class seated on chairs at foot of maple tree in front of library.*)

Prof. S.—"I guess this is better. Now we'll continue the lecture." (*After a few minutes talk the chairs develop hard edges. Prof. S. sinks to the ground and the class completes a circle on the grass.*)

Prof. S. (*with final effort*).—"Zerega, in reference to your library work, what did you find?"

Zerega (*nonplussed for a moment, until Providence again interferes. Pouncing forward he picks up a weather-beaten mouse skeleton. Greatly interested.*) "Just look at the mouse bones! Huh, huh! (*Class admires mouse bones.*) "Professor Sawtelle, I wonder what part of the mouse's anatomy this bone comes from?"

(*Prof. Sawtelle admits ignorance, leans back up against tree and comments on the probable history of the bones. Class does likewise, and when the last stage of demoralization is complete, the scene resembles a hub and spokes. Haines's head nods and his eyelids droop. With a last convulsive twitching he enters the land of Nod. Zerega and Wood soon follow suit.*)

Prof. S. (*condition very low*).—"When I first presented this subject—light was regarded as a beam—that is—of course"—(*slowly*) "when you consider it fundamentally"—(*more slowly*) "like the initial ray"—(*still more slowly*) "such as it would be if it were one—" (*voice fades away*). "Mr. Haines! Mr. Haines! I guess he must have gone. Well, it's all—" (*Drops asleep. Hall fights to the last, but finally succumbs. The boughs rustle gently. The birds stop singing. Only the clock in Founders runs on and on and on. . . . Finally the harsh notes of the bell are heard. The class suddenly recovers consciousness. Professor Sawtelle and students regard each other without embarrassment.*)

Hall (*rubbing eyes*).—"Did they take the little engine off the tracks?"

Prof. S.—"As I was saying, what do we want to do about the final examination? Shall we have one?"

Zerega.—"No, let's not have one."

Prof. S.—"All right. Hand in your lecture notes then. I'll give you some problems to work when you have time." (*Exeunt.*)

The Protégés of Paul

Scene: The Engineering Building.

Time: modern, 8.30 A. M. to 1 P. M.

(*The curtain rises. The Protégés are seen in costumes, varying in degree of negligée and cleanliness, and in carefully studied attitudes of work as the Reigning Spirit enters and ascends the stairs on the right to his sanctum on the second floor. As soon as the door is heard to slam the entire company break forth into the opening chorus entitled "Christopher Columbo" and continue until interrupted at the twenty-seventh verse.*) *Voice (from above):* "Paul! Oh, Paul! I wish you would keep order down there."

First Protégé: "He's out again!"

Second Protégé: "It must be something he's eaten."

Third Protégé: "Cut out that——!"

(*Exit entire company into tool room, hastily. Enter from the forge room on right a grimy apparition upon whose face the smoke and soot have not quite concealed a worried, determined look. He assumed the attitude of the dog that hears "his master's voice," and as he removes his disguise of grime with his shirt sleeve he reveals to the audience Paul Spinner.*)

Paul (shouting upstairs): "Yes, sir. Did you call, sir?"

The Voice: "How do you expect me to conduct a class with all that racket down below?"

Paul: "I can't stop it nohow, sir."

The Voice: "Don't say 'can't'. This is a very practical problem and one that you will run up against often in after life, and then you'll have to know how to solve it or you will be a very inefficient employe."

Paul (resignedly): "Boys, I say, boys!" (*The Protégés emerge cautiously from their places of concealment at the rallying cry of the clan.*)

Paul (in a voice tearful and teeming with emotion): "I say, fellers, you'll have to cut the rough stuff. The Doctor has made a new rule that I have to report every cuss word and all the noise, and then he's goin' to dock yer marks one per cent for every break."

