



HAVERFORD
COLLEGE





Albert H. Wilson
Haverford

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A RECORD

OF THE
CLASS of NINETEEN-TWENTY

“ For Haverford, for Haverford,
Our minds and hearts are one.
We'll stand together, lads, for Haverford,
'Till all the sands of life are run.”



HAVERFORD COLLEGE

1919 ⋈ 1920

The Board

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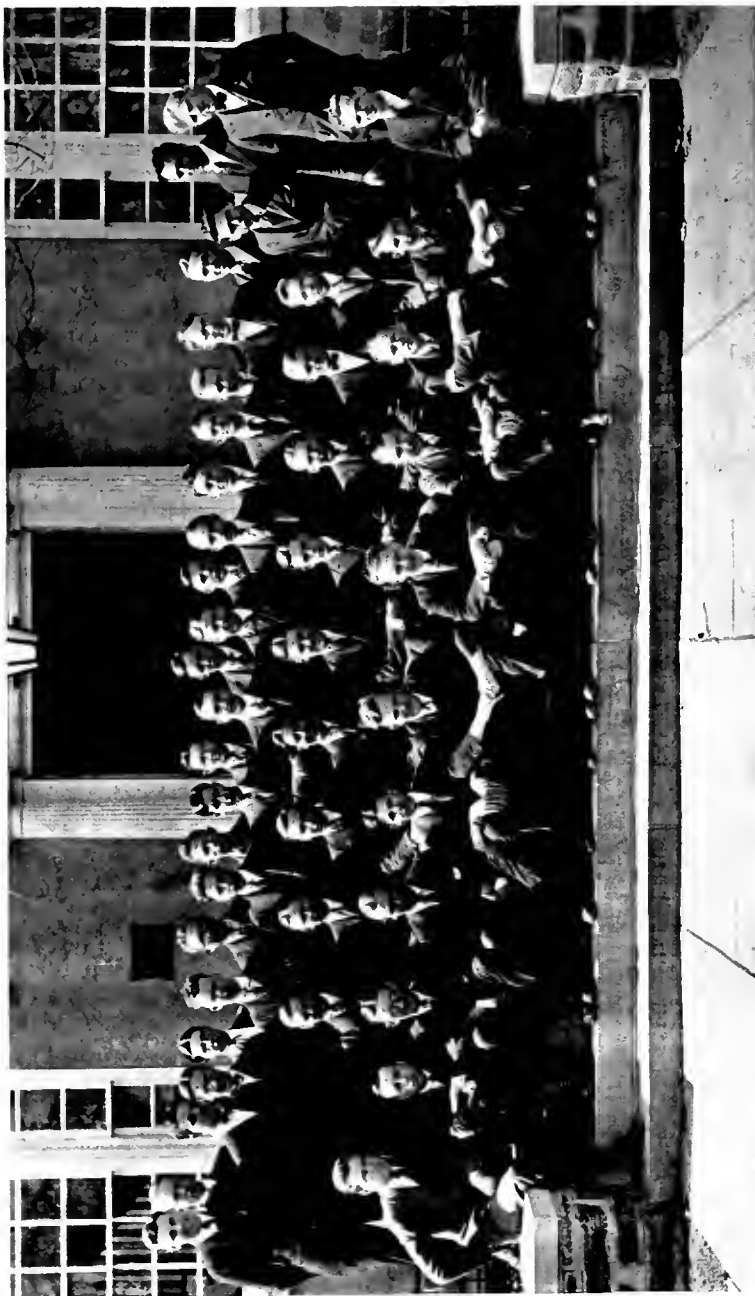
James Torbert Mullin

John Davies Reese

Robert Buoy Smith

To
RUFUS MATTHEW JONES

WHO IN THE FULLNESS OF
HIS MIND AND THE GREAT-
NESS OF HIS HEART HAS
ENRICHED BEYOND MEAS-
URE OUR COLLEGE DAYS,
AND WHO HAS STOOD
ALWAYS AS AN INSPIRA-
TION TO ALL THAT IS BEST
IN LIFE



Foreword

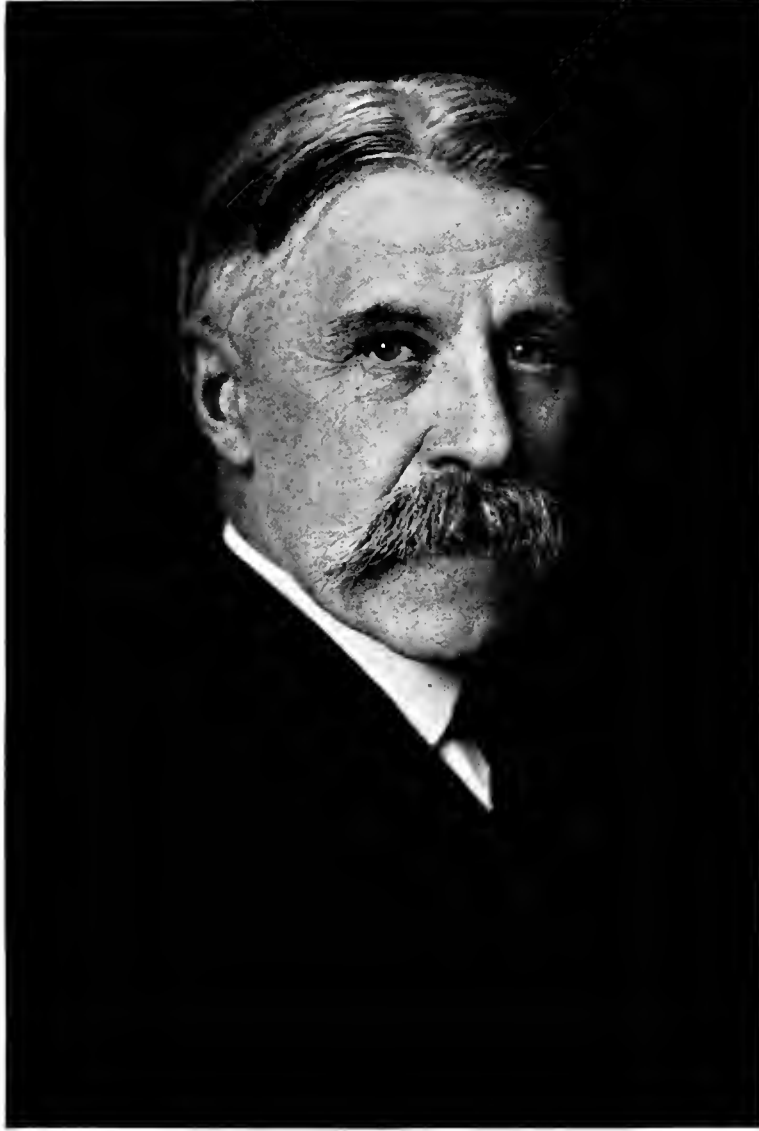
IN THE SINCERE HOPE
THAT THESE PAGES
MAY IN YEARS TO
COME BRING BACK TO
US THE FOUR GOLDEN
YEARS THAT HAVE
ROLLED BY SO SWIFTLY,
AND THAT IN THEM WE
MAY ONCE MORE RELIVE
THE LIFE THAT HAS BEEN
ALL TOO BRIEFLY OURS,
WE OF THE BOARD
SALUTE YOU.



Isaac Sharpless

To the Class of 1920, the death of Isaac Sharpless brought a profound sense of loss. Our first impressions of Haverford were under his presidency. His chapel talks, in which were mingled so much wisdom and a diplomacy that seemed more to suggest than to lead, were to us lessons in calm, unbiased judgment. By incomprehensible means, his thoughts and wishes forestalled friction, compelled respect, and were accepted often as our own, so persuasive was the inspiration of his example. Thus we early came under the influence of his breadth of vision, his absolute sincerity and rectitude.

Haverford stands as his lasting monument. All of its truly great features today we owe to him. His life work is before us in the spacious, sweeping beauty of the campus, in the traditions of clean sportsmanship and fair play, in the high scholastic standard, in the renown of the college, and in the devotion to high spiritual values. He built the very fibre of his life into the college. His work lives on in the lives of those who knew him, of those who before us developed their ideals and purposes under his guidance at Haverford. These are the countless, untraceable influences of a man who has left the world a better place for his passage through life. Isaac Sharpless' work can not cease; the seeds he has planted by precept and example are growing into agencies for the betterment of humanity. His was a character that stood out above his contemporaries, a product of that discipline of will to high ends that alone forms true and noble natures.



Francis Barton Gummere

1855-1919

Professor of English Literature at Haverford College, 1887-1919.

Ours is the last class at Haverford to study the art of Chaucer, the majestic verse of Milton, and the broad humanity of Shakespere under the inspiration of Dr. Gummere. We are the last to be thrilled by his scholarly and brilliant teaching, with a real understanding and reverence for the masters of English literature. Charmed by his genial sense of humor, keen imagination, and ever youthful enthusiasm for his subject, the minutes flew all too rapidly as we drank in the beauties of verse and prose at his feet.

Those of us who were fortunate enough to know him outside of the classroom learned to appreciate more fully his kindly nature, brilliant conversation, and quick repartee. Gifted with a remarkable memory, he had at his command an endless number of stories and quotations from the literatures of the world, which poured in a glittering stream from the rich store-house of his mind.

However much in the future we may be engrossed in the stress and turmoil of the world, the name of Chaucer or Shakespere will inevitably awaken in our memories the beloved figure of him who was at once a great teacher, a profound scholar, and a true friend.



OLD FOUNDERS

The Class Song

Hail to the Class to its work that advances!
Honored and blessed is the mantle we wear,
'Tis ours to ensure that our life-work enhances
The fame of the name in our hearts that we bear,
"Honor to Haverford!"
Be our one guiding word,
"Honor and love to our mother of mind."
Bravely and loyally,
Humbly and royally,
Forward she leads us. Lag not behind!

Forth to the conflict and forth to the sorrow,
Gaily we march in the pride of our youth;
May we have grace from her teaching to borrow
The courage to follow the beacon of Truth,
"Honor to Haverford!"
Be our one guiding word,
"Honor and love to our mother of mind."
Bravely and loyally,
Humbly and royally,
Forward she leads us. Lag not behind!

May the first struggles not warp our perspective;
O, may we learn, as the first sorrows fall,
Our duty to others. Then be we effective
For the world and our College to answer the call,
"Honor to Haverford!"
Then be our guiding word;
Courage and meekness and promptness of mind
May we find for the burden,
And, seeking no guerdon,
As upward she leads, may we not lag behind!

RICHARD R. WOOD.



HAROLD WALTON BRECHT

LANSDOWNE, PA.

Born Rushford, N. Y., Dec. 23, 1899

Entered Freshman Year from Lansdowne High School. Corporation Scholar, (3); Haverfordian Board, (1, 2); Haverford News Board, (3, 4); *Record* Board.

WILLIAM J. BROCKELBANK

NEWMARKET, ONTARIO, CANADA

Born, Duncan, Ontario, Canada, March 13, 1895

Entered 1915 from Pickering College. Second Soccer Team, (2, 3); Class Soccer Team, (2), (3); Secretary-Treasurer Social Science Club, (3); President, (4); Corporation Scholarship, (4). Entered Class of 1920 from Class of 1919, September, 1919. Service: Friends' Reconstruction.



ROBERT WILLIAM BURRITT

Sixty-fourth and Malvern Ave.

OVERBROOK, PA.

Born, Malone, N. Y., Aug. 7, 1898

Entered Freshman Year from West Philadelphia High School. Class Banquet Committee, (1); Hazing Committee, (2); Class Football Team, (1, 2); Captain, (2); Class Basketball team, (1, 2, 3, 4); Captain, (2, 3, 4); Class Baseball Team, (2, 3, 4); Captain, (2, 3, 4); Class Soccer Team, (3); Class Track Team, (1, 2); Class Secretary, (1); Class President, (2); Student Council, (2); Glee Club, (2, 3, 4); Cap and Bells Club, (3, 4); Assistant Cheer Leader, (3); Tennis Team, (3); Football squad, (1); Varsity Football team, (2); Numerals; Varsity Basketball team, (3, 4); Numerals, (3); Captain, (4); "H"; Nominating Committee, (3, 4); Athletic Cabinet, (3, 4); Varsity Baseball Team, (2, 3, 4); Captain, (3, 4); "H"; Triangle Society.



BENJAMIN COLLINS, Jr.

PURCHASE, N. Y.

Born Purchase, N. Y., May 20, 1898

Entered Freshman Year from Westtown School. Soccer Manager, (3); Class Soccer Team, (1, 2, 3, 4); Class Track Team, (1, 2, 3); Class Baseball Team, (3); Class Football Team, (1, 2); Class Cricket Team, (2, 3); Soccer Team, (3); Soccer H, (3); Cricket Team, (2, 3, 4); Scientific Society; Class Treasurer, (1); Class Secretary, (3).





JOHN MARSHALL CROSMAN

HAVERFORD, PA.

Born, Haverford, Pa., Nov. 3, 1896

Entered Freshman year from Haverford School. Entered Class of 1920 from Class of 1918. Football Team, (1, 2, 3); Captain, (4); Football "H" (1, 2, 3, 4); Gym Team, (1, 2, 3, 4); Gym "H", (1, 2, 3); Cricket Team, (1, 2, 3, 4); Captain Elect, (4); Cricket "H", (2); Soccer Team, (1, 2); Soccer "H", (1); Swimming Team, (2, 3); Baseball Team (2, 3, 4); Baseball "H" (4); Class Football Team, (2); Captain, (2); Class Cricket Team, (1, 2); Captain, (1); Extension Committee, (3); Junior Dance Committee, (3); A. A. Cabinet, (3, 4); Nominating Committee, (3, 4); Beta Rho Sigma.

FRANKLIN McCREARY EARNEST, Jr.

MIFFLINBURG, PA.

Born, Mifflinburg, Pa., April 25, 1897

Manager of Football Team, (3); Woggleburg Team, (3, 4); Cap and Bells Club, (2, 3, 4); Treasurer, (4); Mandolin Club, (2, 3, 4); Glee Club, (4); Founders Club, (3, 4); Stage Manager of Play, (3); Service: 2nd Lieutenant, American Red Cross Service in France.



LUCIUS WILLIAMS ELDER, Jr.

407 N. Wayne Ave.

WAYNE, PA.

Born, Wayne, Pa., March 26, 1900

Entered Freshman Year from Radnor High School. Class of '98 Prize in Chemistry, (3); Assistant Instructor in Chemistry, (3, 4); Scientific Society, (4); George Pierce Prize in Chemistry, (4); Final Honors, Chemistry, (4).



EDMUND MORRIS FERGUSSON, Jr.

AUBURNDALE, MASS.

Born, Trenton, N. J., Sept. 29, 1899

Entered Freshman Year from Swarthmore Preparatory School. Manager of the Musical Clubs, (4); Glee Club, (2, 4); Y. M. C. A. Cabinet, (2, 3, 4); Class Soccer Team, (1, 2, 3, 4); Class Basketball Team (2, 3, 4); Class Baseball Team, (2, 3); Wogglebug Team, (2, 4); Assistant Track Manager, (3); Corporation Scholar, (1, 2, 3); Phi Beta Kappa, (3); Cap and Bells Club, (2, 3, 4); Founders Club.



JOHN RUSSEL FITTS

3319 Paseo Ave.

KANSAS CITY, MO.

Born, Oregon, Mo., Dec. 30, 1898

Entered Freshman Year from Kansas City High School. Football Squad, (2, 4); Class Team, (1, 2); Captain, (1); Baseball Squad, (3, 4); President, Athletic Association, (4); Secretary, (3); Student Council, (2); Social Science Club, Class President, (1); Corporation Scholar, (2); Chairman, Hazing Committee, (2); Executive Committee, Inter-scholastic Gym Meet, (4); Beta Rho Sigma Society. Service, 2nd Lieutenant, F. A. R. C.

ROBERT B. GREER
"Dundee"

JOHNSTOWN, PA.

Born, Johnstown, Pa., Sept. 19, 1898

Entered Freshman Year from Johnstown High School. Soccer Squad, (1, 2, 3); Second Team, (4); Cap and Bells Club, (3, 4); Assistant Manager Musical Clubs, (3); Assistant Stage Manager Play, (3); Class Treasurer, (2); Treasurer, Junior Day, (3); Wogglebug Football, (2, 3, 4). Service, Base Hospital 10.



FRANK THOMSON GUCKER, Jr.

3420 Hamilton St.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

Born, April 8, 1900, Philadelphia, Pa.

Entered Freshman Year, Penn Charter School. Class Soccer Team, (2); Assistant Manager Cricket, (3); Vice-President, Y. M. C. A., (3); President, (4); Cap and Bells (2, 3, 4); Mandolin Club, (1, 2, 3, 4); Secretary, Classical Club, (2); President, (3, 4); Founders Club, (3); Vice-President-Secretary, (4); Class Debating Team, (2); Corporation Scholarship, (1, 4); Final Honors, English and Latin; Phi Beta Kappa; Class of '98 Prize, Latin.



HENRY McLELLAN HALLETT, 2d.

210 Lansdowne Ave.

LANSDOWNE, PA.

Born, Philadelphia, Pa., Oct. 17, 1897

Entered Freshman Year, Westtown School. Manager Soccer Team, (4); Captain elect, Soccer Team, (3); Second Soccer Team, (1); Varsity Soccer, (2, 3, 4); Soccer "H", (2, 3, 4); Track Squad, (1, 2); Second Cricket Team, (1, 2); Varsity, (3, 4); Wogglebug, (3); Class Baseball team, (1, 2, 3, 4); Athletic Cabinet, (4); Class Vice-President, (2); Hazing Committee, (2). Entered Senior Year from Class of 1918. Service: Medical Corps.



PIERSON PENROSE HARRIS

6391 Sherwood Road
OVERBROOK, PA.

Born, Philadelphia, Pa., Dec. 3, 1898

Entered Freshman Year from Friends' Central School. President of Y. M. C. A., (3); Handbook Committee; Chairman on Cabinet of Y. M. C. A., (3, 4); Cap and Bells Club, (3, 4); Mandolin Club, (2, 3); Glee Club, (1, 2, 3, 4); Haverford News Board, (3).

GORDON BIRDSALL HARTSHORN

WALDEN, N. Y.

Born, Walden, N. Y., Sept. 22, 1896

Entered Freshman Year from Walden High School. Football Squad, (2); Class Football Team, (2); Wogglebug, (3, 4); Class Cricket Team, (2); Classical Club. Service: American Red Cross.



WILLIAM FAIRBANK HASTINGS

PRESCOTT, MASS.

Born, Milford, Neb., Aug. 6, 1898

Entered Freshman Year from Battle Creek High School. Entered 1920 from 1919 Sophomore Year. Corporation Scholarship, (1); Track Team, (2, 4); Wogglebug Team, (4); Gymnasium Squad, (4); Y. M. C. A. Cabinet, (2); Service: S. A. T. C., Massachusetts Institute of Technology.



JOHN S. HAYNES

CHESTNUT HILL, PA.

Born, Chestnut Hill, Pa., June 14, 1897

Entered Freshman Year from Episcopal Academy. Entered Class of 1920 from Class of 1919. Baseball Team, (1, 2); Class Baseball Team, (1, 2); Wogglebug, (3); Tennis Doubles Championship, (2); Tennis Team, (2, 3).



JOHN ALAN HISEY, Jr.

PHOENIX, ARIZ.

Born, Philadelphia, Pa., May 22, 1896

Entered Freshman Year from Penn Charter. Entered Class of 1920 from Class of 1918. Class Track Team, (1, 2); Captain, (1, 2); Track Team, (1, 2, 3, 4); Captain, (4); Track "H", (1, 2, 3, 4); Class Cricket Team, (1); Glee Club, (1, 2, 3); Class President, (2); Student Council, (3); Baseball Team, (3, 4); Assistant Cheer Leader, (3); President, Athletic Association, (4); Beta Rho Sigma.

GILBERT THOMAS HOAG

HAVERFORD, PA.

Born, Lewiston, Me., Sept. 20, 1899

Entered Freshman Year from Phillips Exeter. Manager of Soccer Team, (3); Captain Class Soccer Team, (3); Member, (1, 2); Varsity Soccer Team, (3); Swimming Team, (1); Captain and Manager, (3, 4); Track Squad, (3, 4); Gymnasium Squad, (4); Cricket Squad, (3, 4); Class Cricket Team, (1, 2, 3, 4); Wogglebug Team, (2); Athletic Cabinet, (3); Student Council, (3); Founders Club, (4); Chess Club, (2, 3, 4); Extension Committee; *Record* Board; Nominating Committee, (3, 4); High Honors, English. Hibbard Garrett Memorial Prize for Verse, 1st, (2); Service: S. A. T. C., Princeton.



MILTON ADOLPH KAMSLER

2352 N. Park Ave.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

Born, Philadelphia, Pa., Aug. 17, 1899

Entered Freshman Year from Central High School. Track Squad, (2, 4); Second Soccer Team, (2); Baseball Squad, (3); Class Soccer Team, (1, 2, 3, 4); Class Track Team, (2, 4); Class Basketball Team, (3); Class Cricket Team, (3); Class Baseball Team, (3); Social Science Club; News Board, (1, 2, 3); Business Manager, Haverford News, (2, 3); Business Manager, *Class Record*; Class Banquet Committee, (3); Mathematical Department Prize for Freshmen, (1); Class of 1896 Prize in Mathematics, (2); S. P. Lippincott History Prize (3); Preliminary Honors, Mathematics, (2). Service: S. A. T. C., Princeton.



THOMAS H. KEARNEY

EDGEMONT, PA.

Born, Philadelphia, Pa., Sept. 10, 1898

Entered Freshman Year from West Chester High School. Manager of Basketball, (4); Cricket Team, (1, 3, 4); Canadian Trip, (3); Football Squad, (2, 4); Team, (4); "H", (4); Baseball Team, (2, 3, 4); "H", (2, 4); Class Football Team, (1, 2); Class Soccer Team, (3, 4); Class Track Team, (2); Class Basketball Team, (2, 3); Class Cricket Team, (2, 3, 4); Class Baseball Team, (2, 3, 4); Athletic Cabinet, (4); Cap and Bells Club, (2, 3, 4); Glee Club, (2, 3, 4); Stage Manager of Play, (4); Nominating Committee, Cap and Bells Club, (3, 4); Founders Club, (3, 4); Junior Day Committee, (3); Senior Class Day Committee; Sophomore Debating Team; Class Treasurer, (2). Service: Princeton S. A. T. C.





JOSEPH BERNARD KING, Jr.

7315 Boyer St.

MOUNT AIRY, PA.

Born, Germantown, Pa., Dec. 27, 1897

Entered Freshman Year from Germantown Academy. Musical Clubs, (2, 3, 4); Member Cap and Bells Club, (2, 3, 4); Chess Club; Junior Day Committee; Photograph Committee, (1, 2, 3, 4).

ALFRED DOUGLAS KNOWLTON

HAVERFORD, PA.

Born, Haverford, Pa., Oct. 9, 1898

Entered Freshman Year from Haverford School. Football Team, (4); Football "H", (4); Track Team, (2, 3, 4); Track "H", (3, 4); Gymnasium Team, (1, 2, 3, 4); Captain, (4); Initials, (3); "H", (4); Hazing Committee, (2); Class Football Team (2); Class Track Team, (1, 2, 3, 4).



CLARENCE J. LEUBA

BRYN MAWR, PA.

Born, Bryn Mawr, Pa., July 3, 1899

Entered Freshman Year from Lower Merion High School. Manager of Tennis, (4); Soccer Team, (4); Class Soccer Team, (1, 2, 3, 4); Soccer "H", (4); Wogglebug, (2, 3); Student Council, (3, 4); Secretary Student Council, (3); Class Track Team, (2, 3); Founders Club, (3, 4); Social Science Club, (2, 3, 4); News Board, (1, 2, 3, 4); Editor in Chief News, (4); Class *Record* Board; Class Debating Team, (2); Corporation Scholarship, (2, 3, 4); Phi Beta Kappa, (3, 4); Chairman Class Banquet Committee, (3). Service: S. A. T. C., Princeton.



ISAAC CATE LYCETT

"Abbotston," Gorsuch Ave.

BALTIMORE, MD.

Born, Baltimore, Md., March 10, 1899

Entered Freshman Year from Gilman Country School. Assistant Manager Football, (3); Assistant Manager Tennis, (3); Third Soccer Team, (1, 2); Class Soccer Team, (2); Third Cricket Team, (3); Wogglebug, (2, 4); Glee Club, (3, 4); Scientific Society; Beta Rho Sigma; *Record* Board; Extension Committee, (3, 4); Chairman, (4); Graduation Committee; Interscholastic Gym Committee. Service: S. A. T. C., Yale.



WILLARD BROWN MOORE

DuBois, Pa.

Born, DuBois, Pa., Sept. 6, 1895

Entered Freshman Year from DuBois High School. Entered Class of 1920 from Class of 1918 in Senior Year. Assistant Manager Soccer, (3); Second Soccer Team, (2, 3); Soccer Team, (4); Soccer "H", (4); Class Soccer Team, (2, 3, 4); Baseball Squad, (2, 3); Wogglebug, (2); Musical Clubs, (4). Service: Base Hospital 10.

THOMAS EDWARD MORRIS

Cheltenham, Pa.

Born, March 27, 1898, Philadelphia, Pa.

Entered Freshman Year from Cheltenham High School. Class Treasurer-elect, (2); Classical Club, (1); Baseball Squad, (2, 4); Class Track Team, (1, 2, 4); Track Team, (2, 4); Relay Team, (2); Track Numerals, (2); Wogglebug, (2, 4); Assistant Baseball Manager, (2); Service: S. A. T. C., Princeton.



JAMES TORBERT MULLIN

"Pinecrest"

WEST CHESTER, PA.

Born, West Chester, Pa., Nov. 26, 1899

Entered Freshman Year, from Winchester School. Track Squad, (2, 3); Class Track Team, (1, 2, 3, 4); Class Cricket Team, (3, 4); Wogglebug Team, (2, 3); Founders Club, (3); Classical Club; Secretary Scientific Society, (3); President, (4); News Board, (1, 2, 3); Business Manager, (4); Class *Record* Board; Secretary of Class, (3); Extension Committee, (3, 4); Service: Army, private.



ALAN DOUGLAS OLIVER

MOORESTOWN, N. J.

Born Ras-el-Metn, Syria



Entered Freshman Year from Westtown School. Entered Class of 1920 from Class of 1919. Class President, (1); Varsity Cricket Team, (1, 2, 3, 4); Captain Cricket Team, (4); Varsity Track, (1, 2, 3, 4); Class Cricket Team, (1, 2, 3, 4); Class Track Team, (1, 2, 3, 4); Wogglebug, (3); Glee Club, (1, 2); Student Council, (1); Secretary Y. M. C. A., (2); Assistant Football Manager, (3); Assistant Gym Manager, (3); Congdon Prize Ball, (1); Freshman Prize Ball, (1); Freshman Cricket Prize Cup, (1); First Hibbard Garrett Memorial Prize, (2); Scarlet, (2); Haverfordian, (3); Founders Club, (4). Service: British Ambulance Service.



KENNETH STUART OLIVER

MOORESTOWN, N. J.

Born, Oct. 28, 1898, Ras-el-Metn, Syria

Entered Freshman Year from Westtown School. Entered Class of 1920 from Class of 1919. Class Soccer, (1, 2); Wogglebug Football, (1, 2); Haverford News Board, (1, 2); Scarlet Board, (2); *Record* Board; Founders Club, (+); Phi Beta Kappa, (+); Social Science Club, (+); Classical Club, (1, 2); Cap and Bells Club, (1, 2, 3, 4); Vice-President, (+); Chairman Play Committee, (+); Cast "All-of-a-Sudden Peggy," "You Never Can Tell," (2); "Mrs. Bumpstead-Leigh," (+); Philosophy Prize, (3); Corporation Scholarship, (+).

CHESTER A. OSLER

PENSAUKEN, N. J.

Born, Pensauken, N. J., Nov. 24, 1896

Entered Freshman Year from George School. Entered Class of 1920 from Class of 1919. Class Football Team, (1, 2); Soccer Team, (2, 3, 4); Captain, (+); Intercollegiate Team, (3, 4); Cricket Team, (2, 4); Baseball Team, (2); Athletic Cabinet, (+); Student Council, (1); President, (+); Member Cap and Bells, (2, 3, 4); Glee Club, (1, 2, 3); Social Science Club; Beta Rho Sigma; Classical Club; Class President, (1); Class Debating Team, (1); Everett Medal, (1); Hazing Committee (2); Extension Committee; Graduation Committee; Executive Committee, Interscholastic Gym Meet, (+); Rhodes Scholar, 1919. Service: Lieutenant, U. S. Air Service.