(*Mumbled disapproval. Exeunt two of the most musical members of the company to make arrangements for dropping Engineering 3 for Biology 11. For the space of five minutes all goes smoothly. Then crash! whack! bang. When the smoke and splinters have cleared away it is found that a joy-riding party on the big planer has pulled down the shafting in trying to shift gears. The disappointment of the entire company is evident when they find that no one, not even Paul, has been caught in the ruins.*)

Paul (with feeling): "That's the fourth lunch hour this week that I've had ter give up for makin' repairs." (*And he proceeds under his breath to break the first of the Doctor's rules about fifteen per cent worth.*)

The attention of all is averted from this catastrophe by a dense cloud of black smoke which begins to roll in from the Region of Darkness on the right known as the Forge Room. The entire company seize this opportunity to form a bucket brigade and drench each other, and especially Paul, in a noble effort to quench the blaze which, it is ascertained, has been caused by the Jolly Blacksmiths who have left a red-hot iron bar on the stairs while they were endeavoring to improve upon the original "Anvil Chorus.")

The Voice (from above): "Paul, stop that noise down there, won't you?"

Paul (sternly): "You fellers had better pay attention and do some work."

Protégés: "Aye, aye, sir!"

(*Comparative calm reigns once more, broken only by the steady hum of the machinery and the muffled voices of the talkative Protégés as they pursue their advanced work of sawing bits of wood into fantastic shapes or of dulling lathes at the College's expense. Occasionally a new joke told by one of the workers draws an ill-repressed laugh from all but Paul Spinner, who is compelled to frown disapprovingly. Finally, the one o'clock bell is heard through the open door, although the erratic clock in the shop registers only 12.40. Tools and work are frantically cast aside as the entire company join in a frenzied rush for the wash bowls and the Dutch Cleanser: and the Protégés emerge a moment later, half-washed and scantilly attired, to participate in the mad scramble for sustenance at the commissariat.*)

Paul: "Gee, you might think the buildin' was on fire!"

(*A dead quiet hangs like a pall over the Engineering Building, broken only by a deep sob from Paul as he ruefully contemplates the scene of devastation and from habit goes about preparing for the afternoon invasion. Slow curtain.*)

Our "Press" Correspondence

(We take pleasure in reprinting from the columns of the *Philadelphia Press* the following articles which we regard as of wide interest to all Haverfordians of this generation.—*Editor.*)

APPRECIATION OF SCHOEPPERLE

Haverford, Pa., Jan. 4, 1917.

To the Editor of *The Press:*

Sir:—At a time when there is so much discussion of the modern German philosophers, I would like to call your attention to one man who has been somewhat neglected. This is Hubert Vinzens von Schoepperle, unquestionably the most brilliant Teutonic thinker since Nietzsche.

Schoepperle was born in Switzerland and educated at the Catholic University of Tübingen. In his youth he wrote passionately erotic poetry. In 1910 he published his masterpiece, "Die Lebens Weisheit." The book is thoroughly cynical and proclaims a distinctly pragmatic and individualistic philosophy. For some reason the work has never been translated into English, a fact which doubtless explains the author's comparative neglect in America. When I last saw Schoepperle, before the outbreak of the war, his viewpoint had changed materially. He was at that time prior of the Catholic Church in Hamburg, and showed a marked tendency towards mysticism. He spoke then of coming to America, but was probably prevented by the war.

Among the features of his writing which command attention are the forcefulness of his style, the picturesqueness of his metaphors and his predilection for epigram and paradox. Hoping that you will find space in your columns for this appreciation of a neglected genius, I remain,

D. Lügner.

A Reply

Germantown, Pa., January 12, 1917.

To the Editor of *The Press:*

Dear Sir:—I was greatly interested in D. Lügner's letter regarding Dr. Hubert Vinzens von Schoepperle as published in *The Press Forum* of January 10th. However, I can hardly accord entirely with Mr. Lügner's views, and feel that he has greatly over-estimated the ability of Dr. von Schoepperle. To mention his name on a par with that of Nietzsche is a sacrilege. Despite the shallowness of thought of von Schoepperle's works, I have read practically all of them in the original German. His ideas are not those of a healthy mind, and the conception of economics upon which much of his philosophy is based is antiquated and almost puerile. For instance, in his work, "Hühneraufnehmerung," he continually confuses the Malthusian doctrine with the Law of Diminishing Returns. Compared with his contemporaries, Drs. H. L. Jones and W. C. Little, in the English school of philosophy, his influence has been practically *nihil.*

Caleb Worrell,
Member of the Philadelphia Society for the Study of Contemporary Thought.