ROBERT LOWELL PETRY

NEW PARIS, OHIO

Born, New Paris, O., Nov. 1, 1897

Entered Senior Year from Earlham College on Foundation Scholarship. Soccer Squad, (+); Scientific Society. Honorable Mention, Mathematics.



JESSE EVAN PHILIPS

WORCESTER, MASS.

Born, Worcester, Mass., Aug. 15, 1898

Entered Freshman Year from Cedarcroft School. Entered Class of 1920 from Class of 1919. Captain-elect Track Team, (3); Track Team, (3); Track Squad, (2); Football Squad, (2); Varsity, (3); Football "H", (3); Class Football Team, (1, 2); Class Track Team, (1, 2, 3, 4); Class Soccer Team, (3); Class Basketball Team, (1, 2, 3, 4); Student Council, (3); Mandolin Club, (4); Founders Club, (3, 4); Class President-elect, (3); Class Secretary, (3).



JAMES LAWRENCE PIERCE

BLISSING, TEX.

Born, June 9, 1898

Entered Freshman Year from St. Luke's School. Baseball Team, (2, 3, 4); "H", (3, 4); Football Team, (4); "H", (4); Gym Team, (2, 3); Track Team, (3, 4); Track "H", (3); Holder College Discus Record, (3, 4); Beta Rho Sigma Society; Hazing Committee, (2); Freshman Rules Committee, (2); Gym "H. G. T.", (3); Class Track Team, (1, 2, 3, 4); Service, U. S. N., R. F. C.

JOHN DAVIES REESE

619 North Hyde Park Ave.

SCRANTON, PA.

Born, Scranton, Pa., Aug. 20, 1893

Entered Freshman Year. Track Manager, (4); Manager of Play, (4); Cap and Bells Club, (3); Chairman Junior Day, (3); Glee Club, (3); Class Treasurer, (3); Assistant Manager Musical Clubs, (3).



CHRISTOPHER ROBERTS

27 Hillside Ave.
MONTCLAIR, N. J.

Born, Newark, N. J., April 20, 1897

Entered Freshman Year from Moses Brown School. Cap and Bells Club, (1); "You Never Can Tell," (1); Cast of "Mrs. Bumpstead-Leigh," (4); Assistant Secretary, Cap and Bells, (2); Chairman of Honor Committee, (1, 2); Toastmaster, Freshman Banquet; Social Science Club, (1, 2, 4); Secretary, (4); Haverfordian Board, (2); Class *Record* Board; Class President, (2); Corporation Scholarship, (1, 2). Service: Friends' Reconstruction Unit and Red Cross.



FRANCIS STOKES SILVER

ABERDEEN, MD.

Born, Hamilton, W. Va.



Entered Freshman Year from Tome School. Manager of Football, (4); Cricket Team, (3); Manager, (3); Canadian Trip, (3); Track Team, (3, 4); "H", (3); Captain, (4); Class Football Team, (2); Class Track Team, (1, 2, 3, 4); Captain, (2, 3, 4); Class Soccer Team, (2, 3, 4); Cane Man, (2); Student Council, (3, 4); Athletic Cabinet, (4); Secretary-Treasurer Student Association, (3); Y. M. C. A. Cabinet, (3, 4); Treasurer, (3); Vice-President, (4); Scientific Society, (3, 4); Founders Club, (4); Class Secretary, (2); Chairman 1919 Varsity Dance Committee, (4). Service, S. A. T. C.



ROBERT BUOY SMITH

HOLLIDAYSBURG, PA.

Born, Hollidaysburg, Pa., Nov. 30, 1897

Entered Freshman Year from Yeates School. Class Baseball Team, (2, 3, 4); Squad, (3, 4); Assistant Manager, (3); Wogglebug, (2); Class Track Team, (2); Y. M. C. A. Cabinet, (3, 4); Chairman Membership Committee; Class *Record* Board.

JAMES EDWARD SUTTON

1547 Clarkson St.

DENVER, COL.

Born, Denver, Col., March 6, 1898

Entered Junior Year from Colorado College. Track Team, (3, 4); Soccer Squad, (4); Y. M. C. A. Cabinet, (3); Glee Club, (3, 4); Social Science Club, (4). Service: Field Artillery.



OLIVER PARRY TATUM

LLANERCH, PA.

Born, Haverford, Pa., April 24, 1896

Entered Freshman Year from Westtown School. Entered Class of 1920 from Class of 1919. Second Soccer Team, (1, 2, 4); Numerals, (1); Wogglebug, (2, 3, 4); Gym Team, (3, 4); "H. G. T.", (3); Class Soccer Team, (1, 2). Service: Field Hospital.



PERCY STOKES THORNTON

WAYNE, PA.

Born, Wayne, Pa., Oct. 14, 1896

Entered Junior Year from Swarthmore College. Tennis Team, (3); Mandolin Club, (3, 4); Wogglebug, (1, 2, 3); Cricket Team, (3); "H", (3); Canadian Trip; Track Squad, (2, 3).



GRANVILLE ERNEST TOOGOOD

Cresheim Arms, Mt. Airy,

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

Born, Evanston, Ill., Feb. 11, 1899

Entered Freshman Year from Chestnut Hill Academy. Football Team, (2, 4); "H", (4); Numerals, (2); Captain Tennis Team, (3); Cricket Team, (3, 4); "H", (3, 4); Canadian Trip, (3); Athletic Cabinet, (4); Manager Cricket Team, (4); Class Soccer Team, (3); Class Baseball Team, (2); Mandolin Club, (2, 3, 4); Leader, (4); Glee Club, (3, 4); Cap and Bells Club, (2, 3, 4); Founders Club, (3, 4); Beta Rho Sigma; Editor-in-Chief *Class Record*; Editor-in-Chief, *Scarlet*, (2); Class President, (3, 4). Service: Yale, S. A. T. C.

SCHUYLER COLFAX VAN SICKLE

16 Buckingham St.

SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

Born, Springfield, Mass., May 30, 1897

Entered Freshman Year from Central High School, Springfield, Mass. Manager of Gymnasium Team, (4); Class President, (4); Student Council, (3, 4); Social Science Club, (4); Class Football Team, (1, 2); Junior Day Committee.



JOSEPH DIXON WHITE

GUILFORD COLLEGE, N. C.

Born, Climax, N. C., Aug. 26, 1899

Entered Senior Year from Guilford College on Foundation Scholarship. Soccer Squad, (+); Baseball Squad, (+); Wogglebug Team; Scientific Society, (+); Honors, Chemistry.



JOHN STEELE WILLIAMS

7126 Chew St., Mt. Airy,

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

Born, Philadelphia, Pa., Jan. 5, 1900

Class Soccer Team, (3, 4); Class Track Team, (1, 2, 3, 4); Class Basketball Team, (2, 3, 4); Class Cricket Team, (2, 3); Class Baseball Team, (2, 3, 4); Track Team, (2, 3, 4); Numerals, (3); Basketball Squad, (3); Team, (+); Cricket Team, (2); Manager of Baseball, (+); Athletic Cabinet, (+); Glee Club, (1, 2, 3, 4); Leader, (+); Cap and Bells Club, (2, 3, 4); Founders Club, (3, 4); Class *Record* Board, (+); Class Secretary, (+); Editor-in-Chief, *Scarlet*, (+); Cheer Leader, (+); Hazing Committee, (2); Extension Committee, (3, 4); Junior Day Committee, (3); Triangle Society.



RICHARD REEVE WOOD

RIVERTON, N. J.

Born, Riverton, N. J., Aug. 25, 1897

Entered Freshman Year from Westtown School. Track Team, (1, 2, 4); Class Track Team, (1, 2, 4); Class Soccer Team, (1, 2, 4); Soccer Squad, (2, 4); Y. M. C. A. Cabinet, (2); Social Science Club, (2, 4); Scientific Society, (4); News Board, (1, 2, 4); Class Debating Team, (2); Corporation Scholarship, (1).

THOMAS HODGSON STUBBS

"The Doctor"

427 West Union St., WEST CHESTER, PA.

Born, Delta, Pa., Sept. 13, 1899

Entered Freshman Year from West Chester High School. Class Football Team, (1); Football Squad, (2); Scientific Society; Teaching Fellowship. Service: U. S. N.

We feel that the least we can do to express our admiration for this intellectual giant who graduated in three years is to allot him a separate compartment all by himself, and we pleaded long with our artist to complete the picture by drawing a pair of, well, Mississippi marbles; but he refused because he would not lower the tone of the faculty. The Sphinx had nothing on the Doctor, and if he ever descended to the great American indoor sport, which, of course, he doesn't, the absolute immobility of his expression would have netted him much. But, of course, he doesn't play.

"Here's to Doctor Stubbs, drink her dozen, drink her dozen,

"Here's to Doctor Stubbs, drink her dozen, drink her dozen,

Here's to Doctor Stubbs, for he's king among the dubs,

Drink her dozen, drink her dozen, drink her dozen, dozen, dozen."



Ex-Members

TRUXTON READ BRODHEAD

PARKSBURG, PA. "Trixie"

Born, Parkesburg, Pa., Aug. 2, 1898

Entered Freshman Year from Yeates School. Class Football Team, (1). Service: Engineers.

Trixie was ill so much of the time that he decided to give up the hopeless task of catching up, and accordingly he left to break into business. He left a desolate class and the reputation of being one of the funniest white men that ever lived.

STEPHEN CARROLL BUNTING

406 Darby Road "Steve"

LLANERCH, PA.

Born, Llanerch, Pa., Feb. 11, 1899

Entered Freshman Year from Haverford Township High School. Glee Club, (1, 2), Quartette, (2).

When the war broke everything up, "Steve" departed for the service and never came back; but much to our chagrin he betook himself and his potent bass voice to Swarthmore. How are the mighty fallen!





FRANK LESLIE CAMPBELL

3710 Baring St. "Les"

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

Born, West Philadelphia, Pa., April 17, 1898

Entered Freshman Year from West Philadelphia High School. Latin Prize, (1). Service: Penn. S. A. T. C.

The class lost a shining intellectual light when "Les" left us. He was one of the quiet, unobtrusive type, but he left a big hole.

JERROLD SCUDDER COCHRAN

16 Rinigree Ave. "Jerry"

DETROIT, MICH.

Born, Detroit, Mich., June 7, 1896

Entered Freshman Year from Swarthmore Preparatory School. Glee Club, (1); Baseball Team, (1); Class Baseball Team, (1); Class Basketball Team, (1). Service: Hospital Unit 10.

Jerry dashed into the army at the first opportunity and was gone so long that he jus' naturally couldn't get back. We were all expecting him to put Haverford on the baseball map, too.



PAUL CARR CROWTHER

331 East 20th St.

"Puker"

CHESTER, PA.

Entered Freshman Year from Chester High School. Cricket Squad, (1); Chairman Class Smoker Committee, (2).

"Panker" was with us for so short a period that we were just beginning to realize what a fine boy he was when he left us. We predict that he will keep things stirring down at Hahnemann.



JOHN BRANSON EDMONDS

6430 Wayne Ave.

"Branson"

GERMANTOWN, PA.

Born, Germantown, Pa., Feb. 22, 1899

Entered Freshman Year from Germantown High School. Class Soccer Team, (1, 2, 3); Wogglebug, (2, 3); Mandolin Club, (1, 2, 3); Cap and Bells Club, (2, 3). Service: U. S. Naval Radio Service.

Branson has made his home in Lloyd with "Bob" Smith for four years now, and we predict a happy time for his wife, because he seems to have the constancy habit. Despite the fact that we may have been bored by too much wireless, we all liked Branson, and are sorry that he couldn't get his diploma along with so many of his friends.



HENRY V. ELKINTON

926 Arlington Ave. "Peck"

BERKELEY, CAL.

Born, Nov. 16, 1898

Entered Freshman Year from Westtown School. Second Soccer Team, (1); Class Soccer Team, (1); Soccer Team, (2).

After rooming with "Scup" for a while "Peck" fled to the less commercial climate of sunny California, there to roll on rose petals and make soap. But we'll wager that it's good soap.

HAROLD ALEXANDER FLANDERS

31 Orchard St. "Moll"

SPRINGFIELD, VT.

Born, Springfield, Vt., Aug. 14, 1900

Entered Freshman Year from Worcester North High School. Mandolin Club, (1, 2); Class Track Team, (1, 2); Class Soccer Team, (2); Classical Club, (1, 2); Latin Prize, (1); Cap and Bells Club, (1, 2). Service: S. A. T. C., Princeton.

"Moll" burned more midnight oil than any person up to the advent of Mr. Timbres, but that didn't prevent his being an awfully fine fellow, and in addition one who could woo strains of passing sweetness from his beloved violin.



ABRAHAM GECKELER

1305 Cheltenham Ave., Oak Lane, "Geck"
PHILADELPHIA, PA.

Born, Philadelphia, Pa., June 23, 1897

Entered Freshman Year from Germantown High School. Track Team, (1, 2); Class Track Team, (1, 2); Relay Team, (2); Track "H", (2); Glee Club, (1, 2); Business Manager, Haverfordian.

Beside being a track man of rare accomplishments, "Geck" succeeded for two years in keeping his first name inviolate from the prying eyes of an inquisitive world. A sad, sad loss—"Geck" was a good boy.



HAROLD MAURICE GRIGG

"Harold"

HADDONFIELD, N. J.

Born, Haddonfield, N. J., Nov. 14, 1895

Entered Freshman Year from Haddonfield High School. Track Team, (1); Track "H", (1); Class President, (1); Captain Class Track Team, (1); Football Squad, (1); Class Football Team, (1); Class Soccer Team, (1); Glee Club, (1). Service: Base Hospital 10.

Harold dashed off to war early in our class history but we see with real pleasure that he has returned to the fold again to complete his course. Neither he nor the college will regret it.





HARRY CALVIN HARTMAN
"Harry"

WAYNESBORO, PA.

Born, Waynesboro, Pa., Aug. 17, 1895

Entered Freshman Year from Overbrook Institute for the Blind. Glee Club, (1, 2); Leader, (3); Re-elected, (4); Mandolin Club, (1, 2, 3); Cap and Bells, (2); Manager, Haverford News, (3); Manager, Scarlet, (2); Class Football Team, (2); Founders Club, (3); Student Council Secretary, (3); President Elect, (4); President of Class, (3); Extension Committee, (3); Class Track Team, (2, 3); Triangle Society. Red Cross Institute for Blind.

Harry's departure to minister to the war's blinded veterans was an irreparable loss to our class and a source of keen regret to every man in it. When he left we were deprived not only of one of our closest and dearest friends, but also of a living inspiration from day to day. May his shadow never grow less —God bless him!

HORACE P. HILL

415 Oak Grove St. "Heinie"
MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

Born, Minneapolis, Minn., Dec. 9, 1897

Entered Freshman Year from Central High School of Minneapolis. Temporary Chairman, (1); Cane Man, (1); Freshman Football Team, (1); Glee Club, (1).

All Rome wept when "Heine" went back to old "Minneapolis." The class went down *en masse* to see his train go through and the gloom was thick enough to cut into slabs. We, the editor, wept bitterly and we're proud of it. Everybody liked "Heinie" and many loved him, and it's a glad moment for us all when the old boy gets down to see us. There's always a Welcome on the doormat for him.



PHILIP EUGENE HOWARD

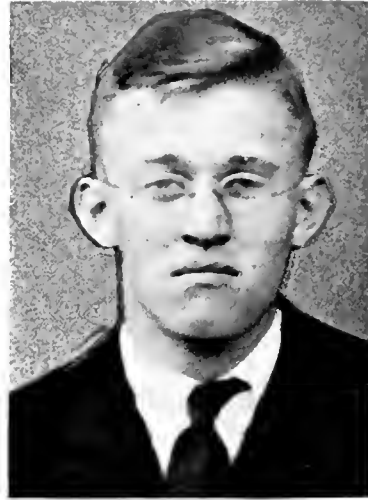
"Phil"

SWARTHMORE, PA.

Born, Swarthmore, Pa., Jan. 25, 1898

Entered Freshman Year from Swarthmore High School. Secretary Y. M. C. A., (1). Service: Y. M. C. A.

Not only the class, but every robin and sparrow within miles lost a good friend when "Phil" left to take up Y. M. C. A. work. We know that the work (whatever it is) will be well done.



EDWARD HAROLD LOBAUGH

"Shorty"

CONOQUENESSING, PA.

Born, Conoquenessing, Pa., Nov. 13, 1898

Entered Freshman Year from Butler High School. Class Football Team, (1); Football Squad, (1); Class Basketball Team (1). Service: Medical Department Army of Occupation.

"Shorty" played more football for his size than anyone else in college. He always came up with the good old smile that never came off. "That's him all over."



ELMER CLARENCE MILLER, Jr.
Melrose Park "Clare"
PHILADELPHIA, PA.

Born, Philadelphia, Pa., Nov. 23, 1897

Entered Freshman Year from Penn Charter School. Track Team, (2); Class Track Team, (1, 2); Assistant Manager of Football, (2); Hazing Committee (2); Service: U. S. N. R. F.

"Clare's" departure to join the navy was regretted not only by the class, but by Reds, who had forthwith to cut his stock of cigarretes in half. "Clare" and the National certainly lent tone to the place and we witnessed his departure with much regret.

HENRY H. MORRISS
"Harry"
BALTIMORE, MD.

Entered Freshman Year from Westtown School. Cast of "You Never Can Tell," (1); Member of Cap and Bells Club, (1); Class Football Team, (1). Service: S. A. T. C., Johns Hopkins.

Harry was an actress of no mean order and was bidding fair to become our most distinguished leading-lady when his social duties in Baltimore called him away, leaving an aching void in the class face.



CHARLES EDWARD PHELPS

521 Woodland Ave. "Charles"

PLAINFIELD, N. J.

Born, Moorestown, N. J., Dec. 11, 1895

Entered Freshman Year from St. Luke's Academy. Glee Club, (1, 2); Cane Man, (1). Service: U. S. Aviation.

Beside holding the catch-as-catch-can conversational record, and being the possessor of a really fine voice, Charley had a way with the women that left them powerless. When he joined the Aviation it was a sad day for the class, and Kinsey in particular.



ROBERT R. PORTER

"Bob"

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

Born, Lonaconing, Md., Dec. 17, 1896

Entered Freshman Year from Gilman Country School. Football Squad, (1, 2); Class Soccer Team, (1, 2); Class Treasurer, (1).

"Bob" performed Herculean labor on the gridiron and was rewarded with a broken leg, which aroused "Toogie" to such a high pitch of pity that he also broke his leg to keep him company in the Infirmary. He ran the Barclay store and was rewarded with a deficit. So Bob joined the Navy and in the course of time visited all the civilized countries and Germany, but finally returned home to labor for the U. G. I. Here's hoping that the old boy gets something really good out of it.





FERRIS LEGGETT PRICE

905 S. 47th St. "Ferris"
PHILADELPHIA, PA. . . .

Born, Philadelphia, Pa., April 1, 1896

Entered Freshman Year from Atlantic City High School. Track Squad, (1). Service: Base Hospital No. 10.

Ferris was another who left us at the outbreak of war, and we hear now that he has married *une demoiselle*. You see, he was one of the first Americans over there.

J. ELSWORTH ROGERS

49 Nanton Ave. "Rog"
TORONTO, CAN.

Entered Freshman Year from Pickering College. Cricket Team, (1, 3); Cricket "H" (3); Football Squad, (2, 4); Glee Club, (1, 2, 4). Service: British Ambulance Service.

After devoting two years to the British Red Cross Service in Italy "Rog" came back like a man to work, with an Italian War Cross, and a long array of anecdotes. His famous laugh was used in the last offensive with telling effect. 1920 stock took a big jump when he returned in time to spend Senior year with us, and the Kelly's.



CARROLL JOSEPH ROLLINS

P. O. Box 236

"Rawl"

WINTHROP, ME.

Born, Bangor, Me., April 13, 1898

Entered Freshman Year from Moses Brown School. Class Soccer Team, (1); Science Dept. Prize.

Rollins and F of X both stuttered, and each thought the other was trying to make fun of him. "M-m-mistah R-r-r-rollins, sah," "D-d-d-doctor R-r-reid, sah,"—oh, boy, will we ever forget the first meeting with "Cos, cos"? Balked by his parents from serving his country, Rollins left in Freshman Year to reason with them, selling his desk three times before he left—and it wasn't his desk.



EDWARD LINCOLN SMITH

"Ted"

HATBORO, PA.

Born, Hatboro, Pa., June 18, 1898

Entered Freshman Year from Westtown School. Class Soccer Team, (1); Soccer Team, (1); Baseball Squad, (1); Class Football Team, (1); Class Basketball Team, (1). Service: Base Hospital 10.

"Ted" left at the first opportunity when war was declared with Germany, and spent two years with the Base Hospital Unit, No. 10. We didn't appreciate what a fine fellow he was until he was gone, and he returned as a Sophomore this year to a host of loyal friends. But he couldn't stand the lowly atmosphere, and left in the middle of the year to return to his beloved HATb'ra, where he will enter business. Here's to you, "Ted"!



HORACE FISH SPENCER

"Spence"

PASSAIC, N. J.

Born, Passaic, N. J., Oct. 11, 1896

Entered Freshman Year from Stone School. Wogglebug, (2); Class Basketball, (1, 2); Class Track Team, (1, 2); Gym Squad, (1, 2); Baseball Squad, (1). Service: Motor Truck Transport.

Beside being a connoisseur of shoes and a basketball player of no mean ability, "Spence" served his two years as amanuensis to Jim Pierce. No more need be said.

JOSEPH HOPKINSON SMITH

15 Clark St. "Joe" "Hop"
BROOKLYN, N. Y.

Born, Sept. 28, 1898

Entered Freshman Year from Stowe School, Cornwall-on-Hudson, N. Y. Class Football Team, (2); Haverfordian Board, (1, 2).

"A man of excellent pith" Joe early expressed his talent on our defunct Haverfordian, and he and Chris (you know Chris) outdid Damon and Pythias and all the rest. But Joe was cursed with the name of Smith, and with the advent of Joseph Hutchinson S. to be called "Hop" was too much, and he fled to Princeton. Joe was a prince of good fellows, and if he had only been born with another name, maybe we'd have had him yet.



HENRY RUMSEY TATNALL

902 Delaware Ave. "Tat"

WILMINGTON, DEL.

Born, Wilmington, Del., Sept. 12, 1897

Entered Freshman Year from Wilmington High School. Class Soccer Team, (2, 3); Class Cricket, (3). Service: S. A. T. C., Delaware.

Always good humored, the "flu" caused us to lose this fair-cheeked product of Wilmington in our last year, and at the same time the Murphey's lost—oh, well! If you want to know more about him and "Tatnall's wit" stand at Lancaster Avenue some night, and whistle.



CLINTON CLEMENT H. THORPE

"Winks"

HAVERFORD, PA.

Born, Haverford, Pa., Jan. 2, 1899

Entered Freshman Year from Friends' Select School. Varsity Soccer Team, (1, 2); Varsity Baseball Team, (2); Class Soccer Team, (1, 2); Captain, (2); Class Baseball Team, (1, 2); Class Football Team, (1, 2); Class Basketball Team, (1, 2); Class Cricket Team, (1); Sophomore Hazing Committee, (2).

Nineteen Twenty lost a valued member and all the teams a tower of strength when the insistence of the rude faculty that Haverford was a place to study jarred so on "Winks" that he departed. Jarge Yung said that he was one of the best sawccer players that ever appeared, and Penn and the rest of them will agree.



WILLIAM W. WILCOX

609 Monroe Ave. "Bill"
ASBURY PARK, N. J.

Born, Walden, N. Y., Feb. 5, 1900

Entered Freshman Year from Walden High School. Class Track Team, (1, 2); Varsity Track Team, (2). Service: Princeton S. A. T. C.

"Bill" and Tatnall roomed together and spent the valuable time their fathers paid for in arguing about the respective merits of Walden vs. Wilmington. Anyway "Bill" must have thought Walden had it all over Haverford, for he departed suddenly at the end of his Sophomore year.



GRANVILLE WORRELL

36 E. Montgomery Ave. "Grant"
ARDMORE, PA.

Born, Ardmore, Pa., May 5, 1896

Entered Freshman Year from St. Luke's. Wogglebug Team, (2). Service: Motor Truck Transport.

After upholding the social prestige of the class for two years "Grant" departed for war, and is now on the road to become a captain of industry. "Grant and the Stutz appear at periodic intervals and always receive a rousing welcome.

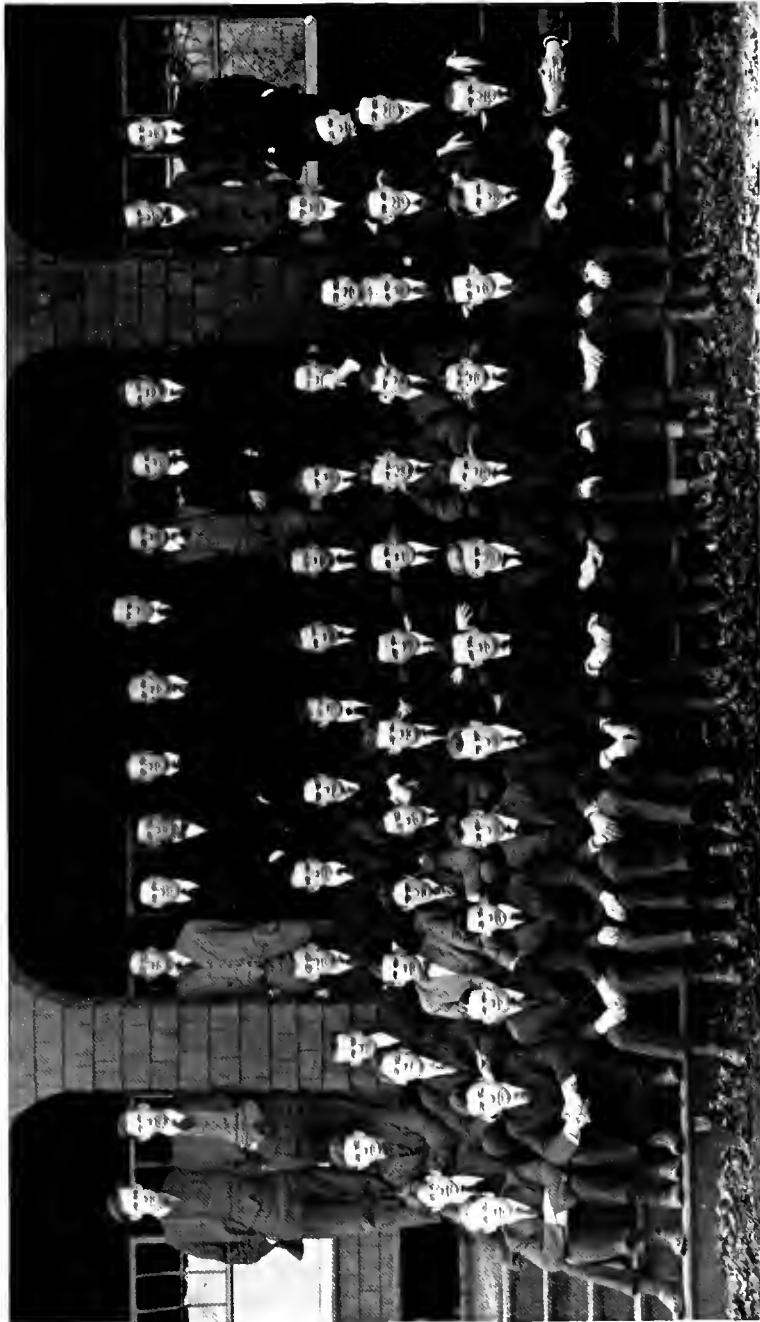


In Memoriam



Harold G. Hicks

Died, November, 1918



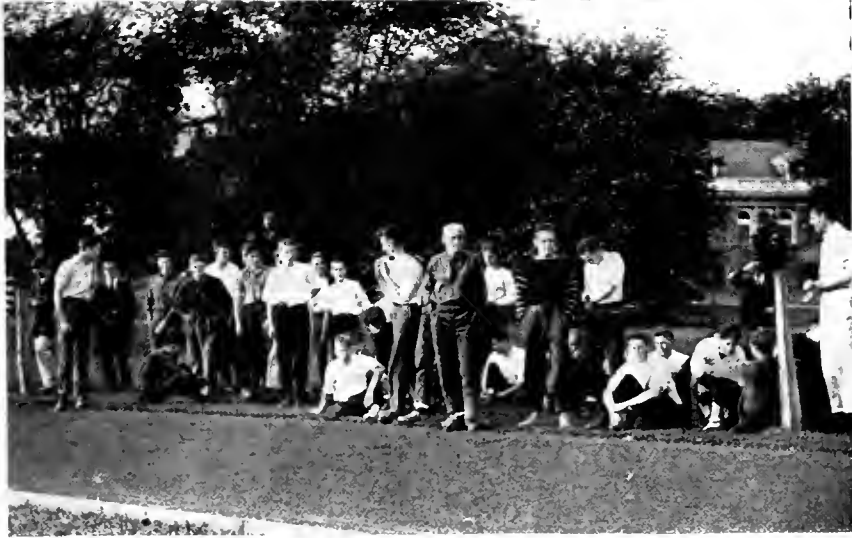
The Class in Freshman Year



WE began our entity as a class to the reverberating thunders of "Wes" Howland's kindly words of wisdom, and the first shot we fired of the fusillade that was to be heard around the collegiate world was the election of Horace Hill of Minneapolis, Minn., as temporary chairman, to pilot our scarce-launched ship of state down the falls of the Rhine(y). Everybody was scared stiff, but nobody would admit it. Flushed with this first triumph over Roberts' Rules of Order we proceeded to elect cane men, for the struggle which was looming dark on our horizon. Much to his surprise, the burly Phelps was chosen one of the trinity to uphold the honors of the newborn class in the dire fray, and though he protested strenuously, he was sternly adjured to do his duty. It was not until we saw him in one of Babbitt's quaint gym suits (Tear off the coupon; \$1.98, money not refunded) that we realized the enormity of this mistake. Thorpe and Hill having been assigned as running mates to the Herculean Charles, the class prepared for battle.****

The battle being over, the next thing to claim our attention was the leading role in the Freshman Entertainment, in the one night stand which the Sophomores were staging on Walton Field. *Morituri, te salutamus*, and we surrendered the last shreds of our self-respect to the shrieking stands. After wrestling with temptation, and scrambling like an egg, refreshments were served in the form of seven baskets of ripe tomatoes. Then the concourse repaired its clothes and to Barclay, where we received our fell badges of servitude, caps and market-baskets. A pleasant time was had by all.

The frenzied variety of our days, during the succeeding week, was only surpassed by the frenzied variety of our nights, and the tireless Sophomore Hazing Committee was ever with us, showing a most flattering attention at all times of the day and night, taking us on frequent personally conducted tours, *en deshabille*, to all points of interest. Everybody we met was interested. Toogie, clad only in pajamas, was forced to stage an impassioned proposal in the proscenium arch of the Ardmore Temple of the Silent Drammer, much to the delight of the assembled throng. The alleged fair in-



Before the Cane Rush

mates of neighboring institutions were edified by the spectacle of seven sketchily clad gentlemen baying at the moon beneath their windows. Them was mad days.

After the festivities we proceeded to organize ourselves to some degree in the daily walks of life. (We did this because we were required to keep off the grass.) By far the larger colony settled in Barclay North, some were in Merion, and the remainder moved into the new section of Lloyd, Kinsey entry. As the history of Kinsey appears elsewhere in these pages, no mention will be made here of that remarkable gang.

Once settled in our rooms, we took stock of ourselves and looked around. Our first choice for class president was Russ Fitts, and we early recognized the abilities of the budding financier, Scoop, by entrusting to him the care of the (imaginary) class funds. Johnnie Williams sprang into immediate prominence by his varied talents for entertainment. Trixie Brodhead early made his mark in North Barclay to such an extent that he became a marked man, and was the inspiration of Uncle Ike's famous observation about a hiatus in the college course. Those of us who happened to return late to the portals of learning began to be aware of a watcher in the lonely tower, burning the midnight oil, or candle, till the first grey streaks of dawn. Later he was to be famous as Moll Flanders, but at that time he was only the nameless wonder, who sat up all night to study. Down in Merion the sprightly passages between Rollins and Hynson did much delight in the weary hours. That classic phrase, "Ain't seen your dambed" will go down in history side by side with that other no less famous one, "I can't r'ink of de name of de boid."

About this time we attained such proficiency in the gentle art of applied cachinnation that everybody down in Ardmore set their clocks when the Math class was in session. Our class has the unique distinction of owning the only reliable and complete set of statistics in relation to the number of "co'ses" in an (f) of x. Sitting before Doctor Babbitt and the venerable but genial skeleton (not, we trust, from the family



10-7

closet), we were initiated into the mysteries of the human mechanism, and the wonders of sex. The great question in those days was, "How many zymes make a zymote?" Well do we remember the afternoon when Shaver Spencer's perverted sense of humor caused his summary ejection from the class, after a peculiarly masterly dissertation on Jimmy's part, touching on *Endothelial Leucocytes*, *Epithelioblastoma*, *Chorionepithelioblastoma*, etc.

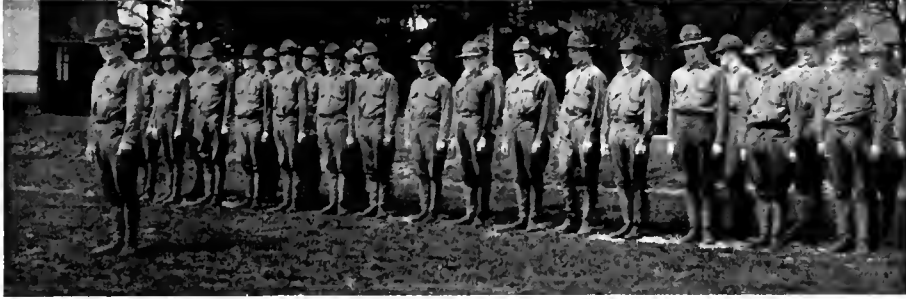
The stupendous victory over Swarthmore did more than anything else would have done to make our class an integral part of the college. We venture to assert that more buttons were broken off Freshman vests as a result of this heroic climax to a heroic season than from any other class in college. Of course, we were the largest class, but that is a trivial objection. Curfew rang that night till half-past ten, animated by relays of perspiring but happy Freshmen. John did a thriving coughdrop business throughout the next week, and a large amount of coin of the realm changed hands, or to speak strictly, pockets.

The tender sensibilities of the tonsorial aesthetes of our class had long been offended by the flax-colored mare's nest which Jack Reese fondly believed to be a head of hair, and for those hardy spirits the limit of endurance was finally passed. They set upon the offender, hip and thigh, and shore him of his locks, and verily, there was rejoicing in the land of Moab, from Beershaba unto Dan. This ebullition of our artistic temperaments occasioned a diatribe from the mighty Howland which is still echoing in the basement of Chase Hall.

Old Man Midyears with his scythe stalked through college, and we knew that spring was here, seeing Jesse Forsythe collecting mushrooms. Almost over night everybody blossomed into flannels, Oscar shaved off his mustache, and thoughts were turned to spring sports. But at this juncture our entrance into the war caused the formation of the Emergency Unit, so called because there was no emergency, and it was not



Class Soccer Team



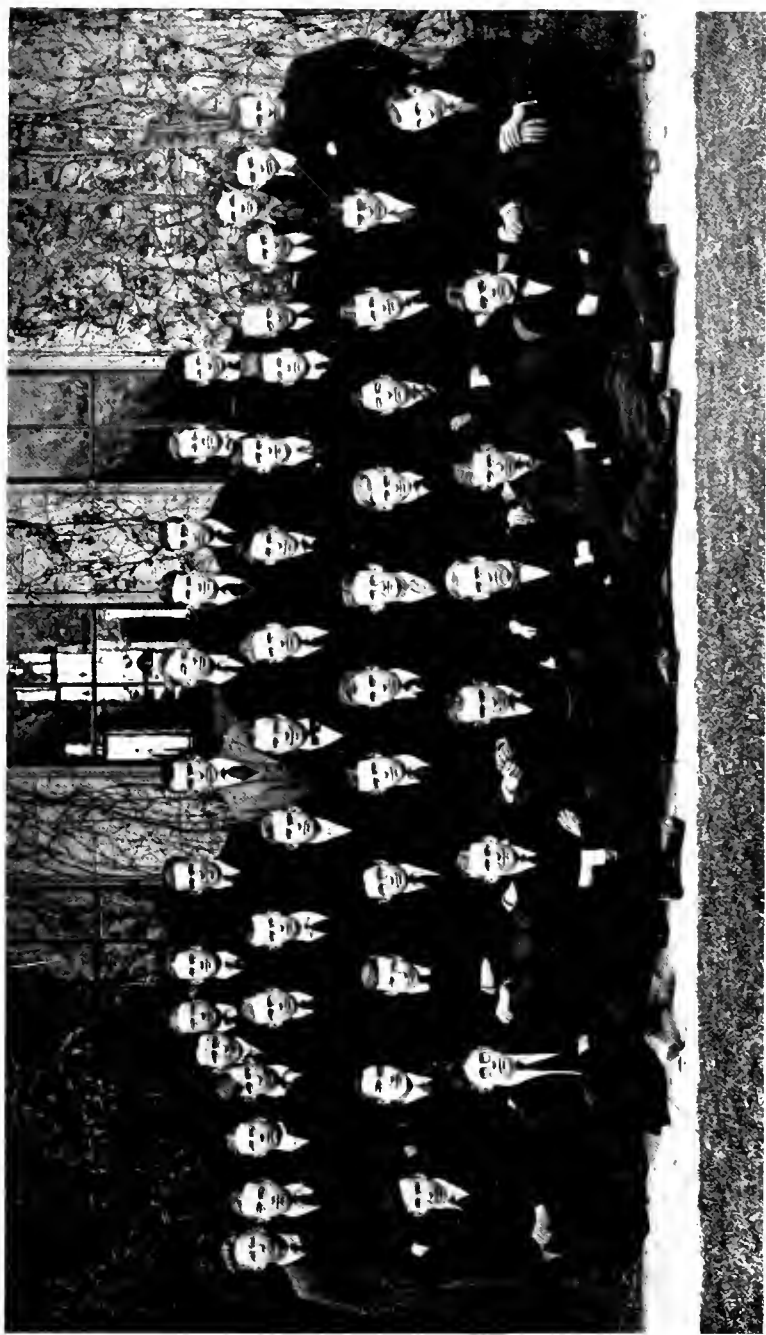
Illustrious Company "D"

a unit. Everybody was provided with a Boy Scout suit, all of which were of the same size. All spring programs were dropped, and we prepared to learn everything a general ought to know. About all we learned was that those in charge didn't know anything, but it wasn't considered etiquette to tell them so. Those were patriotic days! How we helped win the war by digging, walking, toasting bread and fingers on Cobb's Creek and carrying messages around the campus to the effect that "The hill is high," or, "The sun is bright"! Who will ever forget our intensive training in the Infirmary front yard, when we produced litters at Jimmie's behest and gravely circled around at the command: "Guiding right, left, and center—forward, *halt!*" Or the terrible privations we suffered on the banks of Cobb's Creek in behalf of our struggling country, when we cooked our own chow, ate it, played Moses-in-the-bullrushes, hide and seek, and other warlike games! Washington at Valley Forge had nothing on us. Nor will we ever forget the thrill we got when we invaded Norristown and marched up the main street in a company front that resembled the line on the chart of the mean level of prices in the last ten years.

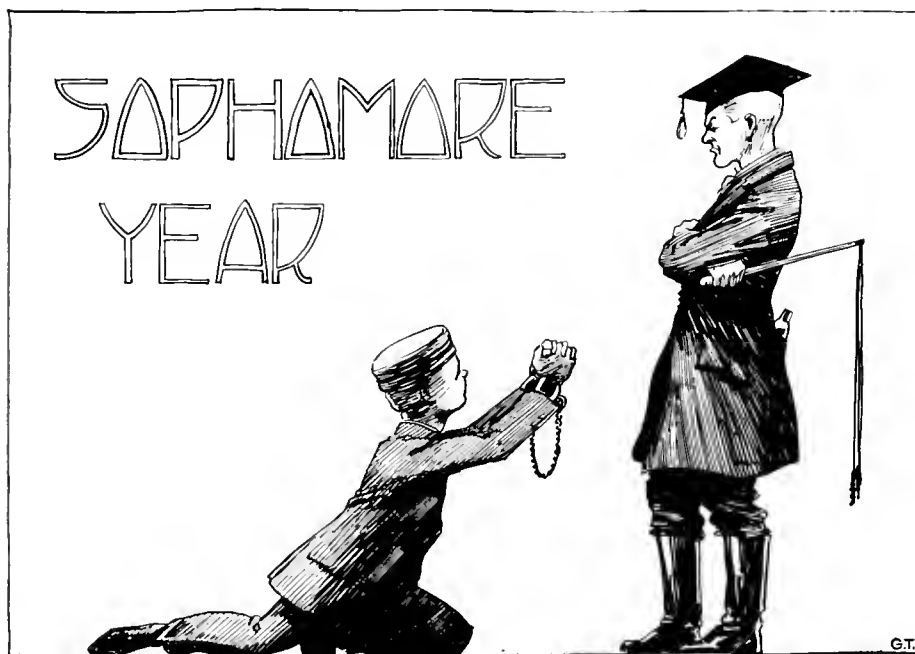
Throughout the latter part of the college year the absences in our ranks increased in number. Grigg, the class president, Cochran, Ted Smith and Price left to enter the service in various branches, and the losses in the upper classes were very heavy. Uncle Ike announced his retirement from his office after thirty years of illustrious occupancy, and before we knew it finals had come and gone and we were no longer Freshmen. We separated for the summer, anxiously awaiting our coming opportunity to show the college what a real Sophomore class should be like.



Simon Legree and His Minions



'The Class in Sophomore Year



IF there is any pride which compares to that of the well-known Lucifer, it is that of the well-known Sophomore. From our first month in college we had evinced a disposition to guard jealously our class rights and prerogatives as regards the Freshman Class. The start of the open season for Rhinies was marked by the stentorian admonition of "Lord" Milne to Levi, newly arrived in our midst—"Get off the grass, you blankety blank blank Rhinie!" Levi was considerably nonplussed, and even among the bolder spirits the advisability of extending our rights to the faculty was seriously questioned.

Although the prevailing sentiment of the class had been in opposition to hazing in any form at the close of Freshman year, with Omar our winter garment of penitence we a-pieces tore, and started upon a modified program of discipline for the lowly Rhinies. As it turned out, this modification was largely theoretical, and there was merriment by night, as of yore. All the traditions of Haverford were faithfully upheld as regards the chastening of Freshmen, and in addition, several novel features were introduced, chief among which was the famous electric bench, which derived its juice from a one-inch coil and twelve dry batteries. With this same equipment, in their window seat, Jimmie Pierce and Toogie later ran up a total of forty-three victims in one day.

The settling down process was accomplished quicker this year than before. The abode of the blest was shifted to South Barclay, which at once became notorious as the eyrie of the South Barclay Wrecking Crew, which dread organization combined all the most notable features of the Black Hand, the Molly Maguires, and the Ku Klux Klan. Their mystic crimson warning, when tacked on the victim's door, was a signal for weeping and gnashing of teeth. The immortal words of Samuel Taylor Coleridge can alone describe the misery of the unfortunate victim:



President Comfort

“ . . . Beware! Beware!
His floating eyes, his mussy hair!
Weave a circle round him thrice
And close your eyes with holy dread,
For he shall perish in his bed
And hit the trail for Paradise(?)”

The new president, Dr. William Wistar Comfort, assumed the responsibilities which Dr. Sharpless had resigned the year before, and one of the ways in which he early endeared himself to the hearts of the undergraduates was his liberal attitude toward dancing on the campus. Nobody envied him the task which was his, in view of the unsettled conditions and the restless frame of mind of the undergraduates, who were beginning to hear more and more clearly the call to arms. Our testimony as to the skill and ability with which he met the difficult situation is unnecessary. Other new arrivals in the faculty included Dr. Lunt, Mr. Carpenter, and Mr. Post. The death of Dr. Baker early in the fall was a source of genuine sorrow to all who had learned to admire and respect him both in and out of the class room.

We elected Burritt president of the class, and settled down for a long stretch of real work (some of us). In spite of the ravages of war in the ranks of our football men, enthusiasm in the game continued unabated. Every effort was bent toward putting a good team in the field to combat Swarthmore. Doc Bennett accomplished wonders with his scanty material, but it was not wonderful enough. When the final test arrived, it became evident that none of Swarthmore's gridiron talent had been subject to the draft, probably because they were all too old. Their team was as big as ever, and in addition the fleet Mr. Durbin, having established legal residence there, figured largely in the resulting fray. For a brief period our small but undaunted warriors were on the large end of the score, but size and weight began to tell, and in the end the Garnet steam-roller swept juggernaut-like over the vanquished but unbeaten Haverford team, rolling up an unmentionable score.

Amid scenes of intense enthusiasm our first Wogglebug team was organized. Jimmy Pierce was captain and razorback, Shaver Spencer was the speedy left half, Eaglebeak was the wily field general, and Gilbert Thomas Hoag occupied the berth of right half. With this constellation of stars in the backfield, high hopes were entertained of copping the college championship. Even at that we had not estimated accurately the superhuman ingenuity of Pierce, who when called on for a forward pass, foxed both his team-mates and the opposition by running the length of the field for a touchdown. Jimmie Mullin played a brilliant game at center, in spite of the fact that without his glasses he could not see a foot in front of his face, to say nothing of a football, and played by the touch method entirely. This was the famous game in which the two teams and the enthusiastic spectators spent fifteen minutes in search of the ball, which was invisible in the gloom that pervaded the center of the field. The unexpected tie in which the fray finished necessitated the tossing of a coin (which Scoop provided free of interest, due to the patriotic nature of the occasion). We won the toss, to determine who would have the honor of facing Tiny Carr's wonderful eligibility formations, and immediately bequeathed that honor to the Juniors. Needless to say, the Carr steam-roller never faltered, and won by a 20-0 score.

Winter closed in, but brought no snow with which to exercise our priceless prerogative of bombarding the Rhinies. The pentup energies of the class's sprightlier spirits broke forth in a series of startling *coups*, which did much to liven the tedium.



Class Football Team

Under the able leadership of Williams and Thorpe, Grand Exalted Wreckers, the South Barclay Wrecking Crew made its name feared and respected in every quarter of the campus. The hare-brained audacity of the fearless Hynson, who had dared to beard them lyin' in their den, was rewarded by a number of dire outrages, the least of which was the placing of coffee jelly in his bed. The dwellers in Kinsey upheld the social prestige of the class by a series of elaborate entertainments. The Kinsey Corporation was at this time afflicted with a theatrical furor. The musical comedy "Oh Boy" was in town, and the members of the cast, not excluding the ladies of the ensemble, were devotedly cultivated under the leadership of Mr. Worrell and Mr. Pierce, whose connections with the stage have always been of the most intimate nature.

Midyears came, and with them class elections. The torch was passed from Bob Burritt to Chris Roberts, thus adding a certain fine philosophical flavor to the position. The remaining months of winter glided by rapidly, and with them the cursed blight of Jimmy's Gym passed forever from our lives. O Freedom, sweet, though long deferred! Never, never again would we perform the simple (very simple) calisthenics in the manner of the North Kensington Orphan's Home. Never again would we follow with dog-like devotion the lithe evolutions of Jimmy, as he demonstrated the intricacies of club swinging. Bangham's advanced course in the simpler Hygiene, in which we discovered why the floating rib floats, and why we digest our food (which has always been a mystery to us) was brought to a reluctant close. But not before the Dean had labelled us, in his playful way, "the worst class in college," because of our apparent lack of respect for the subject in general. He was laboring under a totally mistaken impression, for we shall always have the profoundest respect for anyone who lectured a whole winter on nothing at all, and does not say anything about it.

Spring was heralded by the electric beer sign, which graced the portals of Pierce and Toogoo's domicile. After turning away vast numbers of the disappointed thirsty, its doom was decreed by the omniscient Dean, who made every effort, however, to discover the secret by which it was made to flash on and off. The spring was also dis-



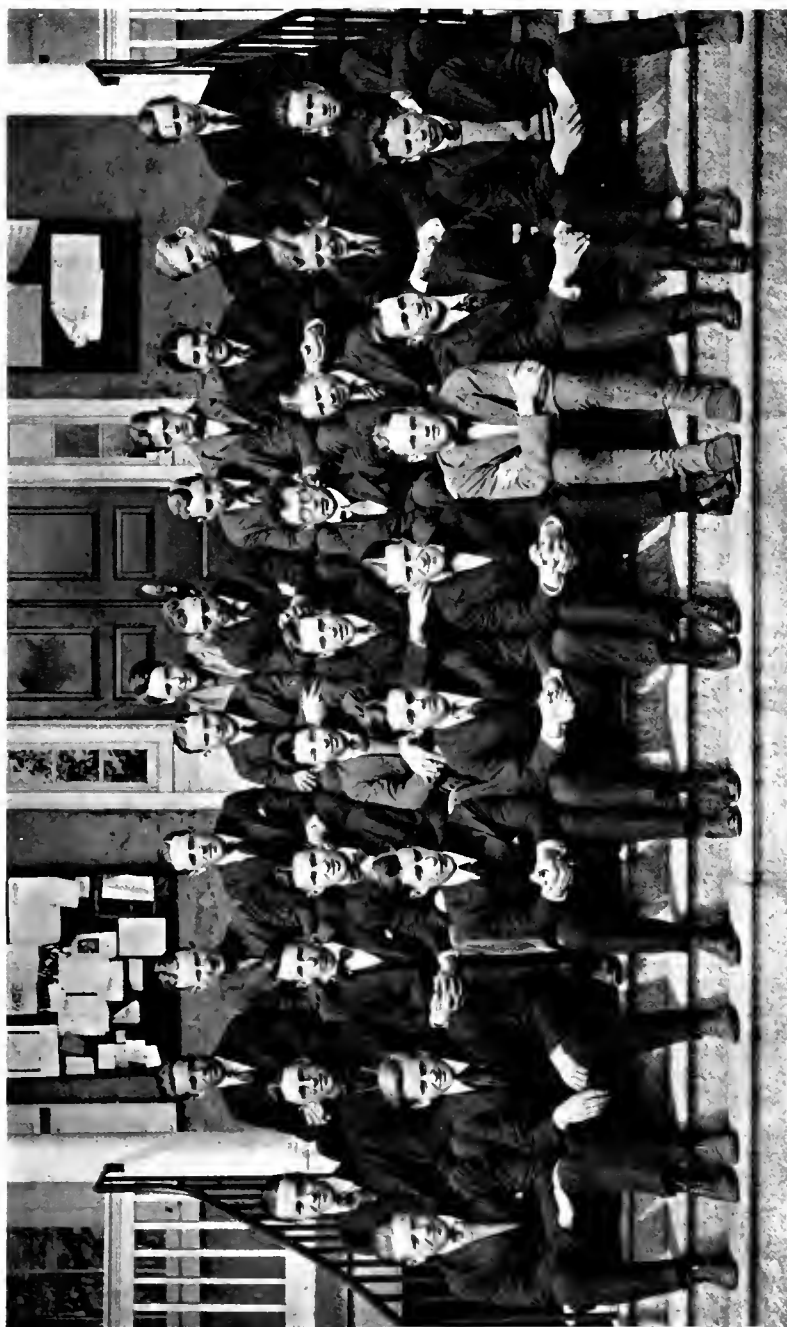


The Track Champs

tinguished as that in which occurred our first class victory over anybody at all. We scored a signal and smashing triumph in the Interclass Track Meet, thanks primarily to the superhuman feet's (this is a rotten pun, but we couldn't resist it) of Geckeler and Silver. Kamsler the only contestant in the two mile, won his race by a close margin, and with it the deciding point. His laudable attempt to make the trip three times, so as to take all three places, was unfortunately ruled out, however. Not content with this, we also annexed the college baseball championship.

With amazing rapidity, the end of the year approached. Cordial relations were established with the Freshmen at the annual love feast, at which the hatchet was formally buried, and the pact sealed with copious refreshments. Not so cordial, however, that we were restrained from giving a farewell course of intensive training to five Freshmen who were peculiarly offensive to our aesthetic sense.

But on the serious side of life, many more important things were taking place. We had our last class with Dr. Dick Gummere, who had resigned his position to become the Headmaster of Penn Charter School. The regret with which we marked his departure was tempered, however, by the consolation of having had the privilege of obtaining a deeper insight into the beauties of Horace and Virgil under his sympathetic guidance. Before this we had lost Bob Porter and Clarence Miller, who entered the Naval Reserve before the year was completed. The serious aspect of the war was beginning to cast the shadow of uncertainty upon our respective futures, and no man knew, when we departed from college in June, whether it would ever be given to him to return again.



The Class in Junior Year

JUNIOR YEAR



AT the opening of Junior Year our class had dwindled to such an alarming extent that a class meeting bore a strong resemblance to a Prohibition revival in Milwaukee. Our far-flung battle line extended from Europe back through all the most prominent S. A. T. C.'s as far as Ardmore. The five who were left to uphold the honor of the Class of 1920 proceeded to elect officers, the odd man being appointed to a position of great responsibility in the Y. M. C. A. Spirited competition arose among the faculty to corral even one who might dabble his feet in their particular pool of learning. Brecht fell for nineteen hours, much to his humiliation. Helpful sign posts appeared on the campus, directing the hapless wanderer to yodel three times in case he were lost. Grant's Little Giant Guaranteed Insomnia Cure (three doses a week), otherwise known as Bib. Lit., became the largest class in college, with five members in full standing.

The first harbinger of reviving hope appeared in the person of Thomas Stubbs, home after stormy seas at the Newport Naval Training Station. The terrible change which war had worked in him was evinced by the wicked Piedmont which hung pendant from his lower lip, which (the cigarette) had been furnished him by the misguided Red Cross. All the atrocities did not occur in France. We forbear to mention the pair of bones which rattled genially in his breast pocket. Close on his heels came Heinz and Gil, and following them the vast horde of triumphant warriors fresh from victories at Princeton, Yale, and League Island.

Meanwhile the *Haverfordian* had turned its face to the wall and given up the ghost, leaving the *News* to carry on the fight alone under the able direction of a kalei-



descriptive series of directors. Harry Hartman had bravely undertaken the organization of the Glee Club, and Tom McConnell had performed a similar function for the Mandolin Club, both of which were well under way. The soccer team, which, under the crafty managership of Scoop, had an ambitious schedule, was our only official athletic enterprise, although there had been some desultory exercise taken by all hands at the behest of the faculty. The high standards which have always been maintained by our soccer team in the giving of letters were nobly upheld when the Manager and the Coach awarded one of the three letters to Scoop. Despite this, the soccer team had a successful season, winning ten out of twelve games.

The end of the Christmas vacation saw the return of the great majority of the class. Eaglebeak returned from New Haven with an extended vocabulary of a decided salty savor. Other prominent members of the South Barclay Wrecking Crew were also on hand and the mercury rose rapidly. One condition which they encountered immediately met with disfavor. The Office had helped win the war by turning out the lights at eleven o'clock. It was the just contention of the Extreme Left that this practice should cease, in view of the fact that the war had been won for two months now. Unorganized opposition took the form of frantic telephonic appeals to Doggie and the Power-house, and a series of midnight mass meetings, each more daring and destructive than the last. The decision of the faculty that Juniors and Seniors join with the lower classmen in taking gym was properly ignored. The general dissatisfaction crystallized in the organization of the Bolsheviks, of whom Comrade Williams was a leading spirit, a thinker for whom we predict a career comparable only with that of Lenine and Trotzky. The dress parade, to the stirring strains of the Haverford Mayonnaise, replete with radical banners, bombs, and neo-Duma costumes caused many converts to advanced thought in the dining-room.



At the organization of the class for the next half year, the presidency was conferred upon Toogie, and the vice-presidency upon Lycett, succeeding Hartman and Van Sickle, and the wheels ground on.

The unutterable depravity of Williams and Van Sickle had long been under the surveillance of the Detective Agency. It was well known in Olympus that they not only openly smoked, but indulged in all sorts of rude buffoonery. Accordingly stern admonitions were issued from Above to the effect that "This rowdyism must cease," and the two rowdies, under penalty of summary dismissal, were adjured to turn over a new leaf. This incident earned them the much-envied title of Bill's Bad Boys, and embittered the two boys beyond expression.

The exigencies of war had hitherto unfortunately prevented the execution of the functions usually performed by the Purity League. But now that it was spring, and the thoughts of the young men of Ardmore lightly turned to thoughts of love, it became incumbent upon the ethically inclined to reorganize this guild and take the field at once. Mullin's immortal words, "No petting on my precinct!", became the rallying cry of its cohorts. At the eighty-sixth annual meeting, the office of Chief Scout was conferred upon Mullin, and the membership was divided into squads for active service. The field equipment consisted of flashlights, rubber shoes, and the feeling that accompanies a righteous cause. Space does not permit a complete exposition of the signal success which attended the operations of this body, nor a reproduction of the engraved note of thanks and appreciation from the Mothers' Club of Ardmore, which hangs in the inner shrine.

At this point we must stop to chronicle the grand opening of the Barclay Store. This emporium had been operating on the honor system, that is to say, on a charity basis. Now, however, its owners, having lost a great deal of money and their faith in humankind, took their chattels out of the hall and locked them up in a room, d'spens-



ing them only under the watchful eyes of Marvin and Bill Silver. The complicated financial system worked out by Fran Silver, the Money Master of the organization, to govern its capital stock and outstanding securities has challenged to this day the comprehension of all our leading economists, including Dollie and Milton Kamsler. It was surprising how the turnover went down and the proceeds went up. This latter applied also to the prices.