"Christopher Columbo"

THE EPIC OF THE TWENTIETH CENTURY

"Arma virumque cano Troiae qui primus ab oris."—*Vergil.*

"In Fourteen Hundred Ninety-two
The good Queen Isabella."—*Anonymous author of "Christopher Columbo."*

For many centuries Homer and Vergil have been recognized as the unrivaled masters of the epic form, and their prestige has not been entirely undeserved. But it has remained for the twentieth century to produce an anonymous work which is certainly not inferior to the classics in grandeur of design and breadth of scope, while it far surpasses them in bold flights of imagination, in power of language and in strength of imagery.

"Christopher Columbo," the supreme work of a modern Homer who modestly prefers to remain in obscurity, describes the tragic passion of the famous discoverer for Queen Isabella of Spain. The figure of Columbo stands out as one of the strongest in literature. Driven by the jealousy of Ferdinand to seek his fortune in a new land far in the unknown West, confronted with treachery and insubordination among his own officers (notably the second mate), afflicted with a strange disease and a stranger remedy upon his landing, he remains firm, steadfast and resolute, a magnificent type of epic hero. The noble loyalty and devotion of the Queen make her a worthy counterpart of Homer's Penelope; while the minor characters of Benjamin, the Hebrew physician, the mutinous second mate and the Indian maid are drawn with spirited brilliance. It is not unlikely that during the coming century the classic halls of Haverford College will re-echo with the soul-stirring verses of "Christopher Columbo" which are so splendidly introduced by the famous quatrain:

"In Fourteen Hundred Ninety-two
The good Queen Isabella,
She hocked her clothes and jewels too
To help a Dago fellow!"

Or is it possible that such vivid lines as—

"Columbo stood upon the deck
And gazed out o'er the ocean;
The sailors all went down below
Because they liked the motion"

will ever pass from the minds of those to whom they have become a fireside formula?

Leaves from a Rhinie's Notebook

(The following very interesting gleanings have been copied verbatim from a classmate's notes taken during a series of lectures on "The Prophets of Israel" which were delivered in the old Bib. Lit. I course of our Freshman Year.—*Editor's note.*)

THE sins that the Prophets condemn grew out of the emigration of the rubes to the cities. Innumerable crimes and crooked law courts aroused the wrath of the primitive T. R.'s. Social and industrial justice was violated by the Supreme Court, which was bought up by Rockefeller, Carnegie and Harriman. The Prophets ran on a Radical ticket (for President, Hosea; for Vice-President, Amos; and the whole Prophetic Ticket, b'gosh!). The retail dealers put over all sorts of con stuff and sold wholesale gold bricks. The Prophets organized the Benefit Loan Societies. . . . They kicked like steers against the umpires and league officials. The Amateurs had it on the Professionals in the Prophetic League. Jeremiah (23) raises an awful howl. 'Mike' (Doolan) laments the lack of promising young talent. He also doesn't like the blasphemous language that his teammates use to the umpires. They go through the motion of playing, but haven't got the real stuff. The Prophets were I. W. W. agitators. They don't want benzoate of soda and call for Heinz's 57 Varieties. Neither do they like booze parties and cabaret shows. They were crabs on string quartet music. Prayer and sacrifice don't get by in the pinches."