The long looked for arrival of the government bonuses for military service furnished an immense impulse for gazing upon the wine when it was red, and getting the most (or at least sixty dollars' worth) out of life. This ebullitive feeling manifested itself in various ways. Games of chance flourished on every hand, much to the disgust of the losers and Clarence Leuba, whose thunderous diatribe in the *News* was the immediate cause for the student body's officially expressed *disapproval* of the great American indoor sport. Those with a passing acquaintanceship in theatrical circles immediately looked up a bevy of their old friends, who were figuring in a production then in town, and there was revelry by night. The pitiful inadequacy of sixty berries was forcibly brought home to more than one of these budding Lotharios of the Green Room, and many a bud was nipped, while others plumbed their jeans, and continued the merriment unabated.

Preparations for the great social event of the year, Junior Day, had long been under way. The near approach of that function caused a great final spurt of energy on the part of all Juniors, who, under the able leadership of Jack Reese, spared no efforts to make the event an unparalleled success. The gymnasium was beautifully decorated, and every arrangement was made which could in any way add to the success of the occasion. Contrary to all precedent and the pessimistic predictions of Brecht, it did not rain. Conditions were romantically correct. A large life-like moon, had its even more life-like counterpart in the gymnasium. The music was excellent,



The Gym Decorated for Junior Day

and the attendance unprecedented, though not unchaperoned. Altogether the affair was a huge success, financially as well as socially.

Spring hurried to its close with varying success in the different sports (the baseball team sometimes losing by small scores and sometimes by large scores). Cricket was more fortunate, in that it won more than half of its matches, including that with Penn, while the track team, in spite of the superhuman efforts of Al Hisey, succeeded in triumphing in only one out of three meets.

Immediately before examination time the college sustained one of the greatest losses of its history. Dr. Francis B. Gummere, beloved and respected to a degree greater than any other member of the faculty, died suddenly on May 29, at the age of 64. He had been for thirty-two years professor of English Literature, and was an authority of world-wide renown. His loss cast a shadow of sorrow over the last few days of college, and affected deeply not only those who were close to him, but an immense circle of friends and admirers.



The Record Board



SENIOR YEAR

IT was with mingled emotions that we assembled to begin our last year at college. We gazed upon the verdant and hopelessly youthful looking Freshman Class, and realized with difficulty that we had been in the same condition but three years before. In short, we felt immeasurably old. Gone was the joyous abandon of Junior Year, and our shoulders were bowed by the weight of many responsibilities yet to be fulfilled. An examination of our body corporate revealed some pleasing additions, in the persons of quite a number of members of former classes who were returning to complete their courses. Crosman, Osler, Hallett, Doug and Kennie Oliver, Earnest, Philips, Hartshorne, Brockelbank, Tatum, Moore and Haynes were welcomed into the class with open arms. Van Sickle stepped into the presidential chair, and the year was begun.

This was the first fall since our Freshman year in which athletic conditions even approached the normal. Under the leadership of Marney Crosman football practice was inaugurated with much enthusiasm, and a promising turn-out of material. Osler was elected captain of the soccer team, and led a large number of candidates out to practice. Owing to the complete change of personnel and unusual conditions elsewhere no predictions could be made for the future of these sports, but with the return of some of the old stars high hopes were entertained.

The great majority of the class settled in Barclay Center and South, while the remainder moved into their old quarters in Kinsey. The third floor of South Barclay



was entirely populated by the old members of the South Barclay Wrecking Crew, while the coveted Tower apartments were held in joint ownership by Burritt, Williams, Ted Smith, Jebb, Brecht and Kamsler. Kinsey saw the return of Pierce, Lyckett, Fitts, Toogood and Thornton, after a year's occupancy by Freshmen. Fortunately we were blessed with an unusually fine pair of half-breeds, White and Petrie, who with William Hastings occupied the newly constructed quarters in Founders.

The various college offices which are usually filled by members of the Senior Class had been apportioned according to custom at the end of Junior year. As has been mentioned, Crosman and Osler were captains of the football and soccer teams respectively, the former in addition occupying the position of president of the Athletic Cabinet, and the latter that of president of the Student Council. This position had been destined for Harry Hartman, but his much-lamented decision to continue his war work among the blind during this year left the office vacant. Harry had also been elected leader of the Glee Club, which position was later turned over to Johnnie Williams. The Mandolin Club was piloted by Toogie, and the management of both clubs was entrusted to Fergusson.

Russ Fitts became the president of the Athletic Association, and Toogie innocently undertook the task of getting out the *Class Record*, the business end of which was placed in Kamsler's capable hands.

The managership of the football team fell to Silver, and that of the soccer team to Hoag, but on account of his illness it was transferred to Hallett. Burritt was honored with the double distinction of being captain of both the basketball and the baseball teams, of which the managers were Kearney and Williams, respectively. The gym team was captained by Doug Knowlton, and managed by Van Sickle. The cricket captaincy was as yet undecided, but was later filled by Doug Oliver, Toogie holding down the managerial post. Al Hisey once more was chosen to pilot the track team, but at his departure before the opening of the season, Silver succeeded him. Jack Reese was the business mentor, and also displayed his business acumen as manager of



the Cap and Bells play. The reformation of the "News" was entrusted to Leuba, with Mullin at the ledger, and the leadership of the Y. M. C. A. to Gucker, who followed in the footsteps of Harris, who had attained the honor of the presidency in his Junior Year.

The fatal day of the Swarthmore game drew on apace. Haverford entered the arena determined to do or die, but the Garnet phalanx of mercenaries brooked no opposition, and the Scarlet and Black warriors went down to defeat, fighting gamely to the end. Neither the skillful coaching of Doc Bennett nor the high leadership and magnificent playing of Marney Crosman could overcome the stark fact of inadequate material, or the really superb machine which Swarthmore produced.

As the winter progressed the Musical Clubs developed into the best organizations of the kind which Haverford had ever yet put behind the footlights. The season, which included the usual concerts at Manheim, Atlantic City, and the final home production, was a great success in every way and this sentiment found expression on every side. During the same period the basketball season had come to a fairly successful close, and the gymnasium team had concluded its schedule by figuring very creditably in the Intercollegiates.

The advent of Mid-years was indeed a doleful occasion for us in more ways than one. Some of our most highly valued members wound up their college careers at this point, having completed the work which they required for graduation. Marney Crosman, Pop Thornton, and Jack Haynes departed from our midst amid universal lamentations. Al Hisey, whose condition had been far from satisfactory since his unfortunate accident the summer before, had already left to regain his strength in the West, leaving a gap in our class body that was keenly felt. The class elections for the second half year resulted in the choice of Toogood for President and Kenneth Oliver for Vice-President, and we started on the last lap of the course.

No record of Senior year would be complete without an account of the immortal deed perpetrated by Messrs. Williams and Burritt to the complete bewilderment and



consternation of the local constabulary. This precious pair were emerging (we will not say how) from a nearby Temple of Terpsichore when their attention was attracted simultaneously by a large florid barber pole across the street. Words were unnecessary; craftily the two crept nearer and, biding their time until the pole came around again, they sprang upon it and bore it off by back alleys and over fences to their lofty stronghold. This clever *coup* set all Ardmore agog and caused the daring perpetrators much secret anxiety after—well, after they had time to think it over. The pole still stands, a veiled monument to their prowess, in Barclay tower.

After flirting coyly with us for a maddening period of some two cold, rainy months such as surpassed anything in the memory of the oldest inhabitants, Spring burst full panoplied upon us. We were officially apprised of this by the annual undermining of the brick sidewalks, the traversing of which reminds one of nothing so much as Eliza crossing the ice. The Purity League cleared the desks for action and the Spring sports were gotten under way with a rush that gladdened the heart. Old white trousers were hauled out and pressed (?) into service and the characteristic position became that of reclining flat on the back and thinking of nothing whatever.

About this time the long and lovable figure of "Honus" Froelicher began to be familiar upon the campus as the organizer and advance agent of the coming drive to subscribe five hundred thousand dollars as an Endowment Fund for the college. Because he is a rattling good fellow, because he could win both our confidence and our cash, and because he has worked like the proverbial Trojan for Haverford, first, last, and always, he is hereby unofficially elected into our class. Incidentally, instead of our class quota of \$1,500, we raised the illustrious total of \$4,590, a sum which surpassed that of any other class and to which (like the conventional congressman) we point with pride.

With unbelievable rapidity the year drew to its close. Under the capable management of Russ Fitts our final exercises were conducted with an elegance and eclat

never before attained, and our class upheld its traditions in the dance that crowned our college career. Armed with the sheepskins clenched tightly in our fists, we stood ready to step out into the world.

We have passed through four of the best years of our life together, and no matter where the courses of our varying careers lead us, we will never be able to forget the campus underneath the spring sunlight, the buildings, the associations—everything that the name of Haverford will always mean to us, which we cannot put into words. We foresee for it changes, improvements, surely. Some of us will be able to come back to it often. But none of us, no matter where we are, will be able to sing without the thrill which speaks of happy memories:

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



The Faculty

The Faculty

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

President

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

ALLEN CLAPP THOMAS, A.M.

Consulting Librarian and Emeritus Professor of History.

Born, Baltimore, Md., Dec. 26, 1846. A.B. Haverford College, 1865; A.M. 1882. Librarian of Haverford College, 1878-1914. Consulting Librarian, 1914—; Haverford faculty, 1878—. Author: *History of the United States for Schools and Academics*; translated into Yiddish 1912; *Elementary History of the United States*, and others.

HENRY SHERRING PRATT, Ph.D.

David Scull Professor of Biology

Born, Toledo, O., Aug. 18, 1859. A.B., U. of Mich., 1882; A.M. and Ph.D. Leipzig, 1892. Studied at Geneva, 188-1892; Harvard, 1892-93; Haverford Faculty, 1893—; studied Innsbruck, 1902-1903; Graz, 1910. Author: Text books of Vertebrate and Invertebrate Zoology; *A Manual of the Common Invertebrate Animals*; Scientific Papers.

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

Professor of Hygiene and Physical Education.

Born, Waitsfield, Vt., October 22, 1869. A.B., Yale, 1893; M. A., Haverford, 1896; M.D., U. of P., 1898; Haverford Faculty, 1893—.

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

Professor of Philosophy

Born South China, Me., Jan. 25, 1863. A.B., Haverford, 1885; A.M., 1886; Studied University of Heidelberg, 1887; U. of P., 1893-95. A.M., Harvard 1901; Litt.D., Penn College, 1908; Principal, Oak Grove Seminary, Me., 1889-93; Haverford Faculty, 1893—. Editor *Friends' Review*, 1893; *The American Friend*, 1894-1912; *Present Day Papers*, 1914-16. Author: *Social Law in the Spiritual World*; *Studies in Mystical Religion*.

OSCAR MARSHALL CHASE, S.M.

Registrar and Assistant Professor of Drawing

Born, Chadds Ford, Pa., Dec. 16, 1872. S.B., Haverford, 1894; S.M., 1895; Haverford Faculty, 1896—.

DON CARLOS BARRETT, Ph.D.

Professor of Economics

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

LEGH WILBER REID, Ph.D.

Professor of Mathematics

Born, Alexandria, Va., Nov. 18, 1867. Sc.B., V.M.I., 1887. A.B., Johns Hopkins, 1889. Sc.M., Princeton, 1894. Ph.D., Gottingen, 1899. Instructor at Princeton, 1893-1897; Haverford Faculty, 1900—. Author: *Theory of Numbers.*

FREDERIC PALMER, JR., Ph.D.

Dean and Professor of Physics

Born, Brookline, Mass., Oct. 17, 1878. A.B., Harvard, 1900; A.M., 1904; Ph.D., 1913. Haverford Faculty, 1904—. Author: *Articles on Ionization in Gases Produced by Ultra-Violet Light.*

WILLIAM EDWARD LUNT, Ph.D.

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

Born, Lisbon, Me., Jan. 13, 1882. A.B., Bowdoin, 1904; A.M., Harvard, 1905; Ph.D., 1908. Wisconsin Faculty, 1908-1910; Bowdoin Faculty, 1911-1912; Cornell, 1912-1917; Haverford, 1918—. Author: Articles in various historical reviews. Adviser of the Peace Conference.

ELIHU GRANT, Ph.D.

Professor of Biblical Literature

Born, Stevensville, Pa., July 12, 1873. A.B., Boston University, 1898; A.M., 1900; Ph.D., 1906; Smith College, 1907-1917; Haverford Faculty, 1917—. Author: *The Orient and Bible Times.*

RAYNOR WICKERSHAM KELSEY, Ph.D.

Professor of History

Born, Western Springs, Ill., 1879. Ph.B., Earlham College 1900. M.L., University of California, 1908; Ph.D., 1909; Haverford Faculty, 1909—. Author: *The United States Consulate in California.*

DEAN PUTNAM LOCKWOOD, Ph.D.

Professor of Latin

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

LEON HAWLEY RITTENHOUSE, M.E.

Associate Professor of Mechanics and Electricity

Born, Annapolis, Md., Sept. 29, 1879. M.E., Stevens Institute of Technology, 1901. Haverford faculty, 1905—.

ALBERT HARRIS WILSON, Ph.D.

Associate Professor of Mathematics

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

FRANK DEKKER WATSON, Ph.D.

Associate Professor of Social Work

Born, Philadelphia, Pa., June 28, 1883. B.S., U. of P., 1905; Ph.D., 1911. U. of P. faculty, 1906-1911; Swarthmore College, 1908-1911; Haverford faculty, 1914—. Joint author of textbook on economics.

WALTER ALMERIAN HILDRETH

Associate Professor of German

Born, North Bangor, N. Y., August 24, 1878. A.B., Amherst, 1903; A.M., Harvard, 1918. Williams faculty, 1910-1917; Lehigh faculty, 1917-1919; Haverford faculty, 1919—.

EDWARD DOUGLAS SNYDER, Ph.D.

Associate Professor of English

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

WILLIAM BUELL MELDRUM, Ph.D.

Associate Professor of Chemistry

Born, Hull, Can., December 18, 1887. B.S., McGill University, 1909; M.Sc., 1910; Ph.D., 1914. Vassar faculty, 1914-1917; Haverford faculty, 1917-1918; Chemical Warfare Service, 1918-1919; Haverford faculty, 1919—. Contributor to Journal of Physical Chemistry.

JAMES MCFADDEN CARPENTER

Instructor in Romance Languages

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

LEVI ARNOLD POST

Instructor in Greek

Born, Stanfordville, N. J., July 8, 1889. A.B., Haverford, 1910; A.M., 1911; A.M., Harvard, 1912; B.A., Oxford, 1916. Y. M. C. A. Secretary in Mesopotamia, 1917; Haverford faculty, 1918; Year in France, 1919; Haverford faculty, 1919—.

GEORGE EDWARD DAVIS

Assistant in Physics Laboratory

Born, June 10, 1894, Richland, N. Y. A.B., Cornell, 1917.

ARTHUR WALKER BULL

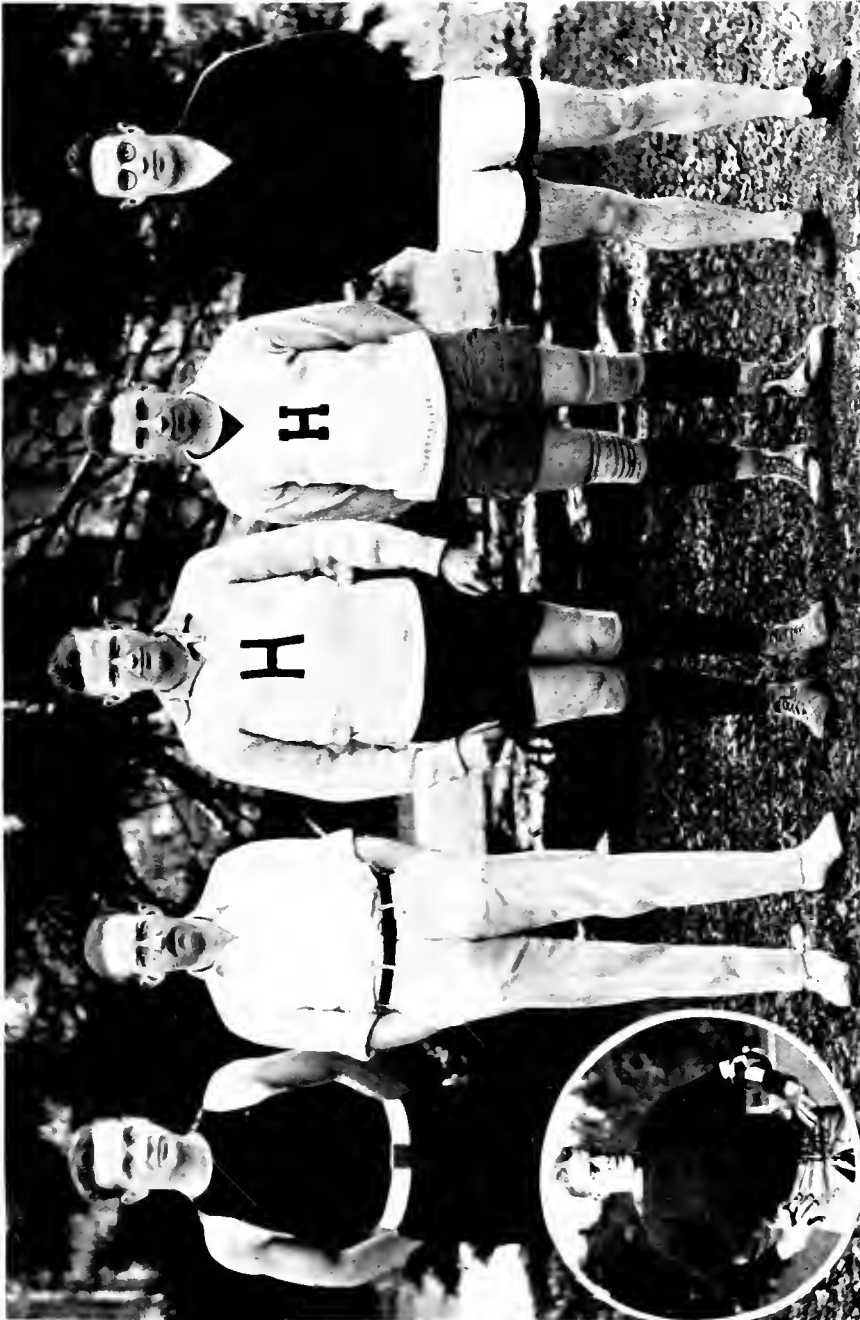
Assistant in Chemistry Laboratory

Born, Keesville, N. Y., October 6, 1897. A.B., Cornell, 1917.

MILTON HAMMOND STANSBURY

Assistant in English

Born, Baltimore, Md., November 6, 1892. A.B., Brown, 1915.



The Captains

1920 in the War



URS is truly a war class: of our sixty odd members, all but a bare half-dozen have been either in the armed forces of the United States or in some relief organization.

We had barely got our bearings at Haverford Freshman year when we were hustled into the Emergency Unit to learn the rudiments of drill, camping, sanitation, and automobile driving and repairing. Among other things, we campaigned at Cobb's Creek, helped level the new baseball diamond, and, under Dr. Babbitt's care, learnt to "produce litters."

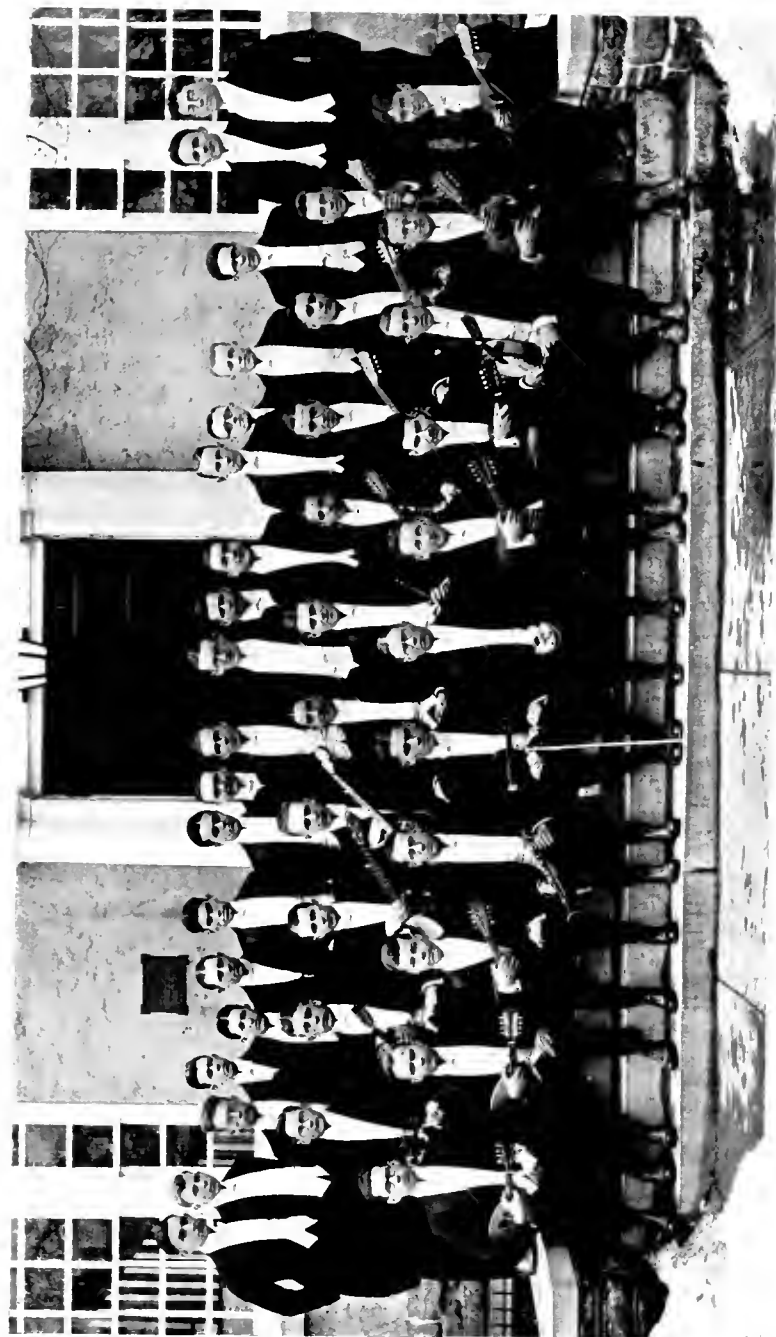
The first to leave us were Price and Grigg, in answer to the call of Base Hospital No. 10; the former married in France and later joined the American forces in the Rhineland—his chances of returning to Haverford seem, indeed, slight. The latter was glad enough to abandon hospital work to join a theatrical troupe whose membership included several other Haverfordians, notably Larry Jones and LeClerq; this company toured France, giving performances at various concentration camps.

Toward the end of Sophomore year, the Friend's Reconstruction Unit made its appeal for men among us and secured the services of Wood and Roberts; Wood remained with the Unit until the close of the war, his particular task being that of building and erecting portable houses for the devastated regions. Roberts, however, was loaned to the Red Cross and did some valuable work in charge of a canteen for refugees at Evian-Les-Bain in Savoy, and, later, as Red Cross captain in a concentration camp.

Since Haverford stuck to its Quaker principles and refused to establish an S. A. T. C. on its campus in the fall of 1918,—the youngest of us now being of military age,—the class disbanded: Worrell and Spencer joined the Motor Transport Corp; Miller, Van Sickle, Stubbs, Edmunds and Knowlton the navy; Pierce the naval aviation; Fitts secured a commission in the army, and the rest of us were enrolled in army or navy units at Princeton, Yale, Harvard or some other of the Eastern colleges. During the first half of Junior year the class was represented at Haverford by a mere handful.

At the close of the war, drawn back to Haverford by ties of friendship and of loyalty to our alma mater, we began Senior year again as a united class, our numbers increased by the return of several members of '19, '18, and even '17: Crosman and Thornton graduated at midyears, while Greer, a first lieutenant in the Sanitary Corp, Osler, an aviator, the two Olivers, Hallet, and Moore from Ambulance Units, and Hartshorne, Brockelbank, Earnest and Tatum from the Reconstruction Unit, graduated with us in June.

To those, such as Wood, Roberts, Edmunds and Grigg, who still have a year or more at Haverford, we extend our best wishes and a gentle admonition not to forget their membership in 1920.



The Musical Clubs

Cap and Bells



HE Class's histrionic career began in Freshman Year with Shaw's "You Never Can Tell." "Chris" Roberts shone as a blue-stocking authoress, middle-aged and formidable. Harry Morriss disported himself in the company of his twin "Larry" Jones,—enfants terribles both. K. Oliver, who the year before had been the Irishwoman of "All-Of-A-Sudden Peggy," dropped his brogue and became the statuesque, and would-be blue-stocking daughter of the aforesaid authoress. The play, unfortunately, had to be abandoned immediately before performance, when the Emergency Unit was organized.

During Sophomore and Junior years no play was given, but when it was revived in Senior year the class was again well represented. The production for this season was "Mrs. Bumpstead-Leigh." The title role was taken by K. Oliver, who had the difficult task of portraying a very complex double-personality part. "Chris" Roberts showed his versatility by giving a convincing characterization of the thoroughly disreputable young villain. Williams as a flamboyant tombstone salesman, Osler as the handsome lover, and Kearney as the polished gentleman of leisure, all lent eclat to the production. The task of managing the play fell to Reese, and the stage-managership to Kearney.

To the musical clubs the class has always contributed more than its quota of talent. In Freshman year it was represented by Williams, Toogood, Phelps, King, Hartman, Hill, Edmunds, Gucker, Harris, Cochran, Flanders, Earnest, and D. Oliver. By Sophomore year Phelps Hill and Cochran had fallen by the wayside, but the representation was kept up by the accession of Burritt, Fergusson and Kearney. New members in Junior year were Lycett and Sutton. At the end of the year Toogood and Hartman were elected to lead the Mandolin and Glee Clubs, respectively, but as Hartman did not return, the post was ably filled by Williams. Ferguson had the by-no-means-easy task of piloting the clubs on their many wanderings, and of his labors in guiding the flock unharmed through Devon Manor and Atlantic City, who shall speak?

Both the Mandolin and the Glee Clubs were pronounced by competent critics to be superior to any of the past. The Mandolin Club with an unusually fine violin section, a xylophone, clarinets, and a large mandolin section, preserved perfect balance and developed into a smooth but animated unit. The Glee Club, fortunate in the assistance of Mr. Carpenter, also rounded into exceptionally good form. The addition of two excellent specialties, the interpretative Dances of Toogood and Williams, and the Jazz-orchestra of Frank Earnest and his syncopated henchmen, left but one possible outcome—a highly successful season.



The News Board

Litterati



CLASS subjected to the vicissitudes of one year of near war, two years of war, and one year of near peace, could have but a disconnected literary history; particularly as one of the minor effects of the disjointed times was the extinction of the *Haverfordian*. This vehicle for literary expression contained during the first two years some contributions of varying worth,—gentle children of our fertile brains. The kind reader will kindly not make slighting references to these poor little orphans. The authors were a weighty Friend, who wrote poems about war, an amateur philosopher who raved gently about patriotism and vers libre, an artist who wrote deep short stories for literary effect, and a budding genius, whose copy when it was fit to print resembled in its tone content a mixture of Rabelais, de Maupassant, and Schopenhauer.

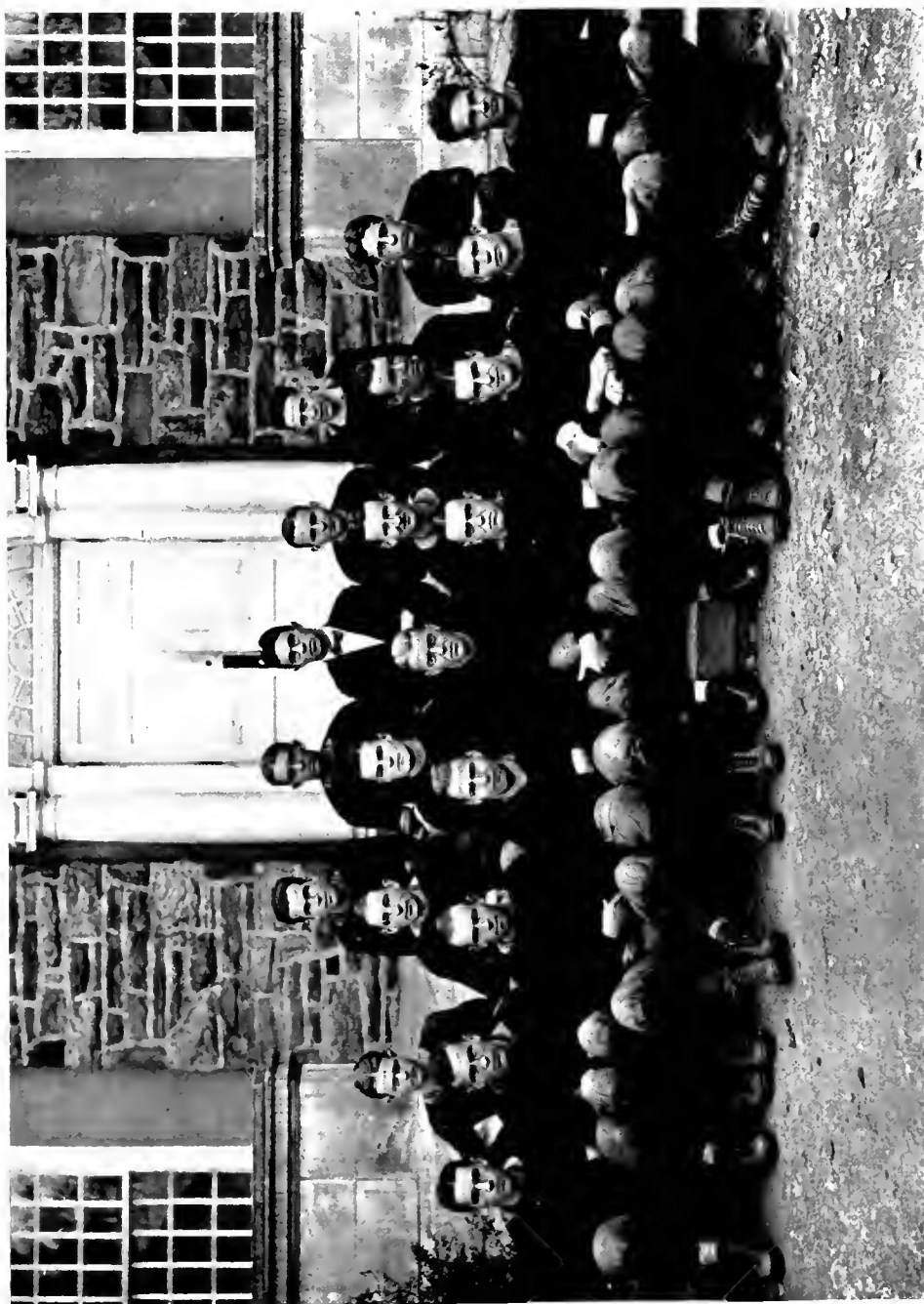
The last mentioned is the one author in the class who shows promise of literary genius,—if by literary genius we mean prolixity and an approach to insanity. He writes with an indecent exposure of soul and affects that type of morbid realism that leads the reader, who has never imagined, much less experienced, the situations portrayed, to exclaim: "How true to life!" But it is not the intention of this article in the slightest degree to disparage the literary hope of the class. He is wedded to fiction and has passed even now into its higher forms where his success is already assured—in journalism.

There are some who imagine that an editor of a newspaper is merely a chronicler, an expert who blue-pencils that which is false. Such indeed he may be. There are others whose conception of an editor is that of an impartial diviner of what his public wants; his whole aim being to keep his readers pleased, contented, and in the wrong,—comfortably in the wrong with the great majority. Such editors undoubtedly exist. To others there is still a different idea of the functions of an editor. From this point of view, an editor is an agitator; a man with a mission or with many missions. The member of the Class of 1920 who rose to the position of Editor-in-Chief of the *Haverford News* was of this last type. He deliberately sold the hirthright of the *News* for a pot of message and attempted to run that organ of collegiate happenings in the manner of the *New Republic*.

The path he trod was stony. On one occasion a cabal of insidious interests (why always insidious?) actually held up publication in illegal fashion. But like others of his tribe he worked for the future; he endured the stabs of the present for fame or for but a brief mention that could come to him only long after his arduous task was seemingly completed. We give this mention now. His missions were for the most part good; during his administration of the *News* the spelling was perfect.

There remains for mention a hybrid literary society called *The Percolator Club*. The literary standard of the club was high. The filtration and permeation of ideas took place to the tune of the actual percolations of a coffeepot.

On the whole, the literary attainments of the Class of 1920,—with due consideration given to the exigencies and irregularities of the times and with a more just appreciation than, it is feared, this account has shown, were such as might be viewed with serenity of mind if not with unbounded exultation.



Football Squad

Football

Our football history has been rather analagous to the well-known month of March, which, as everyone knows, comes in like a lion and goes out like a lamb. That is to say, we entered Haverford to the tune of a 10-7 defeat over our hated rivals and never succeeded in repeating this pleasing feat during our sojourn here. The remarkable machine which Doc Bennett built up in our Freshman year and which outplayed and outgamed their heavier opponents with the above result, was completely broken up by graduation and the ravages of war. For the next three years the appalling lack of material precluded all possibility of anything even approaching a winning combination, and inasmuch as we have always been troubled with scruples on this point, we could not go out and purchase the requisite talent. As a result we labored somewhat at a disadvantage—to put it mildly.

Our greatest potential star was Bob Burritt, who was simply burning up the grid-iron grass Freshman year until he threw his knee out so badly that he has never been able to play football again. Toogie held down a job as the brawny pivot man (138 lbs.) Sophomore year, but was spared the pleasure of meeting the mighty Fitz of Swarthmore (209 lbs.) by a broken leg. As the college was away at war Junior year, there was no football, but the return of Marney Crosman Senior year furnished a great impetus in the reestablishment of the game.

For the first time we now see Pierce, the submarine guard, and Kearney, the Human Meteor, playing football—and on the Varsity. Toogie disported at guard, Doug Knowlton at end, and of Course Marney ran the team. The warriors, though highly intelligent, were markedly inferior to the Redbellies in weight and muscular development, with the result that we once more went down to a bloody but glorious defeat.

However, with Mac the captain for next year and a large and promising bunch of youngsters coming up from below, we predict that there be another tale to tell in the future.



Cornog Downed



Soccer Squad

Soccer



THE third afternoon of our Freshman year saw the troops of the faithful first gather on '88 and Merion fields. A generous proportion of the knees of the Class of 1920 were there exposed to the breezes by impromptu soccer uniforms. There were forty Rhinies out that day following the soaring football, many for the first time. After two weeks the strenuous exercise had weeded out all but the most athletic or the most perseverent. The dust had cleared, and we now saw for the first time what a wonderful contribution we had made to the first eleven in the person of Winks Thorpe. His leisurely but never unsuccessful methods drew smiles and cheers from the sideline rooters, and many a "That's th' idea" from old George Young. Winks got his numerals Freshman year and was the only member of the class to get on the first team. Ted Smith and Scoop Collins were regulars on the second, however, and helped 1920 win second honors in the inter-class series.

In our second year no other of our class-mates secured places on the first team, but Winks Thorpe upheld our name manfully. He was granted his letter and was picked for the All-Collegiate team along with Pete Shipley and Phil Corson. We had expected great things of Ted Smith, but the war called him away and left them unfulfilled. Several more of our members put in an occasional appearance on '88 field, however, and we began to count in the soccer world.

No intercollegiate series was held in our Junior year, but Manager Scup arranged games with several of the cricket club teams, and managed to piece out a fairly good season. Thorpe had unfortunately "graduated" rather suddenly, so the work of upholding our class dignity fell to meaner feet. Collins was a regular, while Leuba and Hoag played for the college whenever they could break away from the Princeton S. A. T. C. George Young and Manager Collins decided to dispense with an obtrusive rule about the awarding of "H"s only for work in intercollegiate matches and granted the coveted letter to one member of our class, Collins.

Our last year was our palmy one in the soccer field. Osler joined us just in time to become captain. Bill Moore, Leuba, and Hallett all won "H's" and the second team was liberally peppered with sons of 1920. Though we did not contribute a very great number of men to the soccer teams during our four years, we are, nevertheless entitled to some pride, for these few included some of the best soccer men Haverford has turned out in recent years. Thorpe and Osler, both members of the All-American team, will not soon be forgotten among followers of the good old sport.



Gym Squad

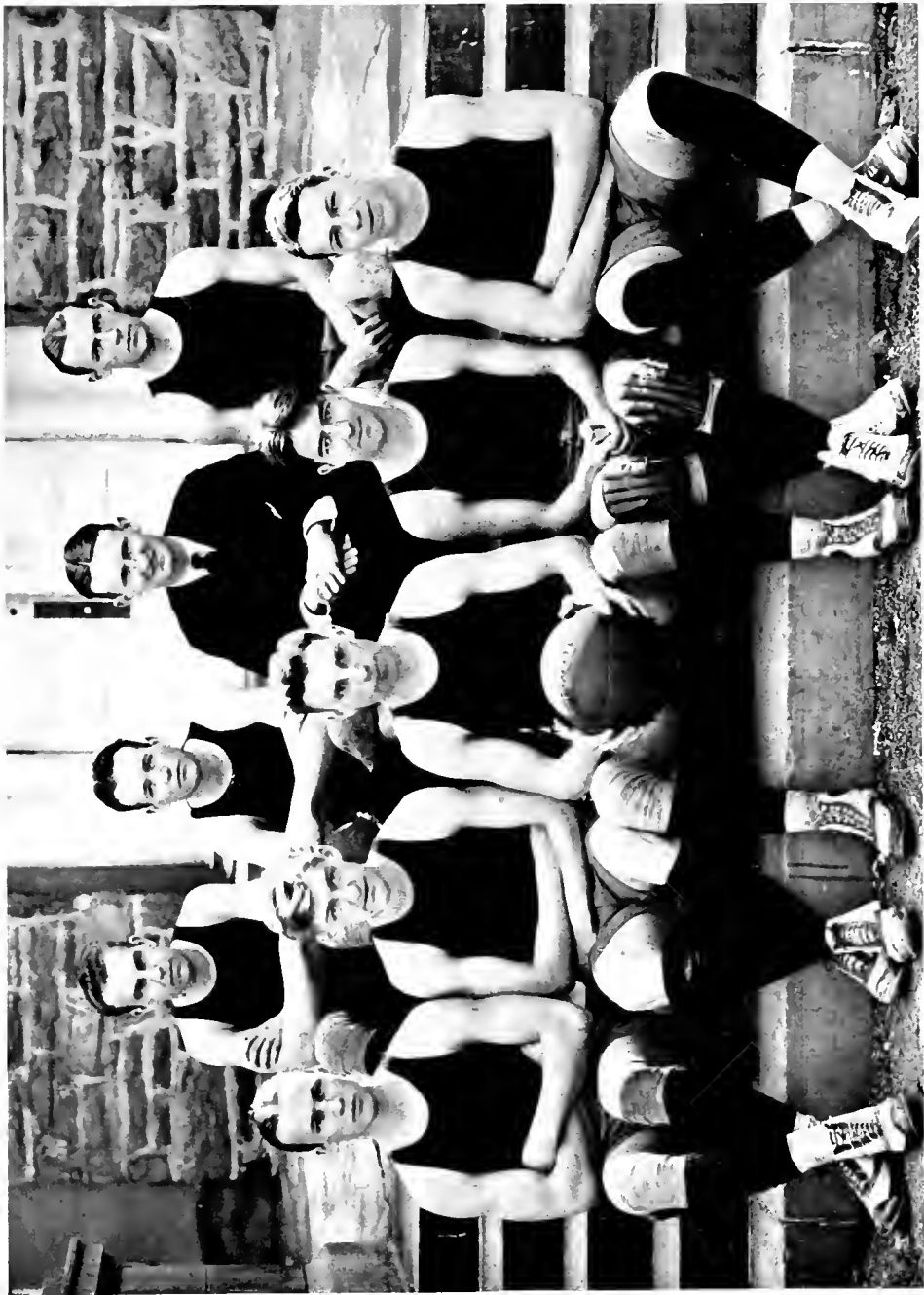
Gymnasium



THE Class has never been gymnastically inclined, at least not violently so. Exactly how much the required courses of Freshman and Sophomore year contributed to this state of affairs it would be difficult to say, but at any rate, the class's representation on the Gym Team, though scanty in quantity, has left little to be desired as to quality of performance. The stand-bys from Freshman year on have been Knowlton and Pierce. "Doug" is a clever tumbler, and has done valuable work on more than one occasion. Pierce's specialty has always been the rings.

The season of Senior year passed off creditably under Knowlton's captaincy. Tatum's return to college brought the team another adept on the horse, while his tragicomic manner has been observed visibly to impress more than one judge, and who shall say how many fair onlookers? The team ran against some stiff opposition, and having downed Yale, lost out to Princeton, Penn, and the unbeaten Annapolis squad. At the end of the season came the Inter-Collegiate Meet at Haverford. Here Long's consistently good work won the second place in the All-Round Championship, which, together with Arrowsmith's success on the horse enabled the college to place creditably.





Basketball Squad

Basketball



ASKETBALL as a major sport is the product of the war. The return of the men in the service saw such a uniform demand for this form of sport that the faculty thought it would be best to yield to their demands. Up to this time there had been class teams, but 1920 had few experienced basketball players outside of Bob Burritt and the results were not always productive of rejoicing. Yet Sophomore year we managed by the aid of "Shaver" Spencer to beat the Freshmen in both games. The other class games have been spoken of in former class books, so we will not take time to mention them here.

In Junior year, however, basketball appeared in an entirely new light. Corson was elected captain of the varsity and Graves manager, and a schedule was hastily arranged. Bob Burritt was just recovering from a bad knee and had to go carefully at first, but by the end of the year was in shape to take a position in the line up. For an opening attempt the season of 1919 was highly successful, the team was rather light, but fast, and had a record of four victories out of the seven games scheduled. The season came to an end with the Ursinus contest, which was lost due to the last minute injuries which suddenly befell the team. The captaincy was given to Burritt, while Tom Kearney was entrusted with the making out of the schedule.

The 1920 season opened with a defeat at the hands of Muhlenberg, whom we easily conquered, however, in the return game later in the winter. Then, however, the team ran into a fog of hard luck. First Matzke, the star forward, got under the ban of probation, and at the next game Bob Burritt injured his knee and was out for the season. Thus green men had to be rushed in and the team practically made over in the middle of the season. The first Swarthmore game was rapidly approaching, so "Lardy" Davis was procured to help Doc Bennett in shaping the team in its big game. The new bunch began working together and though they suffered reverses at the hands of Stevens and Franklin and Marshall (the latter in an extra period), things looked fairly bright for the Swarthmore contest.

The big game had hardly started when the Garnet sunk a field goal. However, this served only to put more fight in the Scarlet and Black, who came back and were shortly leading 5-4. The game see-sawed back and forth for the first half with Swarthmore leading 12-8 at the intermission.

Haverford, however, staged a wonderful rally at the beginning of the second half and scored seven straight points while the Garnet quintet was held scoreless. At this stage of the game Fisher was put out on four personal fouls and the team was for the minute discouraged, but quickly came back to the old fighting spirit and with two minutes to play the score stood 20-18 in favor of Swarthmore.

At this point they started to freeze the ball and in their excitement Haverford broke up its splendid defense with the result that Swarthmore scored two more field goals before the final whistle.

In the final awards Burritt received his letter and Williams was given his numerals.



Cricket Squad

Cricket



RICKET, like so many other activities, has had its decided ups and downs during the class's four years at college. In Freshman year it was down, in fact down so low as to be altogether extinguished. This was through no lack of good material in the college, but because that Spring which brought the war onto America brought the Emergency Unit onto Haverford. That strange, amorphous Unit! It entered in full panoply of stretchers, shovels, and old flivvers, and all else howed before it. Cricket, among other things, did not exist.

The next year saw a brave attempt to resuscitate it, but conditions were unfavorable and the season was not a great success. The team was captained by Tomlinson, '18, the class being represented on it by Toogood, Williams, and Collins.

In Junior year, however, as the college filled up again, and things became more normal, there was a great come-back. "Ed" Porter and "Marney" Crosman, both ex-'18, arrived from abroad in time to contribute largely to the season's success, the former being elected captain. Toogood, Kearney, and Rogers were regulars, and Silver and Collins substitutes. The Canadian trip, which followed immediately after the close of college, brought the team much valuable experience.

Senior year has seen a strong well-balanced team. "Marney" having completed his course at Mid-Years, was unable to take part, and his loss was much felt. "Doug" Oliver, ex-'19, who returned from over-seas in the early part of the year was elected captain, and by his steady bowling has proved a valuable addition to the team. The class was again well represented by its old stand-bys.





Track Squad

Track



THE Class of 1920 has always excelled in spring sports. Track is no exception to this rule. Even way back in the dark ages of Freshman year, though we lost the Rhinie-Soph meet, we gave Track Coach Keogh cause for joy. Grigg, captain of the class team, was making good time in both the quarter and the one mile when he left to join Base Hospital 10. Jim Pierce, according to custom, did good work as a slinger, this time of shot and hammer. Fran Silver wasn't allowed to run, but he showed the Sophs how jumping ought to be done. Good old J. S. was on deck as usual, but as yet gave no indication of his marvelous hurdling ability.

In Sophomore year we beat the Rhinies, and later won the inter-class championship—thanks to Johnnie's timely second in the hurdles. Geckeler starred in the quarter, winning his letter easily. Knowlton started his long series of firsts as a pole-vaulter, and he, too, appeared behind an "H" before summer came. Class Captain Fran Silver had an operation, so the poor lad was only able to win the half mile, the high jump, and the broad jump in the inter-class meet. Jack Keogh failed to get Jimmy Babbitt's permission for Fran to run for the college. Tommie Morris and galloping Dick Wood in the one-half and the one mile turned points for Haverford. Dieses Hastings captured a hard-won first in the two mile against Muhlenberg in something less than a quarter of an hour. Jim Pierce and Harry Hartman hove the shot like true Ec-students.

In Junior year Johnnie Williams, whose retiring nature had hitherto kept him in the background in most of his races, began to show real hurdling ability. When he didn't trip on the fatal seventh hurdle, the crowd heaved a sigh of relief and marked up a second or third for the college. Jim Pierce managed to scale the discus for the college record, winning numerous firsts on the side. Fran Silver also set a record in the javelin throw and got a cup like Jim's to show for it. Fran usually captured first place in the quarter mile also. These two and Doug Knowlton all won letters. The track team consisted largely, however, of Captain Al Hisey. He won his fifteen or twenty points a meet as regularly as clockwork. Both hurdles, both jumps, the 100 and the 220 all contributed to his individual score.

We were all congratulating ourselves on having as captain in our Senior year one of the best track men who ever ran for Haverford, but the fates willed that Al should leave before the season came. Fran Silver was chosen to succeed him as captain. With the support of the old regulars plus Dick Wood in the mile, Hastings in the two mile, and Tommie Morris in the half, 1920 acquitted itself nobly in her last track season.



Baseball Squad.

Baseball



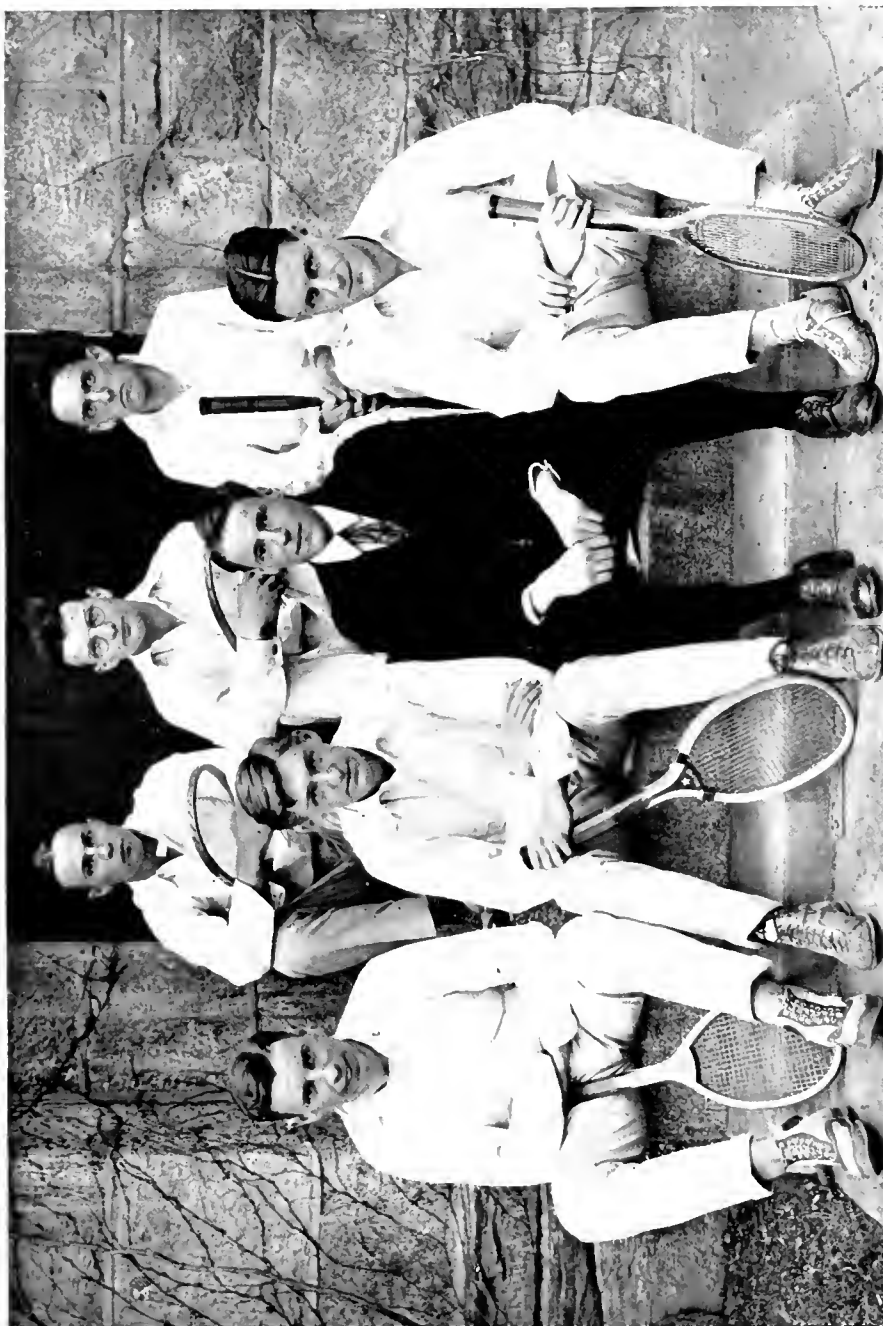
BASEBALL became a major and recognized sport during our first year at college, and everything was well arranged, including a Southern trip. This trip went off as scheduled with "Jerry" Cochran, who was our first great baseball light, in attendance. However, at this crucial moment the war intervened, and all bets were off.

Nevertheless baseball was revived in our Sophomore year under the leadership of Neil Gilmore. Here for the first time Bob Burritt, Tom Kearney and Winks Thorpe showed their true ability. Burritt held down second, Kearney did the pitching, while Thorpe covered first. Among them they did much toward making the season a success.

The third year of baseball history was marked by the election of Burritt to captain the team. The armistice brought Buzby back to college and prospects were bright, except for the fact that Thorpe's leaving college had made a big hole in the infield. However, Jimmy Pierce stepped into Wink's shoes and before he had been out long, we found that Pierce was also a great addition to the pitching staff. But sore arms and bad weather banished all hopes of a successful season. We played Swarthmore and were defeated 11 to 1, even though Pierce held the Garnet helpless throughout the last four innings. But we finished the season in a blaze of glory, beating Franklin and Marshall 18 to 8, Al Hisey putting the game on ice when, with the bases full, he hit a long *single* to right, cleaning the bags and when the smoke cleared Al was standing calmly on third.

Bob Burritt was re-elected to lead the team through our Senior year. The team was rather hard hit by the departure of Hisey and Crosman, but with Pierce and Kearney pitching, they began to work like a machine and to hit. Under the circumstances there could be but one result—a winning ball club.





Tennis Squad.

Tennis

Nineteen twenty has been so much occupied with the major spring sports, that tennis has been sadly neglected. Walt Shipley, Johnny Haynes, and Bob Miller had to struggle through their season with no assistant from the hitherto omnipresent Rhinie class. Even Sophomore year failed to find any youthful McLaughlins among our classmates, though Kamsler and Leuba indulged in daily games of ping-pong. Tennis was so weak during Junior year that we thought proper to come to its aid, and added Captain Toogood and Bob Burritt to the team. The unlooked for result of this timely assistance was that the team didn't win a single match the whole season. Toogood usually managed to beat his opponent, while he and Weatherby made a strong doubles combination. In the Swarthmore match both Toogood and Bob Burritt, who took Henderson's place, succeeded in winning their sets, but the team as a whole went down to a decisive, if hard-won, victory.

In our Senior year Burritt was too much occupied in piloting the baseball team to waste his time in handling a racquet, and Toogood was the only member of the class of 1920 who represented his class on the courts.





1921.

Junior Class

Alan Mason Abele	John Macadam, Jr.
Harold Walton Arrowsmith	Archibald MacIntosh
Robert Atkinson	David Matzke
Jarvis Jefferis Babb	William Felix Mengert
Thomas McGranahan Baker	John Delaplane Miller
Thomas Bradwall Barlow	Edwin Demetrius Miner
Henry Charles Bigelow	Elliston Perot Morris, Jr.
Paul Herbert Caskey	Samuel Albert Nock
John Branson Edmonds	Raymond Theodore Ohl
Stacy Newcomb Ewan, Jr.	James Lawrence Pierce
George John Gebauer	Amos Arthur Powell
Edward Cadmus Haines	Garrett Roberts
Alan Woods Hastings	Albert Edward Rogers
Edmund Guido Hauff	Joseph Elsworth Rogers
Eugene Blair Heilman	Milton Huyett Sangree
Herschel Clifford Henderson	Joseph Hutchinson Smith
John Robison Hoopes	Willard Samuel Taylor
Boris Leon Hurwitz	Harry Garland Timbres
William Thomas Jebb	Charles Wilbur Ufford
John Barclay Jones, Jr.	Benjamin B. Weatherby, 2d
John Hugo Klaren, Jr.	Bertrand Henry Wilbur
Julian Sax Long	David Harris Wilson
Morrison Cushman McKinley	Robert Newlin Wood

Allan Zook

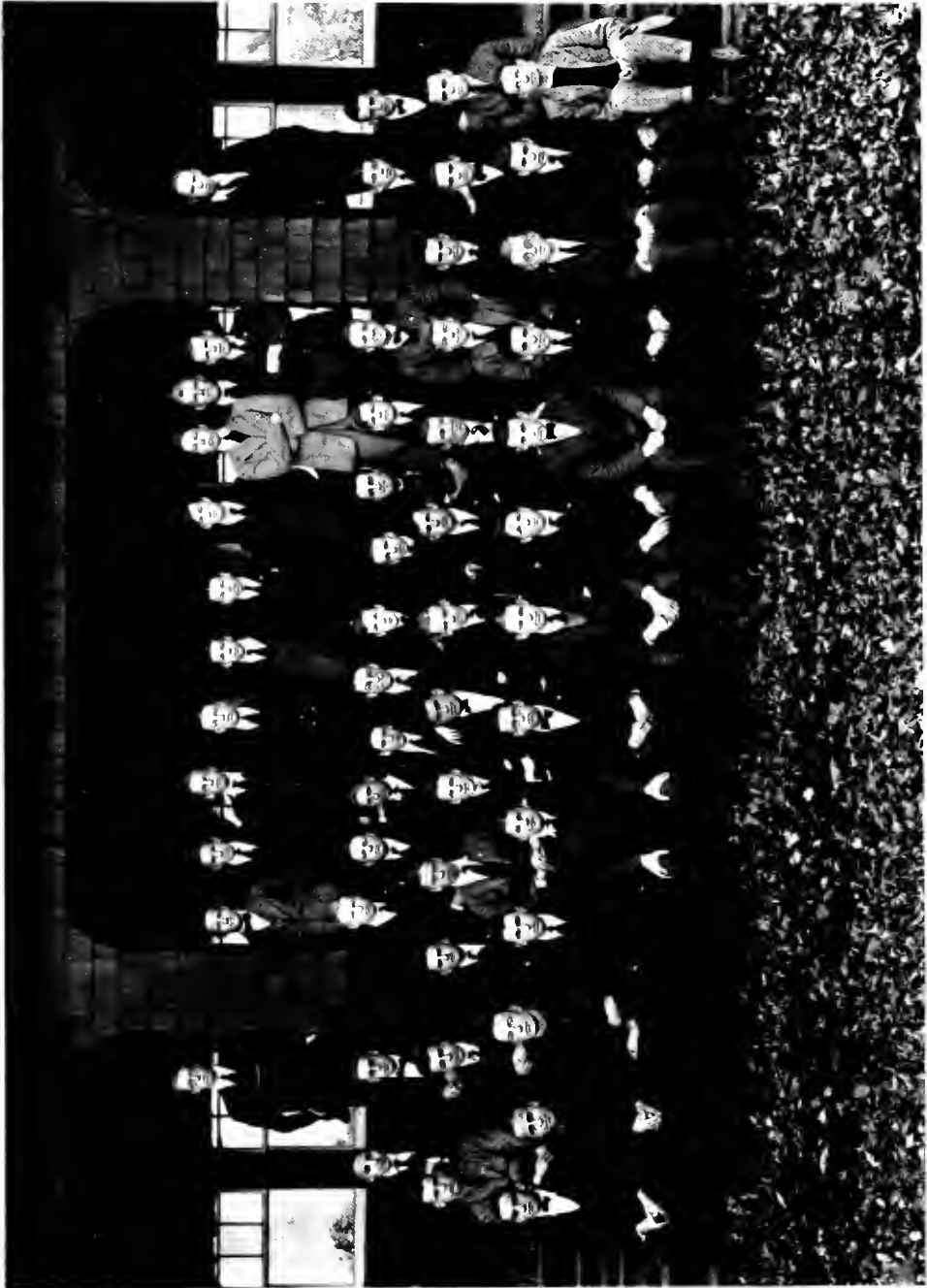


1922.