The Method of Deuteronomy, Spitball Star

"The strength of the Prophetic team didn't lie in their batting and fielding, but in Deuteronomy, their spitball star. He came from an unknown Class D league and caught on to big league stuff at the start. He especially resembled the veteran slabster, Jeremiah. There were some heavy hitters on the Baal team, but Deuteronomy faced them undaunted. Deut. had a peach of a wide-breaking curve that he used with great success. Deut. taught this curve to the young pitchers and insisted on control, telling them that they would be sent to the bushes if they failed to learn it. He used an old roundhouse curve which dated from the days of Moses. Deut. wrote signed articles on other prophetic stars; he covered every phase of the game from squeeze play to infield fly. Deut. believed in the umpires wearing gold-lace uniforms and in having a band to open every game. He believed in having the games staged on big diamonds. His influence cut down the number of sacrifice hits."

Judaism

"As the Hebrews were called Jews after 586, their religion by the rule of probability (3:2:1) was called Judaism. The reconstructed Jews were a good deal like the old Hebrew nine; but new faces were seen at shortstop, first base and right field. Judaism carried the limit of players; players of very different batting and fielding style were carried. Their best player was their shortstop, Law. He broke up a great many games by his timely swats. He held the team together in slumps. Ezekiel also strengthened the team by his

slugging ability. . . . The team now was pretty much the same old bunch. They played the game in the same way that Cap Anson and King Kelly used to play it. The team had gone back a lot, playing mechanical and wooden ball. True, some of the Prophetic tricks remained; but the infielders were apt to throw wild, the pitchers didn't hold the runners to the bases, and the outfielders muffed repeatedly. The players got the idea that by going through the motions they could get by without class. The players also got to playing for bonuses. Contracts were fairly liberal. The disastrous results of this style of play are best shown in Scribe and Pharisee, two outfielders who never made a move without a signal from the bench. Moreover, they crabbed a lot on the umpires and lost a lot by kicking when they should have been playing. There were a few good men left (Malachi put up a fast game at third and John the B. held down the initial sack). However, the mechanical stuff reigned supreme. The A. P. C. L. league, however, sent up a few promising recruits. . . . Gradually the Prophetic style of play became more prevalent. Psalm was the highest star in the firmament of Judaism. Psalm was not an original player; but he sure could hit the ball. A succession of great pitchers (Moses, the spitball star; Amos, smoke-ball slabster; Hosea, curve-ball hillman) made the Jewish team a permanent contender. The value of real pitching was splendidly shown."

EXAM ROOM SCENE

The Exodus

It was the betwitching hour of ten. All was still in the chamber above. Without, the trees stood in barren nudeness, grotesque limbs stretched upward toward the bleak and sullen sky. Not a bird raised its voice above the awful quietude; no little toad hopped about to relieve the monotony (it was winter and they were all asleep!). Then from the hall above there came a faint and indistinct sound of scraping, a sound as of a German submarine captain sandpapering the mast of his ship at midnight. The noise increased. It came in regular beats. It grew to the proportions of a muffled roar. The very beams of the stalwart old building seemed on the point of breaking. Suddenly the massive portals of the sacred chamber were swung open. A solitary figure emerged. It was Chamberlin leaving the exam room!

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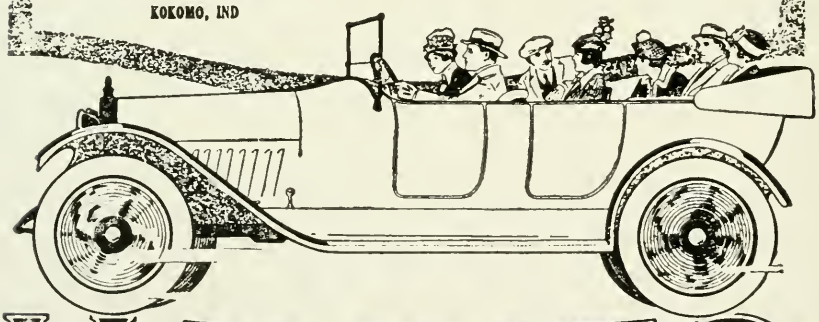