Sophomore Class

Charles David Abbott, Jr.
Noel Stryker Arrowsmith
Charles Biddle Atlee
John Bryant Barker
Kenneth Braddock-Rogers
Charles Addison Brinton
Allen Kazlitt Bucknell
Anthony Morris Carey, Jr.
Samuel Hiok Chang
William Dickey Coder
Chalmers Preston Emigh
Thomas LaFayette Fansler, Jr.
Henry Salmor Fraser
Harold Maurice Grigg
John Flagg Gummere
Percival Hall, Jr.
Joseph Hallock
William Blair Heilman
William Craig Hendricks
George Adolph Hilleman
Richard Worth Janney
David Alexander Kay
Ralph Adam Klemm
Henry William Kumm
David R. Lane
Delaplaine McDaniel

William Henry McCallum, Jr.
Robert Rudolph Matzke
Karl Matz Miller
Vincent Oscar Miller
Thomas Montgomery
Alfred George Muench
Shigeo Nakane
Chauncey Gause Paxson
Harry William Pfund
John Harkey Reiter
William Attich Reitzel
William Lester Rhoads
Richard Graefin Sagebeer
Nathan Barnitz Sangree
Frederick Homer Sargent, Jr.
James Eckel Sidel
William Easter Silver
Craig McComb Snader
Richard Manliffe Sutton
Thomas Tatnall, Jr.
Edward Allinson Taylor
Edward Jackson Thompson
Kenneth Betts Walton
Prosper Daniel Wirt
John Colvin Wright
Edwin Walter Zerrer



1923.

Freshman Class

Russel Greene Allen, Jr.	George Wood Hunt
William Warder Bacon, Jr.	Marcus Hutkin
John Carter Borton	Wilmot Rufus Jones
Henry Tatnall Brown, Jr.	Stephen Brooks Knowlton
Addison Steward Buck	Robert West Leeds
Joseph Zam Collins Chapman	Andrew Lindsay Lewis
Oliver Cope	John Lyttleton Lyon
Frank Umstead Davis	Marriett Canby Morris, Jr.
Carleton Dennett	Thomas Sangster Mutch
Hal Gordon Farrar	Robert Nesbit, Jr.
Guilferd Dudley Fisher	Howard Benjamin Osler
Frank Plumley Flint	Thomas Parke
Gilbert Crawford Fry	Dudley McConnell Pruitt
George Randle Grimes	Norman Eby Rutt
Frank Warren Guthrie	Austin Bartholomew Sayre
William Henry Hamilton	Kenneth Schurch Scott
Edward Kenneth Haviland	Benjamin Hallowell Shoemaker, 3d
Charles Dixon Heyer	John Bryant Stevenson
Irvin Coltum Heyne	Gordon Weld Strawbridge
Rees Slaymaker Himes	Charlton Bevan Strayer
Axel Febiger Hinrichsen	Alfred Longstaff Test
Garrett Scattergood Hoag	Wayne MacVeagh Wagenseller
Lee Grant Holmes	William Wyclif Walton
John Gibbs Howland	Charles Warner, Jr.
Hillis Johnson Hubbard	Nelson Arnold White
George Conrad Huffman	Harry Lawrence Wilbur
William Cosgrove Hunsicker, Jr	Alexander Jardine Williamson
 Gerald Wilson	



The Managers of the Teams

Through the Keyhole



Drawings by
Granville Cogood





"OH MUSE ! WHERE THE — ART THOU ?"

HAROLD WALTON BRECHT.

"HAROLD"

"BRECHT"

"Say, Tommy, have you gotten your check from the Inquirer?"

This budding young genius first came into the limelight when he gave Ned some advice on how to conduct the Freshman English course. It did not, of course, meet with Ned's approval, so Ned naturally gave the decision at the end of six rounds to Ned.

From then on Harold's rise to fame was meteoric. He had many obstacles to overcome, however, the largest of which was, without argument, Babbitt's gym. Our hero fought this demon like a true Knight, and finally conquered. How this was accomplished, we cannot say, as only a select few are acquainted with the facts, but we feel sure that full details can be procured by anyone for a reasonable consideration.

These "reasonable considerations" have also been a large factor in Harold's career. He has been known to do anything for a dollar but murder (that costs two). He put the newspaper business on a true financial basis and under the firm of Brecht and Morris, Inc. (Incomparable) the slogan of the *North American* "It's all here and some of it's true" reached its greatest height.

But a true genius must have a source of inspiration, and Harold's source was Kamsler. He came under Milton's tutelage at the beginning of Junior year. A great change was the immediate result, for by the end of the year Harold was able to chin himself twelve times.

But Harold is a radical and believes in nothing conventional. His ambition (yes, he has one) is a place to sleep and enough to eat and smoke, and an opportunity to do what he damn' pleases. And we predict that if this is granted him, Galsworthy, Shaw, and the like had better look to their laurels.

"YES, OF COURSE,
DR. JONES,
HA, HA, HA!"



WILLIAM JOHN BROCKELBANK

"BROCK"

"I am Sir Oracle!"

Of Brock's impact on his original class of 1919 we know only by hearsay, but, to judge by our own experience, it must have been terrific. We must remember, of course, that before coming to us his lingual attainments and his repertoire had been increased by a year's service in France with the Reconstruction Unit, but when all allowances have been made, the conclusion is unescapable that Brock's line is an *a priori*, *ab origine* gift to him from the Fairies. Such lines are born with us, rarely acquired! If anyone should desire further light on this problem we should suggest attendance at a session of the Social Science Club, over which Brock presides with great dignity—or a place near him at Monday lunch would do as well. Whatever the subject under discussion, we can guarantee that the listener would come away, perhaps somewhat mystified, but certainly much impressed by a masterly presentation of facts and theories hitherto undreamed of by even experts in the field. Brock, we believe, favors the use of a pitch-fork over a shovel.

We have hinted above at his leadership in the Social Science Club. Brock was also one of the intellectual high-lights of the class, carrying off a Corporation Scholarship in his Senior Year. Among his other interests have been Soccer, the Cercle Français, and, as the Spirit moved, Bryn Mawr.

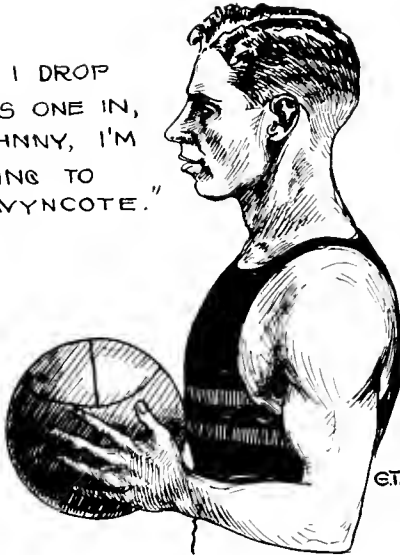
We prophesy for him resounding success in the busy marts of trade. His summer adventures have already given indications of a bump of salesmanship, and his glib tongue and self-assurance will always be his best allies.

ROBERT WILLIAM BURRITT.

"BOB"

"BURKETT"

"IF I DROP
THIS ONE IN,
JOHNNY, I'M
GOING TO
WYNCOTE."



"Say, Johnny, are you going to use your raincoat over the week-end?"

"Burritt wanted on the phone!"

"Not here—this is Wednesday night. Get the message."

"It's his family—they wanta know if they can expect him home for Christmas."

"Not if it comes on Wednesday!"

This was not always the case, however. There were times when Bob used to stay around college and do things. But Senior year saw a great change. The trouble is that no one can really find out the facts of the case, because Bob is not around college enough to tell us, and even if he did have time, he wouldn't tell us.

Burkett however does not devote all his time to women, but (whenever he is not studying) he finds a little time to meddle in athletics. Bob is really, seriously now, an all-around athlete. Besides having been a member of the football, basketball and baseball teams, he was runner up in the tennis tournament, and is a fair hand at slinging the ball (the evidence of this fact is that he got a B in Soc. Work.)

But to get Bob in his most characteristic pose you must see him putting on the finishing touches as he is about to leave for a date. Just when you think he is dressed he begins. He has done it so long that now he runs on schedule—eleven minutes to brush clothes, nine minutes to brush and rebrush hair, six minutes to brush hat, and usually three minutes to shine his shoes. To really appreciate this you have to see it.

So Bob will go into business, neat and accurate in the details, and tackling the big problems as though they were his opponents on the gridiron, the diamond, or the basketball floor (all of which he excelled in) and solving them as he solved Dr. Muldrum's "Chem'cal Problems."



BENJAMIN COLLINS, JR.

"Scup"

"BENJ."

"Got that nickle yet."

There can be no doubt that Scup was devoted to the three graces, Faith, Hope, and Charity, all throughout his college course. He had faith in the law of demand and supply of furniture, he had hope in his ultimate ability to become a soccer star, and he showed immense charity in once loaning a sum of money to the Corporation. But contrary to the usual order of things, the greatest of these in Scup's estimation was faith. He acquired the furniture at the end of his Sophomore year, and he feels that he is justified in suing the U. S. for dangers and losses resulting from the war and from the fact that several nefarious students sold him Harvey Klock's furniture.

However it was a great lesson to good old Ben and one that he will be able to profit by when he is "down on the farm."

As for his social side Scup has tamed down since his early years. Well do we remember those "two vast and trunkless legs of stone not "standing in the desert" but wearing a path to and from the all too handy refrigerator along with his great companion in mastication, "Shepp."

But those days are past. Scup now centers his time upon the engineering lab and the running the farm up in Purchase, N. Y. Social life no longer holds its fascination for him, and even smoking has taken hold of this sterling, stolid Quaker. For under the skin (and it may be a little thick) Scup is a good fellow, and though many are inclined to doubt it, he will lend you money when you are hard up.



"WHO'S GOT HIM?"

JOHN MARSHAL CROSMAN.

"MARNEY"

"HOGAN"

"You're a great one."

Let us pause here, ladies and gentlemen, and gaze upon the greatest athlete that ever wore an "H." He excels in football, cricket, gym, baseball, soccer, tennis, squash, track and bridge, and his rending (pardon, rendition) of "Old Black Joe" upon the mandolin is excruciating beyond all belief. In fact to anyone bringing to the notice of the management evidence that some game exists which Marney does not play well there will be presented absolutely free of charge one pair of beautifully embroidered fur-lined suspenders.

Unlike most great athletes, Marney is endowed with even more than his full share of brains. He doesn't waste any words, but when he talks he says something. Also, unlike a great many athletes, Marney belongs to one of our very front families and figures frequently in Nancy Wynne's nightly chatter.

We inherited Hogan from '18 along with Al Hisey, for all of which we are truly thankful. The college improved about 90 per cent on the spot. We think the other 10 per cent could have been added had he retained the beautiful yellow mustache behind which he sought peace and seclusion in France. Oh yes, Marney was another of our imposing array of Artillery Lieuts., his particular job being to go up in a sausage balloon and spy out the land, the while furnishing innocent diversion for the Hun Archies and airmen.

Marney is a connoisseur of all that is best in life. He loves good books, good society, good clothes, good liquor, and one very good girl in particular. No one who has seen him only in his usual sedate and dignified mood would suspect that he can be, and frequently is, as funny and lovably playful as a kitten. He and "Tony" Carey are the two most engaging rough-housers that ever lived.

Needless to say, Marney's graduation in February made a terrible hole in the college and was sincerely lamented by all. Not only did we lose a truly remarkable and tireless worker, but a friend of that sterling character that will last through the years to come.



"I'VE GOT THE BLUES,
I SAID - I'VE - GOT - 'EM "

FRANKLIN MCCREARY EARNEST, JR.

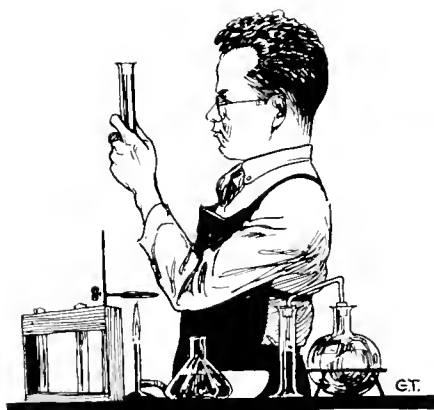
"FRANK"

"Hang Sorrow!"

Every age has had its prophets, so perhaps the twentieth century is not exempt, and if so, certainly none can lay better claim to that august title than the Jazz Orchestra. Haverford, being ministered to on Thursdays by Rufus and Co., turns in lighter moments to these artists of the saxophone and drum, and their High Priest is Earnest. Our own "Jazzorchestra" has headquarters at College, but its hunting-ground is the length and breadth of the Main Line—indeed every social function of any importance is graced by its presence. Earnest is its leader, its genius, its spirit incarnate. His musical career dates back to his entrance to College, and who will forget his famous duets with McConnell, the two "Banjokesters"? He has always been a pillar of the Mandolin Club, and in Senior year took part in that most special of specialties, "The Persian Problem".

We shall always think of him in terms of syncopated melody, and never picture him hut with a jovial smile. In third floor Center, and at the corner table in the dining room, in fact everywhere and always he has been a source of merriment.

Among his other activities have been the Managership of Football, and the Undergraduate Treasurership of the Cap and Bells. To all these he has brought real organizing ability and business acumen. He will go through life making the rough places smooth, pouring oil on troubled waters, and making two pennies grow where one grew before.



LUCIUS WILLIAMS ELDER

"ELDER"

"M-m-m."

Elder is one of the few members of our class who has a decided bent for one field of learning. Most of us have spent our four college years browsing about in most of the courses of study offered at Haverford without any particular violent likes or dislikes; not so with Elder, however. With a very true instinct he scented out chemistry as the proper field for his life work. Thoroughly despising philosophy, history, economics or any other of the philosophical sciences and all the languages, including English, he concentrated on mathematics, physics and above all, on his beloved chemistry, in which, Senior year, he not only followed courses, but was also an instructor.

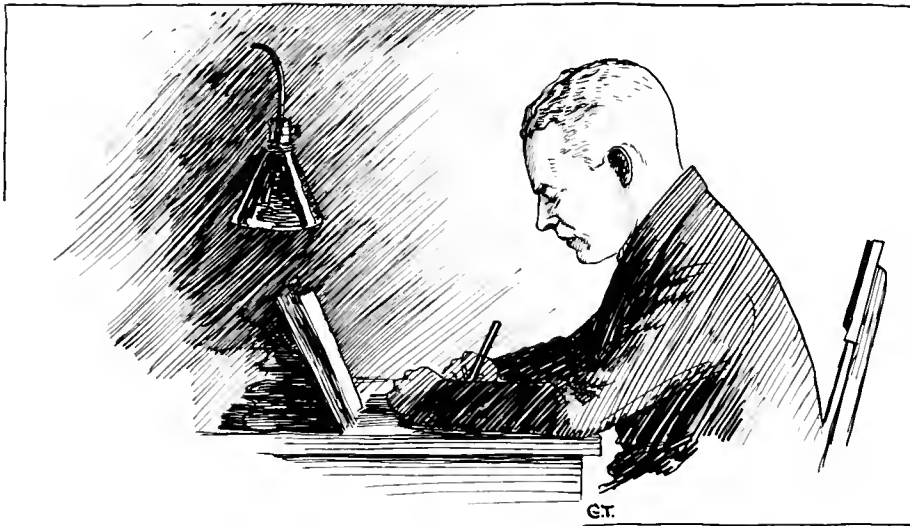
It has been a matter of no small speculation to the rest of us as to whether or not Lucius is at all interested in the deadlier sex. The general consensus of opinion seems to be, however, that his only experiments in that direction have been with Ethyl—and her various combinations.

In Memoriam

Edward Morris Fergusson

Born September 29, 1899

Died May 3, 1920



J. RUSSEL FITTS

"RUSS"

"THE PICTURE OF TAILORED VICE"

"Nope, got to study."

Russ first flashed upon our horizon as the natty stranger from "Kan' City". His refreshing appearance, charming ways, and superhuman cleverness in avoiding the attentions of the Sophomore Hazing Committee by rooming with his brother Dwight, gained him the honor of being our first president without a battle.

As a living embodiment of the heaven-sent gift of concentration, Russ has cut his calm, clean-swept path through four college years. It won him a high standing, a commission in the Field Artillery, and the marveling admiration of his fellows. His is a beautiful example of the balanced life—he studies hard, he exercises hard, and when he plays—Oh, Lawd, he plays hard too. Russ breaks loose at times and indulges in periods of well-deserved recreation than which there is nothing than whicher.

Nothing has ever been known to ruffle Russ but the non-arrival of his daily Special Delivery from his lady-love—and the positively cataclysmic upheaval which took place when some low miscreant stole his liquor. Even on that occasion he made little noise, but he was certainly incensed to a degree. In fact his rage knew no bounds.

Seriously, Russ has been an anchor that has kept the fast-flying whirlygig of Kinsey steady upon its axis. His excellent drag with the Office has saved many a damned soul. If he runs the wholesale drygoods business as well as he functioned as President of the A. A. and of the Athletic Cabinet, he will shortly be known as the Drygoods King. But he will be a success, whatever he does.



ROBERT BRATTON GREER

"Bob"

"Company Halt."

Nineteen twenty includes representatives of many political points of view: In the left wing we have the radicals Leuba and Van Sickle; in center—the exact center—we have Osler; and in the right, by his own admission, stands Bob Greer. Greer is so ardent a republican that the Dean felt sufficiently sure of him to excuse several of his cuts that he might go home and vote with the party. When the *judge* sought relaxation by frightening defenceless rabbits with the famous cross-eyed gun, he incidentally gave pleasure not only to himself and the rabbits, but also to his admiring friends. The well-known gun was one of peculiar habits; whenever Bob was sure he had it pointed right it refused to go off.

Bob is an indefatigable story-teller; not that his fund is very large, but that his stories exhibit a tendency to recur, despite Kearney's famous slogan, "You told it better the first time." For many weeks we thought he never laughed but we finally made the great discovery that certain sounds emitted by him at frequent intervals, and formerly thought by the best authorities to be indications of excruciating pain, were signs of the intensest delight.

Greer is an excellent judge—of women, itinerant in habit. We shall always remember the military precision with which he hied him toward Bryn Mawr and wonderful strategy by which he avoided being discovered there by the girl he called on the night before. Greer hopes to practice law in Johnstown, unless dragged to Salt Lake City by his Mormonistic tendencies. His neatness and method are sure to send him to the fore in his profession as well in Johnstown as in the civilized world.



FRANK THOMPSON GUCKER, JR.

"FRANK"

"Ah! The Duke!"

"GUKKER"

It is said that life runs into opposites and that the positive and negative have the greatest attraction for each other. No better example of this can be afforded than the rooming of Frank with Clarence Miller Freshman year. For two such opposite types it was really wonderful how well they got along. But it was too good to last, and Frank soon began to show himself an exceptional boy, by departing from the rule and taking to his "boosom" (as he would pronounce it) a more congenial mate, Eddie Ferguson (spelled with a double "s").

Frank early proved himself a great classical scholar, and in his Junior Year was chosen to the Presidency of the Classical Club, and besides this he excelled in Chemistry and won the Teaching Fellowship.

Frank is really famous on two scores, his rivalry with Eddie for high marks, and the size of his head. This latter is a cause for much speculation, for as far as the college body can make out he has never been able to procure a hat large enough to fit this momentous chamber of brains, from which issues such ponderous and elephantine humor, and the result was that his top-piece always seemed to occupy only the center of the stage (yet from this position he usually gets across to the audience).

His rivalry with Eddie, however, has been one of the keenest ever witnessed in college ranks. Eddie had a little of the advantage last year, but Frank has come back strong this year, and seems to be a little in the lead and is sure of winning Phi Beta Kappa. This rivalry became so spirited, however, that serious effects were feared when one of the contestants stayed up an hour later than he promised he would to study for an exam.

However Frank is a mighty fine boy, with a heart as big as his body, and we predict a bright future for him in the teaching profession.

HENRY McCLELLAN HALLETT, 2nd

"HEINIE"

"A lion among ladies is a most dreadful thing."

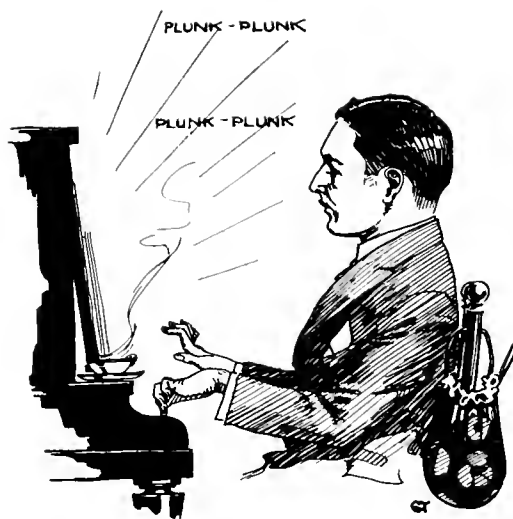


"THAT WAS TOUGH
LUCK, I MEAN."

Of all the enigmas of College life, the most puzzling has been this: Where does Heinie spend his evenings? Two or occasionally three nights in the week he heeds the call of duty and stays at home to study,—but of the rest, who shall speak? We only know that he sallies forth bright and early armed gloriously for the fray. At the bottom of it all, as you have probably guessed, are the ladies, but which ones, how many, how, when and where? Ah, that is the question, and one will ponder it long before reaching a solution. Report hath it that Heinie has about six different ladies upon whom he calls in regular rotation and upon all of whom he smiles with equal favor. It was doubtless the desire of one of these to get ahead of her hated rivals that lay behind the frantic telephone appeals for Mr. Hallett throughout the course of that memorable night when no less than five determined attempts were made to reach his ear.

Heinie started his Haverford career in the company of 1918, and only joined our ranks after a strenuous period of service. He was always, in the old days, a stalwart athlete, and has kept true to form ever since. His specialty has been Soccer, where his work has been consistently of Varsity standard. He also shines at Tennis, and can quit himself manfully at Cricket and Baseball as well.

Heinie is quiet and unostentatious, but, as everyone knows, still waters run deep. So keep your eye on him. He will travel far and high.



PIERSON PENROSE HARRIS

"PIERSON" "P. P."..

"I can't be at Glee Club Practice to-night."

Pierson is one of the "Five". He was one of the upholders of the Class of 1920 during its most trying times. In short Pierson was one of the "Immortals" who stuck by the ship in the early part of Junior year, when she had sprung a bad leak and was thought to be sinking. But Pierson's hands were not at the pumps—nay, it was with the piano that he stopped the flood and proved himself a leader by taking over the reins of the Y. M. C. A. in his Junior Year.

But let us not get too far away from the piano, for it was there that P. P. attained his greatest fame. Freshman Year he started his stormy and rocky road as accompanist. And for four long years he suffered under the slurs and curses of the various leaders of the Musical Clubs.

Pierson never realized that leaders are usually high strung and nervous before a concert. So he calmly came late whenever necessary and was often afflicted with that terrible disease that so frequently strikes accompanists, "forgetis-musicitis." This immediately caused a storm of oaths to shower upon his unsuspecting head.

But we are considering only his faults. Pierson was President of the Y. M. C. A., which has been mentioned before, and was a mighty fine President, which has not been mentioned before. He took this responsible position at a very difficult time and well succeeded in keeping the morale as well as the morals of the college at par.

Because he was a day student the majority of four years, few of us got to see the best side of Pierson, but when we did we found a mighty wholesome interior, and a desire to do anything for us that he could. Pierson is going to enter the ministry, and all we can say is that the other professions are losing a mighty good man.



GORDON BIRDSALL HARTSHORN

"GORDON"

"He wears the rose of youth upon him."

Hartshorn wears the rose of youth upon him, and a rose it is indeed, a most becoming blush. He rises, ebbs, and flows with the greatest ease, and is indicative of his naivete and delightful ingenuousness of disposition. We had heard rumors of this when he was still with 1919, and our subsequent knowledge of him has confirmed the report. Amidst all the stale sophistication and cynicism of an effete age he preserves unblemished a truly Arcadian simplicity. Happy youth!

His service during the war was with the Friends' Reconstruction Unit, and later with the American Red Cross, where he blossomed forth into the full glory of a Second Lieut.

His activities in College have not been numerous, but he has been prodigal of conscientious effort, and has left with us all an impression of sincerity and true generosity of disposition. It is a delightful thing to know a person who smiles at you as if he meant it and Gordon does that. This alone is enough to gain him a drag with St. Peter when the roll is called upon yonder; he'll be there.



GT.

WILLIAM FAIRBANKS HASTINGS

"BILL"

"You remember the day that I won the two mile."

When looking upon the peerless form of William Fairbanks Hastings, known affectionately to his friends as "dieses", you would hardly suspect that he was one of the world's great two milers; but you would soon find out your mistake when you held even a short conversation with him. For his is the silver tongue that sold more copies of the People's Home Library than our printer has figures to the anxiously awaiting farmers of our rural communities, where events are still dated from the day "when I bought that book from the nice young college fellow". He was a nice young fellow because they never read the book.

We did not have the pleasure of having Bill with us till the beginning of Sophomore year, when he entered from the class of 1919 after a year's absence. Again in Junior year he was absent from from our ranks, and suspicion was rife that he had been elected President of the People's Home Library Corporation, but he was up at M. I. T. He returned again in Senior year, and took up his abode in the new quarters of Founders Hall, with the half breeds and the bell. He is the oldest living inhabitant of Founders of the Class of 1920, and for that reason and on account of the fact that he has been with us only two years, we have not known him as well as we should have wished. We understand that he is going to be a teacher next year, and being the possessor of the above mentioned silver tongue we are confident that he will succeed.



JOHN SHIELDS HAYNES

"JACK"

"———(silence)———"

Jack did not begin his Haverford career with us, nor is he with us at the finish. His first love was 1919, and he came to us after the usual period of service.

Jack's most prominent trait was reserve, amounting almost to shyness. Anyone, however, who could break through the crust was well repaid for the effort, for he was one of the most thoroughly likable men it has been our fortune to meet.

He was another of those mysterious persons who disappear at frequent intervals, no man knoweth whither. Did he lead a double life? Did he have a secret love? Did he indulge in onions unsuspected and undetected by his fellow men? Speculation on these points was ever rife, but no conclusive evidence has to date been forthcoming.

Of his athletic ability we need hardly speak. He was an extremely tricky south-paw, and twirled valiantly for the Varsity. He could also be counted on as a reliable catcher. At Tennis he starred perhaps even more than at Baseball. In both singles and doubles he was a sure bet, and his departure was a great blow to Tennis hopes for the season.

We regret exceedingly that he was not able to stay with us to the finish, and wish him every success in whatever field may next attract his energies.



J. ALLEN HISEY

"AL"

"Look out! You're kidding me."

When Al turned up after the Armistice and announced his intention of joining our class, there was general rejoicing. He had left the class of 1918 to enter the service, and now emerged an Artillery Lieutenant to complete his education. The simultaneous arrival of Marney Crosman, originally a member of the same class, rendered us doubly indebted to that body.

We now had a track team. Al, having been a stellar performer in that line ever since his Penn Charter days, was at once elected to the captaincy. Whenever he could spare the time, he also caught on the baseball team, proving a valuable acquisition to Doc Bennett's Nasty Nine. He would also have made the football team next fall had not a serious accident the ensuing summer rendered him incapable of engaging in any athletics whatever.

Al was certainly an open-hearted and friendly soul. He was at all times eager to take a joke, but it must be admitted that in the vast majority of cases he didn't take them at all—he was merely exposed to them. Either they would ricochet, or effect an entrance with great difficulty. Once they penetrated, however, Al's great ringing laugh would burst forth about four minutes late and he would proceed to derive every morsel of enjoyment therein contained.

A certain young lady well qualified to judge has expressed her opinion that Al is the most divine looking person of her extended acquaintance. Nature has certainly endowed Al with those qualities that set the feminine heart a-flutter. But Nature has been generous also with those qualities of personality and comradeship which endear him equally to the opposite sex. In a word, Al is one of those rare persons whom everyone likes—and what is more—everyone respects, a close companion and a true friend.

GILBERT THOMAS HOAG.

"Gil"

"Why?"

Had we have described Gil at the beginning of Senior year we should have undoubtedly given the preeminent position in our picture to his rough-housing abilities—we should have pictured him in shirt and sleeves or less, with dishevelled hair, and with a wild look of exuberance as he sprawled over Mullin or some other luckless victim—but as we are writing at the very close of our college career, we can't but recognize that the scene of Gil's activities has shifted to Bryn Mawr, or maybe Smith—but that's a secret! Gil has now put all the ardor of his South Barclay tussles into the pleasant occupation of rushing the ladies; armed with two combs, he dashes to Bryn Mawr in the Franklin and enlivens otherwise tame parlor calls with raids on the Rockefeller and Pembroke mural decorations.



"I DON'T SEE THAT
THAT PROVES ANYTHING."

However important a trait, that is but one side of a versatile character: although Gil calls himself "a lazy man,"—and one might almost believe he were one from his habit of making wagers to force himself to do anything from letter writing to keeping his Barclay Store Bill below \$3 a week—nevertheless he has been active in practically every phase of college life.

Now and then Gil tries his hand at verse making and with some success too as is shown by his capture of the Hibbard prize. In athletics he has had a varied experience: the football, soccer and cricket fields, the swimming pool and gymnasium have all been the scene of his activities; the track squad has also claimed him as an asset in the weights.

Had he a stronger voice and a more emotional nature, Gil would have been an excellent debator, for his are the debator's logic and quickness of thought, combining a fondness and ability for argument with native stubbornness and a caustic wit, he was a dangerous opponent as some of his classmates, notably Silver, learnt after repeated punishment.



MILTON ADOLPH KAMSLER

"MILT"

"Say, how about that ad for the Record?"

The only one beside the Almighty who understood Fine's Algebra, Milt early leaped into prominence in Haverford's mathematical circles, and is one of the main reasons why F of x has been able to endure life since that July 1st of cursed memory. Milt has taken all the math. prizes that there are, in addition to tutoring some hundreds of his classmates past the rocks of Freshman math., and has gone on and on in that fascinating subject, until he can talk about integral functions without a stammer.

Perhaps his mathematical knowledge is the reason for Milt's undoubted success as a business manager. With his steady hand on the helm the *News* sailed safely through the stormiest career in its history, and when other publications were throwing up their hands and quitting, the *News* merely raised its price and went on. Milt was the logical man to manage the brilliant publication that you now hold in your hands, enthusiastic reader, and it is due to him that you are reading it. Anybody who could get thirty dollars' worth of ads out of Hoag—oh, well, 'nuff said.

No account of this business genius would be complete without mention of his rough houses with Jebb, and his shirts. Our artist has caught him in the midst of one of these combats, in which he engages on the slightest provocation, and in which he always ends up where he is in the picture. From thence issues his choked voice, "Do you surrender?" or "Will you give up?" which words, when they permeate Jebb's consciousness about fifteen minutes later, are the signal for more.

Milt owns more silk shirts than any three men in college, and they are composed of every color from ultra-violet to infra-red. Where they come from no one knows, as there are no color maniacs, as far as we know, in the shirt industry, and the only explanation is that Milt has a relative with a cynical grudge against the world who is getting his vengeance thus, and makes them himself. And there is another mystery in Milt's life, too—where he goes on Saturday nights, with all his gala attire.

Milt is going into law (in fact, he has already been at the bar), and what with his business ability, his capacity of never knowing when he is on the bottom, and his shirts, we predict for him all sorts of success and all the business, anyway, of his class.



"OH MR. KEARNEY, IT MUST BE
DIVINE TO BE A PITCHER!"

THOMAS HENRY KEARNEY

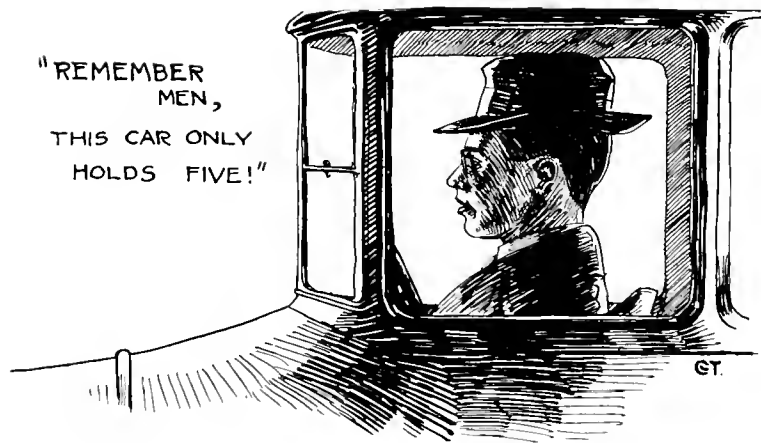
"Tom"

Are you popping up to Bryn Mawr to-night?

They say Kearney is Irish; we are disposed to believe this is true, having frequently been delighted by the vernal color of his clothes. It has not been proved that Tom walks the ties during the summer months, but his habits during the winter are decidedly predatory. Despite Mullins' protests, Oliver maintains that Tom has bought cigarettes. It is only fair to state that he has "added his share to the social surplus" by dispensing evening equipment to his friends. Tom is an adept at throwing, he pitches, he bowls, he forward passes; and he takes Economics.

Tom is a gymnast only as concerns his voice. Veritably Tom is a singer, though his concerts are often ill-timed. His debut in grand opera was not a success, owing to an unfortunate and solitary exit. Caruso has not spoken to him since.

He has a long list of achievements; athletic, managerial, and social. As a member of the "Bryn Mawr Wrecking Crew" Tom has an enviable "wreckord". His laugh, his line and his loving disposition have won him many friends among the fair sex. Well known in every girls' school in eastern Pennsylvania, he is compelled to keep a notebook cataloging his women. When we are sitting in the gym at Brwn Mawr, at a play, and hear some shy damsel near us ask "O mamma who is that stunning young man just coming in?" we know without turning that it is our old friend Tom, the handsome quarterback. West Chester had done little to develop Tom's talents, but even as early as the end of Sophomore year, he had become so proficient that his exploits in the Sunken Garden won the admiration of all Haverford and Bryn Mawr.



JOSEPH B. KING, JR.

"JOE"

"Labor is getting to be a serious problem."

"I thought I'd take some pictures today," says Joe, looking at his rubbers. Joe always wears rubbers. Is this a universal characteristic of class photographers? We ask to know. In the field of photography, his chimney corner reproductive creations have caused quite a stir. In his settings, he aims at insecurity in high places.

Joe shows great ability as a physicist, practicing Newton's Law on the roof, and checking off the light waves as they break against the mansard. His vocations are box parties at the opera and playing the mandolin, which he operates with a technique of facial expression quite unsurpassed. It has been rumored that Toogie in leading the Mandolin Club takes Joe's inattention as a compliment.

Joe is never late to anything; he always goes to classes before the first bell, and is in attendance at Tuesday Collection at eight A. M. Why? Again we ask to know. Joe did not join the Haverford Emergency Unit. We thought him foolish at the time; but when we found ourselves a race of trotters, a squad of fifty men, attired in uniforms built all for the same man,—whose form was a combination of Mr. Hyde and a mechanical monstrosity—bringing forth litters in front of the Infirmary, we came to a better appreciation of Joe's foresight,—which, as you will remember, is the first requisite of civilization.

Joe cuts a big figure among the ladies from Walnut Lane to 8th and Vine. Whether the big Franklin (gross capacity five persons) is in any way responsible, we should hate to say; as we still have our illusions about the fair sex. If you see a tall, dark giantess seemingly dancing alone on the floor, she is probably with Joe. All in all, altogether, the sum of all his parts, Joe is a fine fellow; we can only regret that he did not live on the campus.



ST.

DOUGLAS KNOWLTON

"Doug"

"Mornin' "

Doug unfortunately lived at home during his four college years, thus making friendship with his classmates somewhat difficult. In fact, Doug was with us but little, except in the class room, striding home across Haverford Avenue as soon as his college work was over.

The members of the gymnasium squad, however, knew him well for he performed on the mats during four years, becoming captain Senior year. McKinley, Long and Doug were a trio of tumblers the equal of which it would be difficult to find in any other Eastern college. During the fall of his last year in college Doug was also to be seen on Walton field as end on the Varsity, in which position he won the football "H". Doug's pole vaulting, too, must not be forgotten—it was an ability which brought us several points in interclass track meets.

Unbeknownst to us, Doug steps up to Wayne with some frequency. It is whispered that here he lays aside his usual cloak of silence and abandons himself to the wild social whirl. Still waters run deep; we've always suspected he was keeping something from us.

For most of us Doug was a tall, supple, silent fellow, a beautiful tumbler—and that's all. It would have repaid us well to have known him better.



"YOU'LL ADMIT THE
JUSTICE OF THAT —"

CLARENCE JAMES LEUBA

"CLARENCE"

"LUBBA"

"What we accomplished in the News."

Catholicism had its Luther, Protestantism its Wesley, slavery its Garrison, but all these reformers were as nothing, nothing, to Haverford College and its Leuba. The things they had to strive against were as nothing to his almost insuperable handicap, a name that it is impossible to pronounce the same way twice (try it, and see), and correctly once, and yet he labored on, with that same indomitable obstinacy of spirit that gave him the Phi Beta Kappa at the end of Junior year, and the Clementine Cope at the end of Senior, and Godknozwhat in two years more. Soon he had so tutored three or four men so that he knew the subject of conversation when they pronounced his name, and then he went on to greater glory.

As editor of the *News* his sturdy idealism never quailed before the fact that the unkempt undergraduates seemed to pass their lives in blissful carelessness, whether or not de Valera was president (with or without quotation marks), and so he turned the full force of his pitiful, I mean to say, pitiless pen, to that crying evil, penny ante. Many a man had stayed up to half past ten, and lost six cents, and so appeared that stinging editorial which reformed the undergraduates into passing a vote of censorship. *Ave, Caesar!*

His indefatigable spirit in everything to which his Gallic mind turns gave him a position on the soccer team, and the tennis managership, not to mention the Student Council and the right to disagree with Chris. He would, however, disagree with anybody on anything, whether he had the right or not. Possessed with really a superior intellect and the ability to work, which so seldom accompanies it, it is still quite a mystery why he should turn it to Economics, unless that in it he foresees that he can look forward to a lifelong argument. We predict that the end of the argument, as with his life, will be a victory, and he will argue whether or not to accept a harp.

ISAAC CATE LYCETT

"IKE"

"Rog, put those collar buttons in my shirt."

Ike and Jasm Pierce claim the distinction of being the only two charter members of Kinsey now extant, the others having all passed into that bourne whence no Kinseyite returns—the college office. Isaac has kept house for a variegated series of thankless amanuenses starting with Charley Phelps and running through the whole corporation to Toogie. He is a startling example of the ravages which the degenerate college life works in a boy, as he now smokes openly; also when he first arrived he would leave the room if anything of a delicate nature were pulled—now even the hardened Kinseyites get up and depart.



Ike has the most complete equipment of household effects in Montgomery county, not least of which is his famous "Buffet", the Lares and Penates of Kinsey since Freshman year. The uniform untidiness and messiness of mankind in disporting themselves around this center of culinary and social life has been one of the bitterest elements in Ike's existence. He has never been able to train any one to a proper sense of neatness except Rog, whom he has reduced to the point where a stern glance is sufficient to make him pick up that scrap of paper or turn down his coat collar.

But in Rog, Ike has found a kindred soul who shares his passion for tidiness, mathematics and visiting up the line at the place we all know. Rog also helps him to bathe, undress and go to bed, none of which functions Ike will perform alone. It is rumored that they have undergone the rite of blood brotherhood and address each other privately in terms incomprehensible to man.

Ike has been for two years a shining light on the Extension Committee, and our overwhelming class total in the Endowment Fund drive was largely due to his indefatigable efforts. Whatever he undertakes he does conscientiously and well. Verily he is a good boy and we love him.

"I REMEMBER ONE MAN
THEY BROUGHT IN BLEED
SO MUCH WE ALL HAD
TO STAND ON CHAIRS
IN THE OPERATING
ROOM. HE HAD A
BULLET IN HIS AB-
DOMEN, SO I PAID OUT
HIS INTESTINES AS
THE SURGEON LOOKED
THEM OVER. JUST AS
WE CAME ACROSS IT,
HE DIED. ANOTHER
CASE — " ETC., ETC.



WILLIARD B. MOORE

"BILL"

"You think you're funny, don't yuh?"

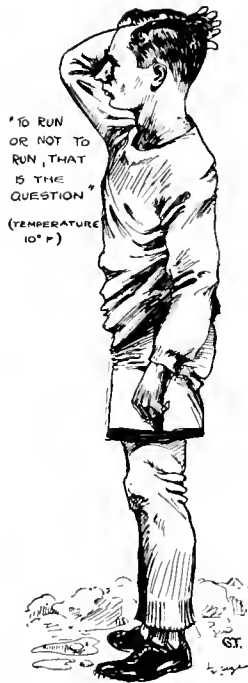
Bill began before us—he was a hangover—yet, unlike the morning after the night before, he did not have a dark brown taste; but preferred French blondes. We never accused Bill of unpleasant keenness of apprehension or of becoming intoxicated at the Pierian spring — he doesn't like water—until it was our privilege to watch the flash of his bold intellect when Watson to start the bull rolling dared to call a spade a spade.

Watson: "There are more boys born than girls."

Bill: "But were they strictly boys?"

Of course there are more and different questions he could have asked; but originality is his forte. Bill was one of those privileged to help win the war in France, which may account for his intimate knowledge of vital statistics. He plays learnedly on the banjolinden and the Eucalyptus; his classic triumph being that delightful ditty entitled: "Put Me to Sleep at the End of a Rolling Pin." Seeing his athletic operations on a banjo, formally attired, and his skillful head-work, informally attired, on the soccer field, we have no hesitancy in appraising him as a rounded man,—don't misunderstand us, we do not mean a rounder; we have already discussed France.

By the way, he brought back with him an excellent collection of those delightfully frank French stories, which we should enjoy repeating here for the benefit of attentive posterity, but we live in deadly awe of the Editor. Bill plays in Haverford's famous Jazorchestra with both *eclat* and *elan*, and is blessed with a good humored, cheerful disposition which is an enviable attribute, making for enjoyment for himself and friends.



THOMAS EDWARD MORRIS
"TOMMIE"

"Well, what do you think of that, anyhow? Look what those poor nuts from the North are trying to send us. A miserable sixty-nine cents. Where do they rate that stuff, anyhow?"

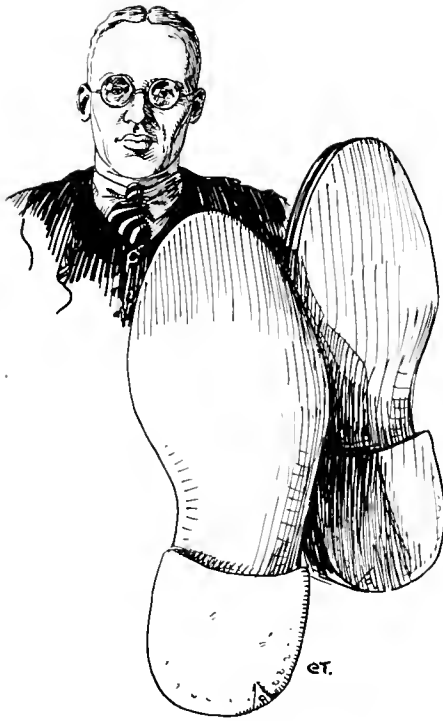
Thus may be heard Tommy, our cultured cub reporter, 'most any morning, especially around the first of the month. Although he rakes in riches incomparable, he is never satisfied. From his tone you would never suspect that our famous firm of correspondents (we hope not corespondents) was engaged in lining Oscar's pockets with its princely dividend checks. If you did realize this you would probably at first be inclined to regard him with the admixture of admiration and awe which his cheerful greeting and genial line of conversation are far from inducing.

But, however the remunerative end may be, Haverford surely draws its share of publicity, even if Gunga Palmer has to hail from Vineland or Smith must needs ruin his interior with nasty balls for the good of the firm.

But where Tommy really shines is draped around a telephone pay station. It is a liberal education to hear him make the call to that girl in Cheltenham without troubling the bloated income of the Bell Telephone Company. The only time he failed to kid the operator was when the one with whom he had made the date the night before recognized his voice.

From chasing News Tommy has developed a lot of locomotive ability, which has carried him to the front in several races especially over the 880 route. He has been one of 1920's mainstays on the track during the whole of our sojourn in college.

Tommy can be a hard worker when he wants to be, which is not quite all the time. But when he enters the newspaper game for good, William Randolph and Lord Northcliffe will have to look to their laurels. Before many years we shall expect to be digesting his editorial comment with our breakfasts.



JAMES TORBERT MULLIN

"JIM"

"On my desk, under the second layer."

In introducing the reader to this youthful prodigy, we feel it necessary to warn him that the prolonged appraising stare, which will precede his curt "How do" should not be construed as a sign for immediate warfare. His mind is probably occupied with the extreme beauty of your countenance, dear sir, and not with guaging the best means of attack. This rather unconventional indifference of Jim's has not, however, prevented his placing several significant notches on the end of his fountain pen. The meaning of these small indentures has not been altogether ascertained, but we are convinced that they have something to do with his achievements with the fair sex.

To the multitudes who doubt, we wish to protest that Jim *does* do *some* work, though his efforts are in no proportion to his rewards. At odd moments he has been caught working even for the *News* and the Barclay Store. But it is as an executive that James excels. He is perfection in this line—for he always succeeds in getting someone else to do the dirty work. The only official duty he clings to is that of signing checks, which task he makes extremely light, in spite of Leuba's plaintive arguments.

Jim has studied unheard of amounts of Greek whence doubtless comes his stoicism with regard to the touching appeals of alumni who get their *News* about once a year. Hence also, may be, did he derive his marvelous knowledge of the feminine mind. How else could he have discovered the wonderful efficacy of bright blue paper for conquering the elusive hearts of school girls, how else could he have learned his ever-successful method of searching nicks? But the best things about James didn't have to be learned. Endowed by nature and a Humorous God with an owlish expression and an inexhaustible fund of good-humor, Jim is sure always to win many friends,—even in Westchester.

ALAN DOUGLAS OLIVER

"Doug"

"Mot de Cambron."

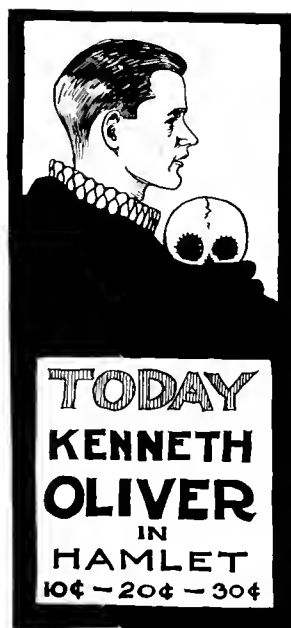
Our early impression of Doug was, we are glad to say, completely dispelled; when, returning from the other side, he joined our class,—for in our first year on him devolved the odious duty to uphold the unbreakable tradition of bawling out the Freshman class. But when, after being seriously sick in Syria, he came back to us mustached and engaged, a new appraisal told us that of sterling qualities he had a number.



A poet, winner of the verse prize, a Cricket captain, with a fine howling record, having left furniture dealing behind, his success as a business man is assured. Those of us who patronized his Barclay store wrongly suspected him of a desire to get ahead of us; but when we saw him run the hundred, we knew he did not need to get ahead of anybody.

So in life, Oliver will always ask for more!

His English accent does not wear well; it has been wearing off,—that is he has been wearing it out; and worn as it now is, it is no longer distinguishable from the Boston. An authority on literature, a speaker, an athlete, a peerless *raconteur*, the possessor of the record of the first official engagement in the class, with his foot on the ladder of plutocratic success, he stands at a delectable height; he will mount high,—and then sell the ladder.



G.T.

KENNETH STUART OLIVER

"Cheerie O, Old Dear."

Kenny was another who, coming before us, leaves with us. He was an acquisition to the class for which we thank the exigencies of the war. He represents that type of old world culture that unfortunately is dying out with this joyful jazz generation;—not that he doesn't jazz.

Kenny's vocal attainments are remarkable, running the gamut of the gentle drawl of the English aristocracy, of French understood even by French taxi drivers, of Hoosier, and of emotional expression worthy of Sarah Bernhardt or Thedda Barer-than-ever. This Merry Pickford of the Haverford stage early leapt into prominence as one of the most versatile interpreters of the soul of a woman.

He is also proficient in cutting up cats,—perhaps there is some connection.

Kenny thinks radically, acts conservatively, and dresses the same way. In the meetings of the Social Science Club, he could talk instructively on anything from the Trust Problem to the Prostitution of the Peerage,—thus showing his intimate knowledge of high life. Kelsey says he prefers the expression Swamping the Lords.

Kenny's career will not be meteoric; he has the steady stick-to-it-iveness of those that get there; and withal he is a calm, peaceful, consistent Hedonist of the higher sort. Does he go in for lust? Yes, of course,—that he goes in for music, the most refined lust of the senses. His success as a doctor is assured;—if he can withstand the call of silent drama.

Kenny was a high light in the class, a universal friend, and he liked whipped cream. He is an authority on good taste, is a possessor of a keen appreciation of the best things in this world, and has high intellectual ability.

CHESTER ARTHUR OSLER

"CHES"

"Hello, Kid!"

If there is anything in this reincarnation theory, Chettie was a large dashing Viking in his former state. He certainly has the build and the blond Norwegian complexion, to say nothing of the ability to put away the mead. But there the comparison ends, for Ches is the most open-hearted and generous boy in the world and couldn't be a pirate if he tried. "What's mine is yours" is his motto.



Ches left the class of '19 to enter the aviation and tried repeatedly to get himself killed in France but landed on his head every time. He returned after the War to enter our class, having acquired a lot of experience, glory, and feminine admirers who write him the *drollest* letters imaginable. All his lady friends aren't in France, however; not by a damsite. They are scattered all along the Atlantic coast, both here and in England. Speaking of England, Ches walked away with the Rhodes Scholarship for New Jersey (which happy commonwealth contains his native town) and expects to spend the next three years at Oxford. Add to this the fact that he was President of the Students' Association and the Student Council, beside being captain of the soccer team and a shining light on the cricket team, and one may safely say that he has done fairly well for a boy.

And Ches has the ability and the personality to duplicate this success in after life. We all wish him the best good fortune in the future and hope that he will continue as close a friend to us all out in the world as he has been here at college.



ROBERT LOWELL PETRY

"PETRY"

Petry is short; short both in stature and speech. The former feature works to his disadvantage in the mighty "battle of the Titans" in Founders. The latter gift shows his true greatness. At the table only he breaks into the conversation with a well-timed remark. But Bob is not taciturn. He just has small time for trivialities. Swearing is inefficient, and inefficiency really pains him.

Our hero is a great organizer. During his four years at Earlham he manifested this by building up a really marvelous intelligence department. (No, we don't mean his brain.) When anything of importance happens at that Western center of Quaker Scholarship, Johnnie tells it to Ann, Ann confides it to Maria; Maria lets Mabel know, and the next day it is at Haverford, for know, gentle reader, that every third co-ed in the place is a Petry agent.

We didn't know Bob for some time after he arrived on the campus. He looked like the ordinary gentleman from Indiana, but under that sleek mat of hair is a ponderous mass of wrinkled protoplasm which is his chief glory. After the first quarter we found Dr. Wilson had uncovered a math. shark of the first water. Now, when Bob speaks the good doctor says, "Quite right, Mr. Petry, let us take up the next problem." It is also whispered about the campus that he is getting more out of the graduate school than many enrolled there.



JESSE EVAN PHILIPS

"EVAN"

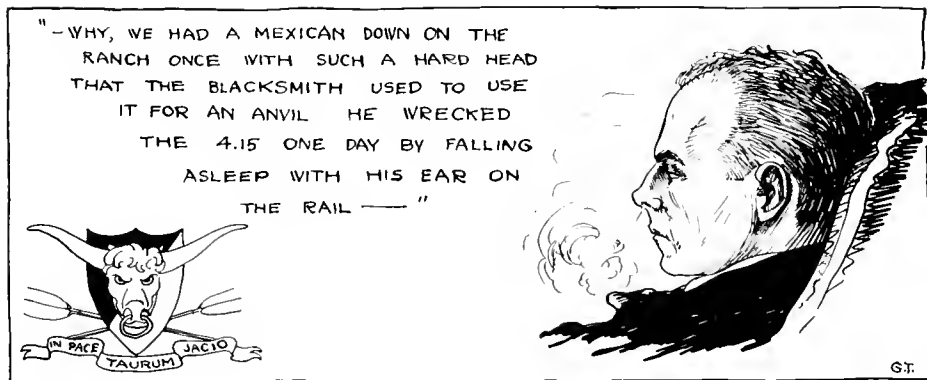
"PHIL"

"I'll be asleep in my room."

Jess was another of the band who deserted to us from the ranks of 1919. He has proved indeed a valuable acquisition. Since joining us his habitat has been in third floor Center, and, rooming with the syncopated Earnest, it was inevitable that he should be conscripted into the famous "Jazzorchestra", especially since he is an adept with the drum sticks. Performing both with this distinguished organization and with the Mandolin Club, he has had ample opportunity of displaying his unfailing pep and ginger, and has rattled himself straight into the hearts of who knows how many of the fair!

In addition to this cheerful occupation he has done brave deeds on the gridiron, earning the coveted "H" in his Junior year. He has also given a good account of himself in Track and Basketball.

Of these achievements all the world knows, but few realize that Jess is also a careful, thorough student, especially in the field of History. Teaching of this, we believe, will be his life-work, and we are sure that every success will attend his efforts.



JAMES LAWRENCE PIERCE

"JIM"

" — ! ! * — — * * * ! — — — — — ! "

Here we have the original Mexican—or rather—Texan Hairless. Time was, in the palmy St. Lukes period, when Jimmie's locks fell luxuriantly over his broad massy brow, but them days is past. We find him now hoping only to retain enough shrubbery to keep the flies away.

Jim is possessed of a body that is vulgarly well developed, a personality that no one has ever been known to resist, and a lovely grotesque countenance behind which lurks an excellent assortment of brains. If he ever had time to seriously go after grades he would give our eminent corporation scholars a run for their money, but he is so interested in athletics, members of the ensemble, and the exercise of his truly remarkable imagination, that he can find no spare moments in which to crack a book. As a result, he is progressing steadily backwards and expects to enter the Freshman class next year with a P. G. at St. Lukes.

Jim early won recognition as the best man on the rings since Doug Waples. He also became known as the Terror of the Mound from his appalling delivery in the box. His combination of dazzling speed and utter lack of the requisite control made him much feared by the unfortunate willow wielders who had to face him. Also, just to show his versatility, he sauntered out and broke the college record in the weights. His athletic career was nicely rounded out by holding down a berth on the football team.

When not athletically engaged, Jim may usually be found parked upon his *medula oblongata* discussing any subject you care to bring up. The less he knows about it, the better he likes it, for he isn't hampered by a lot of facts. He is a connoisseur of pipes, feminine pulchritude and smooth stimulants, and the best fellow in the world. In the course of time he will retire to his feudal estates at Blessing, Texas, and there will spend the remainder of his days surrounded by innumerable bald-headed little Pierces, recounting in glowing terms the glories of his days (and nights) at Haverford.



JOHN DAVIES REESE

"JACK"

"Now if I were only king,—"

Early in our Freshman year, the Sophomore class found in our midst—they really didn't find, because he showed himself—an irreconcilable among irreconcilables, who told them how to haze, and how they would never be able to haze one person in particular, which person was J. D. Reese. Thus early did Jack grow out of that bashfulness of nature with which he had been endowed at birth, and soon he was giving advice to quite a few people on how to do quite a few things—and if they didn't listen. . . . we refrain to describe the unholy fate that descended on their heads. Jack will be mayor of Scranton, if he goes back there, or of New York, if he happens to go there.

Jack early impressed upon us his skill as a mechanic, and it was one of the sights of our campus to see him running around with overalls and a smudge on his face from the bottom of Ned's car. It is rumored that the car now runs once in a while—whenever Jack wants it.

The biggest mystery of Jack's life is his apparent mesmeric control over Gunga Palmers, the noted umpire from Vineland. All Jack has to do (ask Jack, he'll tell you,) is to whistle, and the Dean comes, is to snap his fingers, and the Dean dances. In fact, Jack sees that there can be but one boss, and that should be the man best fitted for the job, which is, namely, J. D. R. This power of organizing things has stood Jack in good stead as manager of the track team and the play.