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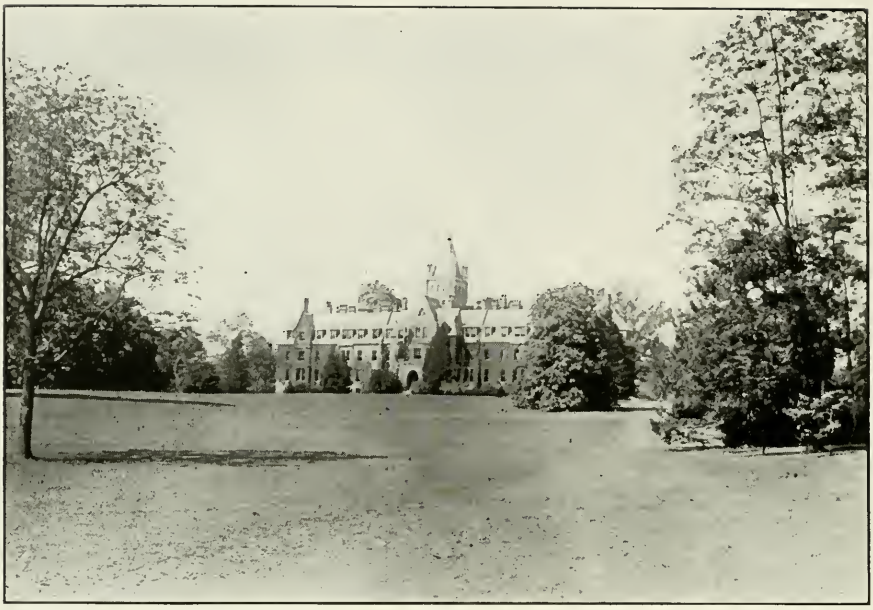

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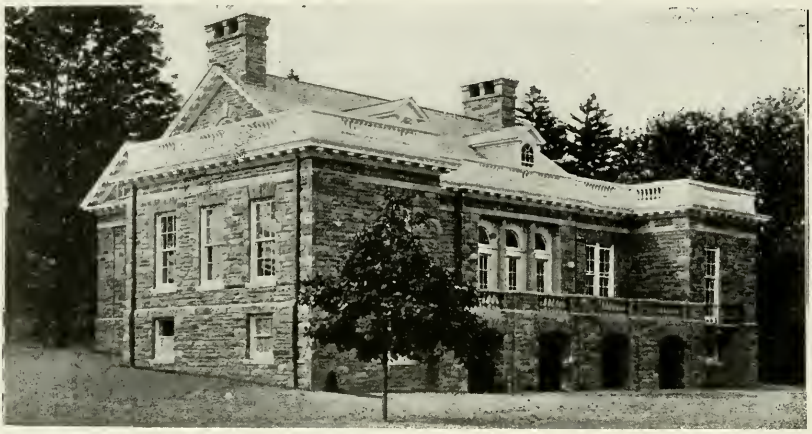

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Brings me news from home and mother and a hasty scrawl from brother,
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But alas, at Midyear season, though I blush to tell the reason,
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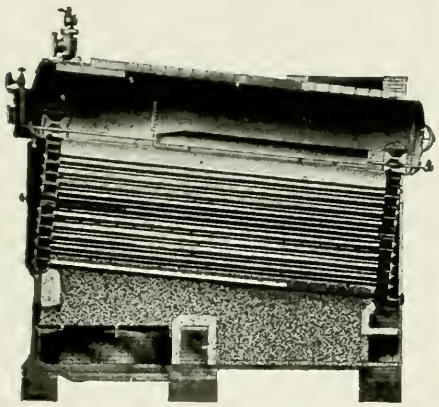

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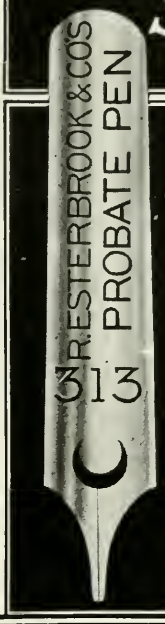

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Said Babbitt to Abbott
When Abbott asked Babbitt
If rabbits had habit.

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