Jack intends to study medicine, and already can talk learnedly with Jimmie on subjects beyond the ken of mortal man—even Bug students. We feel sure that he will have a successful career, and if any of us fall ill we know where a cure awaits, either from earthly pains, or joys.



" BUT MY DEAR FELLOW,
YOURS IS THE MAJORITY
POINT OF VIEW, WHICH IS
ALWAYS WRONG. FROM
THE EMPIRICAL STAND-
POINT THERE CAN BE
NO REALITY BUT THE
CONSCIOUS SELF, AND
ONLY IN COMPLETE
SOLIPSISM CAN -- " ETC., ETC.

CHRISTOPHER ROBERTS

"CHRIS"

"Comfortably wrong, with the great majority."

This talented possessor of half the mustaches in college was never accused of having a noble brow until he started to become bald, but now his lofty forehead, like a star, beacons amid the smoke of the burning discussion turning on really important topics like the advisability of wearing sweaters to lunch. With Kennie Oliver and Leuba he has already settled all the great problems of the world, and although they have been settled differently every time, the really vital thing, of course, is the settlement.

One of the few men in college who reads anything but "The Cosmopolitan" and its ilk that isn't required for a course, it is not surprising that Chris leaped early to an intellectual prominence in our midst, which position he cemented in Freshman year by various essays between the pine trees that also were wont to fill up the *Haverfordian*. His race with Chamberlin for the profundity cup (on which Chamberlin already had two legs) was declared a draw on account of the fact that three judges could not be found who would read either of them. He also won the awe of his classmates who used to be periodically awakened in Ec. class by Dollie's polite adjuration, "But Roberts is very radical." Anybody who read Henry George, and who had acquaintance with Veblen, had to be very something.

Chris is also an actor of no mean ability, interpreting a prominent role in "Mrs. Bumpstead-Leigh." He was away from us during Junior year, running nine-tenths (ask him) of the Red Cross in France, and so he has another year to do his best to raise the *clat* of Haverford from his incontestable position of Lord High Intelligence among the Intelligentsia.

"I THINK THE POLICY
IN THIS CASE
SHOULD BE —"



FRANCIS STOKES SILVER

"FRAN"

"I don't know, but I think."

At great expense our artist has been able to copy the ancestral coat-of-arms of the Silver family, an owl dormant, and it is whispered that the first of this noble race, who were by no means quick Silvers, had adopted the further characteristics of their patron bird, and had been used to sit still and say nothing. But happily this proclivity has been remedied, and often have we been privileged to see that round face rising, those thick glasses twinkling, as Fran takes the floor to put a motion which even the slow Williams has already incorporated in the minutes, or to inform us of something of which everyone was perfectly aware before.

It is an interesting paradox that Silver is one of the fastest runners in college, and is also on the inside in the get-rich-quick Barclay Store profiteering combination, which was formerly incorporated in the state of Missouri by Jesse James. Fran is captain of the track team, and is one of the best quarter milers the Scarlet and Black ever put on the cinders. He was football manager, held down the managership of the cricket team last year, and was one of the big reasons why the undergraduates over-subscribed their Endowment Fund quota.

In his spare time Fran devotes himself to the thankless job of setting Gil's feet on the straight and narrow, and to making up for any lack of generosity on the part of the child of his brain, The Barclay Stores Corp., Inc., by giving away advice. He amply makes up. His faithfulness not only to the college and his work, but to his friends, has been rewarded by its full meed of appreciation, not only on the part of his classmates, but also from the faculty.



ROBERT BOYD SMITH

"Bob"

"R. B."

"Where in h—— is my Altoona Times?"

R. B. is the only one of our three young men of excellent pith, to whom God in His mercy gave the god-like name of smith, who has survived the relentless shears of time and Gran't Bib. Lit. to graduate with us. Where, oh where, are the Smiths of yesteryear? We do not know; but we do know that in Bob underneath a quiet exterior there is a depth of friendliness. Bob is the salt of the earth.

We predict that R. B. will escape all the rocks proverbially strewing the path in married life: for he is the only man in the class who has proved his ability to endure one room-mate through four years. Of course, the same might be said of his better half, Branson. We could continue to decant on this Damon and Phythias, David and Jonathan relation; but we leave this to the reader.

Bob's buffet, though perhaps less dazzling than the Kinsey Buffet, was more *gemütlich* and less erratic. We can think of R. B. in no other way than enveloped in a cloud of thick, blue smoke arising from his daily twenty-fifth load, that has been stuffed into pipe number nine—you remember, the one with the globe-like bowl,—sipping his coffee and pronouncing on the shades of Lunt, whom in lawyer-like qualities Bob much resembles.

Everyone who saw the Senior Woggle Bug game brought away an impression indelibly stamped on the consciousness of a grim hero with teeth gritted and with an unearthly light of fiendish animal passion fitfully playing over his mobile countenance, responding like an inspired automaton to Eagle Beak's picaresque signals. This was Bob. Never was youth more dedicated to the sacred woggle struggle.

R. B.'s teleological decision has been made; he has chosen the bar.—fortunately, in these days, there can be no doubt as to our meaning.



JAMES EDWARD SUTTON

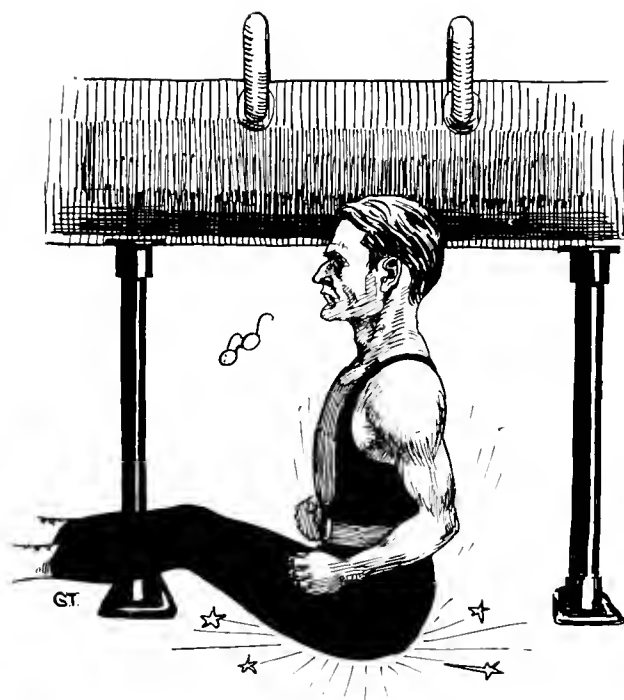
"JIM"

"Yes, sure."

It would not be an exaggeration to say of Jim that he was the most amiable fellow in our class; he has a cheerful word and smile for everyone, and would rather die on the spot than disagree. Jim's powers of agreeing were indeed tested to the full Senior year when he roomed with Jack Reese, whose very life it was to scrap and disagree; but Jim never got ruffled, even under the greatest provocation, and, much to Jack's disgust, consistently refused to take issue on any point whatever. . .

The pride of Jimmie's life is his flaxen pompadour, which is, paradoxically enough, the apple of his eye. Surely no sacred white elephant was ever accorded half the devoted attention which is lavished upon that sleek adornment. We hesitate to predict the consequences should it become disarranged.

We first knew Jim as an Artillery Lieutenant, for such he was when he joined our ranks in the middle of Junior year. He soon won a position in the Glee Club, and on the Track Team, and established himself firmly in our friendship. Among us he was one of the staunchest supporters of the Y. M. C. A. and the principles for which it stands—principles which he sought to apply to the everyday affairs of life.



OLIVER PARRY TATUM

"TATERS"

"How is thee, brother?"

Much to our delight we were joined at the beginning of Senior year by the most humorous member (this statement has been verified by Oliver P.) of the class of 1918. This noted humorist, then a Junior, first came to our attention when we as humble "Rhines" beheld with awed admiration his acrobatic antics and fitful flops on the stationary steed. Notwithstanding our amusement, Taters proved a valuable addition to the gym team both in our Freshman year and the present one. He succeeded in gathering enough points in both these years to win his H. G. T., but no one as yet has been able to discover whether he placed because the judges took pity on him, or because of the above mentioned fitful flops.

This year Taters surprised all his classmates by his frequent trips to town accompanied by that well known writer, Harold Brecht and members of the fair sex. Little is known of these escapades other than the fact that every other day the two of them spent six hours repairing Tater's good old Ford after each two-hour ride. It is rumored that Oliver P. always refused to drive, and that this duty descended about our friend Brecht who knew as much about driving a car as he does about swimming.

We were all glad to see Taters come into our rooms at any time of the day as he was sure to chase away the "blues". We regretted very much that we were privileged to have him as classmate for only one year, but those who knew him best made the most of this.



GRANVILLE ERNEST TOOGOOD

"GRANNIE"

"TOOGIE"

"Damn the Record!"

"Can you bend that?"

They say that a Jack of all trades is a master of none. But all rules have their exceptions, and Toogie is the greatest little exception we have ever seen. He is a Master of All Trades, he is, in fact, one of the greatest all-round men that have ever trod the Haverford campus. He is an athlete, a musician, an artist, a clever writer and a good dancer. Everything that he has attempted he has excelled in.

Everything? Well, of course, smoking is not so much an achievement as it is a habit. And according to Jimmie Pierce one must have an amply supply on hand if one wishes to become a good smoker. Not to have a good supply on hand one must buy one's own cigarettes. So you see that Toogie is not complying strictly with the rules of the game. But when he does, just watch his smoke.

His achievements were many, in spite of this. Under his leadership the Mandolin Club attained the greatest heights yet reached by any Haverford Club. And well do we remember him hurling his light one hundred and fifty pound body against the huge Swarthmore line and smashing a line plunge for a loss.

But these are past history. Toogie is at present the only living ex-president of our class who is president. In short, he has been returned to office. And this fact alone speaks for itself as to his ability and popularity.

So when Toogie becomes an efficient smoker, he will be a great business man (for all good business men are good smokers), and he will go into life with our best wishes, for we not only love him but also admire him.



PERCIVAL STOKES THORNTON

"PERCE"

"Pop"

"Hey there, young fela!"

"Hoyo!"

All hands agreed that Kinsey suffered an irreparable loss to its social prestige when Perce graduated in February. Of course it was more or less a matter of form that he had a bed in his room, but the comforting thought that one who even technically among us was circulating in the upper strata did much to dispel any loneliness that his absence might otherwise have occasioned. But when not giving the debs a twirl, Perce's never-failing amiability permeated the entry like Jimmies' oriental incense, and no one had the heart to be crabby.

If the War hadn't intervened, Pop would have graduated with '18, but as it was, he plunged into the fray and emerged with a commission in the Field Artillery and a very knowing air. It has always been a source of wonder to us how a person who persistently flunked Rittenhouse's surveying could get by on Fire Control, but that is neither here nor there. Suffice it to say (this phrase used by special permission of and arrangement with Dr. Watson) he joined our illustrious gang and was welcomed with open arms into our midst. We were very glad to get him and still sorrier to lose him.

Perce was a devotee of tennis and cricket, and occasionally sallied forth to circle the track in his winder underwear. When the cricket team went to Canada last spring, Perce was official photographer and unofficial banker. Also, he was one of those chosen for his great personal beauty to adorn the front row of the Mandolin Club.

But one sinister incident mars the bright record of his sojourn with us. Immediately before mid-years the young lady whom he fondly regarded as his sweetie announced her engagement (to somebody else). Pop never complained, but it became increasingly clear that he was consumed by a great sorrow. It was the beginning of the end; he passed from among us, greatly beloved and respected.



"SAY, HOW DO YOU
SPELL 'THE'?"

SCHUYLER CURTIS VAN SICKLE

"HEINZ"

"Let us be metaphysical and philosophize."

Heinz, *Barren Von Sickle*, as he would probably spell it, is one of the original members of the North Barclay Wrecking Crew, the South Barclay Wrecking Crew, The Bolshevik Society, and the Holy Order of Elastic Highlanders. When his weighty duties on these numerous societies give him a spare moment, he devotes it often to the business of the Student Council. His high position has not saved him, however, from frequent expulsion from the Ardmore Movies.

It may be guessed that Heinz is a radical. He subscribes to the *Liberator* and the *Springfield Oval*. He is always ready for a revolution except when he wants to study. Among his most unconventional suggestions is that of lubricating the key-hole of the door to facilitate the entrance of professors.

But it is for his puns, none of which we think wise here to reproduce, that Heinz is truly famous. His characterizations are classic. We wonder what he would say of himself if he saw this graceful descendant of General Schuyler chasing Bill's other Bad Man down a dimly lit corridor. Probably through this as through most of his other remarks the censor would draw a disapproving pencil.

Ostensibly Heinz is a misogynist, but we suspect that his frequent trips to New York are due to the attractions of the beautiful actress whose pictures decorate his private sanctum. She must be some girl for never have the famous rounders Kearney and Greer, been able to drag him to their favorite hunting grounds at Bryn Mawr. We wish to tender a friendly word of advice to the damsel if her persistent chase is successful—always to send the children away when Schuyler is working on his latest historical productions.



"YOU-ALL DAEH ME TO
TH'OW IT?"

JOSEPH DIXON WHITE

"JOE"

"Let's go down to the Graduate School."

Nineteen twenty's lone representative from the sunny South is Joe White. Joe comes from North Cyarolina and objects strenuously to the snow and cold weather of the Haverford climate. But his sunny disposition and happy smile kept him pretty warm even in the coldest weather. His stay among us was limited to Senior year, since he entered that year from Guilford College. Guilford has the reputation for turning out ball players, and Joe did his part nobly in helping 1920 to win the baseball championship this Spring. In fact from the very beginning of the year he took an active part in the college activities. He was among the faithful on Merion Field playing soccer in the Fall and played basketball for the Seniors in the winter. He made himself a part of the college life as much as he could, soon overcoming the three year's headstart of the rest of us.

"Suping" at the opera had its charms for Joe and Tuesday evenings often found him upon the stage at Broad and Poplar. There are some rumors about his being very much attracted to Geraldine, but we cannot speak authoritatively. In the Chem. Lab. Joe was an active factor. Chemical rough-house had no terrors for him, wet sponges flying through the air were as nothing. A ready sense of humor is a great asset, and he certainly has that. He could even enjoy Scup's jokes at the table. There was some friend at Bryn Mawr who claimed some of Joe's time and there is also the story of his sensibility to the charms of six southern girls to whom he writes once a month. In order to keep up with the liberal dance program of Haverford College he took up the gentle art of dancing and we understand has gained great proficiency in a short time. He is going to have a chance to continue practice, for he is to be an assistant in Chemistry at Haverford next year. We are mighty glad to have had Joe as an addition to our class and predict success for him as a teacher.



JOHN STEELE WILLIAMS

"JOHNNIE" "EAGLEBEAK" "JACK"

"Thats' a good joke."

"I bite." "Give an isk."

Ladies and Gentlemen, kindly refrain from feeding this priceless specimen, as he has lived for four years on college food and is consequently unused to nourishment. He has the visage of a Spanish buccaneer, the intelligence of a Dryden, and a personality like a stick of dynamite. He is a copper wire in the sun, a cocktail after a hard day's work, a bright spot in a drab and uninteresting world. He has raised more hell than any other seven men in the class, he has caused the office more gray hairs than the high cost of living, and he is justly beloved in proportion.

Being the possessor of a startlingly profound and resonant bass voice, John gravitated naturally to the position of leader of the Glee Club, and also capered artfully as Cheer Leader. Wherever there is noise there is Johnnie; we won't go so far as to say that the terms are synonymous, but nine times out of ten they are simultaneous. His favorite recreations are water fights, mysterious expeditions to parts unknown with Burritt, and luring Jebb into his famous pronunciation of "Chemical and Metallurgical Review".

As the Illustrious Lord High Chief of the Purity League, John made the name of that dread organization feared and respected throughout the length and breadth of Ardmore. He can learn more with less effort than anyone else we know of, and his Hebraic interpretations are little short of masterly. As an entertainer and ennui dispatcher he knows no rival.

Johnny is disapproved of by the faculty (which he considers a compliment) although more than one of them are great admirers of his, in secret. But with those of us who know the real worth that underlies all his tomfoolery, there is a feeling of genuine affection for good old Eaglebeak and we love him like a brother.

"THEE HAS
FORGOTTEN
THY RUBBERS,
FRAN."



RICHARD REEVE WOOD

"Dick"

"Back at dear old Westtown."

In spite of the early attempts of Westtown to pervert Dick's naturally moral tendencies, he was not so thoroughly corrupted when he dropped into our midst, but that an extensive course under the North Barclay wrecking crew served to fan into life those embers of humanity left by the "dear old school". Dick, however, never thoroughly overcame the peculiar tendencies of dress there acquired; pedestrians on Chestnut street still stop to gaze in wonder after his aeroplane hat and hydroplane shoes. In general contour Dick resembles a salt-cellar for were it not for his arms it would be difficult to discover where his shoulders began; his legs, however, leave one in no such doubt.

Yet to these very legs Haverford owes many a point in track and many a punt in soccer. Dick running the two mile is a sight to behold, especially *a posteriori* from which point of view his opponents usually see him. He gets a large portion of his track training by running after faculty notes for the *News*. Maybe this strangle hold he has on the professors offers an explanation for the tenderness with which they treat him on his report sheets.

But tenderness to Dick comes not only through his professors. His fellow students return a generous proportion of affection to fatherly old Dick. Dick's fondness for Math. leads him frequently out second St. to infinity, where it meets fifth, and where Dick meets—more affection. If Dick settles down for good a few miles this side of infinity he will never lack many friends to whom to give his hearty welcome.

The Toreadors

(The bulliest of all bully scenes from Ifagenius in Tauris.)

Throwing the bull is now a major sport at Haverford, and counts five points toward Founders.—Author's Note.

ACT I. SCENE ONE AND ONLY.

No. 8 Chase Hall. The first bell is ringing. The Toreadors stroll in and drape themselves gracefully on window seats. The air is filled with chalk, erasers, paper airplanes, and the desire for a smoke. Great interest is displayed in the activities of two squirrels on the Engineering Building, who are probably looking for (Ritten) house. At the four minute mark watches are produced, and the path is anxiously scrutinized by anxious eyes. At the last peal of the bell the Brown Suit hitches into sight, and Frank enters.

After some hesitation the class sits down, except for Hoag and Tatum, who finish their jiu jitsu undisturbed.

Frank, having called the roll: All here but Mr. I. C. Lissett. Now, to start the ball rolling (deals himself a new hand of attendance cards)—the lecturer for today will be here in a few minutes. Till then, the class may do whatever it pleases, but I ask you, as red-blooded Americans, to remember that there are other classes in the building.

Hoag and Tatum resume their jiu jitsu where they had left off. Williams and Osler prepare to roll the bones. Enter the lecturer from rear, dodges eraser, and slinks into Tatum's seat.

Tatum, retiring to his corner after first round, sits down on him.

Tatum: What the hell?

Lecturer (suddenly remembering important engagement): Beg pardon, must be going. (Slinks out, again dodging eraser.)

Frank (who during previous business has been playing solitaire with the attendance cards): Well, I guess he's not coming. To keep the pot boiling, if you'll pardon a vulgar phrase (class registers pardon, except Fergusson and Gucker, who never change expression anyway) although it may be carrying coals to Newcastle, I want to get a reaction from a typical group of college men on the concept of the Female Offender.

King (registering interest): I have a picture of one.

Frank: To get down to brass tacks (class gets down) these women are all good lookers in the slang of the day. One of these women owned an oil well in a certain Western State which shall be nameless. I can give all the facts of the case, as you won't be able to recognize her.

Silver (interrupting): Was this in Oklahoma?

Frank: This girl skated too near the ice, and used to sit on the lid of an oil well to keep it off the market. Now the plot thickens. It was a matter of pushing the

button, and letting Nature do the rest. She was a morally free agent, and I understand the man took silence to give assent. However, in Social work, we mustn't burn down the barn to kill the rats.

Brecht kicks Morris' chair for the thirty-second time.

Morris (turning): I got it!

Frank: That's the whole case in a nutshell, in fact, the cream of the situation. I want to get beneath the surface, and get the class' opinion on this case.

Tatum (seriously): Did she go to the movies often?

Frank (referring to card): Now that's a very interesting contribution. I see by the card that the percentage of infant mortality in Hoboken is greater than the norm in Kalamazoo—I beg your pardon, that's the wrong card.

Osler petulantly tears up chair by the roots.

Frank: But there are tricks in every trade, and while we can't go by rules of thumb, it's been so ever since we came down out of the trees.

Moore (with great interest): Was she strictly a girl?

Frank: Now that's a very interesting contribution. Now that the ice has been broken, the question before the house is the proper treatment of the case.

Silver (doggedly): I read—uh—a very—uh—interesting article recently in the uh—Ten Story Magazine—no, I think it was the Red Book, but still it may have been the Ten Story Magazine—about—uh—that infant mortality in Kalamazoo. . .

Class snores. Curtain falls, while fifteen minutes is supposed to have elapsed.

SCENE II. (WE CHANGED OUR MINDS).

Silver: —— which proves your statement, Dr. Watson.

Frank: Now that's a very interesting contribution, but I was saving that aspect of the problem for a little later on in the course. But for people whose hearts are stronger than their heads, and who wear out shoe leather, burning the midnight oil in an effort to solve Social questions unscientifically, I think we'll see that there's a fly in the ointment.

Silver (still doggedly): I remember now, it was the Red Book.

Frank (from force of habit): Now that's a very interesting con—I neglected to mention that this girl was a low grade moron from Westtown with a swollen fortune. But, of course, in cases like these, everyone must paddle their own canoe.

Class paddles vigorously.

Williams (aside to Osler): This man Barrie certainly could write plays.

Toogood (aside to Fitts): Does this look like Watson?

Fitts (awakening): I think the girl was to blame.

Frank: Now that's a very interesting contribution. But we could discuss this subject till crack of doom. Take it for what it's worth, I don't see how anyone could hold that and be really intelligent. I know I don't.

Hoag: I don't see that that proves anything.

Frank: Now that's a very interesting contribution. We have some Reds here, I see. We're getting to the meat of the matter—

Enter I. Lissett, with official air and documents. Holds secret parley with Watson, who looks worried. Hoag and Tatum resume jiu jitsu.

Mullin awakes and walks out, under the impression that the class is over.

Frank: Any red-blooded American that wants to work on the railroad during the strike may leave now.

Class, with the exception of Harris, leaves without more ado.

Frank (reshuffling cards, deals a hand, draws two, and finishes lecturing to Harris. His voice is heard, as curtain descends slowly): Now to keep the pot boiling—



The Cuckoo Club



Of all the exclusive organizations that ever graced the long record of human pretensions, perhaps none has boasted a more rigid system of entrance requisites than our most illustrious guild—the Cuckoo Club. What trial, what test, what ordeal, can surpass in startling qualities the unvarying requirement that every member of this distinguished body shall at some time have undergone a period of mental aberration resulting from violent contact between some eternal object and the cerebellum? As Wallace Irwin says, "Answer is—none."

In this very point lies its strength; for when one has once undergone the experience of being Cuckoo, there immediately arises in one's bosom such a companion feeling, so warm a sympathy for all other Cuckoos, that nothing in this vale of sorrows can dispel it. The Cuckoos are bound by a tie closer than blood relationship, closer than the love of man for woman, for verily everyone of them is a Graduate Nut—and of the love of one nut for another nothing need be said—greater love hath no man.

The personnel of the Cuckoo Club is so limited that space permits of mention of each. At the head of the organization in an ex officio capacity is Mudhen Emeritus Rufus M. Jones, who was elected in special session immediately after his lecture on Free-will, in the course of which it was revealed in what striking manner he had in years past slipped upon the ice and fallen upon his head, as a result whereof he was cold for an extended period and incapacitated for two years.

Next the two Mudhens, MacIntosh and Toogood, each of whom was tapped on the head on the field of battle. Crosman, Carey, Osler, Kearney, Sangree and Arrow-smith all owe their membership in like manner to the gentle game of football. Al Hisey disputed the right of way with a baseball, and Burritt staged a high dive upon the gymnasium floor in the heat of a basketball game. The baby of the organization is Ike Lycett, who failed in an ill-considered attempt to prove that his head was harder than the icy sidewalk. He is now serving as chaplain.

A question was but recently discussed, which is of vital importance to the society. It was proposed that persons be admitted who are by nature qualified to fill the requirements, the contention being that emphasis should be placed on the results, not on the method of attainment. The sponsor of this proposed amendment advanced several names at the same time for immediate action. Although the candidates (Pierce, Williams, and Jebb) were felt to be quite acceptable, personally, the general consensus of opinion was set firmly against any lowering of the present high standards of admission. The proposition was therefore rejected.

As Marcus Aurelius so aptly remarked, though many are called, but few hold a pat flush, and it's the learner that pays and pays and pays. In any event, the few that have been called in our quaint circle have just cause to feel a pardonable pride in their unique distinction, and at that, there is small chance of loss if the chips are covered well. So it is with the utmost confidence that the Cukoo Club contemplates a future rich in its promise of ever-increasing glory and renown and that position of eminence which it must inevitably assume among the great confederations of the world.



A Hectic History of Kinsey

(Abridged, expurgated, and hyperbolized.)

Invaded 1916 by seven wild Freshmen: Pierce, Phelps, Lycett, Worrell, Spencer, Hill, Milne. New quarters, new inhabitants, new furniture, knew nothing. Pierce vs. Hill, Lycett vs. Phelps, Worrell vs. Spencer, Milne vs. Milne.

Early fall—Competition for Bull-Slinging Belt won by Pierce with 99 out of a possible 100 points. Phelps second with 97. Great mystification and complete bafflement over Fine's College Algebra. Solved by burning all copies in entry.

Rise and fall of Harry Morriss. Snow balled with great persistence. Ike Lycett, offended at conversation, sulks in closet. Spencer buys four pairs Frank shoes. Worrell mounts Social throne of entry. Family life greatly disrupted by Emergency Unit. Heinie Hill gives up and leaves for "Minnopolis." Great woe.

Fall 1917—Soph. Year.—Addition of Toogood and Fitts and Peet. Toogood vs. Pierce, Fitts vs. Peet. All Kinsey papered. Frightful cost. Advent of "*Oh Boy*." Parties, parties, parties, chorines, liquor. Frightful cost. Decline of *Oh Boy*. Pierce and Toogood install electric window seat. Forty-seven victims in one day. Pierce and Toogood publish *Scarlet* and hang out electric beer sign. Squelched by Dean. Perfection of Ike's "Buffett." Departure of Worrell, Spencer and Milne to join service. More woe. Addition xylophone.

Fall 1918 departure everyone else for service. Invasion Kinsey by Freshmen. Armistice. Return of veterans—except Worrell and Spencer. Vain attempt dispossess Rhinies. Headquarters in Strawbridge. Toogood vs. Milne in Norris entry. Work, work, parties, parties, liquor. Frightful cost. Wild tales from war and other zones. Much conversation with Office.

Fall 1919 back in Kinsey. Lycett, Fitts, Thornton, Toogood, Pierce, Sargent, Coder, Atlee. Lycett vs. Toogood, Pierce vs. Sargent, Fitts vs. Thornton, Coder vs. Atlee. Games of chance and dart target practice. Much social excitement. Departure Sargent and Atlee. Too much target practice and invention respectively. Great Woe. Addition Carey and Arrowsmith. Great joy. Parties, etc., etc. (Vide supra.) Much xylophone, much work, much spring fever, much rough-house, much bull, much games chance, much genuine affection. Finals. Graduation. God bless 'em, every one.

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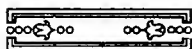
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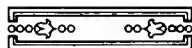
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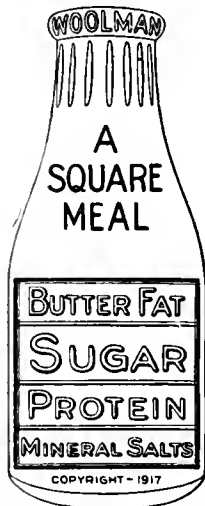
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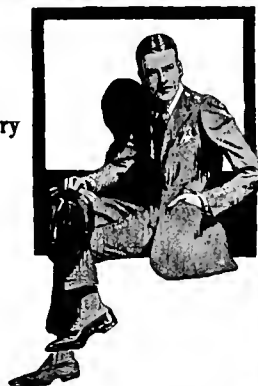
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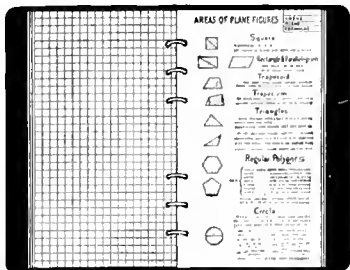
